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THE ARMIES OF THE INDIAN NATIVE STATES.

WHEN Sir LEPEL GRIFFIN was making characteristically downright remarks in reference to certain of the Indian native rulers the other day, he was most careful to explain that they applied to exceptions only; and also to guard against the charge of being supposed to share the belief that all or most Indian native rulers are simply burning to rush into the arms of an invader. It has, in fact, been matter of public knowledge for the last two years that many, if not most, of these rulers are anxious to take a regular part in the scheme of Imperial defence, and that some have made definite offers in that sense. It is also known, though not so generally, that very considerable thought has been spent by the Indian authorities on the best way of utilizing these offers in general, and in particular of combining them with or turning them into a scheme for the utilization of the actual military force of the Native States. This force is universally known—universally, that is, among all who know anything about the subject—to be for the most part, as a military force, in anything but a satisfactory condition. There is, speaking generally, no uniformity in the armies of the various States; they are, with rare exceptions, very imperfectly equipped, and more imperfectly disciplined; the quality of the men composing them varies from as good as can be desired to nearly or quite worthless; transport arrangements and the like are often non-existent; the officers are very rarely competent. Further, the numbers of these troops are seldom adjusted with any sufficient accuracy to the needs of the country. Most often they are much too numerous for any profitable employment, and even when badly paid (as they often are) they form an unnecessarily heavy burden on the producing portion of the community. Their existence interferes with the existence of a proper police and civil service, yet they themselves are the worst substitutes in the world for policemen and civilians. In short, these native armies have long been acknowledged to answer pretty exactly to the poet's description, "Mouths without hands, maintained at vast "expense, In peace a charge, in war a weak defence."

Although, however, this was, we say, generally acknowledged, English statesmen, and still more English soldiers, were for a long time pretty well content to have it so. During the first half of the century the memory of times when these armies had been actually dangerous was fresh, and was renewed from time to time, till the Sikh wars broke the last formidable native power. Then the Mutiny put, in a different but even more alarming form, the risks of too effective native forces (for mere numbers mattered little) before the English mind. And so it became a kind of tradition, not, indeed, to interfere with them, because that would have been needlessly to offend the princes, but at the same time to make no attempt to utilize them for defence, much more for offence; and rather to acquiesce in their gradual collapse into the state of an armed rabble, suitable enough for the purpose of throwing an air of Oriental magnificence round the prince when he made journey or held festival, but for nothing more. The occasional reflections of fidgety Englishmen or kind foreigners on the danger of retaining these masses of armed men inside our dominions did not trouble such statesmen and soldiers much; for they knew how little real strength was represented by such forces. But they were, for the most part, pretty much at one with their critics that the masses, if transformed into real troops, might be a danger; and they had no fancy to encounter it even if they had seen, which for the most part they did not see, any reason for the encounter, or anything to be gained by risking it.

The offers of the native princes above referred to, however, though they did not, strictly speaking, cause a change of sentiment, came opportunely to strengthen and popularize it. It is, indeed, believed that there is still a certain want of unanimity on the subject at home if not in India; but the most far-seeing and experienced authorities are mostly at one. The immense strides which the only possible enemy of India has made in the last ten or twelve years, the fact that an enterprise which at the beginning of that period was almost physically impossible is now a matter not of physical possibility but of mere political expediency, has had, as has been often explained here, one great advantage amid its many evils, the advantage of forcing the Indian authorities to set to steadily at the problem of the defence of India. And it is not surprising that the question has been very seriously mooted of late whether even acquiescence in, much more whether distinct furtherance of, the policy of keeping the armies of the native States as far as possible useless mobs, is a wise policy. It is excessively improbable that any, save a very few, would—it is certain that the majority, even in the event of war breaking out on the frontier, would not—adopt a hostile attitude towards the English Government, at least until some great disaster had been experienced by England. It is also certain that no very large number of troops would be required to watch the doubtful ones. But it would certainly be necessary to establish some such watch at a time when every man would be wanted for the kind of offensive defence which could alone give a good account (and it might give a very good account indeed) of the invader. Moreover, it is never entirely possible to prevent, even in the most apparently obsolete and undisciplined force, the secret formation of a more efficient engine during time of peace; while the alternative of general disarmament would be a huge addition to the task of England in the event of danger, and an impossibly unpopular measure before that event. There is always a certain danger in the existence of hundreds of thousands of armed and partly disciplined men, not actively friendly, and somewhat openly distrusted, in the interior of a country. On the other hand, there is the possibility not merely of neutralizing this great force for evil purposes, but of positively utilizing it for good. There is, as has been said, much excellent material in it, if there is also some that is nearly or quite useless, and there is also an excellent disposition on the part of at least many of its chiefs. But in order to derive benefit from these native forces a mere arrangement of contingents is by no means the only thing necessary. It has, we believe, been suggested that such contingents—which would be, of course, much smaller in numbers than the present nominal forces of each State—should be completely equipped, should be carefully picked as to age and physique, should be drawn from good fighting races only, and should be, if not directly officered by Englishmen, at any rate under the inspection and command of English officers attached to each force and chosen most carefully as *personæ gratæ* to the native princes in each case. Such forces would be, man for man, far more expensive to the native States than their present useless and unwieldy levies; but the reduction of numbers would, at any rate in part, compensate for the burden; and in each case part, if not the whole, of the disbanded force would find employment as *gendarmerie*, police, and so forth. It should not, it is argued, be very difficult to make an arrangement which would at once prevent the native princes from being mere paymasters of English sepoys and supply England with a valuable second line, at least, of defence for the country against foreign foes and an equally valuable school of officers skilled in dealing under peculiar conditions with natives. For it is an essential of the scheme that the troops thus reformed should be not an army of occupation but a genuine local force fit to co-operate

in the national defence. Of course, any such scheme is, and must be, matter of considerable debate. It must be made in the first place palatable to the loyal native States, it must be made not burdensome to them. And there are some minor objections which might occur, such, for instance, as the danger of the local British officers in time succumbing to that singular colour-blindness, so to speak, of confidence, which proved so fatal in the Mutiny. But all this is matter for detailed discussion. What is certain is that there seems nothing impossible in such a scheme, and that, if it could be got into operation, it might be of immense service. As it happens, there is a remarkable opportunity of trying it at this moment in a single instance—the instance of Cashmere, which, as our readers know, is now governed through a Council in consequence of the misgovernment of the MAHARAJAH. The experiment of reducing the numbers and improving the efficiency of the army in this important frontier State is one which might prove highly beneficial both to itself and to England, and which would in any case be decidedly less heroic than Sir LEPEL GRIFFIN'S project of "planting" it with English colonists.

BACKING AND PULLING.

THE award of the arbitrators in the case of CHETWYND *v.* DURHAM bears a curious and striking resemblance to the verdict of the jury in the case of WOOD *v.* COX. There it was found that the particular charge against WOOD of having pulled Success at Alexandra Park had not been proved, but that WOOD'S general character as a dishonest jockey was such as to deprive him of the right to substantial damages. The Stewards of the Jockey Club have given Sir GEORGE CHETWYND exactly what a special jury gave WOOD—that is to say, the sum of one farthing. They find that the definite accusations made by Lord DURHAM in his now famous speech at the Gimcrack Club a year and a half ago against Sir GEORGE CHETWYND have not been proved, and that Lord DURHAM'S words bore the libellous meaning imputed to them by the plaintiff, but repudiated by the defendant. They also find, however, that Lord DURHAM was justified by the facts when he wrote, "I also accuse Sir GEORGE CHETWYND of having "connived at serious malpractices which are contrary to the "rules of racing," and they leave each party to pay his own costs. Considering that Sir GEORGE CHETWYND makes racing the business of his life, and that the sum he claimed was twenty thousand pounds, it would be difficult, so far as he is concerned, to exaggerate the significance of the award. Lord DURHAM, though in the heat of his moral indignation he may have gone beyond the limits of what he could prove, is more than sufficiently punished for his carelessness by the heavy expenses he will have to pay. For there can be no doubt that he has done much by his outspoken fearlessness to purify the morals of the turf, and if, as is so often said, racing be a national pastime, the reform of racing must be a national benefit. He therefore deserves the vote of thanks which the Duke of WESTMINSTER proposes to move at the Jockey Club. The enormous number of people who bet upon the performances of horses without any knowledge of the horse, or any acquaintance with the class of men under whose guidance he performs, ought to be the wiser for the evidence of WOOD, SHERRARD, and Sir GEORGE CHETWYND himself. There is a passage in CHARLES KINGSLEY'S letter to the young men of Chester, which is extremely applicable to this subject, and to this case:—"'But they know what "'the horse has done already.' Yes; but not what the "horse might have done. They do not know—no one can "who is not in the secrets of the turf—what the horse's "engagements really are; whether he has not been kept "back in view of those engagements; whether he will not "be kept back again; whether he has not been used "to make play for another horse; and—in one word—"whether he is meant to win." WOOD'S license has been suspended since the result of his action against the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, and it would be invidious to suggest the identity of his accomplices. But, if Lord DURHAM has done nothing else, he has at least shown that it is as difficult in 1889 as it was in 1872 for ordinary persons to know whether a horse is meant to win.

The public now know, or at all events have no excuse for not knowing, that the whole machinery of a race may be from beginning to end an elaborate fraud. The best horse may be deliberately prevented from winning. The jockey, and not his master, may be the real owner, and the master may be too much in the hands of the jockey to exercise any control over him. Everything done in the open may be a blind, and everything which counts may be done behind the scenes. It was admitted by Sir GEORGE CHETWYND in cross-examination that he made more by betting than many successful men make by the exercise of their several professions; and, if a man has to rely upon what ought to be luck, the consequences are usually something very like those disclosed in the history of SHERRARD'S stables. No one can say that the tribunal which decided between Lord DURHAM and Sir GEORGE CHETWYND was an incompetent one. When Lord DURHAM'S charges were brought before the Jockey Club, we urged that the Jockey Club was the most suitable body to investigate them. It was decided that Sir GEORGE CHETWYND should bring an action, and that the action should be referred. The result has been that the three Stewards of the Jockey Club have dealt with the matter, assisted by eminent counsel, and under the sanction of an oath. Mr. LOWTHER, Lord MARCH, and Prince SOLTYKOFF are far better able to understand the effect of the evidence than a judge and jury would be. The proceedings were wonderfully real. Mr. LOWTHER'S judicial solemnity, even after the arbitrators had been directed by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE to descend from the Bench, excited the admiration of all beholders. Prince SOLTYKOFF, like Mr. Justice DAY, maintained unbroken silence; while Lord MARCH, taking the part of Mr. Justice SMITH, interpolated occasional remarks. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Sir HENRY JAMES reversed, in an amusing manner, their respective lines of argument before the Special Commission. Sir HENRY maintained that Lord DURHAM was not morally entitled to rely upon evidence which was not before him when he made his speech; and Sir CHARLES contended that Sir GEORGE CHETWYND was responsible for the misconduct of others if he ought to have known of it and yet abstained from making inquiry. The question now is whether the Jockey Club will allow things to remain as they are. Several names besides Sir GEORGE CHETWYND'S were mentioned in Lord DURHAM'S "particulars," most of them in connexion with SHERRARD'S stables. They may have been unfairly introduced. But, unless all belief in the honesty of the racing world is to disappear, some further investigation ought to be made. A good deal more "in and out "running" has been proved to occur than the Arbitrators have dealt with in their award.

THE DELAGOA BAY DIFFICULTY.

IT was difficult last week, even for those who were best acquainted with the actual facts of the case, to speak decidedly on the subject of the seizure of the Delagoa Bay Railway by the Portuguese, because at that time only *ex parte* statements had been received. That difficulty has now been removed by the elaborate document forwarded by Senhor COSTA RICCI, Financial Agent of the Portuguese Government, to the English newspapers on Tuesday last. Shareholders in this, for the moment, unlucky undertaking could hardly have desired anything more than this official statement of the case which has been furnished to Senhor RICCI by his Government. Naturally this statement takes no notice of the charge of deliberate bad faith and, so to speak, conspiracy with the Transvaal Government with which the Company has retorted, and on which we must wait further information. But practically it confirms all the statements which the spokesmen of the Company have made, and more particularly the most damning charge of all—the charge that, after the Company had been left in ignorance of the frontier to which they were expected to construct the line, a new frontier was suddenly sprung upon them at the beginning of the rainy season, and it was to this that they were ordered to build, under pain of rescission of contract and of confiscation. Senhor FREDERICO RESSANO GARCIA, Minister and Secretary of State for Marine and Colonies, would not appear to be aware of that fundamental rule of controversy which ordains that you should, above all things, beware of arguments capable of retorsion. He mentions among the crimes of the Company that part of its line actually completed was destroyed "by the rains of January "of this year." January of this year happens, as Senhor Dom FREDERICO RESSANO GARCIA may have forgotten, to be just the middle or thereabouts of the time during which his Government imposed upon the luckless Company the task, not only of maintaining its own line, but of constructing a new one up in the hills among the rains of January,

and in places where (we quote Senhor GARCIA once more) three "rocks" had to be cut through in four hundred mètres, "earthworks" (embankments) had to be made, scrub cut, and so forth. Moreover, the elaborate rehearsal of former extensions or alterations of the conditions of the contract which Senhor GARCIA also makes, has the same unlucky faculty of cutting the ground beneath his own feet. If Portugal granted these extensions and alterations, it was presumably because she thought them deserved, and this makes the alteration of tactics all the more remarkable.

As was to be expected, some persons, and those not merely advocates of England, have come forward to put the dots on the i's in a manner not at all surprising to the well-informed. It has for a long time been no secret that other motives certainly, and yet others probably, mingled with that ardent and laudable desire to "afford Lourenço "Marques all the elements of progress and advancement" to which Senhor FREDERICO RESSANO GARCIA makes such touching reference. The scheme of a Transvaal and Delagoa Bay Railway originally came from the Transvaal side, and it is sufficiently notorious that since the disastrous events which gave the Boers reason to think that they could hector Great Britain at pleasure, there has been a very strong hankering among them after the management of the railway, or at least after the wresting of it from English hands. The African fever, which has seized on Germany, has come to complicate the matter; the disgust of Portugal at the notion of regions in the interior which she never has ruled, and her claim to which has never been admitted, passing under the British flag has complicated it still further. The confident assertion that the "high-"handed and unjust" action of Portugal is preliminary only to the handing over of the confiscated line to a new Company, in which Germany will find the money and from which the Boers expect to reap political advantages, may or may not be a statement of facts—it is, at any rate, a very sufficient statement of possibilities. Except by such a theory (which is no new one), or by the other theory that Portugal is getting her powder ready with a view to asserting her African dominion, the recent conduct of her officials is nearly unintelligible. Lourenço Marques, like most Portuguese settlements, is unlikely to be in an absolutely desperate state of hunger for "elements of progress and "advancement." Moreover, it is noteworthy that foreign critics, especially that section of the German press which is unfriendly to England, take with a delightful frankness the view that the action of the Lisbon Government was political, and not commercial or economic.

These things being so, it is natural that the spokesmen of the Foreign Office in the English Parliament should be somewhat guarded in their references to the subject. The despatch of gunboats, however, the declaration by the PRIME MINISTER in words already quoted that the conduct of Portugal is "high-handed" and even "unjust," are tolerably decided expressions of opinion from the mealy mouth of modern diplomacy. We confess that we do not like the suggested reference to arbitration. It was never merry with England since this absurd method of settling disputes was resorted to—absurd, because in international matters an impartial arbitrator is simply not to be found. Arbitration, moreover, could only take the very narrow ground of deciding whether Portugal was or was not technically justified in setting the Delagoa Bay Company the same sort of tasks that VENUS imposed on PSYCHE; and this is the very least part of the matter. It might suit the shareholders well enough to be bought out or compensated just as, if no arrangement were come to, it might suit some people and most vehemently disturb others to take the strong step recommended by some of retaliating by refusing Portugal a quotation for her securities on the Stock Exchange. But these are merely matters of private importance. The matter of public importance is that Portugal, whether in conspiracy with others or not, has for some time past taken up an attitude of distinct obstruction and hostility to Great Britain in Africa. We do not know how arbitration would remove that hostility, or could remove it; and we confess that we shall think it a great pity if this Delagoa Bay matter be not taken as an occasion—it is a most just and legitimate one—to finish with this kind of thing. Considering our present relations with Germany on the East African coast, it is excessively unlikely that Prince BISMARCK will give any serious support to such schemes as those which have been mooted; and it would be rather fortunate than otherwise if an opportunity were to occur, and to be taken, of showing the Boers of the Transvaal that they had better not presume too much on the advantages which chance, bad management on the spot, and cowardice in high places at home gave them some years ago. As for Portugal, her impenitence may be exhorted on the general question with real benefit to herself. No intelligent Portuguese can think that his country is likely, in the long run, to derive much benefit from association with the Transvaal Boers, or that Germans with a fine appetite for colonies are persons to be cordially encouraged in the neighbourhood of Portuguese possessions. Neither the credit of Portugal nor her power of managing her dependencies is in such a state of flourishing that it can afford to despise the support to be given by a solid friendship with British South Africa. Lourenço Marques is worth nothing at all to Portugal except as a source of customs dues (a matter which could be easily arranged); and if the disputed territory to the north of the Zambesi were recognized as Portuguese tomorrow, the occasional presence there of a half-caste slave-hunter would, to a certainty, be the only way in which Portugal would exercise her rights. On the other hand, to obtain certain frontiers on which England is bound not to encroach would be a very good thing for Portugal; and it might be possible to sweeten the good thing for her still further. What is most sure is that England has often taken an infinity of trouble, and has lavished blood and money, for objects much less valuable to her than an unhampered right of way from this port to the interior and a clear delimitation of claims north of the Zambesi.

USELESS KNOWLEDGE.

A MAN of gigantic intellect, with a thirst for information, once announced that he had made up his mind every day to open an encyclopædia at random, learn a fact, and store it up everlastingly in his memory. He carried out this plan for one day, with the result that he learnt, and never forgot, something exceedingly surprising about the proportion borne by π to the error in it when you had calculated π to 407 places of decimals. If he were now to revert to his laudable system he could hardly do better than purchase a copy of *Everybody's Pocket Cyclopedia* (London: SAXON & Co.), and read it straight through, a fact at a time. This remarkable work, which costs no more than sixpence, possesses the almost unprecedented quality of being absolutely guiltless of any method or arrangement whatever. It deserves a few words of notice as an example of the results of disorder.

The first page is adorned with a frontispiece of somewhat sepulchral appearance, showing columns and bits of columns of different orders of architecture. On the second begins an "Alphabetical List of some Historical Events, Handy Facts, "and Notable Discoveries." Of these the first four (out of six beginning with A) are the Alexandrian Library, Almighty Dollar, the American Flag, and the Assassination of LINCOLN. But let not the cautious student be taken in by the circumstance that Architectural and Alphabetical both begin with A. The next item is called "A Remarkable "Centenarian" (meaning the late M. CHEVREUL, but query, whether there are any centenarians who are not remarkable), and the next "Words in the English Language," wherein it is asserted that in order to read serious writings profitably you must know about 2,000 words. Then come the Area of the British Empire, with statistics in schedules, the usual almanack talk about the QUEEN and Royal Family, and "Landmarks in the Struggle for Religious Liberty," beginning with the Toleration Act of 1689, and not coming down to Mr. BRADLAUGH'S Affirmation Act. After Telegraph Statistics and Religious Statistics comes the Language of Flowers. From this we learn that it is not judicious to present to a lady with whom one wishes to stand well a bouquet of mignonette and coloured daisies. Such a posy means, "Your qualities surpass your charms of beauty," which may be complimentary, but is rarely gratifying. A few pages further on is a table saying what chance a woman of any age from fifteen to sixty has of marrying. Cross references to the amount of the lady's income would seem desirable to make this really useful. The "Diagram show-"ing the Comparative Height of the Principal Mountain "Peaks of the World" is immediately followed by the familiar tables which tell the meaning of Christian names. It says that MEREDITH is British for the roaring of the sea, NEAL French for somewhat black, and WILLIAM German for defending many. Also EMILY is corrupted from AMELIA, LOIS is the Greek for bitter, and MAY Latin for the month

of May. Next to a paragraph on the composition of solders comes a table saying how many mètres a second make so many miles an hour; and towards the end we find a picture of a long black line representing the money spent yearly in the United Kingdom upon intoxicating drinks, a line half as long representing the amount spent on bread, and so on through house-rent, milk, tea, coals, and education, to Christian missions, which is a line so short that it can hardly be seen. Then begins a treatise on different human complaints, and they are arranged alphabetically.

It would seem that this work must have been compiled like Mr. Charles Reade's famous scrap-books by the author cutting out of newspapers and books of reference anything that happened to strike him. It must be supposed that he stopped either because he died or thought he was going to, or because he had collected as much as could possibly be printed for sixpence. But there is still a simplicity about so much higgledy-piggledy information that is rather pleasing. There is certainly a sort of index; but it occupies only four pages, and contains very few words that any one would think of looking for. The only real use for the volume is to carry it in the pocket and consult it privily when one wants to make an observation betraying out-of-the-way knowledge. This is sometimes useful when conversation flags, and only the experienced know that in such a case the remark does just as well whether it has been found in a book or invented on the spot.

FROM THE DOG'S POINT OF VIEW.

Lord Rosebery has been informed by Lord Cranbrook that the Privy Council, while willing to authorize the issue of regulations for the muzzling of dogs in localities infested by rabies, is unable to lay down any general rule for the whole of the United Kingdom. As we argued last week that legislation would be necessary to make the observance of muzzling universal, we are not surprised at the answer which the Chairman of the County Council received. But the difficulties of the case only increase the responsibility of Her Majesty's Government, who have a most urgent danger to deal with, and are taking no steps to deal with it. If they cannot support Sir Henry Roscoe's Bill, let them say so, and let them further proceed to state what preventive or precautionary measures they will adopt. There can be no doubt, as anybody may see for himself by turning to the Report of the London Council's meeting on Tuesday, that rabies has made considerable progress in London since we last wrote. Inasmuch as the disease is usually most prevalent, not in the summer, but in the spring and autumn, this fact is very significant, and shows clearly what we may expect in a few weeks, unless something be done. If Parliament is prorogued without any remedy being applied to so terrible an evil, Ministers will deserve the gravest censure for their neglect. Meanwhile, in accordance with the homely adage that an ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory, we may illustrate the present chaos by an incident which occurred last Saturday evening in one of the best-known residential quarters of London. An unfortunate dog, credibly alleged to have bitten some of its kind, was pursued by several police constables, who beat it unmercifully with their truncheons. The dog showed none of the ordinary symptoms of madness, indeed it was obvious to any observer of dogs that rabies was contra-indicated; and on the intervention of a passer-by, who remonstrated against such needless cruelty, the police at length desisted. But by that time the dog had been nearly killed; and, though it was taken to the nearest police station, it is scarcely likely to have recovered. There is no reason to believe that the policemen were themselves to blame. A doctor, not a veterinary surgeon, who decamped after giving them his card, assured them that the poor beast was mad. Mad or not, a dog which deliberately bites either another dog or a human being ought forthwith to be killed. But it should not be beaten to death. Prussic acid or a pistol is the most appropriate method. Poison, however, is out of the question in the streets, and official pedantry denies firearms to the police.

This story, which is authentic in every detail, points a pretty obvious moral. The muzzle is not only necessary for the protection of man, but also demanded by the interests of the dog. A muzzled dog cannot bite, and even an unarmed policeman would have no excuse for beating a dog which was palpably harmless. When rabies has been stamped out by muzzling, there will be no more panics, because there can be no more hydrophobia. Then a dog, even if he has parted with his owner, will be able to stroll along the streets in peace, no man making him afraid. We appreciate the position of the Privy Council, which is seriously hampered by the simple fact that there is no rabies in Scotland. There is, for the matter of that, none in Norway, nor in Sweden, nor in Australia. But it might at any moment be imported, and certainly the exemption of Scotland could not be guaranteed for a week. The interesting and valuable letter from M. Pasteur which was read at the Mansion House last Monday contains a most emphatic approval of general muzzling. "It is my own profound conviction," says this great man, "that a rigorous observance of simple police "regulations would altogether stamp out hydrophobia in a "country like the British Isles." Most unworthy and unprincipled attacks have been made upon M. Pasteur. Independently of his scientific eminence, which itself entitles him to be treated with respect, M. Pasteur devotes his life to the gratuitous preservation of his fellow-creatures from the most ghastly of all deaths. His English patients number more than two hundred, and out of sixty-four treated since the 1st of January 1888 not one has died or been attacked by hydrophobia. It may be that M. Pasteur has not yet entirely proved his case, although the figures given by Professor Lankester in last Saturday's *Times* form a very tough and solid piece of affirmative evidence. But to charge M. Pasteur with selfishness or with cruelty is equally foolish and wicked. The meeting at the Mansion House was a great success, in spite of the howls from the gutter with which it was by anticipation denounced. As Sir Joseph Lister observed, M. Pasteur, in his letter to Sir Henry Roscoe, advocates the use of means which, by destroying rabies, and with it hydrophobia, would make the continued existence of the Pasteur Institute superfluous. This is not the conduct of an ambitious and unscrupulous self-seeker. M. Pasteur is the dog's best friend, and he advocates the muzzle. As we have shown, the present state of things is not only perilous to human life, but also inconvenient and inimical to the most faithful companions of mankind.

THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

In the match at Lord's, Oxford was deservedly and even discreditably beaten. No excuse could possibly be made for an eleven outmastered at all points, except perhaps in the field. They had raised no strong expectations, having been consistently defeated everywhere by everybody except by M.C.C. in London. In that match they conducted themselves so as to raise a feeble hope, which, we think, was too optimistic. M.C.C. made a long score, yet who that saw Mr. O'Brien's innings doubted that he might have doubled the score himself? He might not always have hit four fours in an over, as he did off Mr. Jardine, but he need not have gone out. After getting forty in about fifteen minutes, he merely "larked" with the bowling. He could have played it till now if he had cared, but, as he jumped in and bombarded the Pavilion, he gave chances and was caught at last. This discounted the comparative success of Oxford.

Yet they were not a bad team all through. Mr. Watson is a delightful bat, strong and spirited. Mr. Philipson is an excellent wicket-keeper, and when he reversed the timid poking system of his comrades, and hit Mr. Woods about, he hit very well. Mr. Bassett is a plucky bat, and would make a very respectable change bowler. Mr. Thesiger, prevented from playing by a cause universally regretted, is a good bat and a fine field. It were superfluous to praise Lord George Scott; Mr. Rashleigh has long been admired; Mr. Forster is a persevering bowler. But nerves seemed to be the bane of Mr. Jardine. A young player, from a land of slow wickets, he tried to play Mr. Woods back. Mr. Moss was expected to be a more useful bowler than Mr. Fowler. This was probably a mistake of judgment. Mr. Dauglish was played because Mr. Philipson's hands were overworked, and he might be needed to keep wicket. He was not needed at the wicket, nor of any service with the bat. Cambridge, on the other side, had nearly as good bats as Lord George Scott in Mr. Mordaunt, Mr. Foley, and Mr. Crawley. Mr. Mordaunt, also, bowled very well, while Mr. Woods had entirely recovered his art. Mr. de Little and Mr. Ford were, at least, better bowlers than anybody on the Oxford side. The

Cambridge tail was manifestly not much better than that of Oxford—we doubt if the batting was really better—but the difference in bowling made the match a hollow, tame, and dismal affair. From the first ball Cambridge were the winners. Mr. Woods caught and bowled a man with his earliest delivery, and Oxford practically lost heart. Mr. Woods did not bowl his best in the first innings; in the second, even, Mr. Philipson hit him all about with fearless energy. But, except for Lord George Scott in the first innings, and for some signs of defence by Mr. Rashleigh and Mr. Watson, the Cambridge bowling was all unresisted attack. Full pitches were not driven, long hops were left in inglorious security. The bowlers were permitted to do exactly what they liked. Oxford has often died away thus, but never on so good a wicket and in such exhilarating weather.

As for the Cambridge batting, Mr. Mordaunt's was excellent; not showy, nor slow; he merely treated the bowling as the bowling deserved to be treated. Never have we seen bowling in such a knot, nor so many changes. Mr. Crawley seemed set for a century, but got out by an accident, a ball trickling from his foot and upsetting his bails. The weakness of the last batsmen (considering the bowling) was, perhaps, at least equal to that of any Oxford winner of spectacles. There were scarce any points of interest to remark on, no very exciting catches, nor even a repetition of last year's misses at point. Oxford, perhaps, had the best of the fielding, and Lord George Scott, with the wicket-keepers, Mr. M'Gregor and Mr. Philipson, deserved most praise. Neither is exactly an Alfred Lyttelton, but either might well officiate for the Gentlemen. Perhaps, by reason of his batting, Mr. Philipson has rather the preference, or so it seems to indolent reviewers.

UNILATERAL RECIPROCITY.

FEW incidents in what is called the Irish "agrarian "struggle"—though we do not call it a sartorial struggle when a man refuses to pay his tailor's bill—are absolutely unrelieved by some touch or other of native absurdity; and it is often difficult to say whether the unquestionable gravity of some of them does or does not overcome the temptation to laughter which in their more humorous aspect they afford. This difficulty is particularly felt with respect to the quarrel between landlord and tenants on the Ponsonby estate. Mr. O'Brien's insolent and truculent attempt to coerce (for that is what it amounts to) certain farmers in Tipperary to refuse payment of rent to their landlord, in order to coerce *him* into withdrawing his assistance from another landlord whom it is being attempted to despoil in Kerry, is a serious matter, and the Government have done well to treat it as such, with all promptitude, by the arrest of Mr. O'Brien. But though overt acts of this kind are rightly treated in this way, and though an Executive cannot afford to tolerate a dangerous agitation merely because it almost amounts, on the intellectual side, to an Irish bull in practice, it is permissible, when the law is in course of being vindicated, to divert oneself with the exquisitely comical perversity of the position which the agitators have taken up. Archbishop Croke's letter to Canon Cahill, though a document of a thoroughly discreditable and mischievous kind, is one which it is impossible to consider in that aspect alone. It is, of course, most disquieting to think that an Irish prelate of high standing, and in that capacity the director of the consciences of large multitudes of men, should show so absolute a destitution of the most rudimentary principles of commercial morality—to put the matter no higher—as is displayed in this letter. Yet it is impossible to read the "remarkable" epistle, as a Gladstonian chronicler calls it, more accurately than he supposes, without a smile. After denouncing Mr. Smith-Barry's intervention "in a landlord-"and-tenant dispute that does not concern him," this delightful Archbishop goes on to "express his belief that the "tenants"—that is, Mr. Smith-Barry's Tipperary tenants—"are justified in becoming members of any open and con-"stitutional confederacy forming nothing more or less than "a mutual defence association, the object of which would "be to make common cause with each other in all agrarian "emergencies, so that the acknowledged grievance of a tenant "on an estate belonging to any one of the confederate land-"lords should be regarded and dealt with as a personal "grievance by each and every one of the confederate tenants "as well." Anything more fascinating to a lover of humorous paradox than the assumption that the suggested reprisals of the tenant would be justified by the previous action of the landlords it would be difficult to imagine. The Archbishop apparently regards the tenants on any one estate as a sort of "corporation sole," or rather he seems to attribute this character to the tenants *plus* their parish priest, *plus* Mr. O'Brien or Mr. Dillon, *plus* the Treasurer of the National League Fund, and a few other similar allies, up to Mr. Gladstone himself, and to hold that all these parties taken together constitute in the eye of the law, and in contemplation of moral equity, only one person; so that a contest between them and the landlord on the question of paying rent is a fair "man-to-man" fight which nobody, or, at least, no landlord, ought to interfere with. A few of the landlord's friends and sympathizers come to his assistance, and the worthy Dr. Croke immediately emits a shriek of horror and indignation. "What!" he exclaims, in effect. "Four, "five, six, a round dozen or more of landlords combining to "crush a solitary adversary consisting only of a few score of "tenants, their parish priest, and all the agitators and "stump-orators that can be got hold of in England and "Ireland! It is monstrous! There is only one thing for "it, my children, and even that I suggest with reluctance. "You must meet confederacy with confederacy; you must "combine in self-defence."

There is no reason to suppose that the Archbishop has even a glimmering of the absurdity of this. Probably he has so much accustomed himself to look upon the individual Irish landlord as a person *taillable et taxable à merci et à miséricorde*, in respect of his rent, that the notion of his combining with his neighbours to protect themselves from unlimited exactions positively scandalizes Dr. Croke. No doubt he really has got to regard, not the individual tenant, but the whole body of the tenantry, as the unit corresponding to the landlord on the other side of the contract. Agitators, among whom we may include the Archbishop himself, have so continually dinned into the ears of the tenants that their interests are one, that he doubtless believes by this time that there is of necessity some legitimate and original community of interest between them; whereas of course that community of interest presupposes, instead of precedes, the common design in aid of which it is pleaded—the conspiracy, that is to say, to withhold from the landlord a portion of the rent. So amusingly blind to the analogies of things has the Archbishop become, that he has not the faintest perception of the damaging parallel which is irresistibly suggested by his complaint of Mr. Smith-Barry's "intervention in "a landlord-and-tenant dispute that does not immediately "concern him." What would become of the occupation of Mr. O'Brien if nobody intervened in a landlord-and-tenant dispute that did not immediately concern him? Nay, what would become of Mr. O'Brien's success in his business of campaigner if nobody else was guilty of such intervention but himself? Why, the Plan of Campaign is based upon the wholesale intervention of a certain number of persons in a dispute which does not immediately concern them. For instance, if Pat is able and willing to pay his rent, it is no immediate concern of his, and still less of Mr. O'Brien, that Tim can't or won't. Yet Mr. O'Brien not only interferes in the dispute between Tim and his landlord, but he also—and the success of the Plan of Campaign depends upon his so doing—cajoles or coerces Pat into interfering in Tim's dispute with his landlord, by refusing to pay rent himself. And now we have this archiepiscopal supporter of Mr. O'Brien's exclaiming against Mr. Smith-Barry's intervention in "a landlord-and-tenant dispute "that does not immediately concern him." He asserts the right of the tenants to retaliate upon retaliation, while he denounces the retaliation upon which they are to retaliate as an unprovoked and gratuitous act of hostility. The unilateral form of reciprocity has always had a singular attraction for the Irish mind; but we doubt whether this national taste has ever been more amusingly exemplified than in Archbishop Croke's letter to Canon Cahill.

The incident, however, would have been incomplete without the final touch added to it by the deputation which has waited on Mr. Smith-Barry with a "memorial" from the tenants on his Tipperary estate, in which they express the "alarm and indignation" with which they have heard that their landlord "is placing himself at the head of a "landlord confederacy for the purpose of clearing the "Ponsonby estate of its tenantry." There do not appear to have been many actual tenants of Mr. Smith-Barry's

on the deputation; but there was a fine show of sympathetic local notabilities who doubtless know the mind of Mr. SMITH-BARRY'S tenants much better than they know it themselves. Besides the Rev. Canon CAHILL himself and another priest, there were the Chairman of the Tipperary Town Commissioners and the ditto of the Clonakilty Town Commissioners, and the Chairman of the Board of Guardians—all the gentlemen, in fact, to whom an Irish Local Government Bill would hand over the control of the district—together, we suppose, with the power of dipping their hands as freely as might seem good to them into the pockets of the local landlords. They got, however—to use a familiar, but in this connexion appropriate, expression—"very little change" out of Mr. SMITH-BARRY. That oppressor of the poor who can pay and won't is, unfortunately for his interviewers, a man not at all easy to bully. He began his reply by informing the deputation that he "did "not for one moment acknowledge that they had the "slightest right to demand an explanation of him," and he added the very pertinent remark that, "if he were to "assent to such a claim, he must equally be bound "by the instructions of his English tenantry in his dealings with those in Ireland, and they might very well "insist that, having paid their own rents in full, the Irish "tenants should be made to do the same." The sum of his answer was that he did not intend to be intimidated into abandoning his position with respect to the PONSONBY estates, and that if his own tenants were ill-judged enough to allow the Plan of Campaign to be started against himself they would have themselves to thank for the consequences. The oppressive bilaterality of the reciprocity which Mr. SMITH-BARRY appears to claim in the matter of landlord-and-tenant combinations seems to have taken the deputation's breath away. They asked whether further evictions on the PONSONBY estate would take place with Mr. SMITH-BARRY'S sanction, and on being assured that they would, the canon, and the priest, and the Town Commissioners retired apparently in a bewildered amazement at the high-handed brutality of Irish landlords who have conceived the idea of "hitting back again."

MR. W. H. SMITH.

WHEN the present Session of Parliament was about to begin, there was a report that at the end of it Mr. W. H. SMITH would probably resign the leadership of the House of Commons, and seek rest and repair in the less fuliginous atmosphere of the Upper House. The end is very near now; a great dinner is given to Mr. SMITH by his constituents; he makes a speech thereat reviewing the whole period of his political career; and he says not a word about resigning the leadership of the House of Commons. Indeed, he ends his speech with the expression of a hope that he may be allowed to devote himself to the service of the Westminster electorate for years to come. So we must interpret the concluding sentences of a speech which, if it is destitute of "epigram," if there is not a smart, or even an alliterative saying in it, has the merit of good sense well rooted in a sincere, homely, and wholesome nature.

We are to suppose, then, that if six months ago failing health whispered counsels of retirement from the more arduous duties of his situation, Mr. SMITH is now encouraged to go on with them to the end of this Parliament, at any rate. Further than that we need not look; and it must be regarded as a public good, and a great good too, if he is able and willing to continue in his present position till after the hustlings and shufflings of the next General Election. Not that Mr. SMITH would have been lost to the service of the country, if (as we believe, he really feared might be the case, a little while since) sheer weariness had compelled him to lay down the leadership in a legislative bear-garden. If at the present time he is the best man for the post that his colleagues could select, it is not because his highest qualities are employed there. In more than one department of State he has shown that he has no superior, probably no equal, as an administrator. To govern one of the great departments, that is what he is best fitted for as an officer of State, and when his retirement from the House of Commons was talked of, there was some satisfaction in the thought that a serious loss would not be without its compensations, probably. Between work and worry there is a well-known difference, and he may yet rejoice in the one who is quite worn out with the other. It must be allowed, however, that for the better part of this Session the Radical-Irish torment in the House of Commons has much abated. Possibly they were mollified by the beauties of the spring; possibly they were melted by the heats of the summer; but, whatever the explanation—and, of course, there may be others—it is a fact that, from the beginning of February to the beginning of July, both the Irish and the English members of Opposition have been decent and orderly beyond all recent custom. No matter for a little outbreak here and there; as a whole, and in the general, the ferocious libertinage of the Opposition has dropped into a languor which we may count upon continuing through the dog-days, and so to the end of one quiet Session at least. It is this, perhaps, which has restored Mr. SMITH'S hopes of ability to fight on for a while, if he truly did begin to doubt that it was giving way. So much of comparative rest he has gained at any rate—he as well as Mr. BALFOUR and the rest of the badgered; and, even if the relative tranquillity of the year be no more than an interlude, it is not only a blessed thing in itself, but it will probably confirm the leader of the House of Commons in abandoning all idea of quitting his post as long as the present Parliament lasts.

It is certainly of great importance that he should remain there. In ordinary times, and with another sort of Opposition to confront, he might well be spared to go to the Admiralty, which is just the place where such a man is wanted more now than ever. But what at other times and under other circumstances would appear as defects in a House of Commons leader are amongst Mr. SMITH'S most valuable qualities in that capacity to-day. He is no debater; of that he is perfectly well aware, without being at all upset by the knowledge of it; and so he is constitutionally preserved from entering upon sallies and excursions which the most skilful debater in existence would avoid—if he could resist the temptation. Restore to the House of Commons the readiest and deadliest master of tongue-fence that it has ever known, infuse him with a full measure of prudence, endow him with perfect self-control, and in dealing with the Gladstonian Opposition, as leader of the House, he would choose to play the part that Mr. SMITH plays, automatically, so to speak. And even then he would be at a disadvantage (practically) as compared with Lord Salisbury's lieutenant in the House of Commons. The irritation of conscious power contemptuously silent—the well-controlled debater we have been supposing—could not avoid inflicting that upon the coarsely sensitive minds of which four-fifths of the Opposition are composed. Their sufferings under it, even when most exquisite, would distress nobody but themselves, of course; but their poignancy would not conduce to restraint of temper. No mere exercise of calculated patience would equal, in effect, that which is purely natural in Mr. SMITH. No affectation of forbearance would tell upon the self-exasperated crew who are usually opposed to him as do the quiet ways of a man who is dead to provocation and unarmed for repartee. And we are not talking theory when we say this. It is known to every one who frequents the House of Commons that Mr. SMITH is invaluable to the Government in his present position for precisely these reasons. Many members of the Opposition acknowledge it openly, and all are more or less consciously aware of it, though some (of course) deride. Even the younger members of the Conservative party in the House, who a little while since were all for getting "RANDOLPH" back into the leadership with rapier and rosette, even they acknowledge it; perceiving that, though there may be less sport under Mr. SMITH'S régime, there is much more prudence (or what answers to it) and much more safety. Besides, though there have been many changes for the worse in political life of late, one most important thing remains unaffected or affected very little, and that is respect for what is called "character." Mere cleverness was never more admired. In our time and generation, at any rate, cleverness without character was never more freely admitted to competition for the honours of place and power; but still character tells with all its old force, and is felt to be the necessary foundation of trust. There are some politicians, indeed, of whom it seems to be thought that they are clever enough to do without it; they are coming to their end. There are others who evidently believe the same thing of themselves. They are comparatively young men, and will probably live to be disappointed. The present state of things will not last for ever, and even as it is, character receives its due share of homage wherever it is clearly apparent. The respect in which

Mr. Smith is held depends upon it almost entirely. There is no brilliancy in him; but there is no trickery. He could not be eloquent for the life of him; but neither for the life of him could he be dishonest. Sharp he is not; shrewd he is, though quite without subtlety. His opinions may be limited; but he does not know how to invent new ones, which cleverness often does and character never. In short, he is a plain, sound, trustworthy man of business in a Parliament which can boast very few members of that sort, and where his presence is all the more valuable accordingly. It is good hearing, therefore, that he proposes to remain where, for the best of reasons, both particular and general, he is so extremely useful; and he is likely to be more so, if we may judge from certain passages in his speech at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening—those passages in which he spoke of England's place in the world, and the part she can play, and ought to play, in these uncertain times.

EGYPT.

IT is not surprising to hear that the French Government is not altogether pleased with itself in the matter of its own refusal to consent to the conversion of the Egyptian Preference debt; and it is not likely that the news of Colonel Wodehouse's last stout fight with the Dervishes will greatly reconcile it. The French journalist of the usual kind—the kind which thinks it "spiritual," after running away from the forts of Alexandria, to talk about "Tel-el-Guinée"—has, of course, his explanation quite ready. Pitt-et-Cobourg, revived in the persons of Baring-et-Vincent, send for the Dervishes, bargain with so many of them to come and be killed for so many guineas on a telegram being sent, and there you have it. The fidelity of these noble sons of the desert in fulfilling their share of the bargain with the accursed and perfidious children of Albion may seem surprising to any one not a Frenchman; the Frenchman knows that the Arab, like himself, is honourable or nothing, and that when he is paid to be killed he comes and is killed unmurmuringly. But though this sort of thing is really half believed by the Parisian gutter-journalist, and is more than half believed by that kind of client of his who gets up at meetings of the Suez Canal Company and asks *totidem verbis* whether the *dot* of Mademoiselle his daughter is to be sacrificed to the greed of Albion for blood and money, there must be French politicians who are proof against it, and who are a little uneasy at the figure which France has cut, not merely by the accusation of Englishmen, but by the admission of public opinion in other countries which are not particularly friendly towards England.

There is nothing in the very least surprising in the renewed disturbances which have been so smartly checked, for the moment, though there may still be serious work to be done. They were as certain to recur as the precise moment of their recurrence was uncertain. The demand that England shall fix the time of evacuation ignores facts which are practically as certain as the swelling of the Nile, and are due to no very different causes. Egypt proper can never be free from such things, as her sovereigns in almost all recorded ages have found, unless the regions of Ethiopia are subjugated, at any rate for a considerable distance. If France were to say to us, "It was your fault that this "necessary boulevard of Egyptian defence was given up, "and you must cause it to be restored," she would be in effect, if not in appearance, making a far more reasonable demand than she advances at present. It was our fault; there is, unfortunately, no doubt of that, and, if France should, for instance, propose that Mr. Gladstone, the Minister responsible for it, should be sent, bound hand and foot, to the Mahdi, it would require all our ingenuity to argue against that demand. But to demand that we shall fix a time for evacuating Egypt while this open wound remains means one of two things—either that Egypt is to be pitilessly exposed to Dervish raids (for she has neither funds to check them on the great scale nor even to defend herself unaided and unguided on the small), or else that France shall take England's place—a proposal which neither treaty nor common sense requires us to entertain. We have already done much for Egypt. We have put her in a state to execute that advantageous conversion of her debt which France refuses to sanction; we have greatly reformed her internal institutions; we have, in spite of obstacles, made some progress in altering that system of exploitation by foreigners of which France is the chief champion, and (it is necessary to add) by which France profits most. We have, as this last bit of fighting shows, taught Egyptians once more to show under English officers a bold front to their foes. But we have, most certainly, not yet taught the Khedive to go alone, and with the good leave of France we have not the slightest intention of surrendering our position as tutors to somebody else.

FRANCE.

THE approach of the inevitable general election is producing its natural effect in French politics. The Ministry is becoming more nervous, the Republican majority more excitable, and the Opposition of all shades more provocative. It must be allowed that all three are in a position admirably calculated to put a strain on the nerves of Frenchmen. They are doing their different bits of work in the presence of a force which they cannot control. It is not merely a question of in or out for the combatants. The very existence of the Republic is at stake. As for the Oppositions, the prospect before them is either prolonged subjection to a form of administration which they hate, or a chance of revenge. Which of the two the mysterious ruler called Universal Suffrage will give them no man can tell. That there is a very profound, very quiet, and obstinate discontent in the country is beyond question; but whether it is strong enough to repeat the Paris election all over France is doubtful. Where so much is on the hazard it is unreasonable to expect that the interested persons, particularly when they happen to be Frenchmen, should keep cool. Their nerves are inevitably further excited by the nature of the means used to influence the electorate. The dispute is not about principles, but about characters. On either side the effort is not so much to show that the enemy is governing or would govern France badly, as to prove that he is a rogue or a fool or a combination of both. The Ministry are endeavouring by exceptional legal proceedings, or by vigorous use of the police, to shut the mouths of its critics. The Opposition retorts by charges of corruption, having been very naturally convinced by the successive elections of General Boulanger that the most effectual of all ways of influencing the voters is to persuade them that the Parliamentary Republicans are bribe-takers and speculators. To say of such a conflict that it has degenerated into a tug between brute force and slander would be to compliment it. It never was anything else from the beginning, and its real character is only becoming a little more obvious than it was. The Chamber makes a pretence of discussing the Budget in a half-hearted way. On the Ministerial side there is no wish to call attention too loudly to the extravagance of the Republican administration just before the election. The Opposition is ready enough to drag out Republican sins in financial matters, but neither does it want to delay too effectually the voting of those grants in aid which a moribund Chamber commonly passes in order to get the constituencies into good humour. The real business of the Chamber is to fight out personal quarrels. From the Opposition side there comes a long series of charges of bribe-taking, or at least *tripotage* —answered by the majority either by counter-charges or by votes of censure and expulsions. The two make between them probably the most disgraceful spectacle ever presented by a Parliamentary institution outside of South America.

Of the two performers in these bouts of cudgel play, the Opposition seems to us to be the most likely to win in the long run. It has an immense advantage, no doubt, and is most effectually helped by its enemies; but that does not alter the fact that it has a very fair chance of attaining the definite object it has set before itself. The aim of the Opposition is to discredit Republican Parliamentary government, and it can work to this end not only by bespattering the other side, but by means of its own misbehaviour. To be sure the game would be a dangerous one to play against a strong party united on questions of principle and led by statesmen. But that is not the stamp of party the Opposition has in front of it in the French Chamber. What ought to live in history as the great "*canaille* scene" shows what elements the Chamber is composed of. In the course of a discussion set going by M. Laguerre, on the outrage to Parliamentary institutions implied in the infliction of a fine on himself for alleged insult to the police at Angoulême, it occurred to a M. Lejeune to bawl something about "*canaille*." Whether the honourable deputy meant to assert, as the short-hand writers declare, that all

Republicans are *canaille*, or only (as he himself explained after the battle) that, if so-and-so is true, then some Republicans are *canaille*, does not seem to be quite clear. In either case, if the word *canaille* is applicable to persons who cannot behave with the smallest self-respect or sense of decency, then the Chamber proceeded to prove the accuracy of M. LEJEUNE'S language. Honourable Republican Deputies charged with manifest designs upon his nose. Other honourable deputies rushed to his defence. They kicked, tore hair, screamed. The ushers vainly strove to separate them. The pallid PRESIDENT stood with the rules of the House in one hand, and wildly swung his bell in the other. M. ANDRIEUX retired to a high seat and "ironically" deposited a loaded revolver on the desk. The whole scene must have borne a lively resemblance to those casual encounters of prowling and ownerless cats occasionally to be seen in suburban back gardens. To complete the scene M. LEJEUNE made an abject apology when order was restored. If (which is, perhaps, doubtful) there is any sense of the ridiculous left among Frenchmen, this incident must serve to discredit the Chamber still further. It is obvious, however, that the Opposition finds its account in them, for a few days later there was another which ended in the expulsion of M. DE CASSAGNAC. This time the pretext was the discovery that one of the Ministers has the misfortune to be burdened with a brother-in-law who has been mixed up in some discreditable business about the infringement of a patent. Of course the effort of the Opposition was to implicate the Minister himself. It was not wholly successful, but it was proved that one more Republican politician has been, at least indirectly, connected with *tripotage*. The discovery will serve to increase the weight of the charge against the whole party. It is, no doubt, the belief—the very well-grounded belief—of the Opposition that the constituencies will not discriminate, and that when the election comes on they will vote, not so much for General BOULANGER or the Right, as against the politicians who have been in office for the last few years. A more disgraceful species of Parliamentary warfare cannot well be imagined. We cannot say that it is wholly unfamiliar here. Our Irish friends have given us a taste of it; but with us at least it has not yet become the sole method of warfare in politics. In France at present it is, and nothing could well promise worse for the result of the approaching elections. Out of such an ignoble scramble nothing good can possibly come. The Republican majority have little or no excuse for complaint themselves. Many of them took an active share in attacks of precisely the same character on M. GRÉVY and his son-in-law. They did not, or would not, see that what was done then would be imitated later on, and that the discredit thrown on their old favourite would necessarily have to be shared by the Parliamentary Republicans as a body. They are now, thanks to the persistent activity of Boulangists and Conservatives, learning the lesson. Their own mismanagement helps their enemies. Instead of leaving charges of this kind to be dealt with by the Courts, the majority of the deputies can be turned aside from any business to hours of talk over one charge after another, fertile in scenes, and ending in ridiculous motions consigning the calumniators to public contempt. A more absurd formula has not been used since the tipsy Frenchman cried to the little boys who were jeering him:—"Vous êtes des "injustes; j'en appelle à la postérité." Public contempt is not at the beck and call of the majority, and goes far beyond the limits assigned it, as the deputies have been copiously reminded.

How utterly unscrupulous many of the combatants in French politics are at this moment may be seen from the history of MM. JACQUES MEYER, IVAN DE WOESTYNE, and ARTHUR MEYER. The first of these three is an unfortunate speculator, at present much under a cloud, and lately a refugee at Brussels. The second is a Parisian journalist, not unknown to fame of a kind, and the third a Boulangist journalist, also of some name. If M. JACQUES MEYER did not amuse his leisure in exile by concocting cock-and-bull stories for the amusement of his mother, the other two must have come to him while waiting in prison till his extradition was granted with one of the most impudent and the silliest of schemes. They asked him to run the rather serious risk of accusing several Republican leaders of corruption, and offered as a consideration to obtain a pardon for him, when in the course of the next eight months Boulangism is triumphant. If M. JACQUES MEYER is familiar with English history, he must have been reminded by this offer of a famous incident in the life of the Earl of PETERBOROUGH. With or without historic example to guide him, M. JACQUES MEYER declined to play cat to the monkey of his namesake and that enterprising journalist M. IVAN DE WOESTYNE. He made a note of what had passed at great length, and sent it to his mother. The police obtained possession of it, and it has been duly read in the Chamber—somewhat, but not much, to the confusion of the Boulangists. That party is in the happy position of possessing a record which allows it to do much as it pleases without further discrediting itself. This consideration we commend to those who think for the fiftieth time or so that General BOULANGER is at last done for. The existence of such a party and the probability that it will win are the very sufficient condemnation of the Third Republic. After a trial of some years it has established such a character that the accusations even of such persons as these are taken against it.

THE SERVIAN CELEBRATIONS.

THE festivities or fasts, whichever they are to be called (for the anniversary of the battle of Kossovo, when terrible things happened to the renowned "crown of Dushan," is not exactly an occasion of rejoicing), appear to be passing off as satisfactorily as very dangerous things can. King ALEXANDER has been anointed at Zitcha, where it appears that the Turks, just as if they had been Puritans of the seventeenth or Reformers of the sixteenth century, "scratched out the eyes of the kings and saints." We shall, by the way, be very much surprised if somebody does not make an atrocity of this. But the unbeliever, in his horrid task, missed Saint ALEXANDER, probably under the impression that he was the coppersmith, and had something to do with the Janissary soup-kettles. This is considered a good omen for the boy successor of King MILAN, and his chances of the whole crown of Dushan are considered to be improving. M. PERSIANI, the Russian Minister, stood by, but as, about the same time, or not long before, M. PERSIANI'S countrymen, or at least the subjects of the sovereign who employs him, had been sending telegrams to Prince NICHOLAS OF MONTENEGRO describing him as "the darling of the whole Slav world," it would appear that the crown of Dushan (which translated into plain English means the result of robbing Austria and Turkey of their lawful possessions) may have more aspirants than one. No harm, however, has come, so far, of the proceedings; the somewhat notorious Metropolitan MICHAEL appears not merely to have anointed his sovereign, but to have used decently loyal language respecting him, and M. JOVAN RISTICH, the principal statesman of Servia, and the chief of the three Regents, who was unable to attend, sent a remarkably sensible letter. All this is as it should be, but it cannot be denied that the honours accorded to the Russian Minister marred the fair meeting. He was the only foreign Minister present, for the simple reason, it is said, that no foreign Minister whatever was invited, and that other Ministers did not apparently care, like M. PERSIANI, to invite themselves. But it is fair to add that he seems to have been none the less, but only the more, welcome.

M. RISTICH, even by those who do not like his policy, has generally been regarded as a clever man, and his letter certainly shows cleverness. Some expressions in it might even be thought to convey a plaintive protest against the conduct of his friend, M. PERSIANI. M. RISTICH says that the OBRENOVICH dynasty is firmly established on the throne; that he finds the Regency uncommonly difficult; that he is in much doubt as to the effect of the new constitution; that, if the law is not applied rigorously (this, we fear, is "coercion"), the "sands of reaction may engulf the "ship of State"; that he hopes, when the time of King ALEXANDER'S majority comes, to hand the country over to him in a satisfactory condition; and that meanwhile "peace will be the dominating principle of our dealings at "home and with our neighbours." Now, if M. RISTICH can succeed in carrying out this programme, or even the last clause of it only, nobody (at least nobody who has the good of Servia and of Europe at heart as contradistinguished from the desire to endow Servia with crowns of Dushan) will have any fault to find with him. A policy of peace with her neighbours will certainly prevent Servia from coveting her neighbours' goods; while the only one of those neighbours who is of real importance is quite certain to reciprocate it.

A policy of peace at home will give no handle to the darling of the Slavs at Cettinje, and none to that other darling of the Slavs who was so good as to send M. PERSIANI where M. PERSIANI was not invited. But at the same time this policy of peace is by no means the policy which will commend itself to M. PERSIANI and M. PERSIANI's master; for it will leave them no game to play in Servia or rather with her. The CZAR, who is believed to be an honest person enough, probably has no very distinct idea what this game is; but every Servian peasant who cheered M. PERSIANI ought to be informed of it. It is the game expressed in a story which is found in most nations, periods, and languages, though we are not prepared, without consulting the folklorists, to say what is the Servian form—the story of the Monkey, the Chestnuts, and the Cat. The part which M. PERSIANI is anxious that Servia should play in it is a remarkable one, for it is that of chestnuts and cat united.

THE *SULTAN* INQUIRY.

THE report of the Court of Inquiry on the loss of H.M.S. *Sultan* is as unsatisfactory a document as it well could be. We do not mean that the Court has not found as it should have found according to the evidence. Still less do we imply that it has been unduly favourable to the officers whose conduct after the stranding was part of the subject of their inquiry. No doubt the members of the Court were justified in deciding that the Admiral in the Mediterranean and his officers did their best to save the *Sultan* from total loss. They acted according to their judgment, and showed neither negligence nor incompetence in their efforts to accomplish a very difficult piece of work under varying circumstances. If they did not succeed, it was because success was impossible. On a point of this sort the opinion of a court of seamen is, and must be, the best of all possible authorities. Admiral COMMERELL and his colleagues knew what they were talking about, and had their very sufficient reasons for declining to decide that, if measures were taken of which they could not at first sight approve, it was because the officers on the spot found them necessary or the only measures which could be taken. The court-martial on Captain RICE and the Court of Inquiry may be taken to have decided between them that, if HER MAJESTY'S Navy has been deprived of a very fine ship by stranding in waters which we should have thought were as familiar as their gloves to HER MAJESTY'S officers, and if the ship could not be got off, no serious blame rests on anybody in the service. It is not the result we should have expected them to arrive at, but we do not propose to go behind the competent tribunals.

Allowing, however, that the officers came out nearly or wholly blameless, it is still very disagreeable to hear of the condition which made the floating off of the ship impossible. The *Sultan* has become a total wreck, because, in plain language, her watertight compartments turned out on trial to be as good as useless, and, what is worse, it cannot be discovered, on inquiry, why they were useless. We do not know that this is any matter of amazement—watertight compartments have so often turned out on trial to be, if not useless, at least far less useful than they theoretically ought to be. They make all the difference between sinking in three hours or sinking in ten minutes—and that is, indeed, considerable, but they do very generally fail to keep ships afloat. The awkward thing, however, is that the water-tight compartments of HER MAJESTY'S do generally prove to be less efficient than those of merchant vessels, and that the compartments of the *Sultan* were inferior to those of other war-ships which have been rammed or have run on rocks. It is not to be denied that water poured into the *Sultan* in enormous quantities, with great rapidity, and from more places than one. If the compartments had been what they were represented to be this could not have happened. They were, therefore, not efficient, but why they failed the Court cannot discover. Whether they were not properly closed, or were too weak, or, worst of all, whether the ship was not so constructed that a side road was provided by which the water could, so to speak, turn the flank of the compartments—are questions which the Court of Inquiry asks. The Court itself proposes that there should be another inquiry, by constructors this time. We may, therefore, take these two things as proved—first, that the system of construction which was relied on to keep war-ships afloat has proved insufficient; and, secondly, that naval officers are not yet familiar with the qualities and powers of the ships in which they will have to fight. We are not sure that if the choice had been given us we would not rather have heard that the *Sultan* had been run on shore by careless navigation and had been left there through want of judgment. The remedy for the blundering of individual officers is much easier to apply than the remedy for a universal inefficiency of the tools which they must employ.

THE COMMITTEE ON ROYAL GRANTS.

WE cannot affect to regret the delay of the Government in bringing forward the promised proposal for the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee to inquire into the question of Royal Grants. The FIRST LORD of the TREASURY apologized for it the other night, and we have no doubt that it was unintentional. But, all the same, it was fortunate. For it was the means of bringing about a neater and more effective exposure of Radical pretences than we ever remember to have met with. When Mr. SMITH first announced his intention of asking the House to take into consideration the Royal messages with respect to the provision which Parliament was to be asked to make for Prince EDWARD and the Princess LOUISE of WALES, Mr. LABOUCHERE gave notice that he should oppose the motion on the ground that the promise to appoint a Committee of Inquiry into these grants had not been fulfilled. Last Thursday night the promise in question was fulfilled, and Mr. LABOUCHERE and his party still opposed the motion. Of course there were various excuses, of a more or less flimsy character, alleged for this persistence in opposition. The terms of the reference were not satisfactory. The senior member for Northampton did not know what "provision" meant, and he did not know what "members of the Royal family meant"; while the junior member for Northampton complained that the Committee were not authorized to inquire into the Royal expenditure of the funds appropriated to the Crown by the Civil List, and moved an amendment, which was defeated by a majority of 188, in favour of investing the Committee with powers to that effect. And, of course, too, we were treated to the old immoral denial of the clear and inexorable fact that the dealings of the Crown with the Civil List are absolutely unexaminable by Parliament except by the commission of a distinct breach of faith. The Radicals who insist, with such vehement arrogance, that there is no "compact" between the Sovereign and Parliament insuring to the former a fixed appropriation of the Civil List throughout the entire reign may be invited to ask themselves seriously what their opinion on such a point is worth? What, if they will be so good as to tell us, is their precise notion of a "compact"? The only clue to their views with which they have supplied us is not altogether reassuring. What a compact means to them when the two parties to it are an Irish landlord and his tenants is an agreement of which the latter is to appropriate the benefit in the event of its turning out favourably to him, but which in the contrary event he is morally entitled to repudiate. And really this seems to be very much their notion with regard to this matter of the Civil List. They hold—probably without any foundation; but that does not affect the case—that the Sovereign has got the best of the bargain by which at the commencement of each reign the Crown Lands are ceded to the nation in exchange for the Royal income settled by the Civil List; and that alone is sufficient to convince these supporters of the Plan of Campaign that no "compact" can ever have existed at all. We wonder what they would have said if the case had been reversed, and if HER MAJESTY, instead of providently keeping her expenditure within her income, had had to come to Parliament for an addition to the Civil List. Probably we should have heard something about the "compact" from our Radicals then.

Even Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had to confess that the amendment was beyond his power to support, and that the arrangements of the Civil List could not be reopened until the occurrence of a demise of the Crown. In the meantime there can be no doubt that, apart from these pledges, the Government have acted wisely in appointing a Committee to inquire into the whole question of Royal Grants. The system upon which the Parliamentary provisions for members of the Royal Family are applied for and obtained is unbusinesslike and haphazard to the last degree. It works in a manner calculated to offer the highest possible premium

on such eloquence as that of Mr. Samuel Storey, who has, perhaps, calculated what proportion of the burden of an annual expenditure of over eighty millions falls, in the shape of the Civil List and the supplementary provisions for members of the Royal House, upon "families on the verge "of starvation," and to enable men like Mr. Picton to terrify the *Times*. It is unlikely, perhaps, that any action on the report of the Committee, whatever it may be, will enable us to get rid of the Storeys and the Pictons altogether. The latter will, no doubt, find some means for reminding us that he carries the people of Leicester in his pocket, and that the nation is itself in the pocket of the people of Leicester; while the former will equally of course secure some opportunity of sneering at Court officials and their duties, and proclaiming the just pride with which he regards his own majestic manhood. But they will make these demonstrations with considerably less effect, even upon the vulgarest ignorance in the country, than they do at present.

THE COAL DUES.

THE real character of the fine zeal shown for the abolition of the Coal Dues levied in London was excellently displayed by the Opposition on Wednesday. The hybrid Committee appointed by the House to examine the claim of the Corporation to compensation for the loss of the dues recommended that a rate of fourpence should be levied for a year. The object for which the tax is to be levied is perfectly well known. It is to secure the payment of the money lent on the security of the dues for the purpose of making the Holborn Viaduct. That this was an improvement of immense value and convenience nobody denies. All London has profited by it, and ought, therefore, to help to pay for it. The tax of fourpence is a very light one and will hardly be felt. It is not proposed, even by Mr. Firth, to leave the creditors unpaid. Yet because the whole obligation to pay them is not thrown on the City—because the Corporation is not to be put to the choice of either suffering confiscation or coming hat in hand to the County Council—a pertinacious handful of members, who dignified themselves with the title of representatives of London, contrived to keep the House from arriving at the inevitable conclusion till they had prated to their heart's content.

It is superfluous to say that neither Mr. Firth, nor Mr. Lawson, nor Mr. Pickersgill, nor Mr. Rowlands even attempted to oppose the clauses on grounds of policy or public advantage. Their one stock argument was that some consideration was being shown for the Corporation, that they hate the Corporation, and would like to see it made to smart. Under the influence of this noble feeling, they made a great parade of zeal for the poor in the usual way; but the character of their parade was perfectly transparent. Mr. Pickersgill threatened the "member for "Barnard Castle" with the vengeance of the miners of Durham and Yorkshire because he was going to vote for a tax on coal which these same miners will not be asked to pay. The other members of the minority who endeavoured to obstruct the Bill hammered away at the proposition that the Corporation had no rights, and showed a firm belief that this was argument enough. That the Holborn Viaduct must be paid for, that if the funds are not found in this way they must be got out of the rates, that the Coal Dues have been shown by experience to be a very light impost, were truths which they never took the trouble to notice. And yet they are obvious. If the agitation against the Coal Dues had not been carefully fostered by wire-pulling and nursed by pedantry, it never would have been heard of. Unless it had suited a little knot of persons to use them as a stump, the vast majority of Londoners would never have heard of them or known that they paid them. They will hear, however, of the rates, and be carefully instructed in the obligation to pay them. The purely obstructive nature of the opposition was shown by the fact that it was made after the House had decided by an overwhelming majority to sit till it had finished the Committee stage of the Bill. Mr. Firth and his friends must have known that Parliament was not likely to reject the recommendation of its own Committee, and if they insisted on repeating what they had said five hundred times before, it can only have been with the intention of delaying a decision which they must have known to be inevitable. Fortunately the delay could not be long. The House having to choose between finishing the Committee stage of the Bill early, and sacrificing its evening off for the joy of listening to Messrs. Firth, Lawson, and Rowlands, did not hesitate long. The decision at which it arrived was the right one. The tax of fourpence will be continued for a year, and Parliament has again recorded its decision not to confiscate the property of the Corporation. It has also recognized that the Corporation has behaved in this matter with great liberality. Before the year is out, Londoners, unless there is a very considerable change in the interval, will have learnt more fully than they have done already the difference between the so-called greedy Corporation and that enlightened body the County Council. If they have not taken, and are not prepared to take, the necessary steps in consequence, they will deserve to have this County Council to rule over them, and will not improbably attain their deserts.

THE SHAH.

IT is equally easy to exaggerate and to make too little of the Shah's visit to us, and to overdo and underdo our reception of the Shah himself. Too much of the criticism which is to be heard in either sense upon these points is too plainly the product of strictly personal influences. He who has spent an idle morning in watching one of the pageants of the last few days from a comfortable position feels disposed to think that, in our entertainment of our visitor, we are not exceeding the bounds of that stately hospitality which becomes a great nation. He, on the other hand, whose hansom has been stopped or diverted from its direct route by one of the processions, and who has missed his train in consequence, begins seriously to ask himself whether, after all, Nasr-ed-Din is very much better than a "barbarian," and whether the King of Kings is not being made absurdly too much of. The Londoner who has neither been amused nor incommoded by the Shah's entertainment is difficult to find; while as for the dweller in the country he is likely to be either envious or contemptuous of the doings in London, according as he moralizes from necessity or from choice. Perhaps the philosopher we are in search of might, if found and interrogated on the subject, make award that the thing has, on the whole, and considering the fact that the Shah is not our visitor for the first time, been just the least little bit overdone. Still the fault is one on the right side, and cannot possibly have any but a temporary—even one might almost say a momentary effect.

The circumstance that this is the Shah's second visit to us, and that it is paid after so considerable an interval of time, adds much to its private, if not to its public, interest. Travelling, especially with the state with which Oriental potentates travel, must be a greater bore to them than most other things in life, which is, no doubt, saying a good deal; so that His Imperial Majesty's desire to renew his impressions of Europe, and especially of England, is flattering to us. Yet a desire so successfully repressed, as far as our own country at any rate is concerned, for sixteen years is a phenomenon provocative of some curiosity, and its manifestation certainly tends to suggest that the visit is not one of pure pleasure, and this again opens the door to the whole of that piquant but quite unprofitable controversy which is centred in the personality and policy of our guest. Is he a sort of Oriental Peter the Great, studying European institutions with the view of Europeanizing his own country? Or is he an ambitious ruler paying court for private purposes of *haute politique* to the Empress of India and her Ministers? Or, lastly, is he only an earthen pipkin who has no desire to swim with the brass pots, but still less likes the idea—which seems to him to be coming more and more within the range of practical politics—of being crushed between them? Or, lastly, are his motives in visiting us a combination of those appropriate to each of the three suggested characters? Possibly they are; but, if so, we can hardly be wrong in attributing the least influence to the first among them and the greatest to the last. The Shah is, no doubt, a very good specimen of an enlightened Eastern potentate, as such potentates go; and, properly handled by European advisers, as he has only lately been by any representatives of this country, he can no doubt be induced to do a good deal for the common advantage of his people and our own. But the leisurely manner in which he has proceeded—making all allowance for the obstruction and inertia of his officials—

with the work of internal reform is fatal to the theory put forward at one time by some of his more enthusiastic admirers that he is a JOSEPH II. of Persia. In so far as public motives and not the desire for amusement have prompted his visit to us, they are probably much more closely connected with his position as a weak Asiatic ruler between two powerful European-Asiatic Empires.

MR. BULL'S SHOW.

IN the first week of July an amateur of modest means finds the glory of the orchids departed for the year. His shelves are never without bloom, if he have used a very little common sense in stocking them, but the grand burst of spring is over. A few Odontoglots belated are still unfurling, and many still show a handsome front; but from day to day verdure encroaches on the sight, as a judicious gardener cuts down the fading wreaths. It is otherwise in a large collection. Belated flowers are so numerous there that they prolong the display for weeks, aided by those other genera and species which properly come into bloom at this season. Mr. Bull's orchids were never more superb than now as a mere sight, while for those who regard them with an understanding eye the variety has greater interest than the mass exhibited a month ago. The mass, indeed, is undiminished. Not a gap appears in the astonishing parade of bright colour and strange forms which assuredly has no equal in the world. For Mr. Bull keeps the idea—of a public orchid exhibition—to himself at present. There are a few growers up and down who might challenge him—two, possibly three; but as yet they make no sign. Words could not describe the spectacle to those who have not seen it. We shall only touch a point of interest here and there.

A species very curious—handsome enough, too—is Odont. Williamsi. It belongs to the class which we regard as keys, that should open many secrets of the orchid world if used aright, and will, too, probably in good time. This plant is so like Odont. grande, the common favourite, that one would be puzzled to define the difference in language—excepting that O. Williamsi is smaller than the average. It is gamboge yellow, mottled with red-brown, and it has all the stark, spread-eagle attitude which, to our taste, makes O. grande vulgar. Most people, even of the experienced, confuse the two at a glance. Further on stands Odont. Schleiperianum, smaller still, but essentially the same both in flower and bulb and growth; so is a striking "variety" near by, though at a little distance it seems to be all bright yellow, the brown suppressed. Now, these three varieties—two of which rank as species—are separated from the common type, O. grande, by nearly ten degrees of latitude and ten degrees of longitude, nor—we might almost make an affidavit—do any intermediate forms exist in the space between; and those degrees are sub-tropical, by so much more significant than an equal distance in our zone. Instances of the same class, and vastly more surprising, also, are found in many genera of orchid. They contain a clue to the variation of species which will be unravelled one day. Here is the exquisite little Oncidium nubigenum, long supposed to be the most determined climber of all mountaineering epiphytes and assuredly the loveliest. Fourteen thousand feet, indeed, is a creditable performance for a member of the Alpine Club; but this tender mite thinks nothing of it. One could not find a stronger example of the grand rule that orchids are the most contented, the most long-suffering of all created things. We bring this little beauty, "born of the clouds," from her mountain top in New Grenada and we set her beside the muddy Thames—or anywhere else. Pleasantly and gratefully she accepts the change, spreading her dusky petals and fine snowy lip, with the daintiest mauve square thereon, as freely as in the Alpine solitude. A species we do not often see is Odont. crystatellum, yellow stained with green, barred and spotted with light brown. The column is white, and a snow-white beard falls over the labellum, strong hairs of gold-brown forming a moustache above it. The number of Oncidium macranthum flowering on these crowded shelves bears evidence to the strength of Mr. Bull's collection. There are no fewer than twenty big pots, with something like three hundred and fifty blooms; moreover, they will show you a house full of them "coming on." Nature forestalled the dreams of æsthetic colourists when she designed Oncidium macranthum. Thus, and not otherwise, would the thoughtful of them arrange a "harmony" in gold and bronze; but Nature, with characteristic indifference to the fancies of mankind, hid her *chef-d'œuvre* in the wilds of Ecuador. Among the twenty plants are no fewer than three varieties, each an improvement, in one point or another, on the type—which might have been supposed impossible. O. mac. hastiferum, in truth, is an improvement all round; the gold more burnished, the wings of the lip clearer and of a darker purple. O. mac. aurosum is not worthy of this extreme compliment; but a person unacquainted with the usual form might well declare its stainless gold incomparable. The third variety, without name, is distinguished by the number and boldness of its pleatings. These are mere "sports," since all come from the same district, so far as we know. An astonishing example of "sport" is Odont. Pescatorei, one of the last which Professor Reichenbach described. "Stupendous" it is, indeed, in the Latin sense, to one familiar with the species, and exquisitely lovely for all—a snow-white flower, with the blotches and dots usual transformed into a dense margin of tiny purple scratches round the lip. Nothing in the least like it has ever been found before, and this is a very small plant. An Odontoglossum quite new, still awaiting the nomenclator, is remarkable for a white fringe, like the most ethereal of lace, surrounding its brown lip.

The summer-flowering Cattleyas make a display now, while C. Mossiæ has still many lingering blooms. Grandest and rarest is C. Sanderiana, of course—an immense pink flower, with such a crimson lip, so bold yet so delicate of form and hue, as no Cattleya can rival to our mind. Among the legends of orchidology there are few so striking as that which attaches to C. Sanderiana; it can be only outlined here. One of Mr. Sander's collectors went out in search of Odont. crispum to Bogota, found this plant "at rest," and gathered a number, in a conscientious, matter-of-fact way. He delivered them, one might put it, as per invoice, and failed to grasp his employer's sudden amazement. Mr. Sander perceived at a glance that it must be something supreme, and sent back his collector, Mr. Mau, by next mail. In due time a shipment arrived; it will be understood that civilized man had not yet seen the flower. But Mr. Brymer, M.P.—famous for all time among orchidaceans as the introducer of Dendrobium Brymerianum—had bought one of the first lot. It came into bloom at this critical moment, and he good-naturedly lent the plant as a sample. The day when Messrs. Stevens offered the importation is still marked in the calendar. They fixed a screen of baize across their auction-room, and set Mr. Brymer's plant on high for worship—with more success than Nebuchadnezzar, for no man protested. C. Sanderiana is still very rare, as such a marvel should be. Here is Epidendron prismatocarpum, a magnificent and impressive species—more often discussed than seen. It has noble spikes; long, and thickly clothed with flower. Petals and sepals are white, the latter thickly spotted with black, upon which the delicate pale-mauve lip, sharply-pointed, has an effect almost startling. Prismatocarpum is a very happy name. Odont. Harryanum, on the other hand, is most unfortunate in its title. The public is not interested in those circumstances which give it significance for a few, and if there be any flower which demands an expressive name it is this, in our judgment. O. Harryanum always reminds us—in such an odd association of ideas as every one has experienced—of a thunder-storm. The contrast of its intense brown blotches with the azure throat and the broad, snowy lip, affect us somehow with admiring oppression. Very absurd; but *on est fait comme ça*, as Nana excused herself. To call this most striking flower "Harryanum" is bitterly grotesque. Odont. cordatum is not a favourite generally, but those who have it will be encouraged by a sight of Mr. Bull's specimen; grown to that size and age, its somewhat commonplace colouring gains importance. A rare variety is O. cordatum Kienastianum, brighter in tone, sharper in its acute angles, and generally "cleaner" in appearance. A species new last year, and most welcome, is Oncidium cornigerum longi-racemosum, from Brazil. It has scores and scores of pale-green blossoms, most daintily spotted with red, packed with charming neatness upon a foot-long spike. There are no less than eleven main branches, all subdivided, within this space. Cryptochyllus sanguineus, from Assam, will never be worth one penny in the market, but savants contemplate it with singular interest; its spike of dull-red bells is very like a worthless Lachenalia, as different from an orchid as well could be. Those who visited the Temple Show are not likely to forget the sensation caused by Sir Trevor Lawrence's Bulbophyllum. One much more satisfactory as a flower, and not less curious as a plant *à mécanique*, is B. Lobbii. Its clear, clean, orange-creamy hue is delightful to behold. The lip, so delicately balanced, quivers at every breath, but here you are allowed to put it through all its amazing performance. If the slender stem be bent back, as by a fly alighting on the column, that quivering cap turns and hangs imminent; another tiny shake, as though the fly approached the nectary, and it falls plump, head over heels, like a shot, imprisoning the insect. If we wished to excite a thoughtful child's interest in botany—not regardless of the sense of beauty either—we would make an investment in Bulbophyllum Lobbii. There are other curiosities, and other plants that suggest remark, at every turn. Masdevallia peristeria is excellently represented—a charming and a striking species, of a nameless green, closely dotted with purple inside, outlined at the edges and the "tails" with a paler hue. Over the mauve lip sits a little green-white dove. There is no object in nature prettier than Ornithocephalus grandiflorus, with dense blossoms, white and green, strangely like a bird whose wings are half-folded downwards, and deliciously scented. But our space is full.

WHICH IS WHICH?

[Being a Passage from the *History of England in the Nineteenth Century*, by Foo-chow. Pekin. A.D. 2500.]

. . . WE come now to the vexed question of the Special Commission. And in order that our readers may fully understand our view upon this matter, we must give a short summary of the facts. It appears, then, that towards the latter end of the ninth decade of the century of which we write, W-lt-r (subsequently created Earl of D-rh-m) made a speech in

which he accused P-rn-ll, or, as he is sometimes called, Ch-tw-nd, and other persons of instigating to assassination and conniving at outrage. The speech as it has come down to us is couched in highly metaphorical language. Read without the light that recent research has thrown upon it, it appears to deal with some scandal connected with the well-known English Sport of Horse Racing. It is now, however, universally admitted to have been a political utterance of the deepest import. In it the speaker charged a particular party, or, as he calls it, "stable," with outrages and serious malpractices in connexion with Ireland—designated in allusion to her national colour as the "Turf." The speech seems to have excited some interest which was very greatly intensified by the republication of the charges and allegations in a much more direct form in W-lt-r's newspaper—the *T-m-s*. After they had been discussed for some time in public, the matter was brought before the Parliament or Jockey Club. The leader of the accused "stable" was urged to resort to the Courts of law for redress, but seems to have delayed, or been reluctant to do so. He appears to have allowed one of his followers, variously called "W--d" (doubtless, a party nickname) or O'D-nn-ll, to bring an action for libel first, but this is not quite free from doubt. At any rate, a Commission of three persons was at last appointed by the Jockey Club to investigate the charges. According to the universal practice in such matters, two trials took place, the advocates changing sides, to ensure fair play. Thus, we find R-ss-ll in the first trial defending P-rn-ll, while the Attorney-General and J-m-s accuse him. In the second trial R-ss-ll was for the plaintiffs, while J-m-s (the Attorney-General being doubtless otherwise engaged) appeared for the defence. The two trials seem to have been of very different length, but at last they both came to an end. The result is a matter of such importance and of such far-reaching consequences that we shall reserve it for a separate chapter. Suffice it to say that the form which the decision took in no way throws doubt upon the version of the facts which we have given.

That this version is correct admits, we think, of no manner of doubt. A recent writer, whose usually accurate judgment has perhaps on this occasion been warped by a desire for originality, has suggested that there were two wholly distinct and separate charges, made by two wholly different persons in connexion with wholly different subjects. The suggestion has been supported with all Mr. A.'s customary ingenuity, and he is entitled to all the assistance he can get from the fact that his view was that generally held before the recent advances in intellectual progress and the employment of more scientific methods of historical inquiry. For ourselves, we can only say that, in our opinion, Mr. A.'s theory does not bear a minute's investigation. In order to support it, he has to maintain that W-lt-r never became Lord D-rh-m, that "Ch-tw-nd" and P-rn-ll were different persons, that there were two R-ss-lls and more than one J-m-s. But, even if he could devise plausible reasons for these audacious suggestions, he is only at the beginning of his difficulties. Is it probable, we ask in the name of common sense, that at the same time and in the same country there should have been set up two tribunals, each consisting of three persons, each appointed after some considerable delay, each to deal with allegations of a very serious nature made by a person in an influential position against the character of the leader of a well-known and opposing faction? Is it probable that in each case the judges should have behaved in a precisely similar manner, that in each case one of the judges should have been absolutely silent, another should have taken a considerable part, the President should have in each case employed the same words and manner in the discharge of his duties? Nor is that all, or nearly all. Let Mr. A. examine the grounds of the accusations made in each of what he regards as two cases. He will find that there is a resemblance between them that will startle even him. In each instance the case set up in support of the accusation was that the associates of the accused were men of atrocious character; that they had been guilty of the grossest offences and malpractices; that they gloried in their contempt for the laws by which they were supposed to be governed. In each case it was alleged that the defendant was a man of great personal ability and immense knowledge of the questions with which he was so largely concerned, and that it was therefore scarcely possible that he could have unknowingly accepted the assistance and friendship of such scoundrels. More than this, it was one of the greatest points in the attack on P-rn-ll that, if he disliked the proceedings of some of his allies, it was strange, so the Attorney-General said, that he commonly profited by those proceedings. Mr. A. will find that the same accusation, in almost the same words, is made against Ch-tw-nd—only, of course, by Sir Ch-rl-s R-ss-ll.

We will not weary our readers further in this matter than to point out that, even in the fragments of the evidence that have been preserved, the two trials are strikingly alike; as, for instance, in the fact that, in both trials the plaintiffs relied very much on the banking account of the accused. In short, the only real ground for Mr. A.'s fanciful theory is the dissimilarity of the names in the two trials. For those conversant with the recklessness and frequency with which honours were at that time distributed in England, there is nothing remarkable in a Sm-th having become Earl M-rch, or in a D-y being created Prince S-lt-k-ff. Nor is there anything strange in J-m-s H-nn-n having, perhaps in obedience to the whim of a wealthy relation, changed his name into that of J-m-s L-wth-r. What is strange, and what is remarkable is that a man of such weight and authority as Mr. A. should have lent his position to support what is doubtless in origin the crude and unwarrantable hypothesis of some self-confident schoolboy.

CRIMINAL ROMANCE.

IT cannot be maintained that the criminal romance is elevating in its tendencies. There is much mental and minute introspection, but not in the manner of Wordsworth or Browning; and, although the author may be all the better for a Shakspearian knowledge of human nature, it is his business to study man in his shadier aspects. Even the criminal masterpieces of the immortal Balzac—to say nothing of the cleverest novels of Gaboriau and Boisgobey—leave behind them a mingled flavour of the slums, the Morgue, the gaol, and the galleys. Yet in one sense the best criminal romance belongs to the highest order of fiction. It demands infinite care and intense conscientiousness. Robinson Crusoe-like ingenuity and readiness of resource must be brought to the aid of a somewhat perverted or morbid imagination. To win its author celebrity, or even credit, the finished work should be a marvel of constructive skill, with an exquisite adjustment of the details of each part and an all-pervading sense of proportion. Foresight should forestall destructive criticism, and forethought should anticipate all plausible objections. The complicated machinery, working smoothly on converging lines, should move steadily and swiftly towards the central point or *dénouement*. We have indicated the qualifications of the ideal sensational novelist; and Gaboriau, and even Boisgobey, have not fallen far short of them. Gaboriau's chief fault, as it appears to us, is extending his novels to unnecessary length by introducing irritating retrospects and indulging in supplementary digressions. Take, for example, *The Honour of the Name*. While Lecocq is puzzling out a lukewarm scent with the ardour of a hot-blooded, but half-baffled, sleuthhound, we are carried back to an exposition of ancient history, when the lands of the nobles were being confiscated for the democracy and France was in the throes of a social convulsion. Gaboriau showed what he could do when he cared to avoid the fault in his admirable *Petit Vieux des Batignolles*, where the *tours de force* of detective strategy should have failed had the genius of the far-seeing criminal had fair play. Boisgobey is in most respects the inferior of his master; but he far surpasses him in almost inexhaustible fertility, and he steers clear of those snares of provoking digressions. Considering that we are surprised and uneasy about his health if we do not have a novel from him every quarter—at this moment he has been mute for an unprecedentedly long interval—it is wonderful how very seldom he repeats himself; though, no doubt, he is partial to such strong situations as three rivals starting on a similar quest, and finding themselves seated together in the coupé of a diligence. In spite of his fertility, there is invariably freshness in his books, whether he draws his inspiration from the romance of historical conspiracy, or seeks it in the comparatively vulgar crime of his contemporaries. In such books as the *Crime de l'Opéra* he puzzles and excites us up to the concluding chapters; and the best rule we can give his readers for solving his enigmas is always to lay the burden of the guilt on the person least likely to be suspected.

From this tedious preliminary sermon it will be seen that we believe success in Criminal Romance to be only attainable by the specially gifted. But that does not appear to be the popular notion. We can understand that the ordinary sensational novelists may have been tempted to follow *feux follets*, not only by the fame and the gains of the great fathers of the French school, but by the extraordinary sale of such English imitations as some of the best of Mr. Arrowsmith's of Bristol "shilling shockers." But, after all, before a novice breaks out in novel-writing, it is only wise to weigh and estimate his special powers. Over-vaulting ambition is apt to overreach itself, and it is always more prudent to test one's strength over the well-beaten track before striking out a career of adventure. The sentimental and domestic novel is reasonably safe. Dances, dinners, and lawn-tennis parties are within the scope of every one's daily observation, and the commonplace Strephon, with his smiles and sighs, is more easily conceived and idealized than a Count Fosco or a Bill Sikes. We are persuaded that Mr. Arkwright, who has published a Criminal Romance, could write a fair average novel, and we are far from saying that *The Queen Anne's Gate Mystery* (White & Co.) is devoid of interest. We make no complaint of "the mystery," which is cleverly enough devised, but we object to the process of clearing it up. In the first place, we may apply the normal criticism to the novel—that it would have gained exceedingly by some severe compression. The attention is gratuitously distracted by a variety of subsidiary episodes, and superstition is made to play a commanding part in a manner that jars on our regard for the realistic. The threads of the tale are perpetually getting entangled, and the author is reduced to the necessity of cutting his own intricate knots. Then the mystery is finally unravelled by sentiment and impulse rather than by reason and shrewd deduction. We may say that Mr. Arkwright seems to have a supreme contempt for the professional detective. It is true that when the narrator retains the services of Mr. Sleuthson he gives us reason to expect marvellous feats of astuteness. First impressions are necessarily unfavourable.

Like MM. Tabaret and Lecocq, Sleuthson had an insignificant appearance and an hesitating manner. However, "I soon discovered a preponderance of sagacity and a wealth of resource which encouraged as much as they surprised me." But, having paid what he appears to consider an indispensable tribute to the conventionalities of criminal fiction, the author shoves Mr. Sleuthson unceremoniously aside. As a matter of fact, the detective, though he bustles about to earn his pay, does next to nothing towards the solution of the mystery. The London lawyer, who is retained to conduct the defence of the suspected man, is even more incapable. The veritable *dea ex machinâ* is the Lady Geraldine, the beautiful and impassioned young wife of the gentleman who tells the tale. With her feminine impulsiveness she jumps at once to the conclusion that the man who is charged with the murder of his wife cannot possibly be guilty. In that intensity of conviction, founded in the face of crushing presumptive evidence upon her pity and her warm sympathies, of course we agree with her. We are assured, in the first place, that such a story can have but a single end; and, in the next place, Harry Collingwood is a fine manly fellow and the last person in the world under any provocation to mix a seasoning of strychnine in his wife's sleeping draught. If driven beyond the limit of endurance, he was much more likely, as his friend observed, to have tamed his shrew by knocking her on the head. But the successful search for exculpatory evidence is almost entirely due to Lady Geraldine's inspiration. Her intuition is unfailing and infallible, and it turns to excellent account the dreams and visions of her over-excited husband. All's well that ends well, and the life and good name of an innocent man were at stake; but her enthusiasm betrays her into questionable actions, and her courage shrinks from no responsibilities. She confesses a sick woman when the doctors have declared that any excitement may probably be fatal. The servant girl she has taken for detective purposes as her personal maid is prompted to what seems very like an abuse of confidence, and abstracts a packet which has been stitched in the dress of the helpless patient she is nursing. Lady Geraldine's best excuse is, that she is running a race against time—that her *protégé* has been tried and condemned, and that the day of execution is fixed. But, if we condone her proceedings in consideration of her temptations, the novel must be pronounced faulty from the artistic point of view. For, to be consistent, the action should have kept pace with the pressing exigencies of the exculpatory inquiry; in place of which we are carried away on somewhat wearisome wanderings in Wales, and have to listen to the long story and the love affairs of a girl whose superstitions, which are elaborately explained and accounted for, unfortunately mixed her up with the mystery.

We do not think that Mr. Arkwright's talent tends towards Scotland Yard, or Secret Inquiry Offices, or the *pensionnaires* of Portland. Nevertheless we believe, as we have said, that he could write a picturesque and agreeable novel. Some of his characters are very cleverly delineated; the hero, Harry Collingwood, with his faults and his sterling qualities, is true to his nature throughout, and the impulsive and warmhearted Lady Geraldine is a charming and lovable woman. Many of the incidental rural sketches are delightful, and the foul air of crowded assize courts and coroners' inquests is freshened by the cool breath of the balmy breezes from the woodlands of Herefordshire and the Welsh hills. We fancy Mr. Arkwright has more of the Richard Jefferies than of the Boisgobey or Wilkie Collins in him, and we should recommend him when he tries authorship again to lay his scenes in those rural districts with which he is familiar, and to draw his sensations from the field-sports which he loves.

MACBETH ON SATURDAY LAST.

LAST Saturday, the closing night of the Lyceum *Macbeth* season, was set apart, as Mr. Irving called it, as the annual "testimonial to Miss Terry"—a happy phrase which seemed to gratify all to whom it was addressed, many of whom had witnessed that day's performance of Lady Macbeth on various occasions during the one hundred and fifty times that the play has been consecutively produced. The theatre was filled in every corner with an alert and sympathetic audience. The performance had lost nothing of its freshness and vigour since we first saw it; but, on the contrary, the two principal players threw in new touches of genius, which suggested that in their hands oft repetition does not lead to dulness, but to an increase of freedom, force, and vitality. On this occasion, for example, the personal presence of Lady Macbeth amplified the poet's thought, and gave illumination to his intent in the most marked and vivid manner, giving that precise action to the word which is needed to bring out its fuller meaning. At other times we have had to express our admiration for Miss Terry's delivery of her lines, which could not have been better, which seemed to be all-sufficing for the achievement of a perfect impress and apprehension of the text; but on Saturday last we not only had the excellent words expressed with excellence, but they were given now with a grace and now with a fire that presented, rather than represented, one of the most difficult characters that poet ever conceived or artist ever portrayed. In the sleep-walking scene—of which some busy critics appear to have missed the meaning—the words "here's the smell of blood still" moved the spectators' hearts to quicker throbbing as they gazed on the whilom passionate woman, who once loved one who "loved only for his own ends," now bereft of such strength as her love once gave her, left the prey of remorse and the victim of despair—a sight so moving and so informing that it is not too much to say the whole house trembled with excitement as it realized the vision.

Equally noteworthy was the manner in which Mr. Irving brought the guilty thane in subjection to his wife's thrifty love. Here was seen the real Macbeth, with his all-powerful imagination and his powerless conscience; that precise kind of ineffectual, fruitless conscience which makes cowards of all who possess it, and certainly made a coward of Macbeth, and wrought the conviction that for him at least,

> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more: it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
> Signifying nothing.

This is the confession of a conscience-stricken creature, who of pure moral weakness debased a character once famed for its courage, in whose mind now, as the tidings are borne in upon him of his wife's death, springs up the thought that "all our yesterdays have lighted fools," such as he, "the way to dusty death," a confession obviously wrung from a mind imbued with the futility of murder as a means of advancement.

It has been insisted upon with what cannot be otherwise regarded than as a thoughtless—not to say unjust—iteration, that the elaborate, and certainly admirable, manner in which the play is mounted overweighs the play. This was not the case last Saturday; the scenery was an excellent subsidiary, and nothing more, and played neither more nor less than the same part as did the picturesque dresses of the actors.

Here we are drawn aside to notice certain words which perhaps represent the feelings of that madding crowd whose support their author would seek. He says, indeed:—

> Mr. Irving is one who has climbed to honours without money or influence, and now holds the first place on the English stage by right of conquest.

But he gracefully adds:—

> Genius has not lifted him up—for genius is best described as "a something"; and, though one does occasionally feel the something about Mr. Irving, he himself never gets hold of it.

Surely the critic might for once have forgotten himself; but it is not given to all of us to do this He goes on:—

> Mr. Irving fails as Macbeth because he is still Mr. Irving; he succeeds as Matthias for the same reason. In melodrama all his eccentricities of movement, voice, and gesture are an attraction; mannerisms, so long as they are strange, helping to individualize a character that is unnatural in conception. . . . But this sorry Macbeth is a grotesque coward who rushes about his house quaking, his wife after him as if to deprive him of his latch-key. This is a Macbeth that could not have terrified his grandmother. Miss Terry's Lady Macbeth is equally un-Shakespearean, though for quite different reasons.

All that need be said of this sound and fury is that it is of a sort of "nothing" one might expect from one who believes, on his own showing, that Sydney Smith and Charles Lamb were one and the same person. And so we leave him.

It was pleasant to be told by Mr. Irving that his season had been in every way satisfactory; and that *Macbeth* is to be resumed after the representation of *The Dead Heart*. This announcement had been anticipated; because it is obvious that not one or two visits to such a play as *Macbeth* suffice to make us acquainted with all that the chief players are capable of putting into it, or even the most attentive listeners are equal to carrying away; but that many visits are needed to give a complete grasp of what cannot be called otherwise than a unique work of formative art.

MR. ROUSSOFF'S VIEWS IN CAIRO.

ALTHOUGH the destructions and "restorations" of the last few years have transformed some of the most charming scenes in the City of Victory, there is still a great deal that is picturesque, especially to the eye of an unaccustomed visitor. If you have been much in the East without having visited Cairo, it comes upon you as a surprise. After a time, no doubt, you get used to the brilliant light, the dark shade, the gorgeous colours, the architectural beauty and the half ruinous, wholly picturesque, aspect of many of the older streets. True, after your first impressions are over, you may have time to think of the unwholesomeness of some of these nooks and corners, and to recognize the pungency of some of the odours you encounter. But Cairo remains the most beautiful of Oriental cities, and the one city in Egypt which contains buildings of first-rate importance. Mr. Roussoff, in the twenty water-colour pictures exhibited at the Gallery of the Fine Art Society, has evidently endeavoured, and in some cases very successfully, to grasp the essential features of the place, especially those which appeal most impressively to the artistic faculty. Some of the drawings are very highly finished, others are slighter. No. 18 and No. 19 are evidently careful studies for No. 14, which unites the best qualities of both. They all three represent, what is often seen in the native quarters of Cairo, a street decorated—or at least hung—with gaudy flags in celebration of a wedding or some such family festivity. No. 12 is a careful study of a narrow lane of old houses with the carved wooden lattices now so rapidly

disappearing in favour of Venetian blinds. The figures in this and in No. 3 are particularly good. The last apparently represents the entrance to the mosque of Ibrahim Agha; but the names in the brief Catalogue are misleading and useless. No. 9 appears to represent a corner in the beautiful but ruinous "House of the Mufti," so well known and dear to artists. The figures—a woman arranging bunches of roses, and a little child—are particularly pleasing; but Mr. Roussoff complains, in a prefatory note, of the great difficulty he experienced in obtaining native models. No. 5 is a fine view of the famous Darb al Vizier, and No. 7 shows the street by the Tunis Bazaar, already well known by Lewis's numerous sketches. No. 20 is entitled "The Hour of Prayer," and shows the interior of a mosque, with a man in an attitude of prayer; but surely his prayer-carpet is not in the right place. One of the most charming of the sketches is a noontide view looking across the old burial-ground south of the city, towards the Nile and the Pyramids. Mr. Roussoff has very well caught in this drawing a look which must be very familiar to all Egyptian travellers—the obliteration of colour by the strength of the mid-day light. It is a peculiar effect, never, of course, seen here, and Mr. Roussoff has not failed to grasp it. This view exemplifies one of his complaints in the prefatory note already mentioned. "The dust," he says, "is a plague, the intensity of which is seldom met with in Europe; not only does it blind one and destroy the purity of one's palette, but it often ruins a drawing." His other enemy was the wind, which in Northern Egypt is often very high in winter. On the whole, however, we cannot but congratulate Mr. Roussoff on the way in which he has caught the colour and tone of the older quarters of Cairo.

THE REVENUE RETURNS.

THE Revenue Returns for the first quarter of the financial year are satisfactory. They show an increase over the corresponding quarter of last year of a little over 86,000*l.* This is not a very large increase, it may be thought; but when it is borne in mind that the Chancellor of the Exchequer estimated for the whole year a falling off of over 2¼ millions, it will be seen that any increase at all, however slight, in the first three months is an extremely favourable circumstance. It proves that, as we observed at the time, the Estimates were exceedingly cautious, and they give ground to believe that the results of the year will be far better than the Chancellor of the Exchequer ventured to anticipate. Of course it is too soon yet to forecast the results of the year, for much may happen between now and the end of March to disappoint the best-laid calculations. But, assuming that there is no outbreak of war and no financial disaster, there are reasonable grounds for expecting that future quarters will not be less satisfactory than that just ended. And if we turn now to the separate items of receipt, our hopes will certainly not be lessened. Taking first the more unfavourable items, we find a decrease of not less than 320,000*l.* in Property and Income-tax. This is somewhat more than twice the falling off anticipated in the Budget for the whole year; but it is to be recollected that the Income-tax collected in the first quarter largely consists of arrears standing over from the preceding year. Now in the first quarter of last year the arrears were collected at the rate of sevenpence in the pound, whereas now the arrears have been collected at the rate of sixpence in the pound. A diminution of a penny in the pound accounts, then, for a very large part of the falling off. It is probable, too, that the arrears standing over from the past year were smaller than usual, since it will be remembered that the whole of the receipts were surprisingly good for the past twelve months. The next largest falling off is in Customs, in which it amounts to as much as 94,000*l.* It will be in the recollection of our readers that, in his Budget speech, Mr. Goschen dwelt at considerable length upon the falling off that has continued for several years in the yield of the indirect taxes. The greatest decrease, no doubt, has been in spirituous liquors. But Mr. Goschen pointed out that in the non-intoxicating articles also there has been a falling off. The yield from coffee does not grow, and the productiveness of the tea and tobacco duties is also disappointing. In the latter two cases it would seem that the disappointment is not due to lesser purchasing power on the part of the people, but rather to the use of stronger kinds of tea and tobacco; so that a smaller quantity now goes as far as a considerably larger quantity formerly. It would seem to follow, then, that the falling off in the yield of customable articles is still going on; but, as we shall proceed to point out immediately, there are reasons to make us hesitate from coming too absolutely to this conclusion. In short, there are reasons to suggest that the present decline in the Customs revenue is due to accidental and temporary causes.

Although the readjustment of the Beer-tax was estimated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to give an increased revenue of 300,000*l.* for the year, still he looked forward to a falling off in the total Excise revenue of very nearly 2¾ millions for the whole twelve months. As a matter of fact, however, it has yielded for the quarter just ended 15,000*l.* more than in the corresponding quarter of last year. So far, therefore, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's pessimist anticipation has been happily falsified, and there is a slight increase in place of the very large decrease to which he looked forward. It is hardly possible that the increase in the Beer-tax can have proved so much more productive than he ventured to anticipate. The more likely explanation is that the falling off in the yield of the indirect taxes which Mr. Goschen expected to continue has been checked by the augmented spending power of the working classes due to the more ample employment and higher wages now prevailing. If this be so, then it would seem to follow, as we observed above, that the decline in the Customs revenue during the past three months is due to some purely accidental and temporary causes, and that, consequently, for the remainder of the year there will be a recovery and not a continued falling off. Again, while Mr. Goschen expected to get from the new Estate Duty of 1 per cent. upon estates of 10,000*l.* and upwards about 800,000*l.* per annum, he yet estimated an increase in stamps of no more than 310,000*l.* In other words, he thought that the old stamps duties had been accidentally swelled last year, and that in them there would be a falling off of nearly half a million. But so far there is an increase in stamps of 200,000*l.* This is just a quarter of what Mr. Goschen expected to get from the new Estate Duty. And it would appear, therefore, probable that the old duties have not been less productive than in the corresponding quarter of last year. It is true, no doubt, that speculation on the Stock Exchange has been less active since Easter than it had been for months previously, but still there has been a good deal of business going on, the registration of new Companies has been on a vast scale, and the improvement in trade is marked and general. There seem, therefore, good grounds for concluding that the old duties have been nearly, if not quite, as productive as they were twelve months ago, and that the new duty has yielded nearly as much as was expected. The Land-tax shows an increase of 15,000*l.*, interest on purchase money of Suez Canal shares over 13,000*l.*, and the miscellaneous revenue nearly 162,000*l.* These three items, however, afford no indication as to the future, and of course tell us nothing as to the condition of the country. It is extremely satisfactory, however, to find an increase of as much as 60,000*l.* in the Post Office, and 45,000*l.* in the Telegraph Service—making 105,000*l.* in the two. The increase in the Post Office is slightly under a quarter of the estimated increase for the whole year; and that in the Telegraph Service is slightly over. Taking the two together, the increase estimated for the year in the Budget was 400,000*l.*, and the actual increase for the quarter is, as we have just seen, 105,000*l.* It is to be recollected that the purchase of the submarine cables by the Governments of England, France, and Belgium, would probably add something to the telegraphic receipts quite irrespective of any improvement in the condition of the country. But still the handsome augmentation that has taken place is further proof, if any were needed, of the greater prosperity of the people at present.

We are not warranted in inferring as to the future from the results of a single three months. But we may venture to say, all the same, that the conditions are such as seem to justify us in expecting that the remainder of the year will be at least as satisfactory as the first quarter. The Budget Estimates were framed so cautiously that, unless some disaster happened, it was almost certain that they must be exceeded. For fully three years now trade has been improving, and it is better at present than it has been for a very long time past. Therefore, the average profits on which Income-tax is assessed must be higher this year than they were last year. If so, the Income-tax receipts proper of the year will be larger. In other words, future quarters will show increases over the corresponding periods of last year. Further, as trade is good, speculation likely to be active, and the number of new loans and Companies brought out considerable, stamps will tend to be more productive. Lastly, wages have been rising for more than a year, and they are still going up. The working classes being well employed and at higher wages, though happily they do not drink as much now as they did formerly, will yet consume more customable and excisable articles. Assuming, therefore, that peace is preserved, and that no accident causes a serious check to trade, we have reasonable grounds for anticipating favourable results for the remainder of the year. If so, Mr. Goschen will again have a large surplus to dispose of, which will permit him either to remit a tax, or while remitting taxation to continue those fiscal alterations which he has been introducing in his past Budgets. For the past two years his surpluses averaged 2½ millions. And as about 5 millions per annum is provided for redemption of debt out of taxation, the total Sinking Fund purchases for the two years amounted to about 15 millions, or at the rate of 7½ millions a year. Whether the surplus of the current year will be as large it would be rash as yet to predict. But it seems reasonable to anticipate that there will be a handsome surplus, and that consequently the redemption of debt this year will again be very considerable. In the meantime, since we have touched upon the question of redemption, we may add that since the 1st of April the redemption of funded debt has somewhat exceeded 6 millions. But against this sum 6 millions in Treasury bills and Exchequer bonds have been created. The redemption, therefore, is on account of the conversion; and it shows that holders of Consols who refused to convert last year have not offered for conversion more than was tendered on the 14th of May.

RECENT CONCERTS.

IT is but a few weeks since the Philharmonic Society produced a new Symphony by Dr. Hubert Parry, a work modestly described by its composer as "a little one," but which nevertheless achieved a remarkable success, and now we have again to record the production of a similar work from the pen of the same composer. Dr. Parry's Third Symphony, which was produced last month, was written some time ago; his "No. 4," which was performed for the first time at the Richter Concert last Monday, is one of his most recent compositions. The work was commissioned by Herr Richter after the Birmingham Festival of last year, but, though it was not actually written until the spring of the present year, every bar of it shows that the influences which produced *Judith* were still strong upon the composer when he conceived the Symphony. Throughout the work there is the same healthy vigour and freshness of spirit which were so noticeable a feature in the Oratorio, and there is also—particularly in the delightful third movement, an Allegretto scherzoso—the same happy reproduction of the old-world forms and graceful dance-rhythms of another age, just as in the great tenor air in *Judith* the composer showed that the set aria form, as used by Scarlatti and Handel, was still capable of producing its old effect. The Symphony consists of the usual four movements; the first and last are both styled Allegro energico; the second consists of a short Intermezzo, leading to an expressive and stately Lento espressivo, and the third is an Allegretto scherzoso, which, though not so called, practically is a Scherzo and Trio. The work is planned and executed on broader lines than its predecessor, and is, therefore, hardly likely to be so generally popular, but it is one which will always be heard by musicians with unalloyed pleasure, owing to its happy combination of scholarship and melody. It was received with every symptom of approval by an enthusiastic audience, which called the composer on the platform after the third movement and twice at the end of the work. Besides Dr. Parry's Symphony, the programme of Monday's concert contained another novelty in the shape of the first movement of a recently discovered Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra by Beethoven. This work was found at Prague, and attention was drawn to it by an article from the pen of Dr. Guido Adler, which appeared in the *Vierteljahrschrift für Musikwissenschaft*, in which the learned author came to the conclusion that the Allegro was a genuine, but early, work of Beethoven, written (probably between the years 1788 and 1793) when he was strongly under the influence of Mozart. As to the latter there can be no doubt; it is apparent not only in the thematic material, but also in the whole treatment and style, both of the orchestration and the part for the solo instrument. The work may be by Beethoven, but it is of no more value as music than if it were by Neefe or some other of the contemporaries of his youth, and it was certainly not worth the trouble of producing in London, except as a curiosity. The solo part was played correctly but coldly by Mme. Stepanoff, but it is unfair to judge of her capabilities after only hearing her in so weak a composition. Fortunately for lovers of Beethoven, the same concert included one of his greatest and most enjoyable works, the Eighth Symphony, which it is all the more pleasant to hear owing to its being less often performed than it deserves. The remaining number of the programme was the closing scene from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, in which the part of Brunhilde was taken by Fräulein Fillunger. Of this performance it is impossible to speak with any pleasure. The orchestra was overpoweringly loud and coarse, and the vocalist—who did not seem at all too well acquainted with her part—was overpowered by the accompaniments and deficient in the fire which characterized her singing of the last scene from *Die Walküre* at a previous concert this season. Herr Richter knows better than any one how Wagner's music should be performed, and he cannot have been blind to the defects of this performance. If the general public is so uncritical that it applauds good and bad alike, some consideration for the few who are the steadiest supporters of these concerts should prevent such rough-and-ready performances from taking place.

The minor concerts of the past ten days have been as numerous as ever, but even more than usually miscellaneous in character. On the evening of the 26th a concert was given at Prince's Hall the proceeds of which were announced "to be devoted to the spreading of Theosophical Literature." The performances were eminently cosmopolitan, possibly in order that the different countries from which the performers came might claim a share in the benefits conferred by Theosophy and the spread of its literature. The most novel features in the entertainment were the whistling of Colonels Cleather and Stuart and the Indian songs contributed by a Mr. Banerjea, one of which rejoiced in the pleasing title of "Juboco, Juboti, Jago." Probably there was much esoteric meaning in the performances, and they should have been judged from a Theosophical point of view; from any other they were by no means remarkable.

On Saturday afternoon Herr Max Heinrich gave the first of two morning concerts at Prince's Hall, assisted by Miss Lena Little and Herren Schönberger and Hess. The latter gave an extremely good performance of Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, and Miss Little sang songs by Schumann, Grieg, and Bizet, besides taking part with Herr Heinrich in the two charming duets by Mr. A. G. Thomas, which were introduced by the same singers in the spring. The concert-giver sang four songs by Hugo Brückler, a young Dresden composer of extraordinary promise, who died at the early age of twenty-six some years ago. The songs selected by Herr Heinrich last Saturday are from the composer's "Op. 2," a set of the "Lieder des jungen Werner," from Scheffel's popular *Trompeter von Säkkingen*. They are characterized by wonderful vigour and much originality, and are admirably suited to Herr Heinrich's declamatory style. On the same afternoon as Herr Heinrich's Recital, that excellent artist, Mlle. Gabrielle Vaillant, in conjunction with Miss Adela Vernon, gave a *matinée musicale* at Portman Rooms. Mlle. Vaillant played Leclair's Sonata, "Le Tombeau," and a Minuet and Reel by Gade, besides leading Beethoven's String Quartet, Op. 18, No. 6. Miss Vernon sang a graceful song, "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire," by Mr. H. Festing Jones, and (in response to an encore) another by the same composer. The rest of the programme consisted of songs and concerted pieces in which Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Bernard Lane, and Herr Ragnar Grevillius took part. The latter gentleman is a newcomer from Sweden, possessing a fine baritone voice. He sang the scena from *Tannhäuser*, "O du mein holder Abendstern," and songs by Nessler and Schumann, with some dramatic vigour. On Monday afternoon Mons. Tivadar Nachèz and Herr Arthur Friedheim, the latter of whom was announced as "the celebrated Russian Pianist," gave a Violin and Pianoforte Recital at Prince's Hall. Both artists took part in the Kreutzer Sonata, but the performance was unsatisfactory. M. Nachèz, good as he is in certain styles, is not at home in classical music which demands great interpretative power, and Herr Friedheim is equally incapable of doing justice to Beethoven. The pianist's principal solo was Liszt's hideous Sonata in B minor. To play such a work by heart is alone a *tour de force*, and on this occasion it was rendered still harder to perform, owing to the noise made by a piano-organ in the adjacent street. But Herr Friedheim stuck to his work manfully, and brought it to a successful and welcome conclusion. He is evidently an able and brilliant player; but a tendency to indulge in mere noise should be restrained, as it is a great blot upon what would otherwise be more than ordinarily good performances. Fräulein Hermine Spies gave a second Vocal Recital to an enthusiastic, if not very large, audience at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. Her selection of songs was more than usually interesting, as it comprised two by Schubert ("Wer sich der Einsamkeit" and "Der Einsame") which are among the neglected treasures of the prolific composer, a long selection from Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, a pretty Serenade by Max Bruch, three of Brahms's best songs, Franz's "Vöglein, wohin so schnell," and Massenet's "Ouvre tes yeux." Pianoforte solos were also contributed by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, who introduced a graceful Mazurka of her own composition, besides playing a pianoforte arrangement of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E minor for Organ, an Allegro by Scarlatti, and Liszt's Transcription of one of Paganini's Caprices. The accompaniments were played in a somewhat unsympathetic manner by Herr Frantzen. Fräulein Spies was most successful in the Schumann selection and in the songs by Brahms; but her singing of Massenet's song showed that, in a different school, her intelligence is so great that she can achieve success. Miss von Brunn, a Russian soprano, gave a concert at Messrs. Collard's on Wednesday afternoon, assisted by Miss Curran, Miss Dora Bright, Herr Oscar Niemann, and Herr H. Wessely. Miss von Brunn has a bright and pleasant voice, and has evidently been excellently taught. Her singing of songs by Meyer-Helmund, Hildach, and Henschel had considerable charm, and her delivery of an air from Handel's *Rodelinda* was also good, though Brahms's "Meine Liebe ist grün" demands more dramatic power than she is possessed of. Miss Dora Bright gave a vigorous performance of Liszt's Second Rhapsodie Hongroise, but she is apt to forget that noise and tone are not synonymous. The rest of the concert does not call for remark. On the same afternoon another new pianist gave a recital at Steinway Hall. Herr Johannes Schubert—who comes from Dresden—played Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 57; two compositions of his own; St. Saëns's Transcription of the Ballet Music from *Alceste*; a Prelude, Study, Nocturne, and Ballade by Chopin; and Schumann's "Carnaval." Herr Schubert is a conscientious and correct performer, but his style is painfully hard and unsympathetic. Of his two compositions, the first, a Set of Variations on an original Theme, is well written and scholarly, but the second, a Romanze, shows the influence of Schumann to a marked degree.

THE ART OF RECITATION.

MR. CLIFFORD HARRISON'S first article in the current number of *Murray's Magazine*, on the subject of "Recitation as an Art," contains much that is excellent and, moreover, thoroughly practical. Hitherto this important branch of histrionic art has been unhappily confounded with that of acting, from which it is, or ought to be, as Mr. Harrison very properly asserts, considered "quite distinct." "Any art that claims the dignity to be so called," he aptly says, "must be able to show that it has a separate existence, an entity apart from the parent art. It must not be an appendage." This is so true of recitation that the remark deserves to attract and rivet the attention of those who propose to study it either as a profession or merely as an accomplishment, for the mistake of confounding it with acting is pos-

sibly the principal reason why we have so few really good "readers" or reciters. The "reader," as he used to be called, has a good deal more to contend against than the actor. He is crippled from the start by his costume, his absence of "make-up," and, above all, by the fact that his gestures, even when rendering the most dramatic speeches, must be more or less conventional. He may be as dramatic, vocally, as he pleases, but he must never be theatrical either in action or facial expression. To acquire the power of interesting an audience without the aids of costume or gesture is one of the most difficult imaginable, and hence the fact that the majority of "readers" and "reciters" are constantly in danger of being either monotonous or ridiculous. Confounding the art of recitation with that of acting, they make no particular study of it as an individual art, hence their frequent failures to produce the effect they wish. Mr. Harrison is perfectly right when he advises reciters to keep as quiet as possible, but there is really nothing so difficult as to stand still for any length of time on a platform whilst reciting possibly something which, by the very nature of its subject, almost compels one to move about and gesticulate.

As a people the English are not devoid of dramatic talent, but are so essentially self-conscious that when they attempt to give expression to their emotions they usually allow themselves either to be carried away by their feelings to the verge of exaggeration and hence expose themselves to the easily-provoked sarcasm and laughter of their fellows, or else fall into the opposite extreme and their recitation "comes tardy off." As a rule we are athletically graceful, the result doubtless of physical training, but this is a grace best seen in the field or on the river; and in the drawing-room the average English man or woman, when compared with people of the Latin races, is awkward and repressed. Notwithstanding this, however, there is possibly no other nation which possesses so many folks eager to do something to amuse others, and the amateur "reciter" has of late become one of our greatest social evils. Those rather dreary functions "At Homes" are the happy hunting-grounds of this species of prig, and it is almost impossible to escape hearing the fearful announcement made by the hostess that "Mr. or Miss So-and-so will now be so kind as to recite for us," and the popular reciter, as Mr. Harrison pithily observes, gleefully steps forward to "go mad in a corner and give a death scene in an easy chair in a way that adds a new terror to society and a new danger to domestic furniture." To these amateurs we earnestly recommend a serious and attentive perusal of Mr. Clifford Harrison's article.

At the same time there are points in it with which we do not quite agree. The earlier pages are devoted to a rather poetical account of the value of rhythm, which contains, indeed, much that is excellent; but we cannot fully endorse the assertion that elocution in England "floats about somewhat homelessly on the outskirts of education." It is quite true that in our schools and universities this most important item of education to a Parliamentary people is much more neglected than it is in America for instance, where what our Transatlantic cousins are pleased to call "oratory" is studied with much assiduity and with the satisfactory result that at the Washington Capitol you will frequently hear speeches by "distinguished statesmen and senators" which are not only models of eloquence, but which are delivered with an evident knowledge of elocution and a grace of diction, wholly unknown, unfortunately, at Westminster. But we possess many admirable works on elocution which deserve to be considered authoritative, although written in the last half of the eighteenth century, or in the earlier years of the present, when public readings were exceedingly popular in a country in which people were still so greatly prejudiced against the stage. The erudite works of John Thelwall might be reprinted with advantage, notably some of his published letters, which are full of interesting and valuable hints as to the proper management of the voice. In 1810 Richard Roe published a work on *The Elements of English Metre*, which every elocutionist ought to read; and then we have that capital book by B. H. Smart—the last edition of which appeared in 1828—the *Theory of Elocution*, which should be the *vade mecum* of every actor and reciter. Notwithstanding its rather obsolete form of expression and quaint affectation, it is an almost infallible guide, based on the Italian and French schools, with much original matter thrown in by the author, who had evidently studied his subject profoundly.

The reciter, like the actor, and even more so, has to learn how to manage his voice, how to render it mellow and powerful, how to modulate it, and, above all, how and when to take breath without interrupting a sentence. In point of fact, he ought to know something of singing according to the old Italian method. Then he should, as Mr. Smart observes, "know how to pronounce faultlessly, but without pedantry, our language, and show in his reading, above all of Shakspeare and our classics, a scholarly and sincere understanding of the true significance of the authors."

With regard to gesture, we agree with Mr. Harrison that the less the reciter or reader moves about the better; but, although he tells an amusing story of how he once heard M. Delaunay recite in a drawing-room, and how that eminent actor gradually moved in the excitement of his story halfway across the room, we cannot forbear observing that, contrary to received opinion in this country, exaggeration of gesture and movement is much more frequent with us than with either French or Italian actors and reciters. Being, as we have elsewhere said, essentially self-conscious, the great art of "repose," so perfectly understood and taught at the Théâtre Français, is very little practised even by our best actors. Gustavo Modena, probably the most perfect tragic actor Italy has produced, and certainly one of the greatest of reciters, usually read or recited, seated in an arm-chair, and scarcely, if ever, even raised his hand or arm. Everything was done by the voice, and by the earnest and convincing expression of the face and eyes. Nothing can be imagined more wonderful than Modena's reading of certain scenes from Alfieri's *Saul*. Every part was individualised, and although the famous curse upon the recalcitrant priests was pronounced with entrancing power, Signor Modena never lifted his hands from the elbows of his chair, but merely slightly rose and leaned forward, whilst his thundering voice seemed to peal through the theatre with an earnest power so appalling that its effect can never be forgotten by those who heard him, nor can the final terrific but suppressed "A morte, assai lenta," with which the vindictive old King orders the insubordinate priests to be put to a slow and lingering death. Mme. Ristori, too, is very economical of gesture when reading, not acting; and some years ago, when she read the fine passages in the *Inferno* which describe the unhappy loves of Paolo and Francesca, although the impression she produced was extraordinary, only once did she lift her hand, at the words

Qual corpo morto in terra caddi,

in which the poet tells us that the effect of the pathetic story was such upon him that he fell exhausted by it, like a dead body. We might, in conclusion, make a few remarks on the proper selection of subjects for recitation, but possibly Mr. Harrison will deal with this important matter in his next paper. At any rate, we hope he will do so, and that he will, moreover, also say something concerning the length of the pieces "reciters" should choose for the exhibition of their talents. People seem to have scarcely an idea of the value of time in recitation, or to understand that what seems to them when reading it over to themselves to be quite a short piece, when read to a general audience is apt to prove a perfect nuisance, on account of its apparently inordinate length.

THE SECRÉTAN SALE.

IT may fairly be said that no art-sale of our time has approached in interest the dispersion of the Secrétan pictures which took place in Paris last Monday and Tuesday. The circumstances under which this collection had been formed were the reverse of romantic. M. Secrétan rose on the wave of the success of the Copper Syndicate, and, when that wave collapsed, he fell with it. Meanwhile, during the brief period of his prosperity, and taking advantage of excellent professional advice, he bought rapidly and boldly. His taste lay in certain restricted channels; he had a special passion for the great Romanticist painters of the last generation, and for Meissonier. He liked Dutch masters, and surrounded himself with masterpieces from Amsterdam and the Hague. With these exceptions his pictures were few and of no special interest; but his Millets and his Meissoniers, his Rousseaus and his Troyons, were worth a king's ransom. As these are now at the height of fashion in France and America, it was to be expected that connoisseurs would contemplate the dispersion of so many admirable examples of the school with emotion. But nothing had prepared us for the passionate zeal of the collectors, nor for the almost delirious excitement which attended this unique and extraordinary sale.

From the telegrams in the English papers it is not to be gathered that the lots were not sold on the first day in the order in which they stood in the Catalogue. But, as a matter of fact, the fashionable crowd which collected in the handsome galleries of the Rue de la Rochefoucauld were not immediately brought face to face with the superb Bonington, "La Plage," which heads the list. There was even a little disappointment at first at the moderate prices fetched by some drawings of Delacroix, of Eugène Lami, and of Meissonier. But the moral temperature soon rose; and when a highly-finished sepia study by the last-named master, "Les Joueurs d'échecs," fetched nearly 1,000*l.*, Tout Paris felt that it was not doomed to be disappointed. Millet's pastels, "Paysan faisant boire deux Vaches" and "La Bergère," each passed the price of 1,000*l.*, and the preliminary canter of the sale closed by the amazing figure of 28,500 francs being given for a water-colour drawing by Decamps, "Jésus parmi les Docteurs," which had been valued at half that sum. The fine madness which rightly should affect a bidder's brain was now evidently at work; and, after the sale of some Fromentins and a Géricault, the numbers were taken in the order of the Catalogue.

M. Secrétan possessed four exquisite examples of Corot. Of these the "Biblis," representing the body of the nymph lying in shadow at the head of a luminous woodland glade, has the special interest of being Corot's last finished picture. It fetched 84,000 francs; more beautiful, perhaps, and much larger, "Le Matin," a maiden intercepting three flushed amorini as they glide up the air of a woodland path at daybreak, sold for 56,000. These prices are high, perhaps; they are certainly not excessive. But Decamps and Delacroix reached figures which no one had for a moment anticipated. The "Frondeurs" of the former, a slim young negro slinging a stone at an owl, went up to 92,000 francs; and his "Singes Experts," which belongs to a class of humour no

longer in fashion, rose to the unexampled price, for such a picture, of 70,000. Isabey reached heights of value which he had never known before, and his stately "Mariage dans l'Église de Delft," painted in 1847, was knocked down after an eager competition for the enormous sum of 75,000 francs. But the excitement rose still higher when the auctioneer began to deal with the Meissoniers, of which M. Secrétan had possessed himself of so many that a glut of the market in this particular article was seriously apprehended. They did well; but not, we think, so extraordinarily well as some of our contemporaries seem to think. The great "Cuirassiers" of 1878 passed, it is true, into the possession of the Duc d'Aumale in exchange for no less than 190,000 francs; but some of the famous single figures of thirty years ago, the Smokers in Rose-colour and Readers in Red or in White, fetched high, but not exceptionally high, figures. There was a murmur of emotion, however, when the tiny "Vin du Curé" and the still more minute "Récit du Siège de Berg-op-Zoom," which last might really be mistaken for a round counter in the game of lots, were knocked down respectively for 90,000 and for 20,000 francs. The one surprise of the sale, on the other side, was the failure of the great Fortuny, the "Fantasia Arabe," to attract the least attention. For some reason or another, nobody wanted this picture, and it was sold at a very great loss.

It is said, however, that three-quarters of the audience which thronged the gallery of the Rue de la Rochefoucauld had manifestly come to witness the fate of the most famous of all M. Secrétan's pictures, the "Angelus" of Millet. Until this was brought forward all the persons had been seated; but, when the men carried it to the desk, the whole audience rose and remained standing. The story of the bidding for this great work will always be one of the most curious in the incidental art-history of our time. The quotation began, it may be said, at 300,000 francs, and there then set in a serious rivalry between two American bidders, the representatives of the Corcoran Gallery and of the American Artistic Association, and M. Antonin Proust, on behalf of the Louvre. As the bidding leaped up, and as each fresh hundred thousand francs was reached, applause broke out, and the company, pale with excitement, pressed closer and closer around the auctioneer. How at the sum of 502,000 francs the "Angelus" was knocked down to M. Proust, how the men tossed their hats up to the ceiling and ladies sobbed with pleasure, how the calm Yankee stepped in "with his cold music" and explained that he had made a higher bid, how M. Proust nearly fainted and was fanned by enthusiastic ladies; how the duel began again, until M. Proust had reached the figure of 553,000 francs; how a silence ensued, in which Tout Paris heard the beating of its own heart; how the hammer fell at last, and the "Angelus" was the property of France in perpetuity; all this is now a part of history, and far from being the least amusing of its pages. The excitement was so enormous that the vast prices fetched directly afterwards by the Rousseaus and the Troyons hardly affected public feeling. But one feature of the sale will not, in the long run, escape the critics. In the general turmoil it was hardly noticed that one of the most beautiful of modern pictures, the "Remise de Chevreuils," the masterpiece of Courbet, was secured for the Louvre. The four roe-deer will stand there for ever, with their lovely startled mien, by the limpid stream that gushes from their grey limestone cliffs.

The second day's sale, that of the Old Masters in M. Secrétan's collection, was not quite so interesting. A very fine Vandyck, the portrait of "Anne Cavendish, Lady Rich," fetched nearly 3,000*l.* A rather conventional Greuze, "La Prière," the usual peach-blossom little girl, with her hands clasped, went up to 17,600 francs. Among the ancient pictures were three superb examples of Frans Hals, the portrait of the smiling and moustachioed founder of Batavia, "Van de Broecke," which sold for 110,000 francs; and two small oval portraits of Scriverius and his wife, in the painter's most exquisite manner, examples which, we are inclined to think, must have been among the finest gems in M. Secrétan's casket. These last went at the very moderate figure of 90,000 francs. The Americans, who had been rather unlucky among the modern pictures, enjoyed better luck with the Old Masters. They carried off the "Intérieur Hollandais" of Pieter de Hooghe, but they had to pay 11,000*l.* for it; it is a lovely specimen of the master, but not finer than that in the National Gallery, for which an infinitely smaller sum was paid a few years ago. Two admirable Vandermeers—and this is a master we can speak less philosophically about in connexion with our Gallery—were the "Billet-Doux," which went for 62,000 francs, and the "Dame et Servante," sold for 75,000. A famous Rubens, the "David and Abigail," goes to New York in return for no less than 120,000 francs.

The pictures are now dispersed; but they have left behind them, for the delectation of connoisseurs, a precious memento in the shape of the splendid illustrated Catalogue (*Catalogue of the Celebrated Collection of Paintings by Modern and Old Masters formed by M.E. Secrétan.* Paris: Boussod, Valadon, & Co.) just published in two superb folio volumes. This is really the auctioneer's catalogue of the sale in an apotheosis, and contains, we are sorry to say, neither preface nor index, nor even a list of plates. But this does not prevent it from being a delightful possession. It is illustrated by an absolute profusion of full-page Goupilgravures made from the original pictures, and it forms a gallery in itself. The Meissoniers, in particular, of which no less than eighteen are reproduced, lend themselves extremely well to this process. We obtain by its means the curious focussed look in which M. Meissonier so peculiarly excels. The little circle of "Le Récit," given the size of nature, recalls every touch of the painter's brush, and we miss nothing but the colour. Almost more extraordinary is "Le Liseur Blanc," which might really at first sight be taken for a finished sepia sketch from the master's own hand. The reproductions of such mannered colourists as Théodore Rousseau and Troyon, of course, are less completely satisfactory, because we miss the splendid richness and harmony of tones. Yet such a print as the "Pâturage Normand" in this volume is a charming thing to possess. The wonderful "Angelus," with its simple and touching figures bathed in the living atmosphere that floods that incomparable canvas, will be gazed at in this volume by many who will wonder why the sum of 20,000*l.* should have been paid for it, far more money, by the way, than the laborious painter saved after all the industry of a lifetime. Another Millet, the water-colour of the "Paysan," poor, starved scarecrow that he is, is reproduced in the most extraordinary way by this Goupil process, which is undoubtedly able to give the texture of a drawing better than of an oil-painting. Yet, as an example of what can be done in this latter kind, nothing can be more successful than the blue print of Fromentin's "Chasse au Faucon." The two volumes will be "a joy for ever" to amateurs and students of modern French art.

REVIEWS.

SHAKSPEARE'S FUNERAL.*

THE exceedingly silly people who object to the reprinting of periodical papers *in toto* will have their criticism ready made against Sir Edward Hamley (as, be it noted in passing, they would have had against the *Spectator*, the *Rambler*, the *Essays of Elia*, Hazlitt's books almost without exception, and the works of Wilson, De Quincey, Macaulay, and Sainte-Beuve): the not much less silly people who say that such papers may not be reprinted unless they have some common end or aim will find this volume dreadfully desultory. A third party, who perhaps are not silly, and who certainly are ready to welcome a good book whenever they find it, and whatever its genesis may be, will discover in the book a very agreeable *pot-pourri*, not *pourri* at all in one sense, and will be glad that it contains work evidently of very different dates and intentions. Sir Edward has, indeed, not complied (it can hardly be a reproach to him since he probably did not know it) with a little punctilio of ours which we think not "an antic, Merely pedantic." When reviews and magazine articles of different dates are reprinted, we think that the date and provenance of each should be noted in the contents or elsewhere. It cannot do the writer any harm, and it may do the reader some good. Meanwhile, by the exercise of our natural toy of intelligence we discern that these papers must have been spread over at least thirty years, and perhaps a longer time as far as their origin goes. The subjects are agreeably mixed and the execution is agreeably even.

The longest and most ambitious paper, "Shakspeare's Funeral," is of a perilous kind—of a kind from which no adventurer has perhaps extracted himself absolutely triumphant, but in which certainly few have done better than Sir Edward. Drayton and young Raleigh (the victim of the luckless Guiana expedition) visit Stratford in order to see Shakspeare (a part of the *scenario* which shows that General Hamley justly neglects the ridiculous gossip about Drayton having taken part in a tavern orgie—Drayton, whose objections to taverns are among the few things personally known of him—which sent Shakspeare to his grave). They find him dead; and the humour of it, as the Corporal would say, is the introduction of various inhabitants or neighbours of the town on the Avon, who have obviously served as originals for the greatest portrait-gallery of this or any other probable world. All this part is well done; and young Raleigh, if not invariably Elizabethan, is also natural. To find fault—and what worse compliment can a critic pay than not finding fault?—we are not so well satisfied with Drayton. Sir Edward has made him, as he was, a gentleman, a true lover of Shakspeare, and a man of the world; but he has infused a touch of "talking book" in him which we do not find even in the voluminous author of the *Polyolbion* and the *Barons' Wars*, still less in him of *Nymphidia* and the sonnets to Idea and the immortal "Agincourt." But there it is—the whole secret of the charm of the Elizabethans is to be found in the jealousy which their lovers entertain of each other.

In "Mr. Dusky's Opinions on Art" we go back a good many years—over thirty, in fact—and find an excellent specimen of the "*Blackwood* article" of old time—let us say rather of middle time—such as the great originals themselves (Wilson and Lockhart had not been dead a lustrum) would not have disdained. It is a little unfair to Mr. Ruskin, of course—a downright *éreintement* of this kind has the privilege of being unfair. But the parody of the ingenious topsyturvifications by which the "Graduate of Oxford" used to find reason for his fancies is very

* *Shakespeare's Funeral; and other Papers.* By Sir Edward Hamley. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1889.

clever, very diverting, and quite harmless on any just scale of estimating literary harm. We must really quote some of it:—

A similar purity of thought distinguishes the "Susannah and the Elders," by the same artist, and quite marks a new epoch in art. The Elders, grave men of most reverend appearance, approach the beautiful woman in her bath, evidently for the purpose of studying the flowing outline of her form and the delicate articulations of her joints (the ankles are especially well drawn). Lovers of exalted art, they come, with words of courteous greeting on their lips, to study in leisure and privacy the combinations of lines and gradations of flesh-colour with which Nature in her most perfect efforts delights to exercise the reasoning powers of man; while the matron, "clothed on in chastity," calmly awaits their coming. The "Satyrs and Nymphs Dancing," by the same hand, is equally removed from the gross impurity which the subject would have derived from the licentious Poussin, and the hideous immorality of a modern quadrille. "Potiphar's Wife" is another illustrious instance of the power of Mr. D. Corum to give new life to old subjects. The wife of the great Egyptian noble holds in her hand a roll of papyrus covered with specimens of early Egyptian art, to which she seeks to direct Joseph's attention (by the by, the style of these drawings, especially the man in profile with two eyes, belongs to the time of the later Pharaohs, and not to the pre-Mosaic period); but without success, for the youth, in whose countenance the struggle between curiosity and bashfulness is exhibited in a very remarkable manner, turns resolutely away from his kind instructress. Altogether the treatment of the whole of these works reminds me strongly of the manner of Fra Puritano.

If this be not good parody, the devil is in it.

Still better, because there is no injustice at all, and because of the writer's expert knowledge, is the succeeding review of the third volume of *Les Misérables*. The remarks on the general attitude of Frenchmen, and of M. Thiers in particular, towards Waterloo are capital; and, if there be admirers of Hugo who have humour (we can answer for some, and perhaps there are more), they certainly will not object to the fun made of the weakest points of the poet's manner when he did not write in poetry. When he did there is no more to be said. "Je dis que c'est absurde, et je dis qu'on doit l'adorer" is all one can say there. But in prose it is absurd and does not demand adoration. Sir Edward's descriptions of the attitude of the master on the field of Waterloo, of his goodness in admitting that the English troops behaved admirably, of his touches (*hors ligne*) of masterly description, of his absolute absurdity as a critic of tactics, of the gooseberry bushes at Hougomont, of the immortal hollow road, of the martyrdom of the first boxer of England by a little French drummer, and of all the other inconceivabilities of that memorable example of *genius sibi permissus*, without humour or common sense to guide it, are as good as they can be. The thing is not too long, it is not too sarcastic, it is grave and polite, it is gay and destructive. "Dear sir, ask us again!" as Mr. Thackeray said to his host, is the remark wherewith one closes a paper which any critic might be or have been glad to write, and which is specially remarkable for its avoidance of what was its most likely danger. Sir Edward shows his military knowledge just enough to enforce his literary skill, and no more; the average military writer would have bored us with it till we said, "At any rate, Victor Hugo is a man of genius, and you—are not."

With the following paper, "False Coin in Poetry," we get into more dubious matter. Some persons have regretted the disuse of the old "slashing" critique; but the fault of the slashing critique could hardly be better shown than in this example, which is certainly by an eminent hand. Sir Edward's second sentence runs thus:—"The illusion created by the great novels of Scott, which we maintain to be the best ever written [Hear! hear!], brightened to the eyes of faithful readers the dreary pages of *St. Ronan's Well, The Monastery, Peveril,* and *Kenilworth.*" The dreary pages wherein appear Meg Dods and Captain McTurk, Sir Piercie Shafton and Abbot Boniface, Wayland Smith and Mike Lambourne? There is something weird, something wanting here; and it strikes the keynote of much of the paper. We are inclined to think that most critics who are past masters of the art will agree with us that a deliberate tissue of fault-finding usually leads even the best craftsman to extravagance. Certainly this piece of Sir Edward's will give plenty of comment for such a text. To say of the last line of Wordsworth's famous "Bridge" sonnet,

And all that mighty heart is lying still,

that "it would imply that part only of a heart might be still or in motion" is mere hypercriticism. "All," whether in strictness or not, is in effect merely an intensive, emphasizing the size, the "mightiness" of the heart, and the completeness of the stillness, and it is only by seeking knots in a reed that Sir Edward's criticism can be made out. His strictures on "Laodamia" we pass, for we have always thought it a greatly-overrated poem, and most of the other Wordsworthian blots are blots undoubted. But, little disposed as we are to overrate Byron, there is no doubt that the general verdict on "Roll on," for all the facility with which it may be picked to pieces, is a pretty just verdict. "The dismal old ballads which some people think they admire," is another sentence which may be put away with the first we have quoted. When a man is tempted to write like that he should always (Sir Edward will excuse us) repeat say, thirty times over, the following words, "Lycidas—the rhymes harsh and the numbers unpleasing"—ask himself if he be more sure of his case and faculty than Johnson, and then if he be wise, cohorresce and evade.

"The Slaughters in the Soudan" is an excellent article of its kind, with every line of which we agree; but its subject is perhaps a little too contentious to suit the rest of the volume. In the longer papers on "The Life of Lord Lytton" and "The Life of George Eliot" Sir Edward has, we think, done very well a peculiarly difficult task, the survey of the life and work of writers whom he personally knew, and with whom he was connected in literary work, in a manner destitute alike of "log-rolling" and of malice. "Mr. Fechter's Othello" is interesting, and so in a different way is "Mr. Hayward and his Letters," though we should not have been sorry if Sir Edward had been less Fontenelle-like in his attitude towards a vastly overrated writer and a not very amiable person. But the article in which we take the greatest pleasure after that on *Les Misérables*, is the article on "The Pictures of Richard Doyle"—those odd, unclassified, delightful *féeries* which used to puzzle some beholders and afford endless joy to others in the little room of the Grosvenor Gallery in its earliest days. No paper in the book, not even that already coupled with it, shows the author's faculty of grave irony, this time imbued with a wholly friendly spirit, so well as this. Sir Edward makes himself the historian, the librettist, so to speak, of Doyle's phantasmagoria, in the most obliging and sympathetic way, a way which would surely have delighted the artist. We rejoice as we read his Napieresque descriptions of the battles of the elves with the crows, of their cavalcades—large fairies on large flitter mice—with bats for chargers—of that charming picture (very fresh in our own minds, though it is years since we have seen it) of the maids of honour of Queen Titania combing the beards of solemn goats on impossible hill sides, of Doyle's studies of dragons. Here, again, we must quote a passage:—

One of the most curious and unexpected facts of dragon-life which our artist has brought to light is that respecting the young brood. Having supposed them to be rare animals, we were surprised to find them existing in flocks, hatched apparently from eggs, and used as a kind of farm-stock. Several representations show us witches driving young dragons to market. Who the purchasers can be of these strange articles of commerce we cannot divine—perhaps they are bought up by dealers who, after breaking them to harness or saddle, sell them to rich fairies. In one case the sorceress, young and not ungraceful, and clad in diaphanous drapery, is descending a mountain-side in misty moonlight; in another, an old witch, of the kind that Macbeth knew of, is driving with outstretched broom her singular poultry along the shore of a lake, on the margin of which stands a ruined monastery. In all cases the character of the flock is much the same: though quite newly hatched—for they are no bigger than turkeys—there is plenty of latent truculence to be developed with maturity; they show the fire of the race glowing in eye and nostril, and are extremely troublesome to drive.

And with this we take leave of a very pleasant book showing a remarkable variety of interest as well as of accomplishment.

NOVELS AND STORIES.*

CLEOPATRA will prove for readers of *She* to be like revisiting past scenes of delight; not that Mr. Rider Haggard is a vain repeater of old achievements, but because the romantic elements that pervade the wild and wondrous tale of Kôr are scarcely less potent and impressive in the new romance. We are disposed rather to set *Cleopatra* above its predecessor, seeing that the theme is of far greater magnitude and complexity. Then, too, though we disclaim a parallel, the method and machinery are not dissimilar. In *Cleopatra* certain papyrus rolls replace the sherd writing of the older story; the transcriber of these is the narrator of the story in which he plays a dramatic part, and he, like the more modern adventurer, falls at times into prolixity and superfine conceits, and what is commonly called fine writing. *Cleopatra* shows freshness and daring in design. It is told, moreover, with skill and power striking enough to add to Mr. Haggard's reputation as a story-teller. In *She* the writer drew wholly on his remarkable resources in invention and fancy, and his only less remarkable gift of imagination. In *Cleopatra* he had to face, in portraying the career and times of the "enchanting queen," the old examples of poets and historians, not to mention the tradition of the elders, and possibly the fear of Egyptologists. We must admit at once that these considerations do not appear to have restrained the audacity and freedom of Mr. Haggard's treatment of an immortal theme. In depicting her whose person "beggared all description," Mr. Haggard has certainly not faltered, and in his rich and imposing portraiture he touches a higher distinction than any painstaking fidelity to external verities may yield. He is mindful of the "infinite variety" of Cleopatra, mindful, as an old writer has it, not merely of the incomparable beauty that charmed the senses of all men, but of the wit, the subtlety, the wisdom of the "Serpent of old Nile," that led their souls captive. Not ignoring altogether the popular conception of Shakspeare's "gipsy," Mr. Haggard is rightly not enslaved by it. His Cleopatra is both portent and prodigy. She is baleful as beautiful to Harmachis and the rest of the Egyptian conspirators who in the story plot the overthrow of the daughter of the Ptolemies.

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* *Cleopatra.* By H. Rider Haggard. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

The Wrong Box. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

Margaret Maliphant. By Mrs. Comyns Carr. 3 vols. London: Blackwood & Co. 1889.

My Spanish Sailor. By Marshall Saunders. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

Captain Kangaroo. By J. Evelyn. London: Remington & Co. 1889.

The Stalwarts; or, Who Were to Blame? By Frances Marie Norton, the only sister of Charles J. Guiteau. London: George Redway. 1889.

But she is also a very woman, as Mr. Haggard, by some fine and effective touches, adroitly indicates. This is especially notable in the very impressive scene of the night visit to the tomb of Menkau-ra, when Cleopatra lays sacrilegious hands on the treasures which were pre-devoted by the great Pharaoh to the service of the country in the hour of imminent peril. She is moved by fear, not reverence—a superstitious fear—not dread even of the terrible curse read by Harmachis which shall overwhelm the profane. At the very moment she is about to forego the opportunity she is tempted by the precious jewels. "And yet," she urges, "what said the writing of the Divine Menkau-ra?—it was emeralds, was it not? And emeralds are now so rare and hard to come by. Ever did I love emeralds, and I can never find them without a flaw." And so she falls with her dupe, Harmachis, into the snare; and the curse comes upon her at Actium, and her ruin is accomplished at the hands of her injured lover, Harmachis, priest of Isis, consecrated and crowned Pharaoh, who is enslaved by her arts, after being solemnly dedicated to the great enterprise of ridding the land of the Grecian yoke. The betrayal of the plot to Cleopatra by Charmion, the jealous lover of Harmachis, leads to a thrilling and passionate scene. Cleopatra allures the wavering instrument of the gods, gives him a drugged cup to drink, possesses herself of the dagger of Harmachis, and threatens him with the death designed for herself. This dramatic incident is powerfully presented. Henceforth, till the penitent priest is inspired by vengeance, Harmachis is but the slave and deluded tool of Cleopatra. But he is ever a subtle presence in her life, and Antony himself plays but a secondary part in her fortunes. It is through this central idea of the baffled victim of enchantment taking up afresh the functions of Nemesis that the interest of this original and stirring romance is sustained to the end. Here and there in the narrative we confess there is some force in Mr. Haggard's generous admonishment to the reader who may be inclined to rebel against the weight of "illustrative matter" and is advised to "skip." But it is not so much the "illustrative matter," which is good of the kind, that we object to as a certain indiscreet profusion that is inartistic. Like Byron, Mr. Haggard seems to think "description is my forte," and, unlike Byron, his confidence carries him beyond the point where there is nothing so good as silence or a few asterisks. There are scenes of magic and mystery where we ought to feel

> Das Unbeschreibliche
> Hier ist es gethan.

Yet Mr. Haggard will not have it so, for sheer distrust of our imaginative powers. This matter apart, *Cleopatra* is a great acquisition to the lovers of romance in these dry discoloured days. The illustrations are unequal. Some of the woodcuts are good, and the "initial" cuts at the heads of chapters are excellent. But the "process" plates are poor and fail to do the designs justice.

"New lamps for old" is the ancient street cry that hails the reader of *The Wrong Box*, and perhaps we would not exchange the old inimitable story for this new variation of the Arabian Nights' story of the hunchback and the inconvenient corpse. Happily, no one is called upon to make the interchange. *The Wrong Box* is an extravaganza of the first water. It is supercharged with the frolicsome spirit and delicate humour that conjointly may be best described as "very gay, very foolish indeed." To reduce its devious maze of plottings and counter-plottings, of haphazard involutions, and bewildering "sports" of growth—which spring on you with dazzling spontaneity—is an utterly impossible task. We should like to catch the heedless person—he would not wait long for the catching—who would solemnly undertake to tell the tale that Messrs. R. L. Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne have concocted. There is literally no end to it, though the book itself, like all things mortal, has an end. But the bone of contention has no final resting-place. It disappears we know not where—last heard of in a grand piano; and there is no earthly reason why it should not play a part in a thousand-and-one volumes. Herein does Mr. Stevenson show himself to be the artist he is known to be. The story turns on the desperate endeavours of two cousins to outwit one another in the matter of a tontine; the two sole survivors in which speculation are carefully guarded by these rivals in affection. One of these is a man whom "the superficial might have deemed a miser;" "he called the servants in the morning, he served out the stores with his own hand, he took soundings of the sherry, he numbered the remainder biscuits; painful scenes took place over the weekly bills, and the cook was frequently impeached." This person is much too anxious and much too cunning. While he is travelling with his valuable uncle, one of the tontiners, a railway accident occurs, and he mistakingly identifies the body of a victim as that of his relative. After much cogitation, he packs the body in a barrel directed to his own address, with the notion of concealing from his cousin and others the supposed death of his uncle; but a wag of a passenger exchanges the direction labels of the contents of the railway van, and unmitigated tribulations ensue. What Mr. Stevenson is capable of in the way of ingenuity and humour with such a *leit-motiv* is only too suggestive to the imagination. What Messrs. Stevenson and Osbourne have perpetrated in this diverting book will decidedly fulfil the largest expectations of their readers. To say more were futile.

Mrs. Comyns Carr has produced in *Margaret Maliphant* a novel of the kind that grows rarer with the present predominance of the merely sensational or the merely naturalistic form of fiction. It treats of the passions of love and jealousy, as manifested in the somewhat restricted social circle of a rural district, with admirable truth, delicacy, and restraint. The character of the impulsive and foolishly frank heroine is an excellent study, free entirely from exaggeration or false accent. Skill and insight are, indeed, shown in portraying all the women, and some of the men, who figure in the story. In depicting the play and flow of emotions, the novelist exhibits uncommon artistic control, which is notably shown in the moving scene between the two sisters (iii. ch. 36), when Margaret, stung with jealousy, upbraids and deceives her sister Joyce, and wellnigh wrecks her happiness. This is very finely imagined. It is a just tribute to Mrs. Comyns Carr's art to note how our sympathy with the wrong-headed Margaret is quite unaffected by the errors and mischief-making that she occasions. The rustics are capitally drawn, and not given over to dialect, for which grace we are deeply grateful. The old farm servants, Deb and Reuben, privileged in speech, are delightfully fresh and invigorating, saying their good things in the true spirit of bucolic simplicity. We cannot part from Mrs. Carr's clever story without commending the judicious and truthful touches of local colour. The descriptions of the east Sussex country between sea and downs charm by their sincerity. They are never over-laboured, and are alive with atmosphere and colour.

A young lady of seventeen, who, for all her wilful ways, captivates us at once by her vivacity and evident charms, relates the curious experience of her budding life in *My Spanish Sailor*. The recital is very pretty reading, and is very piquantly told. The Spanish sailor is her husband. They are secretly married as a countercheck to the bride's undesirable and, it is feared, prosecuting and persecuting father. They have to keep up the farce on board the ship commanded by the Spanish sailor, she passing as a maiden in his charge to be delivered to her friends in port, and he as a much more elderly and responsible caretaker. He becomes a trifle jealous, though he feigns indifference, at her innocent proceedings, which look like flirtings with passengers, and makes him "say swear" a good deal. She resents the proprietary right he inherited when her dying mother placed her, a tender babe, in his care. In the end, the meeting with her father, whom she takes to be mad—and the circumstances justify the suspicion—and the real bravery and constant devotion of the Spanish sailor are victorious over the wayward girl.

Captain Kangaroo is a boy's book, and somewhat boyish in addition. Nor can we say that this "story of Australian life" illustrates with any success the round of life in Victoria or New South Wales. The hero is a bushranger of sad antecedents. As a hot-tempered and ill-treated boy he brings his fortunes to a crisis, dealing death to an exasperating uncle by knocking him down with his own crutch. By this exploit he finds himself in the colonies, where he comes across certain English friends settled there, whose lives he is led to protect from his bushranging gang. There is some pretty good fighting, and in the end—a fair end, though tame—the "Captain" dies penitent.

The Stalwarts is one of the most extraordinary books ever published under the guise of fiction. The title-page prepares the reader for a good deal that is sensational; yet the story altogether surpasses expectations, and sufficiently explains the publication of an American novel in England without the customary imprint of a printer's name. In the body of what purports to be fiction, and appears to be a sort of family history—very singular history, too, and told with an intense and burning art by no means the least notable quality of the book—we have introduced a circumstantial account of the assassination of President Garfield, the trial of the assassin, and then—under the label of "fiction"—a very suggestive recital of what "might have happened," in which certain prominent politicians, some of whom are yet in the land, play desperate parts and come—one, at least, of them—to a very bad end. These persons are all interested in putting a stop to the President's proposed investigations into certain corrupt practices and jobbery. They make the fanatical assassin their tool, and all are painted in the most transparent disguises. They, in fact, are members of the section of Republicans known as "The Stalwarts," and in the story are implicated in a conspiracy which leads to the crime. The assassin figures as their scapegoat and their instrument. That he was insane few persons probably entertain the slightest doubt; and if this could be said to be the sole object of Mme. Norton's book there is nothing to say against a novel with a purpose so natural, in the circumstances, and so convincingly justified by the evidence of the trial itself.

DEVONSHIRE PARISHES.—VOL. II.*

IN this volume Mr. Worthy has given us the rest of his account of certain parishes in the Archdeaconry of Totnes, and his work, as a whole, forms a respectable addition to the number of our local histories. He has carefully described the architecture of the parish churches, and taken note of their ancient ornaments and monuments. Records of this kind are often a means of ensuring the preservation of valuable objects. By setting forth what a church ought to contain they enable

* *Devonshire Parishes; or, the Antiquities, Heraldry, and Family History of Twenty-eight Parishes in the Archdeaconry of Totnes.* By Charles Worthy, Esq., late H.M. 82nd Regiment. 2 vols. Vol. II. Exeter: Pollard & Co. London: George Redway. 1889.

those who have a love and reverence for antiquity to keep a salutary watch over the doings of glaziers, carpenters, and plasterers, and their employers. A quantity of rich glass belonging to Marldon Church was, Mr. Worthy tells us, given some years ago to a glazier on condition that he at once "cleared it out of the way of the ringers"; for it was then lying in a heap in the belfry, which seems to have been made a receptacle for rubbish. It was happily purchased by the rector of Little Hempston, who has inserted the larger portion of it in his church. At Hennock the parish church, which was rebuilt in the fifteenth century, has lately been undergoing restoration, and we are told that during the process of the work "quantities of ancient stained glass were removed from the north aisle, chiefly in a fragmentary state, consisting of portions of figures of bishops and priests in full robes, the birth of our Saviour, and the adoration of the Magi." We hope that Mr. Worthy's accusation, for which no doubt he has sufficient authority, will be followed by a strict inquiry into the circumstances of this disgraceful act, and that all concerned in it will be worried and distressed by all lawful means until the glass is restored to its proper place. Hennock seems to be an unlucky place, for we are further informed that a "very ancient chapel" in one of its hamlets has been "enlarged and converted into a Wesleyan meeting-house," and that not long ago the ancient village cross was "removed." We have a full account of the remarkably fine rood-screen and parcloses in Wolborough Church, with a list of the figures upon them. One is of a certain Sir John Shorne, who was rector of North Marston, in Buckinghamshire, towards the close of the thirteenth century. He was reckoned a saint, and his aid was sought in cases of ague. The story goes that he imprisoned the Devil in a boot, and he is therefore represented as holding a boot in his hand. Mr. Worthy has devoted considerable space to tracing the descents of manors, and to the genealogies of the families which held them, giving short histories of, among others, the Bassets as lords of North Bovey, the Cliffords of Kingsteinton, the Reynells of Wolborough, and the Wadhams of Lustleigh. He makes a few slips in matters of general knowledge, and has not taken the advice which we offered him when reviewing his earlier volume as to the need of exercising more care in revising for press. He may have found Geoffrey of Coutances described as the "Lieutenant-General of the Army at the Battle of Hastings" in some old genealogical work; but the description is not the less absurd. That Rosamond Clifford—"Fair Rosamond"—was the mother of William Longsword is by no means so certain as he thinks; he ought to have known that there are some grounds for doubting the story. Nor should a genealogist have let pass such a misprint as that which turns the first husband of the celebrated Duchess of Kingston into Captain Harvey. To be exact, Hervey was not a captain at the date of his marriage. Owing, no doubt, to another misprint, the year of the Duchess's death is wrongly stated, and she is said, oddly enough, to have been a Maid of Honour to the Prince [*sic*] of Wales. We cannot understand what Mr. Worthy means by saying that she made efforts to prove her first marriage; she persistently denied it. We should not have complained if he had avoided the subject altogether; but, as he chose to enter upon it, he should have got it up accurately.

MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.*

THE Syndics of the Cambridge University Press have now published in a handsome quarto volume of 590 pages a hundred of Professor Cayley's papers in chronological order. They were originally printed between the years 1841 and 1853 in the *Cambridge Mathematical Journal*, the *Philosophical Magazine*, the *Journal des Mathématiques* (Lionville), the *Journal für die reine und angewandte Mathematik* (Crelle), and a few other periodicals. That they are full of matter which is of great importance to the advanced mathematical reader need scarcely be said, though there is also much of interest to ordinary students. When classified under the two heads Geometry and Analysis, some of the leading subjects discussed are (1) under the former, geometrical involution, reciprocity, developables, transmutations of curves, geometry of n dimensions, Paschal's theorem, skew cubics, diametral planes, wave surface, cubic and quadric curves, cubic and quadric surfaces; and (2) under the latter, determinants, elliptic functions, quaternions, octaves, Sturmian functions, Legendre's co-efficients, and others.

Professor Runkle's *Plane Analytic Geometry* is one of the best specimens in scholastic bookwork from the American States which has recently come under our notice. There is no table of contents, or other index, which seems a strange omission on the part of a writer who is so orderly in his disposition and treatment of the subject-matter, but otherwise very few faults can be found with this text-book. The elementary parts are fully discussed and illustrated, so that the circle is not taken up till p. 137, and the definition of a conic only occurs when the middle of the book is reached. After a clearly-written chapter on the general equation of the second degree and another on the properties of conics which are derived from it, the work is summed up by an account of systems of curves fulfilling certain conditions. Throughout there is abundance of material for practice and examination; the type and paper are good, and the diagrams are boldly, clearly, and accurately executed.

In Professor Klein's work on the "Ikosahedron" and equations of the fifth degree we discover a contribution "towards supplying the pressing need of text-books upon the higher branches of mathematic," recently alluded to by Dr. Glaisher in his address as President of the London Mathematical Society. This is probably the first systematic exposition of a theory which recent writers pronounce to be of primary importance in several departments of modern analysis. In his preface the learned author speaks of treating in a similar manner the subject of "elliptic modular functions," and thus "introduce many to realms of modern mathematics rich in far-stretching vistas." In the latter half of his work, Professor Klein discusses fully the solution of equations of the fifth degree, by treating the theory which Brioschi, Hermite, and Kronecker had enounced, on the basis established by his first part. The subject is essentially difficult, and requires throughout considerable mathematical skill, even to pursue the line of argument—the author himself admitting in his preface that he "expects in his reader a certain ripeness of mathematical judgment." Mr. Morrice appears to have faithfully and successfully rendered the German text, including many technical terms of special difficulty.

Two other books from Boston, U.S.A., have reached us, besides that on co-ordinate geometry already alluded to. The first is a work on projection, though the author appears to avoid the use of that term, and bears proof of considerable practical skill in the art. The notation adopted throughout is ingenious, and must be of use to many in studying the illustrative diagrams. The author's directions are generally clear and explicit, though in certain cases the reader will perhaps wish the reason had been shortly put. The scope of the work includes the development of solids and double curved surfaces of revolution. A school text-book for algebra from the same publishers is a carefully prepared and comprehensive manual for junior classes. The examples are numerous and well selected, but no answers are given. In some of the latter chapters, such as those on "complex numbers," determinants, and some other parts, there is a certain freshness of treatment not devoid of interest. The proof given of the Binomial Theorem is a reversion to an older form of treatment which scarcely recommends itself; and the chapter headed "Derivatives" should, partly at least, be relegated to a future one on the meaning of differential coefficient.

The difficult subject of hydrodynamics, in relation to the motion of liquids, appears to be adequately treated and fully illustrated in Mr. Basset's volume. The first volume deals with the mathematical theory of frictionless liquids, including the motion of solid bodies in a liquid. The author has consulted all of the British and foreign mathematical periodicals and transactions of learned Societies for investigations and results bearing on the subject, and, besides condensing them into a form suitable for scientific study, has enriched his treatise by a large collection of examples.

One of the books before us might be termed by a mathematician a *livre de luxe*. It is a translation on beautiful paper of the *Mirifici Logarithmorum Canonis Constructio*, with the head- and tail-pieces in exact facsimile, and the form of the work generally is a reproduction of the original edition, which was published in 1619. That edition was edited by Robert Napier, son of the mathematician, and is remarkable from containing some notes by Napier's friend Briggs, who to some extent shares the merit of inventing logarithms by his construction of the decimal system for their general application. He, moreover, devoted his life to perfecting the great invention, fully justifying the remark of Robert Napier that "now, as the Inventor has been called away, the burden of the whole business would appear to rest on the shoulders of the most learned Briggs." Mr. Macdonald has bestowed great care on his translation, and accompanied the work

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* *The Collected Mathematical Papers of Arthur Cayley, Sc.D., F.R.S., Sadlerian Professor, &c.* Vol. I. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1889.

Elements of Plane Analytic Geometry. By J. D. Runkle, Professor in Massachusetts Institute, Boston. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Lectures on the Ikosahedron. By Felix Klein, Professor of Mathematics, Göttingen. Translated by G. G. Morrice, M.A. London: Trübner & Co.

Descriptive Geometry. By Linus Faunce, Assistant-Professor, Massachusetts Institute, Boston. Boston: Ginn & Co.

A College Algebra. By G. A. Wentworth, Professor, Phillips Exeter Academy. Boston: Ginn & Co.

A Treatise on Hydrodynamics. By A. B. Basset, M.A. Vol. I. Cambridge: Deighton & Co.

The Construction of the Wonderful Canon of Logarithms by John Napier, Baron of Merchiston. Translated by W. Rae Macdonald, F.F.A. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1889.

A History of the Study of Mathematics at Cambridge. By W. W. Rouse Ball, Fellow of Trin. Coll., Cambridge. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1889.

Mathematical Tracts. By F. W. Newman, M.R.A.S. Part I. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes.

A First Euclid. By Rev. H. Daman, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1889.

Treatise on Elementary Algebra. By Saradaranjan Ray, M.A., Professor, Dacca College, Calcutta. Vol. I. Calcutta: Lahiri.

Practical Geometry; to which is added a Section on Orthographic Projection. By John Carrol. London: Burns & Oates.

A Text-book of Practical Logarithms and Trigonometry. By J. H. Palmer. London: Macmillan & Co.

Key to Mr. J. B. Lock's Elementary Trigonometry. By Henry Carr, B.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

by some good notes, historical and mathematical. His introduction embodies a well-written sketch of Napier's life; but we find no reference to the fact that the inventor of logarithms was not a peer, and should not be styled Baron Napier. Being proprietor of the "barony" of Merchiston, near Edinburgh, he was locally called "Baron," which is quite a different thing. At the same time (according to Professor Blackburn) he claimed to represent the elder branch of the Earls of Lennox. Mr. Macdonald refers to Hutton in one passage; but in noticing Napier's merits he might have quoted a passage from Hutton's Tracts, confirmed by other writers, to the effect that Napier was probably the first who applied the infinitesimal principle in an arithmetical form, and reached the idea of calculating gradual change by substituting small discontinuous changes. Napier, in fact, anticipated to some extent that conception of the generation of magnitudes on which Newton's doctrine of fluxions is based. Napier, moreover, speaks of the velocities of the increments of logarithms, just as Newton does of his fluxions. Napier clearly established the fact that all numbers may be terms of a geometric progression, and thus anticipated the principle of the infinitesimal calculus. The bibliographer will be thankful to Mr. Macdonald for the complete and carefully-finished catalogue of Napier's works which forms the concluding part of this interesting volume.

A small but interesting work on the development of mathematical studies at Cambridge has just been printed at the University Press. The first half is mainly an enumeration of the more eminent mathematicians from the introduction of the Arabic science into Europe, down to our own days, with short notes of their work or interesting points in their history. The next three chapters set forth the different methods of instruction at Cambridge, and the successive tests of proficiency in the mathematical subjects taught. The concluding chapter gives a good general sketch of the constitution, organization, and social condition of the University, from the schools established about the year 1200, or a little earlier, according to Mr. Ball, till 1858, when a well-defined period was closed by the formation of a new constitution. The introductory chapter gives some interesting notes of the curriculum and organization of studies in a mediæval University. Amidst the antiquarian and historical lore presentably set forth there are passages of amusement—as, for example, the tracing of the famous word "tripos" through seven distinct meanings, till from a "thing of wood" it came to signify a system of examination.

Professor Newman has published five tracts of some interest to advanced mathematical students, though we do not discover much that is original or that calls for comment. There are two tables, one of the successive powers of the reciprocals of the natural numbers, which should be useful in integrating and otherwise.

Amongst minor text-books we have the first twenty propositions of *Euclid I.* clearly and very explicitly set forth. The most novel feature in the text is the interpolation of exercises in the use of arguments. To each proposition is appended an abridged proof, which may be useful in a second or third reading. We think the diagrams poor compared with those of many recent works. India sends us a School Algebra, which promises to be useful in class-teaching, both from the large number of exercises on elementary work and the explanation of algebraical artifices. For the "Science and Art" course we have the tenth edition of a useful text-book for teaching the construction of plane figures and scales. This edition contains some lessons on Graphic Arithmetic. For the use of logarithms, especially in solving plane triangles and measuring heights and distances, beginners have a trustworthy guide in Mr. Palmer. His neatly prepared book must come into favour with many who are preparing for the position of gunner in the Royal Navy and similar appointments, or who wish to acquire a thorough and practical knowledge of the application of logarithms. From Lagos we have solutions of the questions given in Mr. Lock's *Elementary Trigonometry*. They are generally set forth in sufficient detail, especially in the elementary chapters, to be of signal service to students reading up the subject without the help of a teacher.

NOVELS.*

"THIN, but not too thin," was the highest praise Mr. Wodehouse could bestow upon his gruel; and it is the criticism that involuntarily occurs to the reader of Mr. Sturgis's latest novel. The *Comedy of a Country House* resembles its predecessors in most of its essentials. Like them it is emphatically a book to be read in a hammock, on a hot day. The style is easy and pleasant; the characters (as a rule) are careless, lazy, and good-natured; and there is no plot to speak of to make undue demands upon the brain. On the other hand, it must be said that the *dramatis personæ* in the *Comedy of a Country House* are types rather than people. Lord Lorrilaire, the hero—it is difficult to believe in the reality of a person with such a name—represents the best kind of young modern peer; cultivated and agreeable, without being a prig or a milksop. He has a way of "finishing his sentences with a laugh," which is rather provoking; but then there is a want of coherence and consecutiveness about this young man altogether of which the habit may be an indication. Mrs. Chauncey, Mrs. Dormer, and Lady Jane Lock tell each other home truths in a polite manner which nobody seems to resent; while the comic element in the story is provided by an amusing, but wholly impossible, journalist, aided by a young scion of the aristocracy whose life is chiefly devoted to bowing himself up and down (for sanitary purposes), repeating the magic words "Ninety-nine." The heroine is a handsome but impassive young lady thrown into Lord Lorrilaire's society by her match-making mother, Lady Jane, whose designs are seen through and checked by one Dora Rutherford, a young married woman and Lord Lorrilaire's oldest friend. Dora Rutherford has more reality about her than any other person in the book. She is essentially a modern figure, and would have been an anachronism thirty years ago, with her staunch, unsentimental, comrade-like attachment to her old playfellow, and her unconventional way of interfering in his affairs for his own good. Instead of turning the cold shoulder to her, even the ladies of the country house ought to have been grateful for her impromptu visit, while to the reader she has all the effect of water in a well-cultivated but rather monotonous landscape.

Clement Ker is by far the most exciting of the volumes lying before us, but it is not very easy to make out what it is all about. The scene is laid in the most desolate part of the South of Scotland, where the writer, unlike less fortunate travellers, seems to have found the high rounded hills a mass of heather. Still, the general character and feeling of the country is exceedingly well described, and the large straggling house forms a fitting setting for the strange moody baronet, Clement Ker, whose peculiarities are afterwards explained by his practice of opium-eating. There are dark allusions to ghosts scattered up and down the book; but, except that the storyteller, Geoffrey Ker, twice catches hold (supernaturally) of what he thought was the rough head of an animal, everything remains *dans le vague*, as the French say. There is a certain amount of meanness about this. We can all of us hint at a figure so horrible that it scares the life out of all who behold it; but we want to know what it is like and why it is there. This George Fleming never tells us, nor what is the reason that, if the half-mad scoundrel, Sir Clement, and the faithful old butler Bright both fall dead of fright on seeing The Thing, Dick Ker should not have been in the least affected by it. The book would have been improved by a little pruning of the superfluous characters, Lord and Lady Milton and Gilbert Ashleigh and his sister, a wearisome development of the last few years when girls obtain a success in society by saying and doing things for which their grandmothers would have been cut. These, however, are but slight blemishes. The real fault is that, in the effort to enhance the sense of mystery, the writer has produced an impression of confusion which takes away something from the real power of the book.

Lady Car exhibits Mrs. Oliphant in one of the best phases of what may be called her later manner. The observation is accurate and close, and the rendering natural; but there is a tendency to repeat the same incident, and to insist on the same effect. There is not a word in *Lady Car* that strikes the reader as being either untrue or overstrained. The gradual disillusionment of the poor woman about her devoted and charming husband, and the hardly less pathetic want of illusion about her coarse and brutal son, are pictures from the life, but somehow something more is wanted to form a story. The realization of the facts concerning Beaufort's character, that he was simply a cultivated indolent man, entirely destitute even of the ambition, still less of the power, to make himself a name, is a matter so gradual and so undramatic that it is hardly a subject for the groundwork of a novel. Of course, the picturesque element lies in the implied contrast between Lady Car's first husband and her second, and, later, between this second husband, Beaufort, and his stepson, Tom Torrance. One of the best touches in the book is the involuntary belief the wretched little Tom has in the calm and dilettante "Beau," whose superior refinement makes him sometimes ashamed of himself. Again, the feeling of Lady Car's disappointment of having missed, she hardly knows what, is very delicately depicted; but it would have had more effect as an episode in a story than as the story itself. It is always a mistake in art to be "long," in spite of the dictum of the poet; and it is a snare into which Mrs. Oliphant is often apt to fall.

France is the natural home of the detective novel, and it seems *dépaysé* elsewhere. The *Romance of an Alter Ego* is a strange mixture of mesmerism and a farce; there is too little variety, and the reader never identifies himself with the story as he does with the immortal works of Gaboriau and Montépin. The interest of the story lies in the sudden claim made by a lady standing on the step of a New York omnibus on a fellow-passenger as her husband. This is dramatic, and promises well; but it would have been far more to the purpose if the tale had been told in the third person, and the reader had been left in doubt whether

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* *Comedy of a Country House.* By Julian Sturgis. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1889.

Clement Ker. By George Fleming. Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1889.

Lady Car. By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

Romance of an Alter Ego. By Lloyd Bryce. London and New York: Brentano. 1889.

The Last Coup. By Hawley Smart. London: White. 1889.

The Serpent Tempted Her. By Sagui Smith. London: Drane; Chicago and New York: Belford, Clark, & Co. 1889.

Summer Legends. By Rudolph Baumbach. Translated by Helen B. Dole. London: Scott. 1889.

Aaron Simoni was really Edna Dalzelle's wedded husband or not. As it is, we know from the first that he is nothing of the sort, and that the culprit is really his twin brother, who is supposed to be dead; but the incidents which lead to the *dénouement* are rather clumsy and ill managed, and have no air of probability about them. A perfectly endless number of dreams are related, and too large a space given to mesmeric exhibitions and mediums, Miss Dalzelle being what is called one of the "brightest sensitives" of New York city. Finally, however, the army of mesmerizers is defeated, and Miss Dalzelle's real husband, the Twin Brother, returns from a South American prison, only to hand over the "bright sensitive" to his brother—this being apparently rendered possible by some occult American marriage law. The style of the whole book is awkward and deals in metaphors, and the sentences sometimes remind one of Mr. Wilkie Collins at his most unfortunate moments.

Major Hawley Smart's *Last Coup* is not as successful as most of his earlier ones. There is an amount of languor about his story that is not usual with him, and argues that he is writing rather for the sake of writing than because he has something to say. His heroine occupies a rather dubious position in society, being the niece of a Jewish bill-discounter; but little accidents of this sort never interfere with the prospects of Major Hawley Smart's young ladies. The love-story is rarely the main object of Major Hawley Smart's tales, and the reader must be content to find solace in the racing and hunting descriptions.

There is a considerable amount of power shown in the little book with the melodramatic title of *The Serpent Tempted Her*, though it must be confessed that the hero and narrator is more given to fainting-fits than can be at all convenient in a factory overseer. Of course, as is common in these dark tales, a little sense on the part of the heroine would have averted the catastrophe, and the world would have been deprived of another shilling novel. But, as she chose to treat the man who had been brought up as her brother and was on the point of becoming her husband with as little confidence as if he was the most absolute stranger, both story and tragedy are rendered possible. The "her" alluded to in the title was not the heroine Nellie Raymond, but one Mary Perry, who is sighing for the same young man, and by elaborate scheming finally secures his valuable hand. The story, in spite of some imperfections, will keep the reader's attention from Paddington as far as Swindon, or possibly in some cases as far as Bath.

Miss Dole has translated Herr Baumbach's *Summer Legends* very gracefully and prettily, but the tales themselves are too slight to be worth taking much trouble about. They are likewise not quite either one thing or the other—neither supernatural enough nor real enough to please right-minded children, who like their fairy tales without any proper names and without any allegories. "The Disappointed Dwarf" and "The Ass's Spring" are perhaps the best of the stories, as being the freest from these defects.

DARTMOOR.*

DARTMOOR literature is growing apace. The scene of several novels lies there, it is the playground of local archæologists, the poet's eye, with a fine frenzy rolling, has scanned it, painters in colours have illustrated it, and, more than all, word-painters have decorated it; but severe science has hardly set her foot on it. The author of this edition of Dartmoor comes under the head of the word-painter, and is a follower in that regard of many another, sketching a little in colours also, reproduced in plates. It would appear on the face of it that, a stranger to the land, he has set to work to walk over Dartmoor for the purpose of writing this book, inspired with an enthusiastic admiration for his subject. He has read nearly all that has been written about it, and quotes a goodly number of authorities. He has then taken his walks with great diligence, and has minutely examined everything that attracted his attention. He explores the quarters of the moor marked out by the Duchy of Cornwall, the lord of the quondam forest and its purlieus, and takes them—north, east, south, and west—in an orderly and methodical manner, each quarter requiring some days' walk. The book affords good evidence that the author read first, walked afterwards, verifying his reading as he went, and that his knowledge of Dartmoor, good though it be, is by no means the intimate knowledge of a native born and bred. We shall presently point out some mistakes that no one who knew the moor well could have made.

Mr. Page has, at all events, produced a good guide to Dartmoor; and a tourist with a mind to face a few hard days' walk over a wild and interesting tract of land could not do better than study it, though to follow his footsteps would be a zigzag sort of affair.

The great attractions to Mr. Page seem to be the antiquities, as he and his forerunners are pleased to call them; and the great bulk of the book is occupied by examining, giving measurements, explaining, speculating on, and expounding these witnesses of the fact that man has been and gone where they yet remain. He has a due love for the tors, speaks well of the rivers, and admires the scenery, both near and distant; but from the authors whose books he has read his mind is filled to the brim with the stories that bear witness to the hand of man. Although sufficiently credulous, he does not dogmatize on Druids and the like, but quotes, instead, the various opinions of others, from which he invites selection according to the fancy or common sense, as the case may be, of his readers. At p. 246 he writes:—"Nevertheless, so rapidly does age creep over these structures, that it [a house not long abandoned] looks a couple of hundred years old at least, a warning to those rather reckless antiquaries who would give every ruin upon Dartmoor an age dating from the Conquest at least." A very laudable caution to the citizen who, breathing the inspiring air of Dartmoor, is disposed to think every cloud very like a whale.

It is easy enough to talk of prehistoric man, Celts, Britons, Romans, Saxons, and what not. But to realize in imagination anything like the actual state of life of these men is not within our powers. A great part of Dartmoor is now as it has been for geological ages; man has hardly touched it, and nature is imperceptibly slow in making her changes. But the country around Dartmoor has been transformed from wild woodlands and wastes to inclosed and cultivated corn-fields and pastures. Some of the woods have happily been left; they have their uses; but there are signs that Devonshire must once have been a densely-wooded country, with rich bits of pasture in and out. From one of the loftiest tors to look down on the inclosed lands, the fences and fields appearing like patchwork, the houses, single or in groups, like ugly blocks, the churches feeble imitations of the tors, and to fancy what the beauty of the country might have been if let alone, is to sigh after some of the joys lost by civilization. Devonshire is a bank country, and it is probable that these unsightly inclosures are not more than a few hundreds of years old. The inclosures on parts of Dartmoor itself—a sore subject to the commoners—are not so much as one hundred years old. In treating of Dartmoor it is good to take these matters into consideration, and to throw overboard as much as one can of modern notions.

Mr. Page begins his book with a quotation describing Dartmoor as "a spot almost unknown, untrod," and at p. 31 writes, "Well within living memory such a thing as a wheeled conveyance was unknown upon Dartmoor"—the monstrous errors of a stranger. But soon after he writes of it as having been well populated in early times. Considering what the population of England is now, it is difficult to guess what he may mean by well populated as a relative term. The explanation of these contradictions is to be sought in the remains of the tin-streaming operations, and in the many hut circles in favourable situations all over the moor. Mr. Page is not well informed on the latest authorities respecting the trade in tin and the situation of Ictis, and takes up the westernmost notions of a direct trade by sea between the Phœnicians, including the Jews, and the Cornish. In those very early days tin may be supposed to have held something of the same position in relation to other things as gold does now. And if one likens the Phœnicians of that day to the English of this, and the West of England then to South Africa now, it is not difficult to surmise that explorers discovered tin, sent experts to teach the mode of streaming and smelting into portable ingots, and carried it off on the backs of ponies. Horses were small in those days. The most likely route was by land eastwards over beaten tracks, then from Ictis within sight of Gaul across the Channel, and through Gaul to the known waters of the Mediterranean. The Phœnicians and the Jews may well have been confused in later years by us Northerns, the Eastern cast of countenance and colour being so very different from our own. As there is no tin on Dartmoor now, except a small quantity at the bottom of mines that do not pay to work, it is a puzzle to conjecture how there could ever have been such large quantities on the surface as to occupy a population of tin-streamers, with a stannary court, for the number of centuries required to satisfy the antiquarians of to-day. There is no evidence on Dartmoor of the quantity having been anything like what would be necessary for such speculative ideas, but if the value of tin then were comparable to that of gold now, this alone would account for a great deal of the tin traditions. The hut circles on Dartmoor, in groups which Mr. Page and others call villages—at all events they were not townships or vils—may be any age or all ages. For centuries they were probably the temporary abode of men who wanted to stay on Dartmoor for any purpose, such as tents are to this day. And the number can be easily explained by their having been used at different times, by different people, for different purposes. They are always in a convenient situation for temporary dwellings. At the present time precisely similar huts can be found in use in Scotland, as the following quotation from *The Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs of Great Britain* will show. Treating of the Highlands it says:—"The grazings were usually held in common by a number of tenants, and a 'shealing,' therefore, formed a small hamlet of huts, chiefly built of turf on a stone foundation, with an earthen floor, and with beds of heather"—an exact description of such huts as the hut circles would indicate. The larger circles near the huts are more likely to have been used for sheepfolds than for anything else. The supposed large population of Dartmoor and the mysteries of the stone circles or villages may thus be disposed of. Tinners may have used them at one time, hunters at another, farmers at another, refugees in times of danger at another, and Mr. Page gives a use for those to be seen near Merivale Bridge, as a retreat from the plague when it visited Tavistock in 1625. He says it is known to the moor-

* *The Exploration of Dartmoor and its Antiquities.* With Maps and Illustrations. By John Ll. W. Page. London: Seeley & Co.

folk as the plague market, and that these folk probably took their goods for sale there instead of to the town about five miles "in along."

There are other remains on Dartmoor on which Mr. Page spends a deal of his time and thoughts, not so readily explained. The rock basins have been degraded long ago as the mere work of nature, as Mr. Page allows. There are tombs belonging to various ages, cairns, cromlechs, and kistvaens. As Dartmoor is, and always has been, a natural fastness, a conjecture may be permitted that defeated tribes time after time took refuge there, and buried their honoured dead with the tribal rites. The stone avenues offer more difficulty; the remarkable one on the hill above Merivale Bridge is very much exaggerated as a curiosity in the plate (p. 132). One explanation of these rows of stone is, that two tribes or vils fought out a dispute on this spot selected for the purpose, and the victors recorded their triumph by placing upright stones in double file in line opposite one another, the numbers possibly corresponding to those engaged. This would not be a "great battle" (p. 135), but a mere fight to settle disputed boundaries or the like. Mr. Page has a great deal to say respecting sacred circles, and so forth, mentioning the Druids in a commendable tone of scepticism. The sacred part of the business must be the purest speculation, and as such it must be left. Among his authorities Mrs. Bray is a prominent figure. Mrs. Bray was a romance writer, and was of a very romantic turn of mind; moreover, she lived in an age before criticism began to knock the Druids about. She was far more imaginative than critical or scientific, she had the exalted views that Dartmoor air engenders in visitors, and she must be allowed her flights of fancy and her Druids, as a true believer, whilst the common sceptic may look on and wonder.

The grand question concerning names is to be found in this book as a matter of course, and an appendix is devoted to that barren subject. Whatever the original names may have been, modern spelling cannot give the right pronunciation of any bygone tongue, and it is well to take things as we find them and be thankful. There are Yes Tor, Fur Tor, Rolls Tor, and Pu or Pew Tor. There are Cocks Tor, Mist Tor, and Wain Tor. Romantic persons can never be contented with anything simple; therefore, Mist Tor, certainly remarkable for always being the first to be crowned with mist if there is any moisture going, which is pretty often, must needs be spelt Mis Tor and be derived from "Misor, Goddess of the Moon." Mr. Page gives his authority, but expresses no opinion. Modern givers of names have called the rock basins on the top of Mist Tor "Mist Tor Pans." If Mr. Page had referred to the ordnance map he would have found that Mist Tor Pans is a part of the moor to the north of Mist Tor, taking its name as Preston Pans, Panston Pans (Sheffield) have taken theirs. Mr. Page calls Hessary Tor Hisworthy, a palpable error. Old documents have it Ysfother. He calls Wain Tor "Little Mis Tor," tacking about from the most ancient to the most modern variations, and passes it by, one proof that he was but a casual visitor. It is, in fact, a curious collection of rectangular blocks of granite, evidently the work of nature. It took its name, Wain Tor, from its similarity on the distant horizon to a waggon. On coming to Bare Down one would think it an appropriate name for a bit of moor, as bare as bare can be; but Mr. Page calls it Bair Down, following Mrs. Bray, who says it is Beird-dun, or the Hill of Bards. Then there is Wistman's Wood. It is no more than Wished-man's Wood. A person wished evil by a witch, was in a bad way, and so the word *wished* has become a universal Devonshire term for anything wretched or contemptible. Mr. Page calls the upper part of the river Plym the Cad, a mistake of Carrington's, who thought that Cadover Bridge must be a bridge over the Cad, ignorant of the fact that the farm close by was Cadworthy, and the river most assuredly the far-famed Plym. Crazy-well Pool he calls Classenwell. This pool was supposed to be bottomless, therefore crazy—Devonshire for mad. Classenwell is a modern, quasi-refined corruption. These are but a few examples of the thorny paths trod by those who exercise their minds on Dartmoor names, as they now hear them spoken by Dartmoor folk.

That Mr. Page does not know Dartmoor as a native knows it is betrayed in sundry places. Walking from Tavistock—a "pleasant two miles"—"we cross the stream which furnishes part of the water-supply of Plymouth," near Pu Tor—a surprising mistake to fall into respecting a small stream taken from the Walkham. Again, in walking from Prince Town to Crazy-well Pool, he mistakes the Devonport leat, taken from the Dart, for the Plymouth leat, "designed by that most versatile of sailors, Sir Francis Drake"—which, in fact, is taken from the river Mew, two miles below. He says also that the fine statue of Drake in Tavistock, by Boehm, was erected by public subscription, whereas it was placed there at the sole cost of the Duke of Bedford. He seems to like railways on Dartmoor, and says of the red granite on Trowlsworthy Tor it is a pity it "should be so little worked." A lover of Dartmoor would hardly like to see the tors "worked" into piers and bridges.

There are many symptoms of a stranger's hand in this book, though a diligent and painstaking hand it seems to be. The plates are good drawings, though not strikingly like the spots from which they are taken. With all its faults, inaccuracies, and stilted language, the book is no bad guide. But it is certainly not a faithful and trustworthy authority on Dartmoor.

RECENT PHILOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.*

WHAT the students of Kant owe to Dr. Mahaffy it is scarcely possible to over-estimate. Long before Oxford or Scotland or America had begun those works—now so many—which have tried to make the philosopher of Königsberg familiar to the English reader, the Dublin Professor had produced a treatise which went a long way to clear the road. In the preface to the new edition of *Kant's Critical Philosophy for English Readers* he says, in vindication of the length of his analysis and criticism, that "Kant's book, if worth reading at all, is worth reading and knowing accurately." Although the remark might be made with regard to almost all philosophical works, it is specially applicable here. The real knowledge of Kant cannot be gained in weeks or months—nor in a year. It is impossible to "cram" the Critique; and it is this very fact which would make us urge that, even with Dr. Mahaffy's book at hand, the student of philosophy should first of all be familiar with the detail of the original. Two preliminary remarks must be made as to this edition. It is unfortunate that in the preface we should have such variations as "Kritik," "Critique," and "Critical," while in the body of the work we have such an absurdity as "Critick." In the second place, it is a pity that the notes on the greater part of the work should be written by Dr. Mahaffy, a professed disciple, while those on the Dialectic are the work of Mr. Bernard, a Hegelian, and, so far as can be seen, a follower of Professor Caird. This is a great objection, because, if Mr. Bernard's standpoint had been adhered to throughout, there would have been a great difference in the work—especially in the discussion on the Categories. Even in this reference, however, Dr. Mahaffy unconsciously suggests another and a higher point of view than Kant reached, or cared to reach. But the main point to be noticed is his determined opposition to any reduction of the number of the Kantian Categories. Such reduction has been attempted by various philosophers; and Dr. Mahaffy makes the differences among these an argument for holding fast to the original plan. Yet he does not satisfactorily answer the main objection upon which these attempts are founded—that Kant found his Categories ready made in formal logic, and merely gave them a new significance as "functions of unity in judgment." So far Mansel's criticism is perfectly justified. In much the same way the majority of the Neo-Kantians dismiss the category of Modality, and look for their favourite "process" in the other three. They urge, with some force, that Kant did not consider the possibility of deducing one category from another, or the whole from the very nature of self-consciousness; and they say that Kant himself suggested by his "thesis, antithesis, and synthesis" a sufficient principle of derivation. But Dr. Mahaffy will not (p. 101) take "any interest in the subtleties of modern philosophy on the subject." While his exposition of the deduction of the categories and the schematizing power of the imagination is very fair and exact, he fails to see that there is an inherent dualism in Kant, to which he always clung, while he was nevertheless from time to time suggesting a method of overcoming it. His own phrase about the understanding "legislating for" nature is one instance out of many wherein he gave his bolder followers an intimation of the direction in which they afterwards worked. The difficulties of the two *egos*—the transcendental and that of the inner sense—of sensation as a something "given" and yet "associable," of the categories as giving the forms for sensation, and yet so far and so distinctly separate from it as to require the artificial connexion of the schemata, the suggestion of a something behind the senses which they represent—all these come up in the course of Kant's intricate discussion. Here Dr. Mahaffy is better as a guide to his author's meaning than as a critic or a remover of stumbling-blocks. This is the more to be regretted, since upon which view we take of the difficulties here depends our attitude towards the Dialectic. It is not hard to see what would have been Mr. Bernard's criticism. He says (p. 360) that Kant's "πρῶτον ψεῦδος in the complete isolation of the Sensibility and the Understanding prevented him from rising to the conception of an intuitive understanding on the one hand, and on the other from reckoning seriously with the capacity of pure thought to supply us with knowledge which must be as true as anything we can attain." This shows quite plainly what Dr. Mahaffy's coadjutor would have said had he been dealing with the questions we have noticed. The reference to the "intuitive understanding" is a favourite one with all Hegelians. They find such an understanding when they develop the matter out of the categories, and these from self-consciousness. It can readily be understood that Dr. Mahaffy could not accept such criticism as indicating his standpoint. While it may be taken as an explanation of Kant, it is one which explains away everything that is distinctly Kantian. Between Dr. Mahaffy on the Refutation of Idealism and Bernard on the first

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* *Kant's Critical Philosophy for English Readers.* By John P. Mahaffy, D.D., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin, Professor of Ancient History in the University of Dublin, and John H. Bernard, B.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, Archbishop King's Lecturer in Divinity in the University of Dublin. A new and completed edition. Vol. I. *The Kritik of the Pure Reason Explained and Defended.* London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Social Progress. An Essay. By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

Psychology. By John Dewey, Ph.D., Assistant-Professor of Philosophy in Michigan University. London: Trübner & Co. 1889.

part of the Dialectic, there is not so much difference as might have been expected. The work of the former is particularly good, not merely in explaining the difference between the two editions of the *Critique*, but also in clearing away many of the misunderstandings which have risen around the ever obnoxious "thing in itself." To some extent Kant himself is responsible for these misunderstandings, for besides being somewhat obscure in his language, he makes an advance (Mahaffy, p. 215) from the position held in the first to that taken up in the second edition. In the former he merely makes the internal sense fully as phenomenal as the external. To use Dr. Mahaffy's words, "our external experience is as immediate, and therefore as certain, as our internal experience. He [Kant] also shows that neither can give us any information concerning things *per se*." In the second edition, looking about for what shall correspond to Substance, he tells us that "the quantity of the world is never changed," and comes to that "Principle of Permanence" which practically made space prior to time in its apprehension. "We can prove against Descartes that internal evidence, which he thought so certain, is only possible by presupposing external experience, which he thought uncertain." Dr. Mahaffy does not notice that there is in this an apparent contradiction. If Kant here holds that space is prior to time in its apprehension, how are we to reconcile that with the fact that, in his discussion of the schematism of the categories, he begins with their projection into the form of time, and thus reaches space? But, were we to enter into all the details of Kantian criticism, we should require to write a treatise. It is to the credit of Dr. Mahaffy and his fellow-labourer that they have been as sparing as they have been judicious in their explanation and notes. The student of Kant must, however, be careful to bear in mind, when reading this book, that the first part is principally expository, excellently fitted to tell what Kant did and did not say, while the second is tinged with the colours of a later metaphysic.

Altruism we have always with us, and it is tiresome to repeat criticisms upon that doctrine in its most familiar English form, as represented by Mr. Herbert Spencer. In *Social Progress*, by Mr. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, we find the latest word of adherence to that philosopher. The first part of his work consists of a general statement of principles, and is well and clearly written. It is not, however, properly systematic, for, starting from a purely individualistic basis, it is mainly occupied with departing from it. The author will have none of Rousseau's Social Contract as something that happened; yet he holds that all authority is based upon an "implied contract" between individuals. Is not this beginning somehow at the wrong end? Where are we to get our isolated individuals? If it be not entirely true that (as Dr. Westcott says somewhere) "the family and not the individual is the unit of mankind," that statement is a much better one than any which commences with the individual in the abstract. Mr. D. G. Thompson does begin in the latter way, and proceeds to the position that "men live in society because they have a natural appetite for the amicable presence of their fellows." Here, of course, is the well-known difficulty about "natural," of which his studies in Rousseau should have reminded him. The case against him it is easy to put. Either we start from the abstract individual, in which case the foregoing statement is false; or we do not so start, in which case the fundamental principle of the book is destroyed. There are numberless other instances of contradiction and illogicality in the book, but as they generally go to prove that the author is superior to his avowed principles, it is unnecessary to enumerate them. Only two further points may be noticed in Part I. of this book. The first is peculiar. Only the other day we had one of the *à priori* writers on ethics, in a work called *Moral Progress*, suggesting that the doctrine of personal immortality was untrue. In the present work we come upon a disciple of Herbert Spencer going back to the old doctrine of reward or compensation to the individual:—"If we believe that our efforts to make such morality universal in human society will tend to secure our happiness hereafter, while a contrary course will have the opposite tendency, even though we suffer for what we do, the hope of future reward will be compensation for present ills." The other sentence in Part I. is really deserving of attention, as enabling us to see ourselves as others see us:—"The English, even, fail to understand that their sentiment of loyalty to a sovereign and an aristocracy, beautiful as it may sometimes appear, makes them for ever to grind ruthlessly the face of the poor." Mr. D. Greenleaf Thompson is quite right. We do fail to see it. With regard to Part II. of his book it is unnecessary to go into detail. The author is a tolerable example of many writers of the *laissez faire* school; while, being a lawyer, he is not ignorant of its defects. There are in the second as well as in the first part of his volume many sensible remarks; but the general result is unsatisfactory. It is amusing to find (pp. 132, 133) an elaborate defence of the very personal element in American journalism and then to turn back and read (p. 127) about "that singular caddishness which runs all through British society, pervading even the world of letters." Immediately after this comes the tremendous outburst:—"What a lamentable state of morals and manners is witnessed when Mr. Gladstone becomes ostracized from Tory households, to which he was formerly a welcome guest, and when party lines determine generally social hospitalities!" Poor Mr. Greenleaf Thompson! We fear that some of his favourite Yankee journals have taken the liberty of hoaxing him. One thing we can say in his favour, that he is perfectly definite in his statements about the results at which he has arrived. If, however, we look at his book from the philosophical point of view, it is inconsistent and unsystematic. If we consider it more generally, it would be worthy of higher commendation were it cleansed of prejudice and loosely-formed opinions. As a lawyer, Mr. Thompson should see the force of the first objection; as an earnest man with a good purpose, he should try to get rid of the second.

The second edition of Dr. Dewey's *Psychology* contains a few alterations; but in all essential respects it is identical with the first. His aim has been to produce a good text-book for class-work, and it is only fair to say that he has done this. Of course his work is by no means perfect; but we do not know one that, for the purpose, could be preferred to it. In some cases—as, for example, in his discussion upon "Intuition"—there are some remarks to which exception might be taken. The separation of the world-intuition and the self-intuition, and the progress from the former to the latter, raise questions which, he must know, have occasioned considerable discussion. He is, however, quite right in the general attitude which he takes up. Psychology is a science; but it is not as other sciences, for in it the examiner and the examined are one. He is also right when he shows how impossible it is to study the science without some philosophic principle. Whether the metaphysic which underlies his psychology be justifiable is another question. If there were any fault to be found with his book, it would be in the facts that he introduces a mass of material, some of which might be dispensed with, and that his references to other works are often too numerous and minute. These references are for the benefit of the student, and they should not be of such a kind as even to suggest vanity on the part of the author. However, he has the example of many German and Dutch writers to countenance him in this respect.

COLD STEEL.*

TWO chief problems must nowadays always confront the sanguine "lover of a blade" when he first contemplates giving his associates in the noble pursuit of swordsmanship the benefit, in a literary form, of his experience, his own special lore, and his deductions. He has first to persuade himself that there is really still something new to be said on a subject the broad principles of which have long been placed beyond the scope of controversy, whilst its practice depends ultimately on individual characteristics. In the second place, he must devise a title possessed of some sort of individuality.

In adding yet another to the eight hundred odd treatises on the regulated use of the sword, whether art, science, or "à-la-mode accomplishment," known to the bibliographer, Captain Hutton has succeeded under both these heads of difficulty. He has selected a title and a line of argument well in accordance with that very perceptible mood of the present day—the reaction against the artificial subtlety and conventionality of modern "fencing-room" method, and the tendency to look on the masters of the past, not merely as quaint old fellows, but as men who understood the art of fence in its practical meaning. It may be asserted that the production of anything entirely new under the guise of a treatise on fencing is an absolute impossibility. There is, it is true, a very regular supply of such literature—an average, we believe, of four new works yearly in various languages—but the demand for this supply is due, in the first place, to a somewhat limited issue, and in the second to the desire, natural to the devotees of certain celebrated schools, to see in luxurious type and arrayed in scientific order the much-practised lessons of a favourite master. The only real field of investigation, however, left to the swordsman is the historical, which may produce works of curious interest both to the fencer and to the antiquary. In such a matter the forgotten is as good as the new—sometimes, indeed, much better. This, it may be asserted, is Captain Hutton's firm belief. There is undoubtedly, in *Cold Steel*, quite enough information, new in that particular aspect, to justify the appearance of another book of fence.

The author is entitled to speak with authority. He is well known as a swordsman of the "practical" order and experienced in the management of military schools, as the compiler of several sound booklets on sword and bayonet practice—the matter of which has at last been partly embodied in the new regulation bayonet exercise—and as the possessor of the finest collection of works on the "Art Dimicatory" in England. He is further well acquainted, not only with the "differences" of foreign schools, but also with the uncompromising practicality of Eastern swordsmanship.

It is easy to perceive that the author is deeply read in those ancient treatises, English and foreign, which delight book collectors, but which the everyday modern fencer looks upon casually as mere amusing curiosities. The very title under which his contribution to that favourite literature is offered, proclaims, almost unwittingly, long familiar consorting with those he reverently calls the "Great Masters." It is couched in rich and round lapidary style, flowingly filling a goodly title-page, and at once recalls to the mind visions of ancient *Paradoxes of Defence* and *Disquisitions on the Grandeur of the Sword*:—"Cold Steel: a practical treatise on

* *Cold Steel.* By Alfred Hutton, late Captain King's Dragoon Guards. London: Clowes.

the sabre; based on the old English Backsword Play of the eighteenth century, combined with the method of the modern Italian school; also on various other weapons of the present day, including the short sword-bayonet and the constable's truncheon; illustrated with numerous figures and also with reproductions of engravings from masters of bygone years."

Heraldic plates, dedicatory and other epistles on cognate matters are neglected nowadays, although such comfortable padding seems still to be often resorted to for the dignifying of similar works abroad; but *Cold Steel* is adorned, as the best precedents required, with the necessary engraved frontispiece, showing the master in his working attire. Here the author is represented in a black cord fencing suit, surrounded by the tools of his most congenial pursuit—ancient books and swords. In his hand is a favourite specimen of the swept hilted rapier, one, it may be interesting to note, well known to the fraternity of "Kernoozers." Of the fifty-five full-page engravings which illustrate Captain Hutton's comprehensive views on the sabre, the duelling-sword, the "Bastone"—as a type of two-hand weapons—the sword-bayonet, either hastate or *pugio*-wise, and the policeman's truncheon, more than half show in both the adversaries a Corsican-brother-like presentment of the author himself. Excellent as they are in their correctness of attitude, they would give the reader in many cases, more especially in the display of *high-octave* and *horizontal-quarte*, an impression of truculence which happily the frontispiece is there to remove. The remainder consist of reductions of ancient engravings, rare and otherwise interesting. Among these appear, reproduced for the first time, four of the plates devised and engraved by Scotin for the "Backsword" album of the notorious ex-gladiator, Captain Millar, published in 1738, one of the scarcest books of fence, and at the same time the only one extant illustrative of our swordsmen's prize-fighting. Fourteen others are facsimiles of Marozzo's "seizures" in corps-à-corps fighting, taken from the rarer and more artistic first edition of 1536; two more are taken from the best works of the seventeenth century.

These plates alone, entailing as they do a disquisition on topics now very generally ignored, even by decidedly keen amateurs, would suffice to make of *Cold Steel* an attractive work. But the writer justifies throughout the claim of his title, and must be said to have produced a book very unlike the periodical treatises devoted to *conventional* fencing, whether that of the German schläger, of the Italian sword, or of the French foil. His method of treatment is likewise original. For everything which is not of his own selection among recognized modern schools—a selection guided by the sole consideration of practicality—we have chapter and verse referring us to some sturdy old swordsman or other, one who thought his art more concerned with the overcoming of an enemy at sharps than with the courteous play of the fencing-floor. As a result, there is in his admonitions a characteristically contemptuous tone when adverting to that numerous class of would-be swordsmen, who show themselves so valorously eager to close, so fiercely regardless with blunts and in pads of a menacing point or a sweeping edge. This misconception of the purpose of practice in the school is no new thing. Two hundred years ago good old Sir William Hope, of Balcomie, a keen dilettante of fence, who, like the present writer, could speak with the authority of wide experience, had his wrath excited by precisely similar solecisms. Those plausible persons whose experience is not only limited to "blunts," but who fail to realize the significance of a hit, he grandly classifies as "Ignorants," reserving the equally quaint title of "Artist" to those who, whether their experience is limited or not to school practice, never lose the proper sense of point and edge:—

> He [the Ignorant] very well considering that he can receive no Prejudice by being hitt by a blunt *Fleuret*, Rusheth and Rambleth still forewards [let him receive never so many Thrusts], until he either hitteth the Artist with one of his Rambling Thrusts, or other wayes cometh so Closs that the Artist must enclose with him. . . . Wherefore, if I were to play with an "Ignorant" for a wager I would play with *Flurets* having a quarter of an inch of *point* beyond the button, and then, in God's name, let him Ramble his Belly full.

Grumbles of this kind, more or less vigorously expressed, occur in many of the "old masters'" works. In the case of foil-fencing, a more or less successful attempt has been made to combat the natural tendency to recklessness in presence of a comfortable button by strict conventions regulating the "artistic" value of hits. Foil-fencing, indeed, is nothing if not conventional, and must be looked upon as the grammar of swordsmanship. But in the case of stick or sabre-play, which requires wider and more powerful action, the self-control necessary to avert unseemly scrambles is more difficult to cultivate in the schools. This, however, is not sufficient excuse for the preposterous scrimmage which in so many instances still passes for sword-play. Captain Hutton seems, almost unconsciously, infected by the uncompromising style of his favourite eighteenth-century authorities. Talking of the ubiquitous class of indomitable players, who fearlessly rush a counter, who gaily "pocket" their hits if they can at the same time "plant" their own, "Such behaviour," he remarks severely, "amounts in itself to something very like horse-play, and, if persisted in, calls for treatment of exceptional character. Lonnergan, as I have before remarked, prescribes, as a remedy for a gentleman of this class, the darting of the pummel in his face. But I think his discomfiture may be attained in a more merciful manner by 'commanding' at one and the same time both his person and his sword in the manner advocated by Liancour (1686)."

Foil-play—the diagram of swordsmanship, as it has been called—could not be considered in a book like *Cold Steel*. But the author assumes that the swordsman is duly impressed with the immense advantage derivable from its serious practice, and applies its principles to the management of every hand-to-hand weapon. He does so, indeed, to an extent which may perhaps seem exaggerated. No doubt, sixteen distinct parries and guards in sword-play constitute a very perfect system, which should meet every conceivable attack. But we might question whether the professedly *practical* purpose of the book would not have been better furthered by a somewhat less exhaustive sequence. On the other hand, the chapter devoted to duelling sword-play is unduly curtailed. This, as far as we know, is the very first time the subject has been treated in English; the "hit-where-you-can" fence is undoubtedly gaining favour in the best fencing-rooms, and a longer discussion on what is now recognized as a distinct system would no doubt have been welcome.

The chapters dealing with the sabre as opposed to the bayonet or the rapier, with the great stick (*Italicè* "bastone"), with the ancient dagger-play, and with that cognate but ultra-modern implement the truncheon, are specially interesting to those devotees of fencing schools who like variety in their battles.

The book is closed by an appendix devoted to a proposal for a system of "rules" to be followed in an assault or in a match or contest for prizes. It is one the perusal of which might be strenuously recommended to the arbiters who preside yearly at Islington over swordsmen's competitions; the dissatisfaction of the performers at the erratic manner in which "hits" are awarded is only equalled by the astonishment of those among the spectators who understand something of what is going on. It is an undoubted fact that many of the best swordsmen in the service have given up competing at Islington in disgust at the utter incompetence of some of the judges.

ORANGE STREET CHAPEL.*

THERE is a classical corner on the south side of Leicester Square where a narrow entrance leads us into St. Martin's Street. A dingy house on the left bears a tablet to remind the passer-by that Sir Isaac Newton lived there. It does not add that a few years ago an enterprising American bought and took away Sir Isaac's observatory from off the roof. From 1710 to 1727 Newton and his beautiful but, it is to be feared, naughty niece, so much praised and abused by Swift in his *Journal to Stella*, lived in this house, then surrounded by the fields called after Leicester House, and bordered by Hedge Lane and St. Martin's Lane, both still perfectly open, although building had commenced in Soho. After Newton's time the house was inhabited by Dr. Burney, who wrote the *History of Music*, and his more celebrated daughter, who, as Fanny Burney, is remembered as the author of *Evelina*, written in "a little playroom up two pair of stairs," and as Mme. D'Arblay earned a second reputation as a diarist. Mr. Free remarks that in the very year that *Evelina* was the fashionable novel of society Augustus Montague Toplady died and was buried in Tottenham Court Chapel, "under the gallery opposite the pulpit." The writer of that magnificent hymn, "Rock of Ages," he was minister of the French chapel in St. Martin's Street, and was only thirty-eight at the time of his death. We may remember that, besides the Burneys and Toplady, the semi-rural charms of Leicester Fields drew together Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Windham, Burke, Goldsmith, John Newton, and Thomas Scott, the son of a Lincolnshire farmer, and author of a famous *Commentary* still in vogue. The divines in this list were mainly attracted to St. Martin's Street by the chapel, and Mr. Free has done well to give us this interesting history. "There are," he says, "two great periods in the history of Orange Street Chapel, each consisting of about a century." Here, at the outset, we must disagree with Mr. Free. There are three very well marked periods, and only a determination not to see the sharpness of the boundary-line could have enabled him to overlook the difference in the chapel before and after 1787. During the past century it has been neither more nor less than a Congregationalist meeting-house, and Mr. Free's long, and indeed eloquent, exhortations to religious toleration only amount to this—that he would have the Established Church more willing to acknowledge what is good in Dissent. He evidently does not recognize the insuperable difficulties, nor does he see that, when he praises Eyre for putting a Nonconformist at the head of Hackney College, he praises him for an act of disloyalty, almost of treachery, to his own Church. "John Eyre," he tells us, "was a clergyman of the Church of England, and the fact that he chose a Dissenting minister for the first tutor of his new institution is more convincing than many arguments could be of the real unity that existed in his time between Christians of various denominations." We cannot agree with this view. On the contrary, it seems to us that Eyre, with Toplady, Newton, Scott, and others, not to mention Whitefield and Wesley—all of whom lived and died English Churchmen—deserve, in spite of the good they unques-

* *Lux Benigna; being the History of Orange Street Chapel.* By Richard W. Free. London: Whittingham.

tionably did, to have this flaw clearly pointed out. For the sake of keeping alive certain views, some of them, no doubt, liberal enough, but the majority narrow beyond conception, they were willing to allow, nay, to assist, those who "sat under" them to leave the Church that they themselves clung to. The history, then, of Orange Street Chapel seems to divide itself into the French period, when the Huguenot refugees who abounded in the neighbourhood built it and opened it for the service of the Church of England, as performed in French; the Anglican period, when the ministrations were carried on by Toplady, Illingworth, Cecil, and others whom the Church will not easily forget, mistaken and narrow-minded though they were; and, finally, into the years from 1787 to the present day, when Congregationalist preachers have taken the place of clergymen.

Mr. Free has much that is of interest to tell us of the French period. He has taken great pains to hunt up the old registers, and has also gathered a large mass of anecdote as to the more celebrated of the Huguenot preachers, and as to the manners and customs of the congregation. He carefully describes a service at which the great James Saurin—who, by the way, was never incumbent here—preached the sermon. He had been brought over from France, on the Revocation, enclosed in a barrel. Mr. Free describes him as reading the prayers, the people standing, their hats hung in every conceivable place. Presently a youthful minister ascends the pulpit stairs and delivers an impressive prayer. That over, every man puts on his hat and sits down. The preacher also wears a three-cornered hat, and "his face is perfectly oval, and stands out of his great wig like a picture out of a frame."

Mr. Free does not write as if he had enjoyed many opportunities of studying the higher graces of literary composition, but he improves as he goes on. It thus comes to pass that the first part of the book, the most interesting, is in places almost unreadable; while the latter part, where he introduces the plea for toleration to which we have referred, is, though too much like a sermon, written so as to run fluently. Mr. Free is very fond of a phrase which, as he uses it, seems to be simple nonsense, though he probably imagines he is quoting a text of Holy Writ:—"And he who runs may read the tempering effects of time"; or, as in another place, "that all who ran might read what great things their human god had done for the French." On the whole, we may thank Mr. Free for this little volume on an interesting building, and may congratulate him on having brought out fully the historical as well as the religious associations which are connected with Orange Street Chapel.

MEDIA.*

UNLIKE the other contributions to Mr. Fisher Unwin's series, this volume is concerned not so much with the "Story" of any one particular people as with the relations between several of the nations of the old world. It traces the main outlines of the history of the Eranians from their earliest records contained in their sacred books to the moment when Darius determined to overwhelm Hellas with his armies, and, in showing how this conquering race took to itself the inheritance of older nations, it brings out with admirable distinctness the connecting links between the histories of the great Powers of Western Asia. Mme. Ragozin, whose "Stories" of Chaldæa and Assyria are among the best volumes of this unequal series, exhibits here as elsewhere a thorough acquaintance with the growth and present condition of learning with regard to the ancient monarchies of the East, and expounds in an attractive manner the results attained by the most eminent scholars. Now and then she is somewhat wordy, and she certainly devotes a disproportionate amount of space to her examination of the Zend-Avesta. Still, though it takes up too many pages of her book, her estimate of the work of Zoroaster—we must decline to reject the well-known form of the name in favour of Zarathushtra—is interesting and well considered. He is represented as fixing and expressing in its highest degree the tendency already existing among the Eranians to apply a system of spiritual and allegorical interpretation to the primeval Aryan myths. The apostle of the purest and loftiest conception of the Dualism of Nature, he enabled his people to grasp a doctrine after which they were already feeling. While he was on a higher level than his disciples, they "had in themselves the seed of the thoughts which he expounded to them." After his time there began a process of adaptation; the new religion was fitted on to old forms and prejudices, and changes were effected, the character of which is amply illustrated by a comparison between the Yasna-liturgy and the earlier Gâthas. Later developments of Mazdeism departed still further from the sublime simplicity of Zoroaster's teaching, which among the northern Eranians, and especially among the Medes, became overlaid with a mass of ceremonial observances. From the doctrine of the purity of the elements arose the custom of exposing the dead in Dakhmas or Towers of Silence, about which Mme. Ragozin gives some curious particulars. Several traces of Turanian influence are noted in the religion which grew out of the Gâthic revelation, and among them the excessive reverence shown to fire. After a short chapter on the closing years of the kingdom of Judah, Mme. Ragozin speaks of the conflict between the Lydian and Median monarchies, and the triple alliance formed between Media, Babylon, and Lydia, after the battle of the Eclipse. A remarkably interesting chapter is devoted to a description of the city of Babylon and its inhabitants, and good use is made of the comments of Professor Delitzsch and M. Lenormant on the recently discovered records of the Banking-house of Êgibi or Jacob, to which, through several centuries, the whole financial business of the Court was entrusted. There is little which can be said for certain about the Medes, and after a good summary of what is known, or may fairly be assumed, with reference to the Magi, we pass on to Persian history. The volume ends with a pleasantly written and critical narrative of the reigns of Cyrus and Cambyses, and of the reign of Darius down to his attempt to conquer the Greeks. This part of Mme. Ragozin's book of course overlaps the volume on Persia already published in the same series.

* *Story of the Nations—Media, Babylonia, and Persia, from the Fall of Nineveh to the Persian War.* By Zénaïde A. Ragozin. London: Fisher Unwin. 1889.

SINGLE VOLUMES.*

"YRLA" tells a story which proves that there are still writers willing to spend pains, time, and calculation, dates, historical facts and the best of their emotions upon a work—rightly so called—of fiction. *Three Friends* must have taken long to write. It opens with a scene in which the taller and fairer exchanges reminiscences with the darker and shorter, and "he who was addressed as Henry" replies in a manner calculated to elicit the Christian and family names of his intimate companion. After we have thus made acquaintance, we are surprised to find ourselves taking something like a real interest in the fortunes of the two young Prussian soldiers, who confess to one another, with the greatest propriety of polysyllables, that they are in love with the self-same Cecilia. How they start with the best altruistic intentions; how they declare themselves together—"Cilla, dearest, I love you—we both love you," is what the spokesman says, none of the three young people having any sense of humour—how the machinations of a fiendish uncle and the fortunes of war favour the betrayal of the taller by the shorter friend; how a very well-constructed intrigue follows, and how the events of the time (the first years of the century) are carefully complicated with the love-interest; all this a majority of readers will consent to be told without weariness, so refreshing is the absence of psychology, so hearty the villany, so surpassing the female beauty. The villain is Juan. "'Shut up!' retorted Juan fiercely," but he apparently repents of the colloquialism. "Come nearer; we will confer." He also says, "How I would like to wring that lawyer's head from off his body! How I would see with exultation all the Rothecks quivering in torments which my mind alone conceives; how all my senses would be ravished could I tear out my nephew's craven heart! My hands steeped in his blood, my eyes gloating over his agony, my ears resounding with his frenzied shrieks—oh, what a satisfaction!" After one of these life-like expressions of human passion, which are frequent, the author remarks, with unparalleled naïveté:—"It was a scene powerful in the extreme." It was certainly meant to be. And when Juan, in prison, is converted by the exhortations of the chaplain, we feel that no ending less satisfactory would have been in place. The story reads curiously like a translation. If it is such, the mind that conceived its tempestuous incidents is not responsible for the grammar of this:—"Richard turned his large eyes on his uncle like he had once before"; or this:—"Richard had laid with his back to the notary"; and again:—"Suppose I lay in wait for this individual."

Anstruther's wife, Ella, is at first a maiden who reads the *Idylls of the King*—the author misquotes *Maud*, by the way—with a constancy not easily reconciled with the comparative brevity of that famous series, even when completed. Her girlishness, of figure, of handwriting, of demeanour throughout, is insisted upon with the determination which we find so formidable in female authors of a certain class. Repetition is a dreary trick in the conversation of many women, especially women whose vivacity of manner makes the dull habit the more unwelcome; and women who write effusive books put ready-made little adjectives into them with a reiteration that spares not. While Ella's father, the Dean, is engaged upon a treatise on the classics (a "treatise" on "the classics!"), Colonel Anstruther, wearing what the author oddly calls a "pretty morning suit," with checks in the design, falls in love with Ella. His discovery in her portfolio of an enlarged copy of his own photograph, executed by her own hand, and described as "one of her best and boldest efforts," reveals the fact that she, too, has lost her heart; and without ceasing for a moment to be girlish, Ella becomes Anstruther's wife. Anstruther furnishes for her a house according to the last word of æsthetic art, which apparently includes an indefinite number of "Birket Fosters"; but things turn to misfortune. Ella allows her husband to suspect her, under circumstances that entirely absolve him from the charge of undue jealousy, and, with the pigheadedness characteristic of the ready-made heroine, breaks

* *Three Friends.* By Yrla. London: Digby & Long.
Anstruther's Wife. By Josephine Michell. London: Roper & Drowley.
In the Spring-time. By Alice Weber. London: Smith & Innes.
A Babe in Bohemia. By Frank Danby. London: Spencer Blackett.
The Pretty Sister of José. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. London: Spencer Blackett.

her husband's heart and her own in order to keep a promise to her father from which a change in all the conditions of the case had obviously dispensed her. We cannot dismiss Miss Michell's novel, any more than its predecessors, without a word of warning as to grammar. The Dean should not say "I expect he has a great deal to see"; nor should the author say that her heroine "laid back on her pillow"; nor should Ella say "I suppose he will keep on wanting money like he did from poor papa," a nasty little error which her husband repeats—"She has been sleeping for hours like you see her now."

Very much better than *Anstruther's Wife* is *In the Springtime*, although Miss Weber is not quite guiltless of the poor habit of repetition. The leading idea of her story is the familiar one of a little apostolate between young people. A cousin Archie inspires the heroine with a sense of the duty of looking on the bright side of things; and she, in her turn, reforms altogether the affectation and triviality of the girl who is her own successful rival in love. Cousin Archie is not much more than a schoolgirl's conception of a man; and too much is made of the rather small idea of spring and sunshine, with their easy similitudes. Moreover, in the heroine's first and childish trial we fancy we recognize a gooseberry-tart and a rice-pudding very familiar in literature administered to ourselves in early youth. There is nothing less distinctive and unique than English cookery, it is true; nevertheless, we believe that these particular dishes belong to Holme Lee, and that in one of her pleasant books a little girl's fortitude is overcome by the appearance of the pudding instead of the tart. However this little point might be adjudged, there is plenty in the story that is Miss Weber's own. A sick child and an old cottager are as unlike as possible to persons of their class in the novel "of commerce"; there is sufficient character and humour here to make us wish for a little more of the same kind, and, proportionately, for a little less of wishy-washy sentiment. The book is a wholesome one, not only in intention, which is common enough, but in achievement.

The wholesome rule that "revolting" stories shall not revolt, and that "painful" incidents shall not give pain, but shall stimulate a pleasure which is not to be explicitly confessed, is broken by the writer known as Frank Danby. She gives unquestionable pain and revolts every feeling which a reader's self-love itself would wish to spare. Whether her work is *un livre de bonne foy*, or not, it is not easy to pronounce confidently. She has an unfortunate acquaintance with vile things and persons, and she finds, almost instinctively, the word that labels their vileness. But to what purpose is it done? Will any "babe" be rescued from the dismal and dirty life which Frank Danby calls Bohemia through the publication of this story of futile sorrow?

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, in her short story, *The Pretty Sister of José*, seeks the safe ground of contemporary conventional Spain. Here is the kind of tale that is inevitably told in a modified baby language, remotely suggestive of that which Mrs. Plornish devised for the benefit of Mr. John Baptist. Here we have the pretty girl and the bull-fighter so familiar in the novel of commerce, so ready to the storyteller's hand, and, sooth to say, of such deadly lack of interest to the reader. "Plaza del Toros," by the way, is a bit of local language that occurs too often to be a mere slip of the pen; there is, however, a good deal of "Mother of God!" and other local language in English, so perhaps we should not be too exacting.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

HAD the little book which M. Constant de Tours (1) has edited for M. Quantin reached us a little sooner we should have classed it with guide-books last week; but we are glad to give it a place of greater honour here. It is really a capital little volume, the only objection that we can find to it being that its shape—a long oblong—makes the leaves flop down on the astonished countenance of the unwary one who reads it lying back in an easy chair, if he holds it rather close to his eyes. To which M. Quantin may justly answer that he does not publish with a view to short-sighted *fainéants* in easy chairs. The guide itself takes the form of a twenty days' walk about Paris; and, though written with an evident intention of sprightliness, is as minute, practical, and exhaustive as the small extent of its letterpress admits. But its main feature consists in the engravings, which are exceedingly numerous, admirably executed, taken (as they boast, and as certain details in the case of at least some of them amply prove) recently *d'après nature*, and, finally, selected and designed with really remarkable skill. The "Vue synoptique des gares de Paris et des pays qu'elles desservent," which is almost the first of them, gives a fair example of the combination of ingenuity and elegance which marks them (though by the way M. Quantin should have "Darmouth," which by a clerical error shows in this plate, altered to "Weymouth"). The promise of this is well carried out by the rest. No select list of them—there are two hundred in all—that we could give would give a fair idea of them. Notre Dame and the Bal Bullier, the Eiffel Tower and the Sorbonne, the "Cinquième dessous" of the Opera and the Tour Saint-Jacques, Guignol and the venerable apse of Montmartre, jostle each other (or, rather, are arranged side by side in great decency and order) after a very agreeable fashion. The book will be a good companion on a visit to Paris, and by no means a bad substitute for such a visit just now, in the case of those amiable persons who, like Mlle. Phlipon, "hate the living people," though they "like the statues."

The late M. Nisard's volume, *Ægri Somnia* (2), has a melancholy title, but it is not a wholly melancholy book. Some Academic reminiscences going as far back as Royer-Collard, and passing through Claude Bernard to M. Pasteur, contain matter of interest; there is a spirited, but rather too long, answer in verse to the insults, unworthy alike of himself and his subjects, which Hugo in his old age permitted himself towards M. Nisard; there is a rather pleasant paper on "Diligences et Chemins de Fer." But the great majority of the "Pensées et Caractères" with which the book opens are charged with more chagrin than wisdom, while their form, though not bad, is scarcely striking enough to enable it to pass muster before its author's own warning, "Aucune loi ne condamne un honnête homme à écrire des maximes." M. Nisard was too faithful a classicist himself to have objected to the Virgilian quotation which rises in our mind—

> Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ,
> Pallentesque habitant Morbi tristisque Senectus
> Et Metus—

as the fittest motto of at least this part of the book, which seems to have been written under the pressure of all these evils. It is, however, a book by no means devoid of interest.

In order to appreciate M. Pellissier's sketch of nineteenth-century literature in France (3), it is necessary to remember that he has set himself to write, as we are told, not a "tableau de la littérature," but a "revue du mouvement littéraire." We are not certain that the distinction is one easily maintainable in a clear and logical way. But M. Pellissier interprets it as giving him a license to speak only of the chiefs of each school while imposing the condition of speaking of all the different schools. There are good things in the volume—the remarks on Mme. de Staël may be mentioned as a specimen—but we are not sure that it is well planned as a whole.

Books on the countries at the back of Senegal, which the French regard as, and which they are rapidly building up into, a "French Soudan," multiply, and, as we have remarked more than once, are worth study. M. Bichet, who seems to have held in the interior a sort of headship of a small station, half civil, half military, gives a very vivid and precise account of native life (4), to which it would seem his countrymen accommodate themselves very readily. One remark of his recalls historical examples, especially those of the Canadian half-breeds. He looks forward to a great support for French rule in the mulattos who are becoming numerous in consequence of the genial French habit (which he himself fully shared) of forming marital, or quasi-marital, connexion with native women. Now, we, on the contrary, are certainly not given to regarding Eurasians as bulwarks of our Indian Empire. In fact, though (or because) no race is more mixed than the English, none seems to stand further crossing of this kind so badly; always supposing that it is not only a case of our nasty arrogance.

M. de Pontmartin's *Péchés de vieillesse* (5) contains a rather pleasant mixture of papers of very different kinds. We do not pretend to know whether the story which he tells us, that of *La véritable auberge des Adrets*, is true, but there is no reason why it should not be. *Les feux de paille*, *L'impasse*, *English spoken*, are good tales, and there are some remembrances of Rachel which will not lack readers.

Mrs. Molesworth's notion of a series of letters (6) written by an English girl to her sister under French inspection is not a bad one and is well carried out. There are notes, but not too many. Mr. Croft's grammar (7) is planned as a sort of skeleton to be clothed upon by the teacher with the aid of that fetish of modern education the blackboard.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN *The Bibles of England* (Alexander Gardner) Dr. Andrew Edgar puts forth "a plain account for plain people of the principal versions of the Bible in English," illustrated by comparative readings, and supplying an excellent general survey of the subject. The book is one for which we have long thought there must be a considerable, if not a popular, demand. It may be described as an attempt to do for English readers of the Bible what is done for the Church of England laity in the "Interleaved" Prayer Book. There are, we believe, many persons other than collectors of Bibles who possess copies of the older

(1) *Paris et l'exposition de* 1889. Paris: Quantin.

(2) *Ægri Somnia.* Par D. Nisard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Le mouvement littéraire au XIXème siècle.* Par Georges Pellissier. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Cinq ans de Séjour au Soudan français.* Par E. Bichet Paris: Plon.

(5) *Pêchés de vieillesse.* Par A. de Pontmartin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *French Life in Letters.* By Mrs. Molesworth. London: Macmillan & Co.

(7) *The Pupil's Concise French Grammar.* By S. Croft. London: Relfe.

sixteenth-century translations. For such Dr. Edgar's volume will be a valuable handbook. To the general reader also it will be found to possess many aspects of interest. The characteristics, the merits or defects of rendering, the circumstances in which the various versions were executed, peculiarities of style and diversities of translation, are among the chief matters dealt with. The writer's comparative method is precisely what is required to instruct and interest most readers. The versions discussed comprise Wyclif's, Tyndale's Testament, with its revision, Coverdale's, with the second or "Great Bible," Matthew's, Taverner's, the Geneva renderings, the so-called Bishops' Bible, the Douay, and the Authorized and Revised Versions, somewhat oddly styled by Dr. Edgar the National and Inter-National Bibles. In addition to these eminent examples, others more curious than valuable are described; private enterprises such as Sir John Cheke's fragment of the New Testament and the New Testament version of the Rev. William Thomson, of Ochiltree (1816), towards which Carlyle subscribed the sum of one pound four. Dr. Edgar's specimens of the industrious Thomson's work by no means mitigate Carlyle's criticism of his "style of writing and thinking," which he declared was as "dull and sluggish as the clay itself."

Those admirers of the short story as it appeared in Rowland Grey's *Lindenblumen* may be sincerely advised to read a fresh instalment by the same writer—*Jacob's Letter; and other Stories* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)—in which the author's charms of style and of sentiment give distinction to the simplest sketch. Delicate workmanship is the attribute common to all these graceful stories. The unconscious influence of children is illustrated with rare sympathy and admirable art in "King Philip"; indeed, we know of no treatment of this attractive yet difficult theme so successful, from the artistic point of view, as this exquisite little story, though many readers may prefer the spring-like fancy that irradiates "Saint Catherine's Tresses" and "Prince Boris."

It cannot be said in these days, when the slackening of the moral fibre of the community is perceptible in every direction, that "A Graduate of Oxford"—who decidedly is not another Mr. Ruskin—gratifies a crying want by his essay *Irresponsibility and its Recognition* (Trübner & Co.) The shirking, or denial, of responsibility is already fast becoming, in "advanced" circles, the mark of the emancipated. Neither the arguments nor the remedial proposals of "A Graduate" possess educational virtue or value. The latter would not lessen the evils he discusses, which, indeed, often spring, in a large measure, from a criminal and cowardly shifting of responsibility to "society" or the laws of the land.

Mr. John Cameron Grant's *New Verse in Old Vesture* (E. W. Allen), with an introduction by Mr. Gleeson White, is a remarkable collection of specimens of metrical forms derived from foreign poetic sources. In addition to capital examples of the ballade, villanelle, rondeau, and other forms now more or less acclimatized, it contains three or four variations of the "gloze," and a chant royal "double." This last exercise is a tremendous achievement, and will, doubtless, urge many manipulators of verse on the path of destruction. *The Mask of Death; and other Poems* (Chicago: Belford, Clarke, & Co.) contains pleasing, if not striking, evidence that Mr. Charles Lotin Hildreth is a singer gifted with fancy and fluency, if not the shaping spirit of imagination. *Bertram, the Prince* (Philadelphia: printed for the Author), is an idyl of romantic flavour, and mildly Tennysonian. The blank verse of the anonymous poet is smooth, yet faint, too faint, in its modulations to yield the variety and energy the measure requires. The "story," however, is pretty, and fairly well handled. The critic drops his weapons in the presence of a lady to whom "rhyme has been easy and natural from seven years of age," as the confession runs in the preface to *Leisure Moments*, by Elizabeth A. Needham (James Blackwood). Here is obviously a case of *poeta nascitur*, as the author delicately hints; and as fresh volumes are promised till the case is proved we spare the bud and await the expanded flower.

The Quick or the Dead? receives the honours of parody—and full-blown they are—in Mr. De Leon's merry and wicked skit, *The Rock or the Rye*, of which we have the twenty-fifth edition issued by that strange American institution the "Gossip Publishing Company" of Mobile.

Mr. C. F. Holder's *All About Pasadena* (Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Trübner) is an illustrated handbook of the most seductive kind. The fame of Los Angeles county, California, is already wafted abroad; and of this delightful region Pasadena is the gem—a paradise for the jaded, a health-resort of impeccable climate and infinite attractions.

The *Girl's Own Outdoor Book* (Religious Tract Society), edited by Charles Peters, is an excellent compendium of open-air games and exercises, as good in its way as the companion volume of indoor amusements issued at Christmas.

Mr. J. F. Ingram's *Land of Gold, Diamonds, and Ivory* (Whittingham & Co.) is an excellent handbook for men of all sorts and conditions who go down to the sea in the ships of the Union Steamship Company, whether it be to mine or delve, to explore or settle on the soil of South Africa.

When Christmas Cards did last abound there were true Britons who asked why so many of these pretty devices, so many of the equally popular pretty illustrated books of the season, were printed in Germany. Is it all for cheapness these things are done? Here is *The Artistic Language of Flowers* (Routledge), printed in Leipzig, of which it can only be said that if they cannot print floral designs in Germany less flauntingwise and coarsely than these, the sooner our publishers return to native labour the better.

We have received Vol. X. of *The Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archæological Society*, edited by the President, the Worshipful Chancellor Ferguson, M.A. (Kendal: Wilson); *The History of Morham*, the birthplace of John Knox, by David Loudon (Haddington: Sinclair); *Vital Statistics*, by Arthur Newsholme, M.D. (Swan Sonnenschein); *Anglicized Colloquial Burmese*, by Lieut. F. A. L. Davidson (Allen & Co.); *Meditations*, from the French of Adolph Gratry (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); a second edition of Mr. W. A. Barlow's *Normal Phonography* (Philadelphia: Lippincott); *Index to Physiological Diagrams*, drawn by George Davies (W. & A. K. Johnston); and *Popular Poets of the Period*, edited by F. A. H. Eyles, Nos. 9 and 10 (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS *intended for the* SATURDAY REVIEW *should be addressed to the* MANAGER *of the* ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, *at the* OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW *takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.*

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The death of Father Damien, completing the noble sacrifice of himself for his brother men, has suggested the thought that the sympathy of the United Kingdom ought to find expression in a substantial memorial of his work.

It is proposed therefore—

1. That a sum of not less than £500 be appropriated to a memorial to be erected to Father Damien in some public place at Kalawao, and that estimates and designs for a statue, in stone, marble, or bronze, be invited from Mr. Gilbert.

2. (*a*) That a Fund be formed, the interest of which shall be devoted to the medical treatment and care of indigent British lepers in the United Kingdom.

(*b*) And that a sum of money be set apart and placed under the control of trustees for the endowment of two Studentships, one student to make the United Kingdom and the remainder of Europe his field of investigation, and the other to go abroad and study the disease in China, the Colonies, and elsewhere. The Studentships to be held for a period of three years, to be renewed by the Trustees if thought desirable.

3. That a Commission be appointed, for not less than one year, consisting of three members, one to be named by the Royal College of Physicians, one by the Royal College of Surgeons, and one by the General Committee of "The Father Damien Memorial Fund," to go out to India for the purpose of investigating the disease of leprosy there, and that the Indian Auxiliary Committee be requested to add two members to this Commission.

The Committee invite public Subscriptions for the above-mentioned objects, while wishing especially to draw the attention of the public to the fact that a large sum of money is needed in order to properly treat the 200,000 lepers in India who are now in many districts without ordinary medical care. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, speaking on this subject at Marlborough House on the 17th inst., said:—"The heroic life and death of Father Damien (de Veuster) has not only roused the sympathy of the United Kingdom, but it has gone deeper; it has brought home to us that the circumstances of our vast Indian and Colonial Empire oblige us, in a measure at least, to follow his example, and this not for foreigners and strangers, but for our own fellow-subjects. India, with its 200,000 lepers, and our Colonies, with their unnumbered but increasing victims to a loathsome, deadly disease, that has hitherto baffled medical skill, have a far stronger claim on our aid than the poor natives of the Hawaiian Islands could ever have had on the young Belgian priest who has given his life for them.....It must be remembered also that whilst leprosy has been and is steadily increasing, probably in India, and certainly in our Colonies, it has steadily decreased since 1867 in Norway, where the disease has prevailed for many years to a grave extent, and this decrease is attributed by specialists to the Government measures for isolation which have been there put in force. These measures include compulsory segregation, and have been adopted at a cost of £20,000 a year, although the leper population of Norway now under treatment numbers barely 700 souls."

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DELAGOA BAY AND ARBITRATION.

THE debate on the Delagoa Bay question in the House of Lords on Tuesday was satisfactory in more ways than one. The House of Lords is a much better place for the discussion of points affecting foreign policy than the House of Commons, and it is idle to say that Lord CASTLETOWN'S connexion with the Company should have precluded him from mentioning the matter. No one would dream of shutting the mouth of a member of the other House in a similar case. It would, of course, have been improper if Lord CASTLETOWN'S motion had been carried, and probably no one was better aware of that fact than Lord CASTLETOWN himself; but it was desirable that the whole case of the practically English, though nominally Portuguese, Company should be authoritatively stated in a matter which is much more an international than a private one. There is no need, for the present, to say much more on the particular merits. Lord FITZGERALD hit, with judicial shrewdness, on one of the most awkward points in the action of the Portuguese Government when he pointed out that the elaborate reasons given for that seizure, which the Lisbon authorities carried out at the first possible moment, must have been prepared a long time beforehand, and that, therefore, the Portuguese must have made up their minds to confiscate whether the Company fulfilled terms or not. But there will be plenty of time for further notice of these details, whatever turn matters take.

The point which seems to us for the moment most interesting is the attitude of almost all the speakers concerned to the question of arbitration. Lord CASTLETOWN is the spokesman not of a political but of a commercial body, yet he was firm in pointing out that arbitration ought to have come before not after confiscation. Lord FITZGERALD—a very high authority, who might be professionally disposed always to say *cedant arma togæ*—says roundly that "he protests against the statement that it is a case "for arbitration." Lord SALISBURY, in his very careful and measured speech, observed in reference to arbitration a silence which was, in the common phrase, more eloquent than speech. And even Lord DERBY, who represents not merely the mood of mind, but also the school and period of political opinion, most likely to be favourable to this nostrum, put in his plea for it in so cautious and guarded a fashion, that the genius of Arbitration can hardly have been very grateful for his support. It will be something to be thankful for if another of the fallacies which grew up in the piping times of the Manchester School is exploded. "Arbitration" sounds, of course, all that is admirable, reasonable, and Christian; and Lord DERBY'S glowing description of "the impartial judgment of some third "party who may be relied upon to hear the whole case, and "decide upon the merits," is most tempting. "But where, "my dear Lord DERBY," Lord FITZGERALD might have replied, "where is that to be found?" A history of international arbitration by a competent person would be a very agreeable and useful thing, though we are inclined to think that the whole of it might be summed up in a little apologue from one of those capital books of Miss EDGEWORTH'S which are voted old-fashioned by too many people. The excellent FRANK had, if we remember rightly, been charged with the division of a cherry-pie (it may not have been cherry, but that does not matter). Being weak in arithmetic, he made one portion more than the number of the party, and the question was, who should have it. "I will give it," said FRANK, "to good HENRY "who mended my top, or to kind EDWARD who helped me "in my lessons." They pointed out to FRANK that this was not (in Lord DERBY'S fine words) "the impartial judgment "of a third party who hears the whole case and determines "on the merits." But there is no one to point this out to an international arbitrator, who (as history so far shows) pretty invariably comes to the conclusion that he will not "give it" to powerful England, who has so much already, to arrogant England, whom he privately dislikes, to purse-proud England, who can so well afford the loss of it.

IRELAND.

IT is not often that we have the pleasure of felicitating Gladstonian members of Parliament on the result of their political visits to Ireland; but we think we may safely allow ourselves the satisfaction of tendering our congratulations—unless they prefer that we should make it condolences—to Mr. SCHWANN and the companions of his who were present the other day at the Drogheda Court House at the trial of Mr. GILL and Mr. COX. They came over to Ireland "to see fair play," and as they have seen it they ought to be glad. But somehow we do not think they will be, or if they are, it is quite evident that a good many of their party who have been left at home are not. They, at any rate, do not want "to see fair play"; which perhaps is reasonable enough, since no man can be expected to care for seeing what he probably would not recognize and certainly would not understand. What they did want to see, or at least to hear of, was another conviction of two patriots by "removable" magistrates, another proof that men are punished in Ireland for acts which they may commit in England with complete impunity. But, lo! instead of this, they find two resident magistrates acquitting Mr. GILL and Mr. COX of the charges against them, on the ground that, after "having given the case the most anxious and careful "consideration, they have come to the conclusion that the "evidence of the principal witness for the Crown, Constable "ROBINSON, was unreliable, and that the evidence of the "other witness for the Crown was, in their opinion, "insufficient to sustain the indictment." This must be very disappointing to Gladstonians who really want to see fair play; but the ingenuity of their impartiality is already showing itself equal to the occasion. They have at once perceived that the acquittal of Mr. GILL and his companions does not at all prove the fairness of the trial and the uprightness of the tribunal; it simply demonstrates the baselessness of the charges usually preferred against Irish agitators, and the mendacity of the evidence by which they are commonly supported. That two agitators should have escaped conviction only proves the enormity of convicting any agitators at all. That Colonel BOWLBY and Mr. HAMILTON should have acquitted the two defendants establishes, not their own good faith and independence, but merely the iniquity and subservience of their magisterial colleagues. Of course the rejection of ROBINSON'S evidence, quite proper as that step may have been, means nothing more than that the magistrates distrusted the accuracy, not the *bona fides*, of the constable's report; but that is a detail. The Gladstonians will naturally discuss the case as though it were an exposure of police perjury, and will pretend to believe that Mr. GILL and Mr. COX never used any language on the 11th of June inciting tenants to resist the law, or perhaps that they never made speeches at all. This theory of events, of course, will hardly suit the two patriots themselves, who indeed must feel conscious of being in a rather delicate position. For, if to be convicted of an offence under the Crimes Act is a glory to a Parnellite, it must be a disgrace, or, at the very least, a failure in the quest of honour, to be acquitted; and Mr. GILL, who has made a short speech since his acquittal, is evidently somewhat in

doubt as to the proper attitude to assume. He clearly cannot discredit himself by denying that he used unlawful language; yet it is impossible for him to accuse an Irish policeman of perjury, as every good patriot would like to do whenever the chance offers, without repudiating any such utterance. He seems, however, to have dexterously turned the difficulty by declaring that "the presence of distinguished "English visitors had acted as a restraint on the removables "who had acquitted the members of Parliament and in- "flicted heavy sentences on humble men"; an explanation by which Mr. GILL is enabled at one and the same time to traduce the magistrates to whose impartiality he owes his escape, and to combine in his own person the honour of guilt with the immunity of innocence.

In Tipperary there is another example of the monstrously oppressive manner in which the law is at present administered in Ireland. We doubt whether there is any other civilized country in which, when the citizen is awaiting his trial for an alleged offence, authority is so barbarously tyrannical as to allow him to go on committing, not only with impunity, but without restraint, the self-same acts that are charged against him as breaches of the law. Mr. O'BRIEN, however, is a living example of the operation of this brutally despotic system. The legal tribunals have been for some time duly seised of the charge under which he at present lies in respect of his alleged attempt to start the Plan of Campaign among Mr. SMITH-BARRY'S tenants; yet on Wednesday last Mr. O'BRIEN, though actually on his way to present himself before the Court, thought fit, and was permitted to hold, as indeed he could not be prevented from holding, a meeting in the Town Hall at Tipperary, to which the tenants whom he is urging to combine against their landlords were invited by tickets. At this meeting resolutions of the usual character were passed, and it was announced by Mr. O'BRIEN that "they would be able to "place before the Irish people in a few days the lines "upon which the new Tenants' Defence League should go; "and that he hoped that Mr. PARNELL himself would be "in a position to tell them personally." This intimation is interesting; and, as it has since been "officially confirmed," we need not doubt its accuracy. What it apparently means is that Mr. PARNELL has been won over or dragged over to the side of a section of his party from which he has hitherto held aloof. He has never, it will be remembered, taken any active part in the procedure of the Plan of Campaign; and, indeed, in one of the debates on the subject in the House of Commons, he went out of his way to explain that the Plan had been started without his sanction, and that, as a matter of tactics, he did not approve of it. Whether, while still adhering to this opinion, he has found himself forced to get into line with the O'BRIENS and DILLONS of his party, or whether he has changed his mind about the Plan, and is now a willing supporter of it, we know not. But it is fair to recollect that many things have happened since this predatory scheme first came up for discussion in the House of Commons, and Mr. GLADSTONE and others have got over so much of the original shyness of their advocacy, and now defend it so unblushingly, that Mr. PARNELL may well deem it unnecessary to continue to play the prude.

We take it for granted, of course, that the scheme of this new Tenants' Defence League will be either the Plan of Campaign or some modification of it. And now that Mr. PARNELL has definitely decided to put himself at the head of the movement, it becomes interesting to inquire what place in connexion with it is to be occupied by Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers. This, indeed, is much the most interesting question which the incident suggests. The Parnellites are, of course, beginning to beat the big drum violently in honour of the new movement, and are calling all the world to witness that it amounts to a renewal of the struggle between the law and the Land League seven years ago. If that be so, we can afford to regard the outlook with perfect composure. Even Mr. GLADSTONE himself was quite able—in the days when he recognized the means adopted as "rapine" and their end as the disintegration of the Empire—to give a good account of the Land League; and Mr. BALFOUR is not likely to fail in such a business where Mr. GLADSTONE has succeeded. He has, indeed, already shown that he has no intention of sitting with his hands folded while Mr. O'BRIEN and his friends endeavour to extend the Plan of Campaign over the whole of Ireland. The inventor of this notable project is already being called to account for his first attempt to put it into execution, and any one who steps into Mr. O'BRIEN'S place should be handled with equal promptitude. Moreover, apart from any proceedings against the agitators, the Plan itself has not been so successful of late as to hold out any very strong encouragement to fresh batches of tenants in parts of Ireland unfamiliar as yet with its blessings to join it. Mr. SMITH-BARRY'S tenantry may have been successfully worked upon, though even that is not to be accepted on the word of packed meetings and Parnellite newspapers; but Mr. O'BRIEN may still find some difficulty in persuading contented Tipperary peasants to "go out" simply for the *beaux yeux* of Kerry farmers haggling with their landlords over the price of their freeholds. On the whole, and in spite of the bawling of the Parnellite press in both countries, we think that Unionists in general may with a tolerably light heart invite this new anti-rent combination to "come on." Its really interesting aspect is to be found, not in its bearing on the Unionists who are about to combat it, but in its relation to the Gladstonians who are being dragged, with their leader, at its heels. Mr. GLADSTONE has done little more hitherto than coquet with the principle of "public "plunder" in its casual and sporadic application to selected Irish estates. We have now to see him in the character of an avowed leader of a party of spoliation who have declared war against the rights of property and the obligation of contracts throughout the whole of Ireland.

MORE NEW STYLE.

OF Mr. EDGAR SALTUS, the newest American novelist, it may be said that Parody crouches at his feet like a beaten hound. Parody cannot touch him, unless it be true that none but himself can be his parodist. Indeed, the question rises, Is Mr. SALTUS in earnest with his style, or (as seems more probable) is this only a ramification of the Great American Joke? We much prefer the latter opinion, which will recommend itself to every reader of his funniest book, *A Transaction in Hearts* (ROUTLEDGE). This work might also be called "A Transaction in Heads," or at least in skulls. We by no means charge Mr. SALTUS with being responsible for the morals of his characters, which are queer; for, whatever he may approve of, he disapproves of *them*. But does he approve of his own style, or is all this a practical jest? A jest it is, whether modern "stylists" think so or quite the contrary.

We start with a clergyman who bears the sonorous name of GONFALLON, and whose carriage "rolled into a domed "and creaking peninsula." He had been a village priest; "during an entire decade he had wasted his fervour on a "collection of cattle." In rural obscurity he had known a Countess whose Count had disappeared with her own familiar friend. Later he found the skulls of the familiar friend and of the Count among the Countess's most cherished possessions. She had cut them off; "tooling," as DE QUINCEY says, "with an axe." "Sharp work," as BULBO remarked, on a familiar occasion. But we anticipate. The eyes of the Rev. Mr. GONFALLON, now a fashionable preacher in New York, were of that green black which is noticeable in dysodile coal. The skin of Mrs. GONFALLON, on the other hand, had been eburnean in clarity, and her eyes of iserene; so the pair seemed fitly mated. But she had a sister; and she became an invalid. Now her sister exhaled the clean odour of acorns and of pines; while her features had the surety of an intaglio, and *her* skin (Mr. SALTUS is great on skins) was the hue of the white rose which has a sulphur heart. Though he was myop, Mr. GONFALLON'S dysodile eyes preferred to contemplate the sister with the surety of an intaglio; and this was a very wrong thing in a married clergyman. His wife's hand, in short, no longer communicated that spasm which, in days gone by, had seized him between the shoulder-blades, leaving him during the moment that followed quasi, or "quasily," dumb, as Mr. SALTUS also puts it. He therefore kissed his sister-in-law (here details are freely given), and the young lady murmured, "There; don't hurt a fellow!"

On this lady's bed, as Mr. GONFALLON discovered by personal inspection during her absence, was "a coverlet "smooth as an anapest, surmounted by monogrammed "pillows." And "What am I doing here?" mused Mr. GONFALLON. What, indeed? From afar came the rumble of the Elevated Railway. In that passionate clime even railways get elevated. So Mr. GONFALLON made love to his sister-in-law downstairs, in a style of pulpit eloquence. "Oh, I say, drop all that!" she interrupted. So he sat palpitant in alternations of elation and remorse. But what there was to be elated about we do not clearly perceive.

Next he read SCHRADER, a German, and found in Assyrio-Accadian myth the fabric of the Pentateuch, which was odd, as, in fact, it is not there. Then he asked Chaos to "take that Nothing back," but no money is returned by Chaos. The sister-in-law had an admirer whom she called a "detestable little cad," and who lent her money when her father had forged a cheque, and finally she married the detestable little cad. That is the story, somewhat confused by two skulls in two boxes, and by the devices of a novelist named ALPHABET JONES, who talked about FLAUBERT, and by a father-in-law who surged like a partition. Nor has Mr. SALTUS himself culled any flower of speech which pleases us more than surging like a partition. And our curiosity has not been more powerfully excited than by some one who was "unimaginable as ABISTEK" (the scholiast suggests "un-"imaginative as a beefsteak"). Finally, Mrs. GONFALLON surprised her husband making love to her sister, who saved the situation by vowing that she had been declaring her engagement to the detestable little cad, whom she loved, "*lots* and lots—corner lots." Mr. GONFALLON decided that she was an adder and that he would fang her, but he did *not* fang her. On the other hand, he "consecrated her "nuptials" with the detestable little cad, as the "sacerdos." Here—it is the only fault we have to urge—Mr. SALTUS *might* have heightened his style by using the word "reredos." At last, when the crouching shadows elongated and lapped the walls, he groped through the darkness to Mrs. GONFALLON. And, for a man with dysodile eyes, a man who diffused electricity, we don't see what he had to complain of, especially as he was also a man of forty. Luckily Mrs. GONFALLON was clairvoyant as a nyctalop, which should have reconciled him to life. O ABISTEK, how unimaginable are all these things!

EGYPT.

THE news from Egypt which was received at the end of last week and the beginning of this was not wholly satisfactory, but it was very instructive. It established, indeed, quite fully the fact that, not only can the defence of the present restricted Egyptian frontier by no means be discontinued, but that the reductions of its scale which have been made of late years in the vain attempt to propitiate implacable critics have been dangerously large. After the very successful brush which Colonel WODEHOUSE had with the so-called Dervishes last week, and the loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners which he inflicted on them, it might reasonably have been thought by a person unacquainted with the facts that the danger was over. Those who were acquainted with the facts certainly did not think so, and knowledge was justified of her children. The Dervishes continued their march northwards, undeterred by their losses, and only keeping away from the river bank so as to escape Colonel WODEHOUSE'S steamers and cavalry. This has caused them horrible sufferings in the shape of lack of water; but even thirst has not proved too much for their obstinate fanaticism, and they are desperately making for Assouan. Steamers cannot touch them so long as they keep out of range; and of other forces, especially cavalry, Colonel WODEHOUSE has not nearly enough to attempt heading and driving them back. Therefore there is a considerable commotion in Egypt, reinforcements of troops, both Egyptian and English, being ordered up the long and sweltering journey from Cairo to the Nubian border, and reliefs having to be consequently arranged for the tiny army of occupation from the English stations in the Mediterranean. The "Dervishes" have much the shorter distance to go; but the Anglo-Egyptian troops have the advantage in means of transport. At the same time, the position of the frontier garrisons and columns from Wady Halfa to Assouan is not wholly pleasant, because reinforcements of Dervishes may at any moment appear from the South, and the defending force is but weak for the double purpose of holding the fortified posts and manœuvring against an enemy in the open between them.

Even the dullest and most prejudiced persons have, of course, perceived the half-ghastly, half-ludicrous comment which this running fight to keep an advancing enemy away from water in a July desert makes on the French demand for the evacuation of Egypt. But there seems to be still in some quarters an unconquerable reluctance to recognize the real lesson of the affair. That the humanity of Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Mr. PICTON should indignantly demand the letting loose of the Dervishes on Egypt is, of course, nothing. That is their usual business; and it can hardly be said to be unusual that some madmen should recommend a further retirement. But some less egregious persons, exhibiting an almost pathetic combination of glimmerings of the truth with obstinate Gladstonian determination to love and make something that is not the truth, have suggested that negotiation should get at the Dervishes and find out what they want. No negotiation, alas! is needed to find out what Dervishes in Egypt, what Ghazis in Afghanistan, what the correlatives of both elsewhere, "want." They want to turn infidels and heretics (it is constantly forgotten that to Mahdists anti-Mahdists are heretics) not only out of their country, but out of all countries neighbouring to theirs; they want to plunder districts richer than their own; they want to cut throats; above all, they want to fight, partly for the sake of fighting, but more for gain of one earthly kind and another if they win, and of Paradise if they fall. You cannot do anything with people of that sort by negotiation. You cannot prevent their attacking by fortifications at Wady Halfa or gunboats on the Nile, though you may keep them back. There is absolutely no means of preventing their raids, except by putting as long a stretch of country as possible between them and the rich, settled districts, and by making attack practically impracticable except by way of the easily guarded river. Egypt will never be left at peace till Nubia at least is restored to Egyptian domination. No one speaking honestly, and with knowledge, can gainsay this proposition; nothing can alter the facts upon which it is based

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DOGS, CATS, AND MUZZLES.

WHILE rabies continues to increase, and authority remains dignified but inactive, the anti-muzzler occasionally lifts up his voice. Inasmuch, however, as nothing is done, and Parliament seems likely to do nothing, the anti-muzzler can afford to be comparatively inactive. He is noisy only when practical steps are taken to stamp out a horrible disease. So long as dogs are left free to imbibe and to spread infection, the anti-muzzler is contentedly dumb. We have received, however, a letter from one of the class, with arguments of the usual type, only rather more so than usual. The writer wishes to know what is to become of dogs attacked by others if the muzzle prevents them from practising the noble art of self-defence. Nobody, however, proposes that some dogs should be muzzled and others not, leaving the former to be the prey of the latter. The proposal is that all dogs should be muzzled, small and great alike. There can be no need of defence when there is no possibility of attack. It is suggested by the perversely ingenious objector to whom we refer that, as dogs cannot be muzzled on private premises, they may escape and commit outrages upon their muzzled fellow-creatures outside. In that case their owners would of course be responsible for what would clearly, if Parliament did its duty, be a breach of the law. It is impossible for any human institution to provide against every conceivable contingency. But that is a very poor reason for refusing to take a simple and efficient step which experience, common sense, and scientific opinion equally recommend as a decisive remedy for an acknowledged evil. Our correspondent charges us with having said that neglected and ill-used dogs are exceptionally liable to rabies, while at the same time we maintained that rabies is never spontaneous. There is no inconsistency whatever. As M. PASTEUR himself says, there must have been an original germ of rabies, and there must be an origin of life. Both are at present insoluble mysteries, and may always remain so. Meanwhile, let us deal with what is simple, practical, and intelligible. A dog in a bad condition of health may be especially likely to develop rabies from a bite, just as a half-starved man is especially likely to catch any infectious illness. But neither rabies nor scarlet fever is now spontaneous; and, as for the theory that muzzling develops rabies, it is sheer, unadulterated nonsense.

We enumerated last week, and we need not repeat, the cases of exceptional difficulty under a rule of general muzzling. But these exceptions do not in the least affect the validity of the principle or the necessity of its application. It is true that the disease has not yet spread so much in most other parts of the country as in London. But it is certain to do so if not checked, and even the despised Londoner is worthy of some consideration from the Legislature. As the Government appropriated to itself on

Thursday the entire remains of the Session for Supply and Ministerial measures, the prospects of Sir HENRY ROSCOE'S Bill must be regarded as desperate. We can only now hope that the Privy Council, in the exercise of its statutory powers, will include London, at all events, within the infected area, where exceptional measures must be taken by the local authorities. Meanwhile, as every movement has its camp followers, who do it more harm than its enemies, a correspondent of the *Standard* contributes to the discussion what Mr. CHADBAND called a story of a cock and of a bull. "S. B. B." has "a black tom-cat, which "has been brought up with our children, and is most "unusually gentle and quiet." A position so superior and so rare entitles "S. B. B." to speak with no ordinary weight. Her household adventures, as told by herself at very considerable length, do not carry their moral on the surface. It seems that when she went into the kitchen one day the cat spat at her. Thus insulted, "S. B. B." hastily retired, ordering that sulphur should be administered to the infuriated animal. After this the cat nearly hurt a child, and quite took refuge under an ice-safe, "from whence we could not dislodge it." In these painful circumstances, "My husband being out, I "locked the door leading into the passage where the cat "was, and sent for a neighbouring veterinary surgeon." A less consummate tactician would have locked the door leading into some other passage, and sent for a veterinary surgeon from a distance. The surgeon, of course, said "Mad," and "destroyed the creature." But "it proved "not to be our cat, after all, for ours returned that night." We can add nothing to the simple and pathetic eloquence of this conclusion. But we may venture to observe that, as rabies in cats is very rare, as they do not when rabid run about the streets biting other cats, and as they cannot be muzzled, they have not much to do with the question of muzzling dogs. One thing at a time. Or if not one, another. If not muzzles, let us try registered collars.

THE ELECTIONS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

WE do not quarrel with those Gladstonians who are inconsolable because of the determination not to contest the vacancy at Dover, made by the death of Major DICKSON. They have not one but three good reasons for dissatisfaction. All of them, except Mr. GLADSTONE himself, who is indeed, contrary to the wont of political leaders, more Gladstonian than the wildest of his followers, know that the return of Mr. BIRRELL in West Fife was anything but a brilliant triumph for them. Dover they see deserted. And, worst of all, at the other end of the kingdom in West Carmarthenshire, they see Mr. WILLIAMS DRUMMOND preparing to fight on the Tory side one of those battles which, however hopeless they may look to-day, not seldom mean victory to-morrow. At Dover itself the facts are particularly annoying to them. There would appear to have been, as there too often is, some little local hocus-pocus about candidates on the Tory side; the majority at the last contested election was by no means a forbidding one, and the accepted Tory candidate is Mr. BALFOUR'S Private Secretary. It is, we repeat, no wonder that they are in a rage. Meanwhile every Tory and every Unionist will be glad to see Mr. WYNDHAM in Parliament, because of the excellent service which he has done in dispelling and exposing the mists of fabrication—"lies" the unpolite them call—which have long been almost the sole Gladstonian instruments of fighting on the Irish question. A very warm interest may also be taken in Mr. WILLIAMS DRUMMOND'S plucky undertaking. There is little or no doubt—if there be any a study of electoral statistics will soon dispel it—that in no one thing, except attention to the register, does the secret of political victory lie so much as in never failing to fight even the most forlorn hope, with the best candidate that can be got, and with as much exertion as though victory were certain if the exertion were made. The pestilent doctrine that a defeat "dis-"heartens," "shows weakness," and the rest, does not deserve to be described even as a counsel of despair; despair is at least often courageous. It is a counsel of cowardice and stupidity, than which there are, in politics at least, no more inexcusable vices.

There are no present indications that the Session will be a very prolonged one, though the comparative calm which has come over Parliamentary affairs may well seem deceitful. Even Mr. O'BRIEN'S new plan, which seems to be one of opposing with combination to do illegal things combination to do legal ones, may have the effect of requiring the presence of the Irish disturbers of Parliament in what they are pleased to call their own country. If the battle at Westminster is left to the new party to which grave statesmanship is contributed by Mr. LABOUCHERE, cool-headedness by Mr. PHILIP STANHOPE, political experience and weight by Mr. JACOBY, and wisdom by Mr. STOREY, Ministerialists will not have undivided cause for complaint. Considerable friction has already arisen between these Irreconcilables and their nominal leaders, none of whom is exactly the kind of person who likes to be dictated to. Therefore the prospects of the Government are fair enough, always supposing that they do not commit the crime to which modern Tory Governments are so inexplicably prone, and shut themselves up in "Fort Funk." The new Tenants' Defence League in Ireland and not a few matters in England will give them trying opportunities for their mettle, and the constituencies will pretty certainly observe the result of the trial. With firmness abroad and at home, joined to a minuter care of the local accidents of electioneering than has usually been shown in those recent bye-elections which have brought Gladstonians such jubilation, there is no reason why the present Administration should not carry matters well on for three, if not four, more Sessions, and go to the country in 1893 with a very good chance of coming back again. In which case it need hardly be said that a very considerable proportion of the present Gladstonian party (their coryphæus might be named without difficulty) will adapt one of the prettiest, as well as genteelest, of tunes, and be heard singing "Good-bye! Home Rule, Good-bye!"

GENTLEMEN AND PLAYERS.

THE masses had it all their own way. To those who bear the grand old name of Gentleman, the Oval and Lord's presented a sight about as cheerful as the University Match. The Surrey affair was the less distressing. The Gentlemen did get two long scores, and Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. GRACE, with Mr. W. W. READ, were worthy of their fame. The amateurs' bowling, too, was excellent, and GUNN, BARNES, QUAIFE, ULYETT, and SHREWSBURY played it to perfection. In the second innings of Players, Mr. WOODS, Mr. NEPEAN, and Mr. DIXON were beaten, indeed, but by no means discredited. Nor was the Players' innings at Lord's, where BARNES covered himself with laurels, so very big that a strong team of Gentlemen need have dreaded it. Many a time would Mr. GRACE, Mr. O'BRIEN, Mr. STEEL, Mr. DIXON, Mr. STODDART, have done all that was needed. But, perhaps, the rain made the wicket play queerly. Certainly the bowlers made every ball "do something," usually something disagreeable and unexpected. Again, BRIGGS and LOHMANN chanced to be at their very best. They are by far the best bowlers in England, we think, and they bowled above themselves. BRIGGS was unchanged throughout, and LOHMANN only gave place for a few overs to SHACKLOCK. But the Gentlemen batted in that pluckless way with which Oxford is apt to entertain us. What was the matter with Mr. GRACE? In the second innings he was nearly out, or gave a dangerous hit, twice or thrice before he fell into the hands of SHERWIN. Mr. O'BRIEN did not seem to be out, from the Pavilion; his leg did not seem in front of the stumps, nor was the ball, apparently, on the wicket. But the umpire knows best, and we would not be guilty of contempt of court, any more than FACEY ROMFORD would have erred from truth, "not if it was ever so." Certainly the Gentlemen of England were *not* "at home at "ease," as was well remarked by a contemporary critic. Mr. STEEL played beautifully; there is a grace, and certainty, and speed about his batting which threw all the rest into the shade. He went in far too late, second innings, but was unluckily bowled for 46. He alone played on his old level of excellence, though he clearly did not enjoy running so much as he did some years ago. Mr. WOODS ran in a wildly eccentric way, but with Mr. PHILIPSON he hit very hard and gave life to a dismal game. If he and Mr. PHILIPSON had been sent in first in the second innings, we might have seen livelier doings, as both men had acquired a good view of the ball and were knocking the bowlers merrily about. But the great men occupied their usual

positions to very little purpose, and in a curiously tame, discouraged, niggling sort of way. The unusual excellence of the bowling, a certain difficulty in the ground, and the astonishingly fine fielding may account for this timidity. But it was sad to watch, and it did not affect either Mr. Woods or Mr. Steel. Mr. Dixon, too, made some fine hits. On the whole, however, the Players won at every point of the game, and their fielding was a separate ecstasy. Some twenty years ago they were stiff and dull in the field. Now most of them are young, as active as cats, and as sure as Mr. Philipson or Sherwin at the wickets. The Players could not have performed better; the Gentlemen seemed to surrender out of want of heart.

MR. GLADSTONE'S STATESMANSHIP.

IT is not much of a reproach to any one engaged in the business of statesmanship that he does not read the newspapers. The man who is really fit for that business has no need of studying a dozen news-sheets every day; for he has within himself sufficient means of knowing what currents popular opinion is taking or is likely to take—means sufficient with very little assistance, at any rate; and the supposition is that he can find his own way to the straighter and wiser courses of policy, without such help as the weighing of editorial counsel or the counting of editorial noses. Of Mr. Gladstone it has often been said that he would err less if he read the newspapers more; but, though there is some plausibility in the assertion, it does not carry very far. While his vanity might be hurt if his reading were not pretty much confined to the prints that praise him, there is no reason to believe that his judgment would be improved by extending his study to hostile journals; for with him temper and judgment are very much the same things. Besides, his sharpest critics have failed before now in giving him sufficient warning. They do not always perceive in time the misfortunes that wait upon such error as he is capable of, or mark the pace of their approach.

Something of that kind may be observed at the present moment. Unconscious of it himself, never informed of it by his friends, Mr. Gladstone could not learn from his most watchful enemies in the press the rate of his decline. That he must fall from the high place he held in general esteem was obvious to many an observer years ago—fifteen at the least; but no one then dreamed that the ruin of his reputation would be completed in his own lifetime. The dread probability was that the "glamour" which his foolish admirers boasted of would mystify the popular mind as long as he remained on earth, sanctify his memory at the hour of his decease, and give to the inferior persons who were his sycophants and courtiers a like place to that which the favourite companions of Mahomet enjoyed when the prophet was called into his coffin. The prospect was a sad one; and most men of sense would have rejoiced had they foreknown that so it was not to be. Without asking any more about the future, it would have contented them to feel sure that the prophet, being a false prophet, would be found out in his lifetime, and his courtiers and sycophants deprived of the mischievous inheritance they were looking to. What nobody dared to hope for has happened; happened in a measure not only beyond anticipation, but (we believe) beyond the general consciousness. A few deeply interested as well as naturally calculating and observant persons are no doubt aware of it, but we see nowhere at present any public recognition of the rapidity with which Mr. Gladstone's reputation is sinking. Sir William Harcourt must see it, Mr. Morley must see it, from the look-out which the necessities of their position force them to maintain; but there does not seem to be any general acknowledged sense at present of the difference between Mr. Gladstone's place in the world now and only two years ago, or even one. This may be because he has actually done very little to destroy belief in him of late. He has developed himself rather more, but in no very startling or surprising way; and so it is, perhaps, that there is less observation of the steady rapidity with which he is going down.

It may be thought that, with our opinions of him, we unwittingly exaggerate the speed and the depth of his decline; but we are persuaded that whosoever asks himself the question whether, to his own imagination, Mr. Gladstone is what he was this time last year, will find an answer in his breast that will justify our expectations of it. A little later, and it will be generally seen that Mr. Gladstone's fate is that of many a popular novelist, many a popular preacher, and for reason good. In politics he has been both popular novelist and popular preacher, never a statesman like Pitt or Peel; and, granting length of years, he always ran the risk of passing out of vogue, even though he did nothing in his later days to dispel the glamour of an earlier time. It was not in nature that Dr. Cumming should retain much vitality as a prophet after the day when, according to his prediction, the world was to come to an end; neither can it be supposed that a constant succession of failures in political prophecy, together with a long series of blunders in political action, would have left Mr. Gladstone in full enjoyment of all the romantic popularity which his own peculiar sermonizings had gained for him. But, as we all know, that has not been the worst of it for him. Edward Irving went mad with the popularity he had gained and wild at the popularity he was losing. So, we permit ourselves to say, it has been with Mr. Gladstone; and with similar results, so far as his authority is concerned, though they have not yet come to full growth. But whether we look to his position in the country or in the House of Commons, we may all see that they are coming on fast. Belief in "the greatest Minister of the century," as no one calls him now, however much his goodness may be credited, is fading rapidly. Confidence in him as a fit man to administer the business of an Empire is sinking month by month. The glamour that served him in such stead is thinning away; and that, indeed, means all the rest. This glamour is what the companions of his later day counted on for success in anything he chose to do, any road he chose to take. On that account they thought it safe to follow him, no matter what principles, or how many of them, had to be left behind. But what must they think now, not only from their own sense of a chill in the air that need not be verified by resort to any thermometer, but from such signs as they have witnessed in the House of Commons lately, as well as in certain organs of Advanced Gladstonianism? For some time past, some of Mr. Gladstone's followers who are nearer to him than Mr. Labouchere have feared that "the old man" had lost both strength and charm; but they did not expect, perhaps, to see him hustled and bustled by an organized band of irreverent Radicals, eager to pass over him as a thing of the past; neither did they expect to hear Mr. Labouchere hailed as the coming man. This they have now seen, however, and this heard; and, if they are not contented, let them blame themselves. They chose to lend a hand to Mr. Gladstone when, in pure vindictiveness at his rejection by the English constituencies, he set about dealing destruction right and left; and now that their common leader is losing his grasp upon affairs, they ought not to be surprised if the more eager and reckless spirits whom he also called to his aid are pushing forward to take the heritage they designed for themselves. However, that is another branch of the matter. The new Radical party in the House of Commons ("Stalwarts" they are called, we observe) may or may not succeed in putting Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley at the tail of the cart; but what their recent conduct seems to signify is that, meanwhile, they no longer pretend to any superstitious reverence for the aged statesman who was obeyed like a demi-god only the other day: from which we may safely infer what *their* view is of his position now. They, who have to consider their ways very carefully, believe that it is no longer necessary to creep on in the dwindling shadow of a once great name. And they are probably right.

THE SALVATION ARMY NUISANCE.

POLICE magistrates, despite the prefix, are by no means invariably given to follow the lead of the police; which is perhaps in some things well. But it is all the more satisfactory to see that in two cases heard last Tuesday at Dalston and at Westminster the magistrates decided in a fashion likely to enforce the lesson given by the Chief Commissioner to the brawling blackguards who tried to block the Strand some fortnight ago. In the Dalston case Mr. Bros, after a very long and careful hearing, inflicted a fine on a Salvation drummer for annoyance to tradesmen in the Holloway Road. In this case the chief defence set up—except that of a Salvation-loving confectioner with the poetic name of Dryden, who said that the prosecutor was a "spiteful man"—was that contained in a letter from Mr. Bramwell Booth, which made the very probable, but

rather naïf, statement "that the effect of stopping the "playing of bands would be to fail in attracting audiences." In the other case, at Westminster, a person, from what the silly jargon of the "Army" calls the "Training "Garrison," was at first refractory to the magistrate's offer of a nominal fine only, if a pledge were given that the nuisance (in this case one of obstruction) should not be repeated. The training garrison person, however, afterwards came down, and gave an unqualified promise to obey the police orders—a proceeding over which we fear there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth in the Salvation camp. In both cases the observations of the magistrates were even more satisfactory than the punishment inflicted, which was, of course, inadequate enough. Mr. Bros, when the usual plea of good intentions was set up, remarked very properly that he had to do, not with intentions, but with acts and their effects; and Mr. Sheil, with equal propriety, when he was asked if he "could not" dismiss the case because it was that of "a religious body endeavouring to lessen vice "and crime by appealing to the masses," replied that "he "could if he chose to break the law, but he was not "going to do so."

This reply, unanswerable as it is, is the more satisfactory because the opponents of this, if not the most intolerable, certainly the most disgusting, of modern nuisances need not in the least rely upon it alone. It is sufficient legally, but it can be infinitely strengthened morally. Most people who have some knowledge of human nature know what amount of good the "Army" has done or can do. Those who want a fresh example need only read the accounts of the barbaric *tamasha* the other day at the Alexandra Palace, when dozens of drums and hundreds of brass instruments re-enacted the accompaniment of the worship of Moloch, and when the "hundred Salvation prisoners in "gaol costume"—the same who made such fun at Exeter Hall by parodying the reading of the Psalms—exhibited "riotous enthusiasm." Nothing, indeed, seems to have been wanting but an epileptic or two to revive the full glories of the great revival-camp period, and nothing but a little "cutting with knives" (General Booth must be very angry with the Book he is supposed to hold sacred for having made it difficult to add such an undoubted "draw" as this would be to his attractions) to carry remembrance still further back. It may be said, without the slightest fear of contradiction by any one acquainted with human nature and with religion, that this sort of thing can do *no* good. That is to say, the good that it may do in a very few cases would certainly have been effected by other means and in higher degree in those cases. With a majority of "soldiers" the effect is doubtless, as far as religion goes, purely negative; with the large minority wholly bad, as exciting morbid activity in one direction, which is pretty certain either to relapse into indifference or to take an opposite direction. This is to consider things from the most narrowly religious, or rather ecclesiastical, standpoint; for in religion there is no narrowness at all. To the considerer from any other point of view, to him who notes the hideousness of the spectacle, who sees the way in which the worst vice of the English character—its tendency to sheer vulgarity—is pandered to and excited, who observes the cult of the ugly, the coarse, the profane, the idiotic, which the whole thing nourishes, the Salvation Army must seem nuisance enough if it kept itself strictly to itself in its own dens. But when it forces its loathsome Pagan orgies on the ears and in the way of the public, its shrift cannot be too short or its sentences too long.

THE BULL-FIGHT IN FRANCE.

IT would, in the opinion of some—not persons of the most austere virtue, but still people of average morality—be a pity if the bull-fight were to disappear from Spain. Humanity must disapprove it; but, none the less, it is a piece of picturesque barbarism—a thing the tourist loves. Besides, in Spain it is in its own house. It has always been there, and whatever the preacher may say, it no more brutalizes the Spaniards—a naturally civil and affectionate nation—than the practice of catching fish with a hook and leaving them to die on the bottom of a boat or on a river bank brutalizes the many estimable, nay, even lovable, gentlemen who adhere to it. Let us clear our minds of cant. But the bull-fight at home and the bull-fight abroad are two very different things. The mere fact that it is not natural to any country condemns its introduction to that country. Those who would bring it in act in defiance of the accepted tradition of their own society, which is bad in itself, and, seeing what the nature of the show is, they must be indifferent to inflicting or watching the infliction of pain. Those surroundings and that past, which, if they do not redeem, do at least, to some extent, veil the real character of the show in Spain, cannot be reproduced elsewhere. What can be imported is the torture and slaughter of horses or bulls, and the risk to the lives of men, which, as the well informed know, is always great. Deliberately to import these is, and must be, brutalizing in the last degree.

If any proof of these rather obvious truths is needed, it is supplied by the two French bull-baiting stories of the last ten days. Shows of this kind, in which everything is done except the actual killing of the bull, have been permitted at Paris and Marseilles. A feeble effort was made to preserve some show of humanity, but it was soon swept aside. In Paris the performer, whom the papers call Lagartija the toreador, but whose name is Lagartijo, and whose profession is that of torero, grew impatient. He felt as Lohmann might if he were asked to bowl for Frenchmen with a worsted ball. He determined to show them the real thing. He took a sword and killed the beast—not, as it would seem, very cleverly. The audience, be it noted, were for the most part wild with enthusiasm. At Marseilles, a few days later, a further step in advance was made. There a bull proved cowardly, and was tortured in the bestial fashion used to work him to the fighting pitch in Spanish rings. So little was the audience shocked by this that it howled for a repetition of the Paris incident. One man, inspired by the genius of the spectacle, threw a little boy down from a good height, and it is the one redeeming feature in the conduct of the audience that he was with some difficulty saved from a lynching. The show, in short, ended in an outbreak of brutal bloodthirstiness. Not the least remarkable part of the story is that neither incident seems to have attracted much notice in the press. And yet we think that they are both decidedly ominous of a very bad tendency among the French. It would really seem that within this last generation they have begun to find a pleasure in cruelty for its own sake. They have long tolerated representations of it in painting, on the stage, and in literature. From the nature of things, the stimulus has had to be made continually stronger and stronger till at last the representation seems to be found insipid, and some form of the actual thing is called for. It is with cruelty as with indecency—there is no stopping in the representations of them till a reaction of disgust is created, or there comes an incurable corruption of taste and morals. That they have an actual practical effect is undoubted. No nation is without sin certainly in this matter; and, until the Whitechapel murderer has been shown not to be an Englishman, we must be careful in throwing stones; but we doubt whether, if the last fifteen years are taken, all Europe can be shown to have produced so much exceptional crime as France. Of ordinary murders and robberies, such as have occurred, and will occur among all peoples, we do not speak, but of crimes distinguished by an ostentation of cruelty and an insanity of lust. Now it looks as if the mass of the community were becoming callous, as if there were a reappearance on the surface of the brutality which has always underlain their brilliancy, of the tiger in them as opposed to the monkey.

DR. ALLBUTT'S CASE.

THE judgment delivered by the Court of Appeal in the case of Dr. Allbutt goes far beyond the facts of the particular dispute between plaintiff and defendants. The charge against Dr. Allbutt, which was the publication of a book alleged to be subversive of social morality, never came before the jury at the trial, or before the Lords Justices on appeal. Baron Pollock held that the plaintiff had, on his own showing, no cause of action; and this ruling has now been confirmed, after due consideration, by the Court above. Nevertheless, in order to make the matter clear and the result intelligible, it is necessary to give a brief account of what Dr. Allbutt did and what happened to Dr. Allbutt. Dr. Allbutt, then, is a medical practitioner at Leeds, who wrote for sale at a cheap price a volume entitled *The Wife's Handbook*. About this work and its nature the less said the better. Baron Pollock correctly told the jury that they could not inquire into the merits of the controversy, and certainly it

is not our business to do so. The General Council of Medical Education, however, took a very strong view of Dr. ALLBUTT'S book, and erased his name from the register as a person guilty of infamous conduct. The legal effects of this erasure are rather curious. Reducing Dr. ALLBUTT from the status of a qualified to that of an unqualified practitioner, they leave him capable of practising, render him incapable of suing for his fees, and reimpose upon him the obligation, from which he was previously exempt, of serving upon juries. It seems not a little odd that a doctor whose conduct has, in the opinion of his professional brethren, been infamous may, unlike his more respectable colleagues, determine questions involving the lives, the liberty, or the reputation of his fellow-citizens. But that is a side issue. The Medical Council, having thus disqualified Dr. ALLBUTT in accordance with their statutory powers, published the fact, with the reasons for the course they took, in their official Minutes. These Minutes, when printed, are open to the world, and nobody could deny that in this instance they must have inflicted serious injury upon Dr. ALLBUTT'S character. We cannot wonder that, in the circumstances, he should have sought to reopen the question and to obtain redress. Indeed, it is distinctly in his favour that he did so. But Parliament has chosen, as we think wisely, to make the decision of the Medical Council on such points absolutely final, and the real question for the Court of Appeal was whether the Council had a right to declare their grounds for doing what they had an undoubted right to do.

Dr. ALLBUTT did, indeed, ask for a mandamus that his name should be restored to the register, as having been improperly removed from it. But of this application the judges made very short work, holding that there was nothing whatever in it. The defence of privilege was the important point, and as to that the reasoning of Lord Justice LOPES, in which Lord COLERIDGE and Lord Justice LINDLEY concurred, is likely to be often quoted for the broad principles which he lays down. It had to be admitted from the outset that, if the Medical Council were a court of law, no action of libel could be brought. On the other hand, it was a material fact that the circulation of the Minutes was not confined to members of the Council, and, therefore, the privilege arising from common interest in the subject-matter was not available. Under the recent Libel Acts, a fair report of a public meeting convened for a lawful purpose is protected, unless the statements made by the speakers deal with things with which the public have no legitimate concern. But Dr. ALLBUTT'S case was determined independently of those Acts, and upon wider conclusions of policy or law. More than a hundred years ago it was said by Mr. Justice LAWRENCE, in a criminal prosecution for libel, that "the general advantage to the country "in having these proceedings made public more than "counterbalances the inconvenience to private persons "whose conduct may be the subject of such proceedings." It would be difficult to express more neatly, or more tersely, the rational basis of this exception to the law of libel. In the present instance, as Lord Justice LOPES ingeniously pointed out, Dr. ALLBUTT might have received more harm than good from the silence which he contends that the Council ought to have observed. For by the Act of 1858, under which he has been disqualified, conviction for felony or misdemeanour is the only way to disqualification besides "infamous conduct in any professional re-"spect." If, therefore, the mere decree of disqualification had become known, as it must have become known, without any reason for it being stated, Dr. ALLBUTT'S neighbours and the world at large might have inferred that he had been condemned for some heinous offence by the very tribunal of which he now complains that he is deprived. The public have a right to know why a duly qualified medical practitioner has been ignominiously struck out of the lists.

THE PERSECUTED THOMPSON.

HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, aided by their legal advisers, have still to finally settle what amount of compensation may be due to a young man who had been wandering about the Midland Counties in great destitution, for three months' imprisonment inflicted for an offence which he confessed to but had not committed. For the rest, however, the case of HENRY THOMPSON is now done with, and a curious one it is. A more consistent record of blundering could hardly have been thought out. As far as we can see, the first of the blunderers was the innocent HENRY THOMPSON himself. He need never have told the innkeeper at Derby that he was a deserter from the navy, as he did, according to Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, still less need he have added details as to the friend who accompanied him which fitted so well with the undoubted case of WILLIAM FLOYD. Whether it was accident or design which caused him to tell this romance we really do not care to inquire; but there was enough in it to justify the publican in speaking to a policeman and the policeman in running THOMPSON in. Captain WOODWARD, before whom he was brought, seems to have argued that no human being would be such a fool as to say in confidence that he was a deserter if he was not, or so weak as to confess to the truth when brought before an authority competent to punish him. So he gave no credit to THOMPSON'S denial of his first story, and did give him three months. Now that the truth is known, the action of Captain WOODWARD seems hasty; but Mr. A. S. HILL was speaking with plausibility when he said that any member of the House of Commons would have behaved in just the same way, and he might have added that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand he would have been right.

Unfortunately for Captain WOODWARD this was the thousandth case. THOMPSON is THOMPSON who had left, not H.M.S. *Calliope*, which is a punishable act, but his own respectable family, a step he had a legal right to take. Therefore they ought to have shown more care on board H.M.S. *Duke of Wellington*, and ought among other things not to have mistaken the marks of a balloon accident for tattooing. They tattoo in the navy better than that. Yet again, Captain WOODWARD should have known that the Judges in the Queen's Bench are captains in their own ship, and should have been more exact when called upon to appear there. For the rest, he has gained some experience by the ordinary process of paying for it. More should be known about the rest of the story—the charge of larceny, and the appearance of the kind legal friend who showed THOMPSON his chances—before its worth is estimated. As regards the last stage of the history, however, there need be no doubt. The resolution which Mr. BRADLAUGH moved, Mr. BALLANTINE seconded, and Sir HORACE DAVEY endorsed is one of a kind we are now very familiar with. Somebody gets into trouble; there is evidence, or apparent evidence, that he has had hard measure. Immediately thereupon there is a cry to give him a handsome competence, without asking whether he did not help to bring his trouble on himself. Mr. BRADLAUGH and his supporters insisted on what the Crown lawyers know very well—namely, that it is neither law nor sense to take THOMPSON'S general conduct into account in deciding whether he ought to have been imprisoned for a certain definite offence. But it may well be considered before we make up our minds what amount of compensation is due to him. After all, boys who run away from their families and wander in the Midland Counties, who tell penny novelettes to publicans, and tell contradictory stories to policemen, are really not objects for profuse sympathy or compensation. The adventures of THOMPSON do not, in our opinion, show that the liberty of the lieges who act with reasonable caution is in any danger from aggressive naval officers. As for the threat uttered in the House that, if the boy is not well paid, he will be spirited up to bring an action for false imprisonment, it is not of good example. If it is acted on, we trust that a British jury will also remember that false imprisonment does not necessarily entitle man or boy to a comfortable subsistence.

THE BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE.

MR. SMITH'S statement, last Thursday, with reference to the course of public business foreshadows appropriately an unexciting wind-up of a pleasingly uneventful Session. In substance it was to the effect that the Government intend to pass two of the Bills now before the House, in any event, and that as to the others, not more than some half dozen in number, to which they attach importance, they propose to be more or less governed by circumstances. The two selected as imperative are, of course, the Scotch Local Government Bill and the Scotch Universities Bill. These, as the leader of the House said, are already far

advanced, having, indeed, got almost clear of their contentious stages altogether, and, were it not for the somewhat copious mass of details remaining to be disposed of, their course would be as expeditious as it should be smooth. Next to them in point of importance come the Bills which have passed through Grand Committee of the House, and which on that account, therefore, it would be naturally a disappointment to the Government to abandon. The First Lord of the Treasury "entertains "the strongest" hope of being able to pass these without making serious demands on the time of the House. We, however, must for our own part content ourselves with hoping for the realization of Mr. Smith's hopes without insisting too disagreeably on the difference between hope and expectation. The Tithe Rent Charge Bill and the Irish Sunday Closing Bill are two more measures which Ministers are anxious to pass if possible. The one for good reasons of public policy, the other on the less satisfactory ground of pledges given on the point, and of the fact, important perhaps, but on occasion to be disregarded, that it has been considered by a Select Committee of the House. The New Education Code is to be withdrawn, and Elementary Schools are to go on living under the Code of 1888, for which, in our humble judgment, they will be none the worse. The Irish Drainage Bills, with the exception of the one relating to the Bann, are to be withdrawn. The Light Railways Bill is to be proceeded with as a measure which, unlike its companions, was received with general favour by the House.

The programme is not an ambitious one, and Mr. Smith, no doubt, hopes to be able to complete it in such time as to enable the House to rise at what used to be the normal date of the beginning of the autumnal recess. We trust that he may succeed in his object; but there are little more than three weeks to run; there are still a good many votes to be taken in Supply, including some of those on which the Parnellites are particularly wont to "spread "themselves," and there is certain to be contentious debate of some kind and to some extent on the Report of the Royal Grants Committee. Consequently the First Lord of the Treasury will do well, we think, to chasten his expectations, and to hold himself ready for further lightening of the legislation ship.

THE FRENCH ARMY BILL.

THE French Army Bill has at last become law. Its passage is the end of a long history. For three or four years past (perhaps more) it has been on its way to this final consummation. It has been sent up by the Chamber and delayed in the Senate. Now it is back to whence it did begin. The origin of the Act and its history are eminently characteristic of French politics as they now are. When it was first brought in the Radicals were in flush. They believed that the country was with them much and would be with them more. General Boulanger was then their pet, and they thought he would be their tool. He, smelling how the wind was then blowing, was strong for the Bill. Its object was to abolish the army organization of M. Thiers, by which the length of service had been fixed at five years as the rule, with one year's service as the exception for conscripts who had passed an examination and had paid fifteen hundred francs. Complete exemption was granted to Seminary pupils on the principle that it was unbecoming to send future priests to a barrack. The new law was to abolish these outrages on equality. It provided that all Frenchmen, with very limited exceptions, must serve for two years. There were to be no exemptions, and notably the future priests were to be swept in. On this point the Radicals were very emphatic, and as usual the moderate men were obedient to them. It was to no purpose that authorities who could not be controverted pointed out that all the men of twenty in any given year could not possibly be called to the colours. The Budget would not permit it, and, therefore, it was better to recognize exemptions on a definite system in order to avoid jobbery and confusion. To equally little purpose did these authorities point out that the abolition of the five years' term of service would make it far harder than it is at present, when it is hard enough, to secure competent non-commissioned officers. The pay offered is not enough to tempt Frenchmen, and if the necessity of staying with the colours is taken away, they will go as soon as they can. Not the least of the evils inflicted on France by the cession of Alsace has been the loss of the district from which the best of their non-commissioned officers were drawn. Of course, the most hopeless of all objections was the Conservatives'. They complained of the indecency of forcing the priests into the barracks. But this was precisely what made the Radicals in love with the Bill, and so it went up to the Senate.

The Senate was sadly puzzled. It would have preferred to have none of the Bill, but was afraid of the Radicals. So it delayed over the measure, and carried it on, as its Standing Orders allow it, from Session to Session. In the meantime a change has occurred in politics. The General has fallen out with the Radicals and taken up with the Conservatives. The election approaches, and something must be done. The Senate was in a fix. If it rejected the Bill, it offended the Radicals; if it passed it bodily, it offended the Conservatives still further. Under these circumstances a third course has been taken. The Bill has been passed, but so amended that conscripts who pass an examination at the end of a year are to be allowed to go home. Doctors and priests are, so the Minister of War promises, to be exclusively employed in the ambulance. In peace, however, they are to be drilled like the rest; and, though they will not be required to fight, must learn how to form fours right and threes about. In this way it is apparently hoped by the Senate that everybody will be satisfied. The Radicals will be pleased to see that the priests are sent to the barracks, and their friends the Conservatives thereby insulted. At the same time the Conservatives will be propitiated by the concession which exempts the priests from actually bearing arms in war. The middle path chosen seems to us exquisitely characteristic of the moderate man. It is admirably adapted to annoy both sides. The Radicals will be angered by the concession granted to the priests, such as it is; and the Conservatives will not be in the least grateful for the half concession which still inflicts an outrage. However it has been passed. The Radicals have taken it as an instalment, and the Conservatives as one more outrage for which they hope to have their equivalent. The question now is whether the General will gain most by the further aggravation of the Conservatives, or lose by the passing of the measure which he once supported. Of the two results the former is the more probable. The Conservatives support the General because they hate the other fellows. They will not support him the less because they have reason to hate them more. As for his Republican supporters, they need not like him the worse because his Bill has been passed in a modified form.

THE ROYAL GRANTS COMMITTEE.

IT was in strict accord with propriety and precedent for Mr. Labouchere's name to be placed on the Royal Grants Committee; but if even there had not been these reasons for adding it, the step would have been a judicious and certainly, from our point of view, a fortunate one. For Mr. Labouchere, having been himself nominated to the Committee, was of course not in a position to criticize its constitution, whereby this duty devolved upon Mr. Samuel Storey, with results which must give unfeigned satisfaction to every one who desires the vulgarer forms of Radicalism to be discredited by association with the most glaring examples of fatuous arrogance and puerile political swagger. Mr. Labouchere, even when he is serious, which, even in these days of his degeneracy, is not always the case, retains always enough of his sense of humour to avoid making himself and his cause ridiculous. Mr. Storey does not know when he is absurd, much less how absurd he is—he cannot know it, or, in the name of that "manhood" of which he seems so proud, he would hesitate to talk the language of a boy's first speech at his debating club. Such unconsciousness of the figure which he was cutting would have been impossible to either of the members for Northampton; whereas Mr. Storey went contentedly and complacently on, evidently convinced that he was impressing Sunderland, at any rate, and showing, by his criticisms on the nominations of Sir Hussey Vivian, Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Alexander Campbell—persons objected to solely and simply because they did not conform to Mr. Storey's exclusively private views of eligibility—how fathomless are the abysses of Radical conceit. The Government, we repeat, could have asked no better fortune for their proposal with reference to the Royal Grants than that it should have been made the occasion of five characteristic speeches from Mr. Storey.

The attitude of Mr. Gladstone, too, though every one who

knows his peculiarities must have been prepared for it, was naturally calculated to strengthen the Ministerial position. Mr. GLADSTONE supported the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY steadily throughout last Tuesday's debate. He upheld the principle of party distribution on which the Committee had been formed, and he united with them in resistance to Mr. LABOUCHERE'S *mauvaise plaisanterie* of an amendment to the effect that the Committee should have "power to "send for persons, papers, and records." His presence on that body, and the certainty—as we take it to be—that he will vote there with the Ministerial majority, cannot fail to embarrass the Radicals of his party considerably in any attack which they may hereafter make upon the Report. This is so desirable an end to secure, and we feel so sincere a gratitude to Mr. GLADSTONE for assisting us to secure it, that we have not the heart to criticize the motives which bring him on this question of Royal Grants into line with the Government. It is the thing to describe these motives as his "Conservative instincts," and Conservative instincts they shall be for us. We will school ourselves, if possible, to believe that when Mr. GLADSTONE supports a Government of his opponents in dealing with an application for a grant to Royalty he does so in the spirit, not of the courtier, but of the constitutional statesman; and that the traditions and impulses of the ex-Minister, of the three times chief adviser of the Crown, of the old Parliamentary leader who has grown grey in the dignities and responsibilities of office, are at that moment strong within him. We will do our best, we say, to persuade ourselves of this, and, if we succeed, we shall then have nothing further to do than to wonder at and regret that the operation of these guiding and restraining impulses on Mr. GLADSTONE'S mind is so extremely capricious, and that, while these impulses and traditions are strong within him when it is a question of paying respect to the visible symbols of authority in the person of the Sovereign or of the Heir Apparent, yet when the appeal is made to them in a name which ought to stand higher in the estimation of a Liberal statesman than those of King or Princes—in the name, that is to say, of Law and the sanctity of Law—they seem to have altogether vanished.

THEATRICAL CHILDREN.

THE House of Commons has decided by a majority of forty-nine votes that a portion of the London poor shall in future be yet poorer than they are. This is the practical outcome of its activity last Wednesday. It rejected Mr. JENNINGS'S amendment (supported for once with sense as well as wit by Mr. LABOUCHERE) to the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Bill, by which theatres were to be specially authorized to employ children. In doing so it decided that certain sums of money, amounting in the aggregate to a considerable figure, and earned during the very months in which it is hardest to earn wages in the towns, shall no longer be gained. Incidentally it also voted that some hundreds of children shall in future spend the hours which they at present spend under a roof, and in conditions of reasonable warmth and cleanliness, either in the gutter or in their own poor, overcrowded homes. These things, too, have been done in the name of humanity—and, being done, we do not expect to see them undone. Finally, it is to be recorded that the House offers nothing to replace what it takes away. It imposes a clear loss on the poor, always in the name of philanthropy and morals. This is the solid fact, and no haze of words can obscure it.

As for the arguments by which this decision was represented as being for the general good of the community and the particular good of the children, they are of two kinds. First, we are told that the Factory Acts forbid the employment of children, and so they ought not to be employed in theatres. Many speakers who used this "argument" quite acknowledged that theatrical children are well treated. None made any serious attempt to prove that the work has bad effects. There is a certain amount of assertion to that effect; but the evidence is rather on the other side. It will, too, require a good deal to prove that hours in a theatre are not better for children than hours in an overcrowded lodging or the gutter. There is such a thing as dying the death of a fool, that is to say, dying of too much logic (which generally means too little). Then comes the real argument of the majority. It was most candidly stated by Messrs. S. SMITH and WINTERBOTHAM, and is nothing but our old friend the immorality of the theatre. The majority of theatrical children join the ballet, said Mr. WINTERBOTHAM, and "then what becomes of them?" Well, what becomes of them is that they earn scanty wages by hard work—which is a common lot. If they became sewing women, what would become of them? Much the same thing, we imagine—only that their hours would be longer, the work duller, and the earnings smaller. If a certain proportion of them eke out their small pay, and find a resource when out of work, in casual prostitution, as much may be said of sewing women or factory girls. The subject is one which can hardly be discussed frankly in public. We all know the cant that is talked about it, but one hardly likes to discuss it fully. For the rest Mr. WINTERBOTHAM'S argument is just as good against the employment of children over ten. They are every whit as likely to be corrupted. In truth, however, the immorality of the stage is less among the regular population than among those women who come upon the stage at seventeen or eighteen for purposes of display. But there is one simple consideration which ought to make Mr. S. SMITH and Mr. WINTERBOTHAM doubt whether they will really do much good by saving very small children from the exciting influences of the theatre. The poorer the family, the more likely are the women to have recourse to prostitution. Where the sister who is under ten is not allowed to earn the few shillings which make all the difference between starvation and sufficiency, the sister who is over seventeen is the more and not the less likely to take to the streets. Then the child who is no longer confined to the deleterious influences of the theatre has the more leisure to run up and down the streets, whereby she is the more likely to profit by her sister's example, and be trained by the conversation of her sister's friends. Such are the results to which philanthropy and a tender regard for public morals lead us, and they ought to show still more clearly the beauty of holiness as it is exemplified in the unco guid.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF HERALDRY.

"THAT is not a lion," said a herald, many years ago, on being shown a picture by a famous animal-painter. "That is not a lion; and if, after having been five-and-twenty years at the Heralds' College, *I* do not know a lion when I see one, I should like to know who does." If the author of a certain book on heraldry, some three centuries old, had been interrogated on the subject, he would probably have made a very similar remark, judging from the confidence with which he described the appearances and habits of the birds, beasts, reptiles, and fishes emblazoned in the armorial bearings of which he treated. Ever eager to improve our knowledge of natural history, we lately plunged into his work, and began our studies by searching for the aforesaid lion. With little trouble we found one upon a shield, which is thus described:—"Stokes hys cote. The field is gules, a Lyon Rampante, his queue forked, d'Ermyne. Here the Lyon his tayle is forked. For by ye taile his boldnesse, and harte is knowne, as the horse is knowen by his eares. For when the Lyon is wrothe, first he beateth the earthe with his tayle, and afterwarde as the wrathe encreaseth, he smiteth and beateth his owne backe." Next to him we found a "Lyon Couchant" of which we are told something that ought to prove even more useful to lion-hunters than to heralds, as it will enable them to make a lion "couch," instead of springing upon them, whenever they please. All they need do is to take up a puppy, which it will be well to "keep handy" when lion-hunting, and whip it; for "the Lyon dreadeth when he seeth or heareth a whelp beaten; and by none other meanes, waies, or dealinges, he is chastised, corrected, or made to couch." Lions, however, may be frightened by other means, as they "dreade noyse, and rushing of wheles, but fire muche more." Many people ignorant of natural history may have been surprised at seeing crests and arms bearing a lion dormant with his eyes open. This only shows that they have not read their Isidore, who "saithe that the Lyon's eies are as though he were awake, when he sleepeth." Then we come to a "Lyon Gardante." "This Lyon here noted, is as it were considerinye his estate, being fourned in his kindenesse. For he is a right kind beast, and knoweth and loveth hym that doth him good." On the other hand, he knoweth still better him that doth him evil, as we find on reading the description accompanying a coat of arms emblazoned with a "Lyon Rampant Vulned." "This Lyon is wounded, and when he is so, he takethe wonderfully hede, and knoweth him that firste smote him, and reysethe on the smiter, though he be in neuer so greate a multitude." A very noble animal is the Lion Passant! "This Lyon is in the plaine field, accordinge to the highnesse of his stomacke: which is such, that if he happen to come into any Woode, or Couerte, he ronneth out of the same

with swifte course, accoumptinge it vile shame, to lurke, or hide him selfe."

We have said enough to show that, even in Elizabethan times, the lion had been dealt with in many forms on coat-armour; it would, therefore, be but natural to expect that he must have been pretty nearly done to death by the time of Queen Victoria. In the early years of Her present Majesty's reign, an armless family applied for a grant of a shield bearing a lion in any shape or attitude which the Kings of Arms might consider most fitting. The following reply (which may edify those who are under the impression that a person may get any arms he likes to ask for at the Heralds' College if he will only *pay* for them) is treasured among the archives of that family:—"Alas, we have already granted him in every conceivable pose, colour, and metal. We have given him at one time two heads, at another two tails; we have cut off his head, his tail, and his paws; we have covered him with decorations varying from collars and crowns to roses on his noble stomach; we have tied him up with chains and ropes; we have stuck all sorts of warlike and domestic implements of torture through him, from the ancient British spear to the modern kitchen skewer; we have put into his paws almost every known article of use or no use; we have placed him on bodies celestial and terrestrial, animal, vegetable, and mineral; in short——" But here we make a protest. For we could have suggested yet another pose for the lion, and one in which, so far as we know, no herald, ancient or modern, has ever placed him—namely, running away at the top of his speed with his tail between his legs; and we appeal to every one who has had any experience of lion-hunting to bear us out in saying that this is the attitude he most commonly assumes when a sportsman goes "up the country" with a rifle in order to obtain his skin.

Our old herald had much to tell us about other animals besides lions. He says that "the Tygre is abeaste wondrefull in strength and most swifte in flighte, as it were an arrowe. . . . He is distingued with diverse speckes." Another speckled animal is the panther, "who is frende to all Beastes save the dragon. This beaste hath on his skinne little rounde spottes, some blacke, and some white, and all fower foted beastes have a likynge to beholde his colours: And therefore where hee is, thither will they resorte, because of ye swete sauour that cometh from hym, which the Dragon onely can not abyde." We must not omit to add that, although he "bee a ryghte cruell beaste, yet hee ys not unkynde to them that helpe or succourre hym." "Th' elephante" is defined as an animal that "passeth all other fower foted beastes in quantitie of bodie. . . . He is strong enemye to the horrse, and is of suche might as he is able to take upp an horsse and a man armed upon hym." The camelopard "is poudered with white spottes . . . . hauinge an heade like a Camell, the necke of an horse and feete like a Bugle. This beaste is more worth in sight than in fierceness, and is so mylde and softe, as a sheepe." Not that sheep were altogether despised in armorial bearings, for we find a shield with "A Ramme quarterly parted S. and Ermyne, armed and unguled d'or," to which is attached this comment:—"He is a noble beaste and beste knowne in this Realme . . . . some reporte that of Rammes hornes buried or hidde in the grounde, is broughte forthe an Herbe, called *Asparagus*, in Englishe sperage." Does not the etymologist perceive in "sperage" the origin of the modern word "sparagrass'? An awful and a terrible brute is the "Hien, Hyen, or Hyena." "Thys is a cruell beaste . . . . for . . . . hee cometh to houses by nyghte, and feyneth speache of mankynde, and caleth some man by hys name, and when he hath hym without the dores devoureth hym." We find some details about the Wolf, of which we had hitherto been ignorant. "By kind, he desireth to eat fishe. . . . If it happeneth in any wise that in treadinge upon stones, he maketh any noyse with his feete, then he forthwith chastiseth that foote with hard bytinge. . . . The Wolfe cannot bende his necke backwarde in no moneth of the yeare, but in Maye onely, when it thundereth. . . . In his tayle he beareth a locke of heare, which exciteth loue." We fully agree with the statement that the dog is "a beaste full ingenious." Coursing men will like to read that the greyhound has a long "snowte," with ears "longe" and "plyante," and old ladies (*à propos* of a shield bearing a "Catte Gardant") that that domestic animal is "enimie to Myse and Rattes. He is slye and wittie. . . . He maketh a rufull noyse." He does, indeed! Another interesting coat of arms bears "A Bore sauage passant." "Hys ryghte shulder is harde, brode and thicke, which he occupieth as a shielde to defende hym withal, putting that brawne for his chefe armoure against his weapon that pursueth hym." Even horsey men will find something here to interest them. Horses "be ioyfull in the fieldes, and smell battayles, and with the noyse of Trompettes are comforted thereunto," as we once discovered to our cost when a hack "bucked" us off, on passing a brass band. Our herald has a good word to say even for a much humbler animal. The "Hiricion Passante" is a "beaste of witte. . . . Of us English men he is termed an Irchin."

As a connecting link between flesh and fish we will place this coat-of-arms:—"The field is Gules, a Mermaid, or Syren proper, playing on a harpe, d'or. F." "The Mermaid is a Sea beast, woonderfully shapen." We will dispose of fishes rapidly by mentioning a crest of "Twoo Delphins d'Argent, addorsez hariaul." The Dolphin "hath great liking in harmonie. . . . Oftentimes they are sene to leap over Ships. The Delphine is most meke, louing, and gentle." And now we will examine some ornithological arms, beginning with "A Cross engrayled ermyne, betwene foure Cockes, counterchanged of the one, and the other, membred and cristed Gules," arms which lead our naturalist to observe that "the Cocke breedeth a Precious Stone called Allectricium. . . . And because of the same stone, the Lyon dreadeth and abhorreth him, especially if the Cocke be white." From four cocks we will pass on to "Three Cranes Argente." It seems that when these birds "sitte on the grounde, for their safegarde, they ordaine watches by course among them selves, that they may reste the more surely: and those whiche keep the watche, stande upon one fote, holding eche of them a little stone in the other, highe from the earthe, that by fallinge thereof, they maie be awaked, if it happe any of them to fall a sleape." In case the ignorant should be puzzled by the crest of "An Ostriche Regardante," the herald explains that the ostrich is a bird with "a longe necke, a shorte bil and a sharpe, soft feathers, two thighes, and fete with hoofs cloven." Rather than bear such unpleasant arms as "A Vultur," "a foule very ravenous, and a great deuourer of carren," that "moste desireth to feede on man's fleshe," we should select the humbler one of "Three gees arborie d'argent," which reminds our author that "it is read that ther be certain trees in Scotland, which growinge nere ye bank of a great water, bring forth fruit conglomerate with leaues, and the same falling when it is ripe into the riuer, quickeneth, and is turned into a liue bird, which they call Anserem arboreum, a goose of the tree." Another waterbird used in heraldry is the swan, which is of all "birdes the whitest, of a shyrle voice, and singeth moste swetely towarde ye time of his death. . . . He is a gentle and a quyet bird." Evidently the writer had never accidentally backed his boat into a swan's nest! Ornithologists will be interested to read of "an Owsell d'Argente, beaked golde, legged gules," that "she singeth pleasauntly in the summer, in winter she stammereth," and that "whereas in all places shee is blacke, yet in Achaya she is white." And now for the king of birds—"An Eagle Displayed." "Th' Eagle hath principalitie ouer al foules, and is most liberal and free of harte. For the praye that he taketh oneless it be fir hongre, hee eateth it not alone, but setteth it in common to all the foules that followe him. . . . But when the praye that is take is not sufficient for hymselfe, then as a kynge, that taketh head of a comminalitie, hee taketh the birde that is next unto hym, geueth it among th' others, and serueth them therewith." Even more interesting than this account of the boldest and fiercest of birds is that of the meekest and mildest; for it tells us how Noah announced that the flood was subsiding. It seems certain that the patriarch exclaimed, "Behold I see a dove volant, d'Argent, beaked Azure, legged gules, and bearing an olive leaf proper"; for our infallible herald thus describes such a bird, and adds, "By this did Noe know, that the waters were abated upon the earth, when the generall floude was."

Modern men of science may sneer at our old herald if they please; but in that case let them be consistent and design armorial bearings suited to this age of discovery (such as Arms. Gu. Three Atoms, evolved, ppr. Crest. A germ, rampant, vert.) with full details and descriptions of these "wonderfull beastes"; and let them flatter themselves if they will that readers three hundred years hence will not smile at them as much as they themselves may smile at the ideas expressed in the *Armorie* from which we have been quoting.

"WHEN MRS. BOFFIN IS NOT PRESENT."

ANY reference, even the slightest; any allusion, even the most carefully veiled in the obscurity of a learned or any other language, to the surely not disputable fact that Mr. Gladstone is mortal, calls forth such a tempest of rage from Gladstonians that a polite Unionist abstains from it as much as possible. He adds, like the courtly French preacher, "Presque tous" when he has, in referring to Mr. Gladstone, or even in the remote context of such a reference, occasion to mention this unpleasant but universal (we beg pardon, nearly universal) law of our being. Were it not for this, such an one might be tempted, without thinking harm, to suggest that Gladstonians have even more occasion than Unionists to wish that Mr. Gladstone was *mortuus* instead of *moriturus*. True, they would have to give up Home Rule; but, as there is not one of the more important of them except Mr. John Morley, who cares a button for Home Rule, or who would ever have thought, but for Mr. Gladstone, of taking it up, that would not matter. True, they would lose a name to conjure with; but, since the famous occasion when the conjuring failed on a certain Budget, there has been doubt, hesitation, and pain, even among the most faithful, as to the infallibility of the conjuration. And, after all, it is not absolutely delightful to know that the leader of your party every day he lives makes of himself in a greater degree what Sir Hugh Evans (Ah! why does not Wales breed more Sir Hughs now?) agreeably calls a "vlouting-stog." It is regarded, we believe, even in Gladstonian quarters, as doubtful whether Mr. Gladstone has ever made quite such a vlouting-stog of himself as he did at the end of last week in his extraordinary double-barrelled reply to the Cardiff deputation which brought him gold, incense, and freedom. So odd were his proceedings that they really look as if some of the saner members of his party had instructed him how to behave properly, and he had so far complied as to behave properly in one room and improperly in the other. "My friends, I preach on Monday to God's people, and on Tuesday to t-rn-tion

h-llf-re-sinners," said the ingenuous hero of one of the good old stories which are so much better than the new ones. Mr. Gladstone adopts the principle, and even observes the order. Before luncheon, to use his own words, he, by agreement with his host, said "only what could be addressed to British subjects and citizens." We most thoroughly agree with his implication that what he said after luncheon, when "the restrictions were removed" with the cloth, was not suited to British subjects and citizens. Indeed half a brick might seem to a British subject and citizen a more fitting acknowledgment of this part of Mr. Gladstone's remarks than a casket made entirely of 18-carat gold. But the most interesting point of this very interesting occasion was that Mr. Gladstone's casket (indeed, indeed, it is not our fault that this word has in American a double meaning, likely to wound the sensibility aforesaid) was understood to be subscribed for by persons of divers political creeds. Mr. Gladstone had not on this occasion the pleasure which his great leader Mr. Parnell is going to relish shortly of receiving a freedom and a casket which a majority of his future fellow-townsmen would rather give to the devil than to himself, and with maimed rites due to the protest of the real representatives of that majority. As his opportunities of speaking are not exactly few, and as it was not quite three full weeks since he poured a flood of what is called eloquence for some six mortal, or, let us say, six blessed days, on the West Country, almost within sight of Cardiff, it might have been thought that he could hold his tongue for this one occasion. But no.

There was nothing very remarkable in the first oration—the oration addressed to Philip who had not had luncheon—except the surprising admission that Mr. Gladstone has no near personal connexion with Cardiff. That is a real distinction for Cardiff; the town on the Taff is henceforth the Lord Castlereagh of the congress of English towns. The same thing can hardly be said of the reference to the possible duration of Mr. Gladstone's life and labours, which is a return to regulation. But after these usual or unusual items the non-Gladstonians, who had wisely or unwisely joined in conferring on Mr. Gladstone a honour to which, in the case of any statesman of Mr. Gladstone's rank and standing except Mr. Gladstone himself, the stoutest partisan could not think of objecting, had not entirely reason to congratulate themselves on the forbearance which postponed contentious points—such, for instance, as Mr. Gladstone's reference to Welsh patriotism. There is probably not a Welshman who is not patriotic; but there are certainly many Welshmen who, in Mr. Gladstone's sense, are very bad patriots indeed. But, on the whole, the peace was fairly preserved. There could not be anything very contentious (despite a good deal of the innuendo which Mr. Gladstone never has the good taste wholly to exclude) in references to the Corn Laws and Centralization. Of course, when Mr. Gladstone says that he thinks England is in a better position to meet the world in arms than she ever was, one can only shrug shoulders. Unlike some of our opponents, we never assume that a man tells deliberate falsehood unless we can prove it. The present proportion of home-grown to imported food as contrasted with the proportion a hundred years ago, the present state of Continental armies and navies as compared with their state then, the bearings of the enlargement of the franchise on the power of the nation to carry on a partly unfortunate war, the changes of the general conditions of warfare itself—all these things *may* be, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, elements of strength which the England of to-day possesses, as compared with the England of Pitt. We cannot say that they are not; we do not say that they are not. All we say is, that if Mr. Gladstone really thinks that they are, he has the pleasure of being almost alone in his opinion among men of ability and information.

But when Mr. Gladstone was unmuzzled, when it was merry in hall after luncheon, when the company had by the oddest chance in the world "signified that they were ready to drink his health," and so "the restriction was removed," as per compact between Mr. Gladstone and his host, then we had what we believe vulgar people call the fun of the fair. Then the floodgates, the good old floodgates, were opened, and we had Ireland and coercion all over again. Mr. Gladstone was particularly happy over the approval of Home Rule sent by the State of Illinois, which, he said with fine Gladstonian humour, "is, I think, an American State." Now we, too, "think" that Chicago is a not unimportant city in this same State of Illinois. If Mr. Gladstone could spare time (but, unluckily, he never can spare time for anything inconvenient) to read what the Chicago papers say about the Cronin murder, it might shake the approbation with which he regards the unanimity of the Governor, officials, senators, and representatives of that State. But what is to be done with a man who says that "Europe through its permanent literature disapproves of England's treatment of Ireland." What is the "permanent literature" of Europe? Dante, Shakspeare, Molière, Goethe, Cervantes, Camoens, and the works of people like them? Perhaps; but we don't remember much about the wickedness of Mr. Balfour in any of them. On the other hand, how does Mr. Gladstone know that M. Rochefort is going to be permanent literature? You can't argue with a man who uses terms in that way.

But you can argue with a man who speaks as Mr. Gladstone spoke about the West Fife election. In that election, as all men know, Mr. Augustine Birrell, the Gladstonian and Separatist candidate, was returned above Mr. Wemyss, a rather nondescript Unionist candidate, by a majority of about eight hundred. The local organs of the party avow with great frankness that this majority, though 'twill serve, does not please them at all, and that it ought to have been much more, and so forth. They are quite right. Mr. Birrell had every possible chance on his side. The division is an out-and-out Gladstonian division. Mr. Birrell was jockeyed into the position of Gladstonian candidate by an exceedingly ingenious combination of the local magnate influence (which is nowhere more powerful than in Scotland when it condescends to go cap-in-hand) with other kinds of wire-pulling. He is a Scotchman by extraction, has never made fun of Scotland, has a pretty little reputation for some pretty little essays wherein the button-holing fashions of the day are combined with a nice little taste and knowledge in literature, speaks well, will promise anything that is asked of him. For some considerable time he had the field to himself, and was only opposed at the last moment by a candidate who showed plenty of goodfellowship indeed, and had fair local claims, but who was too late, who scandalized the unco' guid by confessing to attendance at prize-fights, exhibited no very profound knowledge even of the commonplaces of politics, and, above all, tried that old but always fatal game of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds—of professing himself a Unionist, but a real Home Ruler, declaring that he was opposed to Mr. Balfour's policy, and so forth. It is on this last point that Mr. Gladstone pronounces the West Fife election "positively the most satisfactory we have had," though the majority was proportionately small and the abstentions remarkably numerous. Why upon earth, if Fife is sound upon the goose of Home Rule, so many Fifers chose to vote for the spurious instead of the genuine Home Ruler—still more, why upon earth so many refused to vote for either of these candidates, both Home Rulers as they were, is a point on which we should really have liked to hear something from Mr. Gladstone. One thing only we hope, that he will not refuse us some remarks on the Dover election, and will prove, if Mr. George Wyndham is, as we trust, returned unopposed, that Dover is more satisfactory even than Fife. Mr. George Wyndham is only less abhorrent to Gladstonians than the tyrant whose minion he is. Would his unopposed return mean that all the Jacks of Dover, without exception, are fervent Balfourites? The argument that it would is at least as good a one as Mr. Gladstone's about West Fife. But when a man chooses to make two long speeches where one short one not only would have done, but would have been the proper thing, there is, we suppose, nothing else to be expected.

VERDI'S *OTELLO*.

THE production of Signor Verdi's latest opera by the company of the Milan Scala at the Lyceum last week would have been sufficient to render the musical season of 1889 one of the most important of the last few years, even if the work performed had not been attended with much special interest. Any new opera from the pen of the veteran musician who, whatever may be thought of the peculiarities of his style, is nevertheless the one great operatic composer living, would be sure of a respectful reception in this country, where for years past so many of his earlier works have been as familiar as household words; but the contradictory reports which were spread on the production of *Otello* at Milan in 1887 have aroused a widespread feeling of curiosity in musical circles as to what Signor Verdi's new work would be like. The singular habit which induces some critics to attribute every deviation from old-fashioned forms as an adherence to Wagner's theories caused the idea to get abroad that *Otello* was only an Italian imitation of the German master's Music-Dramas. In a similar fashion a French critic, on the production (in 1863) of that extremely un-Wagnerian work, Bizet's *Pêcheurs de Perles*, condemned it with the simple phrase, "Il y a du Wagner là dedans." The trick is a very simple and effectual way of saving trouble; but, in the case of *Otello*, as in that of Bizet's opera, a little consideration will show that it is entirely unjustified by the facts of the case. In Signor Mazzucato's interesting article on Verdi in Sir George Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, the author takes exception to the classification which has been made of the composer's style into three periods—namely, the first, from *Oberto Conte di San Bonifacio* (produced in 1839) to *Luisa Miller* (1849), the second from *Luisa Miller* to *Don Carlos* (1867), and the third from *Don Carlos* to the Manzoni *Requiem* (1874), the last great work which he produced prior to the appearance of *Otello*. Signor Mazzucato remarks, with much critical acumen, that the changes in Signor Verdi's style, which has developed from the crude vulgarity of *Nabucodonosor* (1842) to the dramatic intensity and emotion of *Otello*, really represent the refinement of musical feeling which has taken place during the artistic career of the composer, whose language has thus, so to say, become more elevated, because a higher language has become intelligible to his public. The truth of this will be recognized by any one who has really studied the question. During the long period in which Signor Verdi has been before the public operatic music has undergone a change as great as that effected by Gluck at the end of the last century. Rossini, Meyerbeer, Halévy, Wagner, Gounod, Bizet, and Verdi himself have all, in various degrees, had their part in the work; and, even if Wagner's has been the lion's share, it is a mistake to attribute solely to him what is, after all, chiefly the product of

the *Zeitgeist*. In Italy this is especially the case, as a mere comparison of dates will show. From a variety of reasons, chief among which was the growing spirit of nationality, some twenty-five years ago there sprang up in Milan and Bologna a new school of earnest thinkers in various branches of art and literature. Signor Boïto's *Mefistofele*—in its present form a very compressed version of a work which was produced at Milan in 1868—is the best known example of the musical productions of this confraternity, though an earlier, if not so markedly original, specimen is to be found in the *Profughi Fiamminghi* of Signor Franco Faccio—the gifted conductor of the present operatic performances at the Lyceum—which was produced so far back as 1863. Verdi, who had even in *Rigoletto* (1851), *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* (1855), *Un Ballo in Maschera* (1859), and *La Forza del Destino* (1862), shown that he was not unaffected by the influences of French grand opera as represented by the school of Meyerbeer, in *Don Carlos* (1867) took a stride in advance and displayed conspicuously the dramatic grip and emotional power which were afterwards developed through *Aïda* until they have culminated in the work which is now causing so much interest and curiosity. Now Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*—for his most important theories as to the form of the musical drama were only fully displayed for the first time in that work—was produced at Munich in 1865, the *Meistersinger* following it in 1868, and *Das Rheingold* in 1869, so that it was practically impossible for the later works of the German master at this time to influence appreciably the course upon which the Italian School had entered—a course which has been persevered in not only by composers of such genius as Verdi and Boïto, but to a greater or less extent by such lesser lights as Mancinelli, Ponchielli, Catalani, and Franchetti. In minor details, doubtless both Signor Verdi and Signor Boïto have, in common with Wagner, employed occasionally similar devices to obtain particular effects; but the whole method of the Italian composers is at variance with that of the German, and in no respect is this more marked than in their writing for the voice. Even Wagner's most fanatical admirers are bound to admit that, in the maze of his wonderful polyphonic orchestral writing, he continually forgets that the human voice has, at least, to speak words, the meaning of which no amount of leading motives on the instruments can supply, and that in consequence his vocal writing is too often painfully trying, both to performers and audience. With Signor Verdi this is never the case. In *Otello* there is no orchestral interweaving of contrasting themes, but the band is throughout kept in its proper place as the accompanist of the voice, emphasizing and illustrating the dramatic situations by sonorous effects and extraordinary variety of colouring, but never, as with Wagner, leaving its proper place and commanding attention as the principal feature of the performance. The point in common which the new Italian School has with Wagner, and which causes superficial critics to class the former among the disciples of the latter, is the paramount importance with which both regard the dramatic situations. This it was which formed the basis of Wagner's reforms, and which led eventually to the "New Art" of Bayreuth, and it is the same feature which is at the root of all the apparent strangeness and novelty of *Otello*. From the first note to the last of the opera, the drama is never for a moment sacrificed to the music, and fortunately for Signor Verdi he has found in Signor Boïto a poet who has supplied him with a really admirable libretto, whether it be regarded as a condensed translation of Shakspeare's play or only as a poem to be set to music. *Otello* is not Signor Boïto's first essay at Shakspearian opera, for in 1871 he wrote a book on *Hamlet* for Signor Faccio, which was performed at Florence. The selection from Goethe's *Faust*, which forms the libretto of his own *Mefistofele*, and the adaptation of Hugo's *Angelo* (*La Gioconda*), which he wrote for Ponchielli, under the pseudonym of Tobia Gorrio, show that he is as talented a poet as he is a composer. *Otello* is divided into four acts, and Shakspeare's play is followed closely throughout, so much so that in the English version prepared by the late Dr. Hüffer many of the original lines have been included with little difficulty. The dramatic form in which the book is cast is naturally opposed to the old-fashioned lyrical libretto; the set Aria and suchlike conventionalities have been abandoned, and what concerted pieces are retained arise naturally out of the situations, and are not dragged in merely to afford the composer an opportunity of writing taking music. It will be understood, therefore, that those persons who go to hear *Otello* under the impression that they will come away haunted with the tune of some taking song will be disappointed; but, though this is the case, the music is never for a moment anything but melodious, and every page of the score shows signs of its Italian origin. This is, perhaps, one of the most striking features of the work. Signor Verdi's phrases and themes are cast in the same mould which has been used by every Italian composer for the last fifty years, and yet in *Otello* he has managed to turn them to so novel a purpose that they appear with all the charm of freshness. The music is throughout essentially Italian, and such as no other but an Italian could have written; yet, by the extraordinary care and skill with which it has been welded to the drama, the first impression the work produces is one of entire novelty. It will always remain a matter of surprise that Signor Verdi, in his old age, should have retained his powers to such an extent as to produce a work which cannot fail to have a great influence, not only on the composers of his own country, but also wherever it is performed. Opinions will probably differ as to whether the direction it gives to Italian opera is either legitimate or likely to be of enduring success; but no step in advance has ever been taken in artistic matters without provoking opposition, and the mere fact that a man of Signor Verdi's age and reputation should think it right to appear before the world as the champion of the party of operatic progress, should go far to make those who cannot at first appreciate his work at least think twice before condemning it. It would be absurd to deny that *Otello* is without blemishes. The second and fourth acts are much the best, and the third—with the exception of the admirable scene between Otello, Iago, and Cassio—is much the weakest. The nearest approach to failure in the whole work is the long ensemble in the third act; but the reason of this is very apparent, as the librettist has attempted to incorporate in it Iago's plot with Roderigo—an incident which, having an important bearing upon the climax of the drama, has to be brought into a prominence which is fatal to the proper balance of the music. The fourth act throughout is a masterpiece; nothing more pathetic has been seen on the operatic stage for a long time. With one exception, it is possible to speak of the performance at the Lyceum with almost unqualified satisfaction. Signor Tamagno, the Otello, who appears in England for the first time, comes with a very high Continental reputation. His voice in the upper register is certainly superb, and his acting throughout may almost be compared to that of Salvini, upon whose reading of the part it is evidently based. Unfortunately, his singing is marred by the vicious tremolo which ruins most Italian vocalists in these days; his lower register is also so weak and limited that the tones he produces in it hardly seem as if they proceeded from the same voice as the magnificent rich sounds which he produces in his upper register. M. Maurel, the Iago, is absolutely perfect, whether regarded as an actor or a singer. His delivery of the soliloquy "Credo in un Dio crudel," in the second act, and his facial expression and by-play throughout the whole work, deserve to be studied merely as a piece of acting; while his superb voice and admirable method make it a rare pleasure to listen to him. The minor characters are extremely well filled throughout; but the one blot upon the performance is the Desdemona of Signora Cattaneo, which is altogether unworthy of the surroundings. Neither in appearance, acting, nor singing is she at all fitted for the part. Her vocalization is full of all the worst defects of the Italian School, and it is painful to listen to the open sounds which she produces, accompanied almost incessantly by the horrible tremolo. The ideal Desdemona has not yet been found in Italy; indeed, it is difficult to fix upon any singer now before the public who would be entirely satisfactory in the part. Mme. Nilsson at her prime would have been admirable; failing her, Mme. Albani is almost the only prima donna who could do justice to it. Both chorus and orchestra are altogether excellent; such playing as that under Signor Faccio's able conductorship is rarely heard in any opera house. The only drawback to its proper appreciation is that the Lyceum is too small a house for the performance to produce the effect it would have in a larger space. The orchestra—though only a portion of that employed at the Scala—is too large for the theatre, and both chorus and soloists, accustomed to the vast expanse of the Milan Opera House, seem cramped by the size of the stage. It seems a pity that the performances cannot be transferred to Her Majesty's Theatre, where the size of the stage and of the auditorium would be much more suited to the scale of the performance.

TWO INSURANCE CASES.

LAST week two decisions were given—one by the House of Lords, the other by the Court of Appeal—which are of interest to insurance Companies and policy-holders. The former is, perhaps, more curious than important, though it settles a question of principle of very considerable interest. The New York Life Insurance Company is a mutual Company, having its head office in New York and a branch office in the City of London. It has no shares and no shareholders, the holders of participating policies being the members of the Company. They are responsible for all its liabilities, and they are entitled to all its assets. Besides participating policies, the Company issues ordinary or non-participating policies, and it also sells annuities. But neither the ordinary policy-holders nor the annuitants are members of the Company. They have no vote at its proceedings, are not liable for its debts, and are not entitled to share in its profits. So far, then, as the dealings with the ordinary policy-holders and the annuitants are concerned, there is no question that the Company carries on an ordinary trading business, and what gains it makes are profits properly liable to Income-tax. But the Company contended that it was not liable to pay Income-tax on the bonuses granted to the participating policy-holders—that is, to the members of the Company themselves. The Surveyor of Taxes brought the matter before the Commissioners, who were of opinion that the surplus paid in bonuses did not constitute profits or gains, but was merely the result of an excess of contributions over expenditure; and they held that, therefore, the appellants were not liable to be assessed for the Income-tax. The Surveyor of Taxes required the Commissioners to state a case for the opinion of the Queen's Bench Division. The case was duly heard before Mr. Justice Stephen and Mr. Justice Wills, who gave judgment in favour of the Crown. From this decision there was an appeal to the Court of

Appeal; and, after an argument before the Master of the Rolls, Lord Justice Fry, and Lord Justice Lopes, the decision of the Queen's Bench Division was confirmed. Then there was an appeal to the House of Lords; and on Monday of last week the decision of the two Courts below was reversed, and judgment was given, with costs, in favour of the Company. Lord Watson, Lord Bramwell, and Lord Herschell were for reversing the decision; the Lord Chancellor and Lord Fitzgerald being for confirming the decision of the Courts below. The case has excited a good deal of interest and comment; firstly, because the Lords were so nearly divided, two being of one opinion and three of the other; secondly, because their decision overrules judgments given by the Queen's Bench Division and the Court of Appeal; and, thirdly, because, at first sight, the ruling of the House of Lords seems to be directly in conflict with a previous decision of the same House, which was to the effect that proprietary insurance Companies are liable to pay Income-tax on bonuses. It appears to us, however, that there is no real inconsistency between the decision given last week and that in Last's case, to which we have just been referring. And, further, if there is no such inconsistency, the division of opinion in the House of Lords, and the fact that the judgment of the two Courts below has been overruled, do not go to weaken last week's decision as much as at first sight may appear, inasmuch as the minority of the Lords and the two Courts below expressly based their judgment on the assumption that the decision in Last's case governed the case before them.

As stated above, there was no dispute that the Company was liable to pay Income-tax on all profits arising out of the Company's dealings with the ordinary policy-holders and with annuitants. The question at issue was whether the bonuses granted to the participating policy-holders were or were not profits in the meaning of the Income-tax Acts. It will be borne in mind that the participating policy-holders are the only members of the Company. The practice is for the officers of the Company to estimate at the beginning of the year the probable expenses of all kinds during the year, and to fix the premiums payable by the participating policy-holders in accordance with the estimate. When the year has ended and the accounts are made up, if there is a deficiency, the participating policy-holders have to make it good; if there is a surplus, part of the surplus is put by as reserve, and the remainder is distributed as bonuses to the participating policy-holders, either by increasing the policy ultimately to be paid or by diminishing the premiums of future years. The Company argued that the bonuses, so distributed, are not profits, but that they are excessive contributions made by the members of the Company, to the return of which they are entitled by the constitution of the Company. The case for the Crown was, of course, that the bonuses do constitute profits, and therefore are liable to the Income-tax. It appears to us that the majority of the Lords were right in deciding in favour of the Company; for surely it is not reasonable to hold that a body of men can trade with themselves and make profits out of that trading. The participating policy-holders, when we look at the matter closely, are an association of persons for the purpose of insuring their own lives on the cheapest terms consistent with solvency. If the officers of the Company, out of too much caution, call for excessive contributions, the excess surely cannot be regarded as profits. But it was argued, whether this be so or not, the decision in Last's case is conclusive. The facts of that case were as follows:—The London Assurance Corporation is a proprietary office—that is to say, it has shareholders who carry on an insurance business with all having insurable lives for the sake of profit. It grants both participating and ordinary policies, and it grants both not only to the outside public but to its own shareholders. The bulk of the policy-holders, however, are not members of the Company. Here, therefore, there were clearly two different bodies of people, one carrying on an insurance business with the other and making profits upon the transactions. There was no dispute, of course, that the profits retained by the shareholders were liable to Income-tax. But it was part of the contract with the participating policy-holders that two-thirds of the profits should be returned to those participating policy-holders. The question was whether the returns so made, the bonuses as they are called, are profits of the Company, and, therefore, liable to Income-tax. It was contended for the Company that they are not profits, that they are an expenditure made for the purpose of attracting business. But the majority of the House of Lords held that the true view was that the whole surplus was profits, and that the Company had agreed to share part of those profits with the participating policy-holders; therefore, that the Company was liable to pay Income-tax upon the whole surplus. We venture to think that this is a wrong view, that the bonuses are really given for the purpose of attracting business, and therefore are expenditure and not participation in profits. But, however that may be, it is quite clear that there is a broad distinction between bonuses given to members of a Company and bonuses given to outside policy-holders, and, consequently, it does not follow that the decision in Last's case governs the case of the New York Life Insurance Company.

The second case was of more importance to all who hold policies and intend to assure. A Mrs. Jarvis insured her life for a thousand pounds in April 1887, and died the following July. On the form of proposal signed by her there was a condition that if statements made by her were untrue the policy should be null and void. The Company set up a defence against paying the policy that several of these statements were untrue. She had stated that a Dr. Griffiths had attended her eighteen months before for a confinement, whereas that gentleman said that he had attended her about fourteen months before, not for a confinement, but for general ill health. She also added that she had an attack of yellow jaundice two years ago, and it was alleged that the attack was more recent. She further stated that she was of temperate habits, that her general health was good, and that she was used to much exercise. But evidence was called to show that she suffered from alcoholic paralysis and enlargement of the liver from excessive drinking. Lastly, it was alleged that a person named as a reference by Mrs. Jarvis did not exist. In fact, the case of the Company was that a conspiracy had been entered into between Mrs. Jarvis and their own agent at Cardiff to defraud the Company. The insurance had been effected without the knowledge of the husband, but as soon as he discovered that it had been made, he took steps to recover the policy. And it may be added that he swore that his wife was of temperate habits. The case was tried at Cardiff, before Mr. Justice Cave and a special jury, and the judge reported that he approved of the verdict, which was against the Company. There was an appeal to the Divisional Court to set aside the verdict and order a new trial. But, though there was some difference between the two judges, the verdict was ultimately sustained; and then the case was carried up to the Court of Appeal. Lord Esher, giving judgment, said that they were asked to set aside the verdict of a special jury approved of by the judge. It required a very strong case indeed to comply with such a request. They would be bound to do so if the Company could show that the statements were substantially untrue and the verdict perverse. But it was clear that the verdict was not perverse, and the statements were to a large extent at least substantially true. The woman admitted that she had had jaundice, she gave correctly the name of her medical attendant, and as for the alleged drinking there was a strong body of evidence to disprove it, and it was for the jury to decide which evidence was to be believed. It was suspicious, no doubt, that the referee could not be found, but it had not been proved that he did not exist. On the other hand, it was a weak point in the Company's case that they did not call their own agent who drew up the declaration and specified the reference. Upon the whole, therefore, the verdict was sustained, and, as we think, very properly so.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE great show at Paris surpasses anything that has yet been done in the way of exhibitions. An undertaking so vast and so successfully carried out answers those who would insinuate that the French have lost their spirit and their enterprise. If there is any bad side to the Paris Exhibition, it is the fatigue of seeing it. That one must feel exhausted is inevitable; but, perhaps, more might have been done to lessen the troubles of the sightseer. We must suppose that a person comes to an international exhibition with some definite purpose, that he wishes to study some special product of industry or to compare the net efforts of various countries. You may therefore mass all the arts and industries of each country in separate divisions, so that the visitor embraces the whole output of a country in one section; or you may class the exhibits in sections according to the nature of the industry. According to the first system, you would have sections classed by countries, with subsections of the different branches of industry; according to the second, you would have sections classed by production and subsections by countries. Neither of these systems has been absolutely followed, though the general arrangement of the Exhibition inclines to classification by industries. A railway of narrow gauge on the Decauville pattern spares the visitor the fatigue of walking from the main centre of the Champ de Mars to the annexe of the Place des Invalides. Those who have delayed their visit to Paris have done well; for the Exhibition has not yet got into working order, many exhibits are yet to come, and many catalogues are yet to be printed. Unfortunately this is the case even in the art section, with which we are at present chiefly concerned. On the 18th of June one or two pictures were still being hung, and the catalogues of the ten years and hundred years of art remained unprinted, and most probably unfinished. The undone, however, is a mere drop in the bucket to the achieved, and the incompletion only annoys those who wish to go thoroughly into some special branch. A general view of the show, and of the art section in particular, justifies the supremacy which has been accorded to France in this century, as far as the fine arts are concerned. Even the Eiffel Tower, which has been so much disparaged, seems well suited to its place and purpose. The iron work, as it is extremely light and airy, disassociates itself entirely from the buildings of Paris. It seems no other than the acme or spire of the Exhibition buildings, and has no tendency to dwarf the town. Approaching from the Trocadéro one is struck by an immense view of the domes of the Central Court seen through the arches of the tower. These domes themselves are real works of art. Iron has never been used so successfully as an element of architecture. The work is flat, light, and suitably coloured, and, from the points of view of ornament and construction, this is the way to use the material. The golden-brown middle dome and the light-blue dome of the Division of Fine Arts are enough to show that iron work need not be spidery, tortured, and

suggestive of the shed, the conservatory, and the railway station.

When you enter the central dome of the Fine Arts Division you come on the exhibition of a hundred years of French art. The sculpture is on the ground floor, the painting upstairs. It was hardly to be expected that a perfectly full view could be given of all the art of the century. Some men of secondary importance are omitted, and the largest and best works of some great men must still be seen elsewhere. For instance, the great landscape by Rousseau, "Le Radeau de la Méduse" by Géricault, and the "Prise de Constantinople par les Croisés" by Delacroix, remain in the Louvre. Now these pictures happen to be the show efforts of their authors. It is particularly so in the case of Géricault, and almost no less so in the case of Delacroix, who never combined to such purpose in any other canvas the qualities of lofty general design, noble subject, gorgeous colour, and some sense of form. A general view of the pictures under the dome proves that canvases go through their fading very greatly in the first fifty years. After coming out of the modern sections a general yellow-brown hue of old mastery seems to pervade this gallery. It embraces more or less every one except Claude Monet. Even Manet and Bastien-Lepage seem mellowed with a gentle touch of age, and a portrait of a lady with a dog, painted in 1870 by Carolus Duran, has gone down several degrees. Popular acclamation has not been wrong in assigning the foremost places in art during the past hundred years to Corot and Millet. Each struck a new and most personal note among their contemporaries; and their works have not yet been surpassed as effective combinations of art and nature. We see here some of their best pictures amongst the work of their contemporaries, immediate forerunners and successors, in fact, amongst pictures by Ingres, David, Géricault, Delacroix, P. Huet, Rousseau, Cabat, Flers, E. Isabey, Troyon, Decamps, Diaz, Courbet, Couture, Henner, Vollon, &c. No one seems to have used art with so much feeling for the thing expressed as these men. With Millet gesture is intimate and true—a hand sews, you feel the tension of the thread; a man digs, you feel the resistance of the ground and the strain on his muscles. Millet was not content to rival Michael Angelo in the awe-inspiring grandeur of his silhouettes; he must also convey many truths of the new scenes he undertook to treat with this dignified decoration. Corot is the sublimation of the late Romantic School, and he is also the author and master of modern open-air art. He may be seen there in numerous figure works, and still more numerous landscapes. Here, too, are the pictures of those other innovators in landscape—P. Huet, C. Roqueplan, Flers, and Théodore Rousseau; and of the later batch, Diaz, Dupré, Courbet, Daubigny, Jacque, Français, Troyon, Chintreuil, &c. Study of this school, mainly a landscape one, leads us to think that it, rather than the great figure-painters of Romanticism, determined the course of modern art. The large figure-pictures illustrative of the struggles and tendencies of the earlier part of the century are David's "Coronation of Napoleon," Ingres's "Jupiter and Thetis" and "St. Symphorien," Gros's "Departure of Louis XVIII. from the Tuileries," Géricault's "Chasseur de la Garde," Delacroix's "Le 23 Juillet 1830" and "La Bataille de Taillebourg," Delaroche's "Cromwell and Charles I.," Bouchot's "18 Brumaire," H. Flandrin's "Christ and the Children" and "Dante and Virgil," H. Vernet's "Prise de Constantine," and Couture's "Romains de la décadence." On the one hand we must put David, Ingres, and Flandrin as representing what is called the classic school of stiff and dry convention, on the other Gros, Géricault, Delacroix, Delaroche, Bouchot, and Vernet as men who began to seek the more natural beauties and interests of life. David, as might be expected from an inventor, shows the most natural feeling of the three classicists; and Flandrin is both less stiff and more solemn than his master, Ingres. To us of to-day the innovators scarcely appear to have gone far in the direction of naturalism. They turned from one form of old mastery to another and freer sort; and we feel this in spite of Gros's admirable study of candlelight, and still more admirable study of facial expression, and Delacroix's riot of colour, confusion of composition, and courageous use of tile-hats and trowsers. As for Couture, in this great canvas painted in 1847, he stands apart; he is equally far from Ingres and from Delacroix. He comprehended the classic in art differently from David and in a manner more suited to the qualities of paint and the traditions of the sixteenth century. With Gleyre he initiated a new classicism, and succeeded in the "Decadence" in leaving the most splendid piece of decoration of the century. The most notable things in the second part of this century are Courbet's "Casseurs de pierre" (1850), a common incident conceived in a new style of grandeur not unlike Millet's; P. Baudry's flat decorative panel, "A Nymph" (1862); Henner's "Byblis" (1867), quite prophetic of his present style; Manet's still luminous and fresh "En Bateau"; H. Regnault's stately "Marshal Prim" (1869), one of the few modern works that recalls the Old Masters; Falguière's noble and poetic realism "The Wrestlers" (1875); Duez's Manet-like picture of a lady amongst rhododendron trees; pictures by P. de Chavannes, Carolus-Duran, Bonnat, Cazin, Detaille, De Neuville, Yvon, Fantin Latour, G. Moreau, Elie Delaunay, Roll, Claude Monet, and, finally, many of the works of Bastien-Lepage. Passing from Corot, Millet, and 1830 to later times, one feels the originality and first-hand interest of work by Henner, Carolus-Duran, and Manet. Their influence has been and will be felt in art. Manet, Monet, Duez, Roll, and Bastien-Lepage have all done much for the *plein-air* movement which to-day counts so many followers; but to Manet belongs the chief credit of its initiation. To-day his pictures stand comparison for real open-air feeling with those of Monet; beside his "En Bateau," "Joan of Arc," and even "The Potato Gatherers" of Bastien-Lepage, seem like tortured patterns in dry leather; while his "Le Bon Bock" and man reading, with their superb and solid breadth of handling, come as near a Rembrandt as any modern heads. Bastien-Lepage had great powers of observation and much sentiment; but he had a narrow vision, and was by no means naturally an impressionist.

As this collection of pictures comes down to 1878, works by many of the artists just spoken of—such as Bonnat, Carolus Duran, Henner, E. Delaunay, J. C. Cazin, Roll, Duez, Jacque, Français, Harpignies, Dupré, and Cabat—are to be found both in the ancient and modern divisions of the exhibition. The portraits of M. Carolus-Duran make one of the most undoubted triumphs of the modern sections. We question whether any portraits more thorough or more distinguished have been painted in this century than his "M. Pasteur," which was hung in last year's Academy; his "Louis Français," from the Salon of 1888; and his "Mme. la Comtesse V—," from that of 1879. Yet MM. Delannay, Bonnat, and P. Dubois are represented by portraits of such high merit that it seems somewhat rash to say that anything surpasses them. The luminousness and the superbly broad and old-masterlike style of portraits such as these fully justify Europe in sitting at the feet of France during the past forty years. That country and her pupils, meaning every country but England, continue to exercise themselves in the large figure-canvas, sometimes with a decorative, sometimes with a realistic aim. Amongst those who go in for realistic form and atmospheric envelopment, M. Aimé Morot takes a high place with his vast charge of cuirassiers, "Reischoffen," and M. Gervex with his interiors "Rolla" and "Les membres du jury du Salon de Peinture." The aspect of these interiors, with their clear, high-toned grey employed in broad even masses, is one that has been much sought for by French artists and those under their influence. Hospital scenes, for instance, by M. A. Brouillet, in the French section, and by M. Jimenez in the Spanish, are two amongst many. MM. Roll and Fourié are bold, open-air realists on a large scale; while MM. Bramtot, Cormon, and L. A. Girardot rather lean to decoration or poetical sentiment. Many painters have endeavoured to enliven the even, grey atmospheric style above mentioned, and to express the vibration of light and sunshine by suggesting contrasts of complementary colour in subordination to the masses. The style requires facility in drawing and brushing, as well as a real feeling for light; for it becomes abominable when produced mechanically. M. Besnard succeeds wonderfully at times, and especially in "Une femme nue qui se chauffe," in which modelling is marvellously conveyed in the midst of the loose effacing shimmer of light. MM. Carrière, Dagnan-Bouveret, J. Béraud, Raffaelli, Maurice Eliot, Montenard, Damoye, Duez, and Boudin are amongst those who make a fine study of light from different points of view in landscape or in figure. Admirable landscape of a severely classic sort comes from MM. Français and Harpignies. MM. Busson, Bernier, Hanoteaux, J. Binet, J. Breton, Defaux Delpy, and others paint in the solid, clear, grey style of ordinary French landscape. M. Pelouse draws landscape superbly, and his handling is quite unequalled in cleverness. M. Jules Dupré and Pointelin are Romanticists of the old school. The Dutchmen—J. Maris Mauve and others—follow more or less in this tradition. Mr. Kroyer, in the Danish section, and Mr. Sargent in the American, treat real light with as much brio, truth, and real feeling as any one. As to our own country, if its show of painting produces a general effect of feebleness and fumbling, we can console ourselves in the manifest originality of a few painters like Messrs. Watts, Burne-Jones, Whistler, J. C. Hook, and Sir F. Leighton. The works of the extreme section of impressionists are best seen in the Café Volpini, behind the picture galleries. Some of them are remarkably vivid and true, but the majority may be taken along with the dancers in the Javanese village as an entertainment more interesting than natural to Europeans.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO—THE COCOS-NUT CRAB.

AMONG the additions to the menagerie during the month of June is a Cocos-nut crab—*Birgus latro*—which was presented to the Society on the 14th of the month, and is "new to the collection." It is officially described as from "India," a vague, and in our opinion unsatisfactory, description of its habitat. It can be seen in the Insect-house, where it is kept in a large glass case. It is a land-crab belonging to the same family—Anomoura, or irregular-tailed crabs—as the hermit-crabs, a family which forms the connecting link between the crabs and lobsters. This species grows to a large size. The carapace has been well described as being "somewhat in the form of a reversed heart, with the apex pointing forward." The first pair of legs are armed with strong toothed pincers, or knob-claws, the left being larger than the right; the second and third pairs terminate in single nails; while the fourth and fifth have pincers, but they are small and very weak—in fact, the fifth pair of legs may almost be described as rudimentary. Its colour is most peculiar, and was well described by a lady we overheard at the Zoo as being exactly the tint of a pickling cabbage. Its appearance is far from prepossessing; indeed

it is no exaggeration to say that it is as evil-looking and uncanny a creature as can be found in the Gardens.

Darwin, who describes these crabs as being found on coral islands, saw them in large numbers on Keeling Island, and the following are extracts from his extremely interesting account of them. He says:—"Keeling Island has no quadruped excepting the pig, and no vegetable in quantity excepting the cocoanut. On it the pigs, which are loaded with fat, almost entirely subsist, as likewise do the poultry and ducks. Even a huge land-crab is furnished by nature with a curious instinct and form of legs to open and feed upon this same fruit. It is very common on all parts of the dry land, and grows to a monstrous size . . . It would at first be thought quite impossible for a crab to open a strong cocoanut covered with the husk; but Mr. Leisk, one of the two British residents, assures me he has repeatedly seen the operation effected. The crab begins by tearing the husk, fibre by fibre, and always from that end under which the eye-holes are situated. When this is completed the crab commences hammering with its heavy claws on one of those eyeholes till an opening is made; then, turning round its body, by the aid of its posterior pair of narrow pincers it extracts the white albuminous substance. I think this is as curious a case of instinct as ever I heard of, and likewise of adaptation in structure between two objects apparently so remote from each other in the scheme of nature as a crab and a cocoanut-tree." He further tells us that these crabs visit the sea every night, no doubt for the purpose of moistening their branchiæ; that the young are hatched and live for some time on the coast; and that they "inhabit deep burrows, which they excavate beneath the roots of the cocoanut-trees, and here they accumulate surprising quantities of the picked fibres of the cocoanut-husk, on which they rest as on a bed. The Malays sometimes take advantage of their labour by collecting the coarse fibrous substance and using it as junk."

These crabs are alleged by the natives to climb cocoanut-trees in the night to get the cocoanuts—a story which was believed by both Linnæus and Cuvier, but of which Darwin wrote, "I very much doubt the possibility of this." However, Cuming, who found them "sufficiently abundant" in Lord Hood's Island in the Pacific, stated that they climbed *Pandanus odoratissimus*—the Screw-pine—for the purpose of feeding on the small nuts that grow on it, and that he had seen them in the trees; and, no doubt, some species of Anomoura are great climbers. However this may be, there is little doubt that the only cocoanuts they eat are those which have fallen to the ground. Cuming also tells us that "when he met them in his road they set themselves up in a threatening attitude, and then retreated backwards, making both at first and afterwards a great snapping with their pincers." These crabs are said to be excellent eating when properly prepared, and under the tail of the larger ones there is a great mass of fat which, when melted, sometimes yields as much as a quart of limpid oil.

The specimen now in the Zoo is, as we have said, kept in a large glass case, the bottom of which is covered for a considerable thickness with moist sandy gravel, in which it delights to burrow, making as deep a hole as possible to rest in. It is fed on bananas, four or five of which are given to it every evening, and all of which, as the keeper informs us, have invariably disappeared by the morning. It appears to attract but little attention from the general visitors to the Insect-house, but few of whom are apparently aware that it is not only new to the collection, but also a rare and very interesting animal.

THE LATE FRANZ THIMM.

SHAKSPEARIAN literature has sustained an important loss this past week in the death of Mr. Franz Thimm, an Austrian by birth, but long since naturalized an Englishman. Mr. Thimm came over to this country when quite a youth, late in the first half of the century, and established himself as a foreign bookseller and publisher. His first important work was *The Literature of Germany from its Earliest Period to the Present Day*, a very useful manual for students, which deserved to be better known, the opening chapters on the legends and folklore of the German peoples being exceptionally well compiled. Some years later, when he had obtained a more perfect knowledge of our language, Mr. Thimm devoted himself to Shakspearian literature with great earnestness. He was constantly to be found at the British Museum making researches, or attending the numerous meetings of the many Shakspearian Societies, whose work and very existence are scarcely known to the general public. About fifteen years ago Mr. Thimm published the first volume of his great work, *Shakspeariana from* 1564 *to* 1871, which contains an almost complete list and account of every work written in Europe on Shakspeare, and matter connected with him or his plays, in the last three hundred years. It is an almost indispensable *vade mecum* to the Shakspearian student as a work of reference, and it is a fortunate circumstance that the concluding volume, left in manuscript, was completely finished a few months before the author's death. Independently of this curious work, which is the result of many years' study and research, Mr. Thimm devoted much time to completing the collections of Shakspeariana in the British Museum, Birmingham Free Library, the Memorial Library at Stratford-on-Avon, and the Boston Library. He was in active correspondence with most of the leading students of our great national poet both at home and abroad; but was—as, by the way, is often the case with literary specialists—even better known in America and in Germany than at home. Whenever there was a disputed point in connexion with Shakspeare and his rather obscure biography, Mr. Thimm was invariably applied to in order to help to settle the question, and his erudition on such occasions was only surpassed by his invariable courtesy. When a few months ago the Baconian theory was revived, Mr. Thimm took deep interest in the proceedings, and, although his contempt for the Baconians was almost tragic in its intensity, nevertheless he never permitted his prejudices to carry away his reason, and he was successful in convincing several eminent Baconians of the errors of their ways. Not less interesting was this scholarly man as a student of Goethe; but his voluminous manuscripts on this great poet and his works have not yet been published, although he frequently read long extracts from them at public meetings. Mr. Thimm was a remarkable linguist, speaking fluently seven modern languages, and he was likewise well versed in Arabic and Hebrew. During the past year his health had failed him considerably; but up to within a few weeks of his death he continued his Shakspearian researches and corrected the manuscripts of his work already mentioned.

THE OPERA.

THE admirable performance of *Faust* at Covent Garden last week lost some of its interest through the absence of Mme. Albani from a remarkably strong cast, which included the brothers De Reszke and M. Lassalle. Though the Marguerite of Mme. Albani is not in any respect an ideal creation, it is not one which can for one moment be adequately replaced by the rendering of Miss Macintyre. This gifted singer seems to be out of all sympathy with the character of Marguerite, and her performance was not only inadequate, as might have been expected under the circumstances, but it showed absolutely no promise, and was so far satisfactory that it left no vain regrets of unfulfilled possibilities in the minds of the audience. She exhibited a certain correct rigidity of style, the result, perhaps, of a too careful study of the part, which was particularly noticeable in the difficult Jewel scene in the third act. In the last two acts, notably in the Church scene, however, her stiffness wore off to some extent and her singing improved considerably. For some reason which is not clear, the scene was mounted as an interior instead of an exterior, without any apparent advantage. The presence of Mephistopheles inside the church is not readily accounted for, and the scornful attitude assumed by the town girls as they pass out cannot be rendered so effectively or so realistically as when the scene is played as an exterior. If Miss Macintyre failed to give a satisfactory presentment of Marguerite, M. Edouard de Reszke surpassed himself. It is impossible to exaggerate the artistic merit of his performance as Mephistopheles, which must be witnessed several times in order to be fully appreciated. A striking example of his fertility of resource has been pointed out by an observant critic, who has drawn attention to his entrance in the Garden scene, towards the close of the third act. After the exit of Marguerite towards the pavilion he enters from the back of the stage, marking every note with a step forwards. Here he has no doubt seized the true meaning of the composer. In the scene with Valentine at the conclusion of the second act the zeal of the students in threatening the fiend with their cross-handled sword-hilts rather interfered with the effect. Mephistopheles was so hemmed in that he lost his wonted dignity of carriage and seemed, for the moment, more like the baffled villain of melodrama than the Prince of Darkness. Of M. Jean de Reszke's almost ideal Faust it is needless to say more than has often been said.

An impression, which we sincerely hope is limited to a single individual, seems to exist that the brothers De Reszke are in the habit of exchanging parts, each one playing Faust and Mephistopheles alternately. The mistake is amusing enough; and it perhaps helps to explain the unfortunate position of opera in this country. The musical education of a person who supposes that a tenor can change parts with a *basse chantante* must have been remarkable. It is more remarkable that such a person should inform a less instructed friend on musical matters, in audible tones, during the performance of some of the most sublime passages in Gounod's opera.

LENA.

IF Mme. Sarah Bernhardt had never played any other part but that of Lena, her performance in that part alone would have marked her as an actress of the very first rank, if not, as in some sense, the greatest living actress. This is, of course, a paradox, for no actress without long and arduous training could possibly play as Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has played certain scenes of *Lena*. Again, the reservation given above is necessary, because no perfect artist—that is, no artist that cared to be perfect all through a play—could or would neglect so entirely as Mme. Bernhardt did more than a good half of the part assigned her. It is contended by some critics that a player who finds one half of a part a

thankless task, and sees in the other half the chance of making, by giving all attention to it, an overwhelming success, is not to be blamed for neglecting the otiose portion of his or her part, and reserving all his or her powers for a second portion, which even in the hands of an inferior player would prove, to say the least, effective. We have no hesitation in laying it down as a canon that this contention is absolutely opposed to all true notions of art. The trick—we will not call it a method—is not unknown on the operatic stage, is not unknown even in plastic art, but it is one very far beneath what should be the scope of so great an actress as Mme. Bernhardt.

As a matter of fact, Mme. Bernhardt loitered and gabbled through the first two acts of *Lena*. She is a mistress of diction, and she spoke not a word, except sometimes her cues, which could be understood; she is a mistress of action, and she now forced, now neglected, the gesture and byplay necessary for the carrying on of the piece. For instance, in the snatching away of the letter in the first act her behaviour was like that of a Jack-in-the-box wound up from immobility to frantic action. Not the less was it worth while to endure the weary and monotonous loquacity of the first two acts for the sake of the extraordinary acting which Mme. Bernhardt was good enough to display in the last two acts. This may conceivably be rivalled, but certainly can never be surpassed. The actress's byplay in the scene where she listens to a boy's unaffected story of sincere, devoted love was an absolute masterpiece; and there should be noted especially the subtle, almost intangible, suggestion that her emotion in hearing his story was but the reflection of her own entrancing and for once unsullied love for the man she wants to marry.

Equally fine, as the only possible ending to such a scene, was the sudden freezing of her manner when she was compelled to answer this passionate appeal. A word of distinct praise is due to the young actor who at this juncture made one of the most difficult and one of the best exits we have ever seen. As to the end of this, the third act, the experienced playgoer and critic might well say to himself, "What can an actress make of the old, old story of a man saying to a woman who has her place to regain, 'Can you love me?' and her answering, 'Je t'adore!'?" Here one can only say seeing is believing. Mme. Bernhardt informs this ancient reply with a new voice, a new gesture, a new intonation, a new passion, and that passion of the highest kind, which literally bring the dead words to life. The great actress's performance of the last act has been described again and again with various qualities of "word-painting," and therefore we need not now insist too much on the extraordinary excellence of the pantomime in the highest and truest sense of the word, during the whole scene which leads up to the catastrophe. To some it may sound flippant to say that all this is a feat of which Mr. Martinetti himself might be proud. Yet it is true. The greatest of histrionic art must depend largely on pantomime, rightly understood—that is, on facial expression or emotion conveyed by walk, by movement of the head and arms, without a word spoken. In this art, in this scene, Mme. Bernhardt has thus far overtopped the topmost. What follows this succeeds in the combining with this extraordinary pantomimic art a depth or height of tragedy and tenderness which may never have been reached before in an absolutely silent scene. The end of this scene is, we have no hesitation in saying, as moving a thing as ever has been seen upon the stage. But for the actress's extraordinary command of her art, it would become simply painful. As it is, only the deepest pity is aroused for the woman who, overcome by the power of the drug which she has drunk, yet tries with all the soul that lives in a dying body to answer her husband's despairing cry from outside the door locked by herself. Acting cannot go further than this.

THE BULL-BULL'S FAREWELL.

IN Fleet Street, ere the night to noon had worn,
I heard one crying with a voice forlorn:
"To-day and yesterday were full of Shah,
Will there be more of him to-morrow morn?"

There is an end of all things. Roses bloom
To fade, and beauty ripens for the tomb;
The nightingale is hushed at last; and kings
Cannot expect an everlasting boom.

"Enough," the sages say, "has always been
As good as any feast that e'er was seen."
But this sensation has been done to death,
And thou thyself must feel it, Nasr-ed-din.

Have we not writ enough (in Eastern taste)
Of the great emerald that adorns thy waist?
Has not the diamond lion in thy cap
Blazed oft enough in literary paste?

Not better could the armourer who laughed
With the sheer joy of artist in his craft
To shape thy serpent-hilted scimitar
Reckon than we the rubies in its haft.

We know thy trick of Oriental calm;
We know thy light, indifferent salaam;
Thy curiously fastened spectacles
We know as well—as well as our Khayyam.

Have we not closely studied each remark
Let fall by thee since thou didst disembark?
Not watched thee wondering at our crowded streets,
Or putting on the pot at Kempton Park?

Have we not flashed upon the lightning's wings
Thy observations upon men and things?
Do we not know thy views on English ways,
Arts, climate, horses, women, King of Kings?

Nay, have we not so oft compared thy State
With his whom Hellas collared at her gate
That every shadow seems to us the ghost
Of Xerxes, rising to expostulate?

And have we not at last run wholly through
Our scraps of Sadi and of Hafiz too?
Are not our miserable brains a whirl
Of Hadji-Baba and of Montesquieu?

In vain we beat our brows, in vain we cry
For more new adjectives; none makes reply:
Only the spirit voice within the breast
Whispers, "The fount of adjectives is dry."

Successor of Darius! well we know
That thou must see the entire and perfect show;
And yet, methinks, it will not break thy heart
When there shall come at last thy time to go.

REVIEWS.

LIFE AND LITERARY REMAINS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD.*

THE name of Edward FitzGerald first became known to a very small circle of readers when his version of Omar Khayyam grew fashionable. Published in 1859, the *Rubaiyat* very slowly flowered into a popularity rather intense than wide. There was a kind of freemasonry in the little book, and its admirers were inclined to swear eternal friendship. There is a story of an Englishman and an American, strangers to each other, who were involved together in some uncomfortable accident of travel. The Briton was inclined, for his own lordly reasons, to dislike and despise the American. "When shall we get out of this?" he muttered, half to himself; and the American, also half to himself, quoted, "He knows! He knows!" The pair then recognized each other as kindred souls, and brothers in Omar Khayyam. In America the tract was much more popular than at home. It used to bring young persons together, and proved a Galeotto to youths and maidens who

> Knew that their intentions
> Were absolutely right.

In America, too, the *Rubaiyat* were illustrated, by Mr. Vedder, in a manner not equally pleasing to all tastes; for the only way to illustrate Omar is by arabesques of roses and nightingales on some "sweet-scented manuscript."

Omar made FitzGerald's literary fortune, a fortune which he was never at any pains to seek. Perhaps no literary success was ever gained in such a curious, casual way. FitzGerald had a habit, with which we cannot sympathize, of making perversions of foreign and classical poetry. The most astonishing examples are his *Œdipous in Thebes* and *Œdipous in Athens*. These are not translations so much as very free adaptations in verse, commonly blank, but casually rhyming, of the Sophoclean masterpieces. The choruses, in quite a different tone of voice, are taken direct from a translator of the last century, "Old Potter." The whole result strikes us as being neither one thing nor another; not a Greek drama, not a modern drama, not a thing of to-day, of yesterday, or of two thousand years ago. FitzGerald apologizes for his liberties in a preface, but he does not reconcile us to them. At what did he aim? If any one wants a justification of this perplexity, let him compare FitzGerald's version of the Messenger's speech on the Passing of Œdipous with the noble original (FitzGerald, iii. 263; *Œd. Col.* 1648–1665). A more complete and absolute missing of the point, a more successful escape of all the poetry, was never made or permitted by mortal translator. The very

> ἀλλ' εἴ τις βροτῶν
> θαυμαστὸς

is omitted, with almost everything else that dwells eternally in the mind of the reader. FitzGerald's perversions of the Greek are bastard and abortive things. Now his translation of Omar may, perhaps, seem as bastard to the Persian scholar, but abortive nobody can call it. People who are not Orientalists may consult Mr. McCarthy's recent prose version of the *Rubaiyat*, and may form some idea of how much FitzGerald gave to his original. By the least probable of all paths—a casual and capricious following of an ancient original—he reached the end, success, and produced a work which has given and will give much poetical

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* *Life and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald.* Edited by William Aldis Wright. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

pleasure. The secret of the fortune of his Omar is difficult and dark. Other poets of wine, death, the rose, and the bulbul leave readers who come to them by way of translations extremely cold. It must be something in FitzGerald's verse which makes all the difference; something in his verse and in his melancholy. That melancholy, again, is not at all like the sad resignation and endurance of his letters. *He* was no "Oriental voluptuary," but a tall Englishman, "whose friendships were more like loves," who loved best some of the greatest men of his time, and who had a sturdy affection for his country.

Why and wherefore he withdrew from all activity, why he hid his light under a bushel or on board a herring lugger, why he said to action and adventure

> Too late for us your horns you blow
> Whose bent was taken long ago,

his letters do not explain. They are haunted by that long apprehension of national collapse which has embittered the lives of every generation since Waterloo. FitzGerald "cannot help and distresses himself as little as possible." "Don't write to me on politics, I agree with you beforehand," he says; and this admirer of big, strong men, this friend of Tennyson, Thackeray, Carlyle, hides himself from the world and shuts his eyes to what he cannot cure, like an Obermann. It is a very strange phenomenon of character, and, as we said, is unexplained, though perhaps it has an explanation. Very soon after leaving Cambridge, then so full of men of promise and vitality, he becomes a voluntary recluse, watching the wheel of existence like a British Buddha. He was un-English enough to be a vegetarian, as every one has read in Lord Tennyson's poem. He lived on the memories of old and immortal friendships, very little cheered by glimpses of the friends who were out in the world. He read the best books of the world and tinkered at them a little, collecting aphorisms in *Polonius*, speaking his mind with Platonic reserve in *Euphranor*, trying faintly to reinstate Crabbe in selections, thinking of abridging *Clarissa*, perverting Sophocles, adapting Calderon, and making an unexpected masterpiece of the *Rubaiyat*. He was like Balzac's alchemist in *La Recherche de l'Absolu*. Once, in some unknown way, he created a diamond—he never could recover that mastery, but there the diamond remains, "on the stretched forefinger of all Time," to quote the line obnoxious to Sir Edward Hamley:—

> The worldly Hope men set their hearts upon
> Turns ashes—or it prospers, and anon,
> Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
> Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

He set his heart, as far as we learn, on no hope, and there was no particular light but that of loyalty and kindness on the long path of pleasant and melancholy days. The burden of his poem, "Bredfield Hall," is the burden of his thought:—

> To most thou stand'st a record sad,
> But all the sunshine of the year
> Could not make thine aspect glad
> To one whose youth is buried here.
>
> In thine ancient rooms and gardens
> Buried, and his own no more
> Than the youth of those old owners,
> Dead two centuries before.

He was thirty when he wrote, or half-wrote, for they are quite unfinished, those lines on his ancient home. Hawthorne might have seen in him a man bemused in the Sleepy Hollow of an English country house, lulled by the peace and dulled by the memory of the long series of lives that were passed and ended in its halls and gardens:—

> 'Till the Bell that not in vain
> Had summon'd them to weekly prayer,
> Call'd them one by one again
> To the church, and left them there!

At thirty his bent was taken, perhaps earlier, and yet he was impatient with Lord Tennyson's *Princess* and the *Idylls*; he wanted from him some more stirring and spirited verse. "The last of old Alfred's best" he found in the volumes of 1842, now near fifty years ago. What was it that took the life out of him; the life, but not the heart, for he always kept the heart of a boy, and the joy in the praise of other men?

We might fill a long review with extracts of personal interest, as it is called, from FitzGerald's letters, with anecdotes of Mr. Thackeray, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Spedding, and Mr. Carlyle. All through his life he was fumbling, as it were, with the erection of a stone on Naseby field to mark the true site of the battle and of the burials. He had made some diggings long ago while Carlyle was editing Cromwell's Letters and Speeches. But nothing came of it. Every one who cares at all for the literature of England since 1830 will read these charming, melancholy letters, and learn from FitzGerald how very great a man the Laureate is, and how his prose sentences are worthy of his poetry. But few of them are published here, nor do we see very much of Thackeray, nothing more vivid than a sketch of him as he runs, singing, up the stairs to FitzGerald's rooms. We learn, too, that Thackeray's articles on pictures made the painters very wild. They talked of horsewhips; but two could play at that game, and nobody attempted it with Mr. Titmarsh. FitzGerald was crushed somehow by the mystery of the world. "Another year, with its same flowers and topics to open upon us. . . . Oh! this wonderful, wonderful world, and we who stand in the midst of it are all in a maze, except poor Matthews, of Bedford, who fixes his eyes upon a wooden Cross and has no misgivings whatsoever." "It is good for a humourist to be alone," FitzGerald said; though he himself married. May we not say that it is not good for a humourist to be alone, living in his thoughts without action, sad, and a cause of sadness in others? For, though FitzGerald is never maudlin, never peevish, he is emphatically hopeless; with all his charity, which was great, he had not hope. "The old Tent-maker," he says, "fell back upon To-day (which has outlasted so many to-morrows) as the only ground he had got to stand upon, however momentarily slipping from under his feet." He, too, lived from day to day in a world where very little was permanent but his own deathless love of old friends. He writes to Mr. Lawrence, who had sent him a portrait of Thackeray (1864):—"I found your two letters, and then your box. When I had unscrewed the last screw it was as if a coffin's lid were raised; there was the dead man. I took him up to my bedroom, and when morning came he was there, reading, alive, and yet dead." He often says how in Thackeray's books he hears Thackeray's living voice, and we hear his in his letters. It is a kind voice and friendly, a wind from the dusty desert softened in passing over the green of English lawns and the water of English streams.

It comes easily enough to regret FitzGerald's want of energy, to regret it as much for his own sake as for that of letters or of life. But most who read his correspondence will agree

> That life, that energy, though rare,
> Are yet far, far less rare than love.

NOVELS.*

MR. R. G. DERING is happy in the first impression he makes in his novel *Giraldi; or, the Curse of Love*. There is a dedication, which runs thus:—"To Thomas Lowestoft, Esquire, of Braybrooke Hall, Lincolnshire, in recognition of his unwearied attempts to discourage me in my literary career, and to dissuade me, in particular, from publishing the present work, this book is inscribed by his very humble friend and servant." This preliminary taste of the writer's quality engages attention and excites interest in no small degree. On the next page is a list of characters with definitions, after the fashion of the bill of the play, the names suggesting recollections of Peacock. The Rev. Chauncey Fairweather, the Rev. Oriel St. Jerome, the Rev. Jabez Insight, the Rev. Israel Doom, the Rev. Issachar Leech, are a few of the representative figures who appear in this portentous catalogue. Nobody must suppose that Mr. Dering's personages are all clerics, or that the talk is nothing but theological discussion. There is a good deal of that; but we are getting used to it now in novels where the creeds are jostling incident and flirtation out of the running. Besides the polemical bent, there is the second title to justify. We must be shown the "curse of love." We suspect the curse of love did not present itself in any very striking manner to the mind of the author, any more than he has succeeded in making it do to the reader. Much nearer to his heart was putting convincing arguments into the mouth of Dr. Urquhart, the Agnostic, or at least defending the position of the respectable curate of the Established Church against the attacks of Dissent. Love may be left to take care of itself, and will survive worse assaults than Mr. Dering's. On the whole, we cannot but feel pleased that the dissuasions of Mr. Dering's friend did not stifle his ambition as a novel-writer. *Giraldi* is undeniably a clever book; satirical, humorous, and amusing; full of consistent sketching of character, mostly grotesque, but seldom absurdly improbable. It reads like the first effort in fiction of a man who has observed and thought. Giraldi, the boy Jew Jesuit, is the least successful character, perhaps because he is the most complex. He is thoroughly disagreeable. Mr. Dering's is not a smooth version of life, and very few people in his book awaken sympathy. There are crudities in the construction and peculiarities in the style. But it is an original and readable novel.

Little Hand and Muckle Gold may be regarded in the light of a literary contribution to the Pasteur agitation of the moment. The most terrible description of a death from hydrophobia we have read out of the pages of a medical book concludes the third volume. Nor has "X. L.," the author, dealt out this fearful doom in punishment of the villain of the piece. It is deepened in its horror by its being the fate of a woman—nay, a duchess, young, lovely, and good. Can any fate be more fantastical than that of a young creature, adored by her husband, worshipped by society, spoiled by neither, and mistress of every good thing this world has to offer, sent out of it by the scratch on her wrist of a vicious little pet dog, and sent, moreover, in the most hideous way the mind can conceive? "X. L." supplies a solid stone

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* *Giraldi; or, the Curse of Love.* By Ross George Dering. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1889.

Little Hand and Muckle Gold: a Study of To-day. By X. L. 3 vols. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1889.

An I. D. B. in South Africa. By Louise Vescelius-Sheldon. London: Trübner & Co.

Miss Eyre from Boston; and others. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1889.

A Woodland Wooing. By Eleanor Putnam. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1889.

towards the support of the Pasteur Institute. The compassion we feel for the unhappy Duchess of Tintagell—or Tintagil, as the author prefers it—dates chiefly from the hour of her forebodings as to her frightful death. The story begins in the days of the Second French Empire—opens, in fact, on the 1st of December, 1851. The social tapestry of the succeeding years was vulgar in design and coarse in execution seen even in the best light. The seamy side of it, which the author alone shows us, is unredeemably bad. The two English girls, Muriel Meredith and Madge Tyrrell, who are brought up in the worst Parisian set in the worst way, do not escape the consequences of such contact. The author is perpetually presenting them in the most dubious positions, doing and saying and hearing things all but incompatible with innocence, certainly abolishing all notion of ignorance, and yet apparently expects us to receive them as *ingénues*. Madge, indeed, waits till she can add to her fall the betrayal of her husband; and Muriel never actually falls in the received sense; but both had early lost all the bloom belonging to girls who have not eaten of the fruit of the tree of good and evil. Madge, who was wicked, ends in the grace of sanctity as "Sister Saint John of God." Muriel, who was virtuous, dies snapping and howling like a mad dog. Lawrence Farquhar, who was vicious enough for a dozen, is drowned while in a fit of paralysis brought on by excess in absinthe. Such were their deaths, and their lives seem no inappropriate preparation. It will be seen that "X. L." leads us through no pleasant paths of innocence and peace.

None but the initiated can know the meaning of the title Mrs. Louise Vescelius-Sheldon gives her novel, *An I. D. B. in South Africa*; nor, in sooth, is there much enlightenment or edification either to be gained by perusal of the work. In the first chapter a gentleman, known in the social circles of the Kimberley Diamond Fields as Count Telfus, is arrested by detectives in his box in the Theatre Royal, searched on the spot, with the result of finding on his person a marked diamond; is conducted to the police station, and there shoots himself with the pistol which the officers of law had either overlooked in his pockets or had obligingly left there for the purpose. Count Telfus was an "I. D. B." Later on another gentleman of good position is searched by more detectives for another marked diamond. He also is an "I. D. B."; but he has a clever little wife, who saves him, literally, in the twinkling of an eye. Her black dwarf servant, Bela, has a glass eye, which his mistress had, in moments of gaiety, taken out and put in again, so as to become familiar with the process. When the detectives' backs are turned, Mrs. Laure whips out Bela's false optic, pops the stolen diamond into the socket, restores the glass eye, and serenely confronts the baffled minions of the law. These two incidents are the leading events of the story, which is, besides, a foolish story, written in bad taste and bad style.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, if we may judge from the volume called *Miss Eyre from Boston*, does not shine in prose. Fourteen little stories make up a little book, and make very little impression on the attention of the reader. A few feeble ghosts and a great deal of sentimental love flicker feebly through the fourteen, and there's an end. Mrs. Moulton is not above taking help from her betters, and this is an amiable quality. "Riching *versus* Providence" is a boiling down of *Dombey and Son* as near to Dickens as the author could make it, which is not very near. In "Nan" a fashionable young lady is unaffectedly named Blanche Amory. This awakens, at least, a reflected historical interest. In another of the little tales we are taken into an "inodorous old house with its smell of mould blended with bad tobacco." Miss Eyre's aunt, Miss Quincey, spells her first name Mehitable, but, of course, in a free republic she could do that if she liked. A final gleam of pleasure is shed on finding ourselves referred to in "The Perils of a Studio" as the "savage 'Saturday,'" and these sum up the merits of the book.

A Woodland Wooing is a homely little American story of girls and boys camping out, amusing themselves in the woods, and having generally a good time. Miss Betty Greenleaf and her brother Bob, who tell the story between them, are rough, affectionate playfellows, the young lady of the type of heroine with tousled hair and tumbled frocks, who climbs trees and is always in some hoydenish scrape, but manages to win the heart of the best *parti* about. There is love-making in the camp at Sippican, and some amusing incidents take place; but the fun is a little forced, and the children, drawn somewhat after the pattern of Helen's Babies, are not quite so engaging as the author means them to be. Nevertheless, it is a bright little trifle of a book.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.*

WE observe—with some concern, with a little amusement, and with a very little curiosity to know when these un-Christian feelings arose—that Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton is apparently not quite in charity with the *Saturday Review*. He says in his preface that we "were once good enough to say that he is 'courteously careful not to offend.'" When a man says "good enough" in this way he generally means "ineffably bad." Further, it seems that we wickedly, maliciously, and not having the fear of God before our eyes, wrote "after the expulsion of the Count of Paris and his family," when, as a matter of fact, only two members of his family were formally expelled, though his whole family left in consequence of the expulsion of their father and head—as, in fact, families very commonly do. We repent in sackcloth and ashes, and will hereafter never say that "Mr. Smith and his portmanteaus" arrived at Folkestone without inquiring carefully whether any portmanteaus remained in Mr. Smith's box-room in London. We are (still according to Mr. Hamerton) "never very charitable in our judgments about France, and not often very well informed." Now of course, if we are not often very well informed about France, what is the use of our criticizing a book which is well informed? So Mr. Hamerton cleverly bars the judgment and the knowledge of the court at the same time.

There is, however, this of god-like about the critic, that it does not make the very smallest difference to him whether the prisoner at the bar thinks him well informed or not, charitable or not, good or not. Judges have been known to increase the sentences of prisoners for throwing boots at the Bench—an increase defensible, perhaps, on the ground that the boot is constructively thrown at Her Gracious Majesty. But in the court of criticism (which is the highest and most impartial of all courts) a man shall no more get twelve months instead of six for throwing his boots at the judge than he shall be acquitted because he has greased the judge's palm. Mr. Hamerton's book is interesting because he can write pleasantly enough, and because he possesses what most Englishmen do not possess—the habit of French life—having lived in France, not for a month or two, or for a year or two, or on visits now and then, but for a very long course of years as an actual householder, not in an English colony, or in the capital, or in a watering-place, but up the country among Frenchmen, and almost of them. It is true that the advantages obtained by this experience are constantly overrated, and are, in fact, more apparent than real. A man who has the faculty of "criticism of life," and who in these days studies on a large scale the literature and the journalism, the politics and the history, of a foreign country will know ten times more about it, though (taking an extreme case) he may never have set foot on its shores, than a man not so gifted who has lived in one of its villages for twenty years. Yet the twenty years' experience is not to be despised, and is a document in its way—a document not to be taken with implicit belief, but to be critically examined like other documents. Where Mr. Hamerton is almost on his own principles weak is not so much in his knowledge of French as in his knowledge of English life. His experiences—at least those which he quotes—are almost wholly drawn from Lancashire and Scotland, in both of which, but especially in the former, the character and ways of the people are a long way off the English "norm." But this matters not much. A more interesting point is that Mr. Hamerton, while setting himself to redress the mistaken notions of Englishmen from his own more perfect knowledge, tells us nothing in those parts of this book which are most authentic that we did not know (ill informed as we are) before. On the subject of French dislike of England Mr. Hamerton has no illusions, and speaks most sound and sensible words, capping them with others equally sound and sensible on the paramount duty of preparation on England's part for war. His subdivisions of the patriotic feeling, and his contrast of English and French patriotism under these several heads, are also good. He points out with acuteness and truth that, contrary to some opinions, the French are the most inhospitable and the English the most hospitable nation in the world, that French politeness is a matter of pure convention, that the English advantage in comfort and the French advantage in luxury pretty well balance each other, that French "sobriety" is a myth, that the one virtue (if virtue it be) which France indisputably possesses over England is thrift, and so forth. But we may venture to ask whether there is any really intelligent and well-educated Englishman to whom these things are not known? We think there are but few, if there are any such.

Residence, however, in a country is not everything; if it were, since we all must live somewhere, all of us would be perfectly wise. And we have noted not a few passages in Mr. Hamerton's book where we incline to think that an ounce of critical and historical spirit (for the real historical spirit, as opposed to the spirit of the document-grubbers, is only knowledge of human nature) would have served him better than a pound of scot-and-lot paying in the neighbourhood of the Saône. We do not now refer to the past; though it would be interesting to learn from Mr. Hamerton at what time "the Catholic Church was robbed and pillaged by the English secular power." If he means the dissolution of the monasteries, he will get into trouble with what he probably designates as the Catholic Church, which has sanctioned similar proceedings time out of mind. If he means the B. Reformation, his history must be of a singularly primitive kind. But this we pass; let it be granted that Mr. Hamerton is not a historian save of the present. But what are we to say of him when he says that "rowing exercises the arms or chest only"? Mr. Hamerton is not, we believe, a very young man; if he were, and if in an Oxford or Cambridge eight he endeavoured to row "with his arms and chest only," we tremble to think of the language which would issue from the lips of the coach. *Rien n'est sacré pour un coach.* Yet again, "Where is the Englishman except Swinburne [we should say "Mr." Swinburne, but no matter] who in reading a French poem knows good technical workmanship when he sees it?" Mr. Hamerton must be unfortunate, though no doubt he

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* *French and English.* By P. G. Hamerton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

speaks with really commendable modesty of his own state of knowledge. Still it is never safe to judge entirely by oneself, and we could tell Mr. Hamerton not of one but of several Englishmen besides "Swinburne" who possess this not altogether extraordinary faculty. We should extremely like to have instances given of the "upper-class" Englishmen who, in times which Mr. Hamerton can remember, "offered French red wine at dessert as claret, without distinguishing between Burgundy and Bordeaux." They must have been very odd "upper class," indeed—perhaps Lancashire *nouveaux riches*. We do not know what Mr. Hamerton means when he says that success in literature is "infinitely beneath" a French gentleman. Not to mention the Duke d'Aumale, we have been under the impression that M. de Broglie and M. d'Haussonville were very much French gentlemen, that M. de Vogüé was not quite a *roturier*, and that even such strict professionals as the late M. de Saint-Victor, as M. de Banville, and others (we purposely only mention recent or living examples and men of unquestioned position) could "make their proofs" very fairly. But the most agreeable passage to us is one in which Mr. Hamerton writes as follows:—

> What is still more surprising is that many English people should go out of their way to express admiration for Rabelais. Have they read him? Can they understand his old French? If they can and read him still, they need not be afraid of Zola.

The most delightful thing in this passage is that Mr. Hamerton confesses elsewhere that he has "never read any of Zola's novels." Will he permit us who have read every word of Rabelais, understanding (except those few words which no man knoweth) his "old French" "like our hand," who have also read every word of Zola, or almost every word (for the man is voluminous), to tell him in that department of art which he understands best what his comparison is worth? It is exactly as though he should say, "Do you admire Titian's Venus? Then why have you the impudence to object to this Holywell Street lithograph?"

And this brings us to Mr. Hamerton's most interesting and boldest effort—the effort to vindicate French domestic life from the imputations brought against it on the testimony of French literature. With much that he says we thoroughly agree. When he protests against being asked to believe that his own French friends and their wives are thoroughly vicious because of novels "written by some Parisians who have never seen them," we are quite with him. But this is rhetoric. Will Mr. Hamerton deny that the continuance for years—for generations—of a scheme of popular novel-writing which implies, not the universality, but the prevalence, of a particular habit is compatible with the extreme rarity of that habit in a country? Will he assert that the custom (which he himself fully admits) of allowing not merely no "falling in love," but no acquaintance at all, between married people before their marriage is not likely to lead to such a habit? Will he deny that, if the ordinary Frenchwoman is ever to know what being "made love to" means at all, it must be post-nuptially? Will he further deny that certain French customs (less universal in country than in city life, no doubt, but prevalent everywhere) of domestic arrangement and cohabitation lend themselves directly to the estrangement of man and wife, and to the familiarization of both with others? If he does, we can only in some cases set his own testimony against his own arguments, and in the others disable his judgment. No man alive is less inclined to Pharisaism than we are. But the fact is (though some alteration in national habits in each case may have been effected of late years) that when the average Englishman thinks of falling in love he thinks of an unmarried girl, and that when the average Frenchman so thinks he thinks of a married woman. The thing is not deniable.

Nevertheless, though we differ with Mr. Hamerton on this and other points, and though he thinks us not often well informed, we have read his book, as we do all honest books, with interest, and can recommend it, with the proper grains of salt, to all readers.

BUGGE'S NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.*

ALL who take a serious interest in mythological questions may fairly be supposed to read German, though certainly not to read Danish, and we therefore record here, for the benefit of our readers, the completion of Professor Brenner's elaborate translation of a book not new, but hitherto disguised by its native language, the *Studier over de nordiske Gude- og Heltesagns Oprindelse* of Professor Sophus Bugge of Christiania. This great work, which may be considered as taking its place at the head of what has at present been contributed to a knowledge of Scandinavian mythology, has been the labour of many years. The first volume of the original was published in Christiania so long ago as 1880; further instalments are dated 1881, 1884, and 1888, and it is only in the present year that the author has laid the top-stone to his work. His German translator, beginning recently, has caught up the Norwegian original, and the last leaves of the latter have appeared simultaneously with the final publication of the former. Professor Brenner has performed his task with admirable care and skill, and he acknowledges the help which he has received in doing so from the venerable Dr. Konrad Maurer, than whom, now that Vigfussen has been taken from us, Europe possesses no finer Icelandic scholar.

The only important instance in which this instalment of the German translation differs from the original appears to be the introduction, with the chapter on the spread of the Balder legend, of a disquisition on the mysterious name Phol, which is found in the famous Merseburg Incantation in connexion with that of Wodan. Most writers have taken it as marking a god of the Teutonic race. Jacob Grimm and others thought that the name of this deity was to be traced in such place-names as Pfalsau (Pholesouwa) and Pfalzpoint (Pholespiunt), both in Bavaria. It has also been suggested that the word Phol was a modification of Balder itself, or, by Rydberg, of the epithet Falr applied to Balder. These and other suggestions are carefully examined by Professor Bugge in the new passage to which we call attention. He points out that the letters *ph* are very unlikely to be found in the name of a god of pure German origin, and that the phrase in the Merseburg Incantation—*Phol ende Uuodan vuorun zi holza* (Phol and Wodan go to the forest)—makes the supposition that Apollo is meant highly improbable. Professor Bugge has come to the conclusion—at first sight a rather startling one—that Phol is the Apostle Paul of the Christians. The arguments he gives are voluminous, and seem to prove that this is the correct interpretation of a passage which has hitherto baffled the critics. He holds that the Merseburg poem is in its present form corrupt, and that the pure heathen incantation probably began with the words *Frija ende Wodan*, the pagan goddess being afterwards turned out to make room for the Christian apostle. Professor Bugge is, therefore, of opinion that the Merseburg *Spruch* should no longer be included among the authorities for an early spread of the Balder legend into countries remote from Scandinavia, any more than should the Swiss saga of Baltram and Sintram, in which Müllendorf imagined that he had discovered a direct connexion with the story of Balder and Váli. In all this, as in the general tenour of his work, that excellent good sense for which Professor Bugge has always been distinguished comes into delightful prominence. He is so candid, sensible, and honest a critic that it is difficult for his reader not to be convinced that he is right.

* *Studien über die Entstehung der nordischen Götter- und Heldensagen von Sophus Bugge, Professor an der Universität Christiania.* Vom Verfasser autorisirte und durchgesehene Uebersetzung von Oscar Brenner, Professor an der Universität München. Drittes Heft (Schluss). München: C. Kaiser. 1889.

NOVELS.*

ELABORATE landscape backgrounds in novels should fulfil two purposes; they should indicate to the reader subtle inferences and thin shades of emotion too delicate and evanescent to admit of direct expression, and, further, they should play a part similar to that of the chorus in a drama, emphasizing its central idea, rounding into unity the impression conveyed by the whole work, and suggesting, it may be, the presence of those vast mysterious forces by which human life is encompassed and directed. If they do none of these things, they are, however cleverly executed, mere excrescences, like illustrations in a text for which they were not designed.

> Cum properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
> Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.

This rudimentary rule of good art Maxwell Gray seems to have ignored. *The Reproach of Annesley* contains many descriptions of rural scenery, admirably graceful and pretty in themselves, but often standing in no perceptible relation to the story. The scene of the tale is laid mainly among the South Downs; but it might equally well have been situated in Norfolk or Cornwall, and even better in a London suburb. The chief characters are essentially villa residents, people who settle here or there because the view is pretty or the soil healthy, but who have no intimate connexion with their place of abode. Villa residents are, of course, as fit subjects for fiction as any other class of people. They should, however, be painted in their habit as they live, not masquerading as country squires, country doctors, and country lawyers; let us have local colour by all means, but let the place and its inhabitants be congruous. Speaking from internal evidence only, and therefore, we hope, without offence, we should say that Maxwell Gray is better versed in literature than in life, and more practised in reflection than in direct observation. Her talent seems to us to show to most advantage in the idyllic passages, and least where a wide knowledge of the world and of the sterner and more masculine passions would tell. Possibly the success of *The Silence of Dean Maitland* has induced its author to adopt a kind of plot alien to the natural bent of her inclination. Many outbreaks of anger are described in the present novel, but they are the petulant rages of children rather than the concentrated fury of men. The plot is not a strong one, and lingers somewhat in the telling; as there is a mystery involved, it would perhaps be unfair to detail it; we may, however, say that it

* *The Reproach of Annesley.* By Maxwell Gray. 3 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

A London Life. By Henry James. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Common Clay. By Mrs. Henry Martin. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

Deveril's Diamond. By Adeline Sargeant. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

hinges on the sudden disappearance of one character and the suspicion of murder cast on another, and further, that it is concerned with the three suitors of a beautiful orphan adopted by an elderly savant. Gervase Rickman, son of the savant and one of the suitors, is the most ambitious and the worst-drawn character in the book; the frequent references to his extraordinary talents and to his vast designs "of swaying the destinies of England, if not of Europe," can only provoke a smile; it is sufficiently difficult to imagine him as a successful lawyer. An effort also is required to conceive as actually walking the earth Paul Annesley, the passionate country doctor endowed with a family curse and cursed with a family temper. Edward Annesley, his cousin, a simple-hearted cheery soldier, is more human, but the female characters are much better drawn than the men. Alice Lingard, the heroine, is not very attractive, and is perhaps better suited to enlist German than English sympathies—there is a good deal of *stille Innigkeit* about her—but Sybil Rickman, who renounces her love for her friend's sake, lingers in the memory as wholly charming; here at least we seem to get in touch with breathing humanity. Among the minor characters are some rustics who discourse appropriately in dialect. They have evidently been studied with care, but nevertheless wear a languishing mien as of plants bedded out in uncongenial soil. The ancient curse, which suggests the title of the story, should either have been made more of or omitted. The author should have the courage of her opinions. In conclusion, *The Reproach of Annesley* is not a great nor a very powerful novel, but it displays much delicately imaginative insight and a very distinct literary gift. If it falls short of its aim, we may remember that its aim is very high.

Mr. Henry James's last volume of stories displays all his well-known characteristics, with these differentiating marks—that the first and longest of his tales is in its *donnée* (we cannot in such a connexion speak of "plot") faintly improper, and that the second contains a startling incident. We do not wish to speak disrespectfully of a very clever writer, but Mr. James's work always reminds us of those marvellously elaborate models in cork or pith which are the glory of provincial museums. It is exquisitely ingenious, a very miracle of delicate craftsmanship; but the chief question it suggests is, "Was it worth while?" No doubt rigid Determinists in possession of infinite intelligence would consider all actions and emotions as equally important, and we can imagine such august beings revelling in the fare which Mr. James provides; but we, whose little life is rounded by a sleep and who can gather but a few fragments before we pass hence, may reasonably crave for rather less process and rather more result. When Mr. James first swam into ken with *Daisy Miller* we were willing to welcome him as the discoverer of an unworked field. Now we find ourselves considering whether the field may not have been left so long virgin because it was not worth cultivation or fitted to bear only an occasional flower, not a yearly crop. The device, too, of taking the reader into partnership, and calling on him to gather up the loose threads and finish the story for himself, was at first flattering; but, like all flattery, it has palled with repetition. Least of all can we forgive Mr. James for the impression which he manages to convey, that he is just going to say something really first rate. His pages are strewn with the wrecks of epigrams; the hope has not yet faded from us that his next epigram will be a complete success, and hope deferred, as we all know, maketh the heart sick. For these reasons we are not ready to accord to *A London Life* so hearty a reception as the ability displayed in it might seem to demand. The method is delicate, but it is no longer fresh, the analysis is "thoughtful," but it is not interesting. In the first story, or rather episode, we are kept dallying on the threshold of a divorce suit—Berrington *v.* Berrington and others—and assist at the moral dissection of the faithless wife, her worthless husband, her modest-minded sister, and an unspeakably dreary American youth on tour in Europe. "The *Patagonia*" is concerned with an American girl travelling to Europe to fulfil a long-standing marriage engagement, and with her fellow-passengers. An ocean steamer is a stage exactly fitted to Mr. James's modes of work, and the tale is, in our opinion, much the best of the four. The remaining two are very slight, and call for some patience in the reading of them. The scene of the last is laid partly in Paris, and several French phrases are introduced, generally, but not uniformly (ii. 316) correct.

Common Clay is not at all a bad novel; the characters are natural enough, and the incidents do not violate probability. It suffers, however, terribly from its length. As a short story we could have given it, within its modest limits, unqualified praise. It is not brilliant; but it is sound. The plot is as follows. Wilfrid Erle, a young artist, falls desperately in love with the illegitimate daughter of a squire and a gipsy, whom he meets in a farmhouse during a sketching tour. Being strictly moral, he introduces her to his sister, and boards her out with some friends in London, to make her into a lady and eventually his wife. Before it is too late, both he and Mazella Foster, such is the girl's name, discover the folly of his scheme, and pair off, she with her former sweetheart, a gamekeeper, he with a lady of his own class, named Lesbia, and possessing a tame sparrow, but happily bearing no moral resemblance to her famous prototype.

Deveril's Diamond is a favourable specimen of the circulating library sort of novel. It contains plenty of incident, two or three crimes, an aristocratic villain, a plebeian ditto, honest British merchants, a ruined squire who regains his family place by marriage, a saturnine retainer, and other types equally fresh, all painted in colours which are nothing if not vivid and described in a style fluent to the utmost verge of grammar. The plot turns on schemes to obtain possession of a magnificent diamond, and is concerned with the fortunes of the Lady Eleanor Monckton, a girl whom the death of her disreputable father has left penniless, and who loves one man, consents to marry a second, and finds on the altar steps that she is being actually wedded to a third. Her conduct after the marriage has been celebrated recalls an episode in the work of M. Ohnet (whom Mr. Frederic Harrison, by-the-by, ranks with Tolstoï and Tourgéneff—such verdicts can culture prompt), but her husband is a most worthy and long-suffering person, and the union becomes more happy than might have been expected. The opening scene of the story, a life and death struggle in the wilds of South Africa, is extremely vigorous and raises expectations which are hardly fulfilled. Yet readers who want to beguile an idle hour might do worse than procure Miss Sargeant's latest book. It is more entertaining than many more pretentious works.

HENRY VII.*

UNSATISFACTORY as any attempt to divide the history of a country into periods must necessarily be, the reign of Henry VII. may certainly in more than one respect fairly be regarded as ushering in a new era in English history. Changes which for the most part had their origin in earlier reigns, and some of which had already begun to make themselves, appeared in full strength. The fall of the great feudal houses made way for the power of the Crown, represented and enforced by a King of remarkable ability. This was in accordance with the desires of the bulk of the people, who were weary of anarchy and violence. They wanted peace and material prosperity, and saw that they were to be attained and preserved by the establishment of a strong central power. During the preceding age the Constitution had been on its trial; it had failed to give the nation what it needed, and men were not unwilling that order should be ensured, even at the cost of constitutional liberties. The strong government set up by Edward IV. had been disturbed by the consequences of the usurpation of Richard III.; there was now an opportunity of renewing it. Henry answered the expectations of his people by making the law feared and obeyed by great as well as small, and the exaltation of the kingship brought the subject a new sense of security. As regards the foreign relations of England the change was not less marked. His reign saw the rise of a system of European alliances; under his guidance England became an important factor in Continental politics, and his wisdom prepared the way for the grander part which it played under his son and Wolsey. Neither the domestic nor the foreign affairs of the reign afford much material for picturesque writing, nor is Henry himself exactly an heroic figure. Nevertheless, the reign has a special importance as a period of political and constitutional change; while the sagacity of the King and the difficulties over which he triumphed impart interest to a narrative which, as far as mere incidents are concerned, is somewhat commonplace. Mr. Gairdner's treatment of his subject is pleasant and scholarly; he writes with some spirit, and is always perfectly lucid and readable. His view of Henry's character is, on the whole, more favourable than that which has generally been accepted; he points out that considerable allowance should be made for the necessities of his position, gives prominence to his clemency, and contends that he was naturally kind, affable, and even humorous.

After Henry of Richmond gained his freedom on the death of Edward IV. he suffered two signal reverses, each of which in the end brought him some good. The failure of the Duke of Buckingham's conspiracy was followed by severities which, as Mr. Gairdner notes, strengthened his party by forcing a large number of able and powerful men to leave England and join themselves to him; and so, when he made his second attempt, his party was consolidated and his plans matured, while Richard had by that time thoroughly disgusted the nation. The influence which Richard gained in Britanny was, however, nearly fatal to him, for Landois, the Duke's Minister, determined to deliver him up, and he had to escape from the duchy in disguise. Yet this check also turned to his advantage, for he found in Charles VIII. of France a protector with whom Richard did not dare to quarrel. The larger part of the volume is devoted to Henry's foreign policy. It was not always successful, for he failed in his attempt to maintain the independence of Britanny. It must, however, be judged by its general results. Although he found the country exhausted and disturbed, and was constantly hampered by the insecurity of his throne, he nevertheless secured strong European alliances, and managed with a minimum of bloodshed and expense to convince other sovereigns that it was worth their while to court his goodwill. At home he gave his subjects the peace and order which they desired. His strictness in all matters of finance was closely connected with his system of personal government. He had no love for Parliaments, and preferred to raise money by other than Parliamentary means, and to take care of it and increase it as much as possible, for he saw "more clearly than any previous sovereign that money was the source of power." His extortions and his parsimony are not to be regarded as the signs of mere vulgar avarice; they are to

* *Henry the Seventh.* By James Gairdner. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

be connected, as Mr. Gairdner contends, with his whole plan of government.

In his dealings with Ireland, of which we have a clear and masterly sketch, he sought in much the same spirit as that which inspired his English policy to make the whole administration directly responsible to himself. Parliaments were summoned to do the King's business, and Poyning's Acts ensured that Irish Parliaments should do it. His wisdom is conspicuous throughout the whole of his rule over Ireland; he knew when to interfere and when to abstain from interference. As long as he was too weak to match himself with Kildare, he let matters take their course, and was ready to pardon rebellion; as soon as he grew strong enough, he began to put down faction, to punish the excesses of the great, and to enforce order. As he saw that it was hopeless to attempt to bring the Irish into subjection by using his own forces, and shrank from the expense which constant war would have entailed, he ventured to entrust the task to the strongest man in the island, rebel though he had been, and the issue justified his determination. While Kildare certainly acted with little reference to the King, his victories strengthened the royal power in Ireland, for he enlarged the Pale, and made it secure. Mr. Gairdner has been able to correct two or three statements in Bacon's *Life*, of which he nevertheless speaks with becoming reverence. There is, he maintains, good reason for believing that Bacon exaggerated the coldness with which Henry treated his Queen, and he quotes the story of how the news of Prince Arthur's death was received by his parents as illustrating "the more human aspects of a character often represented untruly as cold and unloving." He also throws some light from the Spanish State Papers on the schemes which Henry undoubtedly entertained with reference to the regency of Castile, after the death of Isabella—a curious bit of history unknown to Bacon. He has written on a subject which he knows thoroughly, and has produced an eminently satisfactory volume.

FANS AND FAN LEAVES.*

IN this elephant folio Lady Charlotte Schreiber has reproduced one hundred and sixty-one specimens from her extraordinary collection of printed fans, now at Langham House. In her very brief preface she has not told us under what circumstances this assemblage of curiosities was put together, and we are left to rove through her handsome volume almost like a stranger who visits an historical mansion without a cicerone. There are, however, valuable notes on the separate fans, which are of great use to us in inspecting them. The reproductions are lithographs, printed in a sort of sepia tone. This is not a process which lends itself to positive beauty; but the objects themselves are not particularly beautiful, though they are often extremely curious.

The political fans illustrate a period of about one hundred years. The earliest seems to be "The States of Europe playing at Piquet," and the date is fixed by the fact that the Pope is Innocent XI., who reigned between 1679 and 1689. The seven players are women, to whom the following speeches are assigned —not in the later and grotesque way, by allowing labels to issue from their mouths, but by printing what they have to say freely above their heads:—

France. I make the hand and play first.
Spain. I have three kings and two aces discarded, and say three kings are good.
Sardinia. A quint fourteen by tens, but not the point.
Empire. Shall I be repiqued and capoted?
Saxony. Too many cards can count nothing.
Russia. I have a seventh from the king and quint major; how can I lose with so good a hand?
Poland. I have seventy-five in point and a carte major, and am first hand; I hope to win the Game if fortune crowns my ambition.

These seven States sit on the outer side of the oval table; nearer the foreground are Britannia, Holland, and "Prusia," who look out, but take no hand in the game. The Pope declares that he does "not understand the Game," like the Heathen Chinee; while the Grand Turk rides up on a very truculent charger, and cries out, "If you don't leave off I'll tear the cards." But the Shah of Persia, who is really not unlike our present illustrious guest, pulls the Turk's trappings with one hand, while he touches his own scimitar with the other, and whispers "Seigneur Turk, Persia shall make you change your note!" Could history be taught to the idlest scholar in a more charming form? The original, it appears, is printed on paper and touched up with gold.

This is the only example of a seventeenth-century political fan which Lady Charlotte Schreiber prints. She gives a good many, dated from 1734 onwards, which deal with the vicissitudes of Sir Robert Walpole's administration. The marriage of Princess Anne with William Prince of Orange seems to have called forth great ingenuity from the makers of these fashionable toys. There was one published by M. Gamble which was sold as "The Orange Fan; with a Letter to the lovely She who has more than 30,000 Charms." This letter was written in more than passably smooth verses, in the mode of Mr. William Whitehead, Poet Laureate, bestrewn along the upper and lower edges of the fan, the design in the centre of which displayed a thickly-laden orange-tree on the left, and a "redolent rose" in full bloom on the right, with William's three-master scudding across a waveless ocean between them. In another Orange fan the bride (with a very cross expression, due to a limitation in the powers of the artist) and the bridegroom occupy the centre, flanked by bishops and beefeaters. In yet another a pseudo-classical fancy runs positively riot. Anne, in a kind of Mantegna dress, takes the hand of William, who is dressed like a shepherd, but with an enormous coronet perched on his brows. Tiresome little half-naked amorini trip up the footsteps of the Princess and cling to her gown. A bishop in full canonicals is reading the service undisturbed by two cupids who are playing what looks like a tambourine in the air above the heads of the party, by a perfectly nude infant who is killing a quantity of snakes, or by some more decently habited young persons who are playing with a sheep. Some fashionably dressed ladies are letting a heavy hop-pole fall on the bishop, while the whole design is surrounded by a rich wreath of oranges, leaves, flowers, and fruit.

A much more business-like fan of April 22, 1740, gives a picture of Admiral Vernon's capture of Portobello in the preceding year, and another of 1741 the attack on Carthagena. After a most lugubrious funereal fan in memory of the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, in 1751, we pass rapidly to the period of George III. The composition representing the Royal Concert of 1781 is adorned by some lines which Lady Charlotte Schreiber attributes to an Italian of the name of Giordini:—

My dear Mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me.

The music may have been Italian; but the lines, as Lady Charlotte Schreiber may very well be excused for not remembering, had been published just a century earlier, by Lord Rochester, in one of the best of his songs. A very funny and affected fan, well adapted to the peculiar taste of 1782, is that which was published in honour of Rodney's Victories. The Admiral, smirking very much and looking adorably juvenile, stands in gold-laced coat and white silk breeches between Neptune, who rises in a shell, clothed in two crowns and a trident, and Britannia, who is reposing on a trophy of anchors, drums, and bayonets. A winged infant descends from the skies, wrapped in a broad riband marked RODNEY, and places a wreath on the Admiral's neat tye-wig, while the hero tramples elegantly on a copious collection of flags that bear the *fleur-de-lys* of France. Urns, dolphins, cushions, and bay-leaves complete the scheme of decoration. There are a great many similar examples of fans which are dedicated to incidents in the Peninsular War.

Among those fans which depict social scenes, a special interest attaches to the "Bartholomew Fair" of 1721, full of little stiff figures strutting about or witnessing the cutting off of the head of Holophernes in a booth-tragedy of Judith. This book is without doubt that which was kept by Mrs. Mynns and her daughter, Mrs. Lee, for whom, at this very time, the wretched old Elkanah Settle was writing drolls, if he was not actually appearing any longer, in his own farce of *St. George for England*, as a dragon in a case of green leather. At all events, on this interesting fan we see depicted the identical stage on which poor Elkanah "spit streams of fire to make the butchers gaze." A rather bald and ugly fan gives us a representation of the Pump Room at Bath in 1737, the original being printed in green. In 1751 we have a scene from Ranelagh, with the great Rotunda in the centre, the pond on the left, what we take to be the Cascade in the background, and stately couples promenading among the lamps and the trees, as they did when Beau Tibbs and his party spent so disappointing an evening there. In the foreground we see the boxes in which they took their supper. There were even religious fans, and we have here a very curious, and not at all pretty, "Church of England Fan" of 1776, with scrolls and ovals full of Biblical maxims and devout precepts. As early as 1753 the *Gentleman's Magazine* had spoken of those ladies who "have lately contrived to improve the services of the Church to which they have the happiness to be daughters by so inconsiderable an implement as a *Fan mount*"; justly thinking that pictures of Silenus and his rout, of Harlequin, Pierrot, and Columbine, of the taking of Portobello, of a scene from the "Rake's Progress," and of the Judgment of Paris, all of which, and more, had been observed at one church during morning-service, were hardly suited to the solemnity of the function. Another Church-fan represents, in a style half of Watteau, half Chinese, the "Birth of Esau and Jacob," with Rebecca sitting up in bed very delicately in the middle of the composition. Another, of a more solemnizing nature, prints in columns and in excessively small type the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer, with figures of angels between.

A fan with designs on both sides, which are not dated, but must evidently from their style belong to the end of the eighteenth century, deals with the honours in cards; and below burlesque vignettes of the suits are printed some pleasing verses, which we do not remember to have met with elsewhere, set to the tune of "The Queen of Hearts, She made some Tarts":—

The Queen of Clubs made sillabubs,
The Knave came like Big Ben,
He snatch'd the cup, and drank it up,
His toast was Rights of Men.

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* *Fans and Fan Leaves—English.* Collected and described by Lady Charlotte Schreiber. With 161 Illustrations. London: John Murray.

With hands and eyes that mark surprise
The King laments his fate;
Alas! saith he, I plainly see
The Knave's a Democrate.

The Queen of Spades, she beat her Maids
For their immodesty,
The Knave of Spades, he kiss'd the Maids,
Which made the Queen to cry.
The King then curst that Knave who durst
Make Royalty shed tears,
Vile Knave, says he, 'tis my decree,
That you lose both your ears.

The Diamond Queen was one day seen
So drunk she could not stand,
The Diamond Knave he blushed and gave
The Queen a reprimand.
The King distrest that his Dearest
Should do so vile a thing,
Said, By my Wig, She's like the Pig
Of David the good King.

Any one who enjoys miscellaneous oddity will find an almost inexhaustible store of amusement in Lady Charlotte Schreiber's curious volume.

PIG-STICKING, MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE, AND THE SOUTH PACIFIC.*

COLONEL BADEN-POWELL writes on the premier sport of India with all the eloquence of an enthusiast and with all the knowledge of an expert. He is not slow to magnify his office. He compares hog-hunting, to its advantage, with fox-hunting. He thinks the two sports have much in common; pig-sticking is very like fox-hunting, "only more so." In the former sport you have the great advantage of finding a quarry worthy of your steel. But pig-sticking is not, according to our author, a mere amusement. "It is most useful for developing the attributes so necessary in a soldier—namely, eye, hand, a firm seat, courage, and activity." He cannot conceive it possible that a good pig-sticker should be an indifferent soldier. The book should be read throughout. The few extracts which we quote will, we hope, whet our readers' appetite for fuller knowledge of the respectable animal of whom a French hog-hunter writes this noble panegyric:—"J'ai beaucoup fréquenté les sangliers, et parmi nos animaux sauvages je n'en connais aucun que je trouve aussi estimable. C'est un brave, un chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche, qui se bat courageusement jusqu'à la fin et meurt comme un héros." His courage is indeed dauntless and enduring. Colonel Powell says that wounds which would at least disable any other animal seem to affect the pig but little. Even with his skull splintered by a shot he has been known to charge with renewed vigour. "He is as wise as he is brave. In the matter of brains he goes in for quality and not for quantity, for there can be no doubt that his little brain is full of craft. It may be that want of sensibility enables him to keep all his wits about him up to his last breath, even when he has been wounded to such an extent as would have laid any other animal low in a state of insensibility. And even in the worst dilemma a pig never by any chance loses his head." This Ulysses of wild animals has no certain dwelling where he may be found always at home. Sometimes his abode is in the neighbourhood of a well-ripening crop of favourite grain. Colonel Powell has seen his lair within twenty yards of a watchman's hut in a melon garden. The old notion that a pig cannot swim is an exploded superstition, a very "vulgar error" indeed. He may often be seen swimming a canal on business and a river for pleasure. Water, in fact, is his favourite means of escape from his pursuers. A boar took refuge once in a native's house in a town. The magistrate was sent for; out rushed the hog, and without a pause went for the magistrate's companion, Mr. Rogers, who, having been an experienced pig-sticker in his day, met him halfway with a spear clean through his body. Away bounded the wounded beast; but the magistrate followed close on his heels, and brought him to with a spear in the spine. What he was doing in a town house is still a mystery. Colonel Powell thereanent cruelly misquotes Pope, and says:—

'Tis not that he's beautiful, wondrous, or rare,
But the mystery is how the deil he got there.

This animal was thirty-two inches high—a very respectable size. A wild boar has been seen forty-two inches high; but it is very seldom that a hunter comes across one of over thirty-six inches. We have not space to quote the thrilling account of a fight witnessed between a boar and a tiger. We can only tell the sequel. "Getting his forefeet on the tiger's prostrate body, the boar now gave two or three short ripping gashes with his strong white tusks, almost disembowelling his foe, and then, exhausted seemingly by the effort, apparently giddy and sick, he staggered aside, and lay down panting and champing his tusks, but still defiant, with his head to the foe. But the tiger was sick unto death." The tiger was no worn-out beast. He was young and lusty. When both animals were exhausted, the spectators shot the twain. Pig-sticking has its bards as well as its historians. We quote a stanza from a hunting-song by one of them:—

There's bliss in the scholar's love [? *lore*], my boys,
In wine and in golden store, my boys,
But the joys of the whole do not thrill the soul
Like the rush of the charging boar, my boys.

Colonel Powell explains at length what breed of horses should be ridden on a pig-sticking expedition. He also tells us what kind of dogs, if any, should be taken on the same errand, but he thinks that dogs are not required, and had better be left behind. He even gives a table of expenses for the information of those "gentlemen in England" whom he may have fired with a longing to stick the courageous and wily hog. In fact, he gives every needful information how to hunt the brave beast when living, and how to stuff him when dead. Neither does he confine himself to a description of boar-hunting in India. He gives minute information as to how the sport is conducted in Northern and South-Eastern Africa, in New Zealand, Australia, and Hawaii. He transcribes the rules of the many pig-sticking clubs in India. We subjoin a few of those of the Nuggar and Deccan Hunts. They are practical and concise:—

1. The master always to be obeyed.
2. Silence at the jungle side. No moving after being once posted.
3. No followers or spare horses to be allowed at the cover side.
6. Any one taking first spear is, if possible, to follow up his pig until it is killed.
9. Any rider jostling another, or carrying his spear improperly, to be fined one gold mohur.
11. Any member shooting a pig to be expelled the Club.

The illustrations to this book are as good and spirited as the letterpress.

Mr. Ashe's book is a record of missionary enterprise in Equatorial Africa. In 1882 he set out with a party of missionaries, journeying to various stations in the interior of Africa by way of Zanzibar. "For thorough misery and complete discomfort that twelve days' struggle against the Monsoon" surpassed anything that can be conceived. The Wagogo savages with whom the party soon came in contact were a very fierce set of warriors, who wear a thong of hide round their waists, which falls down behind and gives them the appearance of wearing tails. The women often insert in their ears a piece of wood which looks like a large draughtman. Sometimes they substitute for this piece of wood the pear-shaped end of a bottle gourd, a husk of Indian corn, a snuffbox, the handle of a teapot, a cartridge case, or the "bishop" belonging to a set of chessmen. But we must not dwell too long with this interesting tribe. We must hurry on to make acquaintance with the two monarchs who give their name to the book. The high-tempered courage, the noble spirit of martyrdom, and the cruel death of Bishop Hannington are too fresh in the minds and hearts of our readers to need recapitulation here. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Ashe writes with a full and generous appreciation of the great qualities of the Christian hero. Of Mtesa, "the causer of tears," we read that, with all his cruelty, he was a man who possessed many fine qualities. He was courteous and generous to Europeans, but he did not like the missionary's intrusion upon him of religious subjects. He shot his wives, and practised obscenities too revolting to be described. Mwanga, his successor, had a wild passion for shedding blood. He would not listen to any arguments about religion which were not presented to him in a humorous or ludicrous light, and this Mr. Ashe found himself both unable and unwilling to do. The good missionary's experiences were chiefly those of blood and slaughter, which it may be necessary to recall, but which are inexpressibly painful to read about. Mr. Ashe is no optimist in his recollections of the dark continent. He thinks that, "if you can respect and love a man after living with him in Africa, it means that, in no small degree, he has the highest qualities. . . . Africa proves a man, and he who issues unscathed from that furnace is pure gold indeed." The following observations in reference to the German operations on the coast are well worth consideration:—

If the poor Indians are ruined by the Germans, and can no longer lend to the Arab traders as in former times, at least some compensation may be found in the fact that it will probably result in lessening the power of the Arabs for slave-hunting; and, though I sympathize with our Indian fellow-subjects, I have seen too much of the bitter sufferings of the victims of these Arab traders to make me regret anything which cuts off even one source of supplying them in their inhuman traffic.

The fluency of Mr. Ashe's religious convictions is untinctured with any alloy of bigotry and narrow-mindedness. He speaks with generous gratitude of the assistance and protection afforded him by the Roman Catholic missionaries, and doubts whether we are justified in sending missionaries at all to countries which they cannot reach without being armed. He has some scruples of conscience as to whether he ought to have purchased some mangoes and oranges on a Sunday; but, like the colonel of a hussar regiment who some years ago was condemned by public opinion for flogging one of his soldiers on the Lord's Day, our good missionary had no idea that it was Sunday at all until the act was achieved. "Whether or not," he naïvely remarks, "I should have abstained from the purchase had I known the day, it is needless to inquire." The feudal titles given to some of the African nobles can hardly fail to raise a smile. That of Earl of Singo is only one degree less absurd than that of Marquis of Marmelade. Mr.

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* *Pig-Sticking or Hog-Hunting.* By Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell, 13th Hussars, Author of "Reconnaissance and Scouting" &c. Illustrated by the Author. London: Harrison & Sons.

Two Kings of Uganda. By Robert P. Ashe, M.A., F.R.G.S. With Map and Illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Eric and Connie's Cruise in the South Pacific. By Captain C. F. De M. Malan, R.N. With Illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Ashe's grammar is sometimes amusing. He tells us that a certain Sebwato was a tender-hearted man, "and I recollect when they killed Lugalama, he was moved to tears when he came to see me some time afterwards."

The story of Eric and Connie Egerton's cruise in the South Pacific is dull reading. It is not a sober book of travels, for some of the scenes are laid in an undiscovered island. It is far too tame for a book of adventures. It will utterly fail to satisfy boyish readers fed upon the works of Mr. Ballantyne or Mr. Kingston. But the author writes with a full *connaissance de cause* which should have enabled him to give his juvenile readers a simple or instructive narrative of facts. Young people will find Eric and Connie very much in the way. They would rather read of the islands and of their natives without the presence of these unamusing interlopers. The illustrations are almost ludicrously bad.

ROBBERY UNDER ARMS.*

IF any one's idle curiosity prompts him to know what the transpontine drama was like in England some two generations ago, he may turn to this long-winded book, which purports to be a story of life and adventure in the Bush and in the Australian goldfields at about the same period of time, or a little later. The wickedness of the wicked is on a much larger scale than that practised in the mother country, and "the local colouring" is, of course, essentially different; but the characters of the wicked are identical. And this is not a little odd, that a series of commonplace English plays half a century old, in which all the leading characters are thoroughly, unheroically bad, their manners and language sometimes disgusting, and always theatrical, but never dramatic, should fairly represent the actual life of some convicts in the Australian Bush as late as the space of time which lies between the years 1850 and 1860. Nor is this verisimilitude to be altogether attributed to the craft of the story-teller; for the stories he tells are authentic, and in some cases, with only the change of the principal players' names, are copied direct from Australian newspapers, and other local sources, the details having been sworn to by eye-witnesses in the local Courts. The writer, with that modesty which belongs to an author who has achieved some provincial success, trusts that his "ower true tale" will do no discredit to the rising reputation of Australian romance; but at the same time begs it to be understood that, though it is presented in the guise of fiction, "this Chronicle of the Marston family must not be set down by the reader as wholly fanciful or exaggerated; much of the narrative is literally true, as can be verified by official records." There need be no doubt about it—for it is a matter of the very smallest moment; but, if there could be any doubt, Mr. Rolf Boldrewood—if that be the author's name—has taken the best means to dispel it, for he puts the main part of the story into the mouth of one of his leading ruffians, who tells it in the first person singular, with that damnable iteration which engenders the most offensive familiarity, which is followed by a result that is at once inevitable and natural. The story is of inordinate length; the principal incidents are stealing at odd times more than a thousand head of cattle, including "an imported bull, Fifteenth Duke of Cambridge," hiding them in places which the mounted police could not possibly discover, changing or "faking" their brands, then marching the whole mob several hundred miles from New South Wales to Adelaide, and selling them in the open market in the coolest way. This little job, owing to the "Fifteenth Duke of Cambridge," lands two of the gallant "cattle duffers" in an up-country gaol, from which, however, they manage to make their escape in an effectual but purely conventional way. The distinction thus acquired raises the ambition of these Government gentry, who are now above such tricks as stealing imported bulls and horses; and, after passing some time in retreat, are resolved to fly at higher game—they "bail up" the Goulburn coach, and bag some 400*l.* or more in what is regarded as a very clever, workmanlike style. After lying quiet in their favourite cave, "after a comfortable time" they again take the road, their ideas having enlarged with their experience; and, in a manner that rouses the indignation of the whole country and the admiration of the wicked, they proceed to rob a country bank in the middle of the day, having previously locked up the local policeman in one of his own cells, and leave the manager and his clerk bound hand and foot. They again ride off in triumph with a heavy swag, and have "a good time with the girls lower down" before again going into retreat. Here they once more give themselves up to contemplation, the result of which was that "we were to stick up the next monthly gold escort." That was all. "We knew it would be a heavy one, and trusted to our luck to get clear off with the gold, and then take ship for Honolulu or San Francisco. A desperate chance; but we were desperate men. We had tried to work hard and honest. We had done so for best part of a year; but no, they wouldn't have us that way." On this occasion the bag consisted of about 14,000 oz. of gold. "It wasn't so bad"—the whole being got by the murder of only one man. After this exploit the book becomes insipid. The great disappointment of the book is, that the miscreant who here records his own and his companions' crimes, after being very properly condemned to die an ignominious death, is not hanged after all, but obtains a free pardon; is "quietly and privately married" to the girl who always adored him, and lives happy with her ever after "on the Barcoo in Queensland."

* *Robbery under Arms: a Story of Life and Adventure in the Bush and in the Goldfields of Australia.* By Rolf Boldrewood. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

ENGLISH PRESBYTERIANISM.*

PRESBYTERIANISM has never taken any strong hold on Englishmen; it had a brief day of power, during which the country grew heartily sick of it, and then it entered on a long period of contempt, weakness, division, and heresy. To those who are attached to the cause its history must therefore be a melancholy study. Nor will they find their spirits raised by the Rev. A. H. Drysdale's volume, which, while showing that its author has an accurate knowledge of many parts of his subject, is uncommonly dull and lifeless; its pages are disfigured by a senseless use of italics and capitals, and contain frequent extracts printed in small type. The first part, which is devoted to an attempt to prove the existence of Presbyterianism here and elsewhere from very early times, contains several errors and misrepresentations. We begin with the ancient British Church and Saints Alban and "Amphiballus" (*sic*), and are told that the earliest record of their martyrdoms, which have of course nothing to do with the subject in hand, is given by Gildas. This is only true of the very doubtful Amphibalus; for the biographer of St. Germanus, who wrote about a century before Gildas, tells us how the bishop worshipped at the tomb of the martyred St. Alban, and carried away a relic. From St. Alban we pass to the three British "Bishops" at the Council of Arles; the inverted commas are Mr. Drysdale's, who wishes to imply by them that Restitutus of London and his fellows were not bishops in the ordinary sense of the word; indeed, he says that they were "*preaching* Presbyters, or pastors *presiding* [the italics, of course, are his] over individual congregations." We note, by the way, that he seems to believe that preaching is the highest of the priestly functions. His contention appears to be that these bishops did not belong to an order separate from, and superior to, the priesthood, and he takes good care not to refer to the words which follow the notice of Adelfius, Bishop of Caerleon—"Exinde Sacerdos presbyter; Arminius diaconus," the Bishop came to the Council attended by one of either order of the inferior clergy, "cum clericis suis." Again, he maintains that the canon ordering that seven, or at least three, bishops should assist at an episcopal ordination accords better "with a Presbyterial than with a Prelatical theory of the Church"—which is absurd. If he really thinks that the bishops of the Roman world in the fourth century were in any way subject to a Board of presbyters, or were not held to be of far greater dignity than simple priests, or were not invested with peculiar and ample authority over their churches, he is strangely ignorant of ecclesiastical history. "A Cathedral system was undreamt of." Just so; especially at Carthage, where nearly five hundred clergy belonged to the Episcopal Church. To go on to what he says of mediæval times, it will scarcely be believed that, in a sentence which has no grammatical end, he advances the opinion that the exempt monasteries were proofs of the survival of "presbyterial tradition." We should like to know what he means by talking of the "Lollard Church"; the term is ridiculous, for Wycliffe did not found a Church. Lastly—for, much as there is to note in them, we must not dwell too long on these first few pages—he formulates the constitutional effect of the suppression of the monasteries in the surprising remark that the Three Estates of the Realm ceased to be "*King, Clergy, and Laity*," and became "*King, Lords, and Commons.*"

When Mr. Drysdale gets to later times he appears to us, heartily as we disagree with much that he says, to have a good knowledge of his subject. He certainly attributes far too large a share in the corrections made in the first Prayer-Book of Edward VI. to the direct interference of Bucer. That the opinions of Bucer and other foreign divines had a strong indirect influence on the revisers we do not deny; but it will be found that the Bishops had already adopted some of the alterations proposed in the *Scripta Anglicana*, and that they rejected others, and it is a mistake to represent Cranmer as merely "wielding the pen," while Bucer supplied matter, and even "guided his hand." After recounting how Presbyterian views took their rise in England, and marking the effect produced by the return of the Marian exiles, Mr. Drysdale passes to the "formative period" of Presbyterianism, which he dates from the work of the Convocation of 1563 to the promulgation of the Directory in 1583, and gives an account, first of the Secession of 1566-7, and then of the growth of the Presbyterian party within the Church. The members of this party attempted to obtain a system of spiritual government "mutually enforced by equals upon equals" by means of the Discipline set forth in the Directory, and of Prophesyings, which tended to introduce the lay element into the Church, and to promote the rise of a system of self-government independent of the Episcopate. To the Discipline must be traced, as Mr. Drysdale points out, the endeavour of the party to establish parochial Presbyteries, while the Classis or Classical Presbytery is to be connected with the Prophesyings. In the course of a

* *History of the Presbyterians in England; their Rise, Decline, and Revival.* By Rev. A. H. Drysdale, M.A. London: Publication Committee of the Presbyterian Church of England. 1889.

dull, though sufficient, record of the ecclesiastical struggle of the later years of Elizabeth's reign he marks the injury which accrued to the Presbyterian cause from the more violent proceedings of the Brownists, the Family of Love, and other Sectaries, and from the vehement invectives of the Marprelate tracts. His remark that to deliver Udal to death would have been an outrage that even Whitgift was not prepared to perpetrate scarcely conveys the fact that his life was spared on the earnest intercession of the Primate. In describing the rapid increase of Presbyterian feeling during the period of King Charles's power he dwells too exclusively on ecclesiastical matters. The desire for a change in Church government was part of the general revolt against absolutism; men turned to Presbyterianism, not so much because they had a special admiration for the system as because it was closely connected with the cause of the Parliament. In this are involved both the glory and the weakness of English Presbyterianism. It encouraged and expressed the determination of the leaders of the Parliamentary party to restore constitutional government. But as a system it had no hold on the affections of the nation at large; its work was done when the country was stirred to resistance, and it was willingly cast aside as an obstacle to further progress. Laud's work is, of course, unfairly represented. As archbishop he was bound to defend the Church from the attacks of Presbyterians and Sectaries, and to enforce the observance of decency and order among her ministers. We do not say that this affords a complete defence for everything that he did on her behalf, but no representation of his relations with Puritans of any persuasion can be just or adequate which does not make full allowance for his sense of duty towards the Church. To take one example only, it is obviously unjust to blame him for discouraging or preventing the establishment of lectureships, without noting that the lecturers were for the most part disloyal to the Church, and that they showed their contempt for her ordinances by habitually abstaining from taking part in the reading of the Common Prayer. Mr. Drysdale says that the chief cause of the failure of the Presbyterians to obtain a permanent acceptance of their system was that they "lost faith in the attainableness of their own ideal." We do not quite understand what he means. The fact is that those who really cared for the system found that their cause was hopeless. They had attempted to set up a spiritual tyranny, imposed on the whole nation, and enforced by Presbyterial Courts, and the nation would not bear the imposition, and found a deliverer in Cromwell's army. An attempt is made to minimize their narrowness and intolerance. Many of them, it is allowed, protested against toleration, "*as it was advanced by the Sectaries*"; we fail to see the force of the qualification which Mr. Drysdale italicizes. He denies that the Scots attempted to impose their own system upon England; if he will give some attention to the facts of the case he will see how utterly he is mistaken.

The decline of Presbyterianism is carefully traced, and full information will be found as to the various quarrels and defections which completed the ruin of the cause. Almost as soon as the period of their adversity had passed by the Presbyterians began to engage in contentions amongst themselves. The political importance which the Dissenters acquired at the Revolution led to the formation of a union between the Presbyterians and Independents. This union was, however, quickly broken by the Neonomian Controversy, in which Dr. Williams, the founder of the Library now in Grafton Street, played a conspicuous part. One of the results of this Controversy was, Mr. Drysdale says, a growing indifference to Gospel teaching among the Presbyterians. Before long doctrinal defection appeared, and a third of the Assembly held at Exeter in 1719 refused to subscribe to the first Article of the Church of England. A formal breach took place at the Salters' Hall meeting in the same year, and Arianism soon increased rapidly. Among the causes which favoured the spread of this defection were, Mr. Drysdale considers, the foolish prejudice which the Presbyterians entertained against subscription to tests of orthodoxy, their "disuse of and departure from the fully-developed Presbyterial government and discipline," and the state of the law with reference to Trusts, which prevented heterodox teachers from being deprived of the enjoyment of Presbyterian endowments. After the publication of Priestley's *Corruptions of Christianity*, in 1782, Presbyterian Arianism lapsed into Unitarianism. The last section of this work treats of the revival of Evangelical Presbyterianism. This revival was mainly effected through the instrumentality of the Scottish Secession, or, as it is now called, the United Presbyterian Church. It has led to the formation of a reconstituted Presbyterian body in England, which in 1888 numbered 288 congregations, under eleven Presbyteries, and appears, from the title-page of this book, to call itself by the inappropriate name of the "Presbyterian Church of England."

DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.*

WITH a fourth volume and an appendix Sir George Grove's important work has reached the long-desired end, and the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* now lacks only the final touch of completeness which a full index can give. This, we understand, will shortly appear in an additional volume compiled by Mrs. Wodehouse. We sincerely congratulate the editor and the eminent writers associated with him on the successful conclusion of their labours. In its earlier phases of publication the Dictionary was assailed with not a little detraction of the tiny trumpeting kind, which for a while afflicted some of those interested in the undertaking with transient filial fears; but the murmurs of the rebellious ones, at no time of serious import, became gradually hushed as the scheme of the work took shape and its varied merits became increasingly apparent. It was inevitable that errors and omissions should occur in a work so complex and comprehensive. These are rectified in the Appendix, under the keen and painstaking supervision of Mr. Fuller Maitland. A considerable portion of the supplementary labour was rendered necessary by the peculiar objects of the Dictionary that distinguish it from all other examples of our musical literature. From Hawkins and Burney to the late Sir George Macfarren, and other recent writers, we have histories of music and musical histories of various degrees of value, yet dealing with the subject within set limitations, and at this date, in several directions, imperfect authoritative guides. Sir George Grove's Dictionary embraces the whole field of music, ancient and modern, the latest developments of contemporary art and criticism; it is a chronicle of musical activity to the most recent possible fact or event of recorded moment in the world of music. Whether in every department of the work—in biography, for instance—the articles invariably fulfil the true functions of a dictionary is perhaps open to debate. We must express the hope that when a new edition is forthcoming the great names of Bach and Handel will have a more liberal allotment of space than they have received. In this particular, at least, the Dictionary does not reflect the true relations of these august masters to modern composers. Several of the more important contributions to the present volume were noticed in the *Saturday Review* on their appearance in the monthly parts. Dr. Parry's articles on the Symphony and on Variations are models of exposition, and, like all the contributions of this admirable writer, excellent in form and style. In the former we have a luminous history of the Symphony and its evolution from the examples of the elders, broadening down from precedent to precedent in Beethoven to modern processes of disintegration or departure. Dr. Parry is unwilling to regard the "symphonic poem" or "instrumental drama" of Berlioz and Liszt as derived from the Symphony. In reality, he says, they are "scarcely even offshoots from the symphonic stem." Never have we seen the essential difference between the two forms of art more convincingly established than by Dr. Parry. He says, moreover, the word in season, now that so much vague or intolerable nonsense is constantly being written on the subject, in his observations (p. 39) on what is called "programme music." Among the chief composers discussed in the fourth volume are M. Ambroise Thomas, by M. Gustav Chonquet; Verdi, by Signor Mazzucato; Wagner, by Mr. Dannreuther; and Weber, by Dr. Ph. Spitta. Of theorists and composers, some of whom were virtuosi, we have notable articles in Herr Paul David's Tartini, Mr Dannreuther's Tausig, Mr. Louis Engel's Thalberg, and the Abbé Vogler and Josef Wolf of the Rev. J. H. Mee. Dr. Spitta's "Weber" is from all aspects one of the best biographical articles in the Dictionary. Mr. W. S. Rockstro is responsible for the article on the old method of notation known as Tablature, on Thorough Bass, on the Tonal Fugue, and on Time considered in relation to rhythm—all of which exhibit the learning and exactness of definition and illustration that distinguish the writer. For the rest, it is only necessary to mention the very interesting articles on the Violin by Mr. E. J. Payne, on the Virginal by Mr. Hipkins, on Virginal Music by Mr. Barclay Squire, and Mr. John Thomas's too brief discussion of Welsh Music.

The somewhat bulky Appendix is naturally swollen by corrections and additions necessitated by the lapse of time and other obvious causes. In some instances the additions to previous articles are considerable, as in the useful catalogue from Nottebohm in the Beethoven article, in the articles on Liszt and Mozart, and in Mr. Barclay Squire's further researches into the life and works of William Boyd, the madrigalist. One of the most singular omissions in the past is now repaired by the graceful notice of Signor Boïto from the pen of Signor Mazzucato, who relates the true and strange story of *Mefistofele*, and gives a suggestive sketch of the fastidious genius and his idiosyncrasies. Reparation is also made to Benoit and Delibes by M. Adolphe Jullien, who is truly critical in his treatment of the Flemish composer; to Auguste Dupont by Mr. Fuller Maitland, somewhat inadequately; and to Dvořák, also by Mr. Fuller Maitland, who in this instance discharges his task capably, and with distinction. Among purely technical subjects treated in the Appendix, the most important are Mr. Rockstro's articles on the Gregorian Tones and on Part-Writing. Mr. H. E. Wooldridge deals with a subject of great popular interest in his article on the musical settings of metrical Psalters in English, illustrating a richly suggestive theme efficiently. A mere survey of the Appendix sufficiently indicates how notable is its relation to the body of the Dictionary, and how far it departs from the character common to such supplements. The careful editing this Appendix reveals is, after all, only what was demanded in compiling the necessary complement to a great enterprise. Yet is the result not the less creditable to Mr. Fuller Maitland's zeal and energy.

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* *A Dictionary of Music and Musicians.* Edited by Sir George Grove, D.C.L. Vol. IV. With an Appendix, edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

PARROTS.*

LIVES there a man with soul so dead that he feels no pleasure in contemplating the plumage of pretty birds? There are, no doubt, people who not only have no ear for music but who positively dislike it. And there may be some who see no beauty in gorgeous colouring, however harmonious. But they must be rare, even more rare than the "Hawk-headed or Ruffed parrot," whose portrait forms the frontispiece to Dr. Greene's third volume, and of which he says that it is so scarce that a pair would be well worth 20*l.* Turning over the pages of this volume, we find nothing quite so delicately lovely as the Bourke's parrakeet in the first, or showing such splendid contrasts as the *Psittacus pulcherrimus* in the second, but the Rock Pepler runs them very close, with its lemon and russet wings and its dark grey tail, nor is the Quaker, with its soft green and clove colour, far behind. For mere gorgeousness there is nothing in any of the volumes to beat the Blue Mountain Lory in the first; but in the new issue there are two parrakeets —Barnard's and the Yellow Nape—which will rival anything else. The odd appearance of the Hawkhead, already mentioned, is balanced by that of the "Gang-Gang"—a black, or nearly black, cockatoo, with a scarlet head and crest, a most forbidding general aspect, and a reputation for killing and eating guinea-pigs. But the New Zealand "Kea," or Mountain parrot, has the worst reputation of all. It has a long, sharp beak, wholly unlike that of an ordinarry parrot, and, according to the reports, it is used to kill sheep on a mountain run. It is hard to believe this story, and Dr. Greene evidently looks on it with great suspicion. The three that have been in the Parrot House at the Zoological Gardens have "preferred Indian corn to mutton." Another ugly bird is the Goliath Aratoo, a large black cockatoo with bare pink cheeks. The Vasa parrot is also plain purplish black; but Dr. Greene gives it a fairly good character, as being hardy, long-lived, domestic, and gentle. One of this species, which was figured by Harvey in Bennett's *Menagerie* as long ago as 1830, survived till 1880. As Dr. Greene sagely observes, some birds "submit, if not with pleasure at least with perfect resignation, to a life of captivity, and refuse to return to a state of nature when the opportunity for doing so is presented to them." He illustrates this observation with an account of two Vasas, which were placed together in a large aviary, and which, after prolonged warfare, became tolerable friends, until one died by an accident, when the other became more savage and irreclaimable than ever. But when he was taken from the aviary and placed in a small cage he became much happier in his mind, and eventually turned out a "very amiable and companionable bird." Dr. Greene has observed on various occasions that a parrot has been unhappy in a large space where he could fly about, and showed evident signs of satisfaction "when restored to the narrower precincts of the accustomed cage."

Readers of Dr. Greene's former volumes will not be surprised to find that the introducton to this one consists of an essay in answer to the question, "Do Parrots Drink?" As it seems that in some great aviaries and menageries it is not thought necessary to give the parrots water, and that nevertheless some of them are known to have survived for half a century, the question is not yet settled. Nor does Dr. Greene devote much space to it, but goes off into a passage on talking and the ways of teaching articulate speech. Incidentally he tells some pleasant anecdotes, as of a cardinal who gave a hundred golden crowns for a bird that could repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed; or of the lady who said "O Polly, why did you bite my boy?" to which Polly promptly replied, "Serve him right." We then come to the Hawk-headed parrot, and Dr. Greene mentions the name of Mr. Lydon as that of the artist to whom he is indebted for the beautiful and accurate coloured engravings of each species described. Unfortunately there is hardly a picture in the whole book which we do not prefer to that of the Hawkhead. No doubt the necessity for accuracy in delineating every feather of so rare and curious a bird must be an excuse for the hardness of the picture. "Pinto," as Dr. Greene calls his specimen, seems to be a very civilized and interesting animal. His ruff is usually worn level, being only raised when he is excited. Pinto was sent to a Crystal Palace Show, and Dr. Greene seems very indignant that the judges took no notice of him, and vows that "he will not be sent there again, for he was very much upset by the whole affair and especially by the rude gaze and rude remarks of such an unwonted number of strangers." For a long time after he would not come out of his cage. Towards the end of the account of Pinto, Dr. Greene, who, by the way, always uses the editorial "We," mentions that he has acquired another bird of this species, which talks as well as a grey, and has a long repertory of tricks, rolling on its back, tossing a pebble with its feet, and standing on its head in a corner of the cage. If Mr. Lydon's portrait is not a great success it is fully atoned by the next plate which represents that beautiful but ill-named parrakeet, the *Psittacus pileatus* of Gould, the "platycerque à bonnet rouge" of the French naturalists. That a bird adorned with all the colours of the rainbow and others should have, as in the case of Dr. Greene's specimen, to be referred to as "Pilate" seems a pity, the more so as "pileated" implies something of a cap, or toppin, whereas this exquisite bird has not even a crest. Pilate, like Pinto, has been exhibited at the Crystal Palace, also without attracting the notice of the judges. Yet, in this country at least, the Pileated parrakeet seems to be very rare. Dr. Greene thinks it is allied, in habits especially, with the ground parrots, and it has long legs, and runs nimbly. It has one extremely good quality besides its beauty, for "it is not noisy in the least degree." We have already mentioned the beautiful drawing of Barnard's parrakeet and that of the Quaker. This last-named comes from South America, where it is found on the mountain ranges as high up as three or four thousand feet; but the most remarkable peculiarity of the Quaker parrakeet is that it departs entirely from the habits of all its congeners, and builds a nest of twigs among the branches of a tree. Most parrots, as is well known, "make their breeding burrows in the hollow limbs or trunks of trees, or, in a few instances, in the ground or under the roots of a tree." The Quaker's nest is very large and has no lining, and, from Dr. Greene's account, the birds seem to use it both as a habitation and a place of incubation. A pair which flew about at liberty built in a fir-tree and brought up a brood of four; but they strayed and did not return. If they could but be protected, there is no reason why the Quaker should not become a common bird in England, and he would be a more pleasing object flying about wild than in a cage, for he is terribly noisy.

The middle of the volume is occupied by some beautifully coloured, but not very graceful, lories, and the latter part with some Amazon parrots, one or two of which are almost ugly. But for brilliance of colour the finest plate is that of the New Guinea Eclectus. A mystery which has lately been cleared up long hung over the identity of these parrots. The male is wholly different from the female, and, strange to say, is more soberly clad. He is green, with a patch of red on either side, and with blue quill feathers and an orange beak. She, on the other hand, is bright scarlet, with a kind of blue waistcoat and a black beak. Naturalists never suspected the affinity of the two birds till Dr. Meyer, of Dresden, discovered that what had always been looked upon as two different species "stood to each other in the relationship of husband and wife." Following the Eclectus we come to the Jamaica parrot, which we cannot admire with Dr. Greene, who calls it a handsome bird; to the Red-throated, White-fronted Amazon, whose name is a description; and then to the prettiest of this class, the Yellow-naped Amazon, one of the best talkers in the world. In fact, it is a question whether this kind does not occasionally excel the grey parrot himself. It has also the advantage of being extremely hardy and of attaining to a great—literally a green—old age. One has often been identified as the friend of three generations of the same house. But the most long-lived bird mentioned by Dr. Greene was a Salmon-crested cockatoo, which had been nearly one hundred years in the possession of a family when Herr F. Schmidt, of Berlin, bought it, and it lived with him for nineteen years, and then died, not from old age, but from the effects of an accident. This cockatoo concludes the third volume of Dr. Greene's delightful work, and we are glad to observe that he makes some mention of the possibility of a fourth. If so, he will lay his readers under still greater obligation by adding a classified list of genera and species, as it is not given to us all to be able to remember the peculiarity and habitat of every parrot, parrakeet, lory, conure, amazon, cockatoo, cockatiel, budgerigar, and macaw.

* *Parrots in Captivity.* By W. T. Greene, M.A., M.D. Vol. III. London: Bell.

L'ESPOSIZIONE ITALIANA.*

THE last Italian Exhibition was, without doubt, the finest unofficial exhibition ever organized. It had an air of importance and solidity about it, which its recent successor, the Spanish, unfortunately lacks. In many of its departments it was as excellent as could possibly be, and if it was not so complete in others, the fault rests rather with the authorities in Rome than with the organizers in London. Mr. John R. Whitley, the Director-General, proved himself worthy of the great work he had undertaken. No doubt the illuminated gardens, the bands of music, and the remarkable spectacle of the Emperor Titus and his Court, opening nightly an immense but most realistic Colosseum of lath and plaster, were the features of the show which proved most attractive; but the various exhibits of a more serious character were deeply interesting, and the carved furniture and ceramics were so beautiful, and, above all, so ridiculously cheap as to open out quite a new commerce between England and Italy. The rather bulky volume which gives minute details of the manner in which Mr. Whitley and his colleagues managed to create the Exhibition and bring it to a triumphant close contains a good deal of valuable information anent Italian commerce and trade. Although published by an English firm, like the play which proved so disquieting to the peace of mind of Hamlet's mother and stepfather, it is written in choice Italian, and contains surprisingly few faults of orthography. As a record of an emphatic success, which, under happier circumstances—a dry summer, for instance, and an absence of important deaths in the Royal Family—would have been even greater than it was, it is of

* *L'Esposizione Italiana di Londra—Relazione.* Londra: Waterlow & Sons.

interest. We certainly owe Mr. Whitley and his friends a debt of gratitude for pleasant days and evenings spent at West Brompton among *roba d'Italia* of no mean description. The Italians, too, ought not to forget the excellent results of this Exhibition to their commerce. It dispersed, among the lower orders especially, many silly prejudices, and it did perhaps more than a thousand books to popularize with the masses the most charming and romantic country in the world. But the commercial advantages were so solid that many of those who exhibited have since established themselves in London. Certain art industries which the Italians understand better than any other people in the world have begun to flourish here with deserved success since "L'Esposizione Italiana" first introduced them among us, to the exhilarating strains of "Finiculi Finicula." It is surprising how much solid business can be effected to a lively tune.

NATURAL RELIGION.*

MR. MAX MÜLLER'S new book, *Natural Religion*, contains the twenty lectures which he delivered in Glasgow from the Gifford Chair. Even the most economical Scot will admit that Glasgow got her, or rather Lord Gifford's, money's worth. It is improbable that many lecturers will produce a volume so large, so closely packed with ideas and arguments, and so valuable as a statement of the opinions entertained by a celebrated student. His work begins with an introductory and autobiographical essay, in which he praises the Pious Founder, and gives a sketch of his own literary life and the growth of his opinions. The next four lectures deal with Definitions of Religion, including his own. That leads to a discussion of the Infinite in Nature, in Man, and in the Self. These may first be briefly considered. An instructive examination of the names for religion in various languages is succeeded by a sketch of various philosophical definitions, chiefly German, and more space is devoted to the singularly unseductive theory of Professor Gruppe. "His argument seems to be this, that religion is something so irrational, not to say absurd, that it could have been invented once, and once only, in the whole history of mankind." Mistaken Professor Gruppe! Anything that is irrational, not to say absurd, is quite certain to have been invented by man everywhere, and as soon as ever he got a chance. This leads to a discussion of the Universality of Religion, where Roskoff has a most easy victory over Sir John Lubbock. Then coming to Mr. Max Müller's own definition, we approach it through a criticism of "all our Ego-knowledge," all of which has its roots in "the universal soil of sensuous experience." Now experience is only possible through limit and the unlimited, the Finite and the Infinite. Mr. Max Müller here endeavours to show that the Infinite, in Melanesia and among the natives of North America, finds a name in *Mana* and *Manito*, "the Beyond," while *Aditi* does duty for the Infinite in the Rig-Veda, probably being an extension of a term for the Dawn. The conscious, explicit idea of the Infinite was thrust, as it were, on human thought by semitangible and intangible objects—as trees, mountains, rivers. True, we may say, a tree is tangible enough, "but its deepest roots are beyond our reach; its highest branches tower high above our head." It may, indeed, be replied that when man could not dig up, nor cut down, nor climb a tree, he may scarcely have been in an intellectual state fitting him to muse on its "mysterious life." But we are stating Mr. Müller's ideas, not criticizing them. Clouds, moon, stars, sky, are still more suggestive of what is oddly called "a visible infinite." For, all visions being essentially bounded, a visible infinite is like a contradiction in terms.

The tangible objects "lent themselves to no religious development," for "fetishism or the worship of stones or bones is a retrogressive, not a progressive, religious development." But the semi-tangible objects became Dryads, Nereids, and so forth; while the intangible objects, as sky, "grew mostly into great gods." In Man, too, there is an infinite, the Life, or Spirit; and that became divine in ancestor worship; finally leading to "a father of all fathers—that is, a creator of mankind, if not of the world."

Here Mr. Max Müller comes pretty near Mr. Tylor's theory. To be sure Mr. Tylor advances by steps of ghost, dream, trance, shadow, while Mr. Müller speaks of "the perception of something infinite or immortal in our parents." "A man of ordinary understanding . . . would rather be inclined to believe that what he had known, and loved, and called his father or mother must be somewhere, though no longer in the body." *Why* should he think this? Mr. Tylor tries to show us the steps by which this idea was reached; Mr. Max Müller merely says that the supposition was natural. As he often (and rather unjustly) reproaches his opponents for *not* explaining why, or how, the attribute of supernatural force was attached to "fetishes," he might himself explain why it was "natural" to believe in the permanence of the spirits of the dead. Does Mr. Max Müller, or does he not, accept Mr. Tylor's theory? In any case it is to be noted that he now lays much more stress on this element of religion than he did in his *Hibbert Lectures*. Lastly, the "self" in Man, reflected on, suggests psychological deities, such as the Brahmanic Âtma, Self, the germ of Buddhism.

The greater gods and ancestral spirits apparently were now endowed with morality. Thus, after long wanderings, we reach (apparently) a definition of religion as "those perceptions of the Infinite which are able to influence the moral character of man." Religion is "a psychological necessity." Man is so constituted that, by the very nature of his perceptions, he was compelled to be religious. Religion is "not, as Positivist philosophers maintain, a mere hallucination or priestly fraud."

Here Mr. Max Müller contrasts his own method, which he calls "historical," with that of certain opponents, which he calls "theoretical." And here, having stated Mr. Müller's earlier ideas as plainly as our space admits of, we shall venture to remonstrate with him for his treatment of opponents. Many of them entirely agree with him that religion was a psychological necessity. They deal less in metaphysics; but they say, with him, that man, being conscious of a limit to his knowledge, sensuous and rational, and of somewhat beyond the limit, had no choice but to people the beyond with the Divine. No men who retain a belief in the Government of the World will deny that this necessity was part of the education of man. So far we, at least, have no quarrel with Mr. Max Müller. But is he quite fair, after all, to his opponents? He calls them, or at least we understand him to call them, when they are anthropologists, members of the "theoretic school." Now, they regard their method as historical. He says they "begin with an ideal conception of what man must have been in the beginning." Yet some of them, at least, repeatedly deny that they know anything at all about the "beginning." Angel or ape, *nullo discrimine agetur*. They aver that, while man in the beginning is unknown, yet all the races which we can examine have clearly been what Mr. Max Müller will not call savages, but what he permits us to call People of Nature, Nature Folk. Or, if this be thought too daring an hypothesis, at least all races whom we know much of have been extremely influenced by the ideas and practices common to Nature Folk in all stages, such as Australians, Bushmen, Bechuanas, and so forth. If this be true, then many peculiarities of civilized peoples may be elucidated by what we learn of the ideas common to Nature Folk and of their mental condition. Surely this is very far from "beginning with an ideal conception of what man must have been in the beginning."

Once more (p. 87) Mr. Max Müller actually writes that there is one "article of the anthropologist faith—namely, that savages, who are far more changeable than civilized races, are stereotyped once for all and unchangeable." It is not easy either to account for or characterize this astonishing remark. As far as Anthropology has an article of faith it is that civilized races have, at least to a very great extent, been evolved at some period through the condition of "savages." That is to say, the dogma is, not that savages are unchangeable, but that they are changeable. Moreover, all anthropologists have constantly to point out changes in savage art, religion, and customs. We see the gourd developed into the pot, the beaten fibres into the woven web. We see the growth of new myths introduced to explain new problems of new knowledge. We see the family developed and changed, the movement to male from female kindred, the substitution of descent from an heroic ancestor for descent from a plant or animal or other object. Thus Mr. Max Müller accuses his anthropological adversaries of believing the very opposite of their creed. He modifies this (p. 200) where one school of anthropologists is said to derive civilization from the lowest savagery, while another school recognizes in the savage of to-day "the unchanged representative of the primordial savage." But who does this? Is it not admitted that the very lowest Australian must have advanced greatly from a lower Australian who had no boomerang? About primordial people we know nothing, but we do know that the Australian probably did not come into the world with a boomerang in his hand and his marriage laws in his head. To say that he did so, is to be theoretical, not historical.

The truth is that Mr. Max Müller frequently argues *at* persons whom he never names. We do not even know in many cases whom he can have had in his mind. Where are we to read the doctrines of those strange theorists who are to Mr. Max Müller what "the Atheist" is to the heated pulpiteer? How can Mr. Max Müller's Glasgow audience estimate the ideas of unnamed persons to whose works no reference is given? They listen to Mr. Max Müller, and go home believing that intelligent anthropologists hold the very opposite of their actual creed.

Zealous as he is for the historical method, Mr. Max Müller bases his own system of mythology on a *theory*, true or false, of the origin of speech. Men engaged in combined industries; they uttered the same shouts as they worked, these shouts became the signs of the work, "the origin of conceptual language." How does Mr. Max Müller know all this? He says "we know people in a primitive state accompany most of their common acts by sounds." Was there ever such logic! Mr. Max Müller first contends that savages are not "primitive nor primordial" (as, of course, they are *not*), and then he says he does know how people behave in a primitive state. Where are these people? If they are nature folk, why does he blame anthropologists for regarding nature folk as in a state, not primitive indeed, but much more backward than that of civilized folk? Either we may try to elucidate the earlier stages of religion by the faiths of nature folk, or Mr. Max Müller must not try to elucidate the beginnings of language by their conduct. He cannot have it

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* *Natural Religion.* By F. Max Müller, K.M. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

both ways. If people who accompany most of their common acts by sounds prove that the first ancestors of man did so, then the religious beliefs of the same people cannot be rejected as evidences as to the first beliefs of the ancestors of man. Mr. Max Müller, in short, cannot call this witness, and refuse to let anthropologists call him. Perhaps at Glasgow they had logic enough to see this; perhaps they had not.

But does he really call the witness? If a theoretical anthropologist wished to prove that the origin of speech was the *clamor concomitans* of early men at work, he would produce many instances of nature folk who do combined work, accompanied by *clamor concomitans*. And then Mr. Max Müller would say, "It does not matter what these people do; *they* are not representatives of primordial man." And, indeed, it does not matter. But Mr. Max Müller does not even give us examples of people "in a primitive state accompanying most of their common acts by sounds." And this is the Historical, as opposed to the Theoretical, Method! So historical, so untheoretical, is Mr. Max Müller that he actually tells us the origin of Totemism, an institution so far behind us in time that even Mr. McLennan refused to hazard an hypothesis about it. Mr. Müller's hypothesis assumes, apparently, that men could draw or engrave or tattoo plants and animals before they were Totemists. Is this not theoretical (p. 522), or what possible proof can be adduced?

So it is throughout. The "historical method" relies on a theory, the theory that before man could speak he combined in labour, and accompanied his labour by *clamor concomitans*. Proof is said to be derived from the conduct of people in a primitive state; and yet we are constantly reminded that such people can no longer be found. Granting the truth of the theory, it is most ingeniously used to explain mythical thought and language. But it is odd to find the school which is all for history, and accuses adversaries of being theoretical, reposing on such a couch of conjecture.

It is impossible here to examine the whole of Mr. Max Müller's lectures; but it may be said that, when discussing M. Renouf's theory of the Egyptian *Nutar*, the criticism of M. Maspero might at least have been mentioned. In the same way Mr. Max Müller's belief that Ahanâ = Athene might have been contrasted with the views of Curtius, Preller, and Bergaigne; while the opposition of Mannhardt and Curtius to the elucidation of certain myths by certain etymologies might have been mentioned. It can hardly be necessary to add that the ideas of religion among Nature-folk which we derive from Hottentot hymns and Maori karakias are on another level of evidence than the information about Christianity which Cetewayo might have gleaned from a coalheaver. (P. 217.) For it is not from Cetewayo, but from traditional hymns and ritual, and from prayers, where these can be obtained, that we derive our best knowledge of religion among nature-folk.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MR. J. J. WEISS (1) so seldom collects in a book any of his literary or dramatic criticisms that when he does the result is unusually interesting. Indeed, it may possibly be found worth more notice than we can give it in this particular place. The volume—made up entirely of short papers—has three divisions, which may or may not be regarded as "natural." One is headed "1830," and deals with Scribe, Dumas, and Hugo; another "1852," practically covering the whole Empire time, and going down to M. Feuillet's *Roman parisien*, but principally dealing with M. Dumas *fils* and M. Sardou; the third more recent and rather miscellaneous in subject. As a critic of the form of literature, of the form of plays, M. Weiss no doubt has his superiors; but he has an astonishing faculty of penetration as to thought and matter, the works and ways of men. Here is a curiously vivid statement, not, it may be, of a truth, but of what is held by almost all Frenchmen for a truth. He imagines himself sitting with two ladies, one an Austrian Jewess, one a South American, at a representation of *Odette*. "Leur race," he says, "les met toutes deux à l'abri de nos idées littéraires acquises." It is one of M. Weiss's good points that you never quite know when he is speaking for himself and when dramatically. But nothing is happier than the phrase as to French "idées littéraires acquises"; and nothing is better founded, according to French ways of thinking, than the remark about "race." It is, for instance, the rarest possible thing to find a Frenchman who will treat seriously a non-Frenchman's estimate of any great French author. He may splutter at it, he may smile superior at it, but in his heart is convinced that it is a matter of "race" that the barbarian has not, and cannot have, the "idées littéraires acquises" which are necessary for comprehension even, much more for criticism. Yet we do not remember to have seen the thing put anywhere so strikingly as in these few words. And there are many similar things in the volume.

An unconventional book on a classical subject is a rare thing, and M. Sorel's book on Socrates (2) is very unconventional. It contains, indeed, such a number of unexpected remarks that we are not too sure as to the author's final result, or whether he is Socratist or anti-Socratist. What he says about Aristophanes is capital; but when we meet a man who describes the *Symposium* and the *Republic* as "deux livres qui déshonorent le génie grec," we must borrow a word from his own language, and say that he "radote." The embroilment of M. Sorel's book is further embroiled by the fact that he is half his time either backing up or vigorously fighting M. Fouillée, with the assistance on one side or another of somebody else, till the reader remembers that remarkable triangular duel in the *Faerie Queene*, when, as soon as two of the knights had beaten the third, one of the victors promptly deserted to the vanquished side and turned the tables on his late ally. But M. Sorel has evidently tried to look at his subject with his own eyes, not with somebody else's, and that is a great—a very great—thing.

Bonheur manqué (3) is a very tiny and pretty little volume of love verses, some of which are good. Mr. Hamerton will be surprised to hear that they are addressed to a married woman.

As Dr. Thomas justly says, Gassendi (4) has had a good deal written about him, and still he is hardly yet put in his proper place. Another shrewd remark of M. Thomas is, that if Gassendi had cared or had been able to leave terse French treatises like his rival Descartes, instead of long ones, in diffuse and rather Corinthian Latin, he would have fared better. For ourselves, we remember diving with much pleasure into his mighty folios; but though there is really no language in the world easier and pleasanter to read than such Latin, you cannot make people think so. The real misfortune of Gassendi and his Neo-Epicureanism was that the shadow of the eighteenth-century *philosophes* has been cast back on him, while even in the seventeenth he is represented as being a *radix malorum*. Gassendi, it is said, taught Molière the free thought which some persons, not perhaps entirely fools, have never been able to perceive in Molière. Gassendi, who was a plain-living, high-thinking, and very orthodox Christian, must be responsible for the orgies at Roissy; for Saint-Evremond and the *libertins*; for heaven knows who or what. As a matter of fact, Gassendi has the not inconsiderable testimony of Newton as a physicist; his psychology, if too materialist, is exceedingly ingenious, and nobody need be afraid to take up the cudgels for his much-decried ethics. It is as metaphysician that he leaves most, if not all, to desire. These are rather our sentiments than those of M. Thomas, but we are glad to welcome his tractate on a far too much neglected philosopher, to whom he has done justice.

M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire's discourse on the relations of philosophy to science and religion (5) is one of a well-known kind—a little florid and a little superficial in parts. A sketch, however short, of English philosophy which mentions neither Hobbes, Berkeley, Hume, nor Hamilton, and which gives Victor Cousin the *pas* with a "Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii," addressed to English and German philosophers respectively, classes itself. But the book has the cheerful, stimulating, hortatory character of much of Cousin's own work; it is well written, and its principles are sound enough.

The history of Acadia (6) is by no means uninteresting, though it is weighted with the memory of a poem which M. de Saint-Père calls *ravissant*, which ravished all England and America once, but which we beg leave to pronounce one of the most mawkish pieces of pseudo-pathetic matter in limp and unscholarly form that a man of real poetical talent ever gave to the world. But the liquorice-water of *Evangeline* ought not to take away the savour of the real heroism after a kind which the French colonists showed in struggling with their more powerful and enterprising neighbours, and which has carried them through as a distinct and recognizable folk to the present day. M. de Saint-Père's history is very minute, perhaps a little too much so, and very careful, nor need any Englishman object to its patriotism.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

STORIES there are of the inception and fashioning of books that may be classed among certain curiosities of literature not exhaustively considered by the elder Disraeli. Of such is the editorial introduction that explains, after a melodramatic opening in the manner of the late Mr. G. P. R. James, how it came about that "the original MSS. of Sergent Marceau," the "Agate Sergent" of history, passed into English hands, were submitted to Mignet, and now, edited by M. C. M. Simpson, appear as *Reminiscences of a Regicide* (Chapman & Hall). "Towards the end of the month of October 1846," the record runs, "an English lady and gentleman were driving rapidly along the highway," somewhere between Marseilles and Nice, "when they were stopped by two persons, who commanded the postilions, in an authoritative voice, to turn aside from the road and follow, one of them adding, 'My will is never questioned here!'" They were all carried off to an adjacent château. The person of unquestionable will proved to be Lord Brougham, who wished only to save the travellers, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, from further experience of bad roads in a time of floods. "This fierce jailor," as he is oddly called, treated his captives right hospitably, and did not, as the romantic reader might imagine, confine them to the donjon keep of his castle. The upshot of the adventure was that Mr. and

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(1) *Le théâtre et les mœurs.* Par J. J. Weiss. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(2) *Le procès de Socrate.* Par G. Sorel. Paris: Alcan.
(3) *Bonheur manqué.* Par Georges de Portoriche. Paris: Ollendorff.
(4) *La philosophie de Gassendi.* Par P. F. Thomas. Paris: Alcan.
(5) *La philosophie dans ses rapports avec les sciences et la religion.* Par J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. Paris: Alcan.
(6) *Une colonie féodale en Amérique.* Par Rameau de Saint-Père. 2 tomes. Paris: Plon.

Mrs. Davenport here met M. Carnot, the son of the great Minister, and through him were introduced to Sergent, then in his ninety-sixth year, and living at Nice. The old engraver and ex-deputy was disposed to be garrulous; though it is pretty obvious, from the recollections of his revolutionary career dictated to Mrs. Davenport (now the dowager Lady Hatherton), that his characteristic caution and shrewdness had not deserted him in his old age. The materials of the present volume comprise also a previous memoir written in 1801, certain contributions to the *Revue Rétrospective* in 1830, and notes on Brissot's *Mémoires* and other books of the kind. The compilation is by no means satisfactory. The attempt to connect Sergent's "disjointed notes" by a narrative of the French Revolution which is a bald summary of history can only be of service to the general reader whose knowledge of the subject is imperfect. Sergent's recollections are interesting rather than important. Naturally enough, he was peculiarly sensitive to certain charges brought against him after the old order of things had given place to new. His defence is much more satisfactory when dealing with the "agate" incident than in the matter of the September massacres. He always strenuously denied any share or responsibility in the latter. Yet his explanation is full of contradictions. He was one of the four Police administrators at the time, and he controlled the arms, ammunition, provisioning, &c., of the National Guard. He confesses in one place that he could post the National Guard wherever he pleased. Yet he does not explain why they did not interfere, or why he should go into the country at this crisis. That he did not sign Marat's circular may be perfectly true. But he knew that Marat had authority for putting his name to it, and was therefore responsible for the fresh massacres it occasioned at Versailles. Of one other mysterious matter, the theft and recovery of the crown diamonds, he gives a very curious and circumstantial account. Other curious points to be noted are his dislike of Mme. Roland, his repeated declaration that Robespierre was no friend to him, and his evidently genuine belief in every kind of Royalist plot, the influence of English gold, and the power of Pitt. His portrait in the present volume, from a sketch made in 1847, is decidedly prepossessing. Of his artistic skill we have also specimens in the portrait of his brother-in-law, the heroic, much-sung General Marceau, and in the frontispiece, an aquatint of the period, which depicts his wife, the dauntless "Emira," visiting Sergent in retirement, after his flight from Paris in 1795.

The Rambler Papers, by Jeffrey C. Jeffrey (Allen & Co.), is a book that scarcely responds to its title. It is a brisk and bright story of military life, the hero of which is the unpopular man of his regiment, the heroine a charming and self-willed girl, and the remaining characters are sketched with a good deal of truth and point. There is, indeed, an essay on peculiar people interpolated, wherein the shades of Shelley and Byron and Dr. Johnson form an astonishing trio; but this were much better banished from the book. The parodies in verse of these poets are of the most harrowing kind.

The larger portion of Professor F. W. Newman's *Anglo-Saxon Abolition of Negro Slavery* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is a reprint of essays from *Fraser* and a lecture on President Lincoln's policy, published in 1863 by the Emancipation Society. The book carries us back to those far-off days when Mr. Gladstone's assurance of the independence of the Southern States was so eloquently and firmly pronounced. Professor Newman's views on the subject of abolition are familiar to everybody. Those who would know how speedily he out-Garrisoned Garrison, and fell in with Wendell Phillips, and what he had to say of Lincoln's "shallow expediency," may now profitably revive their failing recollection.

Lovers of good literature, and cheap, may be commended to the "Minerva Library" edition of *The Bible in Spain*, edited by Mr. G. T. Bettany (Ward, Lock, & Co.) This is an excellent reprint, with neat binding, good type, and fair woodcuts. Of Mr. Walter Scott's series of translations of Count Tolstoï we have a fresh instalment, *The Physiology of War*, by Huntington Smith, from a French version. To the "Camelot Series" Mr. Charles Sayle contributes a Selection of *Lord Chesterfield's Letters* (Walter Scott), showing discrimination in the choice and an unnecessary assumption of "the superior person" in the final judgment of the high-toned "prefatory note." We cannot praise Mr. Ernest Radford for giving excerpts from *Gebir* in his selected *Poems of Walter Savage Landor*, "Canterbury Poets" (Walter Scott). *Gebir* is a fine poem, and ought not to be snipped thus.

All who long for smokeless air in cities should read Mr. B. H. Thwaite's lecture, *Gaseous Fuel* (Whittaker & Co.), a little book, illustrated by diagrams, on the chemistry of gaseous fuel and the application of natural gas, including water gas, to purposes of lighting and manufactures.

The Rev. J. H. L. Zillmann, a clergyman of the Church of England, and "one of the oldest free white born natives of Queensland," has much that is interesting to recall concerning early missionary efforts among the aborigines of Australia in *Past and Present Australian Life* (Sampson Low & Co.) Mr. Zillmann's opinion of the natives—we should say the black natives—whom he knew in their primitive state before the spread of colonization, is more favourable than that of most writers. Of their imminent extinction in Victoria he seems totally convinced. In fact, he anticipates their complete extermination throughout the continent in another fifty years.

We have received two recent additions to the useful and handy "Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature" (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); the *First Apology of Justin Martyr*, translated by William Reeves (1717), and *The Ecclesiastical History of the Second and Third Centuries*, illustrated from Tertullian.

We have also received Dr. Douglas Lithgow's *Heredity: a Study with Special Reference to Disease* (Baillière, Tindall, & Cox); *History of Hindu Civilization*, by Ramachandra Gosha (Calcutta: Ram & Friend); and Dr. Reinhart Hoerning's *Descriptions and Collation of Six Karaite Manuscripts*, with autotype reproductions (Williams & Norgate), the MSS. now in the British Museum, formerly in the Shapira collection.

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The SURPLUS at last Investigation was £1,051,035, of which £350,345 was *reserved* for future participation. The number who shared was 9,384. First shares were (with a few unimportant exceptions) from 18 or 20 to 34 per cent., according to age and class. Other policies were increased 50 and 80 per cent.

The SOCIETY has taken a leading part in the REMOVAL OF FORFEITURES.

POLICIES, as a rule, are WORLD-WIDE, and free from Restrictions on Residence after five years—provided the Assured has attained age 30.

Surrender Values compare favourably with other first-class Offices.

June 1889. JAMES WATSON, *Manager.*

BRANCH OFFICES:

GLASGOW, 29 St. Vincent Place.
ABERDEEN, 259 Union Street.
BRISTOL, 31 Clare Street.
LIVERPOOL, 25 Castle Street.
NEWCASTLE, 3 Queen Street.
DUBLIN OFFICE: 16 College Green.
BIRMINGHAM, 95 Colmore Row.
LEEDS, Royal Exchange.
MANCHESTER, 10 Albert Square.
BELFAST, 23 Donegall Place.

Secretary in London—J. MUIR LEITCH,
OFFICE, 17 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

☞ **Subject, by special Acts of Parliament (1848 and 1884), to the jurisdiction of the English and Irish Courts.**

Copies of Annual Report containing Tables of Rates and Full Information may be had.

GROSVENOR GALLERY,
SUMMER EXHIBITION NOW OPEN. 9 A.M. to 7 P.M.
Admission, ONE SHILLING.

THE NEW GALLERY, REGENT STREET.—SUMMER EXHIBITION NOW OPEN. 9 till 7. Admission, One Shilling.

THE FATHER DAMIEN MEMORIAL FUND.

President of the Committee.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Hon. Treasurers.
Sir Algernon Borthwick, Bart., M.P., 139 Piccadilly, W.
Edward Lawson, Esq., 42 Grosvenor Square, W.

Frank Harris, Esq. *Hon. Sec.*

Bankers.
Messrs. Coutts, Strand.
Sir Samuel Scott & Co., Cavendish Square, W.
London and Westminster Bank, Lothbury.

The death of Father Damien, completing the noble sacrifice of himself for his brother men, has suggested the thought that the sympathy of the United Kingdom ought to find expression in a substantial memorial of his work.

It is proposed therefore—

1. That a sum of not less than £500 be appropriated to a memorial to be erected to Father Damien in some public place at Kalawao, and that estimates and designs for a statue, in stone, marble, or bronze, be invited from Mr. Gilbert.

2. (*a*) That a Fund be formed, the interest of which shall be devoted to the medical treatment and care of indigent British lepers in the United Kingdom.

(*b*) And that a sum of money be set apart and placed under the control of trustees for the endowment of two Studentships, one student to make the United Kingdom and the remainder of Europe his field of investigation, and the other to go abroad and study the disease in China, the Colonies, and elsewhere. The Studentships to be held for a period of three years, to be renewed by the Trustees if thought desirable.

3. That a Commission be appointed, for not less than one year, consisting of three members, one to be named by the Royal College of Physicians, one by the Royal College of Surgeons, and one by the General Committee of "The Father Damien Memorial Fund," to go out to India for the purpose of investigating the disease of leprosy there, and that the Indian Auxiliary Committee be requested to add two members to this Commission.

The Committee invite public Subscriptions for the above-mentioned objects, while wishing especially to draw the attention of the public to the fact that a large sum of money is needed in order to properly treat the 200,000 lepers in India who are now in many districts without ordinary medical care. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, speaking on this subject at Marlborough House on June 17, said:—"The heroic life and death of Father Damien (de Veuster) has not only roused the sympathy of the United Kingdom, but it has gone deeper; it has brought home to us that the circumstances of our vast Indian and Colonial Empire oblige us, in a measure at least, to follow his example, and this not for foreigners and strangers, but for our own fellow-subjects. India, with its 200,000 lepers, and our Colonies, with their unnumbered but increasing victims to a loathsome, deadly disease, that has hitherto baffled medical skill, have a far stronger claim on our aid than the poor natives of the Hawaiian Islands could ever have had on the young Belgian priest who has given his life for them."

Donations and Subscriptions forwarded on account of "The Father Damien Fund" to the above-mentioned Treasurers or Bankers, or to the Hon. Secretary of "The Father Damien Fund," Marlborough House, St. James's, will be acknowledged in the public Press.

AYRTON & THOMAS,
PATENT AGENTS.

Conduct every kind of British, Foreign, and Colonial Business connected with

PATENTS, DESIGNS, AND TRADE MARKS.

Mr. H. M. THOMAS, Author of "The True Position of Patentees," being a practical engineer, PERSONALLY SUPERINTENDS the applications in respect of mechanical inventions.

Moderate Terms. No charge for preliminary advice.

Telegraphic Address, "Prolonged, London."

9 & 10 Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, W.C.

SCHWEITZER'S

COCOATINA.

GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA.

This Old-established Article retains its position as "the finest Cocoa in the market." It is unequalled in purity and flavour, bears the strictest Chemical test, and keeps in all Climates.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS AND ECONOMICAL.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA.

PURE—SOLUBLE.
BEST & GOES FARTHEST.
EASILY DIGESTED.
MADE INSTANTLY.

"Once used, always used—its PURITY is beyond question."
Health.

"It is admirable—flavour perfect—and so PURE."
British Medical Journal.

C. J. VAN HOUTEN & ZOON,
WEESP, HOLLAND.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

J. WYBRANTS OLPHERTS, M.D., says: "I find it the most agreeable beverage of the kind I have ever tasted, delicious both in flavour and odour."

E. BUCKNILL, M.D., says: "Your Pure Concentrated Cocoa is so extremely nice that I have ordered it for family use."

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, Strand, W.C.—The COUNCIL earnestly appeal for DONATIONS and ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS. £20,000 required for new Nursing Establishment, enlargement of Medical School, the Convalescent Home, and current expenses. Bankers: Messrs. Drummond.
ARTHUR E. READE, *Secretary.*

ILFRACOMBE.—ILFRACOMBE HOTEL. Thoroughly furnished, equipped, and decorated. 250 Rooms. Eight Lawn-Tennis Courts. Large Swimming Bath, Private Baths. Descriptive Tariff of Manager.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GRAND FLORAL BALLET, "A GOLDEN DREAM," every Evening at Nine, on Lawns, weather permitting. Invented and produced by Mr. Oscar Barrett, and arranged by Madame Katti Lanner. Gorgeous Illuminations of Park and Gardens. Music by the Company's Military Band. Bandmaster, Mr. C. Godfrey, jun. No extra charge. Lockhart's marvellous Elephants, and other great Free Entertainments daily.—Admission to Palace, 1s.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY — NATIONAL GALLERY.

In accordance with the resolution passed at the last Annual General Meeting, the Collection of Water-Colour Copies from ancient Italian, Flemish, and German Masters, which have been published in Chromolithography, has been lent to the Trustees of the NATIONAL GALLERY, and is now exhibited in two lower rooms of that building. The remaining Collection of Unpublished Drawings, amounting to nearly 200, may still be seen at the Society's Gallery, from 10 till 5; Saturdays, 10 till 4. Admission free.

19 St. James's Street, S.W. DOUGLAS H. GORDON, *Secretary*.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY—ADMISSION of NEW MEMBERS.

It has been resolved to-day by the Council that all persons who may enter as Members of the Society during the present year shall be immediately promoted to the Class of Second Subscribers, instead of remaining for some time in the Class of Associates as formerly.

By order.

19 St. James's Street, S.W., May 15, 1889. DOUGLAS H. GORDON, *Secretary*.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY—NEW OCCASIONAL PUBLICATIONS ON SALE.

I. CHROMOLITHOGRAPHS after FRA ANGELICO.

PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE. Price to Members .... 12s.
" " " to Strangers .... 16s.
ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST ..... Price to Members .... 12s.
" " " to Strangers .... 16s.

II. HELIOGRAVURES after ANDREA DEL SARTO.

S. JOHN BAPTIST PREACHING .. Price to Members .... 4s. 6d.
" " " to Strangers .... 6s.
CHARITY ..... Price to Members .... 2s. 6d.
" " " to Strangers.... 3s. 6d.

19 St. James's Street, S.W. DOUGLAS H. GORDON, *Secretary*.

EDUCATIONAL.

HEIDELBERG COLLEGE, Heidelberg.

Principals.

Dr. A. HOLZBERG, Ph.D., M.A. Heidelberg.
A. B. CATTY, M.A., Christ's Coll., Camb.
WALTER LAWRENCE, M.A., St. John's, Oxon.

Principal subjects, French and German. Preparation for Army and all other Exams. Separate house for Senior Pupils.

WALMER COLLEGE, ST. CLARE, WALMER, KENT.

Head-Master—The Rev. E. D'AUQUIER, M.A. Clare College, Camb.

One of the Examiners to the Irish Board of Intermediate Education, late Head-Master of South-Eastern College, Ramsgate, with a staff of Assistant Masters (Graduates).

The College is situated in a delightful spot, close to the sea, and contains teaching and boarding accommodation, chapel, sanatorium, infirmary, playroom, laundry, gymnasium, tuckshop, workshop, &c., 14 acres of well-timbered and beautiful grounds, cycle path, cricket and football fields, tennis-courts, &c., sea-bathing and boating.

The school year is divided into three terms; each term consists of about thirteen weeks.

Inclusive fees, Eighty Guineas per annum. Exhibitions and Scholarships, of £10, £15, and £21, are annually thrown open for competition.

For further information, apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

BRIGHTON COLLEGE.

Head-Master—Rev. T. HAYES BELCHER, M.A.

Head-Master of Civil and Military Department—E. A. A. SPENCER, Esq., M.A. late of Cheltenham College.

Head-Master of Junior Department—D. C. WICKHAM, Esq., M.A.

The School has a Classical Side on which Boys are prepared for the Universities, Indian Civil Service, &c. There is also a Civil and Military Department, the work in which is specially adapted for passing boys direct into Woolwich, Sandhurst, or Coopers Hill, or for business life. There is a Junior Department for Boys from eight to thirteen, with separate Boarding-house, school buildings, and staff of Masters.

CRONDALL SCHOOL, FARNHAM, Surrey.—Invigorating country life, healthiest in England (see Registrar's Report). Preparation for Public Schools, Royal Navy, &c.; French and German guaranteed; school farm, cricket and football fields, tennis, carpenter's shop, riding ponies.—Address, PRINCIPAL.

BENGEO SCHOOL.—OLD BOYS CRICKET MATCH, July 13. Two P.M.

THE WELLS HOUSE, MALVERN WELLS, Worcestershire.—The Rev. W. W. GEDGE having accepted Preferment, the SCHOOL will be carried on after the present term by A. H. STABLE, Esq., M.A., of Keble College, Oxford, late Second Master in the school. For prospectus, address as above. Next TERM will commence September 24, 1889.

PRÉ SCILLA, LAUSANNE.—Miss WILLS, late Head-Mistress of the Norwich High School, has a very comfortable English HOME for Elder GIRLS. Garden and full-sized Tennis-court. Numbers limited. Subjects taken:—French, German, Italian, Music, Singing, and Painting.

THE Misses S. and R. ALLEN-OLNEY (formerly Head-Mistresses respectively of Blackheath and South Hampstead High Schools), residing in the healthy suburb of Hampstead, receive a few YOUNG LADIES to board and educate. The arrangements are those of a refined home. Large playground and full-sized tennis-court. Preparation for University examinations and degrees. Reference kindly permitted to parents of present and former pupils.—41 Belsize Park Gardens, London, N.W.

THE Rev. W. ALMACK, M.A., BRUCE CASTLE, near TOTTENHAM, prepares PUPILS wanting special help for the Universities, Army, Legal or Medical Preliminaries, or the ordinary requirements of business life.

Excellent house in Park of 20 acres, containing Cricket and Football grounds.

References, the Head-Masters of Charterhouse, Cheltenham, and Marlborough.

HILLSIDE, GODALMING, Surrey. (Close to Charterhouse.) Preparatory for Charterhouse and other Public Schools. A. M. CURTEIS, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. G. GIDLEY ROBINSON, M.A., formerly Scholar of Exeter College, Oxford, and late Assistant-Master of Charterhouse.

UNIVERSITY ASSOCIATION of WOMEN TEACHERS.—SCHOOLS and FAMILIES supplied with TEACHERS of University Qualifications, either permanent or for lecturing, coaching in special subjects, or visiting teaching.—Apply to Miss C. ELDER, Campden House, Kensington, W. Fee, 2s. 6d. to Employers engaging a member. For EXAMINERS apply to Miss L. HAIGH, 44 Shirland Road, W.

RADFORD HOUSE, COVENTRY. PREPARATORY SCHOOL for the SONS of GENTLEMEN. Established 1800. Boys received from Six to Twelve years of age, and prepared for College and Local Examinations, which have hitherto been successfully passed by the Pupils of this School. Eight acres of recreation ground.—Apply for particulars to Mrs. and Miss HOUGHTON.

SCHOOL PIANOS.—NEW MODELS from 18 Guineas. All the latest Improvements. These instruments are remarkable for their beautiful tone, perfect touch, and durability. PIANOS for HIRE, or on the THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.—W. J. ENNEVER & SON, Manufacturers, 57 Berners Street, London, W.

OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE (Honours) requires VACATION TUTORSHIP—One or more young Boys. Best references.—W. S., 70 Marine Parade, Worthing.

SCOTLAND.

THE MIDLAND COMPANY'S IMPROVED SUMMER SERVICE of Express Trains from LONDON (St. Pancras) to SCOTLAND is now in operation, as under:

	DOWN TRAINS.—WEEKDAYS.					SUNDAYS.	
	a.m.	a.m. C	a.m. B	p.m. A	p.m. D	p.m. A	p.m. D
LONDON (St. Pa.) dep.....	5 15	10 30	10 40	8 25	9 15	8 25	9 15
Glasgow (St. E.) arr.	4 0	7 50	..	6 20	7 40	6 20	7 40
Greenock..... ,, ...	4 35	8 29	..	7 32	8 22	7 32	8 22
Edinburgh (Wav.) ,, ...	4 17	..	8 25	5 53	7 20	5 53	7 20
Perth ..... ,, ...	8 45	..	11 36	8 35	11 10	8 35	11 10
Aberdeen ..... ,, ...	9 35	..	3 5	11 45	1 55	11 45	1 55
Inverness ..... ,, ...	..	..	6 30	2 45	6 5	2 45	6 5
	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.

Sat. nights excepted.

A.—Sleeping Saloon Cars to Glasgow, Greenock, and commencing July 22nd to Edinburgh, and Perth, also B.—Drawing-Room Saloon Car to Edinburgh. C.—Drawing-Room Saloon Car to Glasgow. D.—Sleeping Saloon Cars to Edinburgh and Glasgow. First-Class Passengers travel in the Cars attached to the Day Trains WITHOUT EXTRA PAYMENT. For Berths in Sleeping Saloon Cars the charge is 5s. in addition to the First-Class Fare.

The Night Express Trains reach Greenock in time for Passengers to join the "COLUMBA," "IONA," or "LORD OF THE ISLES" Steamers for the Highlands. Through Carriages from LONDON to Greenock by these Trains.

For particulars of Up Train Service from Scotland to London, see Time Tables issued by the Company.

Derby, July 1889. JOHN NOBLE, *General Manager*.

PLEASURE CRUISE to NORWAY, visiting the North Cape to see the Midnight Sun. The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their large full-powered steamship "CHIMBORAZO," 3,876 tons register, 3,000 horse-power, from London on the 17th of July, calling at Leith on the 19th of July, for Lerwick, North Cape, Hammerfest, Trömsö, Trondjem, Molde, Naes, Gudvangen, Bergen, Odde, Gothenburg, Copenhagen, arriving in London on the 14th of August. The steamer will be navigated through the "Inner Lead"—*i.e.* inside the fringe of islands off the coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water.

The "CHIMBORAZO" is fitted with the electric light, hot and cold baths, &c.

Cuisine of the highest order.

The "CHIMBORAZO" will again leave London on the 21st of August for a 19 days' cruise to Norway and Sweden.

Managers..... {F. GREEN & CO., 13 Fenchurch Avenue. ANDERSON, ANDERSON, & CO., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.

For further particulars apply to the latter firm, or to the West-End Agents, Grindlay & Co., 55 Parliament Street, S.W.

SHEFFIELD CORPORATION £3 PER CENT. STOCK.

ISSUE of £371,320.

(Authorized by the Sheffield Corporation Acts, 1883 and 1889.)

The CORPORATION of SHEFFIELD give NOTICE that they are prepared to receive applications for the above sum of SHEFFIELD CORPORATION £3 PER CENT. STOCK.

Minimum price of Issue £100 per cent.

Interest payable half-yearly, on March 1 and September 1, at the Sheffield and Hallamshire Bank, Sheffield, or by their London Agents, Messrs. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE, & CO., 67 Lombard Street.

No sum less than £50 of Stock will be allotted, and any amount in excess of that sum must be a multiple of £10.

Forms of Prospectus, &c., and all information required, will be supplied by

Borough Accountant's Office, Bridge Street, Sheffield, June 13, 1889. W. FISHER TASKER, *Registrar*.

BENGER'S FOOD
FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN AND INVALIDS.

GOLD MEDAL, HEALTH EXHIBITION.

EXTRACT FROM PRIVATE LETTER.—"The infant was very delicate; our medical adviser ordered your Food. The result in a short time was wonderful; the little fellow grew strong and fat, and is now in a thriving condition—in fact, 'the flower of the flock.'"

BENGER'S FOOD is Sold in Tins, at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s., by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY ALL WHOLESALE HOUSES.

TONGA, the SPECIFIC for NEURALGIA.

"Tonga maintains its reputation in the treatment of Neuralgia."—*Lancet*.

"Invaluable in facial Neuralgia. Has proved effective in all those cases in which we have prescribed it."—*Medical Press*.

2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. Of all Chemists.

SPECIAL OFFER!

PREVIOUS TO STOCK-TAKING,

A CLEARANCE BUNDLE

Containing Fifty to Sixty Yards of SUMMER DRESS MATERIAL—chiefly in Full Dress Lengths, Zephyrs, Beiges, Tennis Cloths, &c. &c., sent to any address for ONE GUINEA, by HY. PEASE & CO.'S SUCCESSORS, the Mills, Darlington.

☞ QUITE EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.

BRAIN FAG, SHATTERED NERVES, Sleeplessness, Nervous Exhaustion, Rheumatism, Gout, Torpid Liver, Nervous Dyspepsia, &c. yield like magic to the healing influence of mild continuous currents of Electricity, generated, without any shock or discomfort whatever, by wearing

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BATTERY BELT.

This world-famed guaranteed genuine Electric appliance has cured thousands of sufferers, and should be worn by all in search of HEALTH, STRENGTH, and VITAL ENERGY. Write for descriptive pamphlet, containing copies of hundreds of unsolicited testimonials, or call, if possible, and personally consult Mr. C. B. HARNESS, Consulting Medical Electrician (President of the British Association of Medical Electricians), 52 Oxford Street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone Place). Advice free, personally or by letter.

METROPOLITAN DRINKING FOUNTAIN and CATTLE TROUGH ASSOCIATION.

Supported entirely by Voluntary Contributions.

This is the only Society providing Free Supplies of Water for Man and Beast in the streets of London and Suburbs.

Contributions are very earnestly solicited.

Bankers: Messrs. BARCLAY, BEVAN, TRITTON, RANSOM, BOUVERIE & CO.

ROYAL ALFRED AGED MERCHANT SEAMEN'S INSTITUTION. Opened in 1867.

THE HOME, BELVEDERE, KENT.

Pensioners at all Ports of the United Kingdom.

Annual Disbursements, £6,000. Annual Subscriptions, £1,800.

Number of Inmates, 100. Out-Pensioners, 200.

Patron—Rear-Admiral H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G.

Chairman—Admiral Sir F. LEOPOLD McCLINTOCK, F.R.S.

Deputy-Chairman—Captain DAVID MAINLAND, F.R.G.S.

The object of this Charity is to give a Home or a Pension to the Merchant Sailor when Old, Destitute, and Friendless.

800 Old Sailors, out of 1,700 Applicants, have enjoyed the benefits of this Charity; but from want of funds the Committee are unable to admit hundreds of necessitous and worthy Candidates, who for Forty years have been at Sea as Seaman, Mate, or Master.

Subscriptions and Donations are urgently needed to reduce this heavy list and to relieve many from destitution.

Bankers—Messrs. WILLIAMS, DEACON, & CO.

Office: 58 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. W. E. DENNY, *Secretary*.

LIFE ASSURANCES, &c.

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE,
50 REGENT STREET, W., and 14 CORNHILL, E.C., LONDON.
Founded 1806.

Existing Assurances	£7,470,866
Invested Funds	£2,539,609
Annual Income	£322,963
Claims and Surrenders paid	£8,697,671
Bonuses declared	£2,971,852

Prospectuses and full information to be obtained at the Head Office, or of any of the Agents.

CHARLES STEVENS,
Actuary and Secretary.

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

FOR
MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

See New Prospectus, page 17, for particulars of ENDOWMENT-ASSURANCE POLICIES combining LIFE ASSURANCE at MINIMUM COST with provision for old age.

48 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON.

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION.
Established by Royal Charter, A.D. 1720.
7 ROYAL EXCHANGE AND 43A PALL MALL, S.W.

Marine, Fire, and Life Assurances have been granted by the Corporation for more than a century and a half.
Funds in hand exceed £3,500,000.

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH LAW
LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION (Established 1839).
12 Waterloo Place, London. 120 Princes Street, Edinburgh.
Whole Life Bonuses never less than £1 10s. per cent. per annum.
Annuities. Loans. Liberal Conditions.
ARTHUR JACKSON, *General Manager*
FRANCIS E. COLENSO, F.I.A., *Actuary* } 12 Waterloo Place, London.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY,
Established 1836.
LONDON—1 MOORGATE STREET, E.C. ABERDEEN—1 UNION TERRACE.
INCOME and FUNDS (1888).

Fire Premiums	£615,000
Life Premiums	203,000
Interest	149,000
Accumulated Funds	£3,581,000

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE
LOMBARD STREET and CHARING CROSS, LONDON.—Established 1782.
Moderate Rates. Absolute Security.
Liberal Loss Settlements. Prompt payment of Claims.
W. C. MACDONALD, F. B. MACDONALD } *Joint Secretaries.*
Losses paid over £17,000,000.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1803.—1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.
Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, *General Manager.*

THE BANK of SOUTH AUSTRALIA, Limited.
ESTABLISHED 1841.
PRINCIPAL BRANCHES, ADELAIDE and MELBOURNE.
CAPITAL, £800,000. RESERVE FUND, £100,000. RESERVE LIABILITY, £800,000.

LETTERS OF CREDIT and BILLS on demand are issued on the Bank's Branches and Agents throughout the Australian Colonies. Telegraphic transfers made. Bills negotiated and sent for collection. DEPOSITS received for fixed periods, at rates which can be ascertained on application.
31 Lombard Street, E.C. JAMES ANDERSON, *General Manager.*

THE FEDERAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA, Limited.
JOINT BANKERS TO THE GOVERNMENT OF VICTORIA.
HEAD OFFICE—MELBOURNE, VICTORIA.
Branches in Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia.
Authorised Capital, £2,000,000. Subscribed, £800,000.
PAID-UP CAPITAL, £400,000. RESERVE FUND, £90,000.
LONDON BRANCH, 18 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.
London Board of Directors.
Sir HENRY BARKLY, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.
Lieut.-General Sir ANDREW CLARKE, R.E., G.C.M.G., &c.
Hon. HOWARD SPENSLEY.
Banking business of every description connected with the Australian Colonies transacted.
FIXED DEPOSITS of £50 and upwards received for periods from SIX MONTHS to FIVE YEARS, and the highest rates of interest allowed.
18 King William Street, E.C. JOHN H. BUTT, *Manager.*

ESTABLISHED 1851.
BIRKBECK BANK, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.
THREE per CENT. INTEREST on DEPOSITS repayable on demand. TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS when not drawn below £100. The Bank undertakes, free of charge, the Custody of Securities and Valuables; the Collection of Bills of Exchange, Dividends, and Coupons; and the Purchase and Sale of Stocks, Shares, and Annuities. Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued. THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free on application.
FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, *Manager.*

First produced and designated CORN FLOUR by BROWN & POLSON in 1856.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

Was in the Field some time before any other was anywhere heard of, and no other has now an Equal Claim to the Public Confidence.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS'
UPRIGHT IRON GRAND PIANOFORTES.
Prices from 40 Guineas upwards.
JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS, Pianoforte Makers by Special Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 1889.—18, 20, and 22 Wigmore Street, W. Lists free.

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT.—
The Apollinaris Company, Limited, London, beg to announce that, as numerous Aperient Waters are offered to the public with marks, names, and designations very similar to those which are used for the HUNGARIAN APERIENT WATER so long imported by them, they have now adopted an additional Label of their own, comprising their REGISTERED TRADE MARK of SELECTION, which consists of
A RED DIAMOND.
This Label will henceforth also serve to distinguish the Hungarian Aperient Water sold by the Company from all other aperient waters.
DEMAND THE DIAMOND MARK.
Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.

CARDINAL AND HARFORD,
The oldest established Importers of
ORIENTAL CARPETS.
THE LEVANT WAREHOUSE,
108 & 109 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
Catalogues post free.

FOR THE DECORATION OF THE HOME *visit* THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY'S Gallery, 74 *New Oxford Street, W.C. A noble display of Copies of* THE GREAT MASTERS, *framed and unframed.*
The Chef-d'œuvres of THE NATIONAL COLLECTIONS *of London, Paris, Rome, Dresden, St. Petersburg, Madrid, &c. &c.*
Catalogue *of* 186 *pages, Sixpence, post-free.*
A descriptive Pamphlet *free by post on application to*
THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY.

GOOD MORNING!
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

AMERICAN DENTISTRY.
Dr. PAGET,
SURGEON-DENTIST,
445 STRAND, W.C.
(Facing Charing Cross Station.)
ARTIFICIAL TEETH, without plates. Perfect imitations of the natural teeth. Artistic, painless, and perfect. Most moderate fees. Consultations free daily.
Illustrated pamphlet post free.

THE GREATEST of all PIANOFORTES.
THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES, New York & London.
Steinway Hall, LOWER SEYMOUR STREET, Portman Square, London, W.

BOOKS, &c.

H. SOTHERAN & CO.
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PEACE OR WAR?

IN a telegram published by the *Times* on Tuesday morning from its Vienna Correspondent it was said, "The idea that a great European war is inevitable is "entirely of Russian origin. Nobody in Germany or "Austria-Hungary wants war." The remainder of the Correspondent's statements are well founded enough; but in this particular part of them there is certainly mistake. That it is Russia which is the sole, or almost the sole, disturber of European peace, and that, if European peace is disturbed, it is most likely to be Russia's fault, is a certain truth. But the "idea" that a great European war is, if not "inevitable," hardly less probable than a thunderstorm in a hot July, is certainly not a purely Russian idea, but one common to all persons of good information and intelligence in all countries. Further, it would be agreeable to believe that "nobody in Germany wants war." Unfortunately there are the very strongest reasons for believing that there are bodies in Germany, and very highly placed bodies too, who regard the probable dissension between Boulangists and anti-Boulangists as the best possible opportunity for a fresh attack on France, for reducing what are thought to be her menacing preparations, and for settling in a sinister fashion the various small, but not unimportant, grievances between the two nations. It is not indeed believed, or to be believed, that Prince BISMARCK shares this disposition. His interest is too strong in "playing CHARLE-"MAGNE" rather than in running even the remotest risk of exchanging what is at present the most glorious and fortunate record of any German, if not of any, statesman, for one with an ending certainly not more brilliant and possibly clouded with disaster. But there are others who are in exactly reverse case to the Prince, who have their record to make, and who, even if they lost the first game, would have in the ordinary course of things ample time for a return match. The interests at stake are so great that the advocates of letting well alone may not improbably prevail for a time, but still it is almost certainly incorrect to say that there is nobody in Germany who wishes for war—unless, indeed, it be meant that the principal German person who wishes for an occasion of war is not at the moment in Germany. And it is also (unluckily) rash to say that, in the present precarious condition of French politics and the continued eclipse of French statesmanship, there is not a considerable chance that France will give that occasion.

As to Austria-Hungary the assertion is no doubt much truer, if not absolutely true. Even the most hotheaded Hungarian denouncer of Count KALNOKY'S policy as timid does not exactly wish for war; he only thinks that a less ostentatious display of not-wishing for it might peacefully obtain greater advantages. It is true that, in the opinion of a respectable minority of soldiers and politicians, the dangers with which war is supposed to threaten Austria are not a little exaggerated. To alter the phrase of Sir HENRY KILLEGREW, Austria already has a very good cause, and it is by no means certain that she might not find herself in possession of a good horse and a good sword. Her ill luck, explicable as it was, in the two last great wars in which she engaged, the delicate instability of her constitutional arrangements, and the motley character of her population are of course serious drawbacks. But it is sometimes forgotten that in any probable war the immensely greater part of her frontier is practically secure from attack, that even Bosnian insurrection and Servian hostility would require from her for the time nothing but moderate defensive exertions, and that she could concentrate almost her whole strength, either for defence or offence, on the Galician side. Still, the risks would undoubtedly be great, and the character and amount of probable gain are not such as should tempt any sane Austrian or Hungarian to wish for war. The time is not ripe for any further extension southwards; and such an extension, if it is to come, is much more likely to be secured by a continuance of the exhibition of good government in Bosnia and the Herzegovina than by aggression. The financial condition of the Empire contra-indicates any unnecessary exertion; and the possession of such a frontier as that of Galicia, which is absolutely destitute of natural protection, and may be said almost to invite attack, is, of course, a source of weakness. Therefore it may be said truly enough that Austria's voice, unless on compulsion, will not be for war.

Yet, as has been said, there are voices, and weighty voices, in Germany which would perhaps be for it, which would certainly not be against it; there is a very strong, and it is believed a growing, inclination towards it in Russia; and there is probably, despite the Exhibition, less of a disinclination to it in France than there has been for some time. Without attributing to General BOULANGER the propensity to eat fire which some persons attribute to him, it is fair and reasonable to remember that he is, after all, *General* BOULANGER. Nor can it be denied that, for some time past, the active, long-continued, but hitherto vague, dislike of recent Republican Governments has taken in popular speech the well-known old form of abuse of a *tas d'avocats*, and the like. Yet in all probability, unless the bellicose influences in Germany should increase and prove uncontrollable, it is from the East not the West that the match will be set to the train. There are plenty of trains ready. Cretan insurrection or discontent has long been the stormy petrel of the Eastern question, and the bird is in full flight now. Moreover, it is pretty well known that the Greek Government at least is not actively abetting the agitation and the supply of arms (which ought to be stopped at all hazards)—that the abettor is elsewhere. It appears to be absolutely impossible to find out the truth about the Armenian complaints, though it is very significant that the charges against the principal scapegoat, MOUSSA BEY, seem to have dwindled down from definite accusations of the most atrocious crimes to vague generalities of brigandage and raiding. But it has been repeatedly pointed out that it really does not matter in the very least for the purpose of the agitators whether such accusations are false or true. The fact that they are made, and that well-meaning people like Mr. BRYCE can be induced to take them up, is sufficient. Undoubtedly, however, the point of chief anxiety is Servia. The reported arming of the reserves—that is to say, of the peasantry—could have no possible signification of a comfortable kind, for no one of Servia's neighbours has the very faintest intention or inclination to attack her. The return of Queen NATALIE would be a certain evil; yet the presence of a child upon the throne with no one to direct him but statesmen of exceedingly doubtful fidelity to his dynasty and to the independence of the country is an evil hardly less. Yet it is improbable almost to the point of impossibility that either the Eastern causes of disturbances or the Western causes will be sufficient by themselves to bring about a disturbance of any kind; and in this fact lies, though it is a very uncomfortable comfort, the chief hope of prolonging peace. Such a purely Western disturbance as that of 1870, and such a purely Eastern disturbance as that of 1877, are now about equally unlikely, and the very magnitude and universality of the dangers involved constitute to some extent recognizances obliging each nation to keep the peace. Unluckily that which is most inclined to break it, and has also most to gain by doing so, has at the same time least to lose—an invulnerability which has sometimes prompted political paradoxers to wish that Russia might be allowed to attain some of her objects in order that by so doing she might multiply the points at

which some harm can be done her. This, however, is little more than jest. Speaking seriously, it cannot be said that the elements of possible danger are in any way less, or are any the less combustibly disposed, than they have been for some years. Indeed, there may even have been a distinct increase of temperature in the quarter noted above.

THE PARNELLITE PROTEST.

IT was no doubt unnecessary for the President of the Special Commission to remind Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. ASQUITH that, though their client was of course able to withdraw his retainer from them, he would "remain "subject to the jurisdiction of the Court." The intimation thus drily given at the close of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL'S brief statement detracted considerably from the impressiveness of an incident which had been prepared and led up to with so much solemnity, and, as has been admitted, it could not have been necessary for the enlightenment of Mr. PARNELL'S counsel; but we are far from regarding it as superfluous so far as the unthinking and incurious public is concerned. English Parnellite commentators who talk with ludicrous effrontery about the "collapse of the Com- "mission" have outdone their Irish allies in the attempt to persuade people that Mr. PARNELL and his fellow-members have actually some sort of right to withdraw themselves morally, if not technically, from the jurisdiction of Sir JAMES HANNEN and his colleagues. But Mr. HEALY, whose speech at the National League meeting is well worth studying in connexion with this new phase of the case, is not far behind the *Daily News* in coolness of assumption and audacity of bounce. He observed at the meeting referred to that the "retirement of the Irish party from the pro- "ceedings of the Special Commission in London would "give satisfaction to the Irish race at home and abroad." No doubt it might give great satisfaction to the Irish race at home and abroad if the Parnellites were in a position to "retire" from the proceedings of the Commission; but they are no more at liberty to do so than a prisoner at the bar is at liberty to retire from the trial, or (if they think that comparison prejudges the issue) than the Commission itself is at liberty to withdraw from the inquiry in which it is engaged. All that the Irish party have done is to deprive themselves of expert assistance in laying their case, so far as it may be affected by subsequent evidence or advocacy, as favourably as may be before the Commission. They have not even stopped their own mouths, for it will be perfectly competent to each or all of them to represent their own interests in their own persons; but, even if they had parted with this right, they would not, and could not, have divested themselves of the liability of accepting and submitting to the judgment which they had foregone all the legitimate means of influencing.

This being so, and, in spite of the newspaper and platform swagger about "retirement," too obviously so, for anybody to miss, it may well have puzzled some ingenuous minds to explain to themselves the latest Parnellite move. Their difficulty has been probably increased by the consideration of the alleged ground on which the step has been taken. For even the most ingenuous mind must have been a little staggered by the pretext put forward for the revocation of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL'S and Mr. ASQUITH'S retainers; even innocence itself must have felt it to be just a little "thin." Certain of the charges and allegations preferred against Mr. PARNELL alone—for none of the other persons implicated therein are represented before the Commission—have shared the discredit attaching to the witness on whose testimony they mainly rested, and have been accordingly withdrawn by the accusers. So much the better for Mr. PARNELL, and, in so far as the simplification of their task is concerned, so much the better for the Commission. There, it might be thought, the incident should have dropped, at any rate until the time came for the Commission to deal with it in their report. But because Mr. PARNELL believes, or pretends to believe, that these charges were the deliberately fictitious manufacture of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union, and because, on the strength of that belief, or pretended belief, he is naturally desirous of overhauling the records of the I. L. P. U., he argues, or feigns to argue, that the Commissioners are bound to compel discovery of the matters about which he is curious, and makes their refusal to do so a reason for directing his counsel to return their briefs. This is a little too preposterous to succeed even with the least legal of minds. The requirements, or the supposed requirements, of Mr. PARNELL'S peculiar position, still less the feelings which he entertains, or professes to entertain, towards those whom he charges with having wilfully traduced him, cannot possibly be the measure of, or bear any relation to, the legitimate scope of an inquiry which a certain tribunal has been appointed by Parliament to institute into certain charges and allegations. Even if it were admitted, as it is very far from being, that Mr. PARNELL had reasonable cause to suspect the existence of a conspiracy to prefer false charges against him, the Commission would still have no power to compel the production of any other evidence than such as went directly to the truth or falsity of the charges in question. Mr. ASQUITH'S argument to the effect that the identities, characters, motives, and past proceedings of the persons by whom the charges were in the first instance formulated have a bearing on their credibility, does not display its "ingenious" quality very strikingly to any one but a Gladstonian reporter. To us, indeed, its ingenuity appears to be of a rather dangerously double-edged kind. For, considering that the chief of the charges, if not the sole charge, in respect of the origin of which the Court was asked to order the production of the I. L. P. U.'s books was to the effect that Mr. PARNELL had dictated and signed certain notorious letters, the inference suggested by Mr. ASQUITH'S contention is rather an awkward one for him. Are we to understand that the authenticity of the PIGOTT letters, or any of them, is still an open question? We hardly expect an affirmative reply to this; but, if the question is no longer an open one, what becomes of Mr. ASQUITH'S argument as to the relevance of the documentary evidence of which he has been pressing the Commission to order the production?

It is not improbable, however, that Mr. PARNELL is just as conscious of the hollowness of the pretext on which he revoked his instructions to counsel as are any of his critics. He has had to ride off on this transparently fictitious excuse, for the very excellent reason that no better "mount" was to be had. The Parnellite case was all but closed, and, if any sensational protest was to be made at all against the proceedings of the Commission, it had to be made at once. That this flimsy pretext should have been selected, therefore, does not surprise us in the least; nor, indeed, should we have been greatly surprised if it had been even flimsier still. The protest, we say, had to be made. The tactics which have created this necessity would have been plain enough without Mr. HEALY'S obliging commentary; which, however, has now made their meaning absolutely unmistakable. Mr. HEALY has found it difficult for months past to restrain his feelings of disgust at the continued association of the Irish party ("association" is good) "with "the proceedings of the Commission." He regards "the "submission of the Irish leader to the jurisdiction and "authority of that tribunal, a kind of tribunal of penance, "to which they were bound to resort for full absolu "tion, as one of the most lamentable incidents in the his "tory of the present movement." We can quite understand the incident appearing lamentable to Mr. HEALY, and there is a good deal of truth in his comparison of the submission of the Parnellites to the tribunal as a form of "penance"—though there were other parties besides the penitents who were interested in the "absolution," and who, perhaps, as a matter of fact, insisted on the performance of the rite. What has happened, in short, has been this. Mr. PARNELL and his political associates were forced by their Gladstonian allies to appear and plead: with what results for themselves is a question which has yet to be decided, and which we have not the least desire to prejudge. But we surely do not go beyond the limits of fair comment on this latest move of the Parnellites in pointing out the inference which it obviously suggests, not as regards the result of the inquiry, which it would be improper to attempt to forecast, but as regards their own view of what this result is likely to be. For, if their withdrawal of their counsel does not mean "hedging," we are absolutely at a loss to assign it any meaning whatever. On the plainest and simplest construction of it, it seems to indicate that Mr. PARNELL and his party, after having duly appeared and pleaded, after having had the benefit of the services of the most eminent advocate in England, and after having had a daily opportunity of testing the scrupulous steadiness of hand with which the Commission hold the scales of justice, still consider it necessary to make provision against an adverse verdict by picking a quarrel with the tribunal on a ridiculously trivial question of procedure, and paving the way for

future declaration that they were unable to get fair play from their judges. They cannot expect any other inference than this to be drawn from their conduct, and they will have no sort of right either to surprise or resentment if it is. If Mr. HEALY and his friends felt sure of "absolution," as he calls it, they would not be in such a mighty hurry to get away from the confessional.

AN OUTBREAK OR AN OUTRAGE?

IT is, perhaps, something to have discovered an occasion when the Browning Society might have been of some use, and it is only in the nature of things that on this particular occasion the Browning Society was not at hand, thus justifying its master's lines about the too infrequent coincidence of time, place, and person. In a journal of less respectability than the *Athenæum* the verses which appeared last Saturday, signed ROBERT BROWNING, and addressed to EDWARD FITZGERALD, would have read like a hoax; as it is, we most reluctantly suppose them genuine, and only regret that the Society did not in some way interfere to save its idol from a gross blunder. It seems that Mr. BROWNING had read in a private letter of Mr. FITZGERALD's to the late Master of Trinity the words "Mrs. "BROWNING's death is rather a relief to me, I must say. "No more *Aurora Leighs*, thank GOD!" After which Mr. FITZGERALD acknowledged that "she was a woman of "real genius, I know," and finished with some general remarks as to women's mission which had been in different forms made before by St. PAUL and other persons of sense. Upon this Mr. BROWNING thinks it well to write a douzain, informing the shade of the translator of OMAR KHAYYAM that "you thanked GOD my wife was dead" (which it will be observed Mr. FITZGERALD had not done), that there was no eye or ear acquaintance between the two (which might, it should seem, have shown Mr. BROWNING that there could be no personal reference), and then declaring, with somewhat posthumous valiancy, that "were yourself alive, "good FITZ" (Lord TENNYSON, Mr. THACKERAY, and some others of his early intimates called Mr. FITZGERALD "FITZ," so Mr. BROWNING does so), he, Mr. BROWNING, would be puzzled to return him thanks. "Kicking you seems the "common lot of curs" (also, it may be noted, Mr. FITZGERALD might perhaps not have been easy to kick)—"While more "appropriate greeting lends you grace: Surely to spit there "glorifies your face, Spitting from lips once sanctified by "Hers."

Among reasonable admirers of Mr. BROWNING, with whom we are proud to rank ourselves, there can, we should suppose, be but one opinion as to the deplorable bad taste and folly, not to mention the remarkable English, of this tirade. Conjugal affection is one of the very best things in the world. But the conjugal affection which some thirty years after date goes out of its way to make the chance revelation of a colloquial sentiment expressed in confidence to a friend, and never intended for publication at all, the occasion for foaming at the mouth with vulgar threats of impossible chastisement, and for putting references to a dead wife's kisses in a context of kicking and spitting, is not a good thing at all. It is clear from Mr. BROWNING's own statement, as well as from Mr. FITZGERALD's words, that he had no personal knowledge of and was making no personal reference to Mrs. BROWNING; but was speaking of her in the capacity in which by her own act she had given any man a right to speak of her, that of a person who wrote and published books. Even so he calls her a "woman "of genius," of "real genius." But he thought, which is a perfectly sound and defensible opinion, that women in literature "only do what men do better"; he evidently (in which some not incompetent critics agree with him) thought *Aurora Leigh* a very intolerable book, and he probably (again with the same assent) thought that Mrs. BROWNING's genius was alloyed with vast quantities of sentimental gush, bad verse, bad taste, and the like. To express which thoughts he used a phrase which is almost a stereotyped phrase in a private letter to a private friend. Will any one say that a man might not write "Mr. GLADSTONE'S "death is a relief to me, I must say. No more Home Rule Bills, thank God!" without being considered guilty of a heartless insult to Mr. GLADSTONE'S relatives? As for the mixture of brag and Billingsgate with which Mr. BROWNING retorts, his words themselves recall not the worst passage in old English literature. These words, to the author rather than translator of one thing which Mr. BROWNING at his best has hardly outdone, to a man of letters and a gentleman like few, to the dear and faithful friend of the greatest Englishmen of his generation, are

> As though a man should spit against the wind,
> The filth returns in 's face.

THE MOBILIZATION OF THE FLEET.

THE preparation for the Naval Manœuvres is in its way nearly as important an event for the navy as the passing of the Defence Bill. The measures which are being taken to prepare the ships for that inspection on the 3rd of August, which will not be a review, are up to a certain point a rehearsal of actual war, not less, but rather more, complete than the manœuvres to which they are the preliminary. The series of operations in which Admiral BAIRD will be allowed a chance of playing a return match for last year with Admiral TRYON are very good practice, no doubt, but with the best will in the world they must be a make-believe. But the mobilization is actually what it would be in war-time. The exertions which are being made to show the German EMPEROR on the 3rd of August a force not inferior in magnitude and efficiency to his own army would have to be repeated in every detail if the fleet were being made ready for more serious work. The value of the experiment—for, in spite of previous practice, it is still something of that kind—will, of course, depend on the thoroughness with which it is done; but it can hardly be done at all without giving officers and men, the Admiralty and the Dockyards, excellent training.

There are many things to be tested by the mobilization. In the first place, there is the mere size of the fleet. It is something to know that we can in a week, without straining the resources of the navy, add forty battle-ships and cruisers to the fleets in commission, provided, no doubt, that all is good that is upcome. If the ships are good and the engines sound, if the guns are ready and the ammunition is at hand for the guns, this force is enough to encourage the country out of one fear. As long as it is there and available there will be no sudden invasion of England—that much is certain. A fleet that can be manned, coaled, and provisioned in about a week will be ready long before any hundred thousand invaders are on board their transports within striking distance of this country. Of course everything depends on whether this can be done effectively for purposes of work, and not only approximately for purposes of show. This will to some extent be tested in the forthcoming manœuvres, and is of considerably greater importance than showy "raids" on watering-places. Of not less importance than the number and quality of the ships is the question whether men to handle and officers to command them are also ready. On that point there is great doubt, and the mobilization does not promise to dispel it. The Admiralty would have made a better experiment if, instead of calling almost exclusively on the bluejackets whom it already has in barracks and the Coastguard whom it has always at call, it had made an attempt to see how far it could rely on the men of the Naval Reserve. This course might the more profitably have been followed, not only for the instruction it would give the Admiralty and the Reserve men, but because these periods of service in the manœuvres are found to be somewhat of a grievance by the Coastguard, on whom they entail a loss of pay. As their value, their training, their readiness, are beyond dispute, it might be as well to spare them for the sake of trying a force which has never yet been tested. The trial at least remains to be made, and as these yearly mobilizations develop its turn should come. Another weak spot which will necessarily be tested, and we trust be honestly tested too, is the supply of stokers for the navy. It is notorious that we are badly supplied at present, and that the difficulty of recruiting is great. As the efficiency of a modern warship must needs depend largely on its machines, this is a very serious defect indeed, and one calling for prompt remedy quite as much as deficiencies in ships or guns. Neither ships, guns, nor engines are of more value than suits of armour on stakes set up on the sea-shore without trained men to use them. There is yet another part of the naval force which is known to be below its proper strength. The list of lieutenants is short, and, what is worse, these officers are discontented, and very reasonably discontented. In war-time the list would require to be increased by about

three hundred new officers, and where they are to come from nobody knows. Besides, the condition of officers in this rank is making parents daily less willing to send their sons into the service. Nine out of ten of them have little or no chance of ever reaching the rank of commander. Their certain fate is to be kept in the rank of lieutenant for eighteen years or so, to be then sent into the Coastguard, and retired in middle life on a pension equal to about half the pay of the manager of a branch bank in a small country town. Whether the Admiralty likes it or no, it will have to learn that this is not the kind of career which a parent in his senses will readily allow his son to follow. Moreover, a senior lieutenant in Her Majesty's service is a gentleman of not less education, or put in a less important place, than a head clerk in a Government office, and might, therefore, be as well paid. The difficulty of finding a remedy is not small, no doubt; but a remedy must be found, otherwise the Admiralty will one day learn that no candidates have presented themselves for the *Britannia*.

THE SALVATIONIST NUISANCE.

ON the value of the Salvation Army's services to the cause of true religion there are two opinions. There is the opinion which the Salvation Army has of itself, and there is the opinion which other people have of the Salvation Army. But no one acquainted with the subject disputes the proposition that the Army is a nuisance. Certainly the last person to deny such a statement would be Mr. Booth himself. He would say, if he were consistent with his previous utterances by speech and pen, that it was his duty to create a nuisance, since in no other way could he arrest the attention of the thoughtless, and disturb the conscience of the apathetic. It is true that there are some people more Salvationist than Mr. Booth or "Railton," who say that the Army is a quiet and well-conducted body of men, persecuted by local authorities because it is not of their way. But these gentlemen, such as Mr. Henry Fowler, and other highly respectable people of the same type, speak at their ease. They enunciate the principle of religious liberty, and they plead, quite superfluously, that Mr. Booth has a right to worship God after his own fashion. Of course he has, with trumpets, also, and shawms, so long as he does not make the lives of his neighbours a burden to them. It is all very well to argue, in the artificial stillness of the House of Commons, where there is no noise except what members choose to make themselves, that a band of pietists shall not be harassed because their proceedings seem vulgar to the refined and fanatical to the supercilious. But suppose a man's wife is ill, and a gang of Salvationists roar their blasphemous jargon immediately under her windows, accompanying their shouts upon that most discordant of all instruments, the harmonium. Suppose that, when requested to be quiet or go away, and when told the reason, they rudely decline, and continue their performances. Such has been the hard fate of Mr. Bennett, a resident of Dalston, who attended before Mr. Bros at the Dalston Police Court this week. Mr. Bennett, who seems to be a man of forbearing and obliging disposition, said that he had allowed these things to be done for eighteen months without a murmur, and that, so far as he was concerned, they might have been done for ever. But when his wife fell sick, he felt bound to intervene, with the result, or want of it, which we have already indicated. What does a rampant bawler from Gospel barracks, or a strapping Hallelujah lass, care for the miseries either inflicts on racking heads and shattered nerves?

Mr. Bros gave Mr. and Mrs. Bennett what relief he could. That is to say, he issued summonses against the Salvationists for using a noisy instrument to collect a crowd. The harmonium is not the only weapon employed, although it may be the noisiest and the worst. There are also cornets, and of course there are drums. Neither drummers, cornet-players, nor performers upon the harmonium, recognize the authority of the secular Courts. When one drummer is convicted, another drummer takes his place, and bangs rather more loudly than his predecessor. While, however, the Salvationists do not hesitate to proclaim that the ordinary tribunals are not good enough for them, and that a Divine command is laid upon them to make themselves as disagreeable as possible, they are not exempt from the human and not very amiable frailties of spite and revenge. Mr. John Phillips, who acted as spokesman of the inhabitants before Mr. Bros on Tuesday, summed up his woes and those of his neighbours in the following plaintive language. "We are in a state," said this worthy man, "we are in a "state of—I don't know what to call it—perturbation. "Ever since the summonses were heard crowds of people "have assembled, and we have been threatened that "our windows will be broken if we go on with these pro-"ceedings." Mr. Bros will, it may be hoped, persevere in the course upon which he has entered, and which it is his duty to pursue. He has granted a summons against the new drummer, and cheerfully promised others against "other "members of the same band as their offences arise." Their offence is rank, it smells to Heaven. For the performances in the Salvationist halls, ribald mummery as they seem to most decent Christians, some excuse may be made. Those who are not so unfortunate as to live in immediate proximity to Pandemonium may avoid this unlovely display. Even the processions through the streets, mischievous and tiresome as they are, only add one more to the difficulties of peregrination and the inconveniences of life. But the deliberate torture of the sick, whether in hospitals or private houses, is so horribly cruel that we can hardly understand how an organization which tolerates such atrocities is itself tolerated by the public.

ELECTIONS AND ELECTIONEERING.

THE present week has been one of some interest in the matter of elections. Separatists of a militant temper have hardly yet done groaning over the unopposed return of the Private Secretary of the Abominable at Dover; the middle of the week was occupied by Mr. Williams-Drummond's gallant and most well-advised, though for the moment hopeless, fight in Carmarthenshire; and by the time that these words are read the result of the Marylebone election, unknown at the time we write, will have been published. These constituencies make a trio fairly representative of the three classes—small urban, large urban, and county—into which, with a few isolated exceptions, the whole electorate is now divided; and, unless something very strange happens in Marylebone, they will all have supplied evidence of the falsity of Home Rule pretensions. It is, indeed, unlikely that Mr. Boulnois will be able in the most favourable event to muster the thumping majority which seated Lord Charles Beresford. Though an excellent candidate in his way, Mr. Boulnois has not the universal popularity and the multifarious "agreements" of the sometime commander of the *Condor* and the Nile gunboats, while Mr. George Leveson-Gower is a much stronger candidate than Professor Beesly. Nobody could deny that that denouncer of the wicked literary men who belied pure patriots like Clodius and Catiline, sovereigns of blameless life like Tiberius, was, with all his crotchets, a man of very considerable ability; but it was ability of a kind not in the least likely to ingratiate itself with such a constituency. Mr. Leveson-Gower, on the other hand, has almost every quality suited to charm the Gladstonian mind. He is one of those young men who, having no political opinions of their own, nor perhaps either ability or desire to arrive at any, and seeing that Mr. Gladstone seemed to be "well set in" some years ago, discovered that they were Gladstonians, and who, by the very force of their previous political vacuity, have been fortunately able to stow away all Mr. Gladstone's new doctrines since, and probably have room for more. If he is not a lord, he is near of kin to several lords, and that is with Radicals a very great thing when it comes to individuals, however dreadful the House of Lords may be to them in its collective capacity. Mr. Leveson-Gower has promised nearly everything that was asked of him, is duly authenticated by a voucher from Mr. Gladstone, has a tolerable trick of speaking, and, in short, is very well fitted for his part. The only thing to be said against the "generous youthful politicians of the Eighty Club," as an enthusiastic print described them the other day, is that they are rather too much alike. A little more brains may in this specimen correct the absence of blood; a little more blood in that specimen may correct the absence of brains. But, as a rule, they are all nicely educated, all prepared to promise anything that is asked of them, all decently expert in the more facile arts of the debating society, all ready to swear by Mr. Gladstone, and to turn the Empire and the

Constitution topsy-turvy to his or anybody else's order. They might be distinguished by numbers, like torpedo-boats, if it were not that their names, as in the present case, sometimes constitute their principal claim to the confidence of the independent elector.

The contest in Carmarthenshire was more interesting to the political student, because it was a genuine contest between two fit and proper persons of local claims; but its interest was somewhat lessened by its foregone conclusion. We do not in the least despair of carrying Welsh seats in numbers when more light has been let into the dark places of the Principality, at present illuminated only by the very murky torches of the great Mr. GEE and his likes. One main reason of the fury with which Gladstonians regard the recent progress of the Welsh Church, and of their zeal for its destruction, is fear of this very enlightenment. But for the present there is little for the Welsh Tories to do but to hold such vantage points as they can keep, like PELAYO (whose real name was no doubt MORGAN, as in his heretical namesake's case) in the Asturias, and harry the infidels as well as they may till the tyranny is overpast. Mr. WILLIAMS-DRUMMOND has done this very well, making a large reduction in the late Mr. POWELL'S majority. The electoral war is the happier in that here the privilege of fighting another day can be secured without any necessity of flight. But such contests are only cheerful spectacles for the expert in politics. Lord SALISBURY'S remarks at the Beaumont Hall on Tuesday have reference to another series of contests, of which Marylebone itself is one. As Lord SALISBURY might have said, Wales itself is not at the present moment anything like so apparently hopeless a subject for Tory warfare as London was for years after the first Reform Bill. The present preponderance, not merely of Unionist but of Tory members, is due in part, no doubt, to the new franchises, which have swamped the narrow Liberalism of the average small shopkeeper of the last generation, but much more to bold and steady work, for which there is as much room now in Wales as there was then in London. And it has also to be remembered that the same process which won London can lose it if its working is transferred to the other side. The County Council elections, in which what is beyond all doubt and to demonstration a minority, and a comparatively small minority, actually succeeded in obtaining a majority, and a large majority, of seats, gave an awkward reminder of the impossibility of ever sitting still in politics. Lord SALISBURY, of course, set before his audience how great the danger of such sitting still is, and every one who has studied the details of political history knows this. Even London, satisfactory as is the Tory and Unionist majority, gives plenty of room not merely for defensive but for offensive work. The blunders which lost Kennington must be avoided; but there are many metropolitan seats which are in the hands of Radicals, and which should be wrenched from them. A very slight effort, for instance, would displace Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. ROWLANDS, Professor STUART and Mr. LAWSON, with not a few others. Indeed, so fortunately mixed are the component parts of the London boroughs that there can hardly be said to be one which might not be, and ought not to be, represented by a Tory.

This kind of address (it is understood that Lord SALISBURY'S was the first of a series) is something of a novelty, but it is a novelty well imagined, and likely to do good. Why it should give electors any particular pleasure to hear such addresses addressed, as it were, personally to them, is easier to understand than to explain. The average man of a certain station and education is neither flattered if the PRIME MINISTER mounts the platform for him nor annoyed if the PRIME MINISTER does not. He would probably, in any case, much rather read the speech comfortably in five minutes during his breakfast than listen to it uncomfortably for an hour after his dinner; and, if he has a kind heart, he would probably prefer that the PRIME MINISTER himself should enjoy a similar indulgence, by being permitted to print instead of to deliver. But the majority of the new electors seem to take such speeches as personal compliments, and to derive a mysterious, but considerable, delectation therefrom. They are certain to get them from the wrong side if they do not get them from the right, and therefore it is desirable that the right should bestir itself. Lord SALISBURY'S sketch of present affairs at home and abroad naturally contained nothing very novel. But in such cases the reverse of the hackneyed Horatian maxim seems to be true, and things that have been read by the eyes *segnius irritant* than things which the faithful ears drink in from the actual lips of a statesman. On one subject—the sugar bounties—Lord SALISBURY was speaking to persons very nearly concerned. His language was duly guarded, but the workmen of the East of London will do well to understand that a measure which would have done them much good, and on which not a few of their hearts were set, has been wrecked much less by the opposition of France than by the arts of faction. And whether they are political economists or not, they can also have little difficulty in appreciating the real nature of the assertion that the price of sugar has risen because the state of things which the Government tried to remove is now assured of continuance for at least another year.

THE MOGUL COMPANY.

THE decision of the Court of Appeal may not be the last which will be given on the case of the Mogul Steamship Company. So much is at stake, there are so many interests concerned, that every effort will be made to take the case to the House of Lords. It is only right that the opinion of the highest authority should be obtained on a question of such importance, and the Mogul Steamship Company will be doing a service if they fight their battle to the end. In the meantime, however, three judges out of four have decided that the course taken by the combination of steamship Companies which drove the Mogul Company from the China trade was not illegal. This proportion may, perhaps, indicate what the end of the conflict may be expected to be. In any case, it has a value of its own. We have heard at times that in this country the power exercised by American Trusts would never be tolerated. Unless, however, Lord ESHER is in the right, while his colleagues and Lord COLERIDGE are in the wrong, it is hard to see what there is that an American Trust does which an English Trust could not do. As things are now going in business, this is a fact which it is well to note and estimate.

The history of the dispute is simple enough. The P. and O., Glen, and Ocean Steamship Companies trading to China found it advisable to make an arrangement by which cut-throat competition could be avoided. They so arranged their business that they did not get into one another's way, and could keep the freights up. The Mogul Steamship Company desired to enter into this fellowship; but the three allied Companies were of opinion that there was no more business to be done at Shanghai and Hankow than they could comfortably manage, and refused to accept a new partner. The Mogul Company then decided to compete against them. Upon this the allies began what is known in America as a rate war. They not only took cargoes at a freight which entailed a heavy loss, but they offered inducements to shippers not to employ vessels of rival Companies. A rebate was promised to customers who dealt with them exclusively, and refused to all who freighted their competitors' ships—unless there happened to be none of their own in port at the time, or none which had space to take more cargo. The result of this was, and could only be, to crush competition, since shippers could not neglect their own interests, and other Companies could not keep vessels lying at Hankow and Shanghai in the hope of securing the crumbs which fell from the table of the "Conference." This is what the Mogul Company has endeavoured to impeach as a conspiracy to limit the freedom of trade, and what Lord COLERIDGE, Lord Justice BOWEN, and Lord Justice FRY have declared to be only a permissible form of competition. They may seem to have come to a somewhat harsh decision; but those who look at it without prejudice will probably conclude that it is supported by very solid reasons. It is unpleasant for a shipowner to be told that, if he endeavours to share in the profits of a particular trade, his rivals may combine to ruin him; for this is what the judges have told him. But the unpleasantness is inevitable. After all, trade, from its very nature, is the effort of one man or combination of men to undersell others. The right to undersell is only limited by the obligation not to do so by violent or dishonest means, and the obligation imposed by the facts of the case not to make the effort in such a way as to ruin yourself. The Mogul Company does not deny that any of its three enemies could have fairly done the things it complains of. The combination is what constitutes the grievance. But, as Lord Justice BOWEN said, no one can imagine a regulation which would prevent such a combination as this which would not also put restrictions on trade in general. In truth, as the Americans are finding

out, the difficulty of dealing with the Trusts is precisely this. Nobody has yet invented a regulation which will stop them, and will yet leave capital free from destructive restrictions. Competition is the one defence against them. In fights which are carried on with money those who have a great deal must needs have an advantage over those who have less. The one check on the capitalist is the danger that, if he abuses his power in order to extort extravagant prices, he will provoke a competition by which he will suffer. But, if the check is to work effectually, trade must be left free. Protective duties, and laws against badgering, forestalling, and regrating, are alike restrictions which, by keeping down competition, do more to strengthen the hands of the capitalist than they do to limit him. We are afraid that the Mogul Steamship Company must find what consolation they can in this for the results of their unlucky fight with the "Conference" in China.

THE GOODNESS OF DR. BARNARDO.

A MUCH greater personage than Dr. BARNARDO was once described as a good man in the worst sense of that term. We have not the statistical patience to calculate how often in the course of his somewhat discursive judgment the MASTER of the ROLLS called Dr. BARNARDO a good, or a very good, man. Mrs. BROWNING'S pious aspiration that the good GOD might pardon all good men is scarcely less relevant to the case before the Court than these gratuitous tributes to the virtue of a contumacious defendant. It might as well be said that because Lord ESHER is a very clever man he cannot make mistakes, whereas everybody knows that he does make them, and that not unfrequently. Dr. BARNARDO'S motives, which we have no desire to impugn, are beyond the scrutiny even of Lord ESHER. If fussy benevolence can be pleaded as an apology, not only for defying the law, but for interfering with other people's children, we may as well close the Courts and abandon the idea of the family. Dr. BARNARDO, having now been pronounced in contempt by two properly constituted tribunals, will perhaps see the necessity of producing the child whom he deliberately sent out of the Court's jurisdiction, with the effect, if not with the intention, of evading legal process. His "motives," though they operated so strongly upon the impressionable mind of Lord ESHER, are fortunately immaterial. We say "fortunately," because, if they had to be determined, there would be no data upon which to determine them. A man may always say, through himself or his counsel, that in whatever he does he aims at the regeneration of society or the improvement of the race. Laws are in their nature general, and we are not yet living under the moral dictatorship of Dr. BARNARDO. A gentleman who keeps a Home, and spells it with a capital H, is not entitled by the law of England to break up homes for which a small "h" suffices. Now it is quite true that Dr. BARNARDO did not forcibly enter the house of MARY ANNE TYE'S parents for the purpose of taking MARY ANNE away with him. Mrs. TYE did at one time agree that the child should be kept under Dr. BARNARDO'S superintendence, and ultimately sent to the colonies. But before MARY ANNE left England the mother asked to have her back again, and Dr. BARNARDO had no right to refuse. It seems more than doubtful whether she was not exceeding her powers when she made the agreement. But, at all events, she could revoke whatever authority she could give, and Dr. BARNARDO was guilty of intolerable presumption in depriving her of the custody of her own daughter.

Dr. BARNARDO'S counsel could not, of course, argue, even before the MASTER of the ROLLS, that Dr. BARNARDO, being a good man, might do exactly what he pleased. Their point, such as it is, was that, having sent the child away before the order of *habeas corpus* was issued, and being, therefore, unable to comply with the order, he had not committed contempt of court. But this contention has failed, as it deserved to fail. Dr. BARNARDO handed the girl over to the care of Mme. RAUMONT (or ROMANDE), whom Lord ESHER declares, in his effusive style and limited vocabulary, to be "as good a lady as Dr. BARNARDO is a good man." However good a lady Mme. RAUMONT may be, she is not the mother of MARY ANNE TYE, and has no more right to take her from her parents than if she were the worst woman alive. When Lord MEATH has succeeded in engrafting the principle of adoption upon the English law it will be different. Mme. RAUMONT may then become a sort of Public Guardian, on the analogy of Lord HERSCHELL'S Public Trustee. But at present she cannot be allowed to say, "I am a good lady, you are a bad "woman; hand me over your child." The worst part of this case is the utterly reckless manner in which Dr. BARNARDO made charges against the girl's parents. These charges have now been most ungraciously withdrawn, not without strong pressure from the Bench. But Dr. BARNARDO had no excuse for making or for believing them. He said that the child's mother was living in adultery, whereas she is lawfully married to a second husband; that MARY ANNE was sent into the streets to beg, of which there is no evidence whatever; and that her stepfather had endeavoured to corrupt her, for which shamefui imputation no ground has been alleged. These poor people may be in a humble position of life. But character is quite as important to them as to Dr. BARNARDO or Mme. RAUMONT, and philanthropy is a poor excuse for slander. Dr. BARNARDO'S imprudence, to use no harsher word, will certainly not serve the cause which he professes to have at heart. Men and women who require no testimonial from Lord ESHER, but who make the world brighter by their presence, are engaged in helping and teaching and preparing for the struggles of life children who are real outcasts from society, and have no other friends on earth. The labours of these excellent persons are only too likely to be thwarted and hindered by conduct which, however well intentioned, excites the zealous and not unreasonable disgust of the most independent class in the community.

THE CASE AGAINST THE GENERAL.

THE Procureur-General's case against General BOULANGER is much such a document as those who remember his demand for leave to prosecute, and have taken due note of the long delay in the proceedings against the pretender, must have expected. It is wordy, abusive, and for the most part singularly vague. The one really precise charge it brings—a charge of peculation—makes the rest of it superfluous. If there is, indeed, any evidence to support the accusation that the General has taken bribes and pocketed public money, there is no reason why M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE should have been laboriously engaged for months in working up a case against him on the charge of treason. To English ideas, at least, there seems to be a certain indecency in the line the Procureur-General has taken. He is supposed to be stating to the Senate the grounds on which he will accuse the General of treason; but the most effective part of what they would call in Scotland his libel is taken up with charges which he acknowledges must be brought before another Court, and are only given here for information. The rest of the document is devoted to a repetition of the well-known facts that General BOULANGER is very ambitious, very pushing, very anxious to become popular, and not at all scrupulous as to the decency of the means he uses to attain his ends. All that is true; but it does not amount to treason. M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE is, indeed, certain that there is treason; but, unless he has evidence in his hand which he has reserved, his proofs only amount to the assertion that no man could possibly be so vulgar, so pushing, so impudent as the General is without being a traitor. The declamatory, abusive style of the indictment, the round assertion against M. ROCHEFORT, and the spiteful personalities about Count DILLON are not so strange in French legal proceedings as they would be in English; but even in France when a Public Prosecutor has a definite charge to make he can make it. If M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE is vague on the charge of treason, it must be because he cannot be precise; if he gives his own deductions from perfectly well-known facts as proofs of a criminal design, it must be because he has nothing better to give. This at least is what Boulangists, and many who are not Boulangists, are saying already. Considering how entirely the Requisitoire is an amplification of M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE'S former slashing leader, and remembering why the last Procureur-General retired from office, it is not very rash to conclude that it will be the final judgment passed on the whole of the proceedings taken before the Senate.

The charge of fraud looks more serious. The General is accused of doing a definite thing, in a specified place, on a given date, in a particular manner. It is a good charge as far as it goes—so good that one wonders it has not been before the Court a long time ago. If anything could ruin the General a proved charge of fraud would. Then why

not make it in the regular way early?—for, after all, this matter of the coffee-tablets, the debts of BOULANGER *père*, the mistress who had been six months in prison, and the twenty-centime commission on the epaulettes, cannot have been discovered only yesterday. The General has declared that he will face a jury. With the splendid case M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE describes it would be perfectly safe to suspend the proceedings before the Senate, and put the General in the dilemma of either keeping his word or allowing this ruinous charge to go against him by default. By not taking this course the Government not only seem to be supplying the General with a good excuse for staying away, but they show a decided want of confidence in the strength of their case. The document is, in truth, much too full of the futile cleverness which has distinguished most of the proceedings of the present French Ministry. It is supposed that M. TIRARD and his colleagues wished to keep a tribunal ready in which the General could be tried by political opponents, who would condemn him on the ground that he is a discreditable popular nuisance, while they would also supply themselves with an excuse for demanding his extradition from the English Government. This scheme must be accepted with some reserve, because we can hardly suppose that the French Ministry are so ignorant as not to know that the English Government would not grant the extradition without previously obtaining a guarantee that the General would not be tried before a special tribunal on a political charge. In that case a verdict of guilty would make the laborious proceedings before the Senate futile. An acquittal, which would be much the more probable result, would be a worse blow to the Parliamentary Republicans than the election for Paris itself. It is probable that the TIRARD Ministry are innocent of the foolish calculation attributed to them. They are only going on the general rule that you are more likely to hit with two barrels than one. There is some force in this consideration; but then, even with two barrels, you must see that your weapon is properly loaded and well aimed. We have no great confidence either in the loading or the pointing of M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE'S fowling-piece.

TWO UNIONIST SPEECHES.

THE two speeches delivered last Wednesday by Lord HARTINGTON at a house dinner of the City Liberal Club, and by Mr. GOSCHEN as the guest of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, very neatly and appositely supplement each other. Lord HARTINGTON discussed the various shadowy and shifting schemes of Gladstonian Home Rule; while the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER examined the internal condition of the party which has sacrificed to the phantasms aforesaid whatever reputation for consistency and indepen dence, whatever firmness of purpose and unity of will, it once possessed. The particular line taken by the speaker at the Liberal gathering was the extremely effective one, which we are glad to observe that Unionists are now more and more frequently adopting—that of pinning Mr. GLADSTONE to the only definite modification of his Home Rule scheme to which he has ever given an assent, which he cannot wriggle out of, and quietly exposing the monstrous consequences to which it leads. For Unionist purposes it is practically enough to know, not all the cards in the Old Parliamentary hand, but the one card which he has been unwillingly forced to play. And we know now that, whatever may be the other features of the next Separation scheme that Mr. GLADSTONE may produce, it will, at any rate, provide for the representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament. Lord HARTINGTON has already done good work in fixing public attention on the startling political corollaries of this admission; and he exhibited them with an even more fatal clearness and cogency the other night. Unionist speakers could not, in our opinion, be better employed. The argument is one which, judiciously handled, can be brought home to minds which remain unimpressed by reasoning from "first principles." People who cannot be easily convinced of the fundamental unsoundness and essentially mischievous tendencies of legislative separation can be brought without much difficulty to comprehend the enormous practical inconveniences and absurdities to which it would lead.

Mr. GOSCHEN'S review of the domestic situation, if we may so call it, within the ranks of the Gladstonian party, and the relation of its various sections to each other on questions of general politics, was of a singularly telling kind. His remark that "our opponents are ceasing even to be "Gladstonians" was the epigrammatic expression of a fact which the public, indeed, are not likely to have overlooked altogether, but which they have hardly yet appreciated, we suspect, in all its bearings. The recent relaxation of the bonds of discipline within the Gladstonian ranks is eloquent of something more than mere impatience and unruliness among Mr. GLADSTONE'S more advanced followers. It is, in fact, a disclosure of what has been, from the first, the true nature of the compact between the revolutionary section of the Radicals and their leader. No one who knows these politicians and their purposes can have supposed that their adhesion to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish policy was inspired by pure enthusiasm, either for the cause or for its distinguished advocate. No doubt they had a certain sympathy with Parnellism as representing the glorious principles of disorder and resistance to constituted authorities; but there is nothing, and there never has been anything, in their record to lead to the belief that they have ever had any special sympathy with Irish Nationalist aspirations. At any rate, we may say, with much confidence, that there are many other "causes" in which the English Radical is far more deeply interested, and which were much nearer to his heart and much more often in his mind at the time when he consented to swallow Mr. GLADSTONE'S Home Rule policy whole. His "business" reasons for performing this operation in 1886 were simple enough. He and his fellow-Radicals were willing to give Mr. GLADSTONE the, at that moment, invaluable support of their votes, in consideration of his giving their own fads the benefit of his name and reputation, his oratorical and Parliamentary abilities, and the "glamour" which he was then still supposed capable of exerting over the masses. They are now beginning to insist on their own share in the advantages of the contract, and to demand their leader's performance of his own part in it, and the situation is becoming interesting accordingly.

WRANGLING WORKERS.

THE Workers' Congress, or Congresses—for there are more than one—have met in Paris, and have begun by a bout of squabbling as a preliminary to talk. The question to be settled is who represents the workers. Two bodies of candidates are in the field—the representatives who have been elected and the representatives who have elected themselves. They cannot agree. The first, inspired by the eloquence of Mrs. ANNIE BESANT, and directed by the wisdom of Mr. FENWICK, M.P., are ready for co-operation on reasonable terms. They have their domestic difficulties, not to be overcome without strenuous efforts. Among the French delegates there is one who is a rabid Boulangist, for Boulangism intrudes even here. To him other French delegates have vehemently objected. Mr. FENWICK, M.P., had great difficulty in persuading the other delegates not to pass a vote of censure on the Society which had sent this black sheep. At last the workers were prevailed upon to agree that their Congress had no call to wander into politics. Even a majority of the French delegates saw that at last, after they had received help from the foreigners, who, presumably, care very little whether the brave General proves ultimately to be the uppermost snake or not. By the efforts of Mr. FENWICK and the foreign delegates, the Congress was saved from undergoing in its very infancy the sad fate which befell the Spanish International. This body, as a delegate from the Peninsula explained, came to an untimely end because the members would persist in wrangling over speculative questions—a not uncommon weakness among workers when they leave their last and take to the stump. For the present one Congress is safe, and can devote itself to voting that it ought to have the moon. It can decide unanimously that no worker should work for more than eight hours, or before sixteen years of age, or should be expected to take less pay for shorter hours.

On the great question who is to speak for the workers there has not been the same agreement. Unluckily, a Marxist opposition has been started to the genuine meeting of delegates—this is their description of themselves. Possibly the Marxist may have another name for them. Whether or no, the Congress which is named or nicknamed

after the author of that portentous work *Das Kapital* will not agree to the terms of the other Congress. And yet they seem moderate enough. The workers—who include the laborious Mr. Fenwick, M.P.; Mrs. Annie Besant; Mr. Brown, of the American Knights of Labour, who has left his forge, or other place of toil, to cross the Atlantic; Danes, Spaniards, Russians, Prussians, Poles out of Poland, and others who have escaped from slavery to the capitalist to freedom in Paris—made a modest request. It was that the Marxist friends of the worker would be good enough to show some evidence that they were chosen by workers. It was no more than they were prepared to do themselves, as they had shown by spending hours in the examination of their credentials. The Marxists refused to obtemperate to any such demand. So there was no coalition, and the two Congresses will go on separated by the abyss. Far be it from us to decide on the points at issue between these respectable authorities. We do not even know what is the definition of a worker as the word is understood by Congresses. It can hardly include those who do not work with edged tools, spades, or hammers. On the other hand, if it is confined to those who live by weekly wages earned by the toil of their hands, how is it that so many of them are found in possession of the means and leisure to run to Congresses all over Europe? There are a good many persons whom we fear Mr. Fenwick, M.P., would scorn to count as workers, who would find it difficult to leave their avocations to dance attendance at miscellaneous talkee-talkees in foreign capitals. If we may venture to express an opinion, however, it would be that the Marxist Congress was perfectly right in refusing to hear of verification of mandates. It would lead to most absurd results if the representatives of workers were called upon to show that they had ever done a day's work other than writing or speaking in their lives, or to prove that they were expressly chosen by workers. The more shining lights of the order are either honestly convinced faddists with a pill for producing beneficent earthquakes, or shrewd persons who make a business of being delegated. Karl Marx was a specimen of the first, and if we were put to it we should have no difficulty in finding specimens of the second class. If they are subjected to a verification of powers, which of the honourable body of Socialistic reformers will be safe? Therefore they are right in refusing to listen to any such demand, and to go on representing the working class by natural right. Perhaps their day is a little on the wane, and they will not be heard of as they have been; but they would not prolong it by submitting to the demands of Mr. Fenwick, M.P., nor yet Mrs. Annie Besant.

THE RECOVERY OF TITHES.

IT may certainly be said of Ministerial Bills that the larger is as much the enemy of the smaller as the better, according to the French proverb, is of the good. A Government which has been rash enough to promise a "comprehensive measure" for the settlement of any question always finds it exceptionally difficult to carry any less important Bill relating to the same subject. It matters not whether the two relate to wholly distinct branches of the question, whether one deals with points which find no place in the other, whether the passing of the smaller will simplify the enactment of the latter, whether the object of the former is one which presses, while that of the latter will keep indefinitely. The Government who take the course in question find themselves opposed by three forces—a force of faction, a force of pedantry, and a force of hypocrisy. One class of opponents oppose the smaller measure nominally because it is not the larger one, but really because they do not want any legislation at all on the subject. A second, honestly foolish, oppose it because they really believe that there is some occult wisdom or virtue in insisting that perfectly easily separable parts of a subject shall not be separated. And a third class oppose the smaller measure on the same pretext as the first class, not because they do or do not want any legislation at all on the subject, but because they wish to sit on the fence between those who do not and those who do.

There has seldom been a more perfect illustration of the *trinoda necessitas* which confronts Ministerial legislators in the matter than was furnished by the debate of last Thursday night on the second reading of the Tithe Rent Charge Recovery Bill. Of course the three classes of opponents to it were, as is always the case, most unequally divided. We have no doubt that there was a certain amount of genuinely wrong-headed objection—such, for instance, as avowed by Major Rasch—to proceeding with this Bill at all except under a distinct pledge from the Government that they would proceed forthwith to introduce their larger measure; but the bulk of the opposition comes from politicians of the type, on the one hand, of Mr. Dillwyn and Mr. Thomas Ellis (*not* the Mr. Ellis who is drawing up a proscription-list of Irish resident magistrates—that is Mr. John Ellis), and, on the other hand, of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Henry Fowler. The Tithe Rent Charge Recovery Bill has nothing to say, as its name implies, to anything but the question of the mode in which the tithe-owner is to recover his dues from the tithe-payer. Instead of proceeding by the cumbrous and unpopular mode of distraint, he would be empowered under the Bill to proceed for his tithe as for an ordinary debt in the County Court. No question is raised as to the amount of the tithes, as to the incidence of the tithes, as to the proper person to receive the tithes, or as to the application of them when received. The Bill simply says that the person or persons entitled to receive them, whoever they may be, shall henceforth be able to recover them in this way, and not in that way, from the persons liable to pay them. As Mr. Matthews pointed out, the Bill might be accepted with equally good reason by persons the most violently opposed to each other on the whole question of tithe-owning and tithe-paying considered at large. Nobody denies that tithe is a charge upon the land, and that it must and ought to continue to be payable by somebody to somebody, for application to some purpose or other; and, since nobody denies this, nobody can deny that the introduction of a "good, safe, and rational mode of "collecting the tithes" would, in any conceivable set of future circumstances, be a change for the better. And, since this also is undeniable, it might seem difficult, if not for Mr. Dillwyn and Mr. Thomas Ellis, who would almost admit that, for purposes of their own, they would rather not see a "a good, safe, and rational mode" of tithe-collecting introduced, at any rate for Sir William Harcourt, to oppose the present Bill, on the ground that a larger one had been promised. Yet Sir William Harcourt was equal to the feat—a feat equivalent to arguing that it is "piece-"meal" procedure on the part of a builder to put doors in a house until he knows the name of the person who will ultimately occupy it. Sir William, whose tender recollection of Nun-Appleton and Bolton-cum-Percy, and the ancestral "spade-husbandry allotments," forbid him from desiring, or at any rate admitting a desire, to keep alive a quarrel which is tending to the injury of the Church of England, had, of course, to rely solely upon the contention that the Government were not justified in dealing with the process of tithe-recovery, unless and until they dealt with the tithe-question as a whole. And a mighty elegant thing in contention he made of it; as any one who reads his speech will see.

THE WHITECHAPEL MURDER.

THE murder committed on Tuesday night at Whitechapel has the main distinctive features of the series of similar crimes which occurred a year ago. It was in the same neighbourhood; the victim was a street-walker, her throat was cut, and her body to some extent mutilated; the crime was discovered apparently immediately after its commission; the murderer got clear away, and there is, at the moment of writing, no particular reason to suppose that he has been caught. It is, therefore, considered to be proved that the "fiend or maniac" who is assumed to have committed all the previous murders also committed this one, and that may possibly be the case. The fact is that we know nothing except that eight women have been murdered in a year and a half under closely similar circumstances, and those circumstances are of the most brutal and horrible kind.

It must be depressing to persons suffering from exaggerated enthusiasm of humanity to observe the unquestionably prevailing disposition to take Whitechapel murders as a matter of course. There has been some attempt in the daily press to puff the most recent crime into importance; but this seems to be largely due to the fact that the newspapers just now are exceedingly dull. The Shah is all very well to stare at, but does not supply

exciting reading. Nobody neglects the ordinary business of life in order to talk about the Earl of FIFE. The formal throwing up of the sponge by Mr. PARNELL had been a good deal discounted by his evidence and that of his followers, even if the greater part of the public had not long ago made up its mind as to the merits of the whole proceeding. The pacific condition of the House of Commons is not an isolated phenomenon, but rather an index of the general state of mind, which is one of reasonable content with the existing state of affairs at large. Even so the last murder is not much talked of or thought about. There is not really anything surprising in this. The only element of interest in the Whitechapel murders is the question how the murderer or murderers manage to escape, although he or they must go so near to running great risk of detection. Where a murder is committed, and the murderer escapes in the ordinary way, the problem of discovering the criminal derives most of its interest from the assumption that he was actuated by one or more of the ordinary motives—avarice, revenge, lust, or one of the primary human passions—and that it is mainly through the consideration of these that the guilt must be brought home to the guilty person. In the Whitechapel murders it is pretty clear that no motive has been at work except a disgusting, and happily rare, desire of miscellaneous butchery. There is no reason whatever to suppose that in any of these cases the murderer had any personal ill-will against, or indeed any personal knowledge of, his unfortunate victim. In every case any other woman would have answered his purpose equally well. This makes these murders uninteresting to the student of crime from the romantic point of view—that is, from the point of view of the commentator who studies it for the light it throws upon human nature generally. Again, it follows from the very nature of these crimes that the victims attract as little sympathy as is possible. They have been, without exception, unfortunate and lonely, if not almost friendless, persons. If they had all been mothers of families, or each the centre of a circle of friends and acquaintances, the indignation aroused by their butchery would have been far less abstract and far deeper and more widely spread. This circumstance, too, goes a long way towards explaining the single mystery about the commission of the crimes. The victims put themselves voluntarily at the mercy of the murderer, and unconsciously assist him in avoiding the danger of detection. A very moderate degree of manual skill is all that he requires to enable him to do his work in secrecy and with despatch. It is therefore natural, though not particularly gratifying, that these crimes should fail to arouse any genuine public interest, except in the immediate neighbourhood in which they are perpetrated.

The one observation which can profitably be made upon them is this—that, though it is easy for the murderer in any given instance to escape, it is practically certain that, either now or in future—if there should unhappily be further recurrences of the same sort of crime—he will do something that ought to lead to his detection. It is, therefore, the duty of the police, and of everybody who may in any way be mixed up in the matter, to use every effort that energy can compass or ingenuity suggest for the solution of the mystery. It is worth while to reiterate this very commonplace observation, because of the danger that the apathy, almost amounting to indifference, of the newspaper-reading and newspaper-writing public may infect the persons charged with the duty of detecting criminals. There may be some temptation to feel that the topic is one of dull routine, and to make in a more or less perfunctory manner the investigations which have so often proved fruitless. This is a danger to be guarded against; and it is agreeable to infer from the opportunely published Report of the Commissioner of Police that it has been, and will be, guarded against by the force of which he is the head.

MR. STUART'S PROGRAMME FOR LONDON.

MR. GOSCHEN'S recent speeches are marked with a special purpose, and this conclusion may be drawn from them with perfect confidence: at least one member of the Cabinet—and he no old Tory, but a politician bred in Liberalism and practised in its creed—has some misgivings as to the wisdom of the County Councils Act. To be sure, he limits his observations on that score to the proceedings and plans of the London Council; but his warning remarks have an application far beyond the metropolitan area. The mischiefs he dreads may begin nowhere else, though that is unlikely; but if the Radical Socialists who practically constitute the London Council succeed in planting them in the capital, we may be sure that they will speedily extend to every populous city in Great Britain.

Before Mr. RITCHIE'S Bill became law it was as clear as it is now that a complete change had passed over the party called Radical. Or, rather, the old Radical party had become extinct, just as the old Tory party had disappeared; the place and the name of Radicalism being taken by a faction which never had a footing in English politics before. This is the Radical-Socialist party, which Mr. GOSCHEN perceives to be absorbing the whole forces of the Opposition, while it openly proceeds upon principles of the most lawless and destructive character. But since Mr. RITCHIE'S Bill was discussed there have been no developments in this party that might not have been foreseen—none, indeed, that were unforeseen. Not only one year ago, but two or three years ago, it was obvious enough that the new Radicalism depended for success upon a vigorous Socialist propaganda; a propaganda for which the ground had been prepared, first by the satisfaction of all the demands of the old Reformers, and next by admission to the franchise of a vast number of voters very needy, very ignorant, very impressionable, and more capable of violent "demonstration" than any other set of men in the community. Moreover, it was equally evident at the time of which we speak that, all the more sober and sobering elements of Liberalism being withdrawn from Mr. GLADSTONE'S command, the whole mob of sentimentalists, impressionists, faddists, and downright revolutionaries that were enlisted to make up his forces would combine in due course under the Socialist-Radical flag. No doubt those who foresaw the event believed that it would not be declared till after Mr. GLADSTONE'S retirement from political life or his departure from this mortal scene. But, if we may speak plainly of such things, that could only be a matter of a few years—a period no longer, perhaps, than the natural duration of a single Parliament. Nevertheless, what happened? Without need, without call, certainly without the pressure of popular demand, all the machinery which the Radical Socialists could wish for was placed at their disposal. This was done by the establishment of County Councils, in place of a system of local government which might here and there have got into bad hands (the fault and the remedy lying with the ratepayers alone), but yet a system of which no complaint was heard. When Mr. RITCHIE'S Bill came under debate it was sometimes called a purely Radical measure. Just as often that description of it was denied; it was, in fact, and when properly understood, a strictly Conservative measure. In truth, it was something else. It was a Bill for the equipment and advancement of Radical Socialism. It was a Bill to provide the new Socialist party with a means of getting on, and with official machinery for forcing its principles into practice.

It may be true that, so far, the evils of the change appear distinctly in London alone. But—in London alone! What does that mean? How much is it seen to imply when we remember that the London district now returns sixty members to Parliament; that most of the members depend for election on masses of illiterate and poor men; that these voters, already solicited to discontent by their needs and a deepening sense of them, are now addressed by an organized body of Radical Socialists in authority, who offer them the fun as well as the profit of upsetting a social system which can have no obvious charms for them; and that the Socialist-Radical majority of the Council have not only direct representation in the House of Commons, but are backed to all intents and purposes by an Opposition that has passed into a new phase of activity. It is this last-named circumstance, evidently, which has aroused Mr. GOSCHEN'S misgivings. He sees that the party of Mr. GLADSTONE is ceasing to be Gladstonian. Later revelations and developments convince him, as others are convinced, that not Mr. GLADSTONE alone, but his nearer political associates also, are losing authority; and that "the conditions "which are now placed upon him are such that it will be the "violent section of his party which will give its character "to the future legislation of this country." More particularly he sees that at the next general election London will certainly be fought on Radical-Socialist principles—a belief which receives special justification from the legislative programme recently issued by Professor STUART on behalf of the majority in the London Council; and the natural inference is, not only that good government in London may be

endangered, but that the government of the whole country may be shared by the preachers of Radical Socialism.

Look at Mr. STUART's programme. It includes nine Bills, "introduced by all the London Liberal members." First, there is a Housing of the Working Classes Bill, which "places the necessary cost on the ground-values of London." Next, a Bill for "metropolis rating amendment," placing the capital cost of permanent improvements on the ground landlords. Then comes the Constabulary Bill; the intention of which is to transfer to the friends of Messrs. HYNDMAN, CONYBEARE, and GRAHAM complete control of the London police, though of course those gentlemen may not command a majority in the Council "every time." Under this proposal the police will not always have the same instructions as to the preservation of law and order, but different ones —according as the municipal elections go. Another of the Council's legislative measures deals with the Poor-rate on Radical-Socialist principles. By another the funds of "the "City Companies and others" are regulated; while a brace of Bills provide that the Parliamentary franchise shall be altered for the special benefit of "metropolitan occupiers "and lodgers." This at once brings back the reflection that none of these changes could be made for London alone. The most important of them could be demanded just as reasonably for all the greater cities in the kingdom; and, being granted to London, would stand as an "anomaly" for indignant protest and immediate removal. And yet there is hardly one of these measures which is not either offensive to good government or menacing to the economic system on which society is built. It appears, then, that London is not alone concerned with the "capture" of its municipal constituencies by the Radical Socialists, or alone affected by the propaganda that proceeds from the London Council. The whole country is concerned with it and affected by it, both socially and politically; especially since the all but complete transformation of Mr. GLADSTONE's following into a Radical-Socialist party, in sympathy with the dearest wishes of Professor STUART.

Mr. GOSCHEN has spoken plainly, but not too soon. It is impossible to undo the mischief that was done when the Local Government Act was passed to establish and endow the New Radicalism; but something may be done before the next elections, municipal and parliamentary, to repeat and emphasize Mr. GOSCHEN's just alarms. This fact at any rate may be insisted on, for it has now become manifest to see. There are still two parties in the State. One is Conservative, though not more Conservative than Liberalism was in its most useful and honourable days. The other is an hitherto unknown sort of Radical party, whose methods begin by destruction and end in experiment. It is between these parties that the choice of the country has now to be made; and between the leaders of those parties, such as they are seen to be.

THE FLORAL PARADE.

TO speak truth with due regard for courtesy, this spectacle did not prove to be altogether so magnificent as a vain people thinks. There was too little of it, and too much of what there was stirred feelings remote from admiration. Among the carriages paraded—less than a score, including dogcarts and such unostentatious vehicles—there were several which might have been pronounced as charming as could be, had not one reached a pitch of excellence which left competition behind. The majority, however, showed rather good intentions than brilliant execution. If the Royal Botanic Society literally wish, as they say, "to encourage the use of Floral decorations as in the South of Europe," hasty and ill-considered festoons of garlands were quite as appropriate as the works of art on which we shall gladly dwell in a moment. They, indeed, represent the type of floral decoration in the South of Europe, according to our experience. But the "Triumphal Canopies, Banners, Flags, Wreaths, Garlands, Triumphal Arches," scattered about the grounds, for competition, really betrayed too much of the *sancta simplicitas*. That they were inconspicuous is the best that can be said for them in general. Most people went by, or under, without suspicion that such guileless objects could be designed to attract attention. To describe would be heartless, yet, lest the reader should think we exaggerate, one or two must be named, in sorrow, not in anger. Let us hope it was an exhibitor of irresponsible years who set up a twelve-foot length of unplaned deal, with "stays" of string unadorned, and twined round it a garland of laurel, with a poppy and a yellow dahlia at six-inch intervals; so artless the whole arrangement, that eighteen inches of rough white wood and uncertain lengths of unsophisticated string betrayed themselves between each circuit of the scanty wreath. Close by stood another essay of the same infantile school; in this instance the "stays" were pleasantly concealed by calico of varied hue; and branches of laurel, tied on, a foot or two apart, replaced the garland. Similar examples might be noted elsewhere—as the triumphal arch of evergreens by the great conservatory, which most people observed, and all who observed regarded with a puzzled smile; the Triumphal Canopy—of laurel, for the most part, supported on four naked posts borrowed from the lawn-tennis ground; the—but it is enough. To our thinking, these adjuncts of the festival, each bearing its number, seriously entered for a prize, have as much interest as the fine things on the parade-ground. They offer food for thought. If the work of little children—there was no evidence on that point—adults must needs have superintended them, and the management must have acquiesced. There were too many to allow the supposition that it was all a joke. We conclude that the Royal Botanic Society will "meet a want very generally felt," as the advertisements say, by teaching us the art of floral decoration out of doors.

Probably not a few among those thousands of spectators in the brightest and costliest of summer raiment dolefully observed that weather should have been imported from the South of Europe to harmonize with its diversions. Those who came early, indeed, experienced some trying samples of our climate, and those who kept themselves dry hardly kept themselves cheerful until the Princess of Wales brought sunshine with her. The Broad Walk, railed in, made a charming and a brilliant vista nevertheless, such as we do not often behold in this capital, or any other. Though visitors did not try much to aid the general effect by making floral decorations of themselves, most ladies wore a bouquet—generally of roses. Here and there, indeed, an enthusiast displayed a sash constructed of flowers, instead of the usual materials. It looked an uncomfortable article of attire. As for the men, they seemed rather to make a point of abjuring even buttonholes on this occasion. Certainly they were less frequent than at an ordinary fête of the Royal Botanic Society. At four o'clock the Parade opened with Mrs. E. Ledger's victoria, and those who applauded that superb display might well credit that the glories of Nice were going to be superseded. After all, gold is the colour for effect. We call it "staring," if clumsily used; but that means the same thing in an offensive sense. Here all was admirable, from the "running footman" who marched ahead, epauletted, sashed, embosomed in dark-red roses, to the ponderous festoon of gold which overhung the back of the vehicle. One might say with truth, probably, that no inch of harness, or panel, or wheel could be discerned. The horses were jet black, to carry the harmony through; and the ladies, in golden silk, occupied a bower of white lilies. If that magnificent equipage could be beaten, there must be wonders, indeed, behind! It was not beaten, nor approached, in its special department. Next, as many thought—though the judges did not take the same view—was Mrs. Horner's victoria, with an iron-grey pair, and a striking decoration in dark crimson roses, the lady within it wearing green silk to match. The authorities, however, preferred Mr. Sherwood's village cart, and their choice is intelligible. Roses of two colours were employed here—red and pink—in delightful contrast. The wheels especially lent themselves to this combination; the circumference and the axle-box concealed beneath flowers of Duke of Edinburgh, as we imagine; the spokes clothed in La France. But these things, were they not set forth in the daily press? Perhaps the effect of the cavaliers in doublet and trunk hose and plumed hat, and silk stockings, has not had justice done to it. People seemed to be rather bewildered at the sight, not expecting that the customs of the South of Europe would be carried to the pitch of masquerading in broad daylight. This feeling changed to pity as the unfortunates circled slowly round, their poor silken legs visibly shrinking from our British zephyrs. Prettiest sight of all beyond question was the sedan-chair, built up of roses apparently, in which two small boys—one of them a girl, it was said—carried their tiny sister. They wore the dress of the Irish chairmen—light-blue coat, breeches, and white stockings—and the whole made a perfect Meissonier. But it was hard work for such mites to carry even a baby round and round the long course. One of them could not forbear to put down his load in the very presence of the Princess of Wales, and rub his hands ruefully before accepting the prize, which roused equal laughter and commiseration. Another pleasant incident was caused by the proceedings of Master Paget-Bowman's pony, a delightful little beast. This young gentleman thought proper to array himself in armour, with a very long plume in his helmet, which, when he uncovered to salute Her Royal Highness, swept the nose of his little charger. Promptly it resented the tickling insult, snatched the helmet, and refused to give it up, shaking its head prettily.

Upon the whole, though everybody laughed a little, and some a great deal, not without cause, there was more than enough of beautiful display to encourage the Society. We may hope that those who were somewhat absurd, or showed ignorance of the sort of thing required, will profit by the object lesson which was so well set by the minority.

PROFESSIONAL TATTLE.

"THERE never was button on the foil that made this hurt. But we surgeons are a secret generation. And, if it were not for hot blood and ill blood, what would become of the twa learned faculties?" Thus spoke, wisely, the surgeon who dressed

Frank Osbaldistone's hurt after the duel with Rashleigh. And there is every reason to believe that his encomium on his own "faculty" (which might have been extended to the other that profits by hot blood and ill blood) was in the main and in old days well justified. Even men who are not very old can recollect when it was the rarest of things for a doctor to talk about his patients; while a solicitor who talked about his clients' affairs would have either been thought a black sheep, for whom striking off the rolls was too good, or a silly fellow who was not likely to do much harm, because in a very short time he would not have the opportunity of doing any. There are, however, not wanting persons—and those persons not wanting in commerce with the world—who say that all this is quite changed. There was always a certain latitude allowed to doctors in talking of one patient to another for (as the Articles of the Church of England have it) "instruction of life and example of manners." The wonderful effects which Lady —— had experienced from the judicious throwing in of bark at the right moment might be justly alleged to induce Mrs. —— to take that medicament; and if the Rev. —— ——, who had got to the fanciful stage of gout, received momentary relief in fancy from being exhorted to follow Sir —— ——'s celebrated cure by hot cabbage leaves, neither parson nor baronet could be much hurt by that transaction. The kind of thing to which we are referring is quite different, and must of late years have struck almost any one who frequents dinners, clubs, and places where they talk. At a casual "dinner of boys" some representative of one of the two learned faculties will enliven the circulation of an entrée with an account of the "midlands" (as poor Mr. de la Pluche used to say), of somebody or other who may or may not be known to the company; and it is an interesting question in which case the offence is greater. In the case of public men, bulletins may be drawn up with all the care and discretion in the world, but that will not prevent one of the signatories from whispering some hours later in a drawing-room, to some score or so very particular friends (each of whom has the thing as an exclusive privilege, and under pledge of absolute secrecy), the precise matters which the invalid does not wish to have published. Indeed, perhaps because they are presumed to be more appetizing, it is, as a rule, those precise matters which the invalid does not wish to have published of which the medical adviser of this class is most lavish. To do the other faculty justice, this loquacity does not seem to have affected lawyers quite so much. Yet little birds flit about saying that the popularity of some very popular members of that profession is due directly to the obliging and skilful way in which they dish up A's private affairs for the amusement of B, C, and D.

Now this is vanity and a sore evil. Nor is it difficult or unfair to connect it with that pestilent development of journalism which now and then (as in a case of the lowest kind tried by Mr. Justice Charles the other day) the law steps in to tackle, but of which it is thought by some old-fashioned people that mere law can never take quite the proper cognizance in the proper way. We should be sorry to think that any lawyer or doctor of any mark or likelihood whatever actually traffics paragraphs of gossip against coin of the realm; though, after the vile services which have been rendered by men of honourable professions, there really is no knowing. But the two evils rather come from the same fount than are connected the one with the other as cause and effect. As the gutter journalist caters for the public who pay him pence and halfpence, so does the doctor cater for his miscellaneous friends and actual or possible patients. Legs and arms, heads and st-m-chs, "a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y," and the like, are presumably found as interesting as coats, hosen, and hats, as tittle-tattle about peers and penny-a-liners, and as those astonishing paragraphs which make the round of the lower class of newspaper, telling how Mr. Jones, who wrote *Hootings of an Owl in the Wilderness*, is five feet high, has red hair and squints, abides at a bower of roses in the vicinity of Peckham, and busies himself, by way of an amusement for his leisure hours, in collecting cigarette-ends. One sometimes wonders whether the men and women who listen (for they do listen) to stories about my Lord A's inside from the person whom my Lord A—good man!—has just fee'd, in the belief that the state of his inside will no more be talked of by his doctor than the state of his conscience by his confessor, ask themselves the surely obvious question, Is this the way he talks about Me? Apparently they do not; for the greatest babblers in the faculty are often the most *achalandés*. But, however this may be, the thing is, as has been said, an obvious nuisance; it is increasing, and it ought to be put down. In both the professions into which it seems to have crept professional opinion has a pretty considerable power, and it is surely time for it to see whether that power cannot be exerted to restore the old standard of etiquette, or rather of decency and honour.

RACING.

THE days in which the Northumberland Plate was the only great event in the racing world between Ascot and the Newmarket July Meeting are things of the past, and we may dismiss that race for this year by saying that it was won by Lord Durham's five-year-old mare, Drizzle, a winner of half a dozen races last season, who had only 6 st. 10 lbs. on her back, and that the race was chiefly remarkable for the light weights carried by the seven starters, not one of whom carried more than the winner, while most of them carried much less. On the following day a field of twenty-two came out for the Seaton Delaval Plate of 1,500*l.*, for two-year-olds, and the race was won by Loup, a chestnut colt with a great deal of quality, capital loins, and wide, muscular quarters, to whom we shall have to refer presently. On the same day, at Sandown, the Electric Stakes of 2,000*l.* was won by Mr. H. Milner's filly, Listen, who started first favourite on the strength of a reported private trial, her only public performances having been to run unplaced at Leicester last year and to tumble down when running for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket this spring. On the last day of the Sandown First Summer Meeting, Chevalier Ginistrelli's Signorina, of whom we shall have more to say by-and-bye, gave her backers what servant-women call "a turn," for after 5 to 2 had been laid freely upon her, she barely won the British Dominion Stakes by a head, after a tremendous struggle with the Duke of Westminster's Orwell, a Bend Or colt, to whom she was giving 12 lbs. and sex.

On the first day of the Bibury Club Meeting, Lord Zetland's brown filly, Margarine, who had won her only other race, now won the Champagne Stakes of 825*l.*, the third in the race being Merry Monk, for whom Lord Dudley had given 2,250 guineas last year. In the preceding race Mr. C. Rose's Arcadia, who had previously won a couple of races worth 1,535*l.*, was beaten by a head by Mr. N. Fenwick's beautiful filly, Pluie d'Or, by Bend Or; and Mr. R. H. Combe's Imogene, who was giving the other pair 5 lbs., was only a neck behind Arcadia. It looked a very close thing between them; but, as it is said that Imogene hit her leg on the way to the post, that Arcadia's saddle slipped, and that Pluie d'Or swerved, it is difficult to say what the running was really worth. The same afternoon the hitherto unbeaten Semolina won the Bibury Club Home-Bred Foal Stakes, and she walked over for a stake a couple of days later, achieving her eighth victory with considerably over 5,000*l.* to her credit. A description of this famous filly's first defeat, which occurred on Wednesday last, will not come within the province of this article. There was a pretty race for the Stockbridge Cup between Lord Hastings's St. Patrick, Mr. W. Low's Napoleon, and Lord Penrhyn's Noble Chieftain, who were divided by half a length and a neck; and at the weights they carried it was an even closer affair than it looked; but we shall have to show later on that this form was all upset last week at Newmarket. An hour later the Selling Plate farce was played once more, when Mr. H. S. Leon's two-year-old brown filly, Swallowtail, was sold for no less than 820 guineas more than the 200*l.* which her owner was to receive for her. On the last day of the Stockbridge Meeting Mr. H. Milner's Riviera, the future heroine of the valuable Portland Stakes, won the Hurstbourne Stakes of 1,150*l.*, "hands down by a length," from Prince Soltykoff's Keythorpe, the winner of a Triennial at Ascot.

At Kempton Park, in the presence of the Shah, Chevalier Ginistrelli's Signorina, who, like Semolina, was unbeaten, won the Kempton Park Grand Two-Year-Old Stakes. Although she started first favourite, many people expected her to be beaten by Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Alloway, an immense colt, by Springfield out of Lady Morgan, that was running in public for the first time, but was said to have been proved in private to be superior to Martagon, a colt in his stable that had run Signorina to a head at Manchester. Signorina, however, gave him (counting sex) the equivalent of 7 lbs. and a beating by half a length; so the reported trial—if, indeed, it ever took place—can hardly have been correct, and, on Wednesday last, he showed very moderate form at Leicester.

The Princess of Wales's Handicap of 2,000*l.*, on the last day at Kempton, was a very unsatisfactory race, as there was one of the worst starts of the season, and the finish was spoilt by Martley, who, at the distance, tried to "savage" Thunderstorm, and then swerved against Johnny Morgan. The latter colt, nevertheless, managed to win by a neck from Thunderstorm, who, by the way, died in consequence of an accident at Reading Railway Station two days afterwards. Lord Hartington won the Kempton Park International Two-Year-Old Plate of 1,000*l.* with his neatly-made chestnut colt, Marvel, who gives every promise of proving a useful racehorse.

The favourite for the July Stakes, on the first day of the Newmarket July Meeting, was the Duke of Hamilton's Loup, who, as we have already said, had won the Seaton Delaval Plate at Newcastle. He now beat Keythorpe at least as easily as Riviera had beaten him at Stockbridge. Fielders won heavily over the Visitors' Handicap, which was won by Mr. G. Haughton's Arundel, against whom 20 to 1 had been laid. He had run eight times before this season without winning a single race. Curious form, again, was shown by Lord Penrhyn's Noble Chieftain in winning the Bottisham Plate in a canter by three lengths; for, as we observed above, St. Patrick and Napoleon, who finished in front of him at Stockbridge, appeared to be at least his equals at the weights; yet now Fullerton, Love-in-Idleness, and the hitherto unbeaten two-year-old, Scotch Earl, had not a chance with him. The Bunbury Plate (for which 11 to 4 was laid on Napoleon, and 8 to 1 was offered in vain against Robin Hood) was an interesting example of the paradox, so often apparent in racing, that things equal to the same are not always equal to one another, for Robin Hood now beat Napoleon at even weights, and

therefore seemed to be equal to Fullerton, because Napoleon had beaten Noble Chieftain at 10 lbs., and Noble Chieftain had beaten Fullerton by several lengths at even weights—yet, strange to say, for the Hunt Cup at Ascot, when receiving 41 lbs. from Fullerton, Robin Hood had finished a long way behind him. It is but fair to add that Fullerton only ran fourth for that race, a head behind the third.

The racing on the second day at Newmarket was not very interesting. Mr. Lowther won the first and the last races. The Thursday's racing was more important. St. Helen, who finished second for the Oaks in Rêve d'Or's year, several lengths in front of Hawthorn, was now handicapped as much as 31 lbs. below that filly for the Hare Park Handicap, which she won easily. Three two-year-olds that had cost 7,450 guineas as yearlings ran for a Private Post Sweepstakes of 250 guineas each, and there did not appear to be many pounds difference between them, as Lord Dudley's Merry Monk, who was stopping at the finish, only won by half a length from Mr. W. Low's rather lightly-made Gold Wing, who was three-quarters of a length in front of Mr. W. De La Rue's somewhat backward Heckberry, an own brother to Energy. The Chesterfield Stakes was an interesting race, because Baron de Rothschild's Heaume, who had run the famous Surefoot to a length at Ascot, and had good claims to be considered the second best colt of his year, was to meet Riviera, Loup, and two new-comers in the Duke of Portland's Memoir and Lord Calthorpe's Wood Nymph. Riviera was the favourite, but, after a sharp struggle, Heaume won by three-quarters of a length from Loup, who beat Riviera by a neck. This form has been directly reversed during the present week in the Portland Stakes; but we must reserve our notice of that race for a future occasion. A terrible mistake was made when 2 to 1 was laid on "Mr. Abington's" Pioneer for the Midsummer Plate, as Antibes, to whom he was giving 9 lbs. besides weight for sex, beat him by a length. This was an immense improvement upon Antibes's running at Ascot, where she had only finished sixth to Pioneer. Mr. J. Lowther, who was in great form at the meeting, won the Ellesmere Stakes with King Monmouth from Colonel North's Royal Star, whom he had purchased two days earlier for 1,900 guineas. Lord Hartington's smart filly, Marvel, continued her victorious career in the Stud Produce Stakes.

Previous public form had been considerably upset during the week; but the grand climax occurred in the race for the July Cup on the Friday, when Prince Soltykoff's Mephisto, who had been unplaced to St. Patrick, Napoleon, and Noble Chieftain at Stockbridge, won easily by a length from St. Patrick, although he was only meeting him on 6 lbs. better terms, while Noble Chieftain, with 5 lbs. better terms, finished twice as far behind St. Patrick as he had done at Stockbridge, and Napoleon, who had been a neck in front of Noble Chieftain at Stockbridge, now only ran fifth, although there was no alteration in their relative weights. We should add that, whereas Napoleon gave St. Patrick 5 lbs. and ran him to half a length at Stockbridge, he could not now get within some lengths of him at even weights. When horses belonging to owners above all shadow of suspicion run in such in-and-out fashion, it may be well to be charitable in judging the form shown by the horses of less reputable racing-men. One more instance of the perversity of horseflesh was afforded in the next race, when the Duke of Westminster's Lozenge, who was said to have "scarcely touched an oat" since her arrival at Newmarket on the Monday and to be altogether "off colour," beat a field of fourteen two-year-olds for the Princess of Wales's Cup, as if in the very best of health and spirits.

A large quantity of blood stock has been sold during the last few weeks. The Royal yearlings realized 11,745 guineas, at an average of nearly 420 guineas, the highest price being 3,000 guineas, which was given by Colonel North for a colt by Hampton out of Land's End. The Newmarket sales were some of the most successful ever held there. On the Monday, Lord Rosslyn's mares and foals made high prices. As much as 1,750 guineas was paid for Feronia, a mare twenty-one years old, with a filly foal. Her daughter, Allegra, with a colt foal, was purchased by Mr. D. Baird for 4,000 guineas; and 1,500 guineas was given for her daughter, April Fool, who had distinguished herself by running in thirty-seven races, and winning only three. The Duke of Portland gave 3,000 guineas for Miss Middlewick, a brood mare by Scottish Chief out of Violet. Lord Willoughby de Broke gave 1,800 guineas for Joyeau, and 1,100 guineas for her foal by St. Simon. Among what were termed "miscellaneous properties," Little Sister (the dam of Thunderstorm, whose death we have already noticed), with a foal by Saraband, made 2,000 guineas. On the Tuesday, a yearling by Isonomy was purchased for 2,500 guineas by Colonel North, and one by Hampton for 2,600 guineas by Mr. D. Baird, while Mr. E. Baird gave 2,000 for another by Xenophon. Among older horses, Paloma, a three-year-old that had been beaten in each of the five races for which she had run this season, was also purchased by Mr. E. Baird for 2,100 guineas. On the Wednesday, Captain Machell gave 3,000 guineas for a yearling by Isonomy, and Mr. W. Low 2,500 for one by Galliard. The next day, the seven Blankney yearlings averaged about 1,120 guineas apiece; a colt by Bend Or, among the Mentmore yearlings, made 2,050 guineas; and one by Sterling, from the Yardley Stud, 2,250. We have dwelt at some length on these sales in order to show that the increase of valuable stakes is influencing the price of fashionably-bred blood stock.

FREE-TRADE IN DISEASE.

ABOUT thirteen months ago there was a discussion in the House of Commons which did as little credit to that body as any discussion which has taken place during the existence of the present Parliament. The leaders of a movement characterized by everything which is opposed to Christian charity, to good sense, and to science fastened upon admitted defects in the working of certain regulations to deliver a general attack upon a whole system of beneficial enactments in India. It was then made apparent how far public opinion has advanced in enlightenment during the last few years, and with what rare courage the House of Commons is prepared to discharge the important stewardship entrusted to it. Not very long since the Contagious Diseases Act in England was repealed by a snap vote of the House of Commons, when even Liberal Ministers, who are more exposed to the dictation of uninformed sentiment than their opponents, were half disposed to vindicate their official responsibilities. But the effect of Mr. Stansfeld's chance victory, magnified as it was by his fanatical following, has been to take the backbone out of men of sense and experience, and to reduce them in public pitifully to acquiesce in mischief for which they cannot find language of contempt and condemnation severe enough in private. The Government occupied a strong position when the day came for Mr. McLaren's motion last June. It was one thing to repeal the Act in England. No man of sense and humanity could certainly approve the repeal. But, after all, the conditions of life make the enforcement of such salutary legislation in England more difficult; and the country is not responsible for exposing its soldiers to such peculiar temptations as surround them in India. There the young soldier is deprived of the influences and distractions which attend him at home; and, as the proportion of married men is necessarily very small, his lot is virtually one of enforced celibacy. For, in spite of all that has been done and is being done in India to give the European private occupation and amusement, the boy-soldier (for short service has given us mere youths infinitely liable to temptation) must often be cooped up all through the hot days in dreary and monotonous barracks, where the only surroundings are the purlieus inhabited by the camp-followers. Here, if anywhere, the Government which sends the soldier out is responsible for mitigating the consequences of placing him in so trying a life—consequences which will be inevitable as long as human nature endures. This would seem to be a plain duty, and one in which Government should be kept up to the mark by the sense of the entire community.

We could wish the obligation had been put plainly before the country last summer. And, indeed, we have reasons for believing that such was the original intention of the proper authorities. But when the time came a panic was discovered in the ranks, and the discovery affected the leaders with even more alarming pusillanimity. One honourable member dared not face the feeling in his constituency; another even embraced (though he was really ashamed to avow it) the opportunity of setting himself right with certain people for a former vote; and it was reported that scarcely some poor forty or fifty men could be got to have the courage of convictions that were shared, at the most moderate estimate, by two-thirds of the House. Therefore, although some good sense was talked by Sir J. Gorst, Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, and Sir R. Temple, the position was practically surrendered at discretion, and no authoritative attempt was made to show Mr. McLaren and his friends that, after all, Christian charity was not ranked on their side, or to demonstrate to the good people who voted that "what is morally wrong cannot be politically right," where the morality came in, and in what direction. We do not wish, however, to dwell upon the scene, or to recapitulate incidents so disgraceful, including the unctuous tributes which were paid to the motives of the repealers. The Indian Government was naturally forced to accept the somewhat unconstitutional interference of the House of Commons; and a despatch in accordance with Mr. McLaren's views was sent out by the Secretary of State. Nine out of thirteen members of his Council, however, recorded their dissent, foreseeing the result. What was then feared and foreseen is now reported to have come too terribly to pass. A positively alarming spread of disease has quickly followed upon the abolition of the Acts. The Indian papers of last mail announce that Lord Lansdowne's Government have been obliged to draw up a remonstrance, or at any rate to lay the whole state of the evil before the authorities at home. They may have no hope of affecting Mr. McLaren and his friends, but it is as well that the facts should be known, and the responsibility shifted to the proper quarter. It is, indeed, time. Free-trade in disease has, within a year, brought down two out of every five men throughout the strength of the European establishment in India. Or, to put it in another way, a whole brigade is put miserably *hors de combat* (just when Sir Wilfrid Lawson is overflowing with pity for the Dervishes), and last June's discussion has cost the nation more than many a regular engagement. It is not, however, on the grounds of the efficiency of our troops that any expostulation can be addressed to the deliberate promoters of this evil. Nor can they be asked to reconcile the consequences of their action with their own extraordinary professions. Mr. McLaren, though he would probably care for a drunkard who had brought on delirium tremens by persistent intemperance, would let the victim of his own inexperience waste in disease, and argue that the world was better for the (moral) lesson conveyed by his suffering. But may not

some of the reasonable people and honourable members who condemn this fearful mischief in private pluck up courage enough to proclaim their faith also in public, now they realize the magnitude of the evil their cowardice has contributed to foster?

HOW *NOT* TO TRACE YOUR OWN PEDIGREE.

FEW people are absolutely without some sort of interest in the lives of their ancestors, and yet very few indeed have successfully accomplished the somewhat difficult task of tracing their own pedigree. It is a matter that requires a lavish expenditure of time and trouble, and usually the results attained are so trifling that "practical" men rarely inquire into their family history unless there is some possibility or probability of pecuniary results. Except with some such object in view the vaguest family traditions suffice for the average Briton. There are, however, persons who make up their minds to write their family history, but, being entirely without genealogical skill, they are quite at sea until some good friend recommends to them Phillimore's *How to Write the History of a Family* and Rye's *Records and Record Searching*. With these handbooks the amateur genealogist need waste no time in his self-imposed duties, and, if not frightened by the immense mass of material to be searched, he ought to turn out a creditable family history, assuming, of course, that he has a family, and that his family has a history.

Phillimore and Rye are not the only authors who claim to guide the faltering steps of the inexperienced genealogist. In fact, quite recently a neatly-printed pamphlet of forty pages has been published with the following title:—*How to trace your own Pedigree, or, a Guide to Family Descent. By P. Fancourt Hodgson, late Clerk of Heralds' College, London. Being a Handbook, by consulting which any person may trace his own pedigree, either for legal or literary purposes. For the former purpose to show a right to titles, estates, or unclaimed money in Chancery. For the latter purpose to trace descent from an honoured family. It will also be found invaluable to the American and Colonist wishing to trace his ancestry in the Old Country.* (London: Pickering & Chatto.) Notwithstanding the frequent repetition of several words the title is a striking one, and promises sufficient to make the mouth water. By the use of these marvellous forty pages (according to the author) any person may trace his own pedigree "to show a right to titles, estates, or unclaimed money"; and those who have a noble scorn for pelf may yet be glad, under the immediate direction of one claiming to be an ex-official of Heralds' College, to "trace descent from an honoured family"! This is such a magnificent promise that one instinctively turns to the little instrument that is to do so great a work; but the result of an examination hardly bears out the lavish anticipations of the title-page. Of course Mr. P. Fancourt Hodgson, late Clerk of Heralds' College, has compiled his book at the request of numerous friends, and equally of course he has never heard of the two essential books we have named; for he informs us that there have been "a few works" published with a similar object, "but these have been expensive, and are now mostly difficult to obtain"; and he therefore "submits this book of reference to the public, at a cost which will render it accessible to all, and which will supply full information in a condensed form on the subject up to date"; and trusts that he may in some measure help to advance the "science of proving family descent." The books we have mentioned are neither expensive nor difficult to obtain. The pamphlet of Mr. P. Fancourt Hodgson, late Clerk, &c., is, no doubt, still cheaper; but it labours under the disadvantage of being useless when it has been obtained. Mr. Hodgson announces a novel discovery that he has made—namely, that in the public libraries of the kingdom "it has been noticed that genealogical works and MSS. are more consulted than any other class of literature." This discovery should be of interest to librarians, who have hitherto been under the delusion that fiction was most in demand at the institutions in their charge, and ought also to solve the doubt that exists in many minds as to genealogy being a department of literature at all. Nor is it open to Mr. Hodgson to claim that it is a form of fiction; for that is said only by those who sit in the seat of the scornful, and could not be the judgment of one who claims to be a high priest of genealogy. The genealogical tyro will probably first turn to the chapter on preliminary steps. Now to an ordinary person the first step in making a pedigree would be to have a chat with some of the oldest members of his family, and to extract from them such information as would form a sound basis upon which to work. But Mr. Hodgson not being an ordinary person, sends his reader first to the family deed-box and, failing a deed-box, to the old family Bible. Why the Bible is only to be consulted when there is no deed-box, Mr. Hodgson does not explain.

The anxious inquirer, having obtained a few links of the pedigree, has next to find out the origin of his surname, and then to ascertain whether or not the family is entitled to coat armour. When he has got so far, he is thought to be strong enough to venture among the MSS. at the Heralds' College, British Museum, and elsewhere. At the Museum the pupil of the late Clerk of Heralds' College has considerable work cut out, for he is told that he should consult the Cottonian, Harleian, Egerton, Lansdowne, Sloane, Royal, *and* Additional MSS. Wills and parish registers are rightly described as important, but the neophyte might usefully be informed that many thousand wills have been indexed by local Societies, and that a number of parish registers are now safely in print. The account of the Public Record Office is not quite so slipshod as the rest of the book, though the author refers to the "folios" of Sims's "Manual" instead of to its "pages," has not heard of the "Index Library," and forgets to mention that the Recusant Rolls do not come down to the present time, as recusancy is no longer an offence at law.

The chapter devoted to printed sources is one of the most amusing in the book. It consists of a list, purporting to mention "several of the different classes of books and publications, and, in many cases, the names of the books themselves, which may profitably be consulted." Five pages are occupied by this list, in which Mr. Hodgson has carefully and thoughtfully prefixed "A.D." to the dates, so that no one will be tempted to regard Stacey Grimaldi as a pre-Christian author. Notwithstanding this care, the list is one to give a painful shock to the bibliographer. Foster's "Collectanea" is called "Miscellanea, Foster's," John Burke's *History of the Commoners* is ascribed to his son, Sir Bernard; while the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *London Magazine*, the *European*, G. E. C.'s *New Peerage*, and Howard's *Miscellanea*, each occur twice. On the other hand, books like Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses*, Anthony à Wood's great work, and the *Athenæ Cantabrigienses* are not mentioned at all. The list of societies "established for genealogical and kindred purposes" does not include the Chetham, the Oxford Historical, or the Surtees Society. The "Lists of Foreign Protestants," published by the Camden Society, is ignorantly set out as two separate books. The chapter on "Other Useful Sources of Information" is filled with a variety of odds and ends which the author appears to have forgotten to classify into their proper places. Thus *coats of arms* and *seals* should surely have been dealt with in the heraldic chapter. A few lines in this, the last chapter but one of the book, is the first occasion on which the author speaks of the value of family tradition.

Although Mr. Hodgson informs us that he has taken some pains to make his book useful to Americans, he must not be annoyed if the long-headed Yankees decline to follow implicitly the lead of an author who misquotes the title of such a well-known book as Hotten's *Original Lists*, and spells Massachusetts with only one t. The New Englanders would not have pardoned this, even to Artemus Ward, much less to Mr. P. Fancourt Hodgson, who is merely an unconscious humourist. While studying the American part of Mr. Hodgson's book a dreadful suspicion occurs that perhaps this muddle-headed pamphlet is not quite as original as the author would like us to suppose. But let us put it down to mere coincidence that the *New England Register* has the same number of volumes in 1889 that it had in 1887 when it was named in Mr. Phillimore's book; that the list of American Societies and of English Public Libraries named by Mr. Hodgson and by Mr. Phillimore are almost identical, though in his list of libraries the late Clerk of Heralds' College has omitted the Incorporated Law Society, and has inserted the University *College* Library, Cambridge, an institution for which the *Cambridge Calendar* may be searched in vain. Seriously speaking, a person trying under the literary guidance of this book to compile a family history would be put on the wrong track immediately, would waste time looking in deed-chests when he ought to be interviewing his grandmother, and would be trotting up to London from the country to get from a musty and illegible manuscript information that he could have seen in print at the nearest public library. Mr. Hodgson is probably incorrigible; but to any future genealogical pamphleteer we would say, be careful to name the authorities from whom you borrow phrases, lists of societies, and such like; at least quote correctly; do not commit more errors in grammar than you can help; and, finally, obtain a copy of *How to trace your own Pedigree*, by Mr. P. Fancourt Hodgson, late Clerk of Heralds' College, London, and use it as an almost unerring indication of what should not be done.

SOME HUMOURS OF SOMERSET HOUSE.

SOMERSET House is a bulky edifice daily to be discovered between the Strand and the river, on the site of the Protector's old mansion. It was erected in its present form after designs by Sir William Chambers, and its stately façade, one of the ornaments of our city, is a notable example of Palladian architecture. A wing of this building is given up to the public service in the capacity of General Registry of Births, Marriages, and Deaths. The ground so far is one of common knowledge. The careless individual, however, who directs his steps along the pavement extending between Temple Bar and Charing Cross, and who stops midway in his course, would probably not be led to think that a fund of quiet merriment lay hidden behind the massive stonework, the solemn portals and pillars which abut so severely at this point upon the Strand. Who being in search of the risible would descend on Somerset House? The interest here, it might be supposed, is all for the statist, the statesman, the man of Blue Books. Yet there is no lack of humour here, notwithstanding; jokes, it is true, not excruciatingly amusing, rather those of old men and of thoughtful people, for the most part. Indeed, could a man spend his days in these sombre chambers, life exist in the dreary round of "general search" and incessant entry, if the law of compensation had not provided

some such solace? Droll records, quaint instances of registration, striking coincidences stumbled upon in dull hours and amid the colourless routine work by which wages are earned, lucky windfalls of the intellect that, like the judicial *bons-mots* which relieve some blank proceeding of the Chancery Division, serve to put new energy into dejected heads; that beguile the travail of a day; that in a moment exceptionally propitious may even send a series of precise and official laughs floating right through the thick masonry which divides the street from the scene of registration labour.

With these clerical jokes, if they come to be marshalled on paper, there is a fatal generic drawback—they lose in the process of transplanting so much of their excellence. The *genius loci* is essential. It is almost a shame to dig them out. It needs the air of Somerset House, the every-day drudgery of the Civil Service, to impart to the appetite that especial zest, that flavour to the palate, which brings satisfaction to the taster—who ought to be a clerk engaged hourly in the making of books such as Lamb would not have described as literature. To be appreciated fully, these jokes must be turned up in the pages of the registers. To find them really sportive, the reader must hunt them down in the orthodox manner. Further, he must not really be hunting for them when he discovers them, but hit upon them haphazard just when he is thinking of something else that is wearisome.

There is, by way of example, the memorable case of Mr. Yellow and Mrs. Blue. They were husband and wife, it will be recollected. They had one child, a daughter, who no sooner came of age than she abjured her patronymic, causing her friends to receive an intimation that in future she would be found at home only as Miss Green. The matter did not end here. During several weeks of a particular leap year, when her mind was a gale of excitement, she was on the verge of proposing marriage to a Mr. Red, her complementary colour, whom she learned to know through the columns of a match-making newspaper. She had already settled, among other things, to name her offspring Master or Miss White, in agreement with the exigencies of sex, when suddenly her plans came to the ground with a clatter, and, turning filial once again, she eventually died as she had been born, as Miss Yellow, prematurely and disconsolate, amid the derision of all who knew her, a baffled chameleon. Her conduct seems inexplicable. It was certainly reprehensible. But they who are informed are aware that there was method in Miss Yellow's vagaries; in taking the several steps enumerated above she was only doing her best to fulfil the conditions of an eccentric testament by which considerable property was left to her if she acceded to its provisions. And most assuredly she would have become Mrs. Red, with property in her own right, if the will on which her hopes depended had not been overturned in the courts, and her testator declared mad at the time of its execution. His mind had been fired by Sir Isaac Newton's discovery of the blending of the prismatic hues. An isolated case of this nature can be little impressive, particularly when we have the *rationale* at our hand. But the coincidence of names becomes singular, curious, startling, when we have read of thousands of Yellows and Blues who have married, not with one another, but quite without method or humour, and about whose descendants there is nothing that is not absolutely commonplace.

The registers disclose a number of striking combinations of Christian name and surname, some of which are ingenious:—

Front-name.	*Surname.*
Ether	Spray
Foot	Bath
Pascal	Lamb
River	Jordan
Morning	Dew
Christopher	Corpse
Offspring	Dear
Smith Follows	Smith
Orange	Lemmon
Colonel	Sergeant
Ever Virtuous	Sanders
Rose Shamrock	Anthistle
Mily Miles	Mills Overy
Thomas	White Hatt

Of these, "Rose Shamrock Anthistle," at any rate, is good for a daughter of the United Kingdom.

Christian names of the more ambitious kind are plentiful. A son is named "Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo Cox" (Births, 5 A. p. 318); another "Napoleon the Great (2 B. 307). A labourer calls his daughter "Lady Elizabeth" (1 D. 674). There is an instance of a hereditary knighthood or baronetcy formed in this manner, where a father, "Sir Francis" Howard, registers his son anew as "Sir Francis" (1 C. 340). Charles Hassall, described on the register as a medical herbalist, and presumably as anything we please in real life, comes to his son's assistance with the front-names, "Doctor Jervis St. Vincent Beresford" (8 C. 322). The son of "Horatio Nelson" Baker is named "Ewart Gladstone" (1 A. 637). Jewett, a parent of sporting proclivities, registers his child "Edward Byng Tally Ho Forward" (11 A. March 1865). An innkeeper's son is "Robert Alma Balaclava Inkermann Sebastopol Delhi Dugdale" (8 E. 512, November 1857). A long name bestowed by a Chartist on his daughter is "Fanny Amelia Lucy Ann Rebecca Frost O'Connor Douall Luck Holberry Duffy Oastler Hill" (16, 298, September 1842). "One Too Many" (4 A. 81) and "Not Wanted James" (1 D. 312) are the titles of unfortunate children. "Is it Maria" (8, 367) discloses a parental mystification answered, in the case of the other sex, by "That's It, Who'd Have Thought It" (2 A. 505). "George Henry" is subsequently prefixed to this absurd string of derivations. The wife of Thomas registers her son as "Young Thomas" (5 A. 173), and James Stewart calls his son "Young James Gorston" (6 D. 454). The daughter of John Buckingham Smith is christened "Laughing Waters" (*sic*), which later gives way in the "certificate of naming" to "Minnehaha." "Richard Cœur de Lion Tyler Walter Hill" (1 A. 13) is a further instance of pompous names.

Stillborn children are not registered. Yet a child is entered as having died aged "a few seconds" (9 A. 201). A singular entry is that of a child registered, without name, as of "sex unknown" (8, 440).

Humour is less rampant in the sphere of marriage entry. Emily Walton, however, is wedded to a husband called "Tighu ma qual O'Temerah Hope de Hindley Turner" (9 C. 147). In the register of marriage a column is set aside for the "condition" of the parties, whether they be spinster, bachelor, widow, or widower. On p. 149, vol. xviii., the bridegroom is described as "fat," the bride as "somewhat lean." The ecclesiastic presumably responsible for this entry is yet entrusted with the care of 470 souls; and as his waggishness occurred half a century ago, we may believe he has long since chanted an appropriate palinode.

Among deaths, Richurd Toohair is similarly described as a "living skeleton" (8 B. 534). The occupation of a man deceased is given as "Passionist" (8 B. 526). A schoolmaster at Knighton, in the Principality, dies of "political stroke"; this, too, as early as 1839. Here is a coincidence which perhaps yields to an ill-natured explanation; two officials of the same parish—one rate-collector, the other overseer—make away with themselves in the same week (5 B. 283). Births show a more notable coincidence where two children of the same family are born on leap-year day—one in 1868, the other in 1880.

Many parents, usually of the lower middle class, find pleasure in giving their children a plurality of names. Brown, a clerk in the Income-tax Department, calls his daughter Sarah Jane Mary Ann Emma Elizabeth Caroline Isabella Eliza Martha Catherine Matilda Evelyn Margaret Rosamond. This string is sufficiently lengthy; but Sarah . . . Brown is outpaced by the twenty-six titles borne by the daughter of Arthur Pepper, a laundryman, whose girl's name is one of the longest, if not the very longest, in existence. Spread out its entire length it runs—Ann Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louise Maud Nora Ophelia Quince Rebecca Starkey Tereza Ulysis (*sic*) Venus Winifred Xenophon Yetty Zeus. She has a name for each letter of the alphabet, and her names, with the exception of the surname, which of course is last, are in alphabetical order. She was born in 1883; and, if she has not subsided under the weight of her christening, she may be yet with us. Frankly, let us not grudge Ann Pepper her good fortune; we cannot attain to it ourselves; we admit as much and yield, for our forbears have neglected us. Let her enjoy her position, the privilege of first, while she may. She cannot hold it long. When it is known that she has precedence by dint of the many names bestowed on her by her godfathers and godmothers, she will be met, challenged, and easily defeated by a rival, some weakling of the cradle whose baby laughter little suspects the horrid length to which nomenclature has advanced in its regard. There is no end to the resources of name-giving. A new hand will hold the palm, a new record be established, were it needful that a new form of registration-book be designed with pages sufficiently large to contain it.

These are some examples of registration humour; they are select in the sense that they are not exhaustive, but they are not select in the completest sense, for to the fortunate or careful searcher they may not be the best. The general philosophical reflections suggested by them are obvious. At any rate, there is no room for them here.

DIE MEISTERSINGER AT COVENT GARDEN.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS may be sincerely congratulated on the result of his bold experiment of producing the *Meistersinger* in Italian, with an international cast, last Saturday. The difficulties to be overcome were so considerable, that a decidedly inadequate performance might have been justly received with much forbearance; but, owing to the great care and zeal that have evidently been lavished on the work by all concerned in it, an interpretation has been secured that in many points challenges comparison with any that has been yet heard. To our thinking, the most remarkable feature of last Saturday's representation was indubitably to be found in the Hans Sachs of M. Lassalle—an impersonation from every point of view of extraordinary excellence. Always a good actor, M. Lassalle has perhaps never before attained so complete a mastery over any part committed to his charge, and of his singing it would be difficult to speak with too much praise. His intonation was faultless throughout, and his delivery of the noble music of the third act such as only great artists can attain to. He is worthy of high commendation for the total absence of any approach to the excessive emphasis which has hitherto characterized the interpretation of some of the most able exponents of the part. Why the opening of "Wahn! wahn!" should have been suppressed it

is not easy to understand. The other and less important cuts have been as judiciously executed as cuts can ever be. The praises of so admirable an artist as M. Jean de Reszke need not be written here, and it seems almost unnecessary to say that his Walther was a refined and thoughtful impersonation. It struck us, however, on a first hearing as falling a trifle short in the poetic fire and inspiration which distinguish the character. Mme. Albani has never been heard to greater advantage than in the part of Eva, the beautiful writing with which it abounds throughout the third act being brought by her into especial prominence. On the Beckmesser of Signor Isnardon we have much praise to bestow. He sang the difficult music committed to his charge with correctness and style; but he may perhaps be accused of endowing Wagner's gnarled and desiccated pedant with some faint approach to a heartier humour than that eminently acrid conception can admit of M. Montariol, on the other hand, is perhaps somewhat wanting in richness of humour in his otherwise excellent rendering of David. The Magdalena of Mlle. Bauermeister and the Kothner of M. Winogradoff are distinctly important and agreeable features in the present interpretation. Signor Mancinelli has in the main acquitted himself creditably of his difficult task, but his departures from the tempi enforced at Bayreuth are not happy; the manner in which the overture was played was somewhat coarse and noisy, and the beautiful introduction to the third act met with inadequate treatment. There is at present a certain want of nervous accent and delicate light and shade felt throughout in the orchestra; but these are no doubt defects which will be to a great extent remedied at subsequent performances. The choruses are in the main satisfactory. We owe a debt of gratitude to Signor Mazzucato for his brilliantly successful Italian version—an admirable and arduous achievement without which satisfactory representation of *Die Meistersinger* on the Italian Opera stage would have been an impossibility.

THE GREAT PICNIC.

LONDON Society, with its accustomed enthusiasm, threw itself upon Lord's for its annual picnic on the Friday and Saturday of last week, and, inspired by the weather, in even more than its usual numbers. For days past the fortunate members of the Marylebone Club had been besieged with applications for seats, and, had tickets been purchasable, they would have commanded a high price. Not only was every seat in the members' enclosure allotted, and every place in the grand stand taken, but over a thousand "rovers" were issued, which give the privilege of sitting on a member's seat when vacant, but with the unpleasant proviso that you must turn out whenever the legitimate owner arrives. When to these have to be added the rows of drags and carriages, some four or five deep in places, and all crowded with occupants, and when the six thousand or so who paid at the gates are taken into account, a very pretty idea may be formed of the vastness of the task of providing food for such a multitude. For one thing is certain; whether they care about the match or not, all are hungry, and all mean to have a good lunch before they leave the ground. The method of this has advanced with years, like everything else. Time was when there was space enough round every carriage for hampers to be unpacked and fowls carved in a comfortable fashion; later, room became more contracted, and servants had to make cup and serve viands as best they could in a breakback attitude underneath the carriage. Chicken and champagne we always had; but we used to lodge our plates on the doorsteps and balance our glasses on the receptacles for carriage-lamps. Now the order is entirely changed, and civilization, aided by the kindly efforts of the M.C.C., has triumphantly marched on. The acquisition of the "Nursery" ground threw open wide possibilities, which have been eagerly seized upon. Huge tents have been erected, in which are rows of tables, each capable of seating about sixteen people; these may be engaged beforehand by any member, and here, seated on a comfortable chair and waited on by your host's servants, you may, and probably do, enjoy a lunch much more luxurious than you would have at home. In a still better position, perhaps, are the tables spread under the roof of the asphalte court on the same ground; for there, untouched by rain or sun, you may inhale the fresh air around you, unimpeded by the canvas walls of the tents. Some few retain their conservative predilections and adhere to the carriages, but it is to these favoured resorts that Society, as a rule, now troops across the ground when the clock strikes the welcome hour of two. It does not seem many years since an Eton master was severely commented upon because he supplemented his luncheon with ices and liqueurs, and ended with an elaborate dessert. Poor man! he was only before his time, for such things are common enough now, and excite no remark. But let not the most lavish giver of luncheons think he has done his duty if he confines his hospitalities to that meal only. Though his entertainment be so varied and profuse that it is not concluded till three o'clock, or after, by five the craving for tea will have set in, and he will meet with black looks if he is not prepared to satisfy it. Thanks to the thoughtful care of the Committee of the M.C.C., this is not so difficult a matter as formerly. They have purchased houses bordering on the ground apparently with no other object than that of gratifying this taste. One house is labelled "Hot water may be procured here"; another "Teas provided"; but many heroically provide for themselves. One may see on the Nursery ground neat little camp-fires resting on a few bricks, and sheltered from the wind by an empty champagne-box, for the purpose of boiling water; while in other places spirit-lamps attain the same end in a still simpler way. Then at last the desires of the day are satisfied; but the cares of the host are not over, on the first day at all events. He has to go carefully over remnants, and ascertain which of his *pièces de résistance* will be presentable for the next day's lunch; he must calculate whether So-and-so, who turned up unexpectedly with two hungry friends, will put in an appearance to-morrow, and whether the strength of his party will be augmented or diminished. These are matters of anxious consideration for the male mind, which always has the direction of these affairs at Lord's; yet it must be conceded that masculine hospitality is wont to err only on the side of excess.

It would be wrong, however, to infer that increased luxury has swallowed up all interest in the game that is being played, even among the female element. On the contrary, girls play so much cricket nowadays that many are quite competent to criticize a match, and can appreciate a neat cut or a good bit of fielding. There is plenty of enthusiasm, therefore, on the ground, without taking into account the furious partisanship of the boys, or the more discriminate applause of the Pavilion. And the match was not undeserving of it. Harrow came up with a strong reputation, and, in the opinion of many good judges, were the strongest team the school had put forward for twenty years. Eton, on the other hand, have never been famous at playing a losing game, and their friends were nervous lest a terrible collapse might occur, as was the case against Winchester. Happily this did not happen; and though they lost the match, they fought it with dash and spirit. Friday was devoted to the first innings of Harrow, in which Wills, Hoare, Jackson, Napier, and Chaplin all distinguished themselves, the total reached being 272. Considering the state of the ground, this number, though large for a boys' match, could not be deemed excessive, for the Eton bowling was not formidable, and Studd, from whom most was expected, was not up to his usual form. The Eton fielding, though occasionally faulty, was never loose; and, excepting a bad miss off Jackson, there were no glaring errors in catches. When the last wicket fell at four o'clock, the rain came down, and then was to be seen one of those marvellous transformations which can only occur at Lord's. The brilliant parterre of colour changed in a moment into a dull circle of waterproofs and umbrellas; and as the rain poured on pitilessly, people sought for shelter in every direction, and a stampede towards the gates began. For once we regretted the absence of the Shah, for his observations on this curious scene would probably have been novel and interesting. Three-quarters of an hour of such a torrent were sufficient to saturate the turf hopelessly, and no more play could take place. More rain fell in the night, so that, when Eton entered on their innings on Saturday morning, they had a much more difficult wicket to play on than their opponents. Crum, Tollemache, Davenport, and Tristram each played a good innings; but the total reached was only 169—three short of the number necessary to avert a follow-on. The Harrow bowling was not so deadly as might have been expected. Jackson and Wills were very smart in the field; and Gowans, a late choice, very successful in keeping wicket. Eton's second venture produced a remarkable innings from Gosling, who was batting for forty minutes before he scored a run, and who at length achieved 35 runs in two hours and thirty-five minutes. Going in first, his was the eighth wicket to fall. Tollemache played brilliantly for 29, and Davenport hit hard and soundly for 42. Still, the total reached was only 152, leaving Harrow but 50 runs to obtain. It had been arranged that play should be continued till 7.30, so that the chances of a draw were minimized. As it happened, Harrow knocked off the required runs with the loss of only one wicket, with a quarter of an hour in hand. The victors were deservedly cheered, the defeated Eleven commiserated, the crowd dispersed, hampers were packed up, and the great Picnic of 1889 was over.

THE THEATRES.

IT was, no doubt, the interest aroused by the recent production of Ibsen's *Doll's House* at the Novelty Theatre rather than its success which moved the manager of the Opera Comique to bring out the same writer's *Pillars of Society* for the benefit of Miss Véra Beringer on Wednesday afternoon. The excellent translation of the play by Mr. William Archer has been accessible in book form for some time; but it may perhaps not be out of place to mention that the piece tells the story of a successful and hypocritical shipowner, one Consul Bernick by name, who is the leading man of a small, but rising, Norwegian coast-town. Bernick has built his fortune on the "ruin of another's fame," that other being his brother-in-law, Johan Tönnesen. The piece opens with the return of Tönnesen from America. This extraordinary person, who surely has no existence out of Ibsen's play, though he had cheerfully borne the ignominy attaching to one who has betrayed a woman, in order to save his brother-in-law's reputation in the little town, is naturally resentful when he discovers on his return that Bernick has repaid his kindness by allowing him to labour under the suspicion of robbing the till. Now it happened that at this

time Bernick was just about to complete the arrangements for carrying out a large and delicate financial operation, and the disclosures which Tönnesen threatened would have involved him in absolute ruin; so that when the latter, with wonderful forbearance, proposes to go to America during the two months' grace which he grants Bernick, the shipowner readily allows him to take his departure in a vessel which he knows to be unseaworthy. The ship does not go to sea after all, and Bernick, brought to see the error of his ways by the influence of the heroine, confesses his crimes, with some reservation, it is true, in the matter of the ship, to a deputation of his fellow-townsmen, promises to "share his life-work" with his wife, and do all things that are to be expected from a good Ibsenite. These old materials are very skilfully used, and the piece is full of those fine touches which are rarely absent from Ibsen's work, if we may judge from the specimens which have been translated into English. As there seems to be some likelihood, however, of our stage being deluged with dramas closely modelled on Ibsen's method, it is not inopportune to point out some of the more glaring faults in the piece we are now considering.

The *Pillars of Society* is constructed on a method of false realism, and inasmuch as the trivial treads closely on the heels of the untrue, the play often degenerates into the merest *enfantillage*. No doubt Norwegian manners and morals are different to, if not better than, those of "The Great World"; but it is difficult to believe that even in Norway Bernick's perfectly legitimate attempt to make a fortune out of the railway scheme would be considered dishonest. The means he employed are perfectly familiar to business men of unimpeachable honour all over the world. The real blot on the piece from an artistic point of view is the conclusion. If the curtain had fallen on the powerful scene where Bernick believes that his only son had run away to America on board the coffin ship which he had allowed his brother-in-law to sail in, a very fine effect would have been attained. But the opportunity of dragging in a tedious woman, with her dreary cant about "full lives," "sharing life-work," and the rest, was not to be lost, so that, as in the *Doll's House*, an excellent acting play is spoilt in order that the author may air his views on the influence of woman in a place and at a time eminently unsuited for the ventilation of such a subject. It must also be borne in mind that these plays were, in a great measure, written in order to satirize the detested middle class. The satire is of the poorest quality, much as it may delight an audience dulled by Socialistic oratory. Such satire, indeed, would not have been fit to season the revolutionary tracts that filled the tinker's pack of Mr. Sprott of happy memory. Let the vices of the middle class, or any other class, be ridiculed by all means; but let not the ears of an audience to whom the voice of Mr. Pecksniff is familiar be insulted by the fustian of Consul Bernick and his fellows. In conclusion, it is pleasant to be able to praise the acting and stage management unreservedly, if an exception be made in the case of Miss Geneviève Ward, whose acting was hardly as good as might have been expected from the character of the part of Lona Hessel, which ought to suit her peculiar style admirably. The recitation of "Ostler Joe" by Mrs. Kendal, and the ever-delightful "Three Fishers," sung by Mme. Antoinette Sterling, concluded the performance.

Mr. Tree's closing performances for the season at the Haymarket, consisting of revivals, have been treated in as careful and masterly a manner as if the plays were presented for the first time to a critical public. Mr. Tree's Gringoire, in *The Balladmonger*, has gained immensely in force and tenderness, and suggests even more than before that there is a vast field at the actor's command in the region of romantic drama. Mr. Brookfield's Louis XI. has also gained in all the detail of byplay which goes so far to make up a fine rendering of a part, and has gained especially in tragic impressiveness in the speech in which the King grows furious against the mob without. Miss Norreys gives to Loyse a singular charm of grace, pathos, and of the simplicity which comes of finished art; and Mr. Allan repeats with new skill and new perception what was before a very good performance of Olivier. In *The Red Lamp* Mr. Tree could hardly better his Demetrius; nor could Mrs. Tree well improve her exquisite and forceful presentation of the Princess. Mr. Brookfield is, even for him, strangely plausible and natural in the part of Zazzulich—a part very easy to either miss or overaccentuate. There is not an intonation or a gesture in Mr. Brookfield's performance which one could wish other than it is. Mr. Allan has, again, improved on his former reading of Kertch; and Miss Norreys was charming as Olga. The play is one which we must hope to see retained in Mr. Tree's repertory.

THE BANK DIVIDENDS.

THE inference to be drawn from the bank dividends declared for the past half-year and the reports that have yet appeared is, that banks depend much more largely now than they formerly did upon Stock Exchange business for their profits. Trade is undoubtedly much better than it was twelve months ago. It is still steadily increasing. And as wages are rising in every direction, and for the most part prices also, it would seem to follow that the demand for trade purposes for accommodation from bankers must be larger than it was in the first half of last year. And yet only a small minority of the banks have declared higher dividends than they did this time last year. Of the purely metropolitan banks, only one, the London and Westminster, pays a dividend at a higher rate, the rate for the past half-year being 16 per cent. per annum, and for the first half of last year 14 per cent. per annum. Of the banks which are both metropolitan and provincial, only one also pays a higher rate of dividend—14 per cent. per annum against 12½ per cent. per annum twelve months ago. Of purely provincial banks, only four pay higher rates of dividend. Roughly, that is to say, about four-fifths of the banks declare the same rate of dividend now that they did twelve months ago. It is true that in a few cases the capital of the banks has been increased, and consequently it requires a larger amount to pay the same rate of dividend. It is also true that many of the banks carry forward a larger amount of undistributed profits to the new half-year than they did twelve months ago. But the increased amount so carried forward is not sufficient to allow of any addition to the rate of dividend. No doubt the dividends twelve months ago were highly satisfactory, and shareholders have no cause to complain that the rate is maintained. Nevertheless, it is probable that most of them expected an increase, not only because, as we have just been observing, trade is much better now than it was a year ago, but also because the rate of discount has, taking the whole half-year together, been higher than it was in the corresponding period of last year. The average rate of discount of the Bank of England for the six months ended with June last was a trifle over 3 per cent., whereas in the first half of 1888 it was a trifle under 2*l.* 12*s.* per cent. per annum. And the average rate of discount in the open market during the past six months was 2*l.* 2*s.* per cent. per annum, against 1*l.* 11*s.* 11*d.* in the first half of last year. The first and the principal explanation, no doubt, is, as we have said above, that the banks now look to the Stock Exchange rather than to trade proper for the profitable employment of their funds. Speculation has been much less active so far this year than in the corresponding period of 1888; firstly, no doubt, because prices are so high as to discourage the more cautious from engaging in new ventures, but chiefly because of the difficulties accumulated in Paris in consequence of the failure, in such quick succession, of the Panama Canal Company, the Comptoir d'Escompte, and the Société des Métaux. The intervention on the failure of the Comptoir d'Escompte of the Bank of France and other great banks to support the Paris Bourse, and thereby prevent a crisis, for a little while stimulated a wild speculation. But that speculation came to an end in a few weeks, and since Easter business upon the Stock Exchanges of Europe has been much less active than for some years past. There has, in consequence, been but slight demand for loans from bankers for Stock Exchange purposes. And although, therefore, the rate of discount has been higher than in the first half of last year, the rate of interest has, upon the whole, been lower, at all events upon Stock Exchange transactions. The falling off in Stock Exchange business has fully counterbalanced the increased activity in trade operations, and has thus disabled the banks generally from increasing their rates of dividend.

Another cause of the comparative stationariness of dividends is the small return now made upon investments. As bankers have found that they cannot employ remuneratively all their funds in discounting bills and making loans to merchants and manufacturers, they have turned more and more, not only to the Stock Exchange for the employment of those funds, but also to investment proper. But the high prices to which securities have now risen, and the numerous conversions that have lately taken place, have materially reduced the interest derivable from investments. For example, at the present time the holder of a million Consols derives 2,500*l.* a year less from his investment than he did before Conversion. And it is to be recollected that interest is being reduced, not upon Consols only, but upon the debts of all States which have high credit. Further, it is to be borne in mind that during the past six months new issues have not been of such large amount as in the first half of last year, and, therefore, have not yielded to bankers as large profits. Lastly, we would remind our readers that there has been a very considerable import of gold since the beginning of the year. It will be in the recollection of our readers that last autumn the export of gold became so large that the rate of discount had to be raised again and again. For a while it was feared that a monetary crisis might be brought about. To prevent this, extraordinary efforts were made to attract gold. And during the half-year, and more particularly during the past three months, very large amounts of the metal have been imported. The result of this import in conjunction with the falling off in Stock Exchange business was, that rates of interest and discount fell rapidly. In the month of January the Bank of England reduced its rate of discount, by three successive steps, from 5 to 3 per cent., and somewhat later it lowered it to 2½ per cent. In the outside market the fall in the discount rate was even more rapid. For a considerable time past the open market rate has ranged from a little over 1 per cent. to about 1½ per cent. Although, therefore, the average rate of discount both of the Bank of England and of the open market has been higher than in the first half of last year, the tendency of rates has been almost uniformly downwards. But it is always found that profits are less easily made in a falling than in a rising market. In the case of bankers, for example, it is not possible for them to reduce the rates they allow upon deposits as rapidly as the rate of discount falls. They can easily enough put down the rates they allow upon new deposits. But it is a slower

process to lower the rates they allow upon old deposits. The consequence has been that the difference between the rates which bankers have been paying upon deposits lodged with them and the rates which they have been receiving upon loans and discounts has not been larger materially than in the first half of last year. These causes of stationariness to which we have just now been referring have been, however, less effective than the falling off in Stock Exchange business. Had the demand for the Stock Exchange been really active it would have rapidly absorbed the additional supplies in the hands of bankers, and would, therefore, have raised very considerably the rates both of interest and discount. It is, then, the state of the Stock Exchange more than anything else that explains the comparative stationariness of bank dividends at the present time.

For the half-year upon which we have now entered the prospects of bank shareholders are decidedly brighter. There is little probability that much more gold will be received from abroad, while there is almost a certainty that very considerable amounts of the metal will have to be exported. The demand for it in Paris continues strong, and, it is feared, will increase, while as the year advances there are sure to be, as there always are, large demands for other foreign countries. This of itself will force up the rates of interest and discount. Besides, holiday-making and harvesting will necessitate the withdrawal from London of considerable amounts of both coin and notes, and in the autumn there will be the usual withdrawals of gold for the English provinces, for Ireland, and Scotland. Trade is still improving, and may reasonably be expected to be more active than ever in the autumn if peace is preserved. Besides, it is reasonable to expect that speculation on the Stock Exchange, which has been dormant for some months past, will revive as soon as the holidays are over. Good trade at home and abroad, and abundant harvests in America as well as in Western and Central Europe, will tend to stimulate it; while it is known that the great capitalists all over the world have entered into contracts with Governments, trading Companies, and municipalities for new issues of all kinds as well as for fresh conversions. If peace is preserved, it will be the interest of those great capitalists, therefore, to support markets, as the phrase goes—that is, to buy largely in order to encourage the speculative classes to apply for the new loans and Companies that are to be brought out. If speculation revives, the demand for loans for the Stock Exchange will increase, and will further send up rates of interest and discount. In a rising market bankers will be able to make larger profits, and therefore, unless some unforeseen, untoward accident occurs, bank shareholders may reasonably look forward to higher dividends at the end of the new half-year.

OTELLO, AS MUSIC AND DRAMA.

IT is a common imputation of the enemies of Italian Opera that the traditions and method of the Italian lyric stage are extremely unfavourable to the dramatic singer. Whenever a great artist did by chance as it were arise, he was said to triumph by genius over difficulties, and not to have found in Italian Opera a congenial and even fostering environment. The question whether a German could have wit has not been more frequently provoked than the equally interesting problem that involves the possibility of the operatic tenor being an actor. The latter problem has been repeatedly solved, it is true, and on the Italian stage, while on the German stage it is the vocal capacity that is generally woefully deficient. Signor Tamagno's Otello is one of the most remarkable examples of the conjunction of the tenor and the actor in our times. M. Maurel's Iago, again, is unquestionably one of those exceedingly rare impersonations that are perfect in both aspects. It would be hard to say whether the intellectual pleasure it affords is derived more from the singer's gifts than from the actor's resources. For once, at last, we have the exceptional opportunity of testing the true value and scope of music in the representation of drama. And it is obvious that both these fine performances of M. Maurel and Signor Tamagno are great examples, because they interpret a great work with singular fidelity and sympathy, and not because the artists triumph over those supposed disabling conventions which some persons imagine to be inseparable from the Italian operatic stage. The artistic relations of the drama and music, concerning which there has been rather more of contention among theorists than of practical demonstration among composers, are illustrated in Signor Verdi's latest opera with such remarkable freshness and force and such unfaltering consistency to a noble ideal, that it is impossible to doubt the immense influence the work must exercise on the dramatic music of the future. In *Otello* the union of the drama and music is attained without the least violation of the legitimate functions of the one field of art or the other. How far this masterpiece of the popular composer will reconcile opposing factions it were difficult to forecast, and is perhaps a question of little importance; but it cannot be doubted that this mature work of Signor Verdi's versatile and prolific genius will greatly modify the views of those who are altogether in antagonism to Italian Opera. Some few years since the approaching extinction of Italian Opera was confidently proclaimed by a little sect of Wagnerian devotees; now the institution flourishes as it has not flourished these twenty years past, and in its latest development, in *Otello*, we have an example of dramatic opera essentially modern in its rejection of old conventions and artifices, yet retaining the distinguishing characteristics and following the independent method of the Italian School. There is a finer accord between the poet's work and the composer's music than heretofore. But there is no breaking away from the old canons of art in the composer's treatment of the orchestra in relation to the voice, and this is as clearly manifest in the more elaborate concerted numbers as in such purely lyrical settings as the plaintive "Willow" song in the final act.

One of the most notable points in *Otello* is the extraordinary power and clearness with which the composer has realized the dramatic conception and exalted it. Too many are the instances in opera where the poet and composer appear unequally yoked, and employ different, if not discordant, interpretative channels. There are numberless persons, naturally susceptible to musical impressions, for whom the musician's view of music as the ally and co-exponent of dramatic art is almost, if not quite, unintelligible. They appreciate in a song or ballad, accompanied by a single instrument, the union of perfect music and noble words; but "dramatic music," in which action and development share, and the full resources of the orchestra are employed, is either a phrase of little meaning or so complex as to defy definition. The musician's theory is lucid and sound; though, when tested by stage representation, it seldom carries conviction to the mind of the old playgoer. Musicians are in agreement as to the advantages that should accrue to the drama when wedded to music. By exalting speech into song—which includes, of course, declamation and recitation—the art of the dramatic poet receives a finer interpretation, and, as the late Sir George Macfarren has it, increased clearness and more varied significance. This is an ideal seldom attained, save by the greatest masters; but it is suggested with singular fulness at the Lyceum by *Otello*. Even the old playgoer, who would relegate music to the chamber or concert-room, must abate his scepticism considerably should he study the fine performances of M. Maurel as Iago and Signor Tamagno as Otello, and will inevitably class M. Maurel's masterly acting among his most memorable experiences of the stage. Fortunately for all alike, the musical and non-musical, Signor Boïto's admirable version of Shakspeare's play, by its condensed form, its spirit and fidelity, facilitates the process of conversion in those persons whose estimate of the capacities of dramatic music is unstable. It has been well said that M. Maurel's acting deserves in itself the keenest study. His superb voice and perfect method are equally notable. The perfidious frankness of "honest Iago" is suggested with inconceivable subtlety in that scene of exquisite invention where the dreaming Cassio murmurs of "sweet Desdemona," and in the not less wonderful acting in the "proof" scene, where Cassio produces the handkerchief. The extraordinary mobility of face, the infinite expression of features, the finely graduated alternations of sweetness and malevolence, the inscrutable smile, the eyes that flash or lower—seductive, or frank, or boding—produce an impression the intensity and profundity of which are beyond all analysis. You are haunted by its Protean wealth of suggestiveness. From the musical point of view the climax is reached in the passionate soliloquy, "Credo in un dio crudel," a characteristic interpolation of Signor Boïto, the music to which is worthy of comparison with the terrible and sinister scene in *Fidelio* wherein the spirit of Pizarro is poured forth in tempest. Here, beyond all question, the force of interpretation could not be surpassed, and the composer would risk much if the part were entrusted to other hands. And as much is due to Signor Tamagno, whose magnificent voice is of the miraculous order, whose Otello is prodigiously imposing, and offers several striking points in the acting which our confident young actors might better themselves by studying. It is a pity that the Desdemona of Signora Catanéo falls short of the general excellence of the Lyceum company; nevertheless it must be said of *Otello* that "music and poetry agree," not in the mere lyrical meaning of the poet, but in the larger sphere of dramatic art, and the demonstration is of the most convincing and complete kind that has ever been produced on the stage.

RECENT CONCERTS.

DURING the past fortnight the number of concerts has at length shown signs of diminishing, and the end of the exceptionally busy musical season seems drawing near. July is not usually a month of much activity in the musical world, or at least in that portion of it which is made up of concert-givers and concert-goers; and what few entertainments of the kind have taken place which demand notice do not rely for their attractiveness upon any special novelty. Such performances as Mrs. Mudie-Bolingbroke's Evening Concert on the 3rd, in which the concert-giver was assisted by Fräulein Olga Islar—a German soprano with a somewhat thin voice, but possessed of considerable executive talent—Mrs. Mary Davies, and Messrs. Tivadar Nachèz and Arthur Friedheim, or that given by Herr Waldemar Meyer on the following evening, which was only remarkable for the opportunity it afforded of comparing the different styles (each excellent in its way) of two English contraltos—Mme. Patey and Miss Wakefield—call for little more than bare mention. The same remarks apply to the State Concert given at the Albert Hall on the 5th inst. to the Shah of Persia, when, in spite of the excellent singing of Mr. Barnby's Choir

and the solos contributed by such artists as Mme. Albani, Mme. Patey, and Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Watkins Mills, the musical interest of the performance was by common consent acknowledged to be entirely secondary. Two concerts given on the afternoon of Saturday, the 6th, deserve somewhat more attention. At Prince's Hall, Herr Max Heinrich, assisted by Miss Lena Little and Herren Schönberger and Hess, performed an interesting programme of pianoforte and violin music, songs, and duets. Herr Heinrich is to be thanked for producing three of Schubert's least-known, but finest, songs—namely, "An Schwager Kronos," "Sehnsucht," and "Die Taubenpost"—each of which is in its way a gem, and most characteristic of the wonderful versatility of the Viennese master. The first-named, in particular, is admirably suited to the declamatory style of the German-American singer, who was also heard to advantage in Schumann's "Die beiden Grenadiere" and Jensen's fine, but little known, song "Alt Heidelberg, du feine," besides taking part with Miss Little in two duets by Brahms. Herr Hess's excellent playing of Bach's "Chaconne" is also worthy of mention, and the concert cannot be let pass without a word of praise to Herr Schönberger, who, besides taking part with the violinist in Mr. Oliver King's well-written, if not very interesting, Sonata in D minor, and playing three solos of his own composition, accompanied all the vocal numbers in a manner which considerably added to the completeness and excellence of the performance. Such an example deserves to be followed by other pianists, for both singers and audiences have much to complain of in the way in which accompaniments are too often played, even at concerts of the first rank. On the same afternoon as Herr Heinrich's concert, the veteran English tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, gave a long concert at St. James's Hall, when he once more proved how a good method of vocalization can triumph over the ravages of time. The programme mostly consisted of well-known songs, the concert-giver himself singing Blumenthal's "Message" and Balfe's "Come into the Garden, Maud," both of which were greeted with a perfect storm of applause from the crowded audience. An interesting feature in the concert was the performance of Curschmann's "Dithyrambo," "Evviva Bacco," by Messrs. Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, and Ben Davies. It is not often that an opportunity is afforded of hearing three such tenors of English origin together. The other artists who took part in the concert were Mme. Antoinette Sterling, Mlle. Marie van Zandt, Signor Foli, the Boston Lotus Glee Club, and a clever pianist from St. Petersburg, Mlle. Hélène de Duncan, who made a successful first appearance in this country in solos by Chopin and Liszt. Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. Toole also contributed familiar recitations.

The last Richter concert of the season, which took place on Monday the 8th, was devoted entirely to the performance of Berlioz's *Faust*, the principal solos in which were taken by Mrs. Mary Davies (*vice* Mme. Nordica, who had been originally announced to appear), Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Herr Max Heinrich. The performance, so far as the orchestra and soloists went, was worthy of Herr Richter's reputation as a conductor; but it is difficult to understand how he can have been satisfied with the singing of the chorus, which was both slovenly and inaccurate, and far inferior to what London audiences have been accustomed to hear in this work. The Richter Choir evidently needs thoroughly reorganizing; until this is done it would be better altogether to avoid performing elaborate choral works. That admirable artist, Mme. Backer-Gröndahl, whose advent is one of the most noteworthy features of the past season, gave an interesting concert at Prince's Hall on the afternoon of the 13th, when an opportunity was afforded of hearing her in several solos by Schumann and Chopin, as well as in her own graceful compositions. Her performances at the Philharmonic Concerts showed that, as an interpreter not only of the romantic music of her fellow-countryman, Grieg, but also in the great compositions of Beethoven, she is a performer of rare ability and power. Her playing of a selection of pieces by Schumann was not so satisfactory, not from any technical defects, but because her readings are opposed to those to which English audiences are accustomed, and with which they have been made familiar by Mme. Schumann. Mme. Backer-Gröndahl was assisted by Miss Louise Phillips and Herr Johannes Wolff, the former of whom sang with great charm and finish seven songs by the concert-giver, all of which were most favourably received, and are likely to become general favourites, owing to their spontaneity and freshness. The Dutch violinist took part in Grieg's Violin Sonata, Op. 45, which he played in all respects excellently. The same cannot be said of his performance of an extremely meretricious Polonaise by Laub, or of an equally worthless piece which he played for an encore in response to the applause bestowed upon his playing by an indiscriminating audience.

REVIEWS.

THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.*

IN October 1884, when there was no small political stir about the Lumsden mission to Central Asia, that well-known artist Mr. William Simpson managed to find time to pay a visit to the tomb of Omar Khayyam, tent-maker, astronomer, and poet, in company with the Chief of the mission. The tomb is about two miles south of the city of Nishapur or Nishabor, as it is sometimes written. Mr. Simpson describes the burial-place as surmounted by a blue dome, never architecturally beautiful, and at the time of his visit much in decay and disrepair. And to add to the unpleasant effect caused by the fall of plaster and the litter of bricks, the burial-place of the poet-philosopher was overshadowed by that of a deceased Imamzadah. One Mahomed Maruk, the brother of Imam Reza, the eighth Imām, who lies at Meshed, is buried in Omar's garden of roses, and we apprehend, in the opinion of the neighbours, takes precedence of a man who, by his own account, seems to have been much given to strong drink. There is little discrepancy in the account of the poet's life, whatever there may be in the interpretation of his writings. He was born in the fifth century of the Hegirā and the eleventh of the Christian era, and he lived under no less than five of the Seljukian kings. He studied theology and philosophy under a learned doctor, a Sunni, and had for his fellow-students two men who afterwards figured conspicuously in Oriental history. One is known as Nizam-al-Mulk, the Minister of Alp Arslan. The other became the head of the worshipful Fraternity of Assassins, and eventually procured the death of his fellow-student and benefactor, Nizam-al-Mulk. Omar Khayyam wisely preferred a life of retirement and ease to promotion at Court. An assessment on the revenues of Nishapur assured him of a competence. He was placed in charge of the Royal Observatory, reformed the Calendar, wrote some mathematical treatises, and is now best known by his *Rubaiyat*, or short poem in stanzas of four lines. The manuscripts of this work are not numerous and they vary considerably in length. No copy exists at the India Office. One was discovered by Dr. Sprenger at Lucknow. There is one in the Bodleian Library and there are others at Shiraz and Teheran. The late Mr. FitzGerald, as is well known, first brought the *Rubaiyat* to the notice of the public in 1858. Two hundred copies of his version were printed, offered for five shillings, and ultimately sold for a penny apiece. Later editions met with more favour, and it has been recently the fashion to go into rhapsodies over the poet of Nishapur as if he were a second Lucretius. M. Nicolas, a French translator in 1847, held the opinion that by wine and wassail Omar only means the Deity. Mr. Whinfield's elegant translation, with notes and a preface, was published in 1882.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has turned from the History of his father and the politics of his countrymen to find distraction in poetry, and has learnt the Persian language sufficiently to translate Omar Khayyam into prose. And by way of accentuating his adoration he has printed the whole of his book in capital letters. Words fail him when he tries to express his feelings. The *Rubaiyat* is a new revelation. He has drunk its red wine from an enchanted chalice. He carried a small copy with him to Venice and to the fairest cities of Italy. He thought it superior to Tasso and Horace. Omar to him became a religion. We are not surprised when we are told that Mr. McCarthy became a burden to his friends. All this seems to have happened from a perusal of the spirited translation by Mr. FitzGerald. What Mr. McCarthy's feelings are now, when he has given us a version nearer the original than those of Mr. FitzGerald and Mr. Whinfield, can only be surmised. His best wish would, however, be fulfilled if some traveller would kindly take a copy of his, Mr. McCarthy's work, and cast it in the dust before the tomb described by Mr. Simpson. It is a pity that this could not have been done when Sir P. Lumsden went out to Penjdeh.

That in Omar Khayyam's short poem we find traces of a philosophical, inquiring, and reflecting mind is indisputable. He was evidently a man of originality; perplexed, as many have been before and since his time, by the mysteries of human existence. He cannot make out why man was formed, whence he came, or whither he is going. Life to him is a chessboard, on which the pawns are moved by a Higher Power. The Heavens are like a lamp; the sun is a candlestick; the earth is a shade. Again, the world is a body, and God is its soul. Angels are its senses, and its limbs are represented by living beings. All the wise and pious men who ever lived are asses and sounding drums. They tell stories about the skies, but never solve their riddles. Mullas would do better to sip wines, and sport with Houris beneath shady trees. With all these free opinions there are mixed dicta about predestination, the inability of the clay to prevail with the potter, the hollowness of friendship, the uselessness of prayer, the hypocrisy of devotees, the inutility of mosques and fasting, prohibited pleasures, impure bodies, and misused lives. That all these reflections should come from a Mohammedan who wrote from the neighbourhood of the desert, in the eleventh century of our era, in the most polished of Oriental languages, without plagiarism as far as we can see, and with a vigour of style and independence of thought which brought down on him the wrath of the orthodox Mussulman party, is doubtless a matter to merit literary recognition. But it may fairly be asked whether the terms in which Mr. McCarthy and some very eminent Orientalists and poets have spoken of this rhyming wine-bibbing recluse and astronomer are not a trifle extravagant. For, after all, to what does this Oriental Agnosticism lead? Why, to revelry and drunkenness, as we shall prove from the mouth of Omar and his translator. Possibly, as the

* *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* Translated by Justin Huntly McCarthy, M.P. London: David Nutt. 1889.

manuscripts hitherto discovered do not contain exactly the same number of stanzas, Mr. McCarthy may have hit on a copy in which too much space is allotted to one topic. Mr. Whinfield in his preface informs us that one manuscript has only 31 stanzas, another 158, a third 464, and a fourth as many as 800. But this is how Omar speaks in Mr. McCarthy's version. People who drink no wine and plume themselves on temperance may commit deeds a thousand times more vile than honest drunkenness. Omar would like to grasp the Koran in one hand and the cup in the other. Even if wine does not lead him to the goal of his desires, he will not turn back on his path. A hundred miracles become clear to him when drunk. A Sage appeared to the poet in a dream, and bade him drink wine as he would soon sleep sound enough beneath the earth. Make most of time, he says, when the spring is bursting and when blossoms adorn the trees. A drop of wine is worth all the kingdoms of the earth, and the tile that covers the jar is worth a thousand lives. Omar would prefer a flagon of wine, a crust of bread, and a book to the enjoyment of power. When he dies, he would like a wine-flagon to be made out of his dust. He would wish to drink from the beginning of the week to the end—the Mohammedan Friday included. An old man seen drunk at the door of a tavern inspired him only with slight disgust. A nightingale sang in his ear, and told him to make the most of his time. There is no paradise like a limpid stream in a meadow, and a mistress as fair as the Houris. He would sell a diadem for the flute of a female minstrel, and a turban and silk for a cup of wine. If the Evil One himself had tasted wine he would have bowed himself before Adam. Omar is ready to go to the tavern at the dawn of day. Wine, in short, is everything—life, devotion, friendship, and a crown. And the moment in which wine makes a man happy is better than the rewards of this world or the next. What, we may ask, would be thought of the poetry of Horace if he had done nothing but repeat *nunc est bibendum* in every other ode, or what should we think of Burns if he had made Willie for ever brew a peck of maut, and invite Rob and Allan to a carousal for seven days in the week?

If critics, translators, and Orientalists are determined to find the scattered members of a poet everywhere in these stanzas of a toper, we cannot say them nay; and it is to be admitted that when Omar is sober he handles topics of which we find traces in Arthur Clough, in Matthew Arnold, in Thackeray, and in that Hebrew monarch who, as Thackeray sings, wrote about the vanity of vanities under the solemn cedars. We are quite ready to allow that Omar's poetry of the tavern is diversified by some pithy aphorisms, some philosophical reflections, and some pointed remarks on fate, free-will, predestination, and other crucial questions familiar to those who wander dreamily on the borderland between doubt and belief. But his tendency leads him to melancholy, if not to despair. Friendship is not to be sought. Your best friend is your worst enemy. All things here below are visionary. Abandon all search after the unattainable, and give yourself up to the joys of the present time. Then in a more thoughtful strain we are warned that to be good is everything, that to be over-careful only leads to trouble, that the fire of hate is not to be fed with the breath of passion, that the world is only a caravanserai, that the slave who repents will be pardoned by a generous master, that the foreknowledge of God must not be made the support or excuse for sin, that the Almighty is slow to punish and swift to pardon, that it is better to lighten one sad soul than to people a world, and more noble to capture one free man with charity than to liberate a thousand slaves; and that if we can only understand the motions of the wheel (of Heaven) we shall perceive that there are two kinds of men, those who know good and evil and those who know neither themselves nor anything else. On reading these and similar sentiments we are glad to forget some very questionable expressions, dignified with the title of poetical sublimity, in which Omar, provided he can get drunk, bids adieu to thoughts of good or evil, and prays that if God will not begin to build the world again the name of Omar may be blotted out from the Book of Life.

While we entertain a due sense of the labour, scholarship, and criticism which the translators of the *Rubaiyat* have shown, and of the great poetry into which one of them has translated it, we have found the best notice of Omar Khayyam in an article contributed to the *Calcutta Review* just thirty years ago by Mr. E. B. Cowell, the inspirer of Mr. FitzGerald himself. That profound Orientalist shows that Omar with his philosophical insight had not made the wiser choice. His poetry, says this gentleman, is a poetry of animal life, and, for all his resolute will, lively feelings, and scientific knowledge, he misused his powers and wasted his strength. In justice to his recent translator we subjoin a few extracts, and have compared them with Mr. Whinfield's version. To bring Mr. McCarthy's prose alongside of either of the poetical versions of his predecessors is no easy task. Different manuscripts have been consulted by each translator. The order and sequence of the originals are not the same; and we have searched Mr. Whinfield's edition, as well as the recent edition of Mr. FitzGerald's work by Mr. Wright, for the same stanzas, often without success. But the following quotations give a fair notion of the general tenor of the poem.

Mr. McCarthy says:—

> Give me a flagon of red wine, a book of verses, a loaf of bread, and a little idleness. If with such store I might sit by thy dear side in some lonely place, I should deem myself happier than a king in his kingdom.

This in Mr. Whinfield's verse becomes:—

> Give me a flask of wine, a crust of bread,
> A quiet mind, a book of verse to read.
> With thee, O Love, to share my lowly roof,
> I would not take the Sultan's crown instead.

This tune of "Hoc erat in votis" was sung, not unsuccessfully, by the late Charles Lever when he told us about the Pope, the Sultan, and their happy lives, in *Harry Lorrequer*.

Again, Mr. McCarthy translates his author:—

> The drop of water sorrowed to be sundered from the ocean. Ocean, smiling, said:—We are all in all, God is within and around us; and we are divided but by an imperceptible point.

This with Mr. Whinfield is rendered:—

> The drop wept for his severance from the sea,
> But the sea smiled, "for I am all," said he.
> "And nought exists outside my unity:
> My one point circling, apes plurality."

We give the preference to the simpler prose of this quatrain. As an example of want of continuity, we observe that in his next stanza Mr. McCarthy sighs for a place of rest or wishes to be born again after a hundred thousand years, while Mr. Whinfield flies off to bulbuls and roses that blossom and fade. In the next and our last quotation Mr. McCarthy's version strikes us as the best:—

> Poor man, thy passion, like unto a watch-dog, gives forth hollow sounds. It masks the wiles of the fox, it seeks the sleep of the hare; it blends in one the rage of the tiger with the hunger of the wolf.

Mr. Whinfield turns this into:—

> These raging passions their poor souls oppress,
> As dogs, with noisy barks, the house distress.
> Foxes are they in craft, and hares in sloth;
> In fury tigers, wolves in wantonness.

Slothful hares and wanton wolves only become intelligible when read in Mr. McCarthy's version. After all, we must own a preference for Lalage compared to Leila; and we should still take Horace for a pocket-companion in our rambles, and not Omar Khayyam as he was by himself he.

NOVELS.*

THE main purpose of Miss Annie Thomas's novel appears to be to show the utmost space of time during which a villain, who is also an unparalleled idiot, can continue to perpetrate bigamous villanies without being found out, in spite of doing everything imaginable to ensure detection, short of explicitly announcing the fact to both ladies and to all his acquaintance. The author puts it at something less than a year, and this is how it fell out. An evil-minded, ill-mannered, dull, and singularly unattractive person named Phillipps inherited a lucrative partnership in a commercial undertaking, and at the same time developed into Phillipps-Twysden. In that character he wooed, won, and married the beauteous Violet, and to them was born a son Jack. After a few years of wedded discord Jack's papa went to Plymouth unknown to his wife, calling himself Phillipps, so that no one might suspect who he was. When he got there he heard that one Florence Arle was going to a fancy ball in the character of Marguerite—or, as purists or Scotchmen would say, Gretchen. It occurred to him that a female with so delightful a name as Florence Arle must be surpassingly charming, and he therefore went to the ball dressed as Faust. Florence Arle turned out to be an ordinary sort of girl, not quite a lady, and with "starry green-grey eyes." So, after a deal of fussing, and one or two narrow escapes, owing to the circumstance that Florence Arle knew some people who knew some other people whom Phillipps in his character of Phillipps-Twysden knew, Miss Arle went through the form of marriage, and her betrayer set to work making muddled schemes for being in two places at once. Before long came a fatal day when the alleged Mrs. Phillipps (Florence) asked Mrs. Phillipps-Twysden (Violet) to lunch. The bigamous monster heard of the impending entertainment, and, indeed, was pressed by Florence to take part in it. With superhuman cunning he stole the several large photographs of himself which were the principal ornaments of Florence's apartments. Florence was much annoyed at their disappearance, and completely remedied it, as far as practical purposes went, by showing Violet a miniature of the faithless one which she wore on a string round her neck. This incident upset the apple-cart—indeed, both the apple-carts. Violet held her tongue; but she kicked the bigamist out of a large country-house which she had recently inherited. In the course of a few days Florence also discovered the fraud of which she had been a victim. She made up her mind that it was not worth while to make a disturbance, so she quietly withdrew, and the poor bigamist was left without any wife at all. Then his heart yearned after his son Jack, and he went down to Violet's country-house; and she gave him dinner, and

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* *That Other Woman.* A Novel. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), Author of "Denis Donne" &c. &c. London: F. V. White & Co. 1889.

Past Forgiveness? By Lady Margaret Majendie, Author of "Fascination" &c. &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1889.

Clare Strong. A Novel. By G. Beresford Fitzgerald, F.S.A., Author of "Lilian" &c. London: F. V. White & Co. 1889.

sent him to sleep at the public-house; and that night the mansion caught fire, and Phillipps-Twysden saved the lives of Violet and her son, but was himself consumed in the flames. Florence married a bore who had for many years been desperately in love with Violet. The plot is the worst part of this novel. Granting that it is profitable, or even lawful, to tell such a story, it is fairly well told, and written in moderately good English, without any solecisms worse than a duchess addressing a baronet by his surname in a moment of expansive emotion.

Past Forgiveness? is all about French people; and it has pleased Lady Margaret Majendie to remind the reader every now and then that the people are French by making them utter literal translations of French phrases. "Little young girls" are mentioned three or four times; and "in a situation of the most romantic" is a not exceptionally hideous example of the absurdity of trying to write French in English words. The hero is a young man of literary genius, and a great prig, whose throat "swelled with a sense of gladness when he was able to release a fellow-creature from pain." The heroine, a "little young girl" fresh from a convent, caught him starving, restored him to life, and married him. But they had an enemy, who was very wicked, and rather mad. (At least, if he was not mad, the genius was, because each was persuaded that the other had stolen his ideas and MSS., and published them in a highly successful book. Lady Margaret seems quite satisfied that the hero was sane and the villain mad, but although this view is to some extent borne out by the fact that "the villain it was that died," we confess to a suspended judgment.) Hence ensued dangers and catastrophes, which need not be further revealed than by the intimation that their main scheme bears a curiously close resemblance to that of *The Cloister and the Hearth*. Lady Margaret Majendie is unfortunately a writer of incomparably less vigour, liveliness, and originality than Mr. Charles Reade. For these weaknesses she is, perhaps, not entirely responsible, but she would do well to imitate her predecessor in the attention which he bestowed, or is supposed to have bestowed, upon the accessories of his romance. If an Italian sailor really told the genius that both "wind and tide" were in favour of a steamer overdue at Genoa from Marseilles, he must have been either very incompetent or guilty of unseasonable jocularity. In either case his offence was venial compared to that of a certain Alphonse, who was by way of being a masher, and asserted that he gave sixty francs a dozen for his cigarettes. Sixty francs a dozen is 20*l.* a hundred, or four shillings each. If that young man was not misreported, he might really almost have passed with distinction half an hour of examination in Probate Court No. 1.

Anybody but a critic might rise from the perusal of *Clare Strong* with a mild sensation of wonder whether the words "The End" had not somehow been misplaced, and whether a further search among the library books would not reveal the existence of a third volume with the story in it. This would be because anybody but a critic generally ignores the prefaces of novels, and by ignoring the preface of *Clare Strong* he would have omitted to acquaint himself with the motive which animated Mr. G. Beresford Fitzgerald in his biographical labours. "It seemed to" Mr. Fitzgerald "that the life of Clare Strong had as much human interest in it as many biographies which" he had "recently perused, after first having heard their praises sounded." Mr. Fitzgerald proceeds to indicate the sort of biography he means. It would be invidious to particularize; but it is a sort with which every one is familiar, and of which there have been no especial new instances for the last month or two. We concur with Mr. Fitzgerald in his estimate of his own work. Mr. Clare Strong made himself remarkable chiefly by three things. First, he married a particularly vulgar American with a dazzling complexion and yellow hair, who in due course ran away with an opera-singer. Secondly, he had a friend of his boyhood, called William Penrose, whom he loved dearly, and who turned out a shocking prig, went into Parliament, attained the dizzy height of eminence now adorned by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, was made a Privy Councillor when the Ministry went out, died of consumption, and was buried in the presence of "many famous people," some of whom "even shed tears over the grand career" summarized above. Thirdly, he had a way of being oddly treated by testators. A grandmother left away from him some three or four thousand a year which should have been his. Then it was left back to him, along with a house, by the grandmother's legatee, who imposed the condition that if Strong ever married both house and fortune would go to somebody else. This is all well enough, because testators frequently make themselves more or less ridiculous. But that Mr. Strong should believe such a condition to be valid, and actually give up the house and fortune on his marriage with the American, is too great an outrage on probability. All the same, it is the most exciting episode in the life of Mr. Clare Strong.

THE SAGAS OF THE NORSE KINGS.*

MR. CARLYLE, in his work *The Early Kings of Norway*, says that, were Snorre Sturlason's *Sagas of the Norse Kings* well edited and furnished with maps and chronological summaries, they would deserve to be reckoned among the great history books of the world. Mr. Anderson, sharing this opinion, has undertaken the task, and will thereby earn the gratitude of all students of Norse history and traditions. He has, however, been careful to state the limits within which he has conducted his researches. He has not thought it his province to examine manuscripts, to make original researches, or to criticize the labours of the scholars of the North. His object was to incorporate the fruits of those labours, and to bring Laing's edition of the Sagas up to the present standard of scholarship. To this end he has searched Unger's edition of the original text, and has brought the English translation into accordance with it, has omitted some of Laing's notes and added others of his own, and has been careful to give dates and supply full indexes, maps, and a chronological table, as suggested by Mr. Carlyle. It would, therefore, appear that in Mr. Anderson's edition of the Sagas English-speaking students have as faithful and well illustrated a text as they can require. But we could wish that he had carried his labours a little further, and had added to these volumes a clear and interestingly written synopsis of the history they deal with. Such a sketch would be most valuable, especially if it filled up the gaps of the original Sagas with facts gathered from such other sources as might be available, and threw the light of learning upon their dark and crooked places. As things are we have conscientiously read the four thick volumes under consideration from cover to cover, bringing to the study a certain acquaintance with other branches of Scandinavian literature, and yet must confess that but a small portion of the people and events with which they deal are at this moment clearly present in our mind. This arises from several causes above and beyond personal incapacity. Thus, notwithstanding the praise heaped upon them by Mr. Laing, these Sagas cannot be called a model of historical writing. Although occasionally picturesque and incisive, the style is, on the whole, bald in the extreme. Here is a specimen, taken absolutely at random, which sets out the history of a certain Halfdan:—

> Halfdan was the name of King Eystein's son who succeeded him. He was called Halfdan the Mild, but the Bad Entertainer—that is to say, he was reported to be generous, and to give his men as much gold as other kings gave of silver, but he starved them in their diet. He was a great warrior who had been long in Viking cruises, and had collected great property. He was married to Hlif, a daughter of King Dag of Vestmara. Holtar, in Vestfold, was his chief house; and he died there on a bed of sickness, and was buried at Borro under a mound. So says Thiodolf:—
>
> "By Hel's summons a great king
> Was called away to Odin's Thing.
> King Halfdan, he who dwelt of late
> At Holtar, must obey grim Fate.
> At Borro, in the royal mound,
> They laid the hero underground."

This kind of writing, although it has the merit of simplicity, when followed over an expanse of fourteen hundred pages ends in confusing the mind. Nor are matters made easier by the unfortunate fact that the Norse kings were frequently namesakes of their most prominent rivals. Several Olafs in the field at once are as bewildering to the reader as were a plurality of Richmonds to an historical character. The narrative is, indeed, enlivened by frequent battlepieces; but few except those who have experienced know the amount of skill required to give individuality to the accounts of a succession of battles fought by people of the same race, armed in the same way, and animated by the same class of motives. The task was too much for the original Saga-writers, hampered as they were by the necessity of telling the facts as they came to them, and the result is a distressing similarity in their descriptions. There are exceptions, indeed, as in the admirable narrative of the great fight at Stiklestad between Olaf the Saint and the Bondes, in which the former lost his life, diversified as it was by the moving incidents of Olaf's death and "Dag's Storm"; but such variety is comparatively rare.

In short, the reader who expects to find in these historical records the same vivid personal interest that animates every page of those delightful works the best Iceland Sagas, such as *Burnt Njal* or *Grettir the Strong*, will be grievously disappointed. The history of the Norse kings is food for students, and can never be a popular book; indeed, the measure of popularity expected for it by its present editor is clearly indicated by the fact that he has limited his edition to three hundred and ten copies for English and two hundred and ten for American circulation. This is to be regretted, because there is much in the work that is of almost priceless interest to all peoples of Norse and Anglo-Saxon stock.

The Sagas of the Norse Kings, or the *Heimskringla*, as the book is more generally called—a title taken from the first word of the manuscript, and meaning the World's Circle—are the work of Snorre Sturlason, a prominent Icelander of the thirteenth century. Snorre was one of the most remarkable men of a remarkable race. He appears to have been singularly unscrupulous, and quarrelsome as Grettir the Strong himself. Also he loved money, and raised himself from the most modest beginnings to the position of the richest man in Iceland. His life was one long war, and finally he was murdered by his own relations at the age of fifty-three. But, notwithstanding the troublous times in which his lot was cast, and the prominent part that his ambition and love of wealth caused him to play in them, this Icelander found time to be a scholar, and to commit to parchment the records of the past that his untiring industry had collected. But, though Snorre was learned, his learning did not go far enough. A friend

* *The Sagas of the Norse Kings.* From the Icelandic of Snorre Sturlason. By Samuel Laing. Edited by Rasmus B. Anderson, LL.D. London: John C. Nimmo. 1889.

sent him a warning of the plot to assassinate him, written in secret runic character. Snorre could not read it, and was killed. The Sagas begin with the legendary history of Odin, the founder of the Yngling race, and end with the history of Magnus Erlingson, who died in 1184, or about sixty years before Snorre's murder. Odin, according to the *Heimskringla*, lived in the country east of Tanaquisl in Asia, in a country called Asaland, and was chief of the city As-gard. Thence he found his way to the North, and became the forefather of the Norse kings. The *Heimskringla* does not attempt to fix the date of this emigration of Odin and his followers, but Mr. Laing does. If we understand his argument rightly, he considered that emigration to have taken place at a date subsequent to the Christian era. In support of this position he adduces certain resemblances between Odinism and Christianity, which to us, at any rate, are not particularly convincing. Thus he positively states that "the use of the sign of the Cross also as a religious symbol appears to have prevailed in Odinism in the earliest times, and must have been borrowed from Christianity." We do not see the necessity; the sign of the Cross is to be seen on the walls of Egyptian temples, but few would be rash enough to assert that it was, therefore, borrowed from Christianity. As Rydberg points out in his work on *Teutonic Mythology*, which is also presented to the English reader by Mr. Rasmus Anderson, Roman history shows that those parts of Europe that are Teutonic now were Teutonic at the beginning of our era, that the Scandinavian peninsula was then inhabited by a Teutonic people famous for their ships and warriors, and that centuries must have already passed before the colonization of the peninsula could have attained that position. Indeed, it is almost inconceivable in the brief period of time which elapsed between the birth of the Christian era and the dawn of Scandinavian history that Asiatics, of whatever type, could have developed into the blue-eyed, golden-haired Norse warriors of whose deeds these pages treat. If ever there was a race which stands apart among the peoples of the world, it is the Teutonic race; and it seems almost certain that its great and singular characteristics, that in themselves seem to partake of the conditions and surroundings among which we first find them, must, especially in the slow soil of the North, have required many generations to grow and harden upon the softer Aryan stock.

The first two Sagas in the *Heimskringla*, those of the Yngling family and of Halfdan the Black, are so mixed up with fable and shadowy tradition that little reliance can be placed on them. But in the third, that of Harald Harfager, we begin to tread firmer ground. The history of this king is, indeed, particularly interesting, both because he succeeded in breaking the power of the small kings and Bondes or yeomen—if we may apply the term to the "udal born" freemen of the North—and in bringing Norway under his sole authority, and also on account of the colonization of Iceland, which took place in his reign. Numbers of the udal landowners of the kingdom, rather than bear the unaccustomed burdens that Harald sought to lay upon them and the loss of independence, abandoned their ancestral homes, to found an aristocratic Republic upon the inhospitable shores of Iceland, of which there is, so far as we know, no exact parallel in the world's history. Notwithstanding his stormy career and constant wars, Harald reigned for a period of nearly seventy years, and at last enjoyed the distinction, in or about the year 930, of dying of sickness in his bed, a lot that fell to few Northern warriors in those days. Into the history of his immediate successors the narrow limits of a review do not permit us to enter; so we will pass on to Olaf Haraldson, the Saint, who was born in the year 995, and reigned from 1015 to 1030. The life of this king, who was a contemporary of Canute, is told of in the longest and most important Saga in the *Heimskringla*, and its perusal may be recommended to those readers whom a weakness of the flesh deters from an exhaustive study of the work. Particularly interesting is the account of the way in which Olaf, then in the pay of King Ethelred, took London Bridge from the Danes, by tying his ships' cables round the piles and rowing with the stream till they were torn from their bed. But of the wars of Olaf, which were endless, we have no space to speak. Ultimately, after many adventures, he became King of Norway, and, being a zealous Christian, set himself to spread the light among the heathen folk with a vigour which amply accounts for the speedy conversion of the North. We read that, "if there were any would not renounce heathen ways, he took the matter so zealously that he drove some out of the country, mutilated others of hands or feet, or stung their eyes out; hung up some, cut down some with the sword; but let none go unpunished who would not serve God." To come to secular affairs, the gentleness of Olaf's disposition may be judged of from the fate he meted out to the two kings, Hrorek and Gudrod, who purposed to rebel against him. He punched out Hrorek's eyes and cut out Gudrod's tongue, and many of their followers were similarly served. Of such stuff were saints made in the Saga days. But Olaf was destined to qualify for the dignity in his own person. He was driven from his kingdom by the Bondes, for whom his aggressive holiness proved too heavy a burden, and finally fell in the great battle of Stiklestad while attempting to regain his crown. After his death he became a truly remarkable saint, and many were the miracles that he worked, sometimes in the most unexpected places. Next to that of Olaf, the Saga of Harald Sigurdson, more commonly known as Harald Hardrade, will probably prove most attractive to English readers. It was this Harald who fought at Stanford Bridge with Earl Tosti against Harald Godwinson, King of England, immediately before the battle of Hastings, and there earned the seven feet of English ground Harald Godwinson had promised him. The account of the battle is very interesting; but for it, as for many other matters and events we have no space to touch on, the reader must be referred to the Sagas themselves. As has been said, he will not find them light reading; but if he perseveres he will not be without his reward. Through the long, and often monotonous, record of blood, cruelty, and ambition, he will learn how great a spirit, and how true a love of freedom, animated the old Norse warriors of whom they tell. He will see, also, how, in the course of centuries, the savagery has vanished from the stock, while the love of freedom and some of the indomitable spirit still remain. For to a very large degree we are the direct descendants of these sturdy farmers and Viking robbers; and it is probable that the Anglo-Saxon race owes much of its success in the struggle of the world to the strain of Norse blood which permeates it everywhere. In conclusion we may be permitted to give a single instance—there are many such in the Sagas—of the bravery and indifference to death of which these men were capable. The Jomsborg Vikings, a robber community of peculiarly strict principles, who would not even admit women to their company lest their gentler presence should turn men's thoughts from war, had on a certain occasion registered vows in their cups which brought them to trouble when sober. Thirty of these men, led by a certain Vagn, were captured and chained together. The rest of the history we give in the words of the Saga (vol. ii. p. 130):—

> Then up came Thorkel Leira, and said:—"Thou madest a solemn vow, Vagn, to kill me, but now it seems more likely that I will kill thee." Vagn and his men sat all upon a log of wood together. Thorkel had an axe in his hands, with which he cut at him who sat outmost on the log. Vagn and the other prisoners were bound so that a rope was fastened on their feet, but they had their hands free. One of them said:—"I will stick this cloak-pin that I have in my hand into the earth if it be so that I know anything after my head is cut off." His head was cut off, but the cloak-pin fell from his hand. There sat also a very handsome man, with long hair, who twisted his hair over his head, put out his neck, and said:—"Don't make my hair bloody." A man took the hair in his hands and held it fast. Thorkel hewed with his axe; but the Viking twitched his head so strongly that he who was holding his hair fell forwards and the axe cut off both his hands and stuck fast in the earth.
>
> Then Earl Eirik came up and asked, "Who is that handsome man?"
>
> He replies, "I am called Sigurd, and am Bue's son. But are all the Jomsborg Vikings dead?"
>
> Eirik says, "Thou art certainly Bue's son. Wilt thou now take life and peace?"
>
> "That depends," says he, "upon who it is that offers it."
>
> "He offers who has the power to do it—Earl Eirik."
>
> "That will I," says he, "from his hands." And now the rope was loosened from him.
>
> Then said Thorkel Leira, "Although thou should (?) give all these men life and peace, Earl, Vagn Akason shall never come from this with life." And he ran at him with uplifted axe: but the Viking Skarde swung himself in the rope, and let himself fall just before Thorkel's feet, so that Thorkel fell over him, and Vagn caught the axe and gave Thorkel a death wound.
>
> Then said the Earl, "Vagn, wilt thou accept life?"
>
> "That I will," says he, "if you give it to all of us."
>
> "Loose them from the rope," said the Earl, and it was done. Eighteen were killed and twelve got their lives.

Truly it may be said of the Norse Vikings that nothing in their lives became them so well as their manner of leaving them.

MR. GRETTON'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

MR. GRETTON is quite right in thinking that an old man with a *mens sana in corpore sano* has no right to fritter away his latter days in "twirling his thumbs." A man needs not to have been great or illustrious to be a pleasant autobiographer; nor need he have taken a place in the front ranks, or have sat in the first row of stalls; from the dress-circle he may have seen many things which it is well worth while to remember. Of course he must not have slunk altogether out of view; in the slang of the day he must not have taken a "back seat." Mr. Gretton witnessed the Jubilee of George III., he has seen that kindly monarch leaning on the arm of Queen Charlotte and wearing a large-sized cocked-hat. He remembers the excitement caused by the assassination of Spencer Perceval. Although he did not actually know Pitt's Bishop Tomline, whose intellect he admired nearly as much as he despised his almost incredible meanness, he knew all about him. Of this meanness Mr. Gretton gives a striking example. He knew many of our famous judges, and he talks almost with tenderness of Chief Baron Pollock, whose "noble presence and intelligence, and speaking kindliness of eye" seem to have left a lasting impression on him. He saw the Duke of Wellington and the Master of Peterhouse in 1834 exchanging acts of old-time courtesy and politeness; and he tells a pleasant anecdote of the great soldier. At the installation of the Marquess Camden as Chancellor of Cambridge, the Duke received the honorary degree of D.C.L. Immediately afterwards, at a garden party at Sidney, Gretton, who approached the gate just after the Duke, heard his Grace give his name to the porter as "Dr. Wellington." He tells another very characteristic anecdote of the Iron Duke. His Grace, during the

* *Memory's Harkback through Half a Century*, 1808 *to* 1858. By F. E. Gretton, B.D. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

occupation of Paris, gave an order that no English officer should give a challenge to, or accept one from, a French officer. A French marshal, shortly after this order, shoved an English colonel from the pavement into the street. The Englishman knocked him down. When the maréchal made a formal complaint the Duke sent a written reprimand to the colonel, and in it enclosed an invitation to dinner. Mr. Gretton's estimate of the late Sir Francis Burdett strikes us as being sensible and just, and should go far to neutralize Lord John Russell's flippant sarcasm about that once famous politician. "Sir Francis Burdett never changed his foundation principle. In his early days the masses were a good deal trodden down. After the Reform Bill it was the classes that were shoved to the wall. Sir Francis changed his colours, but not his principles." Of Barnes, the Master of Peterhouse, Mr. Gretton tells an amusing story. Barnes was very kind to poor folks, and was consequently much pestered by beggars. A poor fellow came to him one day and urged that he was footsore. Barnes offered him a pair of old shoes, which were declined by the beggar as being either too large or too small. "Take them, then," said the Master, "to the gentleman over the way. He will give a good deal for them." The "gentleman over the way" was the senior Fellow, who was supposed to be rather impatiently waiting for the reversion of the mastership. Mr. Sheepshanks, Dean of Jesus, wrote to a peccant undergraduate an order to write out fifty lines of a *satyr* of Juvenal. This placard appeared next day on the walls of the college :—

> The Satyrs of old were monsters of note,
> With the head of a man and the feet of a goat;
> But the Satyrs of Jesus all Satyrs surpass,
> With the shanks of a sheep and the head of an ass.

Mr. Gretton wanders over a wide range of people and places, and always talks pleasantly. He went once to hear Paganini fiddle on one string, but he says he would not step across his threshold to hear him do so again. His feelings on the subject are expressed in these rhymes :—

> Who are they who spend their guineas
> To hear sweet strains of Paganini's?
> Pack o' ninnies!

He wishes that he had never heard Joachim, as it has spoiled him for hearing with pleasure any one else.

But the genial octogenarian's good stories of others must not make us forgetful of himself. In early boyhood he migrated from the neighbourhood of Windsor to the city of Hereford, where the deanery overlooked a ladies' school, kept by a Mrs. Lincoln. The Dean's son-in-law wished the lady to block up one of the windows from which the young ladies overlooked the deanery garden. The schoolmistress refused, and wound up the correspondence with these scathing words :—"The old saw that the Devil overlooks Lincoln is now reversed, for Lincoln overlooks the Devil." By the regulations of the Cathedral two canons were bound to be present at each service. Canon Kidley, when it was his turn, preferred toasting his toes over the fire at home. The canon who had officiated called on him in the afternoon, and complained that they had made a most disgraceful appearance in the choir stalls that morning. "Indeed, Mr. Canon," replied Kidley coolly, "then I am very glad that I did not make one among you." Another clergyman always abruptly concluded his sermon in the very middle of his argument when the clock placed in the gallery opposite the pulpit warned him that it was one o'clock. When remonstrated with by a gentleman who had wished to hear the logical conclusion of his premisses, "Sir," said the preacher, "I will spoil no poor man's pudding." From Hereford our author was sent to Shrewsbury school, and he has many pleasant anecdotes to tell us of his famous master, and of Lord Hill and of Jack Mytton, who were the two greatest local celebrities. He chats pleasantly about another famous schoolmaster, Dr. Parr, who posed to be a great man, but who was chiefly remarkable for his pomposity and arrogance. Of Keate, of Eton, he tells an amusing anecdote. A boy called Bosanquet, who stickled for the French pronunciation of his patronymic, refused to answer to his name when it was given out in the way in which it is usually pronounced in England. Keate laid him on the flogging block, and, as he tickled him, exclaimed, "Sir, I will flog you—

> Sive tu mavis Bŏsănquēt vocari
> Sive Bŏsănquēt."

The chapter in this work on "Episcopal Recollections" is particularly interesting. We have stories of Bishops Ryder, Lonsdale, Carr, Phillpotts, Thirlwall, Gray, and Colenso. Mr. Gretton summarizes the character of Colenso by saying that he was a man "sure to take up the poker by the wrong end and soil his fingers." "Bishop Gray set himself to uphold the simple truth of the Scriptures, and guard the simple untutored natives from being led into error under the guise of truth." Mr. Gretton was ordained by Bishop Bethell as deacon and by Bishop Marsh as priest. He himself appears to be a sound Churchman of the old school, with as few yearnings towards Rome as towards Geneva. He is not backward to acknowledge the zeal, learning, and piety of the newer generation of clergy, though he in no wise admits that the clergy of his youth deserved all the contemptuous tolerance with which they are so often spoken of nowadays. When the polemical hubbub was at its height an old lady asked Mr. Gretton whether he was High or Low. "Neither one nor t'other," he replied. "Ay," she said; "then you are Jack and the game." When Mr. Gretton was once curate to a Doctor of Divinity, his rector never came within the limits of the parish unless he chanced to pass through with his beagles. In a parish in which there was only Divine Service every other week the ministrant chanced to go there by mistake on the wrong Sunday. Being there he wished to hold the service; but the clerk explained to him that that was impossible, as a goose was sitting on her nest in the pulpit, and would not be off it until the next Sunday.

In his long experience Mr. Gretton has met with fellow-priests of very peculiar opinions. One gentleman thought it necessary to burn his copy of Shakspeare, considering it an immoral book. Another spoke in his sermon of the Blessed Virgin as "a respectable young woman." A third would not forgive Sir Walter Scott for denying to an impertinent querist that he was the author of the *Waverley Novels*; yet this same gentleman was guilty of a much more serious breach of honesty in the unacknowledged quotations from other preachers which he introduced into his own sermon.

On the moot question whether sermons had better be written or extempore, Mr. Gretton quotes the capital dictum of the hard-headed North-countryman, Dr. Postlethwaite, formerly Master of Trinity, who said to a young Levite, "Wroite, mon, wroite; mony a fule talks fulishly, but he is a fule indeed that writes fulishly."

The subjects treated of in this book are so multifarious that we cannot even refer to all of them. Rutlandshire, Devonshire, Wales, Buxton are among some of the places much talked about. Chatsworth is said to be little better than the "representative of a plethoric purse," but Mr. Gretton has hardly words in which to express his intense admiration of Haddon Hall and Hardwick. He discusses the Peninsular War and the Crimea, and tells us a capital story of Soult and Lord Hill. When the Duke of Dalmatia was ambassador to England he was to dine one day with the Duke of Wellington. "When he arrived Lord Hill was standing with his back to him. Soult came stealthily up, seized him by the shoulders, saying, 'Ah, my friend; I have caught you *at last*.'" Readers of Napier's *Peninsular War* will understand why the remark was both apt and flattering. Mr. Gretton reminds us that the not uncommon sign for a public-house of "Tumble-Down Dick" was intended to commemorate Richard Cromwell's spiritless abdication. He tells us of the famous Prince Eugene that, being an Italian by birth, a Frenchman by training, and a German by adoption, he proclaimed his threefold nationality by his signature, "Eugenio von Savoye."

Mr. Gretton's memory is like the elephant's trunk which picks up small and great things alike. He can discuss the genesis and etymology of Bergami pears and Stilton cheese, and he can laugh over the story of a brother clergyman who delighted to say that his name was Jack Tate, but his wife's was "dictate." The story of the snubbing administered by a Judge of Assize to a clergyman who wore a blue coat and brass buttons, and posed as a country gentleman, reminds us of a scene which took place once in Lord Ellenborough's Court. A gentleman dressed in the fashion of the day offered himself as a witness in the case before the Court. When the proper officer proceeded to administer to him the usual oath, the man objected to be sworn, on the ground that he was a member of the Society of Friends. "You a Quaker, sir!" said the Lord Chief Justice sternly, "then how dare you to insult the Court by coming here in the disguise of a reasonable being?"

We heartily wish our readers as much pleasure from the perusal of this kindly book as we have ourselves derived from it.

BOOKS ON IRELAND.*

WE have already noticed the reprint of Sir Charles Russell's Parnell Commission speech. We notice it again in what would have been the proper place in order only to make one remark of some force. This book has been sent to us for review; and it is absolutely impossible to review it in any real sense without the risk, or rather the certainty, of gross contempt of court. When that is the case it does not need much argument to show that the publication is improper.

Mr. Robert Dunlop's volume on Grattan has the reverse effect to the famous "disappointing little book in the Revelation."—When one begins it the taste seems to be likely to prove bitter. Mr. Dunlop uses the terms "nationality," "freedom,"

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* *Speech before the Parnell Commission.* By Sir Charles Russell. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Grattan. By Robert Dunlop. London: W. H. Allen. 1889.

Celtic Ireland. By Sophie Bryant, D.Sc. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

I. L. P. U. Pamphlets and Leaflets, 1888. London: Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union. 1889.

Disturbed Ireland: the Plan of Campaign Estates. By T. W. Russell, M.P. London: Truslow & Shirley. 1889.

The Irish Union, Before and After. By A. K. Connell. London: Cassell. 1889.

Glimpses of Erin. By S. F. and A. L. Milligan. New edition. London: Marcus Ward & Co. 1889.

Thomas Drummond: his Life and Letters. By Barry O'Brien. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

and so forth, in the silly Irish sense which would equally justify Mr. Conybeare's Cornish supporters in agitating for independence of Northampton and Newcastle; and in various other ways he inspires doubts, as, for instance, by speaking as if he believed in the absurd description of Swift as an Irish patriot. Swift, as has been shown over and over again, and as every one ought to know now, was simply an English Opposition politician, who wished to embarrass the English Ministry, but to whom "ascendency" was as much a doctrine of nature as anti-Walpolism. Afterwards, however, Mr. Dunlop improves very much, and he ends by a frank declaration that the expediency of the Union, the methods by which it was carried, and so forth, have really nothing to do with the burning question of the present day. His admiration of his hero is, indeed, rather excessive. The kind of windy rant, diversified by facile epigram, which has always passed with a certain section of Irishmen for oratory, and of which Grattan's was a capital example, requires, perhaps, a special palate to enjoy it. We should ourselves say, for instance, that for real eloquence Grattan's mouthing cannot compete for a moment with the manly sense of Fitzgibbon's best speeches (by the way, Mr. Dunlop should not speak as he does of the great Lord Clare—that is how fools speak, and Mr. Dunlop is not a fool). However this may be, we do not curse Mr. Dunlop, but rather bless him. He has the sense and honesty to confess that Fitzwilliam's recall (which our Gladstonians, who probably never heard of Fitzwilliam till three years ago, hold up as the *causa malorum*) was inevitably brought about by Fitzwilliam's own breach of faith and indiscretion in the dismissal of John Beresford.

Celtic Ireland is rather a large title for a book, and some critics might like to feel sure that Doctor of Science Sophie Bryant had qualified herself for dealing with it by original study. Very likely she has done so, though the books she quotes are usually English and recent, or translations of older works. This, however, seems to us a minor matter. It is generally of far less importance whether a man can read originals or not than whether he can apply the due historical criticism in the due historical manner to them. In this respect Doctor of Science Sophie Bryant strikes us as a little deficient. Here is a note:—

> The Spanish records agree with the Irish, as already noted, that there was emigration from Spain to Ireland. Colmenar in the *Annals of Spain and Portugal* (1741), vol. ii. p. 55, sums up the matter thus: History informs us that two hundred years before Jesus Christ, &c.

What in the sacred name of the learned Doctor's doctorate is the value of a statement made by a compiler in 1741 to the effect that something happened long before the Christian era? We can show Miss Bryant (we cannot go on doctoring her) much earlier authority for the founding of Troynovant. Does she believe that? She refers elsewhere to Dr. Madden and his "quantity of evidence" to the same effect. Would it not have been well to give us some, especially considering the mutability of things in Spain itself? However, perhaps this is to consider too critically. Miss Bryant has got together a useful digest of her authorities, and has not put her foot through the *cinis dolosus* much oftener than might be expected of a lady-doctor.

We have more than once noticed and not seldom drawn upon the invaluable publications of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union. The most effective and the most useful of these are the abundant extracts given from "Nationalist" newspapers, speeches, and the like—a very arsenal of weapons for the right side, the admissibility of which the wrong side cannot deny. Here is the true history of Mr. John Mandeville—here the inimitable series of attributions of the vilest crimes to Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan, which Sir George Trevelyan and Lord Spencer have swallowed so Christianly, and here much else that is precious. In common, and in the same paragraph with, this we may also notice another useful reprint, that of Mr. Russell's accounts of his visits to the Plan of Campaign estates. Such things are storehouses of truth, to be kept constantly at hand as a resource against the extraordinarily vivacious reappearances of falsehood.

Mr. A. K. Connell's pamphlet on *The Irish Union, Before and After* is a sufficiently sensible little book. If there were much chance of sensible books doing good in such a matter, we should recommend it to many readers. Unluckily, we believe most firmly that the average voter never makes up his mind on any question by reading sensible little books. He may sometimes be converted by some very significant or startling fact or fiction, but otherwise he goes right or wrong with his party. It is, therefore, much more important to keep men to the right party and the party leaders to the right course than to attempt to argue large political questions with individuals. Still, every statement of the truth may do good; and Mr. Connell has, for the most part, stated most undeniable truth.

We do not know whether Seaton F. Milligan and Alice L. Milligan are husband and wife or brother and sister; but in either case they have, by collaboration with pen and pencil, and probably by some preliminary journeyings about the island of their birth, produced a rather pleasant little combination of history and guide-book—a combination unusual, and therefore rather piquant. The guide-book is, on the whole, preferable to the history. For instance, we do not think that the finding of Roman coins in Ireland is exactly a proof that Niall and Dathi invaded Gaul and went as far as the Loire and the Alps; while we do think that, if in the year 400 or thereabouts an Irish army had appeared in either of these places, we should have heard something of it from historians of or near the time. But this is the kind of thing to which one grows accustomed in treatises on Irish history. The miscellaneous part is much pleasanter and more trustworthy, containing agreeable sketches of Irish life, hints for tours which are not to be neglected, verses which have something of the usual musical fluency of Irish verse, and other very tolerable things.

It has been the fashion among Separatists recently to bestow a good deal of rather damaging glorification on the memory of Thomas Drummond, the predecessor of Mr. Burke (whom Nationalists murdered), fifty years ago, the inventor of the lime light, and beyond all question a notable person. Drummond died young as a man (he was only forty-three) and younger as a politician, for he had been an engineer officer till but a few years before his death. There can be little doubt that had he lived a very considerable alteration would have taken place in his attitude towards Irish policy. He did not live to see the beginning, or rather the revival, of downright disloyalty in the Young Ireland movement, much less its sequel in Fenianism, Home Rule, and the present Separatist and land-grabbing agitation. He was a keen Whig, who found the landowners of Ireland generally Tory. He regarded (the sweet reasonableness of Drummond is often praised) the Orangemen as "demons." He did all he could to prevent the violence of the peasantry in the tithe matter (which then obscured rent somewhat) from being mitigated by the police. His conduct in this matter puzzled, as Mr. O'Brien admits, even his staunch friend and very complacent chief, Lord Morpeth, who put to him in writing the practicably unanswerable question, "What am I to say when it is objected thus—'You tell applicants that the sheriff or the Court may order out assistance for them; but you tell the police never to budge without a reference to, and the direction of, Government'?" He was such a bad political economist that he got a well-deserved snub from the cool head of Spring Rice for accusing Irish landlords of exporting food when their tenants were starving. He carried on against the Orange Society a persecution ten times as relentless as Mr. Balfour is charged with carrying on against Nationalists, and he actually endeavoured to prevent Orange processions from escorting ordinary funerals. At this very time that he thus attacked Orangeism he seems to have regarded Ribbonism as a thing that could only be finally put down by legislative enactments (of course in the tenants' interest). Although he was too masterful to be exactly a tool of any one, there is ample evidence here that he, Lord Morpeth, and Lord Mulgrave looked to O'Connell for orders at every turn; and there is at least one letter from O'Connell to Drummond given in this volume which denounces, in the most hectoring tone, the supposed intention of putting a Tory Protestant lawyer on the Bench. Finally, there is the notorious affair of the letter to the Tipperary magistrates, in which Drummond put the famous claptrap phrase, "Property has its duties as well as its rights." Mr. O'Brien is lost in astonishment at the fact that the Tipperary magistrates objected to this. He does not consider, though he most honestly gives the information himself, that the lecture of which it formed part was delivered on the text of the shooting of two landlords. Other landlords may naturally have been a little hurt at discovering that the official whose duty it was to preserve order in their country thought it part of the "duties of property" to stand being shot at—which in the circumstances might naturally seem to them to be his meaning.

We do not, therefore, think that Mr. O'Brien has done much service to Drummond's memory by this book. His loudly-vaunted secret of government would seem to have been nothing else than the old and fatal one of governing by a party—the party being for the time that which was hostile to England, to honesty, and to order. As for the execution of the book, it is pretty much what those who are acquainted with Mr. O'Brien's former books will expect. It is well enough written, and the writer's strong prejudice in opinion is not incompatible with a tolerably fair statement of fact. But it is far too long for its facts; a history of the Orange Society and of the "Fairman plot" is dragged in with little or no relevance, and solid slabs of the author's previous works are hurled without mercy at the reader's head. Still, it is well to have, put by an avowed advocate, the claims of this much-talked-of person to Irish statesmanship. We are quite content with the presentment.

PATMORE'S PRINCIPLE IN ART.*

THIS little volume will meet with disfavour in many sentimental quarters. It is positive, and even disdainful, in its repudiation of many popular theories of the day, while it attacks the great army of prigs on almost every side of their inertly-moving mass. We are far from asserting that we are always in unison with the views which it puts forward, or that we do not think its pages sometimes disfigured by a crudity which is the result of prejudice. But we welcome it as eminently vivid, eminently stimulating. Even where it most arrogantly contro-

* *Principle in Art, &c.* By Coventry Patmore. London: George Bell & Sons.

verts accepted opinion it lives, and its life is that of a distinguished and elevated intellectual being. There is no fourth-hand repetition here of views passed on from critic to critic, no acquiescence in the mental morality of Sleepy Hollow. Above all, there is a rejection of humanitarianism which is truly refreshing, and as rare in these days as it is courageous. These essays may be briefly described as dealing with the action of the moral nature upon artistic production. They open with some examination of the philosophical laws which should govern art and authorship. They proceed to examine certain modern poets from Crabbe to Mr. Swinburne. They close with a series of observations on the proper evolution of great ideas in architecture. Painting is hardly touched, sculpture very briefly and inadequately, and music not at all. Principle in art and literature is exemplified mainly in relation to poetical and architectural style.

Mr. Coventry Patmore is vexed in spirit, as he well may be, at the desultory character of the expressed opinion—the "chatter," as he calls it—which passes for criticism nowadays. He admits the sympathetic quality of the best of it, but he laments the absence of positive precept. His position is clearly stated by himself when he says that "it would be well if the professed critic would remember that criticism is not the expression, however picturesque and glowing, of the faith which is in him, but the rendering of sound and intelligent reasons for that faith." It is evident that he has felt the disadvantage of the molluscous order of criticism, which, not possessing any backbone of law, seeks to make up for it by a soft and supple resignation to the mere sentiment of physical or even of moral beauty. Mr. Patmore suggests that in the writings of Aristotle and of some moderns there exists a supply of material from which a body of Institutes of Art might be created. It is probable that the school of Jesuit critics, who towards the end of the seventeenth century attempted to adapt Aristotle to the requirements of modern literature, appeals to him as highly, although temporarily, meritorious. But he nowhere refers to this school of Rapin and Bossu, nor does he offer the slightest suggestion with regard to the process of formation of a new order of Aristotelian criticism. Here Mr. Patmore becomes a disappointing guide. If his Institutes are introduced, and if they are made to work so satisfactorily as to supersede the "deciduous chatter" of the reviews, then they must be prepared to cover a wide field. They must decide, and that once for all, between M. Zola and Sir Walter Scott; they must tell us whether Tolstoï is the ideal novelist, and whether Walt Whitman writes poetry or no; they must affirm that history is to be composed either in the style of Dr. Stubbs or after the fashion of Mr. Froude and Lord Macaulay. The one-and-seventy jarring sects of arts and letters must all be silenced, and must worship together, with bowed heads, in the Temple of Nature. It is all very well for Mr. Patmore to wave his prophetic wand and murmur, "Let Institutes of Art be formed," without explaining what scope or what authority they would possess. It is the old story. It is easier to condemn than to create, easier to point out the errors of a floating and irresponsible system of æsthetics than to sketch the lines upon which a positive system should be instituted. Mr. Patmore is more practically serviceable when he defines the value of one or two pieces of critical work, and in particular the *Laocoon* of Lessing, as pointing the way to a scientific criticism the conclusions of which shall be demonstrable and irreversible. The method of Lessing, however, can scarcely be conceived as appropriate to the endless variety and lawlessness of modern art and literature.

In dealing with recent poetry, by which we mean the whole of the famous verse which has succeeded the romantic revival, Mr. Patmore constantly returns to the charge that it has neglected, to a far greater degree than the poetry of any previous age, the principles of intellectual integrity; that to secure brilliancy and force it has surrendered humanity, truth, and sincere clearness of expression. The accusation is a paradoxical one, as we are accustomed to claim for the poetry of the present century the special merit of a revolt against conventionality, indifference, and untruthfulness. What Mr. Patmore says in this connexion may be quoted, for it is characteristic of his entire attitude towards modern literature:—

> To a soundly trained mind there is no surer sign of shallowness and of interior corruption than that habitual predominance of form over formative energy, of splendour of language and imagery over human significance, which has so remarkably distinguished a great deal of the most widely praised poetry of the past eighty years. Much of this poetry has about as much relation to actual or imaginative reality as the transformation scene of a pantomime; and much more—called "descriptive"—has so low a degree of significance, and betrays so inhuman an absorption in the merest superficies of nature, that when the writer pretends to deal with those facts and phenomena of humanity which, directly or indirectly, are the main region of every true poet's song, he has to overcome our sense that he is an habitual trifler before he can gain credit for sincerity, even when he is giving utterance to what may really be a passing strain of true poetic thought and feeling. A poet who is thus constantly occupied with the superficies of nature may probably attain to an accuracy and splendour of analytical description which has its value in its way, and which may, in certain transitory conditions of popular taste, raise him to the highest pinnacle of favour. But such poetry will be judged, in the end, by its human significance; and the writer of it will have the fatal verdict of "heartless" recorded against him—a verdict which even in the time of his favour is implicitly pronounced by the indifference with which his professions of human principle and feeling are received, even by his admirers.

We are in doubt regarding but one word of this interesting passage. It does not appear to us that "heartless" exactly expresses the fault which Mr. Patmore desires to stigmatize; some of the worst poetry—that is to say, the most showy, the most ephemeral—having been published by persons of tender and guileless character. This is a commonplace, of course; but a lack of distinct apprehension of it seems to lie at the bottom of Mr. Patmore's charge of "heartlessness," as of Mr. Ruskin's famous belief in the personal holiness of the builders of Amiens and Beauvais, and in the personal wickedness of painters like Caravaggio. It is safer, we think, to use the word "insincere," because there may be an intellectual and an imaginative insincerity, the mental honey produced by a pure heart being mingled with the wax of conventionality or lack of spiritual apprehension. Keats was a better artist when he wrote the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* than Shelley was when he wrote the more hysterical parts of *Epipsychidion*, not, as Mr. Patmore thinks, and as even Mr. Matthew Arnold seemed ready to allege, because he was a better man, but because, at that moment at all events, the runnings of his imagination were fresher and more sprightly, his insight keener, and his style more under control.

What Mr. Patmore should really aim at, as, indeed, he frequently seems to perceive, is not a set of fresh Aristotelian Institutes, or a body of artistic precepts around which, however adroitly they were fashioned, mediocrity would instantly begin to crystallize, but a moral code applied to the products of the imagination. We are far too apt to consider, in literature as in other things, that good motives justify an error in action. It is impossible to make the writers or the singers of bad hymns perceive in what their foolish doggerel offends. The obtuse insincerity of the writer is repeated by the reader, and words that have no sense or value are found to be of "great comfort" to those who employ them. This is the most flagrant example of a general error, the more refined form of which is seen in the avidity with which people accept the least genuine and valuable parts of the work of great poets as being quite as beautiful as their really immortal conceptions. Mr. Patmore, in his chapter called "Poetical Integrity," has some very admirable remarks on this weakness, and analyses with great acumen the fatal tendency which draws the genuine poet of confined genius to endeavour to go on saying "fine things" when the fountain of his inspiration is stanched.

The principal fault which we have to bring against this accomplished and interesting little volume is a slight want of coherence in its parts. If Mr. Patmore had written a sketch of his theory of poetical philosophy it might have possessed less freshness than this series of individual expressions, some of which, we fancy, date from many years back; but it would at least have presented a unity of form and a consistency of detail which we sometimes miss here. We should not have been told at one end of the book that what has genuinely gratified a good judge once will always gratify him, and at the other that the muse which pleased the early manhood of such a critic often stands before his elder judgment revealed as a false Duessa. We should have missed the repetition within a few pages of what was for once a very striking adaptation of a Catholic phrase, "O felix culpa," but was too odd to be used in the same connexion twice. Such trifles as these, however, do not affect the general value of the book, which is an important contribution to a class of literature but scantily represented in this country, and seldom, indeed, illuminated by sanity and genuine insight. Mr. Patmore excels in short and pithy sayings, apophthegms, which take fancy captive, and linger in the memory. It would be easy to collect a posy of these. We quote a few which we have marked in passing:—

> Pathos is the luxury of grief, and when it ceases to be a keen-edged pleasure it ceases to be pathos.
>
> The femininity of these poets [Shelley and Keats] is a glorious and immortal gift, such as no mortal lady has ever attained or will ever attain.
>
> A sensible person can easily distinguish between that which he cannot understand and that in which there is nothing to be understood. ("Blake.")
>
> A Problem will not sing even in the process of solution. ("Clough.")
>
> Genius, like sanctity, is commonly more or less foolish in the eyes of the world.
>
> Purity ends by finding a goddess where impurity concludes by confessing carrion.
>
> Emerson's American admirers sometimes spoke of him as an "angel"; at any rate, he was a sort of sylph.

Such phrases as these grow as thick as blackberries on Mr. Patmore's bush, and have even more flavour in them when eaten by the wayside than when gathered, as we have done, in a dish. The only essay we could wish away is the last, "Thoughts on Knowledge, Opinion, and Inequality," the contents of which are mainly political, and seem to possess but little relation to Principle in Art. Mr. Patmore's views on politics are in the main identical with our own, but he expresses them with a violence which is out of place on the slopes of Parnassus, and with a hopelessness which is out of place anywhere. He had better confine himself in future to those fields of poetry, mysticism, and imagination where, if he is not always right, he is always distinguished and charming.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

THE republication in a collected form of Dr. Lightfoot's papers on *Supernatural Religion* has long been anxiously looked for, and will be welcome in many quarters. For some time past they have been on the list of authorities recommended by the Theological School at Oxford, and have been painfully studied in scattered numbers of the *Contemporary Review*. Many an undergraduate, weary of futile visits to the shelves of the Union, will quote *Expectate venis* as he purchases this volume. We are grieved to notice that the reason for the republication even now is the sickness of their revered author. May he long be spared to edify and adorn the Church. The excitement which attended the first appearance of these famous essays is now an old story; and they will be read, like Bentley's *Phalaris*, rather as models of critical method and finished workmanship, and for the rich stores of information in which they abound, than with reference to the dispute that originally called them forth. Only middle-aged people can now remember the extraordinary sensation produced, sixteen years ago, by the appearance of *Supernatural Religion*. It was one of those *furori* that periodically disturb the habitual British phlegm. Many reasons contributed to this result. The book made an immense parade of learning; it was written in a trenchant, hard-hitting style; it went the full length; and its anonymity, so jealously guarded as to suggest some disgraceful reason why the author withheld his name, completed the charm. There was possibly a delightful scandal about to break upon the world. Perhaps a bishop had written the thing. All the world flocked to buy the book, which ran through as many editions as a fashionable novel. Believers read and trembled; the man about town read, and was much relieved to find that he had always been right, though he did not know it—Christianity was an exploded idea. Even reviewers lost their heads, and talked their very finest about the learning, the precision, the calmness, the impartiality of the Great Unknown. Yet it was evident on a first glance that the Latin and Greek of the author were grotesquely bad; that his imposing array of references was so given that, without very great labour, it was impossible to tell what it was worth; that the judicial quality was conspicuous by its absence; and that the most offensive charges were made against honourable men, apparently without the least sense that any one could feel annoyed by them. It was this last obtuseness that drew down the author's chastisement. He was guilty of the extraordinary stupidity of charging Dr. Westcott with mendacity in respect to a certain passage of Irenæus, and supported the charge by an error in Greek grammar such as no decently-educated schoolboy would make. This affront to his friend was more than Dr. Lightfoot could bear, and hence arose this masterly series of papers. It is pleasant to read again the well-remembered passages—that in which Dr. Lightfoot argues with grave humour that the *Supernatural Religion* before him could not be the volume known by that name to various reviewers, who are "plainly dealing with some apocryphal work, bearing the same name and often using the same language, but in its main characteristics quite different from and much more authentic than the volumes before me"; that in which he estimates the critical position of Hitzig, who derived the name of Æsop from the "'hyssop' that springeth out of the wall," and found out that the Epistle to the Philippians is a plagiarism from the *Agricola* of Tacitus; that in which he ploughs his way through a long list of references, in which the Rev. R. Cook, Vicar of Leeds, appears as Cocus, and the other authorities, though all quoted for the same purpose, are shown to have differed from one another and from the author; that upon the Silence of Eusebius, and many others. It is delightful to watch again these touches of the master hand, so light, yet so strong and certain; and to recall the joy with which those, who were young in those days, tried to realize the feelings of the enemy who was being so spoken to in the gate. The essays are reprinted exactly as they first appeared, except for a few subsequent notes which are distinguished by being enclosed in brackets. Some alterations might have been made in view of recent investigations; especially we know more of Tatian's *Diatessaron*, and, thanks to the Bishop of Durham himself, of Ignatius, than was known in 1874. Possibly it was from a desire to incorporate these modern results in his papers that Dr. Lightfoot delayed the reprinting so long. What has been added to our knowledge in the interval all goes to strengthen his position. But it is better that we should have the book as it is. It has already taken its place among classics. It is probable that before long the author of *Supernatural Religion* will be remembered only as the man, *sine tribu sine nomine*, who was slain by Dr. Lightfoot in the *Contemporary Review*.

Dr. Salmon's *Infallibility of the Church* is a set of lectures delivered by their eminent author, while still Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin, on the claim of the Church of Rome—or, as we must now say, of the Bishop of Rome—to be accepted as the infallible guide and judge in all controversies touching the Christian faith. Dr. Salmon's object, as defined in the preface, is to facilitate the reunion of Christendom by inducing the withdrawal of claims which can neither be granted nor compromised. If this was really the idea with which he wrote, he, too, has "launched an olive-branch from a catapult." If we may be permitted to regard the lectures as intended to arm their hearers for battle, we may call them admirable; but they are pacific only in the sense of the old adage *Si vis pacem para bellum*. But what can a Regius Professor of Divinity do better than supply his pupils with the sharpest and toughest weapons for a controversy which even in England is serious and in Ireland is menacing? Dr. Salmon has accomplished this task with that wide and accurate scholarship and that keen, clear intelligence that distinguish all he writes. But his spear is not like that of Achilles, which healed the wounds it made. What he says is delivered in a pungent, unsparing style, abounding in good stories and apt, homely illustrations, with a scornful flip in almost every sentence. It fixes itself upon the mind; but, if we did not happen to be on the same side, we should find it a little exasperating. The lectures are printed almost exactly as delivered, with necessary notes and a few additions. There is a genuine extempore ring about them, and not the expressions only, but the arrangement, has an easy discursive flow, which makes it difficult to reproduce the argument in a compact form. Indeed, no *résumé* could do justice to a subject so wide and intricate, or to the learning with which it is here treated. Dr. Salmon begins with the more abstract and ends with the more concrete aspect of his subject. The first question considered is whether there is or ought to be any infallible guide in matters of faith. Probably this to many minds is the most important question of all. They think that there must be; and, as no other Church claims the prerogative, they find themselves irresistibly drawn towards the Church of Rome, which does. Dr. Salmon's answer is, that, if by infallible guide we mean one that can resolve every doubt that may present itself to the soul of man, there is none; if, on the other hand, we mean one that can teach us all vital and essential truth, it is to be found in Scripture with a certain help from tradition. "Dr. Hawkins, the late Provost of Oriel, summed up our doctrine on this subject in the formula—the Church to teach, the Scriptures to prove." What this means—the use of Scripture in the early Church, and the nature, value, and limitations of tradition—is admirably explained by one who knows exactly what tradition is. Here come in some excellent remarks on the paralysing effect of a belief in infallibility in the wide sense. God does not, for reasons that we can well understand, save men in

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* *Essays on Supernatural Religion.* By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

The Infallibility of the Church: a Course of Lectures delivered in the Divinity School of the University of Dublin. By George Salmon, D.D., Provost of Trinity College, sometime Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin. London: John Murray.

The Hallowing of Criticism: Nine Sermons on Elijah preached in Rochester Cathedral. By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D., Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, Canon of Rochester. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Paul of Tarsus. By the Author of "Rabbi Jeshua." London: George Redway. 1889.

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The First and Second Epistles to the Corinthians; with Notes Critical and Practical. By the Rev. M. F. Sadler, Rector of Honiton, Prebendary of Wells. London: Bell & Sons. 1889.

Sermons for the Christian Year: a Selection from the Quebec Chapel Sermons of Henry Alford, sometime Dean of Canterbury. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

The Faithful Departed; and other Sermons. By the Rev. Charles Page Eden, M.A., sometime Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College, and Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, late Vicar of Aberford and Canon of York. London and Oxford: Parker & Co. 1889.

The Light that Lighteth Every Man: Sermons. By Alexander Russell, B.D., late Dean of Adelaide; with Introduction by Very Rev. E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Dean of Wells. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

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A Manual for Holy Days: a Few Thoughts for those Week Days for which the Church provides Special Services. By F. C. Woodhouse, M.A. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.

The Bible and the Papacy. By Rev. R. Belaney, M.A., Cambridge. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

What are the Catholic Claims? By the Rev. Austin Richardson, late Professor of the Institut St. Louis, Brussels; with an Introductory Essay by the Rev. Luke Rivington. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

The Sternness of Christ's Teaching, and its Relation to the Law of Forgiveness. (Norrisian Prize Essay for 1888.) By J. F. Bethune-Baker, M.A., Pembroke College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes. 1889.

The Lord of Humanity; or, the Testimony of Human Consciousness. By Frederick James Gant, F.R.C.S., Senior Surgeon to the Royal Free Hospital. London: Hatchards. 1889.

An Inquiry into the Basis of True Christian Unity. By the Rev. S. Kettlewell, M.A. Vol. II. London: Wells Gardner & Co. 1889.

Ruling Ideas in Early Ages, and their Relation to Old Testament Faith. By J. B. Mozley, D.D., late Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford. Fourth edition. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

their own despite from sin. "Equally opposed to His method is any system which proposes to preserve men from error by keeping them in the state of childhood." The next question, "Supposing Rome to be infallible, could we logically believe her to be so?" is one which would perhaps have been better omitted. Only, says Dr. Salmon, by arguing in a vicious circle. That is to say, Rome asserts "I am infallible because I always speak the truth." And if we ask, "How do we know that what you say is truth?" the answer is, "Because I am infallible." The reasoning in form is illogical; nevertheless the objection is futile. It proves too much, and might be urged with equal force against the Ten Commandments. Love always argues in a circle, and its conclusion always contains more than its premisses; and if "faith's venture" is barred by logic, so much the worse for the logic. The point to which the battering-ram may be applied with effect is that which Dr. Salmon treats last, "Is Rome as a matter of fact infallible?" Here he is on strong ground, of which he knows every inch. Till 1870 the Roman Church never officially claimed infallibility, and those who believed in her possession of the gift did not know in what organ the infallibility resided, whether in the Church at large, or in General Councils, or in the Pope. Her conduct has not been that of one who believed in her own infallibility. This point is elaborated with great fulness of detail, and is perhaps the most convincing part of the book. The rulers of the Roman Church have manifestly been guided merely by the tactical rules of a clever political leader, waiting always to see how the wind will blow, keeping silence in the heat of the conflict, and then claiming credit for the result. Another fatal sign is, that in the Roman Church, as in political factions, the head is swayed by the tail. An ambiguous patronage is extended to popular "developments," the spurious miracles of Lourdes, La Salette, and Knock, the crazy revelations of Gertrude, Marie Alacoque, Marie Taigi, and Lutgarde, the debased Mariolatry of Neapolitan lazzaroni. Intelligent Romanists look askance at such doings, and it is possible for a respectable priest to acknowledge that "there are many things in the Breviary which he does not believe." But woe to them if they express their scepticism too loudly, for what was yesterday a pious opinion may to-morrow be *de fide*. Still further, beyond this trimming to the popular blast, positive blunders can be brought home to the infallible guide. Dr. Salmon tells again with great power the old comedy of the Sixtine Vulgate, and the old tragedy of Galileo. The story of the progress of the Roman Supremacy, and of the astounding discovery that the personal infallibility of the Pope was not a mere "Protestant calumny," but an eternal truth, concludes the volume. Such a book by such an author, it need hardly be said, is far more than a mere polemical arsenal. The student will find light thrown upon numerous vexed questions in exegesis, Church history, and early Christian literature, while the casual reader will learn with interest why Mr. Pigott wore the scapular. The weakest part in the work is the treatment of Development, which is disjointed, onesided, and imperfect. There is a truth in Cardinal Newman's contentions which has been misused, not only by Romanists, but also by certain German divines, and our students should be very carefully instructed to disentangle the truth from its misuse. It is a pity that their peaceful fructification should be interrupted by the sound of the cane, which Dr. Salmon wields so vigorously, and, after all, it would have been better if the flogging had been delegated to the porter, and administered outside the class-room door. Indeed, is the flogging any good? Nobody ever gave a reason for going over to Rome that could be put into a syllogism, and the only good reason ever given for coming back was that of a distinguished man who had performed the double journey, and justified his return by the statement that he had found Roman Catholics no better, if no worse, than other people.

Canon Cheyne, it will be remembered, read at the Manchester Church Congress a very able paper on the duty of the clergy to familiarize their congregations with the most assured results of modern criticism, especially with regard to the Hebrew Scriptures. His argument was open to three objections—first, that the pulpit is not the place for discussing difficult questions of scholarship, unless under exceptional circumstances; second, that the clergy, as a rule, are not qualified for handling such topics; and, third, that the critics themselves are not agreed what results can be regarded as assured. It would not be an edifying spectacle if all our curates took to lecturing on Kuenen and Wellhausen. There can, however, be no sort of objection to a man of Canon Cheyne's learning and piety illustrating his theory in practice. This is what he has undertaken to do in the present series of Sermons on the Life of Elijah. We may regard them either as sermons pure and simple or as illustrations of a theory. In the first point of view, they are admirable, charming, devout, and graphic. The author's rich learning is skilfully applied to bring out every feature in the narrative that can interest or instruct. It is perhaps unjust to represent the prophet as a rather dull man who did not exactly understand what he was doing, and the attempt to whitewash Ahab is not successful. Canon Cheyne speaks of his "noble death"; but Ahab is surely represented as trying to shirk his doom in rather a mean way by a device of the same kind as that of the Wild Boar of Ardennes or our own Richmond. Also the applications, though exceedingly good, are neither very obvious nor very inspiriting. But as illustrations of a theory the sermons will not satisfy anybody. The "most assured result of criticism" appears to be the axiom that, whenever the reader of the Bible comes upon an event of the supernatural order, he may treat it in one of three ways—he may accept it, or he may deny it, or he may wrap it up in such language that nobody can tell whether he accepts it or whether he denies. Instances of all three methods of treatment will be found in this little book. But, if this is all criticism has to say, it appears to be of the nature of an impertinence. We do not want learned professors to tell us that we may take our choice.

Paul of Tarsus is another attempt to present the intelligent reader with the "results of criticism," but is certainly not the work of a learned professor. The style is that so much admired in Ouida, and the matter is drawn from the depths or shallows of the author's mind. At least, we do not know where else he, or she (can it be Ouida in masquerade?), learned that John the Baptist was a Buddhist, and that Our Lord had "chestnut locks and deep, dark eyes." People who can write or read this sort of stuff could believe anything, and might just as well be orthodox, if it were not for the fun of the thing.

Mr. Rendall's *Epistle to the Hebrews* comprises an English text (practically an original translation) and notes, with an appendix, formerly published as an independent volume, on the Theology of the Hebrew Christians. Mr. Rendall holds that the Epistle reflects the teaching of St. Peter; that it was written from Italy to the Churches of Palestine, but not to Jerusalem, at the time of the siege of the city by Titus, when Jewish Christians saw the old worship going to wreck, and were anxiously asking themselves what would be the result of the disasters of the time on their own position; and that the author was a Jew of Palestine, who had been carried prisoner to Rome by Vespasian. All these points are disputable, but Mr. Rendall defends his own view with much ability. The book has high merit. The scholarship is excellent, and the author has pondered well all that he says. But space forbids us to do more than point out what strike us as blemishes. In a work of so much learning Mr. Rendall should have referred more directly to the labours of his predecessors. To ignore their very names is hardly fair to his readers or to himself. It is a practice which fosters that tendency to eccentricity which is the bane of English scholarship. The translation is open to many exceptions. "Of the Son He saith" (i. 8) involves a departure from the text, and "complete" does not strike us as a good rendering of the difficult epithet applied to the sanctuary in ix. 1. May we venture to suggest "typical of the universe"? Philo thought that the Tabernacle was an image of the world. "While the first chamber is still holding a position which is a figure for the time being" (ix. 9) is, again, surely incorrect. There are, perhaps, a dozen other points in which Mr. Rendall may be thought to have gone astray. In the appendix, also, there is that which will not satisfy some of his readers. Self-sacrifice, Mr. Rendall urges, is the only true sacrifice. This is true, but not the whole or the deepest truth. The essence and vital principle of all sacrifice is its vicariousness. Where this is wanting we speak of devotion, but hardly in the proper sense of sacrifice. Many people, again, do not think it scriptural to speak of the Lord's life as of an integral part of His sacrifice. Can Mr. Rendall produce any passage where we are said to be saved by His life? But we do not wish to leave an unfavourable impression on our readers' minds. Rather we would warmly commend Mr. Rendall's edition to all thoughtful readers of this great Epistle.

We need not dwell at length upon Mr. Sadler's edition of the *First and Second Epistles to the Corinthians*. It is of a more popular character than the book just noticed, but none the less excellent on that account. Mr. Sadler's merits as a wise and practical commentator are well known, and his new volume will be welcome to many readers, especially among the country clergy.

The list of sermons includes *Sermons for the Christian Year*, by the late Dean Alford; *The Faithful Departed, and other Sermons*, by the Rev. C. P. Eden. Mr. Eden's name is fresh in the memory of all readers of Dean Burgon's *Lives of Twelve Good Men*, and of this volume also it may be said that it "deserves to be inquired after and diligently read"; *The Light that Lighteth Every Man*, by the late Dean of Adelaide, with a graceful *in memoriam* notice of Mr. Russell's life, character, and other works, by Dr. Plumptre; and *The Worship of Heaven*, another posthumous volume of sermons, by the late Vicar of Highgate, with an introduction by Bishop Alexander.

We have received also *Our Catholic Inheritance in the Larger Hope*, by the Rev. Alfred Gurney, a booklet the scope of which is pretty clearly indicated by its title; *Christianity and Islam in Spain*, by Mr. Haines, the Cambridge Kaye Prize Essay for 1888, which deserves the notice of historical experts; an anonymous translation of Renan's *Apostles*; a selection of passages from Chrysostom, translated by Mary H. Allies; *A Manual for Holy Days*, by F. C. Woodhouse; *The Bible and the Papacy*, by Rev. R. Belaney, and *What are the Catholic Claims?* by the Rev. Austin Richardson, who has apparently been summoned by the Rev. Luke Rivington to his aid against Mr. Gore; *The Sternness of Christ's Teaching*, by J. F. Bethune-Baker; *The Lord of Humanity*, by F. J. Gant, an interesting little volume, by one whose profession as a surgeon has familiarized him with sad sights, without dulling his sensibility; the second volume of Mr. Kettlewell's *Inquiry into the Basis of True Christian Unity*, and a new edition of Canon Mozley's well-known *Lectures on the Old Testament*.

THE BOOK OF THE FARM.*

THIS Division of *The Book of the Farm* is as interesting and is calculated to be as useful as the last which we reviewed in these columns; but here and there it is open to the charge of repetition. The subject of ploughing had been dealt with at great length in a former volume, and now a good deal of the old ground is gone over again. Then there is a long and excellent section on "Manures and Manuring," and this is followed by others on the "Rothamsted Experiments," "Aberdeen Experiments," and "Highland and Agricultural Society's Experiments," in which much the same matter is presented to the reader again and again. There is much repetition also in the descriptions of the treatment of sheep in England and Scotland, and in different places in each. Nevertheless, we should hesitate in giving any other book on farming the preference over this new edition of *Stephens's Book of the Farm*.

In the section on the management of cattle in spring, doubts are expressed as to whether the deleterious effects usually attributed to ergot do not, in the majority of cases, owe their origin to other causes. Farmers will do well to study the remarks upon this subject before condemning a pasture or a stack of hay in which traces of ergot have been found. Oil-cake is strongly recommended for calving-cows, both for a month before and a month after the birth of the calf. Every one who has talked to ill-educated farmers about cattle-cakes must know how apt they are to have a prejudice in favour of one kind for all occasions, to the exclusion of every other. Yet the difference in certain respects between decorticated cotton-cake and linseed oil-cake is almost greater than that between boiled rice and stewed prunes to human beings. Each is highly valuable at its proper time, although there are circumstances under which it would be absolutely pernicious. In case of meals, again, one farmer will invariably buy bean meal and another Indian meal, instead of getting each as circumstances may require. Exceedingly full details are given about calving, and a sensible suggestion is made that even smart farmers' daughters would not demean themselves by making themselves acquainted with such matters as the rearing of calves. English farmers are strongly urged to breed and to rear more calves, instead of buying stores. In the first place, they are told that they should usually breed one or two calves from every heifer intended as a store. "The calf or two will have done her little or no harm in the butcher's eye, if only she does not show the udder of a cow. This will not often arise when the calves suckle." A large salesman in the North of England stated that in his experience "two calves or so in no way spoiled the sale of a young heifer" under these conditions, and he added "that a lot of young heifers never came before him for sale but he regretted that so much valuable material was being wasted. Premature fatting of heifers is really killing the goose that lays the golden egg. In these times farmers cannot afford such waste as that." Secondly, it is stated that farmers do not, as a rule, breed long enough from their cows. They should "breed from all suitable cows as long as possible." In some modern books on cattle and dairy-farming, exactly the opposite theory is advanced, and their authors maintain that one decided source of loss to many farmers is their practice of persistently breeding from favourites, even when very old. The section on lambing in this Division of *The Book of the Farm* is as elaborate as that on calving, and few cow or sheep owners, who have not served a practical apprenticeship, will read either without finding something of which they were hitherto ignorant. We would recommend amateurs to study both of these sections, as they will then be enabled to appreciate the difficulties of the cowmen and shepherds whom they are so ready to blame if everything does not go quite smoothly.

There were days when manure was the symbol of the lowest form of bucolic stupidity; it has now become a science of distracting complexity. It might be supposed that, when a chemical analysis of a soil had been obtained, the farmer would only have to select the manure specially suited to supply its deficiencies; but in reality he cannot proceed so fast as that, or, if he does, it will be at considerable risk; indeed, it may be said that he never uses artificial manures without more or less risk. For, after the chemist has told him the exact quantity of what the author calls "any element in the soil or subsoil," he has yet to learn

> how much of that element exists in a form available to the plant, and how much of it is locked up in combinations which the weaker acids at the command of the plant are unable to break up. True, by diluting and weakening his acids and alkalies, so as to bring them as near as possible to the strength of the dissolving agents at the command of the plant, the chemist endeavours to *estimate* the amount of *available* plant food in a soil. In this way he is able to obtain information of undoubted value. Yet it is merely an *estimate*, and in practice has to be followed with caution.

In another place we are given an example of the untrustworthiness of such a chemical analysis as a guide to manuring. A soil was analysed and found to contain muriate of potash at the rate of 3 tons per acre within a foot of the surface. The same artificial manures were applied to two plots of this land, but on one of them 2 cwt. of muriate of potash was added per acre. The latter plot produced 54 bushels of barley to the acre, while upon the other the crop failed. "There was an abundance of potash in the soil, but it was not available to the barley. Hence, on this soil an application of potash was essential for profitable cropping, and no amount of other manures would succeed without it." After all the scientific research which has been made on the subject of manures, one fact becomes more and more certain, and it is thus summarized in this volume:—"Farmyard manure contains all the elements necessary for plant-growth, and is, therefore, a *complete manure*. If applied in sufficient quantity it will, without any extraneous aid, maintain fertility even under an intense system of cropping." On the other hand, it is in many cases a very expensive manure. It costs a great deal in cartage, and, in order to apply any one of the "elements of plant-growth," *all* have to be applied, if farmyard manure is used. Unfortunately, a large portion of those not required, instead of remaining in the soil for future crops, "escape through channels which were formerly unsuspected as means of loss," such as the washing away of nitrates in drainage water, evaporation as nitrogen gas, and the nitrification caused by countless myriads of bacteria. "In times past we have placed too much faith in the soil as the custodian of costly manure. While nourishing a growing crop the soil is commendably faithful to its trust, and does not then readily part with its available plant-food except to the crop itself. But the moment the crop is removed the soil loses retentive power," and loss sets in. This loss "may be reduced to a minimum by having the soil covered with vegetation throughout the entire year, or in cold northern districts by leaving it bare only in the winter months, when the temperature is usually too low for the formation of nitrates to proceed in the soil." For this purpose many farmers now sow some forage crop—such as rye—after removing a cereal crop. According to this theory, the loss through the old system of leaving land fallow must have been enormous. The most approved practice at present is to keep working the land unmercifully and to feed it unsparingly. It may be some comfort to landlords who have exhausted or badly-farmed land to let to learn that the author considers that soil which has been neglected and exhausted will respond to the application of artificial manure more readily than under any other conditions, since, "by repeated cropping without receiving an adequate return in the shape of manure," it has become "exhausted of certain elements of fertility; while, by the decay of the roots of the crops, other elements of plant-food are stored up in increasing quantity," and these are called into action when the land is well tilled and the deficiencies are supplied in the form of suitable manures.

The fossil manure of extinct animals and reptiles is used to an immense extent by modern farmers, although it may be that comparatively few of them are aware of it. Rendered soluble by sulphuric acid, in the form of superphosphate, over half a million tons of coprolite are placed on the markets of Great Britain every year. Fossil guano, again, is imported largely from the West Indian islands. But one of the most satisfactory as well as one of the most economical of artificial manures is what is known as Thomas Slag. We are told here that it was invented and patented by Messrs. Thomas and Gilchrist in 1879, but that it was only introduced into the market in 1886, and that now about 600,000 tons of it are produced annually in Europe. Everybody is familiar with the ugly heaps of slag which are to be seen adjoining iron-factories, and they were until lately considered, not only useless, but serious encumbrances. The slag may now be converted into a very valuable manure, instead of being thrown away as rubbish. "The method consists in mixing the molten iron with about twenty per cent. of lime. The converter, which is a large, pear-shaped vessel, is also lined with lime, instead of brick. The various impurities, such as manganese, silicon, phosphorus, and carbon, combine with the oxygen present in a stream of air which is forced through the molten mass, and either burns off or forms oxides with these substances. But on an increase of the already high temperature the phosphorus is converted into phosphoric acid, which combines with the lime, and the resultant product is the Thomas Slag, or phosphate of lime." The slag is then ground into a very fine powder, and passed over magnets of great power, which abstract a portion of the iron still left in it. Thomas Slag has the advantage of being a very soluble form of phosphatic manure, and perhaps its only drawback is that in some instances it contains too large a proportion of oxide of iron. The remarks about Thomas Slag in *The Book of the Farm* were corroborated a few weeks ago by an article upon agriculture in the *Times*, in which it was stated that "Thomas's basic phosphate (or basic cinder) is now the cheapest phosphate available, and it has this year more than borne out its character, and easily beaten its competitors." But it should be remembered that the season has undoubtedly been peculiarly favourable for this form of phosphate.

The section on Seed Time is full of interest, and the disputed merits of sowing one-hand, two-hand, hand-broadcast, machine-broadcast, and by drilling and dibbling, are discussed at great length. Every one may not know that, of an apparent volume of ploughed soil, about one-quarter consists of air, and air, as well as soil, water, and a certain temperature, is required to make a seed germinate—"what excites the vitality of seeds we do not know, perhaps never shall—it is a secret which nature has hitherto kept to herself; but we do know the circumstances in which seeds must be placed in order that they may begin to grow or germinate." The diagrams of the principal grasses are clear and simple. The greater number of the illustrations in the volume, however, as well as the eight plates of "animal portraits," are somewhat behind the times. We are not forgetting that *Stephens's Book*

* *The Book of the Farm.* By Henry Stephens, F.R.S.E. Fourth edition, revised, and in great part rewritten. By James Macdonald, of "The Farming World." In six divisions. Division III. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1889.

of the Farm is a reproduction of an old book, nor that in a new edition of a much-respected work it may be well that its character should be maintained as much as possible; but for all that we are inclined to think that when a book has been "in great part re-written" the reviser need not hesitate to improve the illustrations as much as the letterpress.

THREE GENERATIONS OF BOOKSELLERS.*

THE history of the Leipsic firm of K. F. Koehler, from 1789 to 1889, from its humble beginnings in the little shop in the Nikolai-strasze to its palatial importance in the fine building which covers sixty-eight mètres of the Stephan- and thirty-nine and thirty-seven mètres of the adjacent Sternwarten- and Seeburg-straszen, is told by Herr Rudolf Winkler with complacent elaboration of detail. Herr Winkler, a confidential member of Koehler's staff, dedicates this record to the friends of the firm on the occasion of its hundredth anniversary, with a touch of the magniloquent reverence with which an old soldier might have written of the house he had served his life long, and with all the gratitude which comes of faithful service in a worthy cause. If there are many among the uninitiate who will cavil at the formidable array of technicalities with which the work bristles, there are few who will withhold their sympathy from the success that crowns the indomitable perseverance of three generations, or their interest from the direct and simply-told narrative of the writer, who in his modest preface confesses to less experience in belles-lettres than in business-letters. In 1789 Karl Franz Gottlieb Koehler, son of Johann Koehler, "Korduaner"—*i.e.* descendant of a long line of workers in Cordovan leather, from the turned-up "Schnabelschuhe" of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to the fine leather prepared for the more sober gear of the eighteenth, struck out a new line for himself. Having previously served his four years' apprenticeship under Paul Gottfried Kummer, he set up as a bookseller in the house in the Nikolai-strasze which his grandfather Simon had bought for 1,850 thalers, in 1702, of the heirs of a certain Bankmann, printer.

Karl Franz Koehler learnt his business thoroughly, and something else besides—namely, that it was ill trifling with a bookselling citizen of his native town in the year of grace 1780. He and his biographer appear to accept as a natural consequence of staying too long on the top of a ladder that the autocratic Kummer should have knocked him off it, to the detriment of one shoulder, which was ever afterwards higher than the other, a witness of his transgression. In 1790 the business established by Koehler had outgrown the paternal walls. He transplanted it to a larger dwelling in the Ritter-strasze, where it remained until 1839. The French Revolution, the crushing of the Fatherland under Napoleon's chariot-wheels, her reawakening to life and liberty, did not distract the founder of the firm from the chief aim of his life. "For there," during all those eventful years, "honest work was done, according to the good custom of German trade and of the Leipsic book-trade," avers his chronicler, with a retrospective equanimity not unworthy of Frau Buchholz. It is but ruffled for a moment by Herr Koehler's imprisonment in 1808 for the sale of a forbidden work on "Napoleon Bonaparte and the French People under his Rule." The shock of the week's imprisonment, followed by heavy fines and much vexation, brought on an illness which lasted several months. "But," adds Herr Winkler, "this episode gives to us, who come after him, the agreeable certainty that, amid the stress and din of foreign rule, Koehler felt, as a German, that he was far from fearing any one, and that in the most troublous times he went his way without exaggerated care for the morrow." This eulogy has, we must confess, been expressed with greater concision by those persons who declared Mr. Deadeye, "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations," to have "remained an Englishman." In 1805, although Koehler's staff consisted but of one assistant and an errand-boy, he was the accredited Leipsic agent of many important firms, and dealt largely in educational works and works on jurisprudence and medicine. Despite a quaint circular, addressed, in 1822, "to his youthful colleagues," in which he begs them to desist from sending him "such perfectly useless novelties as works on philosophy, novels, and plays," he appears, during the preceding fifteen years, to have driven a brisk trade in the "sentimental works ["empfindsame Romane"] of Schilling, Schulz (Laun), Kotzebue, Haken, Winkler (Th. Hell), Zschokke, and more especially the eighty and odd novels of August Lafontaine," a well-known Protestant preacher at Halle. These publications were "awaited with longing alike by librarians and their patrons"; while Schiller and Goethe appear to have ranked as comparatively profitless items. Karl Franz Koehler died in 1833; and his elder son Franz reigned in his stead.

He began his apprenticeship under Christian Horvath, of Potsdam, who, after attending the Easter book fair at Leipsic, packed his apprentice, with his other acquisitions, into his own travelling carriage, the better to instruct him in the duties that awaited him. The first of these, under a master who is described as "of the old sort and fibre," was the filling of the latter's pipe. A year later he was transferred to Heyer's, at Giessen, where, notwithstanding the indignity of being set daily, or rather nightly, "to clean the big lamp," and the total absence of Christmas presents, young Koehler became thoroughly grounded in the innermost mysteries of his trade. The lamp-cleaning was a subject of offence to his father, especially when he realized the profanation by "oil-spots" of his son's garments. "What was he paying Heyer eighty thalers a year for?" Yet with Heyer did young Koehler serve his full four years, and when he left him as a full-fledged bookseller's assistant, he counted his taskmaster among his friends for life. From 1824 to 1830, when his father's failing health necessitated his undertaking the management of the paternal business, young Koehler had served many masters, in Vienna, Aarau, Fribourg, Munich, and in Berlin. His employer in Berlin was a Herr Friedrich Laue, as to whom a Leipsic newspaper of the year 1839 gives the following information:—"Fr. Laue, formerly a bookseller of Berlin, commanded a detachment of the Turkish Artillery during the battle of Nisibin, and was instrumental in saving it from total destruction at the hands of the Egyptians." Herr Winkler gives this quotation as a proof "that nothing is impossible to a German bookseller," a statement which is qualified by the additional information that Herr Laue had been a soldier before he sold books and music. The elder Koehler's business had been destined for his second son, who, however, eventually declined the responsibility. When Franz put his shoulder to the wheel, taking the business from his father, and undertaking to provide for his family, he relinquished many cherished dreams of extended trade and travel, which had been deferred from time to time by want of capital—a fortunate want, remarks Herr Winkler, for the fortunes of the house.

The new head of the firm was ambitious of extending the publishing branch thereof, and in his endeavour overcame difficulties that would have been insuperable to any one but himself. But in 1846 the firm had so outgrown itself that Franz Koehler found it necessary to decide between publishing and bookselling. Publishing was more to his cultured and speculative taste; but bookselling, thanks to the many new agencies that had been thrust upon this commercial genius, was more remunerative. Adolph Winter, an employé of the firm, acquired the publishing branch of it, and Koehler removed to larger premises in the Post-strasze—an extensive building known as Volckmar's Hof, in any one corner of whose dingy magnitude the original little book store might have lost itself. Although the staff consisted at that epoch of not more than ten employés, Koehler's agents were to be met with all over the civilized world, especially in North and South America. The staff did wonders under the vigilant eye of the chief, who was never seen by any of them to sit at his desk, where he elected to stand (when not making his rounds of inspection) from nine till two, and from three to seven or eight. By an unwritten law, neither clerks, packers, nor porters ever left "Koehler's" while Herr Koehler stood at his desk. When any of them ventured to ask what was "closing hour," the imperturbable head of the firm would vouchsafe no answer until he was ready to leave. Then, raising his hat, he would reply:—"Closing hour, gentlemen, is when the old man leaves." Work was Franz Koehler's dearest recreation, and after early service he devoted part of every Sunday to it. The year 1866 was one of sore trial to Koehler, for the war between Austria and Prussia paralysed trade. A friend was unable to pay him a large sum which he had guaranteed. Well for him that he had never been known to refuse his help to a friend in need, for at this critical juncture so many came forward to help the tottering firm that the hard times were tided over. In 1867 his eldest son Franz, who had been apprenticed in London and Paris, entered the business.

In 1869 Herr Koehler celebrated his Jubilee, in 1871 he had the joy of welcoming home his two soldier sons Otto and Hugo, after the Franco-German War, and in 1872 he died, full of years and such honours as his fellow-citizens could bestow on him. He was succeeded by his son Franz, to whose inherited energy of character and capacity for business was united a wide and varied experience. The present head of the firm had not only served his term in the great capitals of Europe, he had loved and cultivated study, had made many useful acquaintances in foreign lands, and—crowning glory of a German's youth—had been present at the bombardment and capitulation of Paris. Thus it came to pass that by 1881 several other great firms had been absorbed by Koehler's, to the satisfaction of all concerned. They were besides the accredited agents of between five and six hundred other firms, so that the vast edifice in the Stephan-strasze, completed on the 25th of September of that year, was none too vast for Koehler's army of "assistants, writers, volunteers, and apprentices," and for the prodigious stock of contemporary and ancient literature (the latter branch being designated "Antiquarium") with which they dealt. Yet even in 1881 "Koehler's" had apparently not reached its apogee. "Rast ist rost," quoth Herr Winkler, quoting Prince Bismarck. And it is beyond the power of any present or future Koehler (by which we and Herr Winkler mean the head of Koehler's firm) either to rest or rust. The mighty enterprise, that has lately attained its hundredth year, continues to grow and expand, and absorb, without annihilating, surrounding powers, like some beneficent monster by man created, yet man-compelling. May its shadow never be less! "Das walte Gott!" we echo, in the words of the pious historian.

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* *Das Buchhandlingshaus K. F. Koehler in Leipzig*, 1789–1889. Rudolf Winkler. Leipsic: K. F. Koehler.

SÈVRES PORCELAIN.*

THE First Part of this splendid work has been published, and nine more parts are to follow; but, as the introductory essay of M. Garnier is in this issue, together with a sufficient number of plates, there is no difficulty in judging of the whole book from the specimen before us. As everybody knows who has "gone in" for old Sèvres, the soft paste was only made for about forty years, was enormously expensive, and is now correspondingly rare. The largest collection in this country is probably that formed by George IV., part of which is carefully stored at Buckingham Palace and part at Windsor Castle, where it forms the chief ornament of one of the drawing-rooms. M. Garnier, in writing his account of Sèvres soft paste, has had access to the Royal collection, and also to that of Sir Richard Wallace and that of the Rothschild family. The illustrations to the present instalment, except one piece belonging to Baron Alfred de Rothschild, are from the Carnavalet Museum and from private collections, such as those of the Marquis de Thuisy, M. Fournier, M. André, and others. M. Garnier has resorted to the reprehensible plan of printing the name of each object figured on the tissue paper over it, which is very inconvenient and may prove even hurtful. The drawings, done by M. Garnier himself, are wonderfully brilliant and the engravings in chromolithography, or some such process, well printed, and represent with extreme fidelity and minuteness the exquisite productions of the famous factory. It was first started at Vincennes in 1750. A certain Sieur de St.-Etienne is said to have discovered the art of making a paste which would passably imitate the Chinese kaolin, or hard paste, some time towards the end of the seventeenth century. He was a potter at Rouen, but appears to have been satisfied with the beautiful faïence or earthenware which he made, and to have handed on his discovery to some other manufacturer, and the first European porcelain was produced at Saint Cloud. The soft paste, it is well to remember, is only relatively soft—that is to say, its consistency is as hard as that of Chinese porcelain, but it will not bear so great a heat, and the surface glaze is easily scratched. When it was found that true kaolin existed in Europe the soft paste was no longer used; hence the rarity and value of this earliest French porcelain. Apart, too, from this, it was costly to make from the beginning, and we read that, when Louis XV. gave Princess Marie-Joseph of Saxony two little pieces, a cream-jug and a sugar-basin, they cost 28 louis. A single plate, from a service ordered by Catharine II. of Russia, lately fetched 6,400 francs, or more than 250*l.* The manufacture was carried on at Vincennes till 1756, so that many of the best examples now extant must be correctly described as "Vincennes ware" rather than "Sèvres," at which latter place it assumed its title of "Manufacture Royale de la Porcelaine de France," every piece being thenceforth marked with the King's cipher. The sales in 1756 and 1758, we are told, amounted respectively to the value of 210,000 and 274,000 livres. In 1759 the King became the sole proprietor, and for a time all went well. Efforts were constantly being made to discover the secret of the German hard paste, and workmen from Meissen were bribed to reveal it. No kaolin of good quality was, however, found in France until 1768, and during the interval the French artists were able to compete with the foreign hard paste only on account of the extreme beauty of the objects they produced in the inferior material. When the necessary beds of kaolin had been discovered near Limoges, hard paste was introduced, but the soft paste was in its highest perfection just at this time, and it was not finally abandoned till 1790. Meanwhile a dishonest manager had nearly ruined Sèvres, but Louis XVI. made a strong effort to keep it going, and the National Assembly included it in the Royal property. Even after the fall of royalty the Convention decided that the manufacture was creditable to the country, and entrusted the management to skilled hands. In May 1800 the famous chemist, Brongniart, undertook the management, and the soft paste from that time was abandoned, and the very secret of its composition has long since perished.

During its best period the colours used were of the most brilliant kind. The famous "rose du Barry" was invented by one Hellot; but its secret died with him, and no pieces of this colour seem to have been made since 1761. The name, as M. Garnier says, is an anachronism. Mme. du Barry was still in her cradle when the "rose" ceased to be used. The same Hellot invented the turquoise blue, and the *bleu de Sèvres* dates from the same period. The marks readily give the date of manufacture, but the artist's name is not always so easily found. M. Garnier gives very full and complete lists of these marks, some of which are initials and some other signs—as an ermine spot, a sun, a triangle, or a heart. In his last chapter M. Garnier warns his readers against the tricks of the trade, and enumerates some characteristics of the spurious ware, of which a large quantity is extant, even in good collections. The colours, the application of the gilding, and other points may be mentioned; but the greatest reliance is placed on the marks, and spurious pieces have sometimes been detected because the imitator had placed the monogram of a landscape-painter on a figure-piece, or *vice versâ*.

* *The Soft Porcelain of Sèvres.* With an Historical Introduction by Édouard Garnier. Translated into English by H. F. Andresen. London: Nimmo. 1889.

TWO MEDICAL BOOKS.*

DR. GEORGE JOHNSON'S *Essay on Asphyxia*, like everything from his pen, is characterized by an almost painful earnestness, which clearly indicates the devotion of his whole intellectual power to the matter under consideration. He is probably somewhat deficient in a sense of humour; but to a man attempting to solve an abstruse scientific problem this quality is of little importance, though of great value in dealing with patients. In the first section of the essay the author describes very clearly the physiology of the circulation of the blood. We would venture to point out what appears to us an omission in this description. In speaking of the arteries he tells us of the large ones, consisting almost entirely of elastic fibre, and of the smallest ones, or muscular arterioles, which immediately precede the capillaries, and consist principally of muscular fibre. No mention is made of the arteries, intermediate in size, which have acquired much of the muscular coat which reaches its highest development in the terminal branches. This is not a trivial point, because the arteries of medium calibre as well as the arterioles help to impede the circulation of impure blood. Hence in uræmic and other conditions where the blood is poisoned we frequently have a pulse tense but *small*, and not *full*, as described by Dr. Johnson on p. 48. He is, of course, right in asserting that the capillaries have no muscular coat, and consequently can exert no *stop-cock* action. The second and longest section of the essay is devoted to defending the explanation of the phenomena of apnœa adopted by the older physiologists against a new one put forward recently by some of the younger workers in that branch of science. Put briefly, the theory of the former is that the final stoppage of the blood-current is brought about by the contraction of the terminal branches of the pulmonary artery, which first causes distension of this artery and of the right side of the heart, and then stagnation of blood in the systemic veins. The contention of the latter is that the result is due to the circulation of venous blood through the heart and coronary arteries, depriving its muscular tissue of the usual supply of oxygen, and, consequently, of the power of contraction. Dr. Johnson tells us that this is not really a new theory, but one propounded long ago by Bichat. For the arguments on this subject we must refer our readers to the essay itself—it would be as rational to endeavour to give an idea of a proposition of Euclid by short quotations from it as to attempt, by extracts, to set forth an outline of the author's close reasoning on this question, and want of space forbids our giving the whole of it. We may, however, say that to us it appears convincing. In the third section various pathological phenomena are compared with those of apnœa. We need hardly say that those of the collapse stage of cholera occupy the first and largest portion of this section. In a note early in the book Dr. Johnson points out the difference between the meanings of the terms asphyxia and apnœa, the former standing for *pulselessness* and the latter for *breathlessness*; they are, unfortunately, not infrequently used as though they were synonymous.

The authors of *The Diseases of Children* have had much experience in the treatment of diseased and the management of healthy children. We think that, for such a work, the idea of a dual authorship is a good one. The two great and legitimate divisions of disease—namely, medical and surgical—are each treated by one who has made it his special study; and yet it is a great advantage to the senior student and junior practitioner to have the whole subject of infantile morbid conditions described in one book. Any detailed criticism of the treatment of the necessarily very numerous subjects by Dr. Ashby and Mr. Wright would be out of place in this notice. It will be sufficient to say that the information contained in this work is of a thoroughly trustworthy character, and we should not hesitate to recommend it to the perusal of any young friend of our own who might be anxious to study this very important branch of professional knowledge.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Count de Vaudreuil, though not a man of whom the average reader probably knows much, was a kind of type, and not a bad type, of the French emigrant noblesse, to whose conduct or misconduct more and more judges are coming to attribute the disastrousness of the Revolution to France. His good points were numerous. He was devoted in good fortune and bad alike to the Prince to whom he had attached himself—the Comte d'Artois. He was equally faithful to his mistress—perhaps his platonic mistress—Mme. de Polignac. He bore prosperity without insolence, and adversity without dejection. When he married late in life he was a very affectionate husband and father. He had a pretty taste in letters, and so good a one in art that he more than once saved himself from ruin by selling the pictures he had collected. Even such a wasp as Chamfort, his parasite for a time, had nothing serious to say against him; and, with extraordinary integrity, he once not

* *An Essay on Asphyxia (Apnœa).* By George Johnson, M.D. Lond., F.R.C.P., F.R.S. London: J. & A. Churchill.

The Diseases of Children. By Henry Ashby, M.D. Lond., M.R.C.P., and G. A. Wright, B.A., M.B. Oxon., F.R.C.S. Eng. London: Longmans & Co.

only refused a "pot-of-wine" from Beaumarchais, but pleasantly informed that dramatic intriguer that, if he had not been in a particularly good temper that morning, he would have thrown him out of the window for daring to propose such a thing. Even in his emigration he refused to bear arms against France, though it may be admitted that the Devil's Advocate would not be at a loss in this instance. On the other hand, he was wildly extravagant; he seems to have regarded the Government as a mere milch cow on which to draw for places, pensions, gratifications, and the like; he saw nothing improper, unpatriotic, or disloyal in furthering the intrigues of one member of the Royal Family against others, and he ran away from his country not only without trying to fight the battles of his class, and of what he was bound to regard as the country itself, but without trying to deliver France from her tyrants. His correspondence (1) with the future Charles X. (including replies from that Prince and some letters of and to other persons) is very extensive, and covers the whole period from 1789 to 1815, though most of it is earlier than the Empire. A great deal of it is occupied with historical matters already well known, with rumours that subsequently turned out unfounded, and with private affairs of little interest; but there is also valuable new matter, and the whole is of importance as giving a continuous view of the events as they appeared to a man interested indeed and prejudiced, but of no inconsiderable ability, of excellent information, and not of a violent temper. It is also extremely well edited. M. Pingaud has not only subjoined the minute biographical and other annotation in which French editors excel, but has given us what we constantly demand but very seldom receive from editors either of that or of any other nation, by putting at the head of each letter and collecting in the "Contents" short notes of the subjects mentioned. It is no exaggeration to say that this proceeding, with very little trouble to the editor (for the most careless editor must read through his texts at least once, and can jot down the headings as he does so), quadruples the value of the book to the reader. It is illustrated with four good heliogravures from originals by Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, one of Vaudreuil, one of the Count d'Artois, and two of Mme. de Polignac.

M. Bertrand Robidou's "History of the Clergy during the Revolution" (2) is a disappointing book; or, rather, disappointing is not the right word, for the preface warns the experienced reader what is to come. When a man calls the dragon's-teeth-sowing of '89, the operation which has sterilized French political capacity for a full century, "la plus noble évolution politique qui se soit accomplie sur ce globe," all men know, or ought to know, what to expect. It is fair to say that M. Robidou is less blind to some of the faults of his very ugly idol than would seem probable from this exordium. But this merit is more than compensated in the wrong way by a profusion of rhetoric and of loose uncorroborated statement, an absence of historical precision, and a great want of that chapter-and-verse citation which may be overdone, but the underdoing of which is far worse than its excess. The book is a first volume and may improve; but only if the author makes his work much more exact than it is.

We have several times noticed, and always with welcome, M. Jouaust's charming issue of separate plays of Molière, with introduction and notes by M. Auguste Vitu, and an etched frontispiece by M. Leloir. The last (fourth) volume of this contains *Sganarelle* (3). This early, but extremely amusing, piece has, as M. Vitu well observes, a distinct "harlequinade" character which makes it interesting, and there can also be little hesitation in agreeing with the editor that the actor-author's extreme popularity in the title-part counted for something in that connexion of his name with a certain unpleasant status which ended in the gross and certainly unproved accusations against Armande Béjart. The frontispiece, representing Sganarelle in his panoply, with Lélie, Célie, and the Abigail in the background, is very good indeed.

M. Antoine Lévy's (4) method of teaching German would please Emeritus-Professor Blackie, for it consists of a large conversation-book, French and German in opposite columns. But how does "Qui a temps a vie" correspond to "Kommt Zeit, kommt Rath"? These things must be an allegory.

The stories in Mme. Henry Gréville's *Louk Loukitch* (5) are nearly all Russian and, as is generally the case with her Russian stories, good. The opening tale is a rather interesting illustration of the numerous veins of something like madness which pervade the Russian people, according to the testimony of their own writers, as well as others, sometimes producing skoptchi and similar things. Louk Loukitch is a retired captain of infantry, a family man fond of his wife, and an excellent fellow, but subject to fits of covetousness, which border on insanity. When the object is only a black mare too expensive for his means it does not much matter; but when it is a black-haired governess things naturally become more awkward. The tale menaces tragedy, and even reaches it, but ends happily after all. Is it true, by the way, that Russian law excuses a murderer, or attempter of murder, if his victim survives to attest forgiveness in open court? The provision is merciful and romantic, but perhaps doubtful as regards the public good. Another good story, not Russian this time, is entitled "Yanid," and tells how a little half-caste fiend tormented her amiable French stepmother. But we are sorry that Yanid died. She must have been an interesting specimen.

(1) *Correspondance intime du Comte de Vaudreuil et du Comte d'Artois.* Par L. Pingaud. 2 tomes. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Histoire du clergé pendant la Révolution française.* Par B. Robidou. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Molière—Sganarelle.* Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(4) *Méthode pratique de langue allemande.* Par A. Lévy. Paris: Le Soudier.

(5) *Louk Loukitch.* Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THERE must be, we fear, many people who have not read *Thorndale*, and not a few who have, to whom the title-page, *The Story of William and Lucy Smith* (Blackwood & Sons), will not reveal at a glance the purport of the volume of memoirs and letters of which Mr. George S. Merriam is editor. Yet was William Smith a man of note in the circle of the elect for whom Comte furnished in some sort the gospel, Emerson and George Eliot the poetry, and Mill the law and the prophets. Early did he pursue "earnest goodness," and perfectibility, and superiority, and other virtues which humble orthodox humanity despairs of in this world. His cheerful faith was nobly displayed when he commenced writing in the infant *Athenæum*, at the age of twenty, "of the main point for us being to 'live like immortals here.'" In *Thorndale* we have a "conflict of opinions" that leaves the biographer in great doubt as to what William Smith's real opinions were. Like *Gravenhurst*, this book may be regarded as the product of a soul that thrived on its own perplexities. It was probably after reading the former that G. H. Lewes reproached the philosopher with "the waste of his fine mind in metaphysical research." William Smith contributed much to *Maga*, a little to the *Quarterly*, and wrote several dramas, one of which, *Athelwold*, was played and obtained a *succès d'estime*, due possibly to the acting of Miss Helen Faucit and Macready. The drama is extremely dry reading. Athelwold and Dunstan prose very much as the dialoguers in *Thorndale* prose, and the play, though Talfourd praised it, is now of the ghostly company of *Ion* and the only tragedy that Parson Adams read. However, Landor may be right, and there may be a future for the writings of William Smith. "I know Mr. Smith," he is reported to have said to a friend, "and everything he has published. I have a great respect for him, sir. There are things in his works quite equal to anything that Shakspeare ever wrote." This is a little strong, even from Landor. *Proh! Landor* is all we can say of it. Mr. Merriam's labours are, at the most, merely supplementary to the letters and memoir of her husband written by Lucy Smith, which often reflect in an amusingly unconscious manner the pleasures of heterodoxy as they were manifested to one whose early training was rigidly evangelical. He does indeed discern self-portraiture in the confessions of the priggish youth Cyril in *Thorndale*, but he makes little or no use of this biographical key. There are minds to whom questioning and perpetual unrest are the purest joys and the very breath of life. They discuss world-old problems from which the angels shrink with a freshness of juvenility that suggests they were new-created for their solution. William Smith appears to have found delight in this form of mental dissipation, and those persons of like mind may certainly revel in *Thorndale*.

A book that appears at a fortunate moment is *A Girl's Ride in Iceland*, by Ethel B. Harley (Mrs. Alec Tweedie) (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) Now the tourist's season has set in and people are intent on new fields of travel, Mrs. Tweedie's lively account of a voyage to Iceland and its agreeable and entirely successful results ought to inspire adventurous ladies to follow her example. Mrs. Tweedie describes the wonders of the land with a keen appreciation, and has not forgotten to supply many useful hints for tourists; especially may we note her instructions concerning the right riding of Iceland ponies by ladies. The primitive fashion here is decidedly the better way for ladies who are determined to follow the natives, and care not to add a side-saddle to the burden of their luggage. Dr. Harley's additional chapter, "What is a Geyser?" is a very explicit exposition of the nature and action of hot springs, illustrated by a capital diagram.

The Old Pincushion, illustrated by Mrs. Adrian Hope (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is one of Mrs. Molesworth's pleasantest stories for children. It deals with a romantic incident, which is, we believe, founded on fact—namely, the chance finding of a paper in a pincushion which leads to the discovery of a will believed to be lost. The new volume of *Little Folks* (Cassell & Co.) is full of the things that healthy children delight in—pretty pictures and bright stories and anecdotes. In *Our British Soldiers* (Dean & Son) we have resplendent chromos that must charm the eyes of children of all growths. There are spirited pictures of the 4th Hussars skirmishing, the Royal Horse Artillery galloping over a common, and other moving spectacles, all of them vastly gay and charming.

Mr. P. H. Ditchfield's *Our English Villages* (Methuen & Co.) is a rather discursive little book written with the excellent aim of fostering an interest in village antiquities among dwellers in the country. It touches on rural life under Saxon and Norman rule, village sports and customs, archæology and folklore, in a light chatty style, which is well adapted to the author's purpose. The woodcuts are good, though the representation of Stonehenge—which, by the way, no one now connects with Druids or human sacrifices—is more creditable to the artist's fancy than to his accuracy.

Various minor bards await us, the most ambitious being Mr. Luscombe Searelle, whose *Dawn of Death* (Trübner & Co.) sets forth in visionary form and stodgy blank verse the victory of a perplexed soul who held the error that "Mind was attribute of Matter." Spirit voices proclaim it to him, what time, as he puts it, "I saw my inmost soul creep slowly from my body," and he learned that "all Matter is a thing of nothingness," and "Solidity is but analogy"—whatever that may mean. The leading poem in Mr. Charles Dickinson's *The Children; and other Verses* (Sampson Low & Co.) has long enjoyed the distinction of being ascribed to the late Charles Dickens, though the matter was frequently set right in *Household Words*. It is a pretty poem, with a sweet sentiment, gracefully expressed; but it is not the best poetic wine of Mr. Dickinson's vintaging in this tuneful collection. Several of the pieces in Mr. Caillard's *The Lost Life; and other Poems* (Eyre & Spottiswoode)—the ballad of London "Stolen Flowers," for example—might effectively be introduced by reciters to vary their too-restricted programmes.

An appropriate exuberance, almost tropical in its fervour, is the mark of *Poems of Passion*, by Ella Wheeler (H. J. Drane). Not every dancer knows what is a "waltz-quadrille," which must be a fascinating measure, from the poet's account of it, with its intricate coils and "blithe chassé." Printers play strange pranks, turning the poet's "happiness" to "pappiness," as Hood says; but they do not often transpose so boldly as in "Through the Valley":—

> As I came through the valley desolate,
> As I came through the valley, like a blley
> Of lurid lightning I beheld a gleam
> Of Love's great eyes that now were full of hate.
> Dear God! dear God! I could bear all but that;
> But I fell down soul-stricken, dead thereat
> As I came through the vaeam.

Mr. Tyerman's melodious lyrics, *Day Dreams in a Devon Valley* (Torquay: Iredale), reveal a judicious employment of local colour. The sonnets are often graceful, never pretentious, and "A Ballad at Brixton" is a stirring lay with the right patriotic ring in it.

In the dainty "Stott Library" we have the first volume of a *Selection from De Quincey*, edited by W. H. Bennett (David Stott), comprising "The Opium Eater" and "Suspiria." *Coleridge's Poetical Works*, edited by W. B. Scott, is the latest addition to "Routledge's Pocket Library." This is a genuine reprint, with the poet's own notes and prefaces in full. Altogether a charming little book, and an example for editors of other series of popular reprints too often trimmed by the abhorred shears.

The neat cloth bindings of the sixpenny issue of "Cassell's Universal Library" are infinitely preferable to the flimsy covers of the cheaper form which perishes in the using, be the reader ever so tender. There is abundant good literature and varied in the series; Hakluyt and Captain Parry, Sir Thomas More and Bacon, Shakspeare and Milton, the *Diary* of Pepys—these are before us, and printed in good, clear type.

We have also received a new edition of Charles Kingsley's *Madam How and Lady Why* (Macmillan); *Margery* (*Gred*), translated by Clara Bell from the German of Georg Ebers, "authorized edition," in two volumes (New York: Gottsberger; London: Trübner); *Isaac Eller's Money*, by Mrs. Andrew Dean (Fisher Unwin); and *Suspicion*, by Christian Lys (Ward & Downey).

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SPONTANEOUS HYDROPHOBIA.

(From THE LANCET, May 16, 1885.)

"Last week Dr. Diplock, Coroner for West Middlesex, held an inquest on the body of a journeyman blacksmith, aged twenty-three, who died, according to Dr. Ferris of Uxbridge, with all the symptoms of hydrophobia. The history showed that there was a possible bite from a dog two years previously, but there seems to be some doubt on this point. If the case were one of rabies, the period of incubation was, even for rabies, rather long. Seeing that the case is not perfectly clear, it is allowable to speculate on its nature. Now, Dr. BROADBENT AND OTHERS HAVE PLACED ON RECORD CASES WHICH HAVE BEEN CHARACTERIZED BY ALL THE SYMPTOMS OF HYDROPHOBIA, WHICH WERE CERTAINLY *NOT* DUE TO THE USUAL CAUSE OF HYDROPHOBIA—*i.e.* THE BITE OF A RABID ANIMAL. In the cases in question there would seem to have been a decided history of terror, almost amounting to mania. This terror, or extreme fright, may have been an efficient cause in bringing about those nervous symptoms which are the chief features of rabies, or the terror may have been one of the symptoms of the nervous disease, however originated. The chief symptoms of rabies may be explained on the view of an extremely irritable state of the grey matter of the spinal cord, medulla oblongata, and adjacent parts. This irritable state of an important part of the cerebral nervous system need not always be due to the action of the virus of rabies. Other conditions may bring it about, and some authorities have asserted that acute poisoning by alcohol, and perhaps other substances, may give rise to the same condition. It is possible that the case on which the inquest was recently held was one of this abnormal class."

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POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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EGYPT.

WAD-EL-NJUMI and his so-called Dervishes (the protest against the use of the name is well founded enough, but they may as well be called Dervishes as anything else) remain comparatively stationary and inactive between Wady Halfa and Assouan, in the neighbourhood of the famous Temple of Abou Simbel or Ipsamboul. They are met with occasionally, and always routed with loss; but this loss produces no effect on the main body, and it is uncertain whether this main body may not be largely increased soon by reinforcements. When those reinforcements arrive a battle seems likely, and the course of such battles has been too chequered to make it safe to talk lightly of the result. The unyielding attitude and high pretensions of the leader are quite in keeping with the general spirit of the Mahdist movement, and, indeed, explain its strength. There is about modern Mahommedanism, at least of the military type, nothing of the uncertainty and shillyshally with which modern Christianity is sometimes reproached. The Prophet understood the natural man of Asiatic and African races perfectly well, and his mode of procedure is still fully justified with them. He did not, like some unwiser fanatics, promise universal victory, invulnerableness, or anything of the kind. The followers of the KHALIFA are quite aware that they may be collectively defeated and individually killed. But that does not interfere either with their certainty of the ultimate success of their cause, with their sense of the duty of offering conversion, tribute, or the sword, or with their enjoyment of the comfortable prospects of the martyred believer. To come to sublunary matters, it is clear that, whatever inconveniences the want of water may have subjected them to, these inconveniences have not been of such a character as to make living impossible; while, unluckily, the English and Egyptian strength on the spot has been only enough to inflict occasional raps on the knuckles, and not a crushing defeat. The forces at the disposal of the General in command should be now sufficient to make any great advance on WAD-EL-NJUMI'S part impracticable; but they are, perhaps, barely sufficient for a vigorous offensive, and to make them what they are the lower country has been swept nearly, and perhaps dangerously, clean.

The worst of it is that, even if the offensive be taken with the best results, and the immediate invaders be driven back to Sarras or Dongola, the good done will be anything but considerable, and still less final. Sir SAMUEL BAKER and the almost equally well-known "TWENTY YEARS' RESIDENT" have once more valiantly taken pen in hand to prove to the British Government and the British public that two and two invariably make four, or at least have such a habit of doing so that it is not businesslike to reckon on their making three or five. Sir SAMUEL has urged that at least Berber and Dongola must be held if similar raids are not to continue chronic, and the "TWENTY YEARS' RESIDENT" has worked out clearly enough the parallel or analogy (which has been more than once made in these columns) between the Nile raiders and the Nile floods. The Nile floods are welcomed and prayed for; but, if they happened to be destructive instead of beneficial, no man in his senses would dream of building dams at the First and Second Cataract; he would go to the Blue and White Niles, if not to the Lakes themselves, in order to start operations. In the same way, if "Dervishes" are to be prevented from raiding Egypt, it will certainly not be done by a chain of posts ending at Wady Halfa, much less by repeating the folly already committed and removing the posts, as some wiseacres would have us do, even further north. We very much doubt ourselves whether anything short of the resumption of the command of the river up to Khartoum will be really effectual. But the occupations of Dongola and Berber might be tried, if half-measures, stopgaps, and the attempt to compromise and conciliate are too dear to British governing man to be given up at once. Neither of these, as Sir SAMUEL BAKER points out, need involve any large or costly expedition, while the holding of Berber would (as Sir SAMUEL doubtless means) have a very considerable effect in relieving Souakim as well as the Egyptian frontier. If something of the kind is not done we shall have the same trouble over again and worse. The present raid is more serious than its immediate forerunners, and the next may, and probably would, be more serious still. It will never do to trust in playing Senoussists against Mahdists. Even if the latter were to succumb, of which there is no present sign, their conquerors will experience, and will probably yield to, the same temptations. This kind of restless dashing against the civilized circumference of a great uncivilized inner space has been unknown in Europe for centuries and in Asia for some considerable time. But there is a kind of epidemic of it in Africa now from the Second Cataract to Lake Nyassa; and our conduct in the outlying regions, formerly subject to the Egyptian Pashas and Khedives, could not even with the greatest skill have been arranged so as to suit it better. Our duty to Egypt, and the need of sparing English soldiers and Egyptian soldiers, as well as Egyptian non-combatants, this perpetual nuisance, demands that something should be done to extirpate the disease or keep it afar off, instead of being merely satisfied with palliating its accesses.

If, however, our conduct towards Egypt in this respect is doubtful, we can at least give ourselves the comfort of thinking that the conduct of our competitor for the control and sometime partner in it is not doubtful at all. It is of very little importance whether the recent attitude of France in this matter is due, as has been asserted, to M. FRANCIS CHARMES or to any other individual person. Everybody who has occasion to examine French books and newspapers knows that almost the whole of the powerful class of journalist-politicians in France is furious at the supposed loss of French prestige, as well as at the railing off of the Egyptian pagoda-tree from the merry shakings which Frenchmen used to give it. But we cannot agree with those who think that the second application of the Egyptian Government itself to France for permission to economize by paying or lessening its debts was undignified. The application was, as might have been foreseen, ineffectual, but it has put France even more hopelessly in the wrong than before. The French Government, in words which look so like those of a petulant person of the other sex that one is almost tempted to think them apocryphal, says that it "entirely holds" that the conversion is "of vital import-"ance to Egypt," but regrets that, as the political situation remains unchanged, it cannot give its consent. That is to say, one of those nations which pride themselves most on "culture," on generosity, and so forth, deliberately, by the mouth of its responsible Government, declines to perform a duty with which it is charged because it is dissatisfied with something accidentally and remotely connected with the result of discharging that duty. Financially the conversion is, France acknowledges, of vital importance to Egypt; but, if Egypt were to prosper, it would prosper under the hated political influence of England, and France is determined that, if she can help it, Egypt shall not be allowed so to prosper. The naïve shamelessness of this avowal is very agreeable. It is not easy to parallel it by any incident in private life, though it is not entirely devoid of connexion with the celebrated conduct of the dog in the manger. To forbid the conversion will not do France one penny of good, for the slight loss which might accrue to a few Frenchmen from having, in effect, the money they have lent paid back

to them would be more than balanced by the increased value of Egyptian credit in which other or the same Frenchmen are largely interested. It will not do England any harm, for obvious reasons. It will only injure Egypt, and it is only a confession that France is, if not a fraudulent, yet a dishonourable, trustee, or rather guardian, who prevents his ward's estate from being economically managed because he has a grudge against another guardian in whom the law has vested the infant's immediate control. That, as has been urged, Frenchmen had a very large and a very profitable share in building this debt up is not a matter of much importance, for details of that kind can hardly be taken into consideration in deciding national policy. But that the French, by their own confession, are misusing a financial trust in order to obtain for themselves a political gain is a very interesting thing indeed, and we cannot have it too distinctly attested under France's hand and seal.

O'BRIEN *v.* THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.

AFTER all, it is still possible for an Irishman, even an Irishman infected with the black stain of Nationalism, to exhibit decided traces of what has been deplored as extinct under the title of Irish humour. The martyr of Tullamore is certainly the last person, except perhaps Mr. PARNELL, whom one would have expected to become the channel of so happy a revival, and the personal element of unexpectedness makes his having done so all the more pleasing. After all that has been written and said by and of the Parnellites, and particularly by and of the editor of our chaste contemporary *United Ireland*, it was a piece of genuine facetiousness on the part of Mr. O'BRIEN to sue the PRIME MINISTER for slander for having said that Mr. O'BRIEN had recommended an audience in Co. Tipperary to promote the cause of Irish Nationalism by murder and other crimes of violence. It may be that the action was part of a dark and deliberate design to make evidence of the alleged partiality of English judges and jurymen. It may be, on the other hand, that Mr. O'BRIEN, bewildered at the calm credulity with which Englishmen have recently listened, or seemed to listen, to various sworn and unsworn statements of his own and his allies, determined to follow his luck to the uttermost, and see whether there was any conceivable degree of audacious Parnellite assertion which Englishmen would not stand. If the latter explanation be the true one, Mr. O'BRIEN may be a little disappointed; but he cannot actually be surprised that a British jury should have unhesitatingly endorsed Lord SALISBURY'S very moderate, and, indeed, rather commonplace, description of Mr. O'BRIEN'S burning utterances at Ballyneale.

Most likely the main question which the jury felt called upon to decide was what Lord SALISBURY had really said—that is, what was the natural meaning of the words he undoubtedly used. It is worth noticing on this point that a feeble effort has been made by some people to suggest that Lord SALISBURY showed a mean want of spirit or of straightforwardness in not putting aside the business of the country in general, and the Foreign Office in particular, in order to go down to Manchester and give the company there the pleasure of seeing him in the witness-box. It is urged, with a sort of verbal plausibility, that no one could tell what Lord SALISBURY meant so well as Lord SALISBURY himself. But the question at issue was, not what idea Lord SALISBURY wanted to convey to his audience, but what idea he did convey to them; and on this point he was not in the least a more valuable witness than any one else. What he said, in the course of a long speech, which was itself an incident in a long controversy, was that Mr. O'BRIEN practically advised certain people to commit certain crimes. Everybody with brains in his skull who read the speech—let alone following the controversy—could see that the proposition he conveyed to his hearers by these words, when set out at length, was as follows:—Mr. O'BRIEN advised his hearers to boycott landgrabbers: the boycotting of landgrabbers necessarily involves the commission of crime; therefore Mr. O'BRIEN practically advised the commission of crime. Nobody who heard or read Lord SALISBURY'S speech could suppose that he wanted it to be believed that Mr. O'BRIEN said in so many words:—"Shoot "landgrabbers; burn their houses; mutilate their cattle; "devastate their farms." If he had been able to quote from Mr. O'BRIEN any express words to that effect, he would of course have done so; but everybody who knows anything of politics knows that Mr. O'BRIEN is not fool enough to use such words as these in public. It is quite clear that the effect, as well as the intention, of Lord SALISBURY'S words was to convey in a compressed form the criticism upon Mr. O'BRIEN'S speech which is expanded above, that the jury thought so, and were of opinion that in that obvious sense what Lord SALISBURY said was substantially true, or at the very least a fair comment on a matter of public importance. It is true that Mr. O'BRIEN endeavoured to maintain in the witness-box that it was possible to carry on boycotting without crime or the fear of crime, and that all he really recommended was an imitation of the conduct of persons who deal with the blue grocer and not with the buff grocer. The suggestion is an insult to the common sense of any one who has ever seen anything of boycotting in Ireland, or has ever taken the slightest trouble to find out anything about the aims and character of its procedure. There never was a boycotted man yet who would have suffered any serious inconvenience if people had not been afraid to deal with him, nor are people afraid to carry on their business for the ordinary considerations unless there is some ground of personal apprehension.

MR. BENZON'S HORSE.

THE division of a ship into a number of imaginary parts for purposes of ownership and investment is practically known to many persons whose acquaintance with maritime affairs has otherwise been strictly theoretical. The ship of the desert has not yet become the subject of Western speculation. But the ship of the racecourse has been divided by art, roughly following the lines of nature, into four parts. Mr. ERNEST BENZON, known to fame as the Jubilee Plunger, consoled a friend for some temporary disappointment by the encouraging remark, "Never mind, BILLY my boy, you "shall have a quarter of Kilworth." Kilworth is a steeplechaser of some renown, and the value of the quarter was 156*l.* 19*s.* The Jubilee Plunger, who, whatever else may be said of him, is a man of honour, was as good as his word, and Lord Justice LOPES has declared Mr. MOORE entitled to the money. SOLOMON would perhaps have tested the validity of the rival claims to this interesting animal by directing that he should be cut up, and his parts distributed as per alleged agreement. Lord Justice LOPES, having the fear of Mr. COLAM before his eyes and a number of legal precedents in his head, was content to determine that Mr. BENZON had intended to make the present he promised, and that the conditions of the gift were such as to render it a valid one. The case was an interpleader, the money being in the hands of Messrs. TATTERSALL, who desired directions as to which of two claimants was entitled to it. One, as we have indicated, was Mr. MOORE, who has succeeded in the suit. The other was Mr. COCHRANE, who, as Lord Justice LOPES puts it, "carries on a trade with "which most people have little sympathy." Money-lenders, however, have, as the Lord Justice kindly admitted, their rights; and perhaps, if it became impossible to-morrow for anybody to borrow anything except by overdrawing his account with his bankers, the world would not be much the happier or much the more prosperous. Mr. BENZON cannot be congratulated on his particular experience of the money-lending fraternity, unless, indeed, he really desired to run through his fortune in a year, and exorbitant interest helped him in his task. The slight and imperfect record of his transactions in this line which Lord Justice LOPES incorporated in his judgment may be of some advantage to ingenuous youth who do not study the maxims of POLONIUS. One TURNER, then, charged Mr. BENZON two thousand pounds for the loan of five thousand during two months, while COCHRANE, the plaintiff, required five hundred pounds for the accommodation of three thousand pounds, payable in one month. *Nosse omnia hæc*, as TERENCE and Mr. DISRAELI would say, *salus est adolescentulis*.

Lord Justice LOPES had two questions to decide, though his answer to the first made it strictly unnecessary to consider the second. But, adopting the principle for which Mr. Justice MANISTY was so unfairly attacked in the case of ADAMS *v.* COLERIDGE, the Lord Justice gave his decision upon the facts, in case he should be overruled upon the law. COCHRANE'S claim was founded on a bill of sale, which Lord Justice LOPES decided to be invalid, as having been obtained by fraud. But, according to Mr. MOORE, on whose behalf Mr. BENZON gave evidence, there was a valid donation of a quarter of the horse before the bill of sale

was granted, and, therefore, even if the bill had been good, the prior gift would have prevailed. It was argued that there could not be a valid gift of an individual part of a chattel; and on this pleasing point, in which Mr. WEMMICK would have delighted, there seems, oddly enough, to be no authority. "In the present case," says Lord Justice LOPES, with almost more than judicial gravity, "there "was not, and could not be, actual delivery." Certainly there could not, in the lifetime of the horse, whose interest in the proceedings as a fourth party would have begun with any attempt to "deliver" this fraction of portable property. But it seems that presents may be made and, we presume, debts paid, or prices estimated, in terms of horse as well as in terms of gold. This ought to furnish the bimetallists with a new grievance, since only very small sums can be legally liquidated in the silver they love so well. It has further been found by the Court that the bill of sale produced by COCHRANE to prove his right to the whole horse was obtained by false representations, Mr. BENZON being told that it was a mortgage, and would not be registered. In plain English, the Lord Justice accepted Mr. BENZON'S story and disbelieved COCHRANE on his oath. Now money-lending is not to most men an attractive calling. If people really had, as in the Platonic myth, to choose their own lives periodically, few would select that particular one. But there is no reason in the nature of things why a money-lender should not be honest. The abolition of the usury laws was supported by the most enlightened politicians of the day, on the express ground that bad security must, and always would, whatever Acts of Parliament might provide, mean a high rate of interest. But it is a little surprising that an individual money-lender should have cared to fight the case of COCHRANE *v.* MOORE.

CRETE.

IT would appear that the machinations which have been going on in Crete for some time have been at last successful; and that actual armed insurrection has broken out in the island. The necessities of Mr. GLADSTONE no longer requiring horror at "atrocities," but a languid interest has been taken in the doings of the brutal Turk lately by Gladstonians. But even the measureless credulity and the audacious falsification of a dozen years ago could make nothing particularly atrocious out of the present state of Crete. The island has autonomy in a very large degree, the Christian inhabitants are more numerous than their Mahommedan compatriots, are of the same race (whatever that race may be called), are quite capable in every respect of taking care of themselves. The disturbances, so far as they have any real cause, are partly mere faction fights, partly a struggle for place and office, by no means un-Irish in its general character, partly the result of a desire, perhaps genuine in origin, but certainly stimulated by artificial means, to get rid of the name of Turkish rule and the fact of Mahommedan "ascendency." Turkey, on the other hand, is not understood to be at all desperately set on retaining a possession which is now very little good to her, and a constant source of trouble. No one seems to think of Cretan independence, and it may be admitted that there would be some chance of the island becoming a Mediterranean Hayti, even if its valuable harbours did not tempt some of the Mediterranean Powers to take liberties with them. No one of these Powers would acquiesce in an arrangement for its possession by any other, and though many Cretans would like an English protectorate, though the island would be useful to England, and though English rule would certainly be a blessing to it, the curious pusillanimity which seems to have come over our nation (fortunately it has come over it at intervals before and has disappeared) almost unanimously cries out upon the idea. It may be observed, however, that the precedent of the Ionian Islands, instead of being against the scheme, is in favour of it. The fault in that case was not in the taking, but in the giving up; the benefits received by Corfu and its sister islands during the protectorate are undenied, and it is unanimously admitted that they have distinctly receded under their union with Greece.

But England being too poor-spirited to take it, and all other claimants being out of the question, it appears to be thought that in this way or that Crete must become Greek. Why it should become Greek is not much more obvious than why it should become Kamtschatkan. Every scholar knows that the original connexion between island and mainland in the days when Greece was Greece, and not a heterogeneous medley of races, mostly, if not wholly, barbarian in origin, was of the loosest description. In the half-century and more which has passed since Greece was reconstituted by diplomatists no very clear signs of her being able to manage dependencies and outlying provinces have been given, and the exploits of the Greeks in the abortive squabble which tried to break out a year or two ago between her and Turkey did not show any great capacity of managing a possibly rebellious minority. But the doctrine that if a population only behaves itself sufficiently badly something must be done for it, appears to have obtained a firm hold on the mind of the persons who are now called statesmen. The conduct of Turkey has not been, and is not, wholly wise; for the Porte seems to have got more and more into the suicidal habit of trying to play off its enemies against its friends. But it cannot be too clearly understood that for urging "persecution" of any kind on the part of the nominally ruling Power there is in the present instance not a rag of pretence. Whatever happens in Crete, nothing can happen which will reasonably further that restoration of the Cross on St. Sophia for which some of our Philhellenes and Slavophils (the Hellene proper would not have relished his modern friends' promiscuity of taste) declare that they would gladly consent to see Dr. PARKER in the Cathedral of Canterbury. A naturally turbulent population, with a Government not very strong and afraid to use what strength it has, has for some time been "spoiling for a fight," and has now indulged itself.

REPORTING IN THE LORDS.

IN the summer of 1880 a rash spirit of innovation seized upon the Peerage of the United Kingdom. The House of Commons had just undergone one of its periodical vicissitudes, and the Lords seemed to be afraid that, if they remained as they were much longer, the curse would come upon them, as it came upon the Lady of Shalott. So they looked about for something handy, and their eyes fell upon the reporters. Surely the reporters were too far off, or too high up, or too much inclined to take refuge in the excuse that "the noble Lord's remarks were inaudible in "the gallery." Attempts were made to plant the reporters out in various parts of the sacred edifice—we mean the gilded Chamber. Little structures appeared on either side of the House, bearing no very remote resemblance to those temporary erections on which murderers pay the last penalty of the law. Some irreverent persons suggested the top of the Throne as a convenient watch-tower for the picturesque "descriptionist," and that staunch Conservative, the late Lord REDESDALE, was currently reported to have drafted an amendment that the reporters should be placed upon the top of the House that day six months. But all these ingenious schemes fell through, and the innate Conservatism of the Upper House prevailed. It was discovered that the side galleries were not pretty, and that the reports in the daily papers were no fuller than they had been before. The amateur scaffolds went the way of all wood, and the Peers fell back upon the old principle, that what the public really demand those who cater for the public are sure to provide. Nine years have passed, and again the world is reminded of the *spretæ injuria vocis*. By a curious coincidence, which of course disproves the humble theory we have just enunciated, the Duke of ARGYLL regards the reports as full enough, while Lord DENMAN finds them far too meagre. We are inclined to regret that Lord DENMAN has been fully reported only twice in five-and-thirty years. We should not have liked to miss the story of how he bought up all the copies of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. The world is not too full of harmless amusement, and Lord DENMAN'S speeches are not long. There was one, if we remember rightly, about riding across country against any Peer of his own weight, followed by a reference to pugilistic encounters, and to 50*l.*, which ought not to have been either partly or partially withheld. On the other hand, we cannot help sympathizing with Lord MORLEY, when the Chairman of Committees says that a full and literal report would add a new terror to addressing what the PRIME MINISTER describes as the most formidable audience in the world. The young Peers who are supposed to be deterred from speaking by thoughts of the chilly silence with which their speeches would be received might

find the presence of an official stenographer even more trying than the absence of cheers.

The Duke of ARGYLL is probably alone in his opinion that the acoustic properties of the House of Lords are good. What he means by calling them "too good" we have not the slightest idea—unless, indeed, they induce him to drop his voice at the ends of his sentences, whereby some of his monitory eloquence is lost. Very few peers are habitually audible. The Duke himself is, with the recent exception above indicated, one of them. Lord SALISBURY is another, and Lord ROSEBERY is a third. Yet it is not long since a commonplace question and answer exchanged across the table by the two last-named peers was transformed by an ingenious gentleman sitting upstairs into a brilliant epigram, followed by a still more dazzling retort. It was at the time when Sir HENRY WOLFF was Envoy Extraordinary at Constantinople, and was preparing to leave unless the SULTAN signed the Egyptian Convention. "Is Sir HENRY," Lord ROSEBERY was made to ask, "in a state of suspended anima-"tion?" "I should rather say in a condition of animated "expectancy" were the words put into the mouth of HER MAJESTY'S SECRETARY of STATE for FOREIGN AFFAIRS. What actually passed was that Lord ROSEBERY put some question about Sir HENRY WOLFF'S future movements, and Lord SALISBURY replied, in the language of ordinary life, "I will telegraph and ask him, if you like." The debate or conversation of Tuesday last, rendered for ever memorable by the fact that Lord DERBY made a joke, arose out of the strange conduct of Lord MAR. Lord MAR, whose life is embittered by the contemporaneous existence of the Earl of MAR and KELLIE, has recently communicated to HANSARD a speech which so far resembles the Second Philippic that a good deal of it was never spoken. Attention being drawn to this circumstance, the representatives of "HANSARD" naturally reply that they cannot be responsible unless their reporters hear every word which is said, and that for that purpose they must have seats on the floor. Lord SALISBURY'S interesting and important speech, in which he pointed out that this country had been committed, and foreign Powers misled, by incorrect reports of Ministerial answers, deserves serious notice. In the House of Commons Ministers read their answers, and, if they are of special consequence, send them up to the Reporters' Gallery.

THE QUEEN *v.* BRIDGE.

THOSE persons to whom claptrap is nearly, if not quite, the most hateful thing in this world have too many sorrows and not enough joys nowadays. But on the morning of Tuesday last they must, if their souls be grateful, have thanked Providence, and, under Providence, the Queen's Bench Division. Every one remembers the squabble—but for certain circumstances it might have been called the trumpery squabble—between a journalist named SIMMS and the Duke of CAMBRIDGE on that memorable occasion when the wisdom of the London County Council in general, and of Colonel HOWARD VINCENT in particular, resulted in the mobbing of the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES. The Duke thought—wrongfully, it seems—that Mr. SIMMS was a rioter. Mr. SIMMS thought the Duke was violent. Mr. SIMMS ran against the Duke, and the Duke rejected Mr. SIMMS—with the actions, and perhaps with the expressions, natural to an elderly military person who is being run against by hatless unknowns. Probably, if Mr. SIMMS had quietly explained, and said he was sorry for running against the Duke, the Duke would have said he was sorry for collaring Mr. SIMMS. But Mr. SIMMS lives in a day when journalism, or a certain kind of journalism, thinks itself (as, indeed, in the French language it calls itself) a *sacerdoce*, and he proceeded against the profane Duke who had touched the ark and its priest. After trying Mr. SHEIL and Mr. VAUGHAN in vain, Mr. SIMMS got his application for a summons heard and dismissed by Mr. BRIDGE. Then, still in the sacerdotal frame of mind, he applied for a rule *nisi*, and it was granted, only to be now discharged. With Mr. SIMMS there is no reason for being angry. He was no doubt roughly treated, and persons who think they have a *sacerdoce* are apt to magnify their office. But when the rule *nisi* was originally granted, a judge, holding almost the most distinguished of judicial positions, took occasion to make remarks about all the QUEEN'S subjects being equal before the law. This could only mean, if it meant anything, that Mr. SIMMS'S advocates had reason in suggesting that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE'S rank had exercised, or might be thought to have exercised, an improper influence over the magistrate's mind. Mr. Justice DAY, refusing the mandamus, remarked, in simple and excellent words, that "in "his opinion there was not a particle of foundation for "such an imputation, and it ought not to have been made." He and his colleague also laid down the clear law that a magistrate's decision is not subject to review in this manner, though, if he has declined to decide, he may be made to do so by the Queen's Bench.

The fact is, as every one who has his right judgment knows, that if there is any inequality between the QUEEN'S subjects at the present day, it is an inequality of an exactly opposite kind to that which Mr. SIMMS'S injudicious friends suggested, and which Lord COLERIDGE, by his manner of deprecation, seemed indirectly to recognize. We have changed many things, but in few is the change so remarkable as here. Under the influence of cant, that which is a choleric word in the soldier has become flat blasphemy in the captain. We should stone AHAB now if he declined to make NABOTH an allotment out of the palace gardens. We (that is to say, not we, but other people) solemnly question the political status of the House of Lords, because some youthful peer plays baccarat at three o'clock in the morning, though it has not been, that we know of, suggested that clerks or shopkeepers who gamble should be deprived of their political rights. When a man of the lower class insults a woman, he gets his few months' imprisonment, and comes out to resume his business not a penny the worse; but if the offender is of the upper, we break off his professional career, inflict a huge pecuniary fine on him, and let him have no place of repentance, though he seek it with exemplary conduct and the most heroic deeds. In every case the presumption of popular opinion, and even the operation of the ordinary law, is against the "person of quality," and in favour of the person of no quality. Perhaps this turn of the whirligig of time is as just as it is certainly in a sense comical. But, at any rate, "no preachee and floggee too" is sound sense; and it is rather hard that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE should not only be worried by legal proceedings of which had he been a nobody he would not have been in the least danger, but be innuendoed as a proud privileged prince as well.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

AMONG the many railing accusations which have been drawn from the Gladstonians by the success of the Primrose League, even they have never been able to charge it with showing a tendency to any of the maladies which often beset prosperous political organizations. There have been no splits in its ranks, no cabals, no intrigues, none even of those private envies and jealousies which weaken the power of associations, even if they are not serious enough to dissolve them. The unity, the harmony of the Primrose League, and indeed of the Unionist party at large, is perfect, and there could not be a better time than the present for such a demonstration as that held at the Crystal Palace last Wednesday night. Mr. BALFOUR, who accompanied Lady SALISBURY to the evening fête and reception given in her honour, might well contrast those evidences of a united party with "the disorganization "and disintegration" of their opponents. That state of things in the Gladstonian camp was never more conspicuous than at the moment when Mr. BALFOUR was speaking—a moment when Radicals and official Liberals were at hopeless loggerheads; when we were hearing of "pressure" here and "pressure" there to induce men who are obstinately bent on breaking the line to "dress up"; and when gentlemen on the Front Opposition Bench were wavering in miserable mental uneasiness between the decencies of their places in the House and their fears for their popularity. The Gladstonians, as Mr. BALFOUR said, "belong by tradition to different "parties; they hold different opinions; they obey different "leaders; they work through different organizations." Nothing, in short, has hitherto kept them together except the bond of a confederated attack upon law and order in Ireland; and now that they feel that their repulse and rout can no longer be disguised, and that it is vain to renew the assault, they are breaking up like a defeated rebel army into little lawless bands, each fighting for its own hand, owning "no common leader, obeying no common word of "command, and neither formidable in attack nor powerful "in defence."

Sir William Harcourt's simultaneous observations on the internal condition of his party are not calculated to weaken the effect of Mr. Balfour's damaging criticisms. The fact is indeed that, while the earlier part of Sir William's speech at Hereford was an endeavour to rebut the charge of confusion and despondency by a display of forced jocularity which sat particularly ill upon a speaker who generally amuses himself, if he does not tickle other people, the concluding portion of it was a virtual admission of the unhappy state of things in the Gladstonian ranks and a recital of its causes. Sir William Harcourt's account of the dealings of the Government with the Royal Grants as "an unstatesmanlike muddle" is exactly one of those sallies which reveal the fact which he strives to hide. For this unstatesmanlike muddle is exactly the arrangement of which Sir William's revered leader was just about to express his almost unqualified approval—an approval of it, we may say, on every point except one which, as Mr. Gladstone admits, is a pure point of form. And it is just because Mr. Gladstone's late Chancellor of the Exchequer thinks it a muddle and his late Chief Secretary regards it as a trap, and nobody knows exactly what his other Front Bench colleagues think about it, or how they are going to vote on it—it is for these reasons, if Sir William pleases, that people are just now saying that the great Liberal party is not precisely a happy family. Perhaps, too, he might find, if he looked a little closer into matters, that there are other questions not quite so prominently before the English public on which the union of the party even inside, and certainly outside, the House of Commons is not quite so complete as he would like to believe. We do not propose to go back, at least in any detail, upon the proceedings at Edinburgh last Saturday, and on Mr. Parnell's brazen attacks upon a tribunal by which he has been treated with a scrupulous fairness that would have reduced any one but an Irish agitator to ashamed silence. We only refer to the subject, first, in order to take note of an ex-Solicitor-General's declaration that the country had no occasion to wait for the Report of the Commission, that it had stopped the case, and was quite prepared to give its verdict, which was not likely to be altered by the Report of the Commission; and, secondly, in order to suggest to Sir William Harcourt that the whole of the Edinburgh proceedings of last week are matters on which he would be well advised to say as little as possible; inasmuch as the particular stroke of sharp practice which the central Schnadhorsts and the local Walcots have succeeded in bringing off is now more and more clearly proving itself to have been one of those clever blunders which the Schnadhorsts and Walcots of the world are always committing, and by which they will in this case lose much more in the real bitterness they have created than in the sham enthusiasm they have worked up.

Within a day or two of Mr. Parnell's elevation to the citizenship of Edinburgh the programme of the "New "Irish Defence League" was given to the world. Its language, we may at once admit, is such as need give no alarm even to that scrupulous Bailie, Mr. Legality Walcot himself. The object of the League, says the second paragraph of this document, is to counteract by "legal means "all combinations of landlords used to exact excessive "rents, to extort unjust arrears, or to impose inequitable "terms of purchase, to stimulate eviction, or in any way to "destroy or imperil the security of tenants in their hold-"ings." It is, perhaps, doubtful whether the Tenants' League will wait for "combinations of landlords" to take action before commencing operations of their own; but that is a little matter on which we need not insist. If the promoters of the Plan of Campaign had confined themselves to counteracting by "legal means" the efforts of landlords to obtain their rent (a process which would have included advice to the tenants to refrain under any circumstances from resisting the execution of the decrees of the law), their assumption of the initiative and the offensive would have been readily enough condoned. The salient point in the programme, and the one which appears to have impressed itself most deeply on certain innocent English critics, is the strict propriety of the aims which the League have set before themselves. Mr. Parnell has been complimented on "re-entering" the paths of loyalty; and in terms which really almost seem to imply that his eulogists had been looking for another No Rent Manifesto, or had expected him to put into a document intended largely for English readers the same sort of language of which Mr. O'Brien delivers himself on the eve and the scene of an Irish eviction. It is, of course, quite unnecessary to spend much time over the precise wording of the Rules and Regulations of the "New Irish Defence League"; and it is most foolish to enlarge admiringly on the fact that the agrarian struggle in Ireland, if it be actually and exclusively fought out on the tenant's side upon the lines of this programme, will actually for the first time assimilate itself to the orderly and lawful process of a strike of English workmen. Of course it will—*if* it be actually and exclusively fought out on the lines in question. But who believes that it is going to be? Or who can believe this without also believing (which, of course, may possibly be the case) that the campaign against landlordism is about to be dropped altogether, and that the programme is only designed to put a good face on the retreat? One thing we may regard as absolutely certain, that if Mr. O'Brien and his friends do really intend to continue the prosecution of that campaign in earnest, they will not confine themselves within the limits of the programme. They will not confine themselves to advising tenants threatened with eviction, and assisting tenants who have already been evicted. They will, as before, encourage tenants to resist eviction, and they will do their utmost to get up eviction "scenes." If they do not do this, it will simply mean, as we have said, that the campaign is no longer to be prosecuted in earnest, but that the engineers of the movement see their way to making use of it as a pretext for raising the wind. The money that they can collect from the tenants for this purpose will come in very usefully for political objects, and it may be these objects which Mr. Parnell, who has long ceased his direct connexion with agrarian agitation, has in view.

THE MODERN VOTER.

WE are not particularly enamoured of the Tithe Bill which Ministers have introduced and on which they seem to be strangely set; although, as we pointed out last week, the opposition to it commends itself to us even less than the Bill. It is, by confession of its champions, a small and partial measure, and it is by no means certain that it will not tend to stamp in and aggravate the perfectly erroneous impression, so long traded on by demagogues and Dissenters, that the occupier and not the owner pays tithe. The facts, of course, are entirely the other way; the real state of the case being that the owner of land not tithe-free is really the owner of but nine-tenths of his nominal estate, and that the tenant has in reality two landlords, to one of whom he pays nine-tenths and the other the remaining tenth of the sum due from him. If the subject is meddled with at all, the commutation and redemption of tithe, once for all, would seem to be the best plan.

But the action of Mr. W. T. Twidell, of Mays Farm, Wallingford, which has given great joy to some Liberationists, has a bearing which is far more extensive and important than its bearing on this mere question of tithes. Mr. Twidell, it seems, wrote to Mr. Parker, the member for his division of Oxfordshire, informing him that he personally should at the next election "use what-"ever influence he possesses in the district against any "candidate who may have supported such a one-sided "measure without taking into consideration the question of "the re-settlement of the tithe, and also the redemption of "the same." The rest of the correspondence affects the matter hardly at all. Mr. Parker was probably right in pointing out that the tithe-payer as such—that is to say, the man who pays his just debts, and not the man who refuses to pay them—will be no worse off. The interesting thing is that Mr. Twidell thinks that he will—thinks also that, instead of being worse off, he ought to be better, and tells Mr. Parker, in effect, that he, Mr. Twidell, will vote against him, Mr. Parker, and make others so vote, if Mr. Parker does not oblige with *his* vote in Parliament. There is, of course, nothing new in this; it is what is done by almost all classes of voters, and it constitutes the main difficulty in the way of honest and independent discharge of the duties of a member of Parliament. But it is very seldom that the threat is made in such a naïve and open fashion. It is, in fact, no doubt quite as much a breach of the trust imposed by the possession of a vote to use it, as many faddists do, for furthering their fads. But they have at least a specious pretext (with which they duly cover themselves) of believing that these fads are for the national benefit. The temperance faddist says that he believes, and in some cases of abnormal folly perhaps

does believe, that England will never be merry England till it is impossible for a thirsty man to get a glass of beer. The faddist in loathsome diseases in the same way believes, or pretends to believe, that something dreadful will happen to "the conscience of the country" if some thousands of reckless boys are not permitted to ruin their own health and that of generations unborn by contracting easily preventible maladies. Even the Home Ruler can sometimes disclaim any personal interest in Home Rule. But Mr. TWIDELL, though he pays to virtue the homage of talking about "the interests of British agricul-"ture," has the merit of quite openly and honestly regarding his influence, including apparently his vote, as an engine by which he can secure the payment of less money to the tithe-owner and the retention of more by the tithe-payer. Even he, perhaps, does not see that his actual words and his threatened action mean this, and nothing else—that he wants to pay, say, twenty pounds instead of twenty-five, and is afraid of being made to pay twenty-five pounds instead of twenty. And if any one were to say to him—This is exactly the same as if you said to Mr. PARKER "Give me a "five-pound note, or I will use my influence against you," Mr. TWIDELL would, no doubt, be intensely and sincerely indignant. If Mr. PARKER in his turn offered him the five-pound note, Mr. TWIDELL would doubtless, if he wears the top-boots of a British farmer, apply those articles to his respected member's person. Yet, if Mr. TWIDELL or any one else can tell us the difference between the two things, we shall be most heartily obliged.

"THE MYSTERIOUS ALBUM": IN ONE VOLUME.

A "COMMEMORATIVE ALBUM" is a gift with which even the oldest and grandest of grand old statesmen is not presented every day; and, when the donors of that gift are the great undivided and fragmentary Liberal party, it is natural that they should wish to show that, like TODGERSES, "they can do it when they choose, mind that." But just as the glories of the Shield of ACHILLES were eclipsed by the verse of the poet who sang of them, so the wonders of the Commemorative Album seem tame and commonplace beside the marvellous piece of prose in which they have been celebrated by the descriptive reporter of the *Daily News*. The first page of the Album, says this inspired writer, is "a general rehearsal, by the medium of a "scroll taking the form of a capital G, of the works in "which Mr. GLADSTONE, the foremost statesman of the age, "has taken part." That, it will be admitted, is pretty good for a first page. Not content with being "a general re-"hearsal" *simpliciter*, it has aspired, and successfully aspired, to the even more difficult function of being "a "general rehearsal by the medium of a scroll." And this is how the scroll, or the general rehearsal—it is not clear which—proceeds to conduct itself. In the first place, it sets up "a parent stem," around which wreaths "give the "names of the distinguished couple for whom this work "of art has been made ready." Then leaves sprout from this parent stem, and lo! "on the midrib of the leaves "of the scroll" are found "reminders of the Income-tax, "Budget, and Succession Duties Act." Having dwelt awhile on the tender recollections which these names inspire, we follow the midrib further; but it has little more to remind us of, for "at Free-trade this particular branch "stops." Another, however, "tends in a different direction, "arriving at the Oxford University Act (with the Arms of "Oxford), and the French Treaty (with the Lion and "Eagle)." This branch, however, of the leaves of the scroll is a better stayer than the midrib of the general rehearsal. It takes us to "the Abolition of the Paper-duties (symbo-"lized by the People's Edition of Sir WALTER SCOTT, Mr. "GLADSTONE'S favourite author), the Ballot Act, Abolition "of Purchase, *Alabama* Arbitration (with a ship symbolical "of that notorious ocean incendiary), Educational Agricul-"tural Holdings, Employers' Liability, Corrupt Practices "(introducing the famous axe), and Franchise Acts." There is plenty for the subscribers' money here, and those who have done admiring the "Educational Agricultural Hold-"ings," and that notorious ocean incendiary the *Alabama* Arbitration, will find fresh scope for their faculty of wonder in the introduction of the famous Corrupt Practices axe.

The second page of the Commemorative Album is a more excellent song than the first. Here "Home Rule is "accentuated by the Irish Harp, crowned with her cap of "Liberty." This accent, which is also a "symbolic scroll," starts "with the tender green of youth"—emblematic, perhaps, of the infant sprouts of Separatist conviction which began to "push" in Gladstonian breasts when their leader found salvation—"and proceeds onward through a "gradation of colour to the rich russet of autumn." The next page presents "a fine drawing of Hawarden Castle, "with a good deal of young bracken in the foreground"; and the artist who has taken possession of the next has managed to indicate, by "delightful allegory, the debt laid "upon Mr. GLADSTONE by the study of HOMER and DANTE, "and the manner in which some portion of the debt has "been paid by his exertions on behalf of modern Greece "and Italy." This delightful allegory, which, in less imaginative hands (the writer's style is catching), might perhaps have taken the shape of an illuminated I.O.U., accompanied by a decorative receipt on account, consists of "emblematic figures," "surrounded by a vast amount of "miniature detail that makes one think of an old Italian "missal." But it is unquestionably page 5 which deserves, as this poet would say, to be crowned with the cake. It contains a "series of sketches illustrating the distresses of Ire-"land"—not those represented in the eighty odd portraits which appeared in the illustrated papers at the opening of the PARNELL Commission, but others alleged to be even more baneful. "In the upper part of the design is a figure "of the right hon. gentleman as ST. GEORGE fighting the "ugly dragon of Oppression with the axe of Home Rule. "Every coil of the reptile's body"—let the reader prepare himself—"reveals a fact"; and these facts are "Tyranny, "Rack-rents, Evictions, Battering-rams, Bayonets, Castle "Government, Coercion, Police Brutailty, Prosecutions, "Prisons." In the grip of this ideal, and at the same time matter-of-fact, dragon, "Erin, green-robed, writhes in her "agony, stretching out her arms in supplication to her de-"fender." On the right and left, "figures of Irish peasants "support a shields," recording the dates of beneficent Gladstonian measures, while at the bottom England and Ireland clasp hands, while a "red-capped god of love" makes the union of hands also a union of hearts. And here we will leave them. Words would spoil the image. Let us muse in silence on the green-robed Erin, and Mr. GLADSTONE at war with facts, on CUPID in a Phrygian cap, and the Irish peasant supporting a shields. But we should like to tell that dragon, with his coils of "facts," that, much as he may pride himself on their involutions, the right hon. ST. GEORGE could teach him a thing or two in the art of twisting them.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

EVEN when one is opposing nonsense it is advisable to be discreet in using it oneself, though occasionally it has a solid value. All that was said by the shareholders who attended the meeting of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway on Wednesday for the purpose of voting against Mr. ALLEN did not justify its utterance. Mr. ALLEN did an unwise thing when he tried to stop Sunday excursion trains. He supported his unwise motion by many foolish remarks, and when he went on to speculate as to the death-bed thoughts of the Chairman, he became distinctly offensive in the greasy way characteristic of some religious people. Still it was no answer to his folly to shout "Shut "up!" "That's enough! we thought so!" (an inane remark at all times), and so forth. Neither do we see much point in the criticism that only about 1,300 out of some 10,000 servants are engaged in Sunday work; for, if the thing is wrong in itself, it is as wrong for one as for 10,000. When also the Company gravely announces that not for 60,000*l.* a year would it employ its men on Sunday if it really believed the work was bad for their brains and nerves, the tongue of the sceptical hearer is almost irresistibly impelled to nestle in his cheek. The hands of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway are well treated, no doubt—partly because the Directors, like most English gentlemen, are not fiends, but much more because there are judges scattered up and down the country, and because good railway servants are not so easy to get but that they can make terms for themselves. Those of Mr. ALLEN'S hearers who talked about men worshipping GOD in the green fields, or swarming into pot-houses if they were not allowed to go in excursion trains, descended to his own intellectual level. A man does not go for a day's outing in order to pray, and a painful experience has taught that there is no natural incompatibility between the excursionist and the pothouse.

The one solid reason why Sunday travelling should not

be put a stop to is that a great many persons wish to travel on a Sunday. They go for various reasons—some from necessity, others for business, others to church (in the neighbourhood of London very commonly), others, again, because they want a walk or a pull on the river. There are people who hold that none of these reasons justify the use of a train on a Sunday. It is an opinion like another. For the present it does not happen to be the opinion of the majority, that is all. The common illogical kind of Sabbatarian holds that some form of conveyance may be used, but not others; some form of exercise taken, but not others. With him or her it is idle to argue. The only judicious course is to abstain from discussion, and be tender of his or her prejudices whenever they do not impose excessive annoyance on yourself. The use of Sunday excursion trains is due to the fact (which we now reveal for the first time) that many people who like to have a day in the country cannot conveniently go on any other. As they have not yet been persuaded that the act is sinful, or have even thoughtlessly stopped short at the consideration that it is pleasant, they go on doing it. As long as they remain of this mind, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway may be expected to serve them, since, in fact, it is a common carrier and not a censor of morals. We have not yet heard that Mr. ALLEN wants to stop the omnibuses on a Sunday; and we fail to see what moral difference there is between taking a 'bus to Barnes and walking to Richmond, or taking a train to Brighton and walking on the Downs. One argument there is for stopping Sunday excursion trains which has a certain force. It is based on the annoyance felt by those who live in the train's place of destination when they are invaded by a crowd of town people, generally depressed, sometimes noisy, and occasionally drunken. But we cannot recommend the argument for common use. It sounds ill in these days: and, after all, our fellow-subjects may be depressed if they like; it is idle to hope that some of them will ever give up being noisy; and, as long as they do not commit assault and battery, it does not greatly signify if they are drunk. The remedy is to take a train out, or a boat, when they are expected. There is small fear that the ordinary excursionist will wander far from the neighbourhood of his provisions.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S CASE.

IT is to be hoped that few people will be tempted (though the temptation is rather in the way of the average Englishman dealing with what he does not understand) to see in the proceedings which during the present week have occupied the curiously constituted Court that is trying Bishop KING anything like an attempt to evade the issue. Those modest persons who are content with authority may perhaps be satisfied with the announcement that the Bishop of SALISBURY (than whom no member of the Court is better qualified, and only one qualified as well) approved the contention of Sir WALTER PHILLIMORE that a bishop officiating in his own diocese is not merely a "minister" under the terms of various Acts. Moreover, it is to be remembered that the prosecution itself relies wholly and solely on *mauvaises chicanes*. It would appear that the ARCHBISHOP, "inaugurating" (as they say now) a new procedure for what is practically a new Court, is going to depend chiefly on common sense. That may or may not be a dangerous innovation; but it is hardly the Church Association which has most reason to rejoice at it. It is not common sense which in recent times has decreed that "shall be retained, and be in use," means "shall not be retained, and if used shall impose imprison-"ment and other penalties on the user," or which declares that when a man speaks of "side" he means "end." When prosecutors indulge in quillets of the law after this fashion, it is more than permissible to meet them with their own weapons; but the end of these things will not be yet.

If it were possible to hope for any eirenicon in a matter where there is much of the densest stupidity on one side, and we fear we must say no small amount of feather-headedness on the other, some opportunity might be given by a letter from (*quod minime reris*, to complete a quotation of his own) the Dean of PETERBOROUGH to the *Guardian* of this week. Dr. PEROWNE has undoubtedly proposed the best *modus vivendi* that has yet been thought of, or rather has put into definite form the practice or the aspiration of the most intelligent Churchmen, by his suggestion that the Ornaments Rubric shall be formally admitted by Convocation (and, we suppose, by Parliament) as a permissible maximum of ritual, it being, with equal formality, understood (it will have to be formulated too) that surplice, hood, and stole shall be a permissible minimum. This is so entirely in the spirit of the Church of England, and so entirely in unison with the practice of her best sons, that it is impossible to imagine any objection to it that is worth taking into consideration. Such objections, indeed, can only come from three classes of persons, no one of which has a real *locus standi* in the joint forum of intellect and conscience. There may be "Ritual-"ists" who are not satisfied with the Ornaments Rubric, and who wish for "fancy franchises" in ritual of this and that origin. If there be such, they may be abandoned by any intelligent Churchman to the tender mercies of Lord GRIMTHORPE—which are cruel. There may be some who, as it has been suggested, would fain compel every incumbent of a Simeon Trustees' living to wear a chasuble—in which case they are guilty of exactly the same fault which is now chargeable on their adversaries. There are unluckily and notoriously many—the Church Association being their mouthpiece—who, from a combination of ignorance, fanaticism, and folly, will object to, will certainly object to, the enlargement of the maximum, just as we have admitted that some will possibly object to the contraction of the minimum. But the proposed arrangement would at once meet the view of the highest Churchman and of the lowest Churchman who is in each case a rational being, with a knowledge of history, a sense of loyalty to the Church, and a desire for liberty of conscience and not liberty of persecution. If objection to it comes from any quarter, it will probably come from that quarter which knows that its own pretensions, unless sustained by common informers and legal quibbles, must decrease and be destroyed. It is not there that Churchmen, in the proper sense of the word, are to be found, any more than they are to be found in the other quarter which demands license to indulge in a pseudo-Catholic will-worship according to each man's fancy.

PROVIDENT SOCIETIES.

WHEN, in the course of the brief conversation on Mr. BRADLAUGH's motion last Tuesday for a Committee of inquiry into the management of Friendly Societies, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER expressed his hope that "there would be no panic on this important point," he indicated a real and serious danger. For there is undoubtedly some risk of a panic, and it is beyond all question that a panic would do great mischief. Since the failure of the Cardiff Bank there has been a series of scandals of the same kind, ending in the business of the Yorkshire Provident Insurance Company, which has just been brought before the House. As it has been handed over to the Public Prosecutor it is not a fit subject for comment. But even without this one example there is evidence enough to show that these Building, Friendly, and Provident Societies, established to promote thrift, are particularly liable to suffer from fraud and mismanagement. Many were set up under charitable amateur guidance, and what that means when the first flash of enthusiasm is over we know from the history of the Cardiff Bank.

Undoubtedly there is enough known to make a panic possible, and even excusable. It is also undeniable that Parliament has to some extent made itself responsible for these concerns by special legislation and encouragement. For that reason, if for no other, it would only be doing its duty by taking further steps to see that they are kept solvent by honest and intelligent management. It would even do good service by saving small investors from still worse loss by proving that these enterprises are doomed to failure by the conditions of business, if that is the disagreeable truth. At the same time, the case requires wary going, as Mr. GOSCHEN reminded Mr. BRADLAUGH. Well-intentioned haste might only aggravate the mischief. The appointment of a Committee on Provident Insurance Societies might only bring on a panic, in which quite solvent concerns might be ruined. Mr. BRADLAUGH cannot want such a thing to happen. The course which the Ministry has decided to take is probably the wisest it could have selected. Legal proceedings will be taken in one flagrant case, and Government will wait for the report of the Committee on Friendly Societies before going further. In the meantime it will listen to whatever

Mr. Bradlaugh has to say. By following this course it will avoid the danger of promoting panic and will not stop inquiry. It is at least fair to refuse to take it for granted that the Provident Insurance Societies deserve all the severe things said of them by the member for Northampton. Sooner or later, however, whether in consequence of the Report by the Committee already sitting or on some other impulse, by this Ministry or another, the whole question of people's savings banks and other institutions for the promotion of thrift will require to be overhauled. It is only too certain that a great many of them, whether founded with charitable intentions and allowed to drift into the hands of scamps, or started by volunteers with no sufficient knowledge, or set going by astute persons with more knowledge of a certain kind than is good for their clients, are in a bad financial condition. There seems to be too much reason to believe that others which may not be unsound make mean profits by trading on the ignorance of their clients. The existence of such bodies is no benefit to the country in any way, and assuredly does no good to the cause of thrift. Mr. Bradlaugh was quite justified in pointing out that the ordinary legal remedies are in most of these cases rendered illusory by the ignorance and poverty of the victims. But this consideration does not make the course of the Ministry any the smoother. It cannot well propose to make all provident insurance for the poor Government concerns, and yet it is responsible for them as it is not for ordinary banking. If Mr. Goschen gives his mind to the question in the recess, he may find in it the materials for a financial measure not less important than his Budgets. Not the worst result of the fears and inquiries would be the extension in England of People's Banks on the Schulze-Delitzsch system which are now being recommended. They at least have been tried and have stood the test.

BOULANGISM.

Boulangism, so the Correspondents write, was denounced here and also there this week. Several parts of France had the advantage of hearing the sinful thing told its fact. This piece of information may be believed on evidence less good than the word of English newspaper Correspondents. Denunciations of Boulangism are likely to be stock incidents in the French political comedy for some months to come—possibly for some years. For the present it will be denounced in more ways than one. The speechmaking way is not the only resource of the General's enemies for the present. It is not, however, to be neglected, and so, while taking active measures of another description, MM. Rouvier and Floquet have begun, the first at Grasse, near Cannes, and the second in the Aisne, to explain to the electors what Boulangism is, and what a fatal mistake they will make if they vote for it. There is, we presume, no particular need to repeat the opinions of these gentlemen as to the merits of Boulangism. All the world is by this time familiar with the truth that a movement which can only succeed by obtaining the support of a majority of voters is an outrage on free institutions. Neither do we learn for the first time that Boulangism, being interpreted, means Cæsarism, and its inevitable result disastrous war. The efficacy of these two arguments will depend on whether the peasantry have or have not come to the conclusion that some form of Cæsarism, as the Parliamentary Republicans call it, would not be preferable to prolonged maladministration by Parliamentary persons working with the Radical goad in their backs. Everything will depend on the peasantry, and nobody can tell how they will decide. What evidence there is goes to show that not a few of them, at least, are thoroughly disgusted with such government as they have had of late years, and are inclined to believe that any change would be a change for the better. They may learn, too, if they did not know it before, from his speech that M. Floquet is as much in favour of a policy of adventure as the brave General himself. He began by arguing that Revision was needed, just as the common Boulangist does. It is possible that those by whose authority the Revision will at least nominally be made may not think it necessary that the general overturn should be conducted exactly on the lines approved by M. Floquet.

Methods of denunciation other than speeches, and more immediately effective, are not wanting. Government can dismiss officials whose cards and letters of congratulation have been found in the Boulangist archives seized by the police. The ultimate effect of this measure, vigorous as it looks, will depend on several considerations. It is beyond question that Government officials who lend active electioneering help or give information to political enemies of their chiefs must expect to be dismissed when detected. No doubt also, if there is a Civil servant in France who was so foolish as to send a letter to the brave General beginning with the words "Ave Cæsar, Imperator!" the Minister may be excused for proving to him that he might as well have added the remainder of the tag—in an official sense. But it is not proved as yet that all the purged Government clerks were guilty of such plain misconduct or folly as this. We have yet to learn the date of their letters of congratulation, and on that a good deal depends. If, for instance, they were written when the General had just been appointed to the Clermont-Ferrand command, in what sense can they be said to constitute an offence? The question will be still more pertinent if any of them are found to be dated during the period in which the Radical leaders were themselves the General's friends. Moreover, there is this inconvenience in these "epurations," that it is notoriously so difficult to stop them. When a feast of this kind is on the board, the appetite of a Government's unofficial supporters is apt to come with eating. The purge which began by being a disciplinary measure may, under pressure from volunteer advisers, be the means of giving the sorely tried administrative machinery of France yet another shock. Fresh indictments keep pace with epurations, and M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire is as busy as ever in the preparation of further charges of peculation. This, again, is an effective method of denunciation up to a certain point, and in favourable circumstances. It will do if there are good proofs at the back of it, and if they are promptly produced. It will serve without proofs if there is a strong predisposition to believe M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire. Of the existence of this disposition there is, however, no evidence, and beyond all doubt the Ministry has shown no great haste in bringing its accusation to the test in court. The General, as a matter of course, defends himself with his usual weapons, which are counter-charges and candidatures. To the Procureur-General, who brings sweeping charges, he answers sweepingly that the said Procureur is a pitiful rogue, and that his employers are even as he. It has been complained that the General has not answered the charges of peculation in detail; but as yet they are not themselves supported by evidence, and deserve no more than a round denial. To judge from the line taken by the Boulangist press, it would appear that the only charge the party is afraid of is that one which accuses the General of misuse of the treasury of the War Office. They explain that he only used his official discretion in spending the fund for public purposes. It will, of course, be the duty of M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire to prove that he did not use his discretion, but did make a definite misuse of the nation's money. When the evidence appears we shall know which side is right. As for that part of the General's defence which consists of candidature for eighty seats in the Departmental Councils, it is easy to show how absurd it is. If he wishes to test his popularity fairly, he should stand for eighty seats taken at random, and not for just the fourscore which he can pick with confidence. His election will prove nothing, though his defeat would be a bad sign for him. But to all these criticisms it is enough to answer that the General's popularity is not a matter of reason and logic, but of passion and semi-rebellion. It has answered well with him to be elected, re-elected, and elected yet again already, and he may well conclude that it will continue to serve him. His return will make a demonstration, which is precisely what he wants.

The time is at hand when the issue must be tried. Within three months at the furthest, perhaps within a few weeks, we shall know whether France has elected for another adventure or for a continuance of the late and present welter. There is also this subdivision of the main question—if the decision is for the adventure, will it be the Radical or the Boulangist one—the Revision according to M. Floquet or the Revision according to M. Boulanger? In either case the outlook is utterly uncertain and the alternative is dismal. One piece of evidence there is to indicate, if not how the election will go, at least in what spirit it will be conducted. In every part of France Royalist opposition candidates are retiring in favour of Boulangists and Bonapartists. They show that they think themselves bound by the terms of the alliance arranged by Baron

MACKAU to give way wherever they are not already in possession—and sometimes even when they are apparently. This abnegation and self-sacrifice, as it is called, in the somewhat inflated style of French political discussion, is a matter of lamentation to the *Gazette de France*, and a text for many taunts in the Republican press. If the Royalists answer quite frankly, they will probably tell the *Gazette de France* that the severe regard for principles, consistency, and character which it recommends is very pretty, no doubt, on paper, but that in practice it has spelt impotence for the Royalists for a half-century, and that they are tired of impotence. They can only make their influence felt in politics by holding a candle to the Boulangist devil or the Radical; and of the two they prefer the first. To the Republicans they answer that, when a dog has to be beaten, and there is only one available stick, it must be bought at the market price. They want to beat the Republican dog, and will pay whatever is asked for the Boulangist stick. To jeer at this line of conduct is easy, but futile; for, if the course of the Royalists is not heroic or dignified, at least it is business. It means that all sections of the Opposition intend to "go in solid for le brav' Général," and that, again, may well mean a bad beating or very narrow majority for the Republicans. For the rest, this eclipse of the Royalists is eminently characteristic of French politics. In all countries, when the fight becomes hot, respectable people are apt to fall a little behind your root-and-branch men—the fanatic who goes in head down, or the reckless and too often blasphemous fellow who goes in for the fun and the purse. But in no country in the world is the respectable man so summarily pushed aside by this well-matched couple as in France. The Royalists are intensely respectable, and so, of course, they give way.

THE ROYAL GRANTS DEBATE.

IT is impossible not to condole with Mr. LABOUCHERE—and to congratulate ourselves—on the hard fate which has given him a coadjutor in Mr. STOREY. Had his evil genius personally interested himself in the selection of a seconder for the motion of the member for Northampton last Thursday night, he could not possibly have found one better fitted to expose the pretentious hollowness of the cause which the leader of the Radical party, as we suppose, has made his own, or to place the motives which actuate the opponents of the Royal Grants in a more odious and contemptible light. For Mr. STOREY is simply the caricature of Mr. LABOUCHERE in his serious—that is to say, in his most effectively caricaturable—mood. In his lighter and more humorous moments Mr. LABOUCHERE is not easily imitable, and by Mr. STOREY he is not imitable at all. But these moments unfortunately become every Session fewer and further between; and whereas even his assumptions of gravity are redeemed from the utterly absurd by a certain air of latent cynicism, as of a man who sees through his own affectations even when they deceive other people, this is precisely the characteristic in his leader which a man like Mr. STOREY is hopelessly incapable of catching. His performance of last Thursday night—which, for bad taste, vulgarity, pomposity, and inflated self-conceit has eclipsed any previous exploit on the Radical benches—was one on which every sensible supporter of the Monarchy has the best reason to congratulate himself. A few more such speeches as that of Mr. STOREY, and many a Radical, who can still lay claim to that character of "English gentleman" on which Mr. STOREY descanted with such strange irrelevance, will be ashamed to remain associated with a party which can apparently find no better representative.

Mr. GLADSTONE, replying to Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. STOREY, was a curious and, for one reason, at any rate, an irritating sight. It is many years, alas! since he has delivered any speech so well worthy in tone and spirit, no less than in substance, of his early reputation; and we confess that, as we so rarely nowadays get the benefit of his oratorical powers, we could have wished that they had been employed against adversaries of more importance. On the bare point in dispute his tone was, of course, anticipated. He had no difficulty in showing, against the insinuations of Mr. MORLEY, backed by the highly imaginative arithmetic of Mr. STOREY, that, "compact" and arrangement apart, there is no solid ground whatever for the assumption that HER MAJESTY is pecuniarily in a position to provide, not only for that numerous and still increasing body of grandchildren out of the direct line of succession for whom she has undertaken to provide, but for the children of the Heir-Apparent as well. And it was as obvious to anticipate the stress which Mr. GLADSTONE laid on the eminently favourable terms which Parliament obtain through HER MAJESTY'S express renunciation of all future claims in respect of the first-mentioned class of her descendants. What made Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech valuable was not only his specific arguments, which could be easily foreseen, but his general exposition of the principles which govern the dealings of Parliament with the Crown—an exposition which was as sound and sagacious in substance as it was admirably expressed. And what made the subsequent debate interesting was the speech in which Mr. MORLEY set himself to explain—what, perhaps, he will more fully elucidate next Monday—the causes of his separating himself from his leader at the final stage of the proceedings of the Committee. We will say no more at present on that point than this, that possibly Mr. MORLEY may succeed on Monday. What Mr. GLADSTONE had said on the subject before his lieutenant rose was perfectly plain and intelligible. He had wished for a certain form of declaration as to the right of the Crown in the matter of grants; the Committee adopted another form, which Mr. GLADSTONE rejected, and still rejects. But he is of opinion, as with perfect consistency he may be, that all the practical objects which he sought to secure by the form of declaration which he proposed are, in fact, assured to Parliament and the country by the terms of HER MAJESTY'S waiver of her rights. That being so, Mr. GLADSTONE is naturally an assentient to the Report. For Mr. MORLEY to justify his own dissent he has to show that this view of Mr. GLADSTONE'S is unsound; and on Thursday night he endeavoured to do so. He may, as we have said, succeed on Monday.

AMONG THE BADAWIN.

MANY years ago, about the time that Sheikh Farhān was made a Pasha by the Osmanlis, he built himself a fort of stone on the summit of the great mound of Kalāat Sherghāt, which towers over the west bank of the Tigris about half-way between Nineveh and Baghdad. He laid the foundations of his square enclosure with many a strangely-sculptured block dug out of the ruins of old Ashur; there, perched on the massive terrace of brick that had weathered the storms of thirty centuries, the little, wiry, insignificant-looking Arab tried hard to wear his honours with becoming dignity; but the blood of Ishmael was in his veins, and the spell of the boundless desert was in his heart, so he soon gave back his fort of stone to the ancient desolation, and betook himself again to his black hair tent where he had been a free desert-born chief before the Turks tried to make him a Pasha and a tool. Some years ago, when the fertile plain between the Tigris and the bluffs, just below Sherghāt, was black with the tents of his tribe, he had bidden the traveller welcome and had pledged himself, Arab fashion, to a lasting friendship. But now the great plain was silent and desolate, and the tribe had struck their tents and moved away into the distant Sinjar.

Suddenly, four Arabs came swiftly dashing through the scrub, brandishing their spears and making a great display of horsemanship—your true Arab is the vainest fellow on horseback—and the leader, after many salutations, proceeded to demand toll in Farhān's name. They were nothing loth to comply with a very humbly expressed request that they would first visit a large encampment of Jabburs hard by. Once among the friendly Jabburs, their rollicking swagger sadly fell off when they found themselves the victims of a misplaced confidence, and knew that Farhān was likely to hear of this abuse of his name and fame. The Jabbur Sheikh swore roundly at them for villains and robbers—when they were gone. There is this to be said for the Arabs; when their little schemes go wrong they never sulk. The Shammars went off as empty-handed as they came, and apparently as light-hearted, quite restored to cheerfulness by the promise that Farhān should not be told of their little game.

A ride northwards over the great Mesopotamian plains followed, and eight days later Nineveh and the Tigris lay behind. The Sinjar range towers in front, and the green and trackless desert round its base is the summer home of the dreaded Shammars; no fellah dare scratch the soil and no mukāri graze his beast within its limits except by sufferance and after due acknowledgment paid to the sons of the desert. The day before the camp had been at Hugna. Weary with the long night march, painfully struggling with the drowsiness that made the sky and the desert close in and press like a heavy pall over body and soul and spirit, until the burden of the whole dim universe seemed to be crushing one into unconsciousness and darkness, the travellers saw at last the great mounds looming across the grey desert; and, just as the rising sun behind touched their summits, rode through the low, black tents in the hollow at their feet, where some twenty or

thirty families of nondescript Philistines—half Arab, half Kurd—live by the contemptuous sufferance of the rightful lords of the soil, and scratch a bare subsistence out of the ground on the very last verge of cultivation by the shore of the great desert of Jazirah. Men and women are abject, uncouth, and the most arrant thieves. Ali went foraging for supplies, and was soon heard lifting his voice in bitter taunts and reproaches on themselves and their families to the third and fourth generation, and eventually returned with a scanty supply of watery *leben* and the remark that he had unwittingly strayed into the rankest corner of Jahannum. He took counsel with the mukāri, and for the remainder of the day woe betide the unlucky wight whose predatory instincts brought him prowling round the camp. "See, this noble merchant of scarified *leben* approaches. Hullo, my noble friend with the camel's nose, has your excellency come to thrust the said ornament of your most villanous countenance into every dog's platter?"

Later in the afternoon Ali sat beside his master on the blackened ground by the "Sheikh's" fire of camel-dung and passed round his master's coffee and tobacco in a more condescending mood. It was found that the poor fellows had refrained from the rites of hospitality literally because they had nothing to offer. The Shammars were in the habit of paying sudden visits to "collect the rent," in the shape of anything eatable or portable that appeared worth the taking; and, being so neighbourly disposed, objected to their friends striking camp for the present. Ali and the muleteer shuddered, and, in the presence of a common danger, quite relented towards these simple folk. A passing gleam or ghost of a smile flitted across the Sheikh's gaunt and haggard face when he told them that he would charge himself with the duty of sending the most gratifying accounts of their courage and generosity to their sorrowing friends in Baghdad should the Shammars devour them and the deserts yield them up no more.

The next morning found the party descending the rolling downs to the level of a flat and boundless plain. One object alone broke the level monotony. Far away through the misty shimmer Tel Hawwa rose out of the flat—a solitary, cone-shaped mound; and the little cluster of black spots at its base were the tents of the Shammar Badawin. At last we were among the true-blooded sons of the deserts. Already the slopes of the low foot-hills at the base of the Sinjar range to the left were black with droves of grazing camels; five thousand was the lowest computation made of their numbers, which was afterwards found to be within the mark. A little company of Arab men and boys rose in startled surprise at the apparition of an Englishman coming suddenly into view on the crest of a low mound. The men seized their spears, and the lads armed themselves with a supply of the loose stones lying round, and advanced with threatening gesture, vociferating loudly. Just at that moment Ali dashed up, calling out, "Sadik, Sadik!" ("A friend, a friend!"); but the youngsters held their stones in readiness, and the men looked on uncertain. Ali's voluble expostulations brought out the reason of this sudden amaze. The Beg's eyes shone with terrible glare, like the eyes of a spectral jinn, and the sudden apparition struck a chill into their livers. "He has shining things like Turkish liras in his eyes," said one youngster; and the Beg's eyes twinkled merrily through his gold-rimmed spectacles, and brought out a broad grin on the faces of the abashed Arabs. From them it was learned that Farhān was away on some marauding expedition, and the encampment ahead was in charge of Sheikh Madjwal, his eldest son. A double disappointment, as the travellers should miss Farhān's cheery greeting, and were not at all sure what sort of reception they should meet with from the morose and capricious Madjwal. It is curious to see how the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children among these Ishmaelites, whose hand is against every man and every man's hand against them. When Farhān was but a youth his father's tyranny had driven a large part of the tribe into open revolt. They chose one of Farhān's blood for Sheikh, and Farhān joined him against his own father. For years the tribal feud went on; small mercy was given or expected on either side. At last the hereditary instinct of the tribal Arab and the right of birth of the old Sheikh prevailed; the rebel Sheikh became a proscribed fugitive, with a price set upon his head. Farhān, out of sheer Badawin obstinacy, stuck to the fugitive, and the old man saw in his son's faithfulness his own opportunity. Negotiations were opened, and Farhān was persuaded to bring in his friend on his father's safe-conduct. No sooner was Farhān admitted into his father's tent, leading the now humbled rebel Sheikh by the hand, than the old man rose, and with one thrust of his heavy spear laid his fallen foe dead at his feet. Farhān cursed his father for this cruel wrong done to the honour of his tribe and of himself, and never after, till the old man's death, would he own him as father of his. Now Farhān is chief; and his own eldest son Madjwal is a thorn in his eyes and like smoke in his nostrils. Farhān, in spite of his empty title of Pasha, which has cost him dear, is still a rich man, and the vice of old age—avarice—has him in its grasp. Madjwal, even in the presence of the elders of the tribe, has more than once drawn his sword on his father in furious rage, demanding money—more money—and has gone away at last unsatisfied, muttering threats which have frozen the old man's heart as he remembers the old bad days of his own youth. There have been whispers, too, of intrigues and abominations connected with Farhān's hareem that have given Madjwal a bad name in the tribe. He is dreaded and disliked, and bad days are in store for the tribe when Farhān's controlling hand and dauntless heart shall be still. Madjwal has a young hopeful of his own, who is more than likely to keep up on his own account the traditions of the family.

As one toils wearily over the slimy plain—there had been rain, and the black and sodden soil was of the consistency of glue, filthy, malodorous, and sticky—Tel Hawwa is reached at last. The first thing to be done is to visit Madjwal in his tent. Some Badawin women filling skins at the scanty pool of green and stagnant water, unveiled, unabashed, and uncomely, pointed out the tent at the rear of the encampment, conspicuous for its size.

The Badawin tents lay widely scattered over the plain—there must have been nearly a hundred of them—and in front of every tent was a spear stuck in the ground, head upwards. Wherever a Badu alights, you may know him by his spear; his title-deed, while it stands to the strip of desert, he claims for his own. As it was in the days of Abu't Tayyib ul Mutanabbi, whose boasting verse is the delight of every true Badu, so it is now:—

> And when at last we lighted, our spear we propped on high,
> A sign that none our generous heart, our lofty soul, deny;
> That all in Misr and Irāk and Khorasān who dwell,
> May know me as the Hero, might of my prowess tell!

The sight of those spears recalled many a tale heard round desert watch-fires of the prowess of the Shammar who laughs at the matchlocks and even at the rifles of his foes. The numerous and powerful tribe of the Dthalems, half fellahs, half nomads, encroached on what the Shammars considered their territory. The Dthalems, being well armed and numerous, resolved to stand their ground. Down came the Shammars like a whirlwind—a wild, impetuous rush of mounted spearmen. The Dthalems, after an ineffectual volley, turned and fled; and when the Shammars rested from the pursuit, seven hundred Dthalems lay dead on the desert, and seven Shammars. But more terrible still in its record of overwhelming disaster and death is the fate that befell the horde of plundering Circassians which the Turks marched out of Anatolia in the days before the Russian war, and settled in the Jazirah desert, about Rás-ul-Ain, on the head-waters of the Khábour. The Shammars strongly resented this invasion of their territory; they were ever on the watch, lying in wait, and cutting off the unfortunate Circassians in detail whenever they caught them outside the walls of Rás-ul-Ain. Many of the Circassians went off to help the Turks against the Russians; and after the war the Turks, for reasons of their own (not far to seek), armed the Circassians with breechloading rifles. The consequence (probably calculated upon by the wily Osmanlis) was a pitched battle before the walls of Rás-ul-Ain. The Circassians sallied forth with their rifles to exterminate their foes. The Shammars met them on horseback, armed with the spear. For one long summer's day the Arabs wheeled and charged and wheeled again, came on with whoop and yell, to dash off again in feigned retreat, until the last cartridge of the doomed Circassians had sped its bootless errand. Then the Arabs charged home, and not one of that ill-fated band of Circassians escaped the unerring spear. The gun may miss its mark, is the boast of the true Arab, which you may hear in many a desert tent, but the spear never. Of twenty thousand Circassians, including women and children, transplanted into Arab territory, there remains to-day a miserable remnant of less than a hundred men—a gang of desperate, starving, ferocious bandits, to be heard of in the deserts north of Rás-ul-Ain.

Madjwal stood in front of his tent—a small, spare man, like his father, the deep melancholy of his sallow face, intensified by the restless, hungry expression in his deep-set eyes, that spoke the character he was reputed to bear. The silent desert, its vast and lonely solitudes, has stamped the brow of the Badawin with its own grave sadness, and few who have lived with them in their desert tents but have caught and reflected the same expression of prevailing melancholy. Out of the ring of haggard faces Madjwal gleamed a sad and transient smile of welcome; then he gravely led the way under the black awning and placed his guest on his right hand, the seat of honour being a battered camel-saddle. A crowd of dingily-clad Badawin filled the spacious tent and squatted round the fire of camels'-dung, staring solemnly at the stranger. The Sheikh courteously repeated his salutation, which each man took up, repeating in chorus, "Sabahkum Allāh bil Khair"—"Your morning may God prosper." Smoke, and discussion of war, politics, and theology followed; a negro slave, black as night, presiding at the hearth. A blue-eyed, fair-haired lad of about fifteen, Madjwal's son and heir, roamed about the tent petted by everybody. A troop of whinnying colts came sniffing about the squatting Arabs, who played with them and called them endearing names; they finally scampered off into the plain in front where the mares were quietly grazing. Presently a huge platter, heaped with somewhat mouldy dates, the whole surmounted by a handful of fresh butter, was handed out from behind the purdah that shut off the women's portion of the tent, and the invitation was given to fall to. No one who has not sat the live-long day in a Badawin tent with thirty or forty desert Arabs, with all their desert dirt and desert smells clinging to their unwashed garments, huddled together round the ashes of a smoky fire, staring with haggard eyes out of gaunt and wasted faces, and breaking forth at sudden intervals into shrill and utterly irrelevant Arabic, can realize the deadly fatigue and monotony of the whole proceedings as the day wears away—nor the wild desire to plunge into the free and open desert that spreads itself around and be at rest and at peace on its bosom once more. At last was gained the shelter and privacy of the little tent—that white speck on the grey expanse of

desert is now truly home, and the Englishman's castle—and six feet of rug on the desert-floor bore the rare and priceless luxuries of fragrant tea from sultry Ind, and biscuits white and clean from dear and distant Albion; and there the voyagers at ease reclined, revelled and exulted in the glorious abandonment of a well-earned repose. But, alas! a clatter of galloping hoofs, a sudden irruption of barbarian hordes, a crowd of rudely civil Arabs filled to bursting the narrow limits of the refuge. Peace for ever fled, and with her the feast that was spread in her praise and glory and honour; for the fair-haired, blue-eyed young savage, aided and abetted by his attendants, drank the tea and ate the sugar and the biscuits. How came that strain of Saxon blood to mingle with the veins of the swarthy Semites of Arabian deserts? The desert should teach one patience, and so the compliments of a return visit being paid and graciously received, the hospitable hosts of an hour before were free to bully and cajole the confiding Englishman out of as much plunder as would pass by way of toll paid for his right of way through no man's land. But a bargain is a bargain, especially among Arabs, so preliminary negotiations ended in the offer of a few Turkish dollars to the young barbarian with blue eyes, just as a small token of intense gratification at his visit. The young savage then demanded firearms. Now no man who knows the Arabs will, if he is wise, venture himself alone into desert solitudes with these toys. If he can afford to travel, and likes to travel, with a troop of picturesque armed ruffians in his train, and feels safer that way, that is his affair. But the man who travels alone had better leave his revolver at home. It is only a temptation to the first Arab who sets eyes on it, and should he lose his nerve and "draw" on a too demonstrative Badu, the chances are that, whatever happens to the Badu, his own bones will be left bleaching on the desert. But it was vain to protest to the persistent Badawin that revolver nor gun formed part of the scanty equipment. The critical moment had come at last. Each dark face growing darker, the deep-set eyes gleaming with the rising excitement, angry and disappointed, the Arabs rose to their feet and made for the baggage. It is trying to stand by and watch a horde of rude and hungry Arabs scattering the contents of your mule-trunks over the face of the desert, and bad for the nerves to hear the wild whoop and yell that spoke the rising passion of plunder, once roused not easily quelled. There was danger in the slightest sign or betrayal of irresolution or fear. Having made an offer, the only thing was to stick to it, and put on as stern and unyielding a demeanour as circumstances would allow. Before the astonished Arabs knew what was to happen next we were galloping across the plain in the direction of the Sheikh's tent to see what Madjwal had to say to this treatment of his guests. Then there was a rush to horse; and the fleetest dashed alongside to implore and beseech, with many a protestation of remorse and shame, that they should not be handed over into Madjwal's relentless hands, and the humbled and terrified Arabs, with much abject kissing of the hand that now held the whip, vowed that the whole proceeding was a feeble joke, and vowed friendship and brotherhood—if only they might not be delivered over to Madjwal's wrath. But first Ali must give them a full quittance for every article missing from the plundered trunks, and then let them take the money refused before and go in the name of Allah.

Madjwal was seen again that night and persuaded to give one of his Arabs as a visible sign and token to all whom it may concern that the party were henceforth under his protection. And, not caring to linger in the neighbourhood, they departed from Tel Hawwa and rode five weary hours through the dark until they found another pool filled with stagnant rain-water, where they unburdened the beasts and laid themselves down on the desert for the sleep that they had lusted for. Four days the Arab guide abode with them; all the party were mounted, but this little, wiry Badu trudged along on foot, unwearied, patient, uncomplaining. When roaming bands of mounted Shammars came out of space across the desert to hail the little caravan, at sight of the guide the levelled spear was raised to the shoulder again, and the men rode up with greetings and friendly, intrusive, questionings. On the fourth day when the travellers reached the utmost border of the Shammar country they filled the faithful fellow's hands with what was left to them of their hoarded store of bread, and paid him in a coin (not a large one) of which he had never possessed the like before. He spoke his few and simple words of thanks and farewell, was bidden in Arab fashion "May God go with you," and, gathering his coarse blanket round his meagre body, he strode away into silence and solitude.

MILITARY GENIUS.

THE popular belief that great commanders, like poets, are born and not made, is one that has taken a particularly strong hold on general opinion, and, like some other similar fallacies, seems to defy the analysis of the student or historian. The very mention of war and battle, charges and sieges, has a tendency to inflame the imagination, and engenders ideas of rapidity and suddenness that are suggestive of inspiration and strokes of genius, and have little to do with methodical calculation or slowly developed combinations. Historians wishing to present their readers with vivid and striking pictures are prone to lay stress on the more brilliant features of a campaign, and in their anxiety to arrest attention unduly enhance the dramatic incidents of their story. Such terms as prescience and divination are freely used. The leader is frequently heaven-born, and his actions are often represented as having been conceived and carried out on the spur of the moment. The very vocabulary of fighting has the same ring. Squadrons are usually hurled on the enemy. He is invariably crushed (or perhaps only hammered) with artillery, if, indeed, he has not already succumbed to the storm of bullets or withering fire that has been poured upon him. The foe is too often routed. The pursuit is launched after him like a torrent, by which he is inundated, if he has not already found a watery grave by being driven into the sea in his rear, or the deep river on his flank. Even practical soldiers, who should know better, have recently indulged in such highly-coloured language as to speak of "lead being pumped" on people several thousand yards away, and "the deadly hail of the machine-gun" has figured "with damnable iteration" in recent military literature. Yet we need hardly be reminded that what seems like divination is simply the necessary outcome of a long-prepared and judiciously-conceived plan, and events come about with striking suddenness and ease just because they were calculated on and foreseen by the eye of experience or knowledge. Genius will, of course, unmistakably assert itself in overcoming the chance difficulties of the moment and in dealing with unexpected contingencies or misfortunes. But it is the greatest genius who leaves nothing, or as little as possible, to fortune, and success has usually been rendered more than probable by genius, even if chance has something to do with the final mode in which it is brought about. To no leader of men, ancient or modern, have sudden inspirations been more persistently attributed than to the great Napoleon. He is pre-eminently the heaven-born leader, and he, if any one ever was, may be credited with instinct and intuition in the realm of war. His meteor-like career dazzled and awed mankind, while his imaginative addresses and semi-prophetic words gave an additional glamour to his name. Yet it needed not, and was not due to, prescience that the sun of Austerlitz saw all he said it would. An intrepid leader who had noted and read aright the Austrian preparations, who remembered the history of Rossbach, could tolerably clearly anticipate the result of the struggle, and cast the horoscope of the morrow. As a matter of fact, Napoleon's calculations were in many instances amiss, and his genius was shown as often in remedying on the moment his own deficiencies as in detecting and utilizing those of his adversaries. His first campaign in Italy, when as a young man of only twenty-seven years of age he at once leaped into the position of the first leader in Europe, is by many considered the most brilliant of his achievements, and is certainly the one that at the time gained him the greatest reputation. Yet it is concerning this very campaign that we have now the most conclusive evidence of previous study. A writer in one of the German military periodicals has lately shown that there is more than a chance resemblance between Napoleon's scheme and conduct of the campaign of 1796 and that adopted by the comparatively forgotten French Marshal Maillebois in 1745-46. It appears that a remarkably detailed and lucid history by the Marquis de Pezay of the campaigns of this Marshal made its appearance in 1775, and there is likewise hardly a doubt that this work accompanied Napoleon to Italy in 1796. He is shown to have applied to the Minister of War to be supplied with it and the accompanying maps on his taking the field, and from the way he mentions it, it is evident that he had already studied its contents. The assent of the War Minister to his request is still extant, and it may, therefore, be looked upon as practically certain that Napoleon had it with him during his campaign. At the time referred to Marshal Maillebois (it is somewhat curious that he received the bâton for the capture of Corsica in 1741) was opposing the Sardinian and Austrian armies in concert with a Spanish force under the Infant and Count Gage. Without entering into any detailed account of the campaign, we may point out the close analogy between the way matters stood at its commencement and the situation in 1796.

The Piedmontese were in alliance with the Austrians at the former as they were at the latter date. The positions occupied by the Spanish troops in 1745 on the Riviera were almost identical with those subsequently held there by the French. In both cases French reinforcements were on the march along the Riviera to the seat of war, while in each case the anxiety of the Piedmontese was for Turin and of the Austrians for Milan. In both campaigns the object of the French leader was to fall with superior numbers on the troops of the King of Sardinia; to compel him, if possible, to enter on a separate treaty of peace; and then, again in superior force, to turn on the Austrians and drive them back to the mountains of the Tyrol. Napoleon made use of the same passes through the Maritime Alps as did his predecessor, and both made their start across the hills from the neighbourhood of Savona. The object of both was to first seize Ceva, to utilize it as a pivot for their further movements and a rallying-point for their forces. It was expected by both generals that the Sardinians could thus be cut off from their allies, and that a separate peace could be easily enough extorted from them. This would leave the remainder of the French troops free to move with superior strength on Milan, sever the Austrian communications, and make themselves masters of Austrian Lombardy. In both cases the scheme for dividing the allies succeeded, and the Sardinians were first badly beaten in detail.

The ultimate success of his strategical dispositions was not reaped, however, by Maillebois as subsequently by Napoleon. The Spaniards were directed by the Court of Spain to move on Parma and Piacenza, and Maillebois could no longer count on their immediate co-operation. Peace between Frederick and Maria Theresa was likewise concluded just then at Dresden, and the Austrians were reinforced from home. The Sardinians accordingly plucked up heart, and again took the offensive. The Austrians hemmed in the Spaniards round Piacenza; and eventually they had to evacuate Lombardy. Widely different was the end of the campaign of 1796, but there is nevertheless a striking similarity between the leading features of the two; and the fact that we know that Napoleon had Maillebois's Mémoires with him, and was probably well acquainted with them, makes the resemblance doubly significant. It shows that his conception of the campaign was no sudden inspiration, nor even perfectly original; but only another instance of genius utilizing and improving on the experience of former workers in the same field. It is an example of how even the failures of a previous generation have their share in bringing about the triumphs of later years, and of how honest and conscientious work, though it fail at the time to effect great results, is seldom or never thrown away. The knowledge of the country that guided Maillebois in his decisions (he had been campaigning there thirteen years before) was utilized and turned to account by his successor, who recognized the soundness of his views, and did not hesitate to adopt them.

Success here, at any rate, was not due to any heaven-born inspiration or sudden impulse, but was the result of careful thought and study of the experiences of a man whom the world has never thought of crediting with any extraordinary talent. Genius found the schemes of intelligent mediocrity ready to hand, and made brilliant use of them; but they were none the less originally the conceptions of a very ordinary mortal. We have thus again an illustration of the adage that genius means the capacity of taking infinite pains, and that before a man proceeds to execution he must have knowledge to go upon. Even then it needs genius to turn such knowledge to the best account, and the leap from knowing to doing is undoubtedly a wide one. To accomplish it, however, does not need so great an effort as to spring from ignorance to success.

LONDON MONEY-LENDERS.

THE recent case of Cochrane *v.* Moore, in which Lord Justice Lopes's judgment will have been to most minds eminently satisfactory, has let a flood of light upon the habits and customs of the London money-lender of the present day, and the various wiles which the person in question is accustomed to practise in the pursuit of his art.

Of course there are money-lenders and money-lenders. But however much these gentry may differ—and they do differ in many remarkable ways—there is one point in their proceedings in which they exhibit a striking unanimity. They always charge 60 per cent. for the accommodation they afford, and as much more as they can get. Money-lenders may roughly be divided into four classes:—

a. The leading West-End bill-discounters; or Kings of the Usurers.
b. The smaller bill-discounters.
c. The *bona-fide* Bills-of-salemen.
d. The bogus Bills-of-salemen.

It is our intention to deal briefly in this article with these four main sections of the money-lending community.

Princes of the tribe always, or nearly always, live at the West End. Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, and Jermyn Street, and Sackville Street, Piccadilly, and St. James's Street, are the localities in which, as a rule, they pitch their tents. Their offices are very handsomely, and indeed elaborately, furnished. There is a plentiful supply of jewelry upon the premises with which to entrap the unwary. In the old days the West-End usurer was perfectly content if he could palm off a few dozens of inferior port or Hamburg sherry upon his customer. The usurer of to-day flies at higher game, and in a big transaction often manages to dispose of 2,000*l.* or 3,000*l.* worth of jewelry, needless to say at an uncommonly remunerative price. The West-End money-lender has always in his service a remarkably astute gentleman, who in some ways corresponds to a solicitor's managing clerk. This trusty lieutenant knows all his master's customers, and, if occasion requires, exactly what lie to tell them without consulting his principal. Then, too, there is generally a tame solicitor on the premises, or at all events round the corner, who is ready at a moment's notice to prepare any necessary documents, or take a declaration from the victim as to his circumstances, prospects, and general indebtedness, if it be thought desirable to possess such a lever in case of non-payment. Money-lenders of this description for the most part employ an army of touts—men who are occupied from morning to night in bringing flies to the spider's web. These touts belong to a great variety of walks in life; some of them are members of the best clubs, others may be jewellers', or tailors', or hosiers' assistants, who have managed to get on terms of familiarity with the customers at their master's establishment. Many of these touts earn a large income, and this is scarcely to be wondered at, for, as a rule, they receive a commission from the money-lender as well as a substantial percentage from the borrower upon the amount of the advance made to him. The interest charged by money-lenders, such as those we are at present describing, varies from 40 or 50 to 100 per cent. It generally is fixed at 20*l.* per 100*l.* for three months (*i.e.* at 80 per cent.) The first transaction generally takes the form of a bill at three months, carrying interest after it becomes due at the rate of 1*s.* in the pound per calendar month (*i.e.* 60 per cent.) until payment. Then for the most part follow "renewals," or fresh transactions, in which interest is heaped upon interest, with the inevitable result that the position of the borrower is ten times worse than it was when he first entered the den. Of course money-lenders may occasionally be of great service to people who require a sum of money at a moment's notice, and have no other means of obtaining it than by applying to a usurer. There is a good deal of truth in the famous "Mr. Benoni Crabbe's" remark when he says:—"The question for my clients to ask themselves is not the amount of interest I demand, but what my money is worth to them. I do not hunt them up; they come to me, and often in ghastly trouble. I have saved officers of unblemished repute—men with the Victoria Cross and the Ribbon of the Bath—from being hooted out of their ships and regiments; not always by their own fault, but sometimes through mishap or evil fortune. My money has been often more than gold; it has been life and honour. I have known a surgeon take a thousand guineas for saving a man's leg. I have saved men from blowing out their own brains by lending them fifty pounds at a moment's notice." Still, on the whole, we are inclined to think that Lord Justice Lopes's remarks upon money-lenders as a profession were in no sense too severe.

As for the smaller bill-discounters, they carry on a precisely similar business, only, of course, on a much more modest scale. They have, for the most part, a humble office at the West-End where they negotiate small loans at a rate of interest positively appalling. When, by means of advertisement or otherwise, a victim to whose wants, through lack of capital, they are unable to minister is hooked, they march him off to one of their richer brethren, who gives them a liberal commission for the introduction and a share of the profit when the unlucky borrower has been sufficiently bled. During the last few years it has been shown, in many cases that have come before the law courts, that among this section of bill-discounters there are a considerable number of "bill-stealers," who have a playful way of extracting an acceptance for a considerable amount from the intending borrower upon the plea of getting it discounted for him, handing it to a friend who afterwards poses as the "innocent holder for value," and dividing the proceeds with their fellow-conspirator after their dupe has been made to pay.

We next come to the man who advances money upon bills of sale. Now the bona-fide bill-of-saleman does not, as a rule, advertise. His customers for the most part are introduced to him by the shadier kind of solicitors, and sometimes, indeed, by sheriff's officers and their assistants. When an execution has been levied, the "man in possession" left by Mr. Ezekiel or Mr. Aaron makes a point of suggesting to the distracted mistress that the "governor" has a friend who desires nothing better than to "pay it out." And, if the proffered services are accepted, the result inevitably takes the shape of a bill of sale, with something very like 150 per cent. interest tacked on to it. The interest charged by the bill-of-saleman is enormous; and, if a single instalment be a couple of days in arrear, he has a habit of sending down a large furniture van, accompanied by a dozen men, and clearing his customer's house in the most light-hearted manner possible. We are thankful to say that the last Bills of Sales Act has proved a great stumbling-block to these people. In order that a bill of sale should be valid and regular, the provisions of this Act have to be most rigidly followed, and Shylock has been bowled over again and again, and his bill of sale declared absolutely void, because he has not been content with what the law has in its wisdom seen fit to allow him, but has thought proper to prepare a bill of sale upon his own model, and to suit his own plans. We have painted the West-End usurers in their true colours, and can scarcely be accused of exaggerating their merits; but, when all is said and done, these worthies are, at their worst, men of honour, courtesy, and even kindliness compared with those who employ that legal instrument of torture, the bill of sale, in the various stages from its preparation and signature down to the almost inevitable conclusion of wreck, pillage, and too often downright theft.

Lastly, there is the bogus bill-of-saleman. This individual advertises that he will lend money at 5 per cent. upon furniture, or farming stock, or any other available security. The loan is to be made without publicity, and will be carried through free of all expense. But the applicant soon finds out how much of this little fairy-tale is true. In the first place, he is asked to pay as large an "inquiry fee" as the so-called money-lender thinks can be wrung from him; and, when he has parted with this, he is called upon for a further sum in connexion with the expenses of carrying out the loan; and is finally told that, the inquiries relative to himself having proved unsatisfactory, the lender greatly regrets that he is unable to make the advance. These gentry live almost entirely upon the inquiry fees paid them by their victims. Some of them, as was shown at a recent trial at the Central Criminal Court, never make an advance at all. Others, perhaps, may do so to one out of fifty applicants who have paid inquiry fees, and then, of course, at an enormous rate

of interest. Indeed, the "5 per cent." generally swells into 500. It is to be regretted that the unhappy victims do not more often put the criminal law in force when they have found themselves cheated in the way we have described. But of course it is easy to see why they should shrink from publicity and prefer to allow themselves to be cheated rather than publish their impecuniosity to the world. And thus the foulest inmate of this foul nest carries on his nefarious calling with comparative impunity.

POETS AS LANDSCAPE-PAINTERS.

POETS are a fortunate race. The art of rhyming was till lately so far beyond the power of most people that the few who possessed it were looked on with awe, and allowed to commit all sorts of crimes unmolested. Breaches of the decalogue might be urged on the reader, and he only smiled as he murmured "poetical license." High treason and sedition might be taught, but as long as they were taught in verse nobody cared. It is time, however, that moralists and teachers of the exact sciences made a stand at the false statements of poets as landscape-painters. How many of us have had our minds fatally corrupted by the astonishing description in Campbell's stirring poem of "Thy wild and stormy steep, Elsinore"! The imaginative infant instantly figures to itself bare beetling crags stretching far into a sea that is for ever swirling at its base, the foam mingling with the white wings of the circling sea-birds; and the picture remains long after he has become aware of the actual facts—that at Elsinore great beech-trees slope gently down, and sweep their branches almost into the Sound itself—that there is no cliff, no sea-gulls, no nothing. To the end of its life the child harbours a sense of injury towards the inoffensive Elsinore; he feels towards it as grown people feel towards the original of a very flattering portrait; as if the sitter was in some way responsible, and that they would like to be revenged on *him* if they only got the chance. If the child is conscientious, and of a truthful nature, his whole future will be poisoned by Campbell's rash statement concerning Elsinore. He will dread to visit Rome lest the Tiber, instead of "tossing his tawny mane," should turn out a blue and tranquil stream. He will shun Mont Blanc for fear that the Arve and Arvéiron, instead of "raging" at his "base," may prove to be in some distant valley. Cashmere will be a sealed book to him; for who is to know if the roses really are bright by the calm Bendemeer, or if it is merely the convolvulus or cowslip which flourishes by those waters? Wordsworth is certainly a more trustworthy guide in this important question than most of his rivals, and has less inaccuracy on his conscience. The very qualities which made him a faithful chronicler of Betty Foy and her afflicted offspring led him to be careful and accurate in his descriptions of scenery, and if the "plough and harrow" are not precisely the first images suggested by the mention of "pleasant Teviotdale," but rather the echo of the baaing of many lambs, both plough and harrow are implements by no means unknown to the inhabitants.

In his description of the notorious swan on still St. Mary's Loch, Wordsworth is deserving of all praise. Think what a temptation to create (as Scott did) a herd of swans arching their graceful necks and gazing complacently at their reflections in the limpid waters. But no. He was proof against all the blandishments of the Muse, and confined himself strictly to the truth, which was that there was one swan, and no more, on the loch. Why there should be only one swan, and if it is always the same, and when it first came there, are questions which the student of natural history may be able to answer. To the uninitiated they are as darkly mysterious as the origin of Prester John; but this swan goes about killing young ducks.

In proportion as Wordsworth is to be commended for the *retenue* and dignity of his attitude towards the swan of St. Mary's Loch we must severely condemn Scott for his account of the home—whether permanent or temporary—of that interesting bird. Even in Scotland many people have no idea of the existence of such a spot as St. Mary's; while in England it is quite safe to assert that it would never have been heard of at all had it not been "honourably mentioned" by these two poets. But the "children of larger growth" who are impelled by Scott's majestic lines to drive eighteen miles from Selkirk, or nearly as many from Moffat, to visit "St. Mary's silent lake," will be rather bewildered when, book in hand, they compare the reality with the description in *Marmion*:—

> Thou know'st it well; nor fen, nor sedge,
> Pollutes the pure lake's crystal edge;
> Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
> At once upon the level brink;
> And just a trace of silver sand
> Marks where the water meets the land.
> Far in the mirror bright and blue
> Each hill's huge outline you may view,
> Shaggy with heath, but lonely, bare.

There is not a single statement in these nine lines which is not open to criticism, or even contradiction. St. Mary's Loch is a more fortunate Hendon; it has the same want of an imposing shore, the same air of a reservoir which has casually burst into a green valley, and has settled down and made itself at home. A few reeds or sedges would do something to mitigate this impression; but the numerous and pretty water weeds keep themselves well below the surface, serving the double purpose of shelter for the fish and traps for the lines of the fishermen. The "mountains," so far from being "abrupt and sheer," are round, pudding-shaped lumps of no great height, and perfectly easy of ascent from any part of the shore if the traveller has the mountaineering mania strong upon him. The "silver sand" turns out to be a streak of whinstones, only visible when a dry summer has left the shores bare, otherwise the water comes right up to the edge of the grass. As to the "brightness and blueness" of the mirror, that is a matter of the luck of the particular tourist, though certainly the poet was so far right when he spoke of the reflections. Whether the water be grey or blue, the reflections are equally firm and clear, and no dog could be accounted a fool for mistaking here the shadow for the substance. But when the conscientious explorer turns to look for the "huge outline" of the objects reflected he snorts with indignation. The tallest of them does not seem above six hundred feet, and its outline would not disgrace an apple-dumpling or a dish-cover. Three false statements in as many lines naturally make the humble student of poetry and nature suspicious as to the rest; but he bounds with rage when he is next asked to look upon the hills as "shaggy with heath." This is the crowning insult to his understanding; for, however long his sight and keen his eyes, he may sweep the horizon to the end of his life without being able to detect more than one dumpy hill with heather on it. This is the great drawback to the hills of the South of Scotland. Their shapes are often fine, but their eternal green becomes monotonous except for the brief space in the autumn when the bracken changes into gold. After this nothing matters. The "thousand rills" which flow into the lake (the country—for Scotland—is curiously destitute of them), and the "solitude" which is profaned by a horse's hoofs, though not apparently by the baaing of the endless sheep, may pass unnoticed. But our faith is shaken. It may be true that on occasions known to the poet the lake "heaves her broad billows to the shore," and that eagles scream around Loch Skene. But perhaps the strangest part of the whole is, that these assertions should be quoted in all the local guide-books as if they were literally true. Yet even a landlord of an inn can see that they are purely fanciful, and that St. Mary's and Loch Skene are no more like Scott's pictures than the ladies who sit to Mee, R.A., resemble his charming portraits.

RACING.

THE week between the Newmarket July Meeting and the Liverpool Summer Meeting used to be one of the quietest in the racing world. It has now become one of the most eventful.

A dozen two-year-olds came out for the Zetland Stakes of 1,500*l.* on the first day at Leicester, and Lord Calthorpe's Heresy, with 4 lbs. extra, was made the favourite; but she only ran a bad third to Mr. M. Dawson's The Whaup, who had an allowance of 8 lbs., and Lord Penrhyn's Far Niente, who had one of 5 lbs. Far Niente was only beaten by a neck, so that, at the weights, he ran as well as The Whaup, and some good judges considered that he lost ground in the last stride or two by trying to "savage" his opponent. Others thought that he failed to "stay the course" over the severe ascent. The Whaup has very fine shoulders and both size and power, but Far Niente was, upon the whole, most admired of the pair, although this was his fifth successive defeat, and his exhibition of temper in the race just described was far from encouraging. If the finish for the Zetland Stakes was rendered unsatisfactory by Far Niente's ill conduct, that for the Midland Derby, a race of equal value, for which the new mile-and-a-half course was used for the first time, was spoilt by the breakdown of the favourite, Mr. Rose's Gulliver, the winner of a Biennial and the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot. Even under these unfortunate circumstances he was only beaten by half a length by Lord Zetland's Pinzon, to whom he was giving 4 lbs. This was a great piece of luck for Pinzon, for at Ascot he had finished very many lengths behind Gulliver at even weights, and he had lost, altogether, thirteen races out of fourteen.

The Portland Stakes of 6,000*l.*, which was run on the 6th of April last year, was this season put off until the 17th of July—a far better date, as the earlier one tended to encourage trainers to force their two-year-olds during the winter. Although there were only half a dozen starters, the race excited a great deal of interest. The public form of the competitors was pretty clear. The Duke of Portland's Semolina had beaten Surefoot by a head at Ascot, and Surefoot at the same meeting had beaten Baron Rothschild's Heaume, who was now to run against Semolina, by a length. Within the week, again, Heaume had beaten Mr. H. Milner's Riviera by a length at Newmarket. On paper, therefore, Semolina was bound to beat Heaume by at least a length, while Heaume would beat Riviera by about the same distance. Mr. J. Houldsworth's Alloway had run within half a length of Signorina when receiving 4 lbs., instead of giving her the usual 3 lbs. for sex; but, as Semolina and Signorina had never met, it was a mere matter of conjecture whether he would or would not be able to beat Semolina. Lord Dudley's Formidable had won all the three races for which she had hitherto started. Lord Penrhyn's Sweet Ellen, on the other hand, had been unplaced in her only race, although she had cost 2,500 guineas as a yearling. The six starters got off almost in a line, Riviera, if anything, having a

trifle the best of it, and she at once took the lead, accompanied by Formidable. At the foot of the hill the jockeys of Heaume, Semolina, and Alloway were beginning to ride their horses rather more than their backers quite liked, and Sweet Ellen was already "tailed off." On ascending the hill Alloway was the first to drop back beaten, and halfway up it the hitherto infallible Semolina, for the first time in her life, showed unmistakable symptoms of defeat. Just as she collapsed, Formidable almost collared Riviera, and Heaume was seen rapidly making his way to the front. A very interesting race followed. It was obviously a close affair between Riviera and Formidable, ridden by T. Loates and G. Barrett; yet danger was threatened to both by F. Barrett on Heaume, who was steadily gaining on the pair. Just before reaching the winning-post, all three seemed on an equality; but Riviera won by a neck from Heaume, who was only a head in front of Formidable. This was a reversal of Riviera's form of the week before with Heaume by about 7 lbs., and of Heaume's indirect Ascot form with Semolina by fully a stone. As a rule, what we may term a double reversal of public form looks like untrue running, and a sudden change of positions to the extent of something like 21 lbs. is rarely to be trusted. It must be admitted that the hill at Leicester is trying; but so also is that at Ascot. After the Portland Stakes, Riviera was the richest two-year-old winner of her year, with 7,105*l.* to her credit. Puzzling as was the form shown for the Portland Stakes, it would be unfair to complain of it, as the running among the best class of two-year-olds had hitherto this season been exceptionally consistent, and if public form were to be absolutely unvarying, there would be little interest in racing. It will be convenient to notice here the race for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes of Saturday last at Sandown, as it had an important bearing upon the form of Heaume and Riviera. Loup was only beaten by a head by Rathbeal, to whom he was giving 13 lbs., and he had behind him a field of thirteen horses, to all of which he was giving from 9 to 16 lbs. For the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket he had finished three-quarters of a length behind Heaume and a neck in front of Riviera.

Great interest was taken on the Thursday at Leicester in the first appearance on a racecourse of Baron Rothschild's Le Nord, a grand two-year-old colt by the famous Tristan. Like his sire and his dam's sire, Wellingtonia, he is a chestnut. It was the general opinion that he showed something of Wellingtonia's high-set quarters and Tristan's strength of loin, with great depth of girth, and plenty of bone below the knee. He won the Knighton Plate in a canter from a somewhat moderate field. The Leicestershire Handicap was won by Mr. J. Lowther's King Monmouth, who had won the same race last year and now started at 10 to 1. For the Salford Borough Handicap he had beaten Fullerton over the same distance by three-quarters of a length when receiving a stone; now, when only receiving 7 lbs., he beat him by many lengths. St. Helen, on the strength of her victory in the Hare Park Handicap at Newmarket in the preceding week, was made first favourite; but even her allowance of 30 lbs. did not enable her to get within two lengths of King Monmouth.

The Eclipse Stakes, which was run for at Sandown on the 19th of July, was the tamest that had yet been contested. It had to some extent been "discounted" by the Kempton Park Royal Stakes in May. For that race the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire, the winner of last year's Derby, had beaten Lord Calthorpe's Seabreeze, his conqueror in the St. Leger, by three-quarters of a length. Since then Seabreeze had been beaten half a length by Mr. D. Baird's El Dorado. As she was now to give him 3 lbs. less than she did on that occasion, there did not seem to be much to choose between the chances of the pair; but both seemed to be held safe by Ayrshire, and it was generally understood that Seabreeze "made a noise." Mr. H. Milner's Seclusion had won the Coronation Stakes of 2,250*l.* at Ascot; but she had been beaten for both the Oaks and the One Thousand, and on her public form it was impossible to recommend her as a candidate for the Eclipse Stakes. Prince Soltykoff's Gold had been unplaced for all the five races for which he had run this season; so his hopes of victory appeared far from brilliant. The Duke of Beaufort's Benburb, although a colt of great power, seemed out-classed among his opponents. If the race was not likely to be exciting, the weather was everything that could be desired, and it was the first really fine day on which an Eclipse Stakes had been run for, as there were heavy showers in the morning last year, although the afternoon was beautiful; and on the first occasion it had been exceedingly wet. A little excitement was raised early in the afternoon of the late Eclipse Stakes by rumours to the effect that all was not well with the favourite. The day before the race 2 to 1 had been laid upon him, and, when people first arrived on the course on the day itself, bookmakers refused to take less than 5 to 2; but immediately after the first race it was said that he was tender on one of his fore-legs; there was some talk about a splint, and it was even whispered that he was lame. The Ring gradually lowered their demands, and even money was gladly laid against him at one time. When the numbers went up, and Ayrshire's appeared, odds of 6 to 4 were again demanded; but when he cantered on the course he went so "short" that 5 to 4 was readily taken. Seabreeze, who had been second favourite on the previous day, was not approved of, for she was considered wanting in muscle. El Dorado, therefore, was made second favourite in her stead, although many good judges thought him too thick-set for his height. Seclusion's beautiful shoulders were much admired, but her middle-piece was the subject of adverse criticism.

Down went the flag at the first attempt at a start, and the little field went off with Seabreeze in front. After running for about a hundred yards Robinson steadied her, and Mornington Cannon made the running on Gold, with Watts on Benburb in close attendance. Thus they proceeded along the side of the railway until reaching the footpath from the station across the course, where Mornington Cannon increased his lead with Gold. His father, on the contrary, was at the tail of the field on El Dorado. As they came round the turn from the railway into the straight Gold was leading by about five lengths. As soon as they were fairly in the straight, both Benburb and Ayrshire drew up to Gold, and just before they entered the rails he retired from the front with Benburb to keep him company. Seclusion and Seabreeze now came forward, but the effort was too much for the latter, and she began to slacken her pace just as she had made her way into a good position. At the same time El Dorado was passing his opponents one by one, and he rushed on until he had collared Seclusion. In the meantime Ayrshire had got very near the winning-post, and F. Barrett had no difficulty whatever in winning with him by a couple of lengths. When Seclusion and El Dorado, who were fighting out a hard race for the 500*l.* to be given to the second, passed the post, El Dorado was a head in advance. Ayrshire walked very tenderly after the race.

Ayrshire has only run twice in public this season, and in those two races he has won 20,000*l.* in stakes—a performance which, it is almost needless to say, has never been equalled. His total winnings now amount to 35,240*l.*, surpassing those of Ormonde by nearly 7,000*l.*; but Donovan, his stable companion, who has been a shorter time on the Turf by a year, has already beaten him with 39,762*l.* Ayrshire has lost four races, and Seabreeze, who has been behind him in both his races this year, had beaten him as often as he has beaten her. The Duke of Portland's winnings, of nearly 80,000*l.* in stakes in about a year and a half, have never been approached in the whole history of the Turf, and it really seems as if what one of our contemporaries usually calls the "Frankenstein Monsters" might have been instituted for his especial benefit. Unquestionably a stud such as his must cost, from first to last, a very large sum indeed; but if he were to choose to sell only three of his horses—Ayrshire, Donovan, and Semolina—an amount would be realized which would go a long way towards "covering expenses."

PEOPLE'S BANKS.

ON Monday evening Mr. Maclean asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer a question to which, in the nature of things, only a very cautious answer could be given. Mr. Maclean stated that Mr. A. Egmont-Hake, Chairman of the Free Trade in Capital League, proposes to introduce in this country a system of people's banks, similar to that which has been so successful in Germany and Italy; that it is intended to make use of a new medium of exchange, to be called cash credit certificates; and that the Bank of England has intimated its intention to raise no objection to these certificates. Therefore he wished to know whether Her Majesty's Government would also raise no objection, provided the circulation of the certificates be strictly limited to the locality of the bank by which they are issued. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his reply, pointed out that all the Bank of England had done was to say that it would not willingly place considerations of its own interest in the way of any proposal which was clearly shown to be for the public advantage. But Mr. Goschen went on to observe that this is not a question merely between the Bank of England and the proposed new banks. It vitally affects our whole system of paper currency, and cannot be decided without a most careful examination of its bearing on the security of that system. This is so obviously true that we presume Mr. Maclean cannot have expected any other answer. But in the meantime, as the matter is of great public interest, it is desirable that it should be very fully and impartially discussed. Our existing banks, we need hardly remind our readers, are in practice available to any material extent only by the capitalist classes. The funds with which the banks work are mainly the deposits and current accounts—that is to say, borrowed money. And, though the capital proper is likewise employed, it forms usually but a small proportion of the total funds of the banks, and, indeed, is little more than a guarantee of the safety of the deposits. But the deposits are not merely borrowed money, they are repayable on demand; and therefore, if a bank is to be safe, it must employ its deposits only on security which is perfectly safe, and readily realizable. This being so, it is evident that the only safe customers of a bank are the capitalist classes; not necessarily, of course, wealthy men, but men who can give security which amply covers advances made, and for which there is a ready market. In effect, therefore, our present banking system does not meet the requirements of the very small traders, and of poor men with intelligence, skill, and industry, but without the capital necessary to enable them to take full advantage of their abilities. The system of people's banks started in Germany about forty years ago, by Dr. Schulze Delitzsch, was intended to do for the non-capitalist class with integrity and enterprise, and for the very small traders, what the English banks so successfully have done

for the commercial classes generally. It is quite true, of course, that even now banking is less developed in Germany than in England, and that development was far more backward forty years ago. Consequently, it must not be forgotten that the experience of Germany is not quite conclusive when we apply it to this country. Nevertheless, the great success of the people's banks in the country where they were first established, and more recently in Italy, is so decided, and the advantages they have conferred are so unquestionable, that their history and constitution are full of instruction for us.

The great difficulty, of course, was to find capital for starting the banks. If Dr. Schulze Delitzsch had appealed to the ordinary investing public he might have induced some of them, from philanthropic motives, to provide the money, and he might have been able, for a while, to keep to his original scheme. But, sooner or later, the banks would be diverted to ordinary banking business. He decided, therefore, that he would not appeal to the classes within whose reach banking accommodation already was. Further, he foresaw that, if his banks proved successful, they might be bought up by capitalists, and diverted from their original purpose; and, therefore, he determined that no member should be allowed to hold more than one share. But, if the ordinary investing public were not to be appealed to, it followed that the capital must be provided by those for whom the banks were intended—that is to say, for people not absolutely without means, but yet with very little means. How was he to induce those to subscribe? The first inducement put forward was that loans should be made only to members. Every one, therefore, who desired to have banking facilities, and could not obtain the facilities from existing banks, had a motive for subscribing to the new banks, especially as loans would be granted to members, at least to the amount of the money paid by them for their shares. But, however strong the motive, the means might not be there to enable them to do so, unless the method of subscription was made as easy as possible. Accordingly, Dr. Schulze Delitzsch decided that the members should be allowed to pay for their shares in instalments, weekly, fortnightly, monthly, or so on, as the case might be. In the beginning the banks were started on a very humble scale, and the periodical subscriptions were very small. Thus, membership was made possible even for working-men, thrift was encouraged, since as soon as a single subscription was paid there was a strong motive for not failing in the payment of the succeeding subscriptions, and, when once the bank was established, banking accommodation was brought within the reach even of the poor. But it was easy to foresee that the capital subscribed in this way would be too small to enable the banks to do a considerable business, and, indeed, to make any impression upon the economic condition of the country. It was, therefore, necessary that deposits should be attracted; but how were they to be attracted to banks of this kind? Only, Dr. Schulze Delitzsch came to the conclusion, by making the liabilities of the members unlimited. Each could hold only one share, and he might pay for that share in a single payment or by instalments. But each, nevertheless, in becoming a member, assumed unlimited liability for the debts of the bank. Nevertheless, no member can be sued for the debts of the bank until the whole business has been wound up in the manner provided for by law. When all the assets are exhausted, if any liabilities remain, the members, whether their shares are fully paid or not, are equally responsible for the amount. The plan has succeeded marvellously. Deposits have been attracted from the outside public as well as from members. The number of banks in Germany within forty years has grown to over 2,200, and they have prospered exceedingly. So successful, indeed, have they been that they have been imitated in Italy upon a large scale, and there also they have taken root and flourished. There is no doubt at all that they have contributed powerfully to the rapid progress recently made by Germany and Italy. They have been availed of more or less by every class, and there is no kind of banking business in which they do not engage. Many of them have added a savings-bank branch to the other kinds, and some are agricultural as well as ordinary banks.

There seems no reason why similar banks could not be successfully established in this country, provided the German system were not too slavishly copied, but that well-considered modifications were introduced for better adapting them to English notions and habits. Those who have originated and managed trade-unions, friendly and benefit societies, and the like, would surely be able to properly conduct people's banks. And there can be no two opinions that the bringing of banking accommodation within the reach of those who are now shut out from it, and yet have the probity, the intelligence, industry, and enterprise to use it well, would be an immense advantage to the community at large as well as to those persons themselves. There will be more doubt as to the advisability of introducing a new medium of exchange. The idea is for each of these proposed banks to issue what are called cash credit certificates, which are to run as follows:—"The People's Bank of —— grant you the cash credit of £——." In plain language, the certificate is neither more nor less than a banknote, only in form it purports to be an advance instead of a promise to pay. As the certificates will circulate only amongst the poor, and as the Bank of England issues no notes of less than the 5*l.* denomination, it does not seem that the certificates would affect the Bank of England note circulation. It is different, however, with the note circulation of Ireland and Scotland and the Post-Office postal orders. However, the question for the general public is not whether existing banks or a Government department might suffer some loss of profit if these new banks were allowed to compete with them, but whether it would be decidedly advantageous to the public generally that the certificates should be allowed to circulate. Clearly it would benefit the proposed banks immensely, assuming that they were taken up by the working classes generally and by struggling tradesmen, that they were well managed, and that they got into good credit. It is clear that after awhile the banks would be able to issue a very considerable amount of these certificates. In the immediate neighbourhood the certificates would probably be freely accepted in payment by those who cater for the working classes. They would thus enable the banks to dispense with the use of cash to a very large extent, and at the same time they would displace a certain amount of cash in the general circulation. The right of note issue, then, there can be no reasonable doubt, would be a great boon to the proposed banks. But whether they would be of general advantage would depend upon whether the management of the banks was good or bad. If the certificates were issued only to those who obtained loans from the banks, and if only members of the banks were given loans, it is obvious that the first note-holders, at any rate, would be the shareholders of the bank—that is to say, the very persons who would be liable in case the bank failed. Of course the certificates would be of no use to a borrower if they were not freely accepted by his creditors. Rapidly, therefore, the certificates would pass from the hands of the shareholders into those of the shareholders' creditors. Provided always that loans were not made in excess of what the borrowers could repay, it is clear, therefore, that no public injury could be done even if the bank failed, since the borrowers would remain liable for the debts of the bank. The question resolves itself, then, into another—how to secure really good management?

A DEGRADED ARTISAN.

["The English workmen are degraded by the pipe, the Bible, beer, and admiration for the upper classes."—*Mr. Cunninghame Graham at the Marxist Congress in Paris.*]

WELL! blow me, if that ain't a pretty story
For to pitch before a lot of Parley-voos—
Why, I'm bothered if there's any bloomin' Tory
Who would care to be a-standin' in his shoes.

The millenny—what d'ye call it, 's at a distance,
So it seems, for any British working-man,
For I never in the course of my existence
Can have met an "undegraded" artisan.

I could say per'aps without the risk of libel
That I *did* once 'ave a mate of sech a type
As were not a-reading daily of his Bible—
But *he* was rather partial to his pipe.

I have known a few who 'ates the upper classes,
And who generally 'olds with Labbycheer,
But then, agen, they're used to take their glasses,
And have never got to 'ate a drop of beer.

Though you cut the 'bacca-shop where once there *was* tick,
It ain't enough to drop your bit of smoke;
You must slate the bloated nobs and turn a Nostic
To satisfy this harbitrary bloke.

And there ain't a bit of virtue in denouncin'
Of the classes in the parlour of a pub;
You must raise yourself by givin' 'em a trouncin'
Over lemonide and corfy at the club.

Anti-'bacca and teetotaller persuaded,
And a cove as lets the uppers 'ave it 'ot,
And a infidel atop; and you're "degraded"
Unless you somehow answer to the lot.

Well, thank yer, Mr. Cunninghame McGraham,
In the name of British workmen not a few,
And I'll tell yer, now you've told us how you weigh 'em,
What a certain British workman thinks of you.

Self-improvement's all the go; I wouldn't shirk it,
I should like to undegrade myself, I say,
And to teach my fellow-workmen how to work it,
But I'm blowed if I can say I see my way.

I could bring myself to do with nothin' stronger
Than a cup of tea, and drop my pint of "four";
I could cease to read my Bible any longer,
And I wouldn't blow my 'bacca any more.

But I couldn't—no, I couldn't—never ask me—
Make the other change you seem to recommend;
Such a heffort would completely overtask me,
So I'll have to go degraded to the end.

For, whatever other games they have to show you,
There will always be *one* workman who admires
Upper classes as can manage for to grow you
Such a lovely thing in silly Scottish squires.

REVIEWS.

COLONEL MALLESON'S LORD WELLESLEY.*

THAT there should be a demand for a series of sketches of the lives and doings of Statesmen, accurate, short, and graphic, is a healthy sign. In a democratic age it is good for all of us to be reminded of the important part taken by individuals in moulding and controlling the destinies of empires. Nations are not fashioned by a blind and fortuitous combination of circumstances and atoms, and nowhere have the force and feebleness of personal character been more manifest than in the growth of our Indian Empire. Our supremacy is mainly the result of personal qualities acting vigorously at critical times on the Oriental mind. Amongst the actors in the Anglo-Oriental drama no name is more conspicuous than that of Richard Colley Wellesley, and few writers are better qualified to describe his character and administration than Colonel Malleson. He himself tells us that he had once contemplated writing a Life of Lord Wellesley on a larger scale. And it is not in any disparagement that we congratulate him on having been able to compress his materials into little more than two hundred pages. Biographies of bishops, missionaries, authors, and political personages by no means of the first rank, have in recent years been spun out to a length which warrants the taunt of Macaulay that they might possibly have been light reading before the Deluge, in the days of Hilpa and Shalum. This volume is a proof that redundancy of facts and fluidity of diction need not be inevitable ingredients in the biography of a real Statesman.

To the general reader as to the painstaking student, Wellesley's Indian Administration will always be more attractive than his place in the English Cabinet, his mission to Portugal, and his Viceroyalty of Ireland. There he is confronted and mixed up with others. In India he stands out as a grand central figure, with his brother conquering in "the Wild Maratha Battle" and his devoted school of politicals and agents, all men of great capacity and talent, ready to go anywhere and to do anything which the "glorious little man" wished. The Indian portion of this work naturally divides itself, or is divided by Colonel Malleson, into three portions. The first part covers the last campaign against Tippoo and the arrangements with other States at its close. On his leisurely voyage out to India, Wellesley, not persecuted by silly telegrams and not hampered by senseless restrictions, had plenty of time to master all the difficulties of the situation, and when he touched at the Cape he fell in with an able soldier who had been Resident at Hyderabad, and who was well qualified to explain the wants, wishes, and proclivities of the native princes. The policy of Sir John Shore, Lord Wellesley's immediate predecessor, had been to keep clear of entanglements, as they were thought, and to allow Rajas and Nawabs to intrigue and plot against each other. Wellesley gave prominence to that doctrine about one Paramount Power which sends such a chill to the heart of the latter-day Radical. While still running before the trade winds or becalmed under the Line, the new Governor-General had sketched with distinctness and precision the correct line of action, and on landing he at once proceeded to act. In three years' time Seringapatam, which had cost Lord Cornwallis two campaigns, had been stormed. A representative of the ancient Hindu dynasty, ousted by Hyder Ali, was replaced on the throne of Mysore. French aggression was effectually checked. We obtained complete possession of the seaboard. The Nizam was restored to the position which he had lost under the ascendency of the Marathas. It is a strong proof of Wellesley's sagacity and forecast that his policy with regard to Mysore and Hyderabad has stood the test of ninety years, and is still, in the main, the policy of Lord Dufferin and Lord Lansdowne. Though our relations with those States before and after the Mutiny have frequently been discussed and modified, the substantial position of their rulers remains to this day very much as it was laid down in 1799. The adopted son of the Prince whom the Wellesleys took by the hand and seated on the throne is now governing at Bangalore. At Hyderabad, where we have a British Resident and a Native Contingent officered by Englishmen, the Nizam, under certain restrictions, bears rule over a population of which ninety per cent. are Hindus. But from the beginning of this century, as Colonel Malleson well says, the predominance of the British Government in South-Eastern and South-Western India was permanently secured. Equally permanent and sound were the measures affecting other native States. A tyrant of the genuine Oriental type was deprived of the misgovernment of Tanjore. Opportunity was taken of the failure of heirs at Surat, once hardly inferior in importance to Bombay itself, to transfer the city and its dependencies to the East India Company. The Nawab of the Carnatic was detected in carrying on a treasonable correspondence with Tippoo, and his successor was pensioned off. A treaty was concluded with the Nawab Vizir of Oudh, by which we obtained the Doab of Hindostan, while the Nawabi, as the natives term it still, was handed over to maladministration for a period of fifty years. Amidst all these transfers and changes, involving toil, expense, and operations which led to war or to something very like it, Lord Wellesley was able to despatch five thousand troops with the object of expelling the French from Egypt. We may now think as little of the wild projects of Tippoo for an alliance with the French as we do of the union between "the implacable foe of the British" and a Northern Power. But it was not so at that epoch; and between the campaign in the South and the defeat of Maratha armies there was a lull, during which Lord Wellesley found time to attend to divers much-needed internal reforms.

This is the second period of the Indian career. To the Anglo-Indian official of the present day suffering from a sort of remittent fever in the transmission to England of any savings at a ruinous rate of exchange, rupees, each worth half-a-crown, and Government Loans bearing interest at eight, ten, and sometimes twelve per cent., must appear as a financial fairy dream. Lord Wellesley had to beg for subscriptions at these terrible rates, and he was lucky if he could close or commute the loans in two years' time. Yet when hard pressed for cash he managed to reform the army, to abolish an institution called the Regimental Committee which was subversive of all discipline, to revise the public establishments, to make the Commissariat efficient for active service, and to follow up decisive victories in the field by substantial victories on paper. But his noblest conception was the College of Fort William for the instruction of the members of the Civil Service in Oriental languages, classical and vernacular, political economy, jurisprudence, and ancient and modern laws. Warren Hastings had begun to convert factors and merchants into pro-consuls and prefects. Lord Cornwallis made their position and their salaries commensurate with their arduous duties. But Wellesley wished for a service educated, without cramming, to a very high standard. The minute in which he expanded his views with precision, ample detail, and suitable dignity of language, proved too much for the Court of Directors. They sent out a despatch abolishing the college; but, owing to the forcible protests of its founder, the scheme, somewhat shorn of its proportions, had a fair trial. For a good fifteen years after Wellesley's day there were annual exhibitions, when prizes and medals were conferred, and when the most successful students proceeded, in elegant Persian or polished Urdu, to discuss such political questions as the immorality of Suttee, the tyranny of caste, and the comparison of English with indigenous rule. At no period were higher distinctions gained, nor were more skilful linguists sent forth for the public service; men who could record their judicial decisions in the vernacular of the province where they served, or turn the manifestoes of the Governor-General into the polished language of the Durbar. There was, in fact, nothing diminutive about Wellesley except his stature. Government House at Calcutta, in its position and command of the Esplanade, illustrates the maxim of its founder that India should be governed from a palace and not from a counting-house; with the ideas of a prince, and not with the maxims of a retail dealer in muslins and indigo. Bishop Heber, who discerned a resemblance between Calcutta and St. Petersburg, admitted that the Government House of Wellesley was very near being a noble edifice. It is to be regretted that, owing to financial and other considerations, Wellesley was prevented from carrying out his plan of a broad road, lined with trees, which was to have gone right through the heart of the native town, and to have linked the country house at Barrackpore to the palace on the Maidan.

Fortunately for India Wellesley did not resign his office, as he had thought of doing, somewhere about the end of 1802. Colonel Malleson makes rather too much of differences of opinion between the Governor-General and his masters. Wellesley saw men and events through a telescope. The Court of Directors looked at them through a microscope. Hasty expressions of irritation and discontent not unfrequently fall from the pen of the most exalted personages who have to work under a hot wind or a deluge of warm water. In one or two of their remonstrances the Directors were strictly within their rights; notably when they objected to the deputation of Henry Wellesley, afterwards Lord Cowley, to the Nawab Vizir of Oudh. It is satisfactory to know that, when time had effaced all captiousness and pettiness on one hand and all irritation on the other, the splendid services of Wellesley were fittingly acknowledged by the Court. Long after his retirement the Directors voted him a statue, and made him a handsome gift of money; and such men as the late Mr. G. Lyall and the late Mr. W. B. Bayley, representing the mercantile and the official element respectively, acknowledged the force of his statesmanship in language admitted by Colonel Malleson to be adequate to the occasion. Attacks made on the Marquess in Parliament, after his return to England, by some obscure adventurers, need now only be dismissed in terms of quiet contempt.

The Maratha campaigns, with the failure of Lake at Bhurtpore and of Monson in the retreat from Holkar, are touched on by the author with due conciseness and point. There was, after all, a fitting close to an administration which lasted seven years; and, if we were inclined to a literary parody, we should say that Brougham's famous peroration about Law Reform, *mutatis mutandis*, would exactly express the difference between the India which Wellesley found and the India which he left. We make no doubt, too, that the statesman who had put down the sacrifice of children at Saugor Island and other places on the banks of the Ganges would very soon have directed his attention to the rite of Suttee. But though he called for reports on this very subject, he left India before anything could be done, and cremation of the living with the dead was allowed to flourish

* *Statesmen Series—Life of the Marquess Wellesley, K.G.* By Colonel G. B. Malleson, C.S.I. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1889.

and increase under British protection between 1814 and 1829. Wellesley, after planning campaigns and negotiating treaties, still found means to pass some very useful laws for the establishment and improvement of the courts of justice, the easier realization of rents by landholders, the punishment of gang robbery, the retrenchment of some of the absurdities in the Mohammedan Criminal Code, which then and long afterwards was the law administered by English magistrates, and divers other departmental, agricultural, and commercial matters. These would require a whole chapter to themselves. He was the first Governor-General to legislate against female infanticide amongst the Rajputs, as well as against the practice known as Dhurna; an improvement on boycotting, under which Brahmans and Fakirs squat at the gates of rich men, and threaten them with the wrath of the gods if some outrageous request is not at once conceded.

The subsequent career of Lord Wellesley is spoken of by Colonel Malleson as if it were bitterness and disappointment. It may be conceded that on his Peninsular mission or as member of an English Ministry he was a different person from the Governor-General who had only to take Malcolm or Metcalfe into his confidence and show them what he wanted to be done. Very possibly, too, he may have chafed at finding that the promises made by Spanish diplomatists were not one whit more trustworthy than the professions of good faith and friendship in the mouths of Holkar or Tippoo. But, after all, Wellesley did become Foreign Minister at an eventful period, and he really guided British policy in the Peninsula. He was Viceroy of Ireland between 1822 and 1827, and once again in 1830, when he put down insurrection, fed thousands of starving peasantry, and endeavoured to grapple with the evil of secret societies. In his views on Catholic Emancipation he was much in advance of his colleagues. We are not always accustomed to think of him as an orator, yet it seems quite certain that his style of speaking was effective, and that in the House of Peers he must have been listened to with attention. Colonel Malleson gives prominence to the anecdote that Wellesley remained silent in 1810 when the question of the Regency was discussed, and when, from his previous demeanour in the Cabinet, every one was expecting a great oration. We think it must have been on this occasion, though Colonel Malleson does not mention it, that a witty peer accounted for this reticence by saying that Wellesley had abandoned Cicero and had betaken himself to Tacitus. The allusion, of course, is to the diction of the Marquess, which, whether in speech or in minutes, was always ornate and diffuse. The story of his last seven years of retirement is gracefully told in the final chapter. But why, in quoting some Latin prose in a dedication to Lord Brougham and some Latin elegiacs, are some of the neatest couplets omitted? For instance, *Etona Mater* is thus addressed:—

> Si quis in hoc vitæ decursu gloria nomen
> Auxerit, aut si quis nobilitârit honos,
> Muneris, Alma, tui est; altrix da terra sepulcrum,
> Supremam lacrymam da, memoremque mei.

Hexameters and pentameters are out of fashion now, and it has been observed recently that in Parliament one-half of the members does not quote Latin because the other half would not understand it. We may notice one slight error about Wellesley's statue in Calcutta. Colonel Malleson says that it is the only one under cover, all the others being exposed in the open air to dust and rain, and, it may be added, to serve as perches for adjutants and kites. Now, not to say that the statue of the Marquess of Hastings in Dalhousie Square has or had a shelter over it, those of Cornwallis and of Warren Hastings adorn the Town Hall. Wellesley himself is to be seen in one of the large rooms of Government House, and facing him there used to be the successor who most resembles Wellesley in the breadth of his foreign policy, in his enforcement of the only safe rule for all India—the ascendency of England as the Paramount Power—and who from larger opportunities certainly surpassed Wellesley in the depth, extent, and variety of his internal reforms.

NOVELS.*

MR. FRANK BARRETT, author, amongst other clever books, of *The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane*, lets his readers down with rather a sharp run in *Under a Strange Mask*. Neither in conception nor execution is the last work to be compared to the former. In point of fact the plot of *Under a Strange Mask* seems to have got hold of Mr. Barrett rather than Mr. Barrett of it. The notion of a trickster attempting to pass himself off as a man more than double his age by making his face and figure up as an old beau trying to look young is ingenious. Lestrange, the rogue in question, has been an actor; and when the idea occurs to him of impersonating old Mr. Sylvester, and possessing himself of the defunct gentleman's estate, he conceives he can best do it by painting and enamelling his countenance so as to resemble an old man of eighty trying to look forty. These artificial embellishments and his simulations of senility generally have further the effect of making his friends and relations desire to be as little in the venerable gentleman's society as possible, which is convenient for the impostor. Under this plan lies another deeper. Lestrange adopts an old exploded suspicion of crime directed against Mr. Sylvester, and, whether believing in it or not, uses it to terrify his supposed granddaughter. This is all worked out with the ability Mr. Barrett possesses, but with too much haste and carelessness to get the full effect. The mysterious crime took place in 1828, the story is written in 1888; but the phrase "fifty years ago" is used again and again to tiresomeness, besides muddling Mr. Sylvester's age hopelessly. The family lawyer addresses his client, Lord Redlands, as "Sir" and "My Lord" alternately, and the ancestor of that "peer of the realm" is sometimes spoken of as Lord Redlands, and sometimes as Lord Gordon Redlands. Against these and other defects must be put the sweetness and sense of Marian Sylvester, a delightful young woman, of whom we see too little. Mr. Barrett draws girls well, and Miss Sylvester is one of his brightest and best.

The robustness of the imaginative machinery displayed in Mrs. G. Lewis Leeds's novel, *The Master of Rylands*, may possibly make up for its deficiencies in originality and subtlety. All good solid crime and horror here; no feeble supernatural effects or analytic delicacies. You have your villain, and your maniac, and your deformed dwarf, and your brutal keeper, and your lovely, defenceless girl, and your Spanish poisoner, and all of them good solid work too. Mrs. Leeds begins with a prologue which a timid author might have feared as tending to an anti-climax somewhat as the late Mrs. Procter's friends feared the motto she wished to place on the title-page of her Carlyle pamphlet, "He's, like a liar, gone to burning hell," might do. A horrible murder by a husband of his beautiful young wife, in a low drinking saloon in San Francisco, is the earliest scene. Then we pass on some nine or ten years, and find the maniac-murderer shut up in his ancestral home in Yorkshire, bullied by his groom-keeper, tyrannized by his Spanish mother-in-law (the poisoner), preyed upon by his villain brother-in-law, and in no wise comforted by the presence of his deformed dwarf boy. After this the tale is taken up and told by Miss Vera Langford, and we are bound to say the young lady is equal to the demands on her inventive and descriptive powers, and keeps the pace well up to the finish. Her brief residence at Rylands Court, of which the maniac-murderer was the "master," furnished sufficient excitement for the rest of a life, which, we add for the benefit of those who like a story to end well, is arranged in the future very happily.

An ancient abbey, acres of dark vaults underneath, unexplored passages of gloom and silence, vague exits on the beach, and entrances in glens, dead bodies in the ice cellar, smugglers in the wine vaults, coffins full of black lace, and murderers around generally, this is *The Gargrave Mystery*. It would be very thrilling, especially as there is a fine spirited girl and a good sort of fellow as a lover, and two detectives, amateur and professional, who are rather amusing, only Mr. Davidson, the author, has not been careful to hide from us that he is doing it all on purpose. The mystery is drawn out intentionally, cut neatly into chapters, patted into the proper shape, deftly arranged, and all in our sight. Vain is any attempt to take a bird in in that way. It is too plainly a puzzle and too little of a mystery. But the story is brightly written, and if the author would give us a book about the coast, which he describes well, and the fisherfolk and rustics, whom he understands, without any frozen corpses or lunatic surgeons, it might be very good.

His name was John Stuart. He was, "as his name may lead some to suspect, a Scotchman, though neither his appearance nor his speech betrayed the fact." This unconsciously Johnsonian sentence introduces us to the hero of *His Fatal Success*, and most astonishing are the events which follow. Mr. Malcolm Bell, the "editor" of this remarkable work, is, as certain internal evidence leads us to "suspect," also a native of the North, and he tells the story, somewhat clumsily, of his friend John Stuart, whom we keep constantly expecting him to call Mill. He might, indeed, have called him anything; for by a process too tedious to repeat John Stuart has acquired the power of making his fleshly part disappear, and his spirit, no longer apparently under his own control, enters a body which had lived three hundred years ago in the days of Queen Elizabeth. At this point Mr. Bell's sense of humour is too much for him. The idea of making a spirit in some other vasty deep summon by mysterious arts a soul dwelling on this little globe of ours who is at the same moment making frantic efforts to raise *him* presents itself in a comic light which cannot be resisted, and the interview between the two, each insisting that the other is the genuine spook, is really amusing. The *donnée* is altered. All that was serious and solemn in John Stuart's uncanny efforts after the unseen changes to the absurd, and we never get back to the impressive tone of the introduction. The notion of depicting a spirit of to-day, transferred to a body of three hundred years ago, remembering his life here, and able to compare the two states, is one that might have been worked into something better; but the author seems to have hardly done his best with it. He is carried away by the fun of the situation, and can never resist a chance of making John Stuart's modern brusquerie contrast with the stilted Elizabethan style. All the

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* *Under a Strange Mask.* By Frank Barrett. London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. 1889.

The Master of Rylands. By Mrs. G. Lewis Leeds. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

The Gargrave Mystery. By Hugh Coleman Davidson. London and New York: Warne & Co. 1889.

His Fatal Success. By Malcolm Bell. "Lovell Library." London: Henry J. Drane.

The Queen of Bedlam: a Story of Frontier Army Life. By Captain Charles King. London: Warne & Co. 1889.

melodramatic scenes of piracy, rebellion, and Popish-plot business John Stuart goes through before his return to his natural body are but perfunctory and so much stage scenery.

The Queen of Bedlam, described further on the title-page as "a story of frontier army life," suggests at any rate variety of interest, but the novel fails to support the promise. "Bedlam" is the name given to a ramshackle building occupied by bachelor officers and accidental guests, while Miss Forrest is only its "queen" by the right the prettiest girl in any place has to reign over it. As to the "frontier army life" which passes on the borders of the North American Indian territory, there is but little of it seen in these pages. There is a thief in the Laramie military station; dollars and diamonds, amethysts and cigar cases vanish, and the "queen" is suspected. Two hundred and eighty-four pages are given to the elucidation of the mystery and to the record of feminine gossip and camp scandals, and though at the close the reader knows something he did not know at the beginning, his intellectual or moral gain is nil.

ART IN THE MODERN STATE.*

FRANCE, which has so often made political experiments for the benefit of the world rather than herself, never made one more costly, or in the end more disastrous, than when she pressed all her artistic resources into the service of the State. The experiment had not even the merit of being either a fair or a final one; for the State was not France, but the King of France, and the result does not show that it is not for the benefit of a nation that the best talent of it should be at the disposal of the Government, and should be fostered by public education and endowment, but only that, under exceptional circumstances not very likely to recur precisely in the history of the world, it is not good for art, nor good for a country, that the whole of its taste and invention should be forced to swell the pomp and pander to the extravagance of an absolute monarch. Lady Dilke rightly views this chapter in the history of France as the development of the policy of Richelieu, the natural and inevitable result of his schemes to knit together the scattered forces of the kingdom into a great political engine, and she gives full credit to the great Cardinal for the patriotic idea which was at the root of all his virtues and all his crimes. She points out how he was the first of modern statesmen to conceive the idea of making not only the material, but the intellectual, power of a people the servants and creatures of the State, by extending its control to the literature, and even to the language itself. Passing over the period of Mazarin and the Fronde, when the plans of Richelieu were temporarily checked—at least in appearance—she shows how Colbert completed the work which Richelieu had so nearly finished, and harnessed Art also to the great chariot of the French Government. Unfortunately that Government was not the glorious representative of France which Richelieu contemplated in his dreams, but—Louis XIV.

If in course of time Louis XIV. became France, so also in due course Le Brun became French art. The nation became a Court, its art a courtier. As to the fitness of Le Brun for his position there can be not the smallest doubt; he seems to have been made on purpose for it. When we try to analyse our impression of the "Grand Siècle" it is difficult to say how much is Louis XIV., how much Le Brun. Together they carried out the theory that the King is the State and that the former is the full and sufficient representative of the latter in all things, Art included—this theory they carried out to its logical absurdity. That Le Brun did not represent the best artistic taste at the disposal of the monarch was nothing as long as he represented the taste of the monarch, and this he did as no one else could have done. If his invention was not of the highest quality, it was fertile and versatile to a quite extraordinary degree; if his taste was not of the purest, it was balanced and magnificent; if he had no strong individuality or originality, these were precisely the qualities which were of the least importance for his position; if there were greater sculptors and painters and decorators than he, there was none so learned in all the arts; if amongst the great army of artists gathered together under the standard of Louis XIV. there were men of greater and rarer genius, there was none so fitted to take command. It was an army of which any general might be proud—one which, when we regard its numbers, its discipline, and its trained skill, must be acknowledged as the most wonderful body of organized artistic power which has ever been formed. And Le Brun had two qualities indispensable in a great organizer and commander; he knew how to accommodate his plans to the will and pleasure of his master, and how to make the labours of others subserve his own ideas. If the unity was forced, it was effected; if his music was not of the noblest, it was grand and in tune; if his style was not pure, it was strong and distinct. Whether for good or for evil, this great artistic general formed an army which was powerful enough, not only to maintain supremacy at home, but also to march abroad and conquer the whole of Europe.

No doubt he found much material ready-made to his hands. Vouet had been before him, and Fouquet before his master. Art as a luxury and a privilege of the great, the expenditure of enormous sums in palaces and gardens and waterworks, were no inventions of Le Brun or Louis XIV. The employment in the King's service of large bodies of the best artists of all kinds had been commenced by Henri IV., though from much higher motives than self-aggrandizement, and the ideals of many artists only needed a touch to bring them into line with the grandiose conceptions of Le Brun; some, like that of Le Nôtre, the famous *architecte jardinier*, did not need even this. But Le Brun's tact was not shown more in the way he handled these manageable materials than in keeping out of the sphere of his influence and patronage those men who had sufficient independence of artistic thought to be inconvenient. The repression of individuality was necessary to his autocracy, as it was to Richelieu's. It cannot quite be said of Le Brun's collaborateurs, as Lady Dilke says of the original members of the Académie Française, that the list does not contain a single name of note; but the reputations of even the best of them—of Baptiste de Champagne, the Coypels and the Boullognes, De la Fosse and Houasse, Andran and Jouvenet—exist only as those of satellites to the great star of Le Brun. Here and there, but especially among the purely decorative artists or the *ébénistes*, you find a name like that of Boulle, distinguished for invention and fine workmanship, or one like Berain, whose taste is seen in designs excelling those of Le Brun in refinement and grace; but how many persons know the name of Berain, and still a few years ago how many even of those who are proud of their "Buhl" cabinets knew why they were so called? The lesson taught by Le Brun is that, if you want to form a style which shall be absolute as the State, the thing can be done, provided you pour out money like water, and get a first-rate manager like Le Brun; but you must not expect much variety or the development of originality, or that your style shall represent the highest and noblest of the nation's genius. There is no room for your Poussins and Claudes and your Pugets, nor even for your Le Sueurs and Le Nains, in the "coach and six" of a Louis XIV. or a Le Brun.

The question remains whether, after you have got your style so strong and distinct and so well organized that it not only rules the taste of the nation which produces it, but also of those that surround it, its effect is wholesome for art or wholesome for the State. If we judge solely by the experiment of the "Grand Siècle," there can be little doubt as to the answer. In the hands of Louis XIV. it became mainly an instrument for personal aggrandizement, and of extravagance so colossal that it sapped the credit of the country, and it imposed not only on France, but on Europe, an art from which the highest aims and sentiments were excluded, and in which the right relations between the different branches of art were turned almost topsy-turvy. Speaking generally, it may be stated that a system was established in which the architecture became inferior in quality to the decoration, the sculpture to the painting, the painting to the engraving; under which, if we seek for real masterpieces of art in their kind, we must go to the tapestry-weaver and the cabinet-maker, to the gilder and the engraver, and perhaps it may be not far from the truth if we say that real honours of this huge and potent art-movement remain, not with the artist, but with the artisan, and that what it has left to us most worthy of imitation is not its beauty and nobleness of design, but its thoroughness and skill of execution.

Lady Dilke does not indulge us with her views as to the proper function of "Art in the Modern State." Her rôle is that rather of the chronicler than the teacher, and what may be called the argument of both books is that the art of Louis XIV. was the logical consequence of the statesmanship of Richelieu, the aim of which was to create "the modern State" on "the crumbling ruins of feudalism," by organizing the patriotism of France in its reaction against the disintegrating effect of the Renaissance, and that the consequent absolutism produced that democratic reaction which, commencing at the French Revolution, is still active both in art and politics. The whole volume has the sober air of a political treatise, untouched by enthusiasm. It is a serene and lucid arrangement of facts, designed rather as a contribution to our knowledge than as an appeal to our taste or emotion. Indeed, the interest of this particular chapter in the history of modern art is more scientific than æsthetic, more intellectual than spiritual. We are out of touch with the sentiment, out of sympathy with the ideal of the time which produced the glories of Versailles and Marly. Never, perhaps, did art contrive a more splendid show; but it was but a show, a passing pageant, which, once passed, was over for ever, leaving little behind but a sense of gorgeousness and the sound of trumpets and big drums. To write the history of this pageant, to describe the genesis and progress of the "splendid scheme inaugurated by Colbert and Le Brun," is a task which would not be attractive to many; but it is one that is not without its value, not only as a lesson in history, but for the light which it throws upon French character and French art, a light indispensable to anything like a true or just appreciation of the latter, and we may be glad that it has been taken up by one so competent as Lady Dilke. It needed some one whose interest in the time was not entirely artistic; for, as the author owns, "to those who care for no work in which they cannot find evidence of the continuous ripening of some deep passion and purpose, the magnificent productions of the age of Louis XIV. can bring little but disgust," and it is evident that, if Lady Dilke found pleasure in writing her book, it was because she looked upon these productions with the eyes of a political historian rather than a critic. Speaking of the suppression of in-

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* *Art in the Modern State.* By Lady Dilke. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

dividuality and other sacrifices necessary to establish the scheme of Colbert, she writes:—

> The end imposed the means; the enormous influence over the whole field of national industry which the Academy acquired could not have been obtained at a lesser price. To judge the work done for France by these men and their chief we must look, in the first place, to the political importance of the enterprise, to the splendour and magnificence of the whole conception, and to the perfect finish of every detail. Everywhere we see signs of a marvellous promptitude of purpose and certainty in the calculation of desired effect, the outcome of a training exactly adapted to its ends. If on close inspection the "sublime style," which leaves its imprint on things great and small, seems, like that of Bossuet's funeral discourses, to have a nobler show than substance; if, as Michelet wittily remarks, the "trumpet appears to have become the national instrument," it was at least an instrument most appropriate to the ceremonial of an ostentatious Court. Stage effects were the object of every artist, and to his contemporaries Le Brun appeared as he did to Lépicié, "Our great poet in painting."

Nevertheless, though capable of viewing the whole subject from such a comprehensive point of view, it is beyond Lady Dilke's power to infuse much interest into its details, especially where works of art are concerned. When she is describing the intrigues of Colbert in the formation of the Academy, the struggle of that body with the *maîtrise*, or the extravagance of Louis XIV., she has no difficulty in sustaining our interest; but it somewhat sinks during her description of the works at Versailles and the different parts taken therein by a number of now almost indistinguishable artists. This part of her work is to be praised for the care with which it has been done and the labour and research to which it testifies; but there will be few who care to go so minutely over the same ground, even with the assistance of so learned a guide. To do this, not a political, but an artistic, enthusiasm is necessary, and this will not be possessed by many of her readers. It is evidently not possessed by the writer herself, although she favourably contrasts the spirit of Le Brun's art with that of his successors. "Brilliant indeed," she says, "were many of these men; all too fascinating the idylls of their theatrical Arcadia, the powdered charms of their voluptuous nymphs; and surely the names of Watteau and Chardin shall ever be counted as an honour to France. Yet, looking back, we see the elder days were other. 'Soyez galant,' cries Boucher; but Le Brun said 'Soyez noble.'" The epigram is just; but the nobleness was not artistically so interesting as the gallantry, and the heroics of Le Brun were as false as the Arcadia of Boucher.

But the writer's and our own interests are again more warmly engaged when she deals with the engravers like Claude Mellan and Edelinck and Callot; for then we come upon work that is first-rate of its kind, and in the case of Callot we encounter an original and unique genius. It is impossible not to feel as we read Lady Dilke's admirable criticisms on such worthy work that a writer so capable of appreciating it with such discrimination must have enjoyed this part of her task in an unusual degree, and looked upon it as something like a reward for her patient labour in compiling facts about the featureless collaborateurs of Le Brun. And in the case of Callot she has had the additional fortune of being able to publish for the first time some notes from some documents relating to his stay and work in Florence, which are preserved in the archives of that city. From these it appears that for the space of a year (probably from July 1619 to July 1620) Callot was on the list of the Grand Duke's household, "without salary, but in the enjoyment of all the privileges conceded to those in the receipt of salaries." Two facsimiles are given of receipts signed by Callot, which show that he was commissioned by the Grand Duke to etch thirty-two views of the most noteworthy spots in Jerusalem; and other documents prove that Callot had a shop in the Galleria di Corte in 1619 and 1620. No more cruel commentary could have been given by Lady Dilke on the art of the "Grand Siècle" than by the publication of these few trifling notes upon Callot; for they are probably of more interest to lovers of art than any possible discovery about the lives and works of Le Brun or any of his collaborateurs.

STORIES.*

THERE are five stories in Miss Lawless's volume, and though they widely differ in merit, every one is interesting and creditable. The author of *Hurrish*, though she is not always very careful about the construction of her sentences, is lifted above the tribe of gentlewomen who scribble with ease by the fact that she can write. In the volume before us she is discovered alternately true to her first and best inspiration, and yielding to a desire to emulate Mr. Henry James in his own field. The story called "A Ligurian Episode" is the least satisfactory specimen of the second condition of mind. The cautious gentleman of middle life, enjoying some property, and suffering from no personal or professional ties, who steps out of Italian trains at wayside stations for the mere freak of the thing, and then finds countrymen of his own in whimsical conjunctions, this gentleman belongs to Mr. Henry James, and Miss Lawless should not attempt, by making this personage actually do something, to oblige us to believe that he does not. Her conversations will never be so smart and so real as Mr. James's, and as this class of short story subsists upon conversation, her bright touches of description and action are not enough to secure her success. The same is, in a measure, true of the more satisfactory Venetian tale or novelette, called "Plain Frances Mowbray," which has some very charming character-painting in it, and a mild suffusion of humour. But this, again, gives the reader a painful sense of deliberate competition with Mr. James. We greatly prefer those stories in which Miss Lawless is wholly herself, "Quin Lough" and "Namesakes," little fantastic modern romances of life in the West of Ireland. Miss Lawless has written nothing more picturesque than the account of how Judge Quin came to the round tower, like Childe Roland, and how amazingly he was received in that romantic locality. The funny domestic mystery, which the reader discovers the secret of a little sooner than the author intends, is not only very charming in itself, but it has an emblematical meaning at once humorous and pathetic. Castle Quin will never be a residence very desirable or very intelligible to the reasonable Saxon. The exasperated Nationalist carman who drives the Judge to Quin Lough is one of the happiest creations of the author. If "Quin Lough" presents us with the humour and oddity of West Irish life, we get the fancy and melancholy charm in "Namesakes," a slight, almost too slight sketch of a Kerry episode, very delicately given. We hope that Miss Lawless will resign the ambition of vying with Mr. Henry James in Ligurian and Venetian studies of small talk, and will take us oftener with her when she re-visits County Clare.

Mr. A. S. Hardy, whose merits would be more generally acknowledged, perhaps, if he had not the misfortune to bear a name which seems to be the property of a greater man, has achieved a certain distinction by two carefully written, although somewhat over-strained and over-ornamented, stories; but those who know him only by *But Yet a Woman* and *The Wind of Destiny* will find little to remind them of those books in *Passe Rose*. The style is the same, a little chastened; but the scene is laid at the end of the eighth century, a period with which novelists have hitherto been shy of meddling. The action proceeds partly in the town of Maestricht, and partly in the imperial city of Aix-la-Chapelle, the glories of which, under Charlemagne, are described with considerable lusciousness. So far as we can make out, the story occupies the two years from 799 to 801, although there is not a date from the first page to the last. The mediæval character of the life described has been studied with a great deal of care; and, on the whole, the impression, though rather operatic—as notably in the scene in which Passe Rose emerges from the wood, and sits under the terrace where the Queen's maidens are waiting for Gui de Tours—is vivid and persuasive. It is inevitable, we suppose, to the exigencies of a modern novel that ideas should be attributed to the humbler characters of the story which are essentially modern and sentimental. The relations of Passe Rose, the little foundling, and of Friedgis, the Saxon porter, are an example of this. The opening scene, in which the gigantic Friedgis takes Passe Rose roughly in his arms and throws her bodily out of the enclosure of the monastery, while she scratches him like a mad cat, is exceedingly lifelike; but Mr. Hardy wants his big Saxon and his little gipsy to be sympathetic novel-figures, and they never do anything rude or violent again, in that natural way, to the end of the story. Costume, architecture, geography, all the sciences, are summoned to give an air of realism; but the people are hopelessly modern, in spite of the superficial violence of their passions. Nevertheless, *Passe Rose* is a conscientious and an interesting book, and will increase the reputation of its author.

There seems to us to be nothing for it but to say that *That Frenchman!* is a shockingly bad book. The British public is so inscrutable that it may possibly take this new work by the author of *Mr. Barnes of New York* under its protection, and buy it in thousands. It may buy it in millions, if it will, without persuading us that the novel has any right whatever to exist. *That Frenchman!* is supposed to be a study, in the manner of Gaboriau (alack!), of life in Paris at the close of the Second Empire. A ludicrous plot against the life of the Prince Imperial is the central point round which the incidents are supposed to revolve. There is no truth in the life, in the characters, in the sentiments, or even in the *bric-à-brac*. The pages are plentifully larded with French phrases, although the author knows the French language so imperfectly as to talk of *le deux Aquardo* and *la diable* (p. 30), and as to call a man a *petite crevé*. The hero is a perfectly impossible character, an effeminate marquis of enormous courage and physical strength, utterly idle and mysteriously omniscient, who is in the habit of wrestling in public masqued. The author, lost in rapturous admiration of this gentleman, as he appears "in pearl-silk tights so delicate in texture that they glow with the colour of the gleaming flesh that strains beneath them," asks the hero himself this remarkable conundrum:—"My jack o' dandy, my Court pet, my woman-

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* *Plain Frances Mowbray, and other Tales.* By the Hon. Emily Lawless. London: John Murray.

Passe Rose. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. London: Sampson Low & Co.

That Frenchman! By Archibald Clavering Gunter. London: Routledge & Sons.

Red Ruin: a Tale of West African River Life. By A. N. Homer. London: Ward & Downey.

Audrey Ferris. A Novel. By Francis A. Gerard. London: Ward & Downey.

Heathcote. A Novel. By Ella MacMahon. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

A Lost Wife. A Novel. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. 2 vols. London: White & Co.

Dragon's Teeth. A Novel. Translated by Miss Mary Serrano from the Portuguese. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

charmer, are you a mountebank or are you a colossus?" Intellectually speaking, we are afraid we cannot say that Mr. Gunter is a colossus.

It is an uncomfortable story of crime and vulgar violence which Mr. Homer has told in *Red Ruin*. The scene is laid at a station on a West African river, and the moral of the tale is the reward which a brute named McMullin finally reaps for his tactless insolence and tyranny to the blacks. There is a sympathetic heroine, one Joyce, a fine and good girl. But the book is sketchy, and does not bring up before us a very real or vivid picture of the scenes described. The portrait of the chief Magunda is rather well drawn.

There is very little to be said about *Audrey Ferris* or about *Heathcote*. They belong to the large class of modern story in which the lives of very commonplace people are shown to circle entirely around the adventures of one or two pairs of good-looking lovers. We have noticed before the extraordinary absence of any sort of business, or even rational daily interest, in life which characterizes the persons in most English novels of the third class. From anything that appears, no one who is mentioned has any employment, makes any income, indulges any hobby, or exercises any intellectual or even political influence. We meet with an amusing instance of this in *Heathcote* (which, nevertheless, is the better written of the two), where the Dean of the Cathedral city in which the incidents take place has to be mentioned. The Dean of a prominent diocese is more likely than not to be a man of remarkable attainments and striking character. One remembers what Anthony Trollope or Mrs. Oliphant could make of a Dean. To the third-rate lady-novelist, however, a Dean who is not in love (and it is improbable that he should be), and has no daughters or nieces, is a person without importance of any kind, a useless pawn in this absorbing game of amorosity. Accordingly the author of *Heathcote* makes the pleasing remark:—

> It must be confessed that the Dean was an unattractive old man. He is interesting, however, in that he was destined—quite unknowingly to himself—to be the means of bringing great joy into Heathcote's life.

Heathcote being the fatuous first lover, a lowly, lovely youth, all fire and tenderness, and, so far as we discover, with no means whatever of securing a livelihood. We hope it is not unkind to advise Miss Ella MacMahon and Miss Frances Gerard to make no further experiments in the thankless fields of fiction.

Mrs. Lovett Cameron is by no means in the same category. Her new novel forms a smart sensational story of none of the worst kind, easily leading the reader on from one improbable incident to another. Each of its volumes is sufficiently complete to exist alone. *A Lost Wife* would form a good short story for publication, by instalments, in a newspaper. It is brisk, scrappy, and rapid; introduces new characters, defines them in something like short-hand, makes them grapple with hero or heroine, knocks them over, carries them off and buries them before the reader has time to gasp. The "lost wife" has been lost by the artifice of a vigilant (or Vigilance) sister, who, believing her not to be really married to the gentleman of her choice, carries her off that, "if her life and her health have been wrecked by him, he shall not at all events be able to pollute her soul." But, unfortunately, the marriage had been a perfectly valid one, and there was no pollution in the matter. The disconsolate bridegroom learns to love another, and this other goes (by a pure coincidence) to be companion to the shattered, but still unpolluted, "lost wife." The gentleman follows them, discovers them, and makes a fine to-do. It all turns out right at the end, and *A Lost Wife*, in its own deciduous kind, is not a bad story.

After so much work, in which the highest aim, and that seldom reached, is talent, it is refreshing to come across a book, even in the tarnished mirror of a translation, which is by a man of genius. *Dragon's Teeth* is the name given by Miss Mary Serrano to her version of *O Primo Bazilio*, a novel which many critics have not hesitated to describe as the masterpiece of Eça de Queiros, the first Portuguese writer of our generation. It is a tragic social story of the Lisbon life of to-day, full of colour, rich in picturesque detail, and displaying a power of realizing, with humour as well as a little cynical asperity, the shifting incidents of modern life, not surpassed by M. Guy de Maupassant, the writer with whom it seems most natural to compare Eça de Queiros. We believe that this is the first opportunity which English readers have enjoyed of appreciating the great Portuguese novelist. Miss Serrano's translation is, on the whole, graceful and exact, and we hope she will proceed to give us other standard works from Portugal.

OUR FRIENDS IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.*

WHEN each chapter in a light book is complete in itself, the reviewer is tempted to suspect that at least a considerable portion of the work may have done duty before in the form of articles for some journal, and we confess that we looked for an acknowledgment of "kind permission" to reprint among the first few leaves of *Our Friends in the Hunting-Field*. As nothing of the kind appears, the whole of its matter, without doubt, is now published for the first time; but, for all that, the book labours under some of the disadvantages of a collection of reprints. For this reason it is not best suited for continuous reading, yet it has the counterbalancing advantage of being useful and convenient for spare moments, and it might have been written for the express purpose of amusing husbands while their wives are keeping them waiting.

There are only three portraits of women—the popular woman, the dangerous woman, the jealous woman—and neither of them meets with any mercy at the hands of the author. The men represented are the melancholy man, the man who blows his own trumpet, the sporting horse-dealer, the man who goes first, the venerable dandy, the farmer, the funk-stick, the good Samaritan, the hospitable man, the bore, and the man who has lost his nerve. These are just the sorts of subjects which suit Mrs. Edward Kennard best, and she has dealt with them admirably. We fully sympathize with her in her antipathy to "a wild and a dangerous female" in the hunting-field, and we agree with her in thinking that, although there is a charm in seeing a fine horse-woman sailing along over a difficult country, there is something exceedingly repulsive in the spectacle of a woman "bundling over a fence," as well as in the awkward attitudes of a bad lady-rider, who "bumps and rolls over the trying ridge and furrow, forcibly reminding one of an ornamental jelly, that quivers and shakes preparatory to a most tremendous downfall."

If Mrs. Edward Kennard is rather hard upon her own sex, it must not be supposed that she allows the other to go scot-free. She never lets an opportunity slip of remarking upon the greediness and selfishness of men. Both *Landing a Prize* and *Our Friends in the Hunting-Field*, her two latest works, are preached chiefly upon this edifying text. We men, it seems, are never really happy unless we have been heavily fed, or, as some of us in our "own expressive language" term it, "'well done.' And to be 'well done' is the first secret of gaining that refined, delicate, fine-fibred thing, a man's heart." This is a graceful compliment. Women, of course, never care for luncheons, teas, ices, dinners, suppers, champagne, or any vanities of that kind! A little cold mutton and a glass of beer is obviously all that they ever wish for. As far as we can gather, the only perfect man is the husband of the popular woman who allows his wife to do exactly what she likes, and is "content to play second fiddle." The account of the melancholy man is a sad one. "He hunts, shoots, races, fishes, and swears, but from none of these things—not even the latter—does he derive more than very temporary satisfaction." This reminds us that, next to eating and drinking, swearing seems, from the author's account, to be of all things the most necessary to man. The chief reason of men's dislike to being knocked over by hard-riding women is that they have not in such cases "the gratification of expressing their sentiments in forcible language, and" of allowing "wounded feeling a natural outlet." Eight chapters further on, again, in referring to the jealous woman who usurps men's places "at every fence they come to," the author says:—"Being a woman they have not even the satisfaction of swearing at her, which adds insult to injury." On the other hand, the man who has lost his nerve, according to the author, finds consolation in calling his groom "a d——d fool." We infer from all this that it does not much matter what happens to a man, provided he can swear at it. Mrs. Edward Kennard's writing is so good that we should like to see her make it even better by giving up her wearisome habit of repetition. To illustrate our meaning, we will take the rather appropriate chapter on the bore. "The subject of conversation he chooses is nearly always himself or his immediate belongings." On the next page we read that "the bore always works back to himself and *his* ideas and utterly refuses to listen to yours," and on the next that "he runs on and won't hearken to you when you try to put in a small word in return and try to relate *your* experiences." A little further on we find him "steadily adhering to his own pet subjects of conversation and entirely ignoring yours. Such egotism is disgusting." In the next paragraph "he is always full of himself," and a little later he "is as egotistical as he is tiresome." And so, as she herself would say, "on and on!"

Mrs. Edward Kennard makes some very true remarks about a fine physique having nothing to do with nerve. "You see some great, big, healthy man, with rosy cheeks, the limbs of a giant, and the digestion of an ostrich;" yet he "rarely jumps except under disagreeably high pressure." "He hunts to amuse himself, and not to commit suicide in a delicate fashion which shall afford his friends no apprehension as to the state of his immortal soul." "On the other hand, some long, lank, frail-looking individual whose appearance certainly leads you to suppose that he has already one foot in the grave, goes like a demon, and repeatedly charges impossible fences which no living horse can clear." Who is so hardened as to be untouched with the author's description of the funk-stick?—the man whose "heart goes thump, thump, thump against his ribs," "torturing fears disturbing it," while "his nerves quiver and his teeth chatter, but not from cold alone." The pages devoted to the farmers are very true and to the point. Indeed, on the subject of wire the author argues the non-hunting farmer's case strongly. Altogether, *Our Friends in the Hunting-Field* is a capital little book of its kind, and our best wish to its able author is that none of her "friends in the hunting-field" may recognize their own portraits. Heaven help her if they do!

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* *Our Friends in the Hunting-Field.* By Mrs. Edward Kennard. 1 vol. London: F. V. White. 1889.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.—VOL. XIX.*

FORTY Fitzgeralds, there or thereabouts, good, bad, and indifferent, and no word of Thomas Judkin-Fitzgerald, whose doings as High Sheriff of Tipperary in 1798 have so recently been brought up by Mr. Gladstone as a new argument against the Union. From one point of view it is, no doubt, much to be wished that the deeds alike of Judkin-Fitzgerald and of everybody else in '98 should pass out of memory. Politically, the sooner the darkness of oblivion descends upon them the better. But as a fact of history "Flogging Fitzgerald" seems to have as much claim to a place in the *Dictionary of National Biography* as his namesake "Fighting Fitzgerald," to whom a notice has been given—though not an exhaustive one, for it does not touch upon the story, true or false, that the renowned duellist encased himself in a chain-shirt.

Even with the omission of the High Sheriff of Tipperary, the articles on the Fitzgeralds make up a substantial contribution to Irish history. First in chronological, though not in alphabetical, order comes Maurice Fitzgerald, "an English conqueror of Ireland"—ethnologically of Norman-Welsh blood, his mother being the daughter of the King of South Wales. Personally, Maurice Fitzgerald seems (according to Giraldus) to have been one of the most estimable of men, though he did England the ill service of meddling (by Irish invitation) in Irish affairs, and thereby was at least part cause of woes unnumbered. From him sprang the Fitzgeralds or Geraldines, who for many centuries played a great part in the troublous history of the distressful country. About one of the later members of the clan, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the would-be rebel of 1798, there still hangs something of a halo of romance, due to his euphonious name, his youth, his folly, his death, and the mystery that attaches to his beautiful young wife Pamela, the reputed daughter of Égalité Orleans. Lord Edward and his wife both find a biographer in Mr. Alger, from whose account it appears that certainty upon the vexed, but not very important, question of Pamela's parentage is not attainable. Pamela did not, as, with a proper consideration for romance, she should have done, remain an inconsolable widow. She married Pitcairn, the American Consul at Hamburg, separated from him after the birth of a daughter, and led a wandering sort of life, in the course of which she got rid of a good deal of money, so that at her death Louis Philippe had to be drawn upon to provide her funeral. Another lady who seems to have been rather the object of romance than romantic in herself is "the Fair Geraldine," more prosaically Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, whose historical fortune has been made by Surrey's poetical and, as it would seem, perfectly harmless and conventional passion for her. If the conjectural date—1528—of her birth is accurate, she was about twelve years old when Surrey, a married man of five or six years' standing, began to declare his love *à la* Petrarch in song and sonnet. It is a sad fact that, probably under pressure of family poverty, the fair Geraldine was married off at fifteen to a sexagenarian widower, Sir Anthony Browne. He died in 1548, the year after that in which Surrey's head had fallen on the scaffold. About 1552 she became the third wife of the Earl of Lincoln, seems to have got on well with her husband, but ill with her stepchildren, and died a childless widow at the age of sixty-one. To the imagination of an Elizabethan novelist appear to be due the stories of Surrey's vision of his fair Geraldine in Cornelius Agrippa's magic mirror, and his challenge to all comers to dispute her beauty with him in chivalric combat—stories which were turned to poetical account by Drayton and by Sir Walter Scott. The date 1578 here assigned by Mr. Lee to the publication of Drayton's "Heroicall Epistle" is clearly a slip. Mr. Bullen's article on Drayton gives 1597 as the date of the first edition and 1598 of the second edition of the *Heroicall Epistles*; and the date of 1578, besides making Drayton only fifteen at the time of publication, is inconsistent with Mr. Lee's own belief that the magic mirror story originated with Nashe in 1594. Yet another female Fitzgerald of fame is that "frisky old girl," the centenarian Countess of Desmond—Katherine Fitzgerald, second wife of the twelfth Earl of Desmond. The stories that the venerable dame came to her end by a fall from a cherry, apple, or walnut tree "may be dismissed as fictions," and with them the imputation of excessive friskiness. Old she certainly was, though the precise tale of her years is unascertained. Tradition carries it as high as "about" 140, or even 160, years. Sir John Harington, in a passage evidently referring to, though not actually naming, her, puts it "above 120"; and her present biographer, the Rev. W. D. Macray, concludes from ascertained data that she "can hardly have been less than 104 years old at the time of her decease" in 1604, and may have been ten years more. It is to be feared that tradition errs in placing her wedding in the reign of Edward IV.—*i.e.* in or before 1483—and making her dance with the future Richard III. Even if we throw back the date of her birth to a sufficient distance, the evidence is strong that she could not have been married to the Earl of Desmond till, at the earliest, 1506, twenty years after the death of Richard III. The story may be true of Desmond's first wife, the Countess Sheela; and tradition is quite capable of rolling two Ladies Desmond into one.

Among minor Fitzgeralds we must not pass over William Thomas, "versifier," upon whom Byron and the *Rejected Addresses* have conferred a ludicrous immortality. Fitzgerald had many merits; his sentiments were admirably loyal and patriotic; he never gave the authorities any trouble (which is more than can be said of all Fitzgeralds); and, judging from the account of his behaviour towards one of his parodists, either James or Horace Smith, he must have had a temper of Christian sweetness. But even his biographer (Mr. Marzials) has to own that Fitzgerald's "Tyrtæan compositions" (as the *Annual Register* for 1803 terms them in all seriousness) "are very bad."

Of other Fitzes, mediæval and modern, legitimate and illegitimate, there are infinite varieties, ranging from Fitzailwin and Fitzalan to Fitzwarine and Fitzwilliam. Under the family name of Fitzgibbon we find the Earl of Clare, Lord Chancellor of Ireland from 1789 to 1802, to whom the passing of the Act of Union was mainly due. His biographer, Mr. Macdonell, steers a middle course between the Grattan view of Clare as the basest of men, without one redeeming virtue, and that of Mr. Froude, who has made him out an unsullied patriot, thinking only of his country's good. Here, also, to set off against Clare, is the man whose "appointment [in Mr. Gladstone's words] seemed to open for Ireland the gates of Paradise"—Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord-Lieutenant for a few months of 1794-5. Among Fitzherberts we notice Maria Anne, *née* Smythe, who is uncompromisingly described by her biographer Mr. Kebbel as "wife of George IV." More edifying are the associations with the sainted William Fitzherbert, Archbishop of York, in the twelfth century, and the object of a cult which never became more than local. His history is painstakingly dealt with by Professor T. F. Tout. Thomas Becket's friend and biographer Fitzstephen and his murderer Fitzurse both find places at no great distance from each other. Fitzurse, who by the double-edged working of the clerical immunities was not amenable to lay jurisdiction, was with his comrades ordered by the Pope to the Holy Land, and is said by Hoveden to have died while doing penance in the "Black Mountain" ("in Monte Nigro")—an unexplained name, which the present biographer, Mr. Hunt, thinks "was evidently intended to indicate some place, probably a religious house, near Jerusalem." One legend, however, puts him off upon Ireland, and connects him with "the wild Irish, and rebellious family of M'Mahunde," as Spelman reports in the *History of Sacrilege*.

There are twenty-two Finches and Finch-Hattons, and twenty-four Fishers, chief among them Henry VIII.'s victim, the Bishop of Rochester, who is the subject of an interesting article by Mr. Bass Mullinger. We think that the date of Fisher's formal beatification by the Roman Catholic Church should have been given. The names of Fleming, Flemming, and Flemyng muster twenty-six entries among them, including a notice by the editor in, for him, an unusually effusive spirit, of that fascinating child-phenomenon, the "Pet Margarie" (Margaret Fleming) dear to Sir Walter Scott. Fletcher is also a strongly represented name. The history of Fletcher the dramatist's works—for of him personally there is but little to tell—is treated thoroughly and critically by Mr. Bullen. With regard to the play of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, he holds that there is no ground for supposing that Shakspeare and Fletcher worked together upon it. His view is that some passages written by Shakspeare for a revival of an old play on the same theme came after Shakspeare's death into the hands of Fletcher and Massinger, and were used by them in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*. *Henry VIII.* he considers to be also a joint production of Fletcher and Massinger, with some Shakspearian passages incorporated. Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, who, it may be noted, was a Scottish Nationalist and anti-Unionist, finds a careful biographer in Mr. Espinasse; and Fletcher or De la Flechere, the saintly Methodist vicar of Madely, is appreciatively treated by Canon Overton. We are surprised that Fletcher's wife, Mary Bosanquet, has not been thought worthy of more than a few passing words. Long before she married Fletcher she was an active worker and preacher for the Methodists; the memoirs compiled from her journal form an interesting piece of religious biography, and are valuable for the pictures they give of early Methodism; and altogether she was to the full as deserving of a biography as Ruth Follows, the preaching Quakeress who is commemorated in this volume.

Under Forbes there are thirty-eight entries, perhaps one of the most interesting being Edward Forbes the naturalist, by Mr. G. T. Bettany. Of Ford or Forde there are twenty, including Ford the dramatist, who is treated of by Mr. Bullen. We must not forget to mention Miss Clerke's interesting article on Flamsteed, the first Astronomer-Royal; Professor Laughton's account of Flinders, the discoverer and hydrographer, to whom Australia owes its name; and Mr. Sidney Colvin's life of Flaxman the sculptor. Mr. Archer's article on the evil counsellor of William Rufus, Ranulf, or (as here spelt) Rannulf, Flambard, and Mr. Firth's on Cromwell's son-in-law, Charles Fleetwood, also merit notice; and we must not pass over Mr. Garnett's pleasantly-written accounts of Finlay, the historian of Greece, and of Albany Fonblanque, a mighty name in "journalism" in the thirties. The Rev. Alexander Gordon gives an interesting account of Fludd or Flud, the Rosicrucian physician, together with a long and careful list of his principal works; while Mr. Lee tells the history of the very disreputable astrologer and quack Simon Forman, who was mixed up in the Essex-Overbury scandals of King James I.'s Court. Mr. Lee also supplies the biography of Mary Fitton, who occupied but did not adorn the position of maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, and who has risen suddenly into fame

* *Dictionary of National Biography.* Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. XIX. *Finch—Forman.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1889.

by reason of the theory identifying her as "the dark lady" of Shakspeare's sonnets—an ingenious theory, says Mr. Lee, but one which, in "the present state of the evidence," cannot be definitely accepted. No doubt it is interesting to know "who's who." But, after all, it is no great joy to have the image of Mary Fitton—"popular [as her biographer says] with the young men at court"—involved in commonplace intrigues with the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Richard Leveson, married to Captain Polwhele and Captain Lougher, and perhaps to a third husband unknown—to have this image of common clay presented to us as an equivalent for the mysterious visionary figure of Shakspeare's pale, dark-eyed temptress.

DIABETES.*

THIS book is a typical example of too many that come from the medical press of all countries, and especially from the pens of those who practise at the innumerable spas and so-called health-resorts. Based on flimsy assumptions, the arguments, if such they can be called, proceed to the attractive inference that a disease hitherto, strictly speaking, incurable has been "assuredly healed" by the writer, and "will be healed again in the future." The author conveniently disposes of the recoveries reported by others by alleging that the cases were not diabetes; and, while glibly denying the truth of all past and current theories of the causation of this disease, endeavours to make plausible his own plan of cure by dogmatically asserting, with scarcely a show of evidence, that, in effect, diabetes is always the result of syphilis, inherited or acquired. There is no trace of original observation or reasoning in this brochure—a deficiency which is not likely to be observed by those whom the title of the book may allure to its perusal. As to the successful treatment vaunted by the author, there does not appear to be anything new in it, either as regards diet or drugs, the most remarkable point under this heading being the author's advice to sufferers to spend the summer at a German resort where he practises himself, and for an "after-cure," whatever that may mean, to go to "the superbly-situated" Hotel ——, where there is a prospect that they will find all those appliances which are required for the treatment suggested by himself.

SOME ATLASES.†

TO the conscientious critic (for he exists) nothing is more difficult than the reviewing of atlases, dictionaries, and all the other works of reference which are among the most useful, not to say indispensable, burdens of the library shelves, and which are of all others, useful and useless, the most puzzling to discuss except in the briefest possible space or at enormous length. Nevertheless, he tries to do his duty.

Some very good things, with one important thing by no means so good, may be said of Messrs. Longmans' *New Atlas*, in which Mr. Edward Stanford is responsible for the engraving and lithographing, while Mr. Chisholm does the editing, and divers specialists have contributed special details. Some particulars in the design (it should be noted that the book can be had either in imperial 8vo., with the maps folded for convenience of shelving, or in quarto, with the maps flat, which is infinitely the better for all purposes except shelving) strike us as new. Thus there is as frontispiece a plate representing the comparative size of the different scales on which the maps are drawn—a thing on which we have known considerable haziness present in the minds of intelligent persons much older than the schoolboys for whom this atlas is primarily, though not exclusively, intended. The maps themselves are between fifty and sixty in number, not a few of them having (according to an excellent custom of which, we think, the famous atlas of Spruner set the chief example, if it did not actually originate the practice), "insets" or smaller maps of special districts. Added to these are certain plates (sixteen in number, but each containing divers separate cuts) of subjects relating to and connected with geography, such as landscape, architecture, physical types, scenes of manners, vegetable products, and what not. These last seem to us better suited for wall diagrams in colour than for black and white printing on a small scale in an atlas; but they meet a modern fad. The book also has a side arrangement of the useful kind which betrays by thumb *manchettes* the whereabouts of an individual map, and a good index. The maps themselves are, however, the most important thing, and these are in many ways excellent. More of them than, if we had ourselves been consulted, we should have advised are devoted to those diagrams rather than maps which are another modern craze—diagrams of mountains and waters, of religions and races, of density of population and "area of visibility of the Aurora Borealis." What in the name of Krashi-bashi is the good of a diagram of the area of visibility of the Aurora Borealis? The maps proper, when we get to them, would be impeccable but for one principle which Mr. Chisholm has observed, and which seems to us utterly wrong. Because the maps of the last generation too often represented a bewildering crowd of interlaced place-names with no physical features except a river or two and a rare mountain, we are, it seems, now to hold, as he does, that the fewer names in a school map the better. This seems to us, we confess, a kind of madness, and it accounts for the profound ignorance of the really useful part of geography which the modern schoolboy often displays. We take, for instance, the map of England and Wales because it is most useful for comparison, though as a matter of fact the nomenclature here is generous compared with others. Without trying to find unlikely places, we look in Kent and we cannot (speaking under correction) find Lydd, Ashford, or Sevenoaks; in Sussex, where Horsham and East Grinstead are lacking; in Hampshire, without discovering Romsey, Lyndhurst, Lymington, Christchurch, or Andover; in Dorsetshire, where Sherborne, Wimborne, Blandford have vanished; and along the Devon and Cornish coasts, where Sidmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Dawlish, Kingsbridge, Looe, Fowey, and Helston, with many more, fail to answer to the longing eye. Every one of these, with dozens more, we find, not in the least crowded, in the scarcely larger maps of another atlas further down on our list. Now this, we cannot help thinking, is a very gross mistake, and we hope that Messrs. Longmans will see their way (for you can add anything in a plate) to correcting it. It prevents us from recommending, as we otherwise should, and as in some respects it deserves, this atlas as a great advance on all others. The silliest of all possible mistakes is for B to run into one extreme because A has run into the other. And it cannot be too often repeated that, while the scientific details which make up physical geography are very good things in their way, it is political geography which is the key to history, literature, and business alike.

Mr. Trelawny Saunders's very handsome *Atlas of India* is constructed on a somewhat similar system, but it is not open to similar censure, because its purpose is totally different. It consists of twelve maps on a magnificent scale to begin with, and in some folded instances (in which they are very properly mounted on squares of thin linen) on a scale more magnificent still. The first gives the mountain systems of India, handsomely extended to the Pamir, the desert of Gobi, and the upper waters of the Hoang-Ho. The second, with an equal extension, gives the rivers. The third, enlarged on linen as above noted, gives the civil divisions according to administrative arrangements of both British and native States. The fourth is a population map; the fifth one of languages and dialects; the sixth of railways and other means of communication; the seventh a military map with the divisional and district commands; the eighth a tabular view of the areas of the great famines during the present century. The ninth is meteorological; the tenth gives the locality and acreage of the chief crops; and the eleventh the distribution of forest trees; while the twelfth is an index-map to revenue and topographical surveys. There is letterpress to correspond to all of these. It will thus be seen that this splendid atlas is less an atlas in the ordinary sense than a tabular arrangement of a great number of scientific and statistical details—of immense service, no doubt, occasionally to the politician or the journalist who has to do with India, but not particularly succulent for the general public.

The *General Atlas of Modern Geography* is a straightforward collection of maps of the older kind, though by no means destitute of diagrams and plans of the newer. The Hemispheres, the "World on Mercator's Projection," and the other useful and well-known charts, in regular order, meet the undazzled eye with something of a sense of relief. The maps are clear and good, with sufficient, but not excessive, physical details, and the districts of more recent political interest are very well marked, though in some instances events have gone too fast for Messrs. Bacon, as in Amatonga Land, which in any case should not have been coloured Portuguese, and the Bechuanaland, or rather Matabele Land Protectorate. But this colouring differs in different maps, as it could not well fail to do, and it is well to say that in the general map of Africa the Portuguese coast districts on each side and the German "sphere of influence" northward of Tanganyika are properly limited. The Central Asian map is also good and well worked up to date.

The Unrivalled Atlas, which is smaller and cheaper, is Messrs. Johnston's, and it is therefore almost, if not quite, superfluous to praise it. Besides, it is an old acquaintance. Here, too, things have been well worked up, and, probably in consequence of a somewhat later date of publication, Matabele Land is duly coloured red.

Another edition has appeared of the atlas which, derived originally from the old Useful Knowledge Society's publications, used to be published by Messrs. Letts, and still bears their name. The present publishers, Messrs. Mason & Payne, detail various alterations and improvements in this second issue. There is a frontispiece of flags of all nations, from the Union Jack to the scissors of Morocco and the peacock of Burmah. We have on former occasions given some account of the extraordinary wealth of maps, plans, and diagrams distinguishing a volume which is

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* *Diabetes; its Cause and Permanent Cure, &c.* By Emil Schnée, M.D. London: H. K. Lewis. 1889.

† *Longmans' New Atlas.* London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

An Atlas of India. By Trelawny Saunders. London: Stanford. 1889.

General Atlas of Modern Geography. London: Bacon. 1889.

The Unrivalled Atlas. New edition. London and Edinburgh: W. & A. K. Johnston. 1889.

Letts's Popular Atlas. Second edition. London: Mason & Payne; Hutchinson & Co. 1889.

Physical Geography. New York: Appleton; London: W. Allen.

still certainly the most elaborate and detailed collection of maps published in England, and which the publishers seem to be taking pains to make one of the most exact. The plans of great towns alone would make the book an almost indispensable adjunct to every well-furnished library.

The last book on our list is not exactly an atlas, but is published in atlas form, contains many maps, and deals with matter closely akin to the subjects of the publications we have been discussing. It is elaborately provided with diagrams, and contains a great deal of information about its title-subject, with astronomical, geological, botanical, and other appendages. There is much reason, we are told, to believe that the first living inhabitants of the earth made their home in hot water; and, alas! it cannot be said that the present living inhabitants have entirely got free of that accident of residence. If the hot water of those times "equaled," as Messrs. Appleton print it, the present occasional temperature of this fluid, we are not sorry that we did not live then. Intermixed with this information and its accompanying diagrams are, as we have said, real maps adjusted to the purposes of the book; which may be pronounced altogether a well-arranged, well-printed (though not well spelt), and full encyclopædia of miscellaneous information, in a remarkably compact form.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT RAILWAYS.*

THERE are few Englishmen, if we except those whose business or interest connects them too closely with rival lines, who are not more or less proud of the London and North-Western Railway. Other railways may be longer or may run their trains a trifle faster—the Great Western has now some six hundred more miles of road, we believe, than its Northern neighbour, and there is nothing in the ordinary train service of the North-Western quite equal in speed to the best expresses of the Great Northern—but in general excellence of organization and equipment the North-Western is our pattern railway. It is an immense machine, and it works with amazing smoothness; its way, its plant, its staff, and its system are alike admirable. Mr. Findlay's long experience as manager of this best managed of railways forms the highest possible qualification for the task he has undertaken, of writing a book on railway management and working. He has naturally chosen his own railway as a text, and has done his work extremely well, contriving to condense into a small volume of 270 pages a vast amount of information, both as to general matters and as to points of executive and constructive detail. The book is well arranged, clear, concise, and readable, and it need scarcely be said that every page bears the stamp of mature knowledge. Mr. Findlay opens with a short retrospective sketch of the beginnings of railways, and tells how the London and North-Western system was founded and welded into the homogeneous whole which now comprises 1,800 miles of railway and 650 stations, earns a revenue of 10,160,000*l.* on a capital of 108,000,000*l.*, and gives employment to an army of more than 55,000 men. The next chapter, on "Management," tells how the administration of the line is carried on. It describes the functions of various committees of the Board of Directors, and those of the various permanent officials to which the executive is entrusted. What the author calls the chain of responsibility—the carefully arranged system of devolution—is well exhibited. The conferences are described, which bring the country officers up to headquarters once a month and keep the outlying parts of the system in touch with one another and with the centre, as well as the periodical inspections which are made by the chief officials from time to time. Other interesting parts of this chapter deal with the system of financial control, and the plan by which the time-tables are drawn up; and the author concludes it by giving a number of managerial hints, drawn from his own experience, as to how a man placed at the head of a great office may save his time and brain-power and use them to the best purpose. The staff, with its various superannuation and insurance funds, is the subject of another chapter; and another treats of the permanent way, giving in narrow compass a remarkable number of engineering details. The working of signals is then described, and excellent illustrations are added to explain the elaborate arrangement of semaphores at stations and junctions, and how they are interlocked with the "points." An account of the block system follows, and rolling-stock is then treated in two chapters which deal respectively with engines and brakes and with carriages and waggons. Under this head come descriptions of Mr. Webb's compound engines, and of the Company's locomotive works at Crewe, and their carriage and waggon works at Wolverton and Earlestown. The working of the trains, the shunting and marshalling of goods trains (on "gridirons" at Edgehill and elsewhere), and the working of goods stations form the subjects of three very interesting chapters, with a good deal in them that has not been published before as to what goes on behind the scenes in railway management. Passing on to speak of rates and fares, Mr. Findlay refers to the work of the late Mr. Grierson, of the Great Western Railway, as having exhausted that subject, and contents himself with a short account of the conferences by which the competitive rates between most places in Great Britain are settled, and of the methods by which revenue resulting from through traffic is divided among the Companies concerned. The principal machinery for that purpose is the Railway Clearing House. From a very humble beginning, about forty years ago, the Clearing House has grown till it now has a staff of some two thousand persons, who deal with a part of the revenue of every British line, and arrange the division of receipts amounting to 16,500,000*l.* The ticket of every "through" passenger is sent to the Clearing House; every station makes a return to it daily of all passengers or parcels booked through, and of carriages and waggons received and despatched; and scattered all over the country, at every junction of two railways, are agents of the Clearing House, who report the number and description of every vehicle that passes from one to another Company's line; "and thus," says Mr. Findlay, "with enormous labour, but with the most marvellous accuracy, the accounts are made up and the balances declared." The Clearing House is also a convenient neutral ground where conferences of managers and others are held to settle questions of rates and to arrange matters of general railway policy. Mr. Findlay discusses shortly the relation of the State to railways and the question of State purchase, making out, as one might expect, a strong case against that. He gives an exposition of railway law as between the Company and the public, and concludes with a short essay on railways as a means of defence. Considering its small size, his book is remarkably comprehensive, and deserves to rank as an authoritative text-book of the subject of which it treats.

Messrs. Foxwell and Farrer's book on *Express Trains, English and Foreign*, is a collection of statistics of mileages, times, and speeds relating to all the fast trains which run on British, or American, or Continental railways. This does not sound very interesting; but the statistics are set forth in so lively a fashion, with a running accompaniment of so much shrewd and amusing comment, that the book is by no means unreadable. On the contrary, there is a great deal in it that will interest any reader, and a good deal, we should say, that is worth the serious consideration of the railway Companies whose doings are criticized. If a corporation has no conscience there is this compensation, that you may speak your mind about it very freely, and the authors take full advantage of this license. The "habitual sloppiness" of one southern railway, the "chronic block within sight of port" upon another, the "cheery stoicism" of a certain South-western terminus, where trains arrive at their own (not the time-table's) time and place, are things that call for plain speaking, and Messrs. Foxwell and Farrer are exceedingly ready to answer the call. Now and then there is a tendency to strain after smartness. But they are as willing to praise as to blame, and even the Southern lines come in for a fair share of compliment in respect of their electric-lighting, their Sunday service, and the plucky way in which they carry on their traffic during dense fogs—a thing which implies a strain upon the staff such as no one unacquainted with railway working has any idea of. The authors temper some of their sharpest strokes by the use of a little humorous exaggeration:—

> On the platform of the Waverley Station at Edinburgh may be witnessed every evening, in summer, a scene of confusion so chaotic that a sober description of it is incredible to those who have not themselves survived it. Trains of caravan length come in portentously late from Perth, so that each is mistaken for its successor: these have to be broken up and re-made on insufficient sidings, while bewildered crowds of tourists sway up and down amongst equally bewildered porters on the narrow village platform reserved for these most important expresses; the higher officials stand lost in subtle thought, returning now and then to repeated inquiries some masterpiece of reply couched in the cautious conditional, while the hands of the clock with a humorous air survey the abandoned sight, till at length, without any obvious reason, and with sudden stealth, the shame-stricken driver hurries his packed passengers off into the dark.

After this it is reassuring to learn that "over every station the flag of Hope waves bright."

As to the statistics, it appears that the Great Northern stands first in the matter of speed, with its 53 miles per hour from King's Cross to Grantham, and its (very nearly) 9,000 train-miles of expresses, with an average running speed of 47 miles per hour. In the great race to Edinburgh last year the Great Northern (with its allies of the East Coast route) broke its own and everybody else's record, by running, on August 31st, from King's Cross to Edinburgh at the average speed of 57½ miles per hour, excluding station stoppages, or nearly 53 miles per hour including them. On that occasion four successive miles were done in 188¾ seconds—a rate equivalent to over 76¼ miles an hour. As everybody knows, the London and North-Western ran almost neck and neck with the East Coast while the racing fury lasted; but in ordinary times it does not seek what its manager calls "the doubtful distinction of running the fastest trains in the world." The quantity of its expresses, however, is enormous. Defining an express as a train with a speed, including stops, of at least 40 miles per hour, the authors credit the London and North-Western system with 14,436 express-train miles, the average running speed of which is 44⅔ miles per hour. "This one English railway gives us an amount of speed exceeding 40 miles per hour greater than that contributed by the entire Continent of Europe or the whole of the United States."

On the Continent, indeed, the speed, as a rule, is so low that a much lower standard (29 miles per hour, including stoppages) is

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* *The Working and Management of an English Railway.* By George Findlay, Lieut.-Col. Engineer and Railway Volunteer Staff Corps; Assoc. Inst. C.E.; General Manager of the London and North-Western Railway. London: Whittaker & Co. 1889.

Express Trains, English and Foreign: being a Statistical Account of all the Express Trains of the World; with Railway Maps of Great Britain and Europe. By E. Foxwell and T. C. Farrer. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1889.

taken for the definition of an "express." A very few French expresses exceed 40 miles per hour; the *train de luxe* from Paris to Bordeaux and the 11.15 (Nord) train from Paris to Calais, which are the fastest long-distance expresses on the Continent, run at a speed (excluding stops) of 44 miles per hour. But such cases are rare, the ordinary express speeds being from 33 to 39 miles per hour in France, a little lower in Germany and Austria, and only 31 miles per hour in Italy and Russia. In the United States the best trains nearly reach, but do not pass, the English record; the fastest running is from Baltimore to Washington at 53⅓ miles per hour, and the general average is 41⅖ miles per hour (including stops) for a grand total of 14,000 express-train miles.

GEOFFREY GAIMAR.—VOL. II.*

THIS volume completes the Rolls edition of Geoffrey Gaimar's *L'Estorie des Engles*, begun some years ago by the late Sir Thomas Hardy. Mr. Trice Martin discusses in his preface the few facts which his author tells us about himself, and suggests that he may have derived his name from a small district in Caen called Waimara, the present Rue de Gémare. From what, then, are we to derive the place-name? His attempt to identify Ralf FitzGilbert, the husband of the Lady Constance, for whom Gaimar wrote, is ingenious; and, though the matter does not admit of proof, it is certainly worth noting that the Ralf on whom he has fixed had a chaplain named Geoffrey. He describes the principal sources from which Gaimar obtained his information, and exhibits the more important passages where he has deviated from them. The footnotes to the translation strike us as decidedly feeble. Some of them contain remarks which are entirely superfluous as far as scholars are concerned, and yet are scarcely full enough for the use of beginners. The note to l. 5405 implies that Eadnoth the Staller beat off from Bristol a force led by one of the sons of Harold. This is a mistake, and is not, it is almost needless to say, to be found in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, to which a reference is given. The three sons of Harold had, as Mr. Martin will see if he consults the *Chronicle* (Worcester version), been forced by the townsmen to give up their attempt on Bristol, had taken to their ships, and had landed again on the coast of Somerset before Eadnoth met them and fought the battle in which he was slain. A perfectly needless correction of Gaimar will be found in the note to l. 5420; his statement that the Danes took York is accurate as far as it goes. It is happily unusual to find in a volume of the Rolls Series such a reference as "Wright, p. 227," given in a note to l. 6489. To which of Thomas Wright's works does this apply? The subject of the note is the history of Queen Adeliza of Louvain; is there no earlier authority for her marriages than Mr. Wright? We do not know where he found that she died in 1151; it may have been so, but, as far as we are aware, the date of her death has not been ascertained. Gaimar's poem is of little direct historical value. Historically its chief interest lies in the picture which it presents of what people in the middle of the twelfth century believed and thought about the events of English history. It has another importance as a remarkable specimen of literature, and it would have been well if the work of editing and translating it had been committed to some one who had a thorough knowledge of the language in which it is written. A severe condemnation of this edition as a whole has been pronounced by that eminent scholar Professor Paul Meyer in the current number of *Romania*. Now Professor Meyer is rather of that class of specialists who regard other specialists in the same domain as trespassers; and many of his strictures are on the construction of the text, with which we are not at present concerned, and for which Mr. Martin is not responsible. But he also quotes several instances of mistranslation as proofs that Mr. Martin has no special qualification for the work which he has attempted, and we regret to say that his quotations justify his opinion.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS AND TRADE DEPRESSION.†

ALL the ills that flesh is heir to can be charmed away by the magic wand of the doctrinaire, if the people will but listen to the voice of the charmer. There is a this-world salvation army of prophets, who will point out the way to be saved from the miseries of this vale of tears and put the pessimists to shame. But, like the other Salvation Army, they teach in vain, and the world wags on in its old way, not to be turned out of its course by any power.

Mr. Tallerman's magic wand, assuming the shape of this book, as a magic wand can assume any form it pleases, is a very ambitious and portentous instrument, ready to teach every man his own business, and, as usual in such cases, to effect a social revolution with the simple and easy means common to magic wands in general. To effect a revolution thoroughly, it is not only needful to point out the new way, but to smash and pulverize the old way; for, as we are 37,000,000, mostly fools, some of us are sure to be treading the old paths in our old silly way unless they are made impassable. Farmers, it appears, have a goodly share in the "mostly fools" part of the 37,000,000, as the following extracts will show, which will serve at the same time as good examples of the style of the book:—

> In the preparation of their meat crop home farmers treat their beasts in their characteristic haphazard way; little or no thought appears to be given to the important considerations as to how an animal shall yield the greatest amount of meat of the best quality in the shortest time and at the least expense.—P. 62.
>
> The utter want of consideration which British farmers have for their own interests is strikingly exhibited by the grossly careless manner in which all perishable home-grown food produce is sold by them.—P. 125.
>
> In every direction and with all kinds of food produce the course of procedure is of the same reckless nature—viz. to send it somewhere for sale, without any consideration as to the possible or probable ultimate results that might be otherwise obtainable. Home farmers realize only the minimum value of their produce, which they blindly thrust into competition with that imported from abroad.—P. 132.
>
> Home farmers, on the contrary, do everything simply because their fathers, grandfathers, and their predecessors have done the same from time immemorial.—P. 261.
>
> An inspection of the forms (of his system of bookkeeping) by agricultural or industrial minds is calculated to lead to a feeling of bewilderment; but the commercial mind will grasp the simplicity of the whole matter at a glance.—P. 232.
>
> "Reduce our rent, abolish our tithes, diminish local taxation, put five shillings a quarter on all wheat that arrives in the country," implores the British farmer, while he sullenly stands idle and looks on, while farmers from all parts of the world . . . enter his markets.—P. 329.
>
> It is a remarkable feature in the social life of the people that in a country claiming to be the leading commercial nation of the world that [*sic*] all the simplest rudiments of commercial life should be so utterly ignored by its producers in every branch of agricultural practice.—P. 425.
>
> Our farmers suffer from the illusion that they know how to manage their business. This is a great mistake.—P. 448.
>
> The bulk of the farmers of the country appear to be so wrapt up in their own conceit and vanity as to be utterly unable to realize that some useful information and experience is to be gathered outside the fences of their own farms.—P. 543.

Let it not be supposed that the British farmer is the only person who comes in for this slashing sort of correction. It appears that there is a grand distinction between the agricultural mind and the commercial mind; but the commercial mind also has much to learn, and to unlearn too. The food produce supplied by the agricultural mind is the best in the world; but the worst of it is this mind does not know what to do with it when it has produced it. There are some few words that should accompany the waving of this magic wand, of which "agricultural," "commercial," "mechanical," should be constantly uttered. But the potent charm is conveyed in the words "combination," "refrigeration," and "evaporation," the mystic meaning of which the book itself must divulge.

Not only meat, but the whole food supply—bread, vegetables, and fruit included—is dealt with, and the only true way pointed out to all. But Mr. Tallerman is always harking back to bullocks and beef. There is repetition enough and to spare in the book to engraft both on the agricultural and on the commercial mind the valuable precepts it contains for ever and a day. Bullocks and beef recur again and again, sheep and mutton being "understood." The agricultural and commercial mind, especially if the commercial mind belongs to a dealer in beef, can doubtless stand the ordeal well; but the ordinary common mind might be sickened with the repeated details of slaughter, blood, bones, and offal. Mr. Tallerman is a great dealer in figures, and throws his millions at the heads of his readers like thunderbolts. It does not seem to occur to him that millions of themselves are nothing if not relative.

It is very consoling to know from the preface "To the Reader," that "whatever your political views may be, the contents of the following pages will accord with them. If perused in a critical spirit, kindly bear in mind that I claim no pretension to literary ability," which takes a load off one's mind. The volume is divided into four books. Book I. consists of twenty-six chapters on twenty-two anomalies, and is called a Book of Anomalies. These constitute the destructive elements of the work, and are designed to clear the way for the constructive parts, though the destroying spirit is never wholly absent. And there is an appendix of "Practical Remedies," besides. Chapter xix., Anomaly Fifteen, expounds and corrects the prevailing errors respecting wheat, flour, millers, and bakers, from Mr. Tallerman's point of view. He says, p. 163, the idiotic wish for white flour causes a waste of fully one-fourth of our food supply. He bases his argument on English wheat, weighing 63 lbs. a bushel, making no allowance for variations in soil and climate, or for wet seasons; and lays stress unduly on fraudulent materials used by bakers. He knows something about bullocks and beef, but his ignorance and random assertions when he treats of wheat, flour, and bread betray his real qualifications as a teacher of mankind. The contradictions in his arguments are many, of which he seems to be quite unconscious. The English are the finest race in the world, whether they are endowed with the agricultural or commercial mind, but are everywhere beaten out of the field by foreigners and colonists. The only true way is co-operation; but Chapter xxvi., Anomaly Twenty-two, treats of co-operation in this style:—"While all friends of social progress cannot but rejoice at the establishment and marvellous development of the

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* *Lestorie des Engles solum la translacion Maistre Geffrei Gaimar.* Edited by the late Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, D.C.L., Deputy Keeper of the Public Records; and Charles Trice Martin, B.A., F.S.A. Vol. II. Translation. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1889.

† *Agricultural Distress and Trade Depression.* By D. Tallerman. London: The Commercial and Agricultural Co-operative Society (Limited).

system of industrial co-operation in distribution that has taken place during the last forty-five years, they must feel a bitter pang of regret at the extreme thoughtless or selfish trait that has been made apparent in the character of those who control the movement," and then he proceeds to show the only true method. The railway Companies are also censured, for they run a suicidal course, and are both short-sighted and cruel. Chapter xl. is on simple bookkeeping, and teaches farmers, dealers, and bookkeepers that branch of their business. In this simple system of "explicit bookkeeping" there are no less than eighteen forms to be used, all headed "Tallerman's Improved System of Meat Distribution," and a set of thirteen books. There are also "Tallerman's Model Rules," forty-one in number, p. 518, for the benefit of farmers. If this is simple, what an appalling affair a complicated system must be! Mr. Tallerman apparently has utterly neglected the dismal science, possibly deterred by that Carlylese expression; but a teacher of man should know other teachers, if it be only to see where their errors lie and where the truth may be sought for. If he had known a little of the current theories of political economy he would have avoided some of the most glaring mistakes into which he has fallen. He says, p. 470, of home-grown meat:—"The general impression is that meat is in short supply and dear; the actual facts are that meat is abundant and cheap"; and he seeks to prove that, as there is an ample supply at home, no importations of meat, or of any food for that matter, are required. He re-propounds the old effete commercial doctrine that in paying for importations *money* goes out of the country.

It is only fair to great fault-finders to turn the tables upon them. But as there are sermons in stones, and good in everything, so there is much good, though not of an agreeable kind, in the fault-finder. He may fire his shots at random, but they hit something; and they at least put the world on its guard. Many of Mr. Tallerman's shots may tell well, and his work contains a great deal that is good. He is well up in dead bullocks and beef, and tells us that a carcase (there is too much in the book about carcases to make it pleasant reading) weighs about 800 lbs. of dressed meat, without the offal—which he declares ought to be good eating if properly prepared. Of this 800 lbs., 452 lbs. are of the first grade, worth in the retail market 9*d.* a lb.; 188 lbs. of the second grade, worth 6*d.* a lb.; and 160 lbs. of the third grade, worth 3*d.* a lb. Then there are 465 lbs. of offal, 167 lbs. of which are worth 2*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.*, 19 lbs. worth 9*s.* 6*d.*, and 279 lbs. worth 10*s.* 3*d.*, making the whole bullock worth 26*l.* 13*s.* Bones are one-fifth of a carcase. It is needless to say that Mr. Tallerman would change all this, and to effect a revolution in half a dozen trades is as nothing to him, the good and worthy end always being that farmers would get more and consumers give less for their food. "The efforts generally made to get a little more than the thing is worth on the one side, and to buy it somewhat cheaper than its value on the other, is the great mistake by which both classes suffer" (p. 273). A muck is run against the middleman, as might be expected, who will possibly survive the assault. "The salesmasters, the infamous usurious class of middlemen" (p. 60).

There is very good advice on the subject of cooking for the million, and the rather bold assertion is made that all parts of a bullock are of equal nutritive value; it is only a question of preparation and cooking. It requires a reader of some discrimination to sort out the good from the speculative, to use no harsher word, in this work, and the modesty usually so marked and so engaging in great writers is conspicuous by its absence in this adventurous volume on the remedies for agricultural distress and trade depression.

Among the illustrations is a useful diagram of a bullock, with the *joints* and their weight and value marked out, not an uncommon thing to see; but the others do not call for notice.

GEOFFREY LE BAKER.*

IN this handsome volume Dr. Maunde Thompson has rescued an historical work of considerable interest and importance from comparative oblivion. Geoffrey le Baker's chronicle was indeed printed—we will not say edited—by Dr. Giles in 1847; but the book is somewhat scarce, and is, besides, a most slovenly performance. The text is wretched; it seems to have been simply taken from a transcript made by or for the late Mr. Petrie from the Bodley MS., and it is exceedingly doubtful whether Dr. Giles ever compared it with the original. Part of Baker's work, however, has long been widely known. The *Vita et Mors Edwardi Secundi* was printed by Camden, was used and described by Stow, and has lately been edited by Bishop Stubbs in his *Chronicles of the Reigns of Edward I. and Edward II.* (Rolls series). Dr. Thompson, who shows that there is reason to believe that the *Vita et Mors* was regarded as a separate work, prints it here, and with it Baker's longer Chronicle of the reign of Edward III. down to the battle of Poitiers, and his *Chroniculum*, a bare summary of events, and only valuable as affording proof that Baker was the author of the Chronicle. His edition gives us all that the most exacting scholar can demand—an appropriate preface, a thoroughly satisfactory text derived from the Bodley MS. 761, which he has collated with the only other known copy of the Chronicle, the fragmentary Cotton MS. Appendix LII., a large body of notes, and a good index. Many of his notes consist of long extracts from Stow's *Annales* and other printed books. They are well chosen, and it is interesting to see what Stow drew from our author, and how he translated him. At the same time these extracts increase the size and, we suppose, the cost of the volume rather needlessly. As far as Stow is concerned, one or two specimens of his translations with references to other passages would have been sufficient, while Hemingburgh, Knyghton, and the *Eulogium* are pretty sure to be on the shelves of every one who is likely to read Baker. In several of the notes, however, we have original matter and extracts from unprinted sources. Some of these we shall notice later on. Some contain passages from the English *Brute*, a work on which we have some valuable observations. The prose *Brute*, which exists in both an English and a French version, has, Dr. Thompson considers, been undeservedly neglected. The English version is a translation from the second edition of the French, which goes down to the battle of Halidon Hill, and to this translation several additions have been made; it is generally known as the *Cronicles of Englond*, printed by Caxton in 1480. It is, Dr. Thompson says, none other than the authority quoted by Joshua Barnes in his *Life of Edward III.* as "MS. Vet. Angl. in C.C.C. Cantab." Barnes, who had not seen the *Cronicles*, found a manuscript of the English *Brute*, and referred to it as unprinted, and later writers have accepted his quotation without discovering that it referred to Caxton's text. A special interest may, perhaps, attach to the edition of the French *Brute* from which the English version is derived, for Dr. Thompson sees reason to believe that it was the "Cronique yn French," by "Sir Wylliam de Pakington, Clerk and Tresorer of Prince Edwardes, sunne to Edwarde the 3, householde yn Gascoyne," from an Epitome of which Leland gives a series of extracts in his *Collectanea*, v. i. pp. 454, sqq. Dr. Thompson differs from Bishop Stubbs in holding that the passage in the *Mors et Vita* in which Baker speaks of Sir Thomas de la More's French work refers only to an account which More had written of the visit of the Bishops to the King, and that there is no reason for supposing that any French original of the book as a whole ever existed. While the question can hardly be decided except by the discovery of the Life which Bishop Stubbs, in common with all earlier writers on the subject, attributes to More, we do not agree with Dr. Thompson's view that it is "straining" the words "hec vidisti et in Gallico scripsisti, cuius ego sum talis qualis interpres" to take them as referring to a much larger debt on Baker's part than his latest editor is willing to allow.

As the *Vita et Mors* is well known, we will not dwell on its contents, and pass at once to the Chronicle of Edward III.'s reign. Here, as in his earlier work, Baker largely uses the chronicle of Adam Murimuth. Many passages are, however, original, and among these are his story of the trick by which the Earl of Kent was induced to believe that the late King was still alive, and his account of the Black Death, which "has formed the chief basis of all later notices, through the medium of Stow's *Annales*." He also gives a curious version of the death of Charles of Valois:—"Propter reverenciam sanguinis regalis non fuit suspensus nec decapitatus, set sine femoralibus nudo marmori aquis frigidis resperso insedit, ubi frigore finivit inveteracionem dierum malorum." As his editor suggests, he probably confused some act of self-inflicted penance with a capital punishment; for Charles died of disease after a long illness. The special value of Baker's work, however, lies in his reports of military and naval affairs. These he evidently derived from eyewitnesses, and though here and there he gets into some confusion, for he did not write his work from year to year—he refers, for example, to the battle of Poitiers under 1346—and occasionally mixes up his information, he gives us several picturesque incidents, such as the combat between Sir Robert Benhale and the Scottish champion and his dog, and throws light on many events which, apart from his narrative, are somewhat obscure. One or two of the details which he gives of the battle of Sluys are peculiar to his Chronicle, and are rejected by Sir Harris Nicolas because he thought that they rested solely on Stow's authority. In an interesting note on this battle, Dr. Thompson contends that Nicolas was wrong in maintaining that the "houre de nonne a la tyde" of the King's letter must mean that the fleets engaged about midday; he argues that the battle must have begun at nones, or between 2 and 3 P.M., when the tide was ebbing down Channel, and Edward, who attacked the enemy from the north-west, would have had the "impetum fluminis" in his favour, and the sun "drawing away behind him." Baker traces Edward's march across the north of France in 1346 with considerable minuteness, though without supplying dates, and Dr. Thompson has supplemented his narrative by giving the stages from the "Kitchen Journal," printed in *Archæologia*, xxxii., and from a Cotton MS., and by forming an itinerary based on the two accounts and illustrated by a map. The account of the battle of Crécy seems to be based, as he suggests, on the relation of some soldier of Prince Edward's division. It tells us that the English archers were drawn up on the flanks of the main body, and not, as Froissart has it, "à manière d'une herce," with the men-at-arms "ou fons de leur bataille." In support of this statement we are reminded that Baker, when writing about the battle of Bannockburn, notes the introduction of this plan of array. We also find that the English dug small holes in front of their first line in order to overthrow the French horse, and we have a

* *Chronicon Galfridi le Baker de Swinebroke.* Edited, with Notes, by Edward Maunde Thompson, Hon. LL.D. St. Andrews, Hon. D.C.L. Durham, F.S.A., Principal Librarian of the British Museum. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1889.

notice of the valour and peril of the Prince of Wales, who, when borne down by the sheer weight of the enemy pressing against him, fought upon his knees, an incident also preserved by the *Bourgeois de Valenciennes*, and by an Abbeville chronicle quoted by Louandre. The itinerary of the Prince's raid from Bordeaux to Narbonne and back in 1355 is very full, and, as Dr. Thompson gives it in one of his notes, where he identifies nearly all the places, is remarkably clear. It differs in some important particulars from the route sketched by Froissart.

The most interesting part of Baker's Chronicle is his account of the battle of Poitiers. It is admirably treated by Dr. Thompson, who remarks that "it is seldom that one meets with so clear a description of a battle in the chronicles of the middle ages." Contrary to the opinion of M. St. Hypolite (*Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de l'Ouest*, 1844), he maintains that the French did not advance direct from Poitiers, but attacked from the north, advancing from the road between Poitiers and Chauvigny. He also points out that the common mistake of representing the battle as "a mere struggle in a deep lane" arises from a false idea as to the gap in the hedge in front of the third division of the English army. This gap was made by a wagon-track—"in superiori parte sepis, a declivo bene remota, fuit temesis quedam patula vel hyatus, quem bigarii fecerunt in autumpno"—and, as will be seen both from Baker's story and by a comparison of Froissart's earlier text with the Amiens version of his Chronicles, there is no reason to believe that this road ran between hedges. The archers were stationed behind a long hedge which covered the English front, and was broken in one place by a wagon-track. Dr. Thompson's account of the battle is exceedingly vivid and well worked out, and the volume as a whole is certainly not unworthy either of the editor's position or of the Press from which it is issued.

CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

OF the letters which passed between Pliny and Trajan, now edited by Mr. Hardy, the most famous are those which relate to the treatment of the Christians in Bithynia—a matter upon which Mr. Hardy has the misfortune to differ upon some essential but highly controversial points with so eminent an authority as the present Bishop of Durham. The dispute is not properly threshed out, inasmuch as it is directly dealt with only in an appendix, since Dr. Lightfoot's views (we are told) were only brought to Mr. Hardy's notice after this book had passed through the press. Dr. Lightfoot agrees that Trajan did not in this case definitely sanction a policy of persecution, and was animated, in his famous Rescript to Pliny, more by political than by religious considerations. On the other hand, Dr. Lightfoot does regard this as a distinct persecution, and one of the most severe which the Christians underwent in the course of the first two centuries, and he attributes to Poppæa's influence with Nero the dissipation of the once general ignorance at Rome which regarded the Christians merely as a sect of Jews. Mr. Hardy, on the other hand, doubts whether Poppæa herself understood the distinction, whether her influence was so powerful as some of the "ecclesiastical critics" believe, and, finally, if she did possess such knowledge and such influence as she is credited with, whether she could have made Nero understand and act upon a distinction which would have seemed unimportant to a Roman of this period. Having stated some of the points at issue, we must leave the dispute for scholars and theologians to settle between them, merely remarking that the two classes are not necessarily distinct one from the other, as is shown in the person of Dr. Lightfoot himself. But Mr. Hardy's analysis of the points brought out in the letters interchanged between Pliny and Trajan leaves nothing to be desired in candour and clearness; certainly he proves once again, what is sometimes forgotten, that there was at this period no official *animus* against the Christians as Christians, only an extreme nervousness against secret associations which might be turned to purposes of political conspiracy. Witness Trajan's refusal to accept Pliny's tentative suggestion that a society of *fabri* should be formed at Nicomedeia to deal with the frequent and dangerous conflagrations against which the people had no effective means of precaution or remedy. No, says Trajan, solicitous as he was for the welfare of all his provinces, "no, let other means be adopted. We must remember that the province has been troubled with conspiracies." "Quodcumque nomen ex quacumque causa dedederimus iis qui in idem contracti fuerint . . . . hetæriæ † æque † brevi fient." If Ireland were a Crown colony so might an imperial administrator receive orders to suppress the innocent Gaelic associations for the promotion of rustic sports and pastimes. Mr. Hardy tells us that his edition is "not primarily intended for school use," yet it would be a valuable book for a good Sixth Form to read under an efficient master—"if it is not to remain a law of the Medes and Persians that for school purposes Roman history should end with Augustus," just at the point where it becomes most deeply interesting, just when it comes into contact with modern civilization, and just when it is most suggestive for young men beginning to be politicians. Mommsen has done much to counteract the scholastic superstition about the virtues of the old Roman Republic; but it may be well for young students to be reminded, as in Mr. Hardy's learned and attractive introduction, that "to transfer a province from the Senate to the Emperor was considered a sufficient answer to complaints of debt and distress." Of the notes which Mr. Hardy has appended to the text, full and clear and never shirking a difficulty, we can only say that we have found them to be correct in every case where we have tested them, and have never appealed in vain for the explanation or information which ought to have been supplied. On points of archæology, of Roman history and usages, Mr. Hardy has already earned a high reputation, which he has not diminished by anything contained in this valuable selection from Pliny's letters, throwing, as they do, an amiable, if somewhat homely, light upon the character of a conscientious administrator doing his best at a difficult period, trusted by his friend and master, but never permitted, and indeed never wishing, to have a free hand in settling questions which might become matters of imperial concern. Small matters Trajan left to Pliny, because he had confidence in him, and of personal favours he was profuse; but in doubt or difficulty he gave his own orders, and expected them to be carried out.

Mr. Duff's edition of the Fifth Book of Lucretius is intended, he says, to explain one part of the whole work for the benefit of beginners and to smooth the way for the comprehension of other and more difficult passages. In these humble but certainly useful objects Mr. Duff has been fairly successful, and he has not attempted any more arduous undertaking. His text and his commentary are in substance the text and commentary of Munro, the latter compressed and curtailed for the use of schools. The biography of Lucretius and the exposition of some doctrines of Epicurus are clear, sufficient, and unattractive. For the astronomical section he tells us that he is indebted to Mr. Callendar, of Trinity College, Cambridge. It is very justly remarked in the preface that "the astronomical theories of Lucretius are simple enough so long as they are purely fanciful, and difficult only when they approximate to the truth." With Munro for a guide it would not be easy for an editor who did not take a perverse delight in the ingenuities of distortion to write notes upon Lucretius which were not sound; and Mr. Duff is evidently a good scholar, if not an original one. We shall not find in his book any, or at least not many, of those elementary errors which somehow or other creep into the commentaries of an editor who is working on virgin or fallow soil; and the main fault which can properly be urged against Mr. Duff's school-book is that he has frequently given assistance where, for the sake of teacher and taught, a judicious editor would have said nothing at all. An instance may be found at the very first line:—"*potis* is an indeclinable adjective; quid potis est, l. 560; *pote*, which also occurs, is not the neuter but a weakened form, as *mage* is of *magis*, *amabere* of *amaberis*." So, again (as *passim*), at line 47, *superbiă spurcitia*, where we are told that the *a* is left short before *sp*. If a boy cannot observe such a thing for himself, it is time that his faculties were enlivened by the resources of scholastic discipline. On lines 210–212 he commits himself (by oversight, we suppose) to a statement at once universal and incorrect; on *si cimus—nequeant* he remarks:—"An irregular form of condition, the rule in Latin requiring the same mood, as well as tense, in protasis and apodosis." But Mr. Duff's syntax is generally sound, though occasionally just a trifle hypercritical; as at p. 454, where he says (rightly) that *efficerent* is the consecutive subjunctive because Lucretius would not admit anything like design in the creation of the world, and, consequently, the final subjunctive would be inappropriate. Mr. Duff should remember that the distinction between the final and consecutive aspects of the mood often comes into existence by translation. To the Latin reader of the Latin language the one aspect is confused with the other, and is practically identical with it. As a caution to the translator the note was well enough, as criticism on the text it is simply a mistake.

There is more excuse in the case of Lucretius than of any other Latin poet for making out of his remains a book of elegant extracts. As Professor Church says in his introduction to Mr. Dymes's little book, taken as a whole the *De Rerum Natura* will be an uncongenial study to a young reader, and the "beauties" can be so easily detached from the argumentative or philosophical

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* *C. Plinii Cæcilii Secundi Epistulæ ad Trajanum Imperatorem cum ejusdem Responsis.* Edited, with Notes and Introductory Essays, by E. G. Hardy, M.A., late Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, and formerly Head-Master of Grantham School. London: Macmillan & Co.

T. Lucreti Cari de Rerum Natura liber quintus. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by T. D. Duff, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

Selections from Lucretius; being a Golden Treasury of his Poem De Rerum Natura. With Notes by Thomas J. Dymes, B.A., late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford, and formerly Assistant-Master at Cheltenham College; with an Introduction by Alfred J. Church, M.A., Professor of Latin in University College, London. London: Rivingtons.

M. Tullii Ciceronis Brutus de Claris Oratoribus. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Martin Kellogg, Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in the University of California. Ginn & Co.

Selections from the Latin Poets. Part I.—Catullus. Edited by E. P. Crowell, Moore Professor of Latin in Amherst College. Ginn & Co.

A Grammar of the Latin Language for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By E. A. Andrews and S. Stoddard. Revised by Henry Preble, Assistant-Professor of Greek and Latin at Harvard University. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

Sermo Latinus: a Short Guide to Latin Prose Composition. Part I.—Introduction. Part II.—Selected Passages for Translation. By J. P. Postgate, M.A., Litt.D., Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Comparative Philology in University College, London, Editor of the "New Latin Primer" &c. London: Macmillan & Co.

context that they seem to have been introduced wholly or mainly "to relieve the weariness of abstruse or technical reasoning." Mr. Dymes has made his selections from all the six books impartially, and succeeds in giving us a very good idea what a poet Lucretius might have been if he had not spoiled himself by taking to philosophy. The notes are generally correct, although they are sometimes loosely expressed, and occasionally, but not often, deceptive, as on ii. 1151 :—

> Jamque adeo fracta est ætas effetaque tellus
> Vix animalia parva creat κ.τ.λ.

Here Mr. Dymes remarks "*creat* for the ordinary ut *creet* after *adeo*." He is careful to notice unusual forms—*e.g. aliæ* as the genitive of alius—and to point out any metrical or prosodical peculiarity. But some of his notes—perhaps a third of them—might as well have been struck out, not because they are wrong or superfluous, but because they call attention to matters which even an inefficient teacher would hardly overlook.

Professor Kellogg has turned out a business-like school-book in his edition of the *Brutus*, the least read of Cicero's rhetorical treatises, although it is the most suitable to those "young scholars" who rule the classical market. Perhaps it was to consult their convenience that Professor Kellogg has followed the absurd custom of separating in his commentary the notes relating to textual criticism from the notes upon other matters in the text, making the former inaccessible and the latter incomplete. The introductory remarks about the Dialogue itself and the persons who take part in it are useful and necessary, although we confess that we do not care much about Professor Kellogg's remarks upon "the Grecizing influence in Roman oratory," Atticism, Asianism, and all the rest of it. We trust that we are not doing Professor Kellogg an injustice if we hint that his criticism appears to be derived from a second-hand knowledge, and he drags in a quotation from Professor Jebb which is almost unintelligible as and where it stands. The text has been based, of course, on that of Baiter and Kayser, but certain variations have been introduced which are duly noted in an appendix. A little more courage of innovation would have been an excusable failing, as *e.g.* at 34, 129, where *luculentus* is retained, although *patronus* of the MSS. is replaced by *accusator*. The grammatical notes seem to be complete and careful, erring only in an amiable diffuseness and in a tendency to reproduce illustrations which must be stale even to the most forgetful of Young Scholars. The historical, literary, and archæological allusions are clearly explained, and it is in this respect, and in its admirable indices, that Professor Kellogg's book deserves the highest praise.

It is not certain that Catullus in Selections is a good book for little boys to read; but if we may judge by the notes which Mr. Crowell has appended to the text it is for little boys that he has made his little book. We have no fault to find with the notes; they are short and sufficient, and do not contain too many translations of easy passages. Each poem has a few explanatory remarks, generally by another hand. Of the welcome to Veranius (c. 9), Professor Sellar is allowed to say, "the language of affection could not be uttered with more cordiality, simplicity, and grace," &c. Book-making? well, perhaps it is. But at least it is honest book-making. Not content with annotating certain parts of Catullus, Mr. Crowell imagined that he could increase the usefulness of his book by making certain "Selections for Reading at Sight," and amongst them he has included a poem bristling with difficulties and refined into subtleties like the famous Acme and Septimius! To stand by while a class of unimaginative young rascals mangled the tenderest love poem in the Latin language would drive a sentimental young scholar out of his senses.

If there is any demand in the United States for another elaborate and substantial grammar of the Latin language, it is likely that Mr. Preble has made a good use of his time in editing, enlarging, and revising the once standard work of Andrews and Stoddard, although he has certainly given himself quite as much trouble as if he had written on his own account a grammar which he might have called original. He has done his task carefully and, within certain limits, accurately. We have detected no mistake or oversight in the parts which we have examined. But, on the other hand, we have been impressed with no remarkable excellence, and see little trace of that lucidity in thought and language which would alone justify the production of another new Latin grammar. Mr. Preble talks about "the obscurity which envelops the subjunctive mood," and flatters himself that he has rendered it "as slightly opaque as possible." To bear out this marvellous expression, what has he done? He divides the usages of the subjunctive mood in independent sentences into four classes, which he calls Hortatory, Optative, Potential, and Substantive, and in each of them, "more or less distinctly traceable," he detects "a notion of indeterminate futurity." Mr. Preble can state a rule, but he is not skilful in explaining it, and generally he does not try. What we used to call the Accusative-and-Infinitive he calls Indirect Discourse; but does not show why the subject is put in the accusative, or why the main verb is put in the infinitive and the subordinate verbs in the subjunctive mood. Even less adequate is the account which he gives of the use of the accusative case with certain verbs, "seemingly dependent on passive, but really remnants of a middle voice." Without striking merits or glaring faults, Mr. Preble's grammar is a complete and useful, unscientific but unpretentious, book of reference for a fairly advanced scholar.

It is only what might have been expected that Dr. Postgate should write an admirable book about Latin Prose, the way of doing it, and the way of teaching it. The Second Part of this little treatise consists of a selection of English passages, specially suitable for translation into Latin, of which we may say that more than two or three of them are already familiar in the schools. The First Part contains, with much that is sound and much that is valuable and suggestive, a few propositions which are fairly debateable. On the difficult art of correcting an exercise, Dr. Postgate warns an inexperienced teacher not to trust too implicitly to "the cry of linguistic feeling"; he must not disregard it, but, on the other hand, must not regard it as infallible. If he points to a phrase, and says that it won't do, he may find that "the careful pupil" has armed himself beforehand with an awkward justification. A judicious Chiron will ask his young Achilles, "What authority have you for this expression?" Dr. Postgate goes too far, as many others before him have gone too far, when he says that metaphors are bolder in English than in Latin; but he corrects the misapprehension which he might have caused by showing that what he means is that very often the English metaphor cannot be literally translated, and by showing that Latin has metaphors of its own, "fresh from the mint of the senses, vivid and realistic." Again, he follows the scholastic fashion in too broadly denouncing the use of abstract Latin nouns; the fact is that, dangerous as they are in the hands of a schoolboy, they are quite freely used by the best writers of Latin prose, English or Latin. But they must be used with judgment, and until the judgment is mature they are best avoided; but a too prolonged timidity is one reason why some of the most orthodox Latin prose done by good modern hands on sound modern principles has a certain rigidity and formality which show that the writer is not using his own language. On the other hand, we think that Dr. Postgate lays excessive stress on the dangers of using a "fair copy." He says (what sounds plausible) that "the compositions of modern writers *may* be good Latin, but that those of Cicero and Livy *must* be," and further, that "we learn Latin prose, like other things; by doing it rather than by seeing how it should be done." First as to the latter point; in throwing a fly, in riding at a fence, and in translating a piece of English into Latin, the shortest way to be rid of a bad trick and to acquire the proper knack is to narrowly watch a more accomplished performer, provided that we have acquired sufficient technical knowledge to appreciate and account for his technical superiority. And for purposes of instruction the English is a better model than the Latin writer of Latin, because the former has dealt with the difficulties which we have to face ourselves; he is managing two languages, not a single one. To return to our trout-stream illustration, we shall never learn to handle our cast by watching the gyrations of the living flies on the water; we must copy the manœuvres of the fisherman who has a rod and line between himself and his lure. There are several other points which we should like to argue with Dr. Postgate did our space permit us; but we must be content to recommend his little book to everybody who wishes to learn for himself or to impart to others the beautiful and (we believe) the useful art of turning an English sentence inside out until you reach the very heart of its meaning—the one indispensable preliminary for putting it into Latin, a process which often makes it impossible to adequately translate many plausible passages in modern literature, and especially in modern oratory. Burke survives the test, so does Mr. Bright, but not Mr. Gladstone. A fallacy which is a fallacy of continuous but self-consistent thought can be put into good Latin; not so a fallacy which is only disguised by the decent ambiguities of a loose-fitting language.

FOX-TERRIERS.*

THAT the fox-terrier, in spite of its many and often formidable rivals in the affections of the public, certainly holds its own with undefeated vigour at every succeeding show, cannot be denied; and in that large collection of dog-lore which increases every year, Mr. Rawdon Lee's book deserves an important place. It is one of the most complete and comprehensive monographs on dogs which has appeared. As the author justly says in his preface, twenty years ago a volume devoted to one particular variety of terrier would have been considered altogether superfluous. In this year of grace, however, when the fox-terrier is possessed of a distinct status in canine society, when he has not only a monthly journal (*The Fox-Terrier Chronicle*) devoted solely to his interests, but also no less than eleven clubs enrolled under his name to do him honour, a volume describing his history and doughty deeds by flood and field and on the exhibition bench can hardly be considered any longer superfluous.

Of all the dogs that are most prominent in the favour of the public at present, the fox-terrier may perhaps claim the longest and most distinct pedigree. That charming old lady Dame Juliana Berners, the sporting Abbess of Sopewell, mentions "teroures" in her famous *Boke of St. Albans*, published in 1486; and before her day, in an early fourteenth-century manuscript, quoted by Strutt in his *Sports and Pastimes*, terriers are not only mentioned, but their use in unearthing a fox is exemplified in an illustration. In 1576 the learned Dr. Caius, a man "exceeding skilled and sagacious in the investigation of recondite matters,"

* *A History and Description, with Reminiscences, of the Fox-Terrier.* By Rawdon B. Lee, Kennel Editor of "The Field." London: Horace Cox. 1889.

wrote *A Treatisse of Englishe Dogges*, the original being in Latin and printed by Rychard Johnes in black letter. The translation by Abraham Fleming preserves much of the quaint flavour of the original, and amongst other dogs Dr. Caius gives a minute description of "a dogge called terrar, Latin Terrarius—which hunteth the Fox and the Badger or Greye onely, whom we call Terrars, because they (after the manner and custome of ferrets in searching for Connyes) creep into the grounde, and by that meanes make afrayde, nyppe and bite the Foxe and the Badger in such sorte that eyther they teare them in pieces with their teeth, beyng in the bosome of the earth, or else hayle and pull them perforce out of theyr lurking angles, darke dongeons, and close caues; or at the least through cocened feare drive them out of theire hollow harbours, in so much that they are compelled to prepare speedie flyte, and, being desirous of the next (albeit not the safest) refuge, are otherwise taken and intrapped with snayres and nettes layde over holes to the same purpose." No more accurate description of the duties of a fox-terrier could be written in the present day, though nineteenth-century ideas would hardly endorse the "snayres and nettes"; and, therefore, though their colour and markings may not have been the same as the white beauties of the hour, it is certain that a distinct race of fox-terriers existed when Dr. Caius wrote in 1576. In the *Cynographia Britannica*, published in 1800, the writer, Sydenham Edwards, describes the terrier at great length, and says that "the most distinct varieties are the crooked-legged and straight-legged; their colours generally black, with tanned legs and muzzles; a spot of the same colour over each eye; though they are sometimes reddish fallow or white and pied. The white kind have been in request of late years. The ears are short, some erect, others pendulous—these and part of the tail are usually cut off—some rough, and some smooth-haired. Many sportsmen prefer the wire-haired, supposing them to be the harder biters; but this is not always the case." As to the prevalence of this latter idea regarding the rough-haired terrier, the *Sporting Dictionary* of 1803 says that, though the smooth-coated dogs are "not much deficient in courage" to their wiry cousins, "the rough breed must be acknowledged the most severe and invincible biter of the two." This notion, however, may be said to have died a natural death long ago; and, though many people still prefer the rough-haired fox-terriers, it is more a matter of individual preference than of separate characteristics. It is clear from the above-quoted description of the terrier of 1800 by Sydenham Edwards that the dogs he wrote about must have been the parents of the various breeds of terrier which are now classified under different headings, the red or fawn ones being now known as Irish terriers; the black, with tan faces and paws, as Welsh; and the white or white and pied as the ordinary fox-terrier.

To all real lovers of these delightful little dogs Mr. Lee's book will be a treasure; for he not only gives, as will be seen, their history from early ages, but he also describes with loving care all the famous terriers that have made their mark since the exhibition at the Islington Agricultural Hall in June 1862, which was the first occasion when a separate class and prizes was granted to fox-terriers. Since that date the popularity of the fox-terrier has increased every year, and still shows no sign of diminishing. On the breeding, rearing, and training of puppies Mr. Lee has many wise ideas to impart, and what he says about the advantage of teaching a dog to look upon the chain with pleasure instead of aversion will be appreciated by all those who know how often a dog spoils his chances in the judging-ring by his sullen behaviour as soon as he is led out on a chain. The illustrations by Mr. Arthur Wardle are excellent, both portraits and vignettes being admirably lifelike and characteristic.

NEW MUSIC.

MESSRS. NOVELLO & CO. have sent us a series of short and easy anthems for use as introits and suitable to the different Church seasons. They are successful compositions in what is generally considered almost the only original school of English music, and are introduced by a preface pointing out the wish to employ passages from Scripture as much as possible which have not been set as anthems before. This is the chief thing we should cavil at, for it necessitates the employment of modern composers only, whereas in a series of this kind excerpts from the old masters would add immensely to the collection. No. 1, "God who is rich in mercy," by G. M. Garrett, starts the series well; it is effective, and not difficult. We wish space had allowed the passage in imitation which accompanies the words "hath quickened us together in Christ" to be more fully worked out. The ending of it by a unison passage in the key of C, returning immediately to the original key of A flat through the note G, common to both scales, is very fine. No. 2, "When my soul fainted within me," by J. Frederick Bridge, opens with a striking, though short, bass solo. Throughout this anthem we can trace the hand of a master of harmony and counterpoint, but it hardly answers to the descriptive title of the series, for we fear many choirs would find it far from easy. At first sight No. 3, "Praised be the Lord daily," by J. Baptiste Calkin, might strike a casual observer as open to the same objection, owing to the array of sharps and double sharps; but in reality the harmonies are quite simple. It is a melodious work, perhaps not very original. No. 4, "The great day of the Lord is near," by George C. Martin, is very dramatic. We admire much the contrast to the forte bass passage for the choir by which it begins, given by the words "Sing ye the Lord" sung piano in unaccompanied harmony *tutti*; then the bass motive comes in again in the accompaniment at the end, the whole choir singing in the meanwhile the dominant of the pedal note played on the organ. We wish the passage were rather longer. No. 6, "Who are we, O Lord," by Charles H. Loyd, is perhaps the best suited of the series for an introit. It does not attempt too much matter for the space allotted, and the melody and harmonies are charmingly simple and taking. No. 7, "Our soul on God with patience waits," by G. M. Garrett, is melodious, but does not impress us as so original as No. 1 of the series by the same composer. No. 8, "I will magnify Thee," by R. Luard Selby, is clever; the elaborate, but short, bit of symphony for the organ at the beginning, and again repeated in the middle, is decidedly out of place, as it would tax the powers of many non-proficients on the organ; in fact, the whole work errs on the side of difficulty. No. 9, "Blessed is He," also by R. Luard Selby, has the same fault in a minor degree of being too elaborate for its purpose, although parts of it are very charming. No. 10, "Blessed now are we," by E. H. Thorne, is the shortest of the series, but none the worse for that. The music is well adapted to the words, and full of pathos. No. 11, "Grant, we beseech Thee," by J. Booth, is also very simple, but very suitable to its purpose. In the heading it is especially mentioned as adapted for Lent; this intention is carried out well, as it avoids the lugubrious exaggeration so prevalent in many hymns and anthems written for that season. No. 12, "The pillars of the earth are the Lord's," by Berthold Tours, brings the series worthily to an end. If we may use such an expression in Church music, there is always a go and a knowledge of the means of producing the effect wanted which makes Berthold Tours's ecclesiastical music so attractive, although it is perhaps wanting in depth. Altogether we congratulate Messrs. Novello & Co. on this series, and it will be a valuable addition to our Church music. They also send us two specimens of longer and more elaborate anthems, belonging to the "Novello's Octavo Anthems" series. "In the fear of the Lord," by J. Varley Roberts, is a quiet and beautiful work, well harmonized, with no straining after ambitious and eccentric effects. It begins in the form of an air for tenor solo, the choir taking it up and singing the same subject in harmony; it is very lovely. "So Summer comes again," by Sir John Stainer, another of this series, is much more elaborated. It evidently is chiefly written for a harvest festival, for it would be much too long for general use. It ends with a fine and spirited free fugue to the words "Bid men and angels share." Three examples of Novello's Tonic Sol-fa series are sent for our inspection. Two of them are anthems—"Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame," composed by Harwood, and "The Lord is King," by Josiah Pitman. They are simple and effective, and well adapted to the needs of a village choir. A four-part song, "Crocuses and Snowdrops," by Henry Smart, without being anything out of the way, shows the composer's usual good qualities and knowledge of what he is writing. From the same publishers we have three part-songs, by Franz Abt, called respectively "Evening Song," "The Rover's Joy," and "The Flowers' Review." They are taking songs likely to prove popular for choral unions, although not rising above the commonplace. A "Solemn March" for organ, by B. Luard Selby, is a fine, massive work, without too much technical difficulty.

Messrs. Woolhouse & Co. send us a series of three songs, vocal trios for female voices, entitled "Fairy Land," composed by T. A. de Orellana. We are at once predisposed to like them before looking at the music, from the excellent choice of words. But, apart from this merit, the music is well adapted to the words, and is really very quaint and charming.

SOME GERMAN BOOKS.

PROFESSOR FRIEDRICH PAULSEN is already favourably known as the author of a study on the Development of Kant's Theory of Knowledge; and now, after an interval of, we believe, some fifteen years, he has come forward with a more important work on Ethics (1). It is not purely a theoretical work, either as *System* or *Kritik*. The first volume—or first part, as he prefers to call it—is divided between History and Criticism. It is a sketch of the development of ethics from Aristotelian days down to our own, accompanied by a continual stream of criticism. The second part is devoted to what may be described as applied ethic, ethic applied to the problems of political and social economy (or *œconomia*). The final chapters, on Socialism and the functions of the State, may be read with special interest. But as Pessimism undoubtedly at the present moment "holds the field" among contemporary systems of philosophy or ethics, it is probably to the chapters on pessimism and its allied systems that the reader of Herr Paulsen's book will most eagerly turn. The chapter on Pessimism itself is preceded by one on Hedonism. "Even Pessimism," says Herr Paulsen, "belongs to the school of Hedonism, since its argument is that life has no value, on the ground that the pains of life preponderate over its pleasures." Our

(1) *System der Ethik, mit einem Umriss der Staats- und Gesellschaftslehre.* Von Friedrich Paulsen. Berlin: Wilhelm Hertz. 1889.

author asks, "How can you show that Pleasure is the measure of the value of Life?" You can only do so by showing that to employ this standard of value belongs to the essence of human nature. "It would be absurd to say, Pleasure is not the standard by which we measure the value of life, but it ought to be." Not so absurd as the author seems to suppose. Like almost all modern philosophers writing under the shadow of Evolutionism, he is apt to confuse the origin of our feelings, ethical and other, with the reasonable justification of these feelings. Our author himself takes what we may call Activity (*Thätigkeit, Entwickelung*, &c.) as the measure of the value of existence; and, in fact, this *Thätigkeit* is practically the same as Schopenhauer's *Wille*. But to say that, because one or the other is the cause of the greater part of human action, and not any direct expectation of pleasure nor fear of pain, is not to show that they afford a reasonable justification for human actions, or even for human life itself. In fact, Schopenhauer, as we know, declares in the most emphatic way that they do not, and that the only reasonable thing to do is to cease to exist. We believe that every one who will examine his own consciousness will admit that, if the element of Hope were abstracted therefrom, the mere *Thätigkeit* or Activity of Life, the mere constant pressing onward to no goal, would not afford a reasonable justification for existence. Herr Paulsen, so far as the argument from experience goes, seems to exclude this element. He seems to admit that there is no evidence that mankind, as it develops, does advance either in virtue or in happiness. There are more extremes, he thinks—that is all. To use his own simile, the swing of the pendulum is wider, but the central point is still zero. Of course this apparently pessimistic standpoint does not exclude transcendental sanctions for hope. These the author rather suggests than formulates. His philosophy is perfectly consistent with a Calvinistic creed. For our own part, we believe that a much more optimistic theory of life might be supported merely upon experience, to say nothing of those transcendental sanctions to hope to which we have referred. We have no space to argue the matter here. But let the reader take one example only—the relation of the sexes, as it can be traced in the course of human development—and he will, we think, perceive that there is no negative arc in the swing of the pendulum at all commensurate with its positive curve. If animalism looks more animal today than it does in the noble savage, it is only through the effect of contrast, not through any intrinsic deterioration.

Herr Heinrich Bulthaupt publishes a third and much enlarged edition of his *Dramaturgie der Classiker* (2). The apology, by the way, which he makes for his use of the word "classical" is surely at this time of day unnecessary; nobody now employs the word in the purely schoolboy sense which Herr Bulthaupt complains of. The first edition of this book appeared some time ago, when want of space prevented our noticing it. The general plan of this edition is identical with that of the previous ones. The first volume deals with German classical dramas; the second is devoted exclusively to Shakspeare—a fact which shows that, immense as is the volume of extant German criticism on Shakspeare, the last word has not, in the opinion of Herr Bulthaupt, yet been said. The author does not confine his attention to the literary qualities of the plays he is reviewing, but has in every instance a word or two to say upon their acting capabilities. Our English poets have left us an enormous body of unacted and perhaps unactable dramas. Sometimes a "Society," such as the Browning Society or the Shelley Society, takes one or other of these plays in hand and gives a representation to a few select spirits who are deemed capable of appreciating them. The tale of these unpresented dramas is much less in Germany than here, not, we believe, because their composition adapts itself better to the stage, but because the stage, thanks to its munificent patrons, from the days of Duchess Amalia to those of the present Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, has been able and willing to adapt itself more readily to the caprices of the poets. When we consider that the Second Part of *Faust* has been thus presented, we see that this kind of complaisance could not go much further. It is owing to the exertions of the Meiningen company that Kleist's *Friedrich von Homburg* (certainly not an acting play as we understand those words) has been rendered familiar to the boards. Another revival of comparatively recent years has been Lessing's *Miss Sara Sampson*. It is a play which an Englishman could hardly follow seriously, with its Sir Sampson, with the fantastic "Mellefont" and "Marwood," and its "Miss Sara," to say nothing of the extraordinary action of the piece in and out among the rooms of a small roadside inn. But for the sake of its undoubtedly fine writing it is patiently followed in the Fatherland. On the more strictly literary side of his study Herr Bulthaupt is a good critic. His style, though occasionally marred by the *superlativeness* of the German critical writing, is on the whole eminently readable, and there is scarcely one of these essays which does not contain some pregnant remark. It is well said, for example, that the "Prolog in Himmel" of *Faust* ought never to be given or considered as the prologue to the First Part alone, as it would be impossible that the wager between Der Herr and Mephistopheles could be decided by the "Her zu mir" with which *Faust*, Part I., concludes. Of *Macbeth* he says it is the most modern in spirit of all Shakspeare's plays, as it is the only one in which we see a character in the process of development, or, at any rate, the only instance of a downward progress. Herr Bulthaupt's discussion of the character of Lady Macbeth is moderate and sensible. She is not the virago of what is called here the Siddons type; "she is and remains a woman who had loved and borne children." But it does not follow from this that she is the delicate and *æsthetic* lady who at present treads the boards of the Lyceum.

(2) *Dramaturgie der Classiker*. Von Heinrich Bulthaupt. Oldenburg and Leipzig: A. Schwartz. 1889.

Von Banana zum Kiamwo (3) is the account of a German expedition in West Africa between the Congo and the K'Anvo. The party was under the command of First-Lieutenant Schulze, who unfortunately died of fever in the course of it. Dr. Willy Wolff, who writes this account, was the medical officer, and the zoologist and anthropologist of the expedition. Their adventures seem to have chiefly consisted in the difficulty of finding bearers, and they had occasionally to separate and forage in different directions in the hopes of obtaining them. A rather monotonous narrative is relieved by occasional pictures of the village life of the natives which are of value to the anthropologist.

The increased interest in archæological study and the greater facilities for travelling which make all the classical countries, but especially Greece, so much more accessible than they used to be, create a demand for guide-books of the superior order, like this of Dr. Franz Baumgarten to Athens (4). This book, however, is not meant to be used merely by travellers on the spot, but also as an aid in reading the classics at home. A two years' residence in Athens from 1881 to 1883, has given Dr. Baumgarten the opportunity of studying intimately the topography of Athens, and for discoveries of a more recent date he has had the assistance of such distinguished archæologists as Professor Michaelis and Dr. Dorpfeld. The descriptions are admirably clear and complete without being pedantically so, and the maps and plans, of which there are ten, are excellent.

An issue of Hauff's *Das Bild des Kaisers* (5), edited by Dr. Karl Breul, forms a volume of the Cambridge Pitt Press Series. It seems to us to be distinguished by much the same merits and defects which have often been noted in similar and better known issues of the Clarendon Press. Great pains are spent upon all the notes dealing with philological questions, many of which are of a kind adapted to students much more advanced than the probable users of these little volumes. We do not see, indeed, why a boy at school should even be expected to know by intuition the meaning of the letters O. H. G., M. H. G., and N. H. G. In order to make the story the clearer, the editor has prefixed a short life of Napoleon. But, while giving many details which have not the slightest bearing on the story, he entirely omits to mention the confiscation by the conqueror of the lands of the free knights of the Empire, though upon this much of the story rests. "Du hast mir mein Kleid, meinen Hut und meine Börse zurückgegeben," exclaims the old Freiherr, turning to the picture of the Emperor, "um mich nachher mein Alles zu rauben." The only note on the word Freiherr, by the way, is that the word means "free lord."

We have received, in addition, a thick book of *German Exercises* (6), by G. J. R. Glünicke, which seem well arranged to lead the pupil from the simpler to the more difficult stages of German composition; a German Accidence (7), in the "Parallel Grammar Series," by no less a person than Professor Kuno Meyer; and a book of German Dialogues (8), by A. an der Halden. On p. 168 of this last work we notice a rather startling statement. Says the Master, speaking of the results of philology, "This relationship of languages indicates that not only all languages, but also all mankind, have descended from one primary race." Pupil: "What name is given in philology to this *primary* race of nations and languages?" Master: "*It is called the Indo-Germanic* (*Aryan*) *family*"!

(3) *Von Banana zum Kiamwo*. Von Dr. Med. Willy Wolff. Oldenburg and Leipzig: A. Schwartz.

(4) *Ein Rundgang durch die Ruinen Athens*. Von Dr. Fritz Baumgarten. Leipzig: Hirzel.

(5) *Das Bild des Kaisers*. Von W. Hauff. Edited by Karl Breul. Cambridge Pitt Press Series.

(6) *German Exercises*. By G. J. R. Glünicke. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

(7) *Parallel Grammar Series—German Grammar Accidence*. By Kuno Meyer, Ph.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1889.

(8) *Progressive German Dialogues*. By A. an der Halden. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

OF the many books which the Centenary and the Exhibition have produced in and about Paris, we cannot think of one which is more agreeable than M. Albert Babeau's *Paris en 1789* (1). Brought out in the best manner of the famous house which publishes it as regards print, paper, and illustrations, and pleasantly wrapped in that leather paper imitative of old morocco which has become rather fashionable in France of late, and which deserves preservation underneath true binding, it is a very handsome volume, possessing the additional advantage of being, unlike too many handsome volumes, quite manageable. But its soul is fully as good as its body. M. Babeau has left all political matter—all contentious matter, indeed, of every kind—entirely on one side, and contents himself with giving from various sources (from Mercier, of course, first of all, but also from many others) a remarkably compact and closely stowed,

(1) *Paris en 1789*. Par Albert Babeau. Paris: Firmin Didot.

but also quite readable, sketch of the material sights and sounds of Paris at the time—its streets and its buildings, its costumes and its cries, its trades and its conveyances, its ways by day and by night. To aid him in this (and here we come to the unique attraction of the book), he has got together a great number of admirable cuts, exclusively reproduced from originals of the time. Thus we escape altogether that mixture of old and new, of the exact and the conjectural, which usually distinguishes illustrated books of the kind. A few of these—such, for instance, as the well-known and very pretty engraving of a sturdy, bare-legged porter carrying a furbelowed girl with a wonderful hat pick-a-back through the black waves of the Parisian gutter—will be familiar to tolerably widely-read people; but the great majority will be new except to specialists and print-collectors. We must mention a few—not that such a mention can do justice, but that it is fair to give specimens. Such a specimen may be found in the striking and well-executed plate of the demolition of the houses on the Pont Notre Dame in 1786, with the washerwomen in front and a remarkable vista of bridges in the background. The famous old Château of the Tournelles is another; to which may be noted as a contrast, Ledoux's singular and very hideous "Barrière des Champs Elysées," a good example of probably the ugliest architectural device known to man, the composition of columns by alternate round and square sections. The cut exhibiting a "chanteur de cantiques" is so astonishingly Hogarthian that the artist must pretty certainly have been acquainted with the English master. The "Wisky," on p. 75, is assuredly, as the text calls it, a "voiture de fantaisie," which, painted in a nice quiet taste, "avec des roues sang-de-bœuf et des moyeux clinquantés couleur aurore," must have been something to see. The "sworn crier of wine and interments" in a sort of short tabard and a Louis XIV. wig is as wondrous a personage as his odd combination of functions would seem to call for. But the book is full of pleasant things of this kind.

M. Paul Stapfer is, or ought to be, known to Englishmen by his excellent studies on Shakspeare; and he has done much other literature independently of his professorial work, first at Grenoble and then at Bordeaux. His present volume on Rabelais (2), however, is, we think, the most considerable attempt that he has yet made on any subject of French literature. Most assuredly there was room for it. The completest book in French hitherto, the long study of M. Jean Fleury, has many merits, but it is not acutely critical, and it has the special drawbacks which always attend a running commentary or abstract without the text. Such a thing is nearly always unsatisfactory to those who know that text, while it is far from being anything like a substitute for it to those who do not. On the other hand, though there are many critical essays, short and long, on the subject, no one of them is quite satisfactory; even Sainte-Beuve being rather below himself on this (for a Frenchman) most difficult subject. For M. Stapfer wisely and truly admits that, intensely French as Rabelais is, and keenly as the best, or some of the best, Frenchmen have always enjoyed him, a certain constraint has always weighed on the French critical estimate of him. This is probably, if not certainly, due to the inveterate tendency to make schemes and systems which is involved in Gallic *esprit de suite*, and to the French inability to comprehend humour ranging at will. From this defect M. Stapfer himself is quite free. That he discards the "Rabelais legend" goes without saying, though he still attaches more weight than we do to the late and quite unsupported tradition of personal enmity between Ronsard and Rabelais—a tradition which, almost without doubt, grew out of Ronsard's not very kindly, but purely conventional, epitaph. What is more important is that he equally refuses to adopt the apostolic, philosophic, militant Rabelais of the other side. In sketching the real man as he conceives him and the real work as he understands it he has laid himself open to no charge, except perhaps (from his countrymen chiefly) to one of rather wilful desultoriness. But desultoriness is so much of the nature of the subject himself that it could hardly and ought hardly to have been avoided. It is only a question of terminology that M. Stapfer calls Rabelais a "great poet" (explaining duly that he means creator); while we should say that, with rare exceptions, there is no shadow of poetry in him, his resolutely and magnificently prosaic character being his strong point; and the remarks on his style are excellent. Finally, let us thank M. Stapfer for a little fling at "scientific criticism" in his preface. The professorial mind is but too apt to embrace pseudo-sciences instead of scouting them.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN the new volume, the sixth, of the *Henry Irving Shakspeare* (Blackie & Son), which comprises the four dramas *Othello, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus*, and *King Lear*, there are several changes to be noted in the editorial field, owing, we regret to learn, to the illness of Mr. Frank Marshall. To the three last-named plays Mr. Joseph Knight contributes the summaries of stage history that are a characteristic of this edition. The notes and introduction to *Coriolanus* are from the pen of the Rev. H. C. Beeching, while Mr. Arthur Symons and Mr. Wilson Verity are charged with similar work in connexion with *Antony and Cleopatra* and *King Lear*. In the pictorial field, also, there is change. Mr. Gordon Browne no longer bears alone the too vast enterprise of illustrating the works of Shakspeare, but has supporters in Mr. Margetson and Mr. Maynard Brown. It is odd, by the way, to recall how extremely popular illustrated Shakspeares have always been, although no one, unless it be the commentator, has ever succeeded in illustrating Shakspeare. The merits of the *Henry Irving Shakspeare* need no further indication at this date. The annotation fairly reflects the research of the older editors of Johnson's age and the modern and more audacious school of critics. Mr. Marshall's introduction to *Othello* is sound and well proportioned. Without subscribing to Mr. Beeching's rather superfine conclusion—"Tragedy is the confessional of great spirits; a public confessional for the good of the world"—we may acknowledge the propriety and brevity of his comments on *Coriolanus*. It is interesting to know through Mr. Symons that Cleopatra is "the most wonderful of Shakspeare's women," and "perhaps the most wonderful of women," though these and similar ingenuous observations are scarcely entitled to be considered "Critical remarks." Mr. Knight's "stage histories" are admirable compilations, and may save the general reader much troublesome consultation of Genest and other chroniclers of the theatre.

A happy idea is successfully realized in *Characters and Episodes of the Great Rebellion*, a selection from Clarendon, with notes, by the Very Rev. G. D. Boyle, M.A. (Oxford: Clarendon Press). Clarendon's skill in portraiture is very forcibly illustrated by the gallery of notable portraits here collected by the Dean of Salisbury from the historian's works. The episodes given, though the wealth of material is indeed embarrassing, include many of the finest examples of Clarendon's narrative style, and form a thoroughly representative selection. Altogether, Mr. Boyle's volume is work well done, and may, perhaps, speed the coming of the new annotated edition of Clarendon which Scott once contemplated and many readers of history would gladly welcome.

The Imitation of Christ, by Thomas à Kempis, "now for the first time set forth in rhythmic sentences, according to the original intention of the author," with a preface by Canon Liddon (Elliot Stock), is a curious reminder of the vanity of translation to all who possess previous English versions, whether in prose or metre. "The present translator," says Canon Liddon, "has wisely taken advantage of the admirable Latin version of the *Imitation* which was published by C. Hirsche at Berlin in 1874," and the result is that we now have the book "in its original form" for the first time in English. Its rhythmical character may be tested by the following section, taken on a chance opening of the translation:—

> Turn on yourself your eyes,
> Beware of judging others' deeds,
> We toil in vain in passing sentence upon men;
> We often make mistakes,
> Sin easily;
> But if we judge ourselves and look within ourselves we always work with profit to the soul.

Now this does not appear to us to represent the melody and rhythm of the original, which critics praise so highly in the 1441 Codex upon which the translation and Dr. Hirsche's edition are based. The form may be more impressive, and may be more readily retained in the memory of the reader than other versions, but it can hardly be said to possess those qualities which in the original have been compared to the Psalms or the Proverbs.

In a little book of some two hundred pages—*A Brief History of the English Church* (Parker & Co.)—the Rev. Alfred Cecil Smith undertakes a vast survey of ecclesiastical history from the martyrdom of St. Alban and the conversion of Saxon England unto the days of the Salvation Army, which is oddly described as a "form of dissent" which draws from the Church "men who are not well grounded in their belief." Mr. Smith's book is altogether of too liberal comprehension. There is scarcely room and verge enough in it for a brief history of the Church of England.

Essays on Men and Books (Trübner & Co.) is the first volume of a selection of Macaulay's "Essays" in the attractive "Lotos Series." It comprises the Clive, Chatham, Milton, and Byron essays, with an introduction by Dr. Alexander Japp, who has revised what Macaulay left unrevised, and omitted some "few pages of general criticism." In doing this Dr. Japp thinks he has "not taken too great a liberty." Perhaps not, though it would be interesting to know how any editor, even Dr. Japp, can possibly be "quite certain" as to what passages Macaulay "would not have allowed to stand."

From Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. we have received an Illustrated Catalogue of the seventeen paintings of old and modern masters, formerly in the Secrétan collection, and recently sold by Messrs. Christie.

The new half-yearly volume of *The Antiquary* (Elliot Stock) fully holds its own as a record of current archæological research and a miscellany of original articles on ancient customs, folklore, myths, and the wide field of antiquarian study.

"The Fielding Library" (Michael Barstow) makes a promising start with *Joseph Andrews*, in good type, neat cloth binding, embellished with Hogarth's medallion portrait as a frontispiece.

A book of verse and prose for Sundays and Saints' days, entitled *Sursum Corda: Song and Service*, by George F. E. Scott (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), contains sonnets and hymns decidedly above the average of modern religious poetry.

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(2) *Rabelais.* Par Paul Stapfer. Paris: Colin.

We have also received a second edition of Mr. C. J. Hyne's lively recital of marvels, *Beneath Your Very Boots* (Digby & Long); *The Army and Navy Calendar*, 1889-90 (Allen & Co.); *Pharisees Unveiled*, by Mrs. George Corbett (Tower Publishing Co.), and *Young England's Painting Book* (Warne & Co.), a pretty series of coloured pictures, with duplicates in outline for the practice of young hands in water-colours.

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THE

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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

THE scope of Lord SALISBURY'S observations at the Mansion House may have been a little restricted by the fact that his immediate host was suffering under the greatest of all possible misfortunes—that of being a Gladstonian; and it is admitted that the PRIME MINISTER'S treatment of the LORD MAYOR'S distressing mental affliction was all that could be desired. Indeed, the remarks on Crete, and the fervid disclaimer of any desire to become responsible for the management of a Home-Ruled island, made as good a reference to this part of the subject as was easily possible. Lord SALISBURY has been accused of having repeated the declaration that the present Government will not resign unless it is asked to resign, in the usual way, by a vote of want of confidence. The expression is not discoverable in this particular speech; but there is not, and indeed cannot be, any reason to doubt that its sentiment is imputed, with sufficient justification, both to Lord SALISBURY and to the rest of his cheerful colleagues on Wednesday. There is, indeed, not the slightest reason why they should resign, unless the new-fashioned doctrine that office is like a champion's belt, to be held on pain of continual challenge, one up and the other down, were accepted. Lord SALISBURY is not at the head of an absolute majority of the House of Commons as far as his own personal followers are concerned. It may even be doubted whether, save in some very exceptional circumstances, any Minister of any party is likely very soon to find himself in that pleasant position. That the curse of "groups" should be introduced or reintroduced into England (for, after all, something very like it existed in the last century) is a serious thing, but apparently an accomplished fact. It is the great advantage of the Tory party that it not only has, but, unless the mischievous tendency exemplified by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and Mr. HANBURY increases, is likely to retain, the chance of being more numerous than any one of its rivals. At present, by the faithful alliance of the Liberal-Unionists, it has not only a relative but an absolute majority; and we confess that we do not see what would be gained by a substitution of fusion for alliance. Lord SALISBURY is where he is, and may well count on staying where he is.

In his references to the prospects of general peace—in which, both as Foreign Secretary and as the guest of a host opposed to him in domestic politics, he was naturally fuller—the PRIME MINISTER was not quite so ironically sanguine as he had been two nights earlier in the House of Lords. On all that Lord SALISBURY says as to the ballasting power given by the enormous risks incumbent on any Continental, not to say on any insular, Power which should now plunge into war there can be little difference of opinion. Yet it is difficult to discover any very lively consolation in this. Lord SALISBURY seems to hope that the present heats and bad humours (as the old doctors used to say) will, during the period of postponement of war procured by this state of mutual fear, insensibly work themselves off, and pass away. We should be glad to share the belief, and it would not be so very difficult to do so, if the present alarms came from ill temper or from the existence of a roving disposition in nations, or if they were the after-swell merely of some great disturbance. To some observers—and perhaps to Lord SALISBURY at times when he is not cast for the part of optimist—it seems that the causes of anxiety are quite different from these, and that the disturbance is that of the surge which precedes, not of that which follows, the actual storm. But it would have been incomprehensible if the PREMIER had spoken in any other way than he actually did towards the close of a Session in which his Government has been successful, at the height of a summer which has hitherto passed off without either war or immediate threat of war, and on the very eve of the arrival in England of the master of the most powerful army in the world, for the purpose of inspecting under England's flag the most powerful navy in the world. What is perfectly certain is, that if England and Germany could put their horses—their land- and sea-horses—together, no other ordinarily possible combination of Powers could do them any harm, or could against their will break the peace of the world. What is, if not perfectly certain, rather too probable, is that, partly from mere personal reasons, partly from faults of the two Governments, most of all, perhaps, as a result of the jealousy which constantly exists between two powerful members of the same race, and that a race not famed for sympathetic treatment of others—the terms on which England and Germany now are are such that they might be made more intimate and cordial, with a very great deal of advantage to both sides, but perhaps with no small difficulty on both.

One part of Lord SALISBURY'S references was definite enough, and referred to a subject of very considerable actual interest. The indication of the present state of affairs on the frontiers of Egypt contained in itself a sufficient answer to French intrigue and refusal to perform international duty, and to the grumbles of Tory Democrats and Radical non-interventionists. WAD-EL-NJUMI, with considerable chivalry, has taken upon himself single-handed the task of answering M. SPULLER, Mr. LABOUCHERE, and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL all at once. That England cannot leave Egypt to herself in such a state of things is a proposition undeniable by any one not silly enough to believe, or dishonest enough to pretend to believe, that Lord SALISBURY has hired the Gaelic Association to become Fenian, and has contracted with the Khalifa to invade Egypt. But when we come to ask ourselves whether England is discharging this necessary task of defending Egypt as she ought to discharge it, the answer becomes a little more dubious. It is stated significantly enough that there is much more alarm at Cairo than there is at Assouan. Naturally, for the garrison of Cairo has practically been transferred to the frontier. We do not for one moment suggest that General GRENFELL is not strong enough to tackle the Dervish leader. Even the reinforcements which the latter has received can hardly have made up—can certainly not have more than made up—for the constant losses which have been inflicted on his troops from the first battle at Arguin onwards. And it is quite true, as the Sirdar is said to have remarked, that the further north the invaders advance the more crushing will be their defeat. Indeed there would seem to be a kind of hope on the part of the Anglo-Egyptian generals that they may play a return match for the disaster in Kordofan, and cut off WAD-EL-NJUMI even as HICKS Pasha was cut off, so that none may return to tell the tale. This would be effective, but a little difficult to effect with the amount of force at their disposal. Meanwhile it is hard not to share the alarm, or at least the anxiety, of Cairene critics when they see the whole of Lower Egypt (which not so very long ago was in a state of armed revolt) left to the control of such a handful of English troops as would hardly serve for the peace garrison of a third-rate French or German town, while the forces at the front, with everything drained into them, are still not sufficient to prevent the invader from moving pretty much at his own pleasure and from receiving reinforcements as fast as the reinforcements choose to come up to him. The process known as "cutting it fine" is a tempting one to experts in all arts; but "Cut not too fine" is surely as wise a warning as that more general one over the last door in the enchanted castle. Nor would it have been unsatisfactory to have heard from Lord SALISBURY something as to the means projected for stopping this Dervish trouble in the future. The plan above referred to—an ambitious one,

which may possibly not have commended itself to those whose present conduct suggests it—would, even if it were crowned with the most complete and the most improbable success, still not touch the root of the evil, and we have seen no other proposed in any official quarter that would touch it. Sir JOHN ADYE is all for conciliation, and suggests Afghanistan and its passes as an example to rebut Sir SAMUEL BAKER'S warlike proposals. Sir SAMUEL is quite competent to answer for himself. It will be a little awkward for Sir JOHN ADYE if the answer takes the form of a request to be informed whether Sir JOHN advocates the establishment of a Peshawur at Wady Halfa and a Quetta at Souakin.

YOUNG POLITICIANS.

IT is not a hopeful prospect for the next generation, and it is certainly no credit to this, that the rising young men in politics should be so very sparse and very poor a crop. In the days when Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN was young, there were half a dozen youthful politicians whom it was possible to regard with hope; and with hope they were regarded till discovery was made that their youthfulness was likely to outlast their lives. The "Competition "Wallah" was the brightest of them, and the most promising of maturity; but even he was still a youthful politician at fifty years old, while as for the rest, it became plain long before that they would never be anything else. That crop was an entire failure; possibly because it resembled in mental character the Indian Baboo, who is such a wonderfully culturable person up to the age of twenty-five or so, and then goes off in flower, without a single head of fruit to grace the summer of his days. It was a disappointment; but since the failure of these young men we have been denied even the transitory pleasures of hope unfulfilled. Hope for a day, for a century of days, does not count in such affairs; and with one exception so distinctive that it need not be named, there has been no rising young man for years past who has justified hopefulness any longer than he could be well examined. The dearth and the poverty have become yet more remarkable in these later days—the one exception nevertheless; but if we have been denied the pleasure of watching some new star swim into our ken, we have enjoyed the advantage of witnessing the dissipation of some very misleading vaporous false lights. The present year has been precious in this particular. Even the last three months of the unconcluded period have been singularly fruitful in the destruction of baseless pretensions and reputations; and by so much—which is a very great deal—we are far better off at the close of the languid Session of 1889 than at any similar term for years past.

Suicide, and not a mere fading away, is the usual end of the political false prophet and the quack people's friend. The recent clearance is all by suicide—suicide under temporary derangement, during which the heated, heedless sufferer threw off the raiment that shrouded his inner self, exposing it to withering detection. In one instance, indeed, there are suspicions of conspiracy to murder; and some features of the case do recall those sombre domestic tragedies in which the relatives of an old man long a-dying thought themselves justified in accelerating his departure by the imposition of a feather-bed. But even if there be some warrant for the suspicion—as does indeed appear—it was by his own hand, so to speak, that the victim of his family's too urgent private affairs was made helpless. It is not our intention, however, to go all through the list, but rather to dwell for a moment upon the emphatically "happy despatch" which one most superfluous actor on the political stage has executed upon himself, in exact imitation of the Japanese manner.

To be sure, with the history of a French BOULANGER before us, we should not hastily conclude that the British specimen has finally wrought his own destruction. But though (if we shear away some accusations which cannot be levelled at both) the men are very much alike, the nations are different; and we may humbly believe and confidently trust that what does not kill in France is fatal in England. The "what" here referred to is the complete exposure of incapacity, as well as lack of principle, publicly made by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL this week. Time was when no one could honestly deny that Lord RANDOLPH was a really clever man. There never was a time when he was completely trusted; but the keenest observers of him at his best flattered themselves that they saw in him "a devilish "clever fellow," who, when he had been taken from his surroundings and placed in a position of responsibility, would shed the imp in him, discipline his cleverness, go soberly, and do well. He had his chance; for a while he justified expectation in the eyes of all with whom he hadn't as much to do as with his unfortunate colleagues in the Cabinet; and then, all of a sudden, broke loose—we all remember when and how. Still, the belief in his cleverness remained, impressing his late colleagues with fear, and drawing about him a variety of politicians "on the make" who half hoped that he would turn to partnership with them. Crippled as a man of principle, he was yet regarded as a power, on account of his eloquence, his flexibility, his ingenuities, his audacity, and his command of the ear of the masses above all. But even then he was hurt in the esteem of the masses far more than they believed who were admitted to his fascinating conversation. Certain illustrations of the *morale* of him had been observed; and cleverness without character counts for very much less after the absence of character has been revealed. This was insufficiently understood by those who still prophesied success for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and by himself not at all. There is no man of his time so destitute of political conscience, there is none more thoroughly convinced of the possession of commanding oratorical faculty, based on solid mental gifts. To this he trusted, and had reason to trust, but for one thing heretofore concealed from him. He did not know it, few of us who watched him suspected it, perhaps; but here is another example of the British Baboo. Cleverness to any amount, promise to any extent, in a rapidly assimilating brain and an astonishingly facile tongue. This up to the turning point of youth, and then—nothing. Collapse: evaporation. That is the Bengalee Baboo; and that is Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, if the speeches at Walsall and Birmingham do not strangely and painfully belie him.

To many people, the most striking thing about those speeches is their complete demonstration of want of principle; and in that respect they are about as convincing as anything of the kind could possibly be. But the demonstration was complete enough before; and in Lord RANDOLPH'S repetition of it in the Midlands this week there is not enough of novelty to command a lingering attention. Far more interesting and important is the disclosure that Lord RANDOLPH'S cleverness was but the forced efflorescence of a few seasons; that it has certainly ceased to bloom now; and, to all appearance, is not likely to show much head any more. There can be no mistake about these speeches for any one who is gifted with the commonest sensibilities of the critical sort. They testify to decline in every quality that made Lord RANDOLPH famous, and that was trusted to keep him so. In style they speak of a sudden reversion to boyhood. This is more particularly true of the Walsall speech; which, phrase after phrase, is in point of composition precisely like the lecturing of the more confident young men in a Young Man's Institute. The same consciousness, the same mouthiness, the same tottering top-hamper of solemnity, the same presentation of familiar comment as new and original—all are there, in the very phraseology of the Institute young man. To make matters worse, Lord RANDOLPH paraded a selection of problems of domestic politics more often discussed than any others; and never yet have they been handled by any man pretending to knowledge and thought with a feebler display of competence. In the business of criticism we have to guard ourselves constantly against the use of excessive language. Dealing with these speeches of Lord RANDOLPH'S—in what he had to say about the land-laws, the sale of alcoholic liquors, the housing of the poor, the restriction of the hours of labour, and, lastly, of the government of Ireland—the difficulty is of another character. To do strict justice to his utterances on these questions we should have to employ epithets which have long since passed out of the ordinary vocabulary of criticism. Of mere cleverness there is not a spark, even by way of occasional decoration. What the Conservative electors of Birmingham may think of his principles now has not yet been revealed. If they think them Tory principles, or the product of Tory sentiment and opinion, they must have entirely new ideas of political nomenclature. To one thing, however, they may make up their minds: if they adopt those principles they will suffer as complete a transformation as certain mariners suffered at the hands of CIRCE. That, however,

is their affair. A matter of more common interest and concern is the great and manifest decline of Lord Randolph Churchill in the article of cleverness. For this he was still sought in a measure, and still dreaded. But now ——?

"SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS."

At the meeting of the supporters of the Patriotic Volunteer Fund Mr. Stanhope moved the following resolution:—"That this meeting, being desirous of preserving the "voluntary character of our citizen army, and being impressed with the absolute necessity of equipping the "Volunteer forces of the metropolis in such a manner as to "meet the requirements of the War Office, heartily commends the Lord Mayor's appeal in behalf of the Patriotic "Volunteer Fund to the support and practical sympathy of "the inhabitants of the metropolis and the public at large." Strange as it may seem, the gentleman who moved this resolution is our Minister for War; and what he says is tantamount to this:—"That this meeting, being desirous of "preventing the collapse of our citizen army, owing to "impecuniosity, and having realized that I have given "them the choice of purchasing certain articles of equipment or of being disbanded, approve of the public giving, "in the form of charity, what I have always asserted "the Volunteers have a right to claim from the Office "which I administer." This is the only meaning which this resolution can have, coming from whom it did.

But if the resolution is strange, the speech by which it was followed is stranger still. Mr. Stanhope begins by shirking the plain straightforward question, which every one who knows anything about the Volunteers is now asking, and to which no answer can be obtained—the question as to why, if this equipment is necessary, the Government does not provide it. He touches the point gently, and says:—"The first question some people were inclined to put was, "whether it was desirable that that equipment should be "provided by the State or by voluntary effort." It is not a matter of desirability; it is a matter of the fulfilment by the State of their side of a bargain. But even to this delicately evasive way of putting a plain question some answer had to be given. The answer is in the following words:—"There were some people who seemed to think "it was necessary to put the Militia and Volunteer forces "in precisely the same position as the regular forces." There may be some people possessed of some such extraordinary idea. We have never met them in the flesh nor read their correspondence in the newspapers. But still they may exist. But, granted that they exist by the million, what connexion is there between those who wish to see the Militia and Volunteers converted into regulars, and those who wish to see that the Volunteers are properly equipped at public expense? What unworthy oratorical trickery is this to attempt to confuse the vast army of fadmongers with those who have the clear and definite demand—Fulfil your side of the bargain, pay for the necessities you insist upon!

But, when a War Office official begins to find himself swimming in deeper waters than are safe, considering the hampering bonds of former engagements and undertakings, which sadly interfere with his eel-like movements, there is always at hand a welcome bathing-machine kept by an old lady of the name of Mrs. Bunkum. She has a large stock of such machines, and each has a name. And she and her daughters, the fair Miss Audacity Bunkum and the dark Miss Mystery Bunkum, are always ready to assist their customers. Sometimes the rescue requires the united efforts of all three. The names of the bathing-machines are Committee, Pigeon-Hole, Procrastination, Promise, Prudence, and Prevarication. Mrs. Bunkum and daughters were helping the unfortunate Minister into the last-named refuge when he uttered this sentence (as reported):—"But "he could assure them, both as regarded the Militia and "Volunteers, that those who were responsible for the defence of the country had not only considered the special "duties that must be assigned, in the event of invasion, to "each force, but they had also considered the particular "duties that would devolve upon every battalion, so that "in any recommendations they might now make, both "in regard to organization and equipment, they had tried "to think out what was wanted for every battalion that was "put into the field." (Applause!) Net result, some person or persons unknown have tried to think. But, to be serious, if we really try to find out what has been done during the past few years to place the Volunteers on a footing of efficiency, we can discover almost nothing. A slight but inadequate increase of grant has been made. There has been a flourish of trumpets under Mrs. Bunkum's special patronage, and over a Volunteer brigade scheme, which has resulted, as far as it has been developed, in the general establishment of a system of dual control. And there has been the still more vaunted mobilization scheme. This latter is the great winner of applause. There is a most delightful impression of security produced in the minds of unthinking audiences whenever it is trotted out. A general notion is instilled into peace-loving minds that at last our War Office is rivalling that thoroughgoing institution in the Friedrich-Wilhelm Strasse, and will have only to utter the mystic words "Krieg mobil" to find every "citizen soldier" arrayed in his place, equipped, accoutred, fed, armed, and supplied with ammunition. All this perfection of mechanism may exist on paper, but only in the stage of being tried to be thought out. It certainly is not in the stage of being "tried to be worked out." Some serious efforts were this year made to practise a few of the metropolitan brigades in the localities where they would be "tried to be thought to be sent" in case of threatened invasion. The efforts were reasonably and seriously attempted. They fell through entirely owing to the refusal of the War Office to grant the necessary funds. Let us hope that by next year the efforts after "trying to "think" may produce at least efforts after "trying to act."

There followed then in Mr. Stanhope's speech the statement that "It was possible, under ordinary circumstances, "for Volunteer corps to provide that limited form of equipment for themselves out of the Capitation Grant which "was annually provided for them by Parliament." This statement was greeted with cries of "No, no," which mark of dissent was met by the assertion that some did so, and that "there was one even in the metropolis which did so, "but that was an exceptional case"—a remark which should have been greeted with laughter. We do not know how the accounts of the different metropolitan battalions stand at the present moment. But in the last authoritative document issued on the subject, the Report of the Volunteer Capitation Committee in 1887, there was only one metropolitan battalion which paid its way by means of the Government Grant, and that was the Railway Corps, whose expenses are, for many reasons, very small. And its commanding officer recommended an additional grant of ten shillings, on the ground that better clothing was required; not unnaturally, as its clothing allowance was in fact almost exactly twelve shillings and sixpence per man per annum! Truly it was a very exceptional case.

The Volunteers must of course take what they can get. But, as Sir Stafford Northcote said a few weeks ago, they must agitate for more. They must, in fact, not leave go of the principle of the payment by the tax-payers of all necessary expenses. It is not encouraging to find that, after all professions of friendliness and support, Mr. Stanhope has proved repeatedly that he is as weak as other men who have occupied his position before him. We credit him with good intentions, but we discredit him with broken promises—broken not intentionally, but broken under that inexorable source of administrative weakness, the tyranny of the Treasury. He has been placed unfortunately. Had he not supported the Lord Mayor's "Patriotic" Fund he would have been regarded as unpatriotic. Doing so, he has placed himself in an untenable position. In his speech he has attempted to unite the inconsistent attitudes of the man responsible for carrying out an admitted public duty out of public money, and who at the same time uses private subscriptions for the same purpose, and continues to solicit charity for the same objects. The question had better be faced at once. The Volunteers will take what they can get. They are justified in doing so, owing to the thousands of pounds they have spent. But there can be no doubt that the general feeling amongst them demands more than a Lord Mayor's Fund, supported by a disingenuous speech from the man to whom they look for assistance. It is perfectly absurd to suppose that there can be any finality in an arrangement that does not guarantee out of public funds, and not municipally organized charity, everything necessary to the most complete defensive mobilization.

THE END OF THE ROYAL GRANTS DEBATE.

THOSE persons who (to adopt as general an expression as may be arrived at) desire that the government of England shall not be carried on after the fashion of a Little Bethel with stingy managers have every possible reason to be satisfied with the concluding evening of the Royal Grants debate on Monday last. We say "the con- "cluding," for the belated buffoonery of Mr. WALLACE does not count, and the discussion on the Bill itself had no reality. It had begun well, according to the taste of such persons, and it ended hardly less well. The general satisfaction which in all quarters worth attention has been expressed at Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech is much less a recognition of what Gladstonians foolishly consider the general "superiority" of Mr. GLADSTONE than a recognition of the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE when he has a good cause is a very different person from Mr. GLADSTONE when he has a bad one. But this and other speeches of last week were admittedly above the usual present level of Parliamentary debate. We do not think that the speeches of Monday fell much below this improvement. On one and the best of them—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S—we have some little delicacy in commenting. The best comment is the "beastly froth of rage" (we can never thank Mr. BROWNING enough for that phrase) into which it seems to have thrown the rump of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S former party. To attempt to decide between the new and the old Radicalism on Radical principles is a very hard thing for any one who is not a Radical. At the same time, this very difficulty constitutes a positive qualification for the post of judge as to the dialectical success of the speakers on each side. We are so absolutely impartial between the four (we think it is four; or is it five?) sections of Radicalism represented by Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. MORLEY, Mr. LABOUCHERE, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, that our opinion may be of some value as to their right to the prize. We should certainly say that that prize went to Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who, with Lord HARTINGTON, maintained the tradition of their official party, not to Mr. MORLEY and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who deserted it.

The palm of curious, as opposed to meritorious, interest, however, is almost admittedly awardable to Mr. MORLEY. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN bestowed much sarcastic comment on his friend with very good effect; but we doubt whether even Mr. CHAMBERLAIN quite reached the bottom of the profound incomprehensibility of Mr. MORLEY'S position. Mere inconsistency is nothing, though it is true that the greatest politicians avoid it. In Mr. MORLEY'S present party it is even a sort of sign of profession and mark of difference. But when you are inconsistent you should be inconsistent *fortiter*. Mr. MORLEY was hardly that. To begin with, he abode in his preliminaries after a fashion which for so accomplished a critic of historical politics was a sure evidence of discomfort. What the honourable member for Northampton said, what the UNDER-SECRETARY for INDIA said, and what the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE said, are things which unfortunately remind us of "what the soldier "said," in a famous piece of literature. They are not evidence—not evidence which in the least helps us to understand why Mr. MORLEY found it necessary, but painful, to separate himself from both his great leaders—from Mr. GLADSTONE because Mr. GLADSTONE is in effect nothing but a wretched ci-devant (that is what the bolder spirits say), and from Mr. LABOUCHERE because Mr. LABOUCHERE was discourteous to the Throne. If Mr. MORLEY does not like to be discourteous to the Throne, where is the justification of his amendment, which, with the slightest possible difference of form from Mr. LABOUCHERE'S, tells the Throne that it is a sturdy beggar, a robber of the public, and by implication a liar? This is an awkward enough galley for a person anxious not to be discourteous to the Throne to find himself in. But Mr. MORLEY laboured with the skill of the most practised shipwright to make his galley more awkward still. He dwelt with something like eloquence on the pleasure which he, in common with all those-who-are-not-Mr.-STOREY (if we may be pardoned a new but convenient term), feels in the associations, the historical associations, of the Crown. He pointed out without the very least ceremony that Mr. STOREY'S talk about the contrasts of riches and poverty is the silliest and vulgarest of clap-trap. That is to say, Mr. MORLEY carefully demolished the grounds on which at least a hundred of the hundred and odd Parliamentary tagrag who followed him into the Lobby based their votes. After which he asked them to follow him. That Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN should talk in this sort of fashion is not surprising. When Sir GEORGE came to speak, he instanced as a reason for wishing the minority to be increased the fact that royalty and aristocracy no longer put their offspring into lucrative offices. The extraordinary discipline of topsy-turvification, through which Sir GEORGE went before he cut his Unionist cables and made off to join the Gladstonian buccaneers, may account for any eccentricity of logic. But we should have supposed that the disuse of the practice to which Sir GEORGE referred was exactly the reason for these grants. The contradiction is intelligible enough in Sir GEORGE; in Mr. MORLEY we fear it can only be set down to the fact that Mr. MORLEY *s'encanaille* with difficulty.

We do not think it necessary to examine further in detail the contentions by which men, whom we should be sorry to describe as anything but men of honour, reconciled themselves to following the lead of a few paid politicians, Debating Society spouters, and Parliamentary mountebanks. We do not ourselves think the system of constant Parliamentary grants a good system; but it is impossible to imagine any other consistent with our present political institutions. The least worthy among many unworthy things said by Mr. MORLEY was his complaint of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH'S remarks about the Crown lands—a complaint based on a kind of chicanery about personal and fiduciary ownership. This part of the complaint was not urged when Sir MICHAEL had reached the House, and it is difficult to suppose that he would not have had an easy answer to it. What is contended for on the score of the indebtedness of the nation, by virtue of the abandonment of the Crown lands to it, is not that the Crown has lost the power of alienation (wherein alone the "personal" question comes in), but that it has lost the power of the most profitable employment. Mr. MORLEY must know perfectly well that, if the QUEEN were able to manage the Crown lands even as the most strictly tied-up landowner can manage his estates under present law, the revenue derived from them at present might be decupled. But it would be altogether too unkind to press this argument. Mr. MORLEY only set an example which all his honourable friends followed in throwing to the wolves the ewe lambs of argument on which his own side had to rely. He, as we have seen, "chucked" the East-End-and-destitution logic of the eminent Mr. STOREY. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN was nearly as decided, though not nearly as witty, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in sending the savings argument to join its poor little brother. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT (that such a man should be so merciless!) followed suit by whirling over the sledge the last shrieking innocent—the argument about misuse of the Civil List by HER MAJESTY and the PRINCE OF WALES. And before this Mr. LABOUCHERE, yielding to the madness of the hour, had come near to the flat blasphemy of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, by declaring that it was "quite unimportant" whether the surrendered hereditary revenues were the property of the Sovereign or not; while, to descend for a moment to the infinitely little, Mr. ESSLEMONT, of Aberdeen, by informing the House that he did not care for precedents, at once and with a right and left swashing blow annihilated the argument from GEORGE III.'s reign and the argument from Sir ROBERT PEEL'S speeches. In short, the sole desire of almost every speaker on the side of the temporary Opposition appears to have been to show that his friends and brethren were a party of illogical fools. It is not altogether surprising that a majority of something like three to one took such a party at its own valuation. We regret the incident, because it has shown what manner of men can get themselves elected to the House of Commons nowadays, because it has not been altogether well managed by the Government, because it has shown the existence of a certain amount of foolishness and bad blood in the lower class of voters. But we could not have wished for a spectacle of more complete imbecility among the leaders of the opposition to the Grants, and we are glad to note that some of the very organs of that opposition itself admit that the public at large is much more interested in Princess LOUISE than in Mr. LABOUCHERE. It would be odd if it were otherwise, for the most miserly British workman can hardly object to his landlord or employer paying a shilling or two more taxes for the benefit of a popular Royal Family.

THE AUNT'S CHEQUE.

IT was once said by a cynical person that the only use of a bank was to borrow money from, and that the simplest mode of performing that transaction was to overdraw your account. This, however, is a point on which bankers not unnaturally differ from their customers, holding that their business is to lend at higher interest than they pay, when it happens that they pay any at all. The action brought by the Wiltshire and Dorsetshire Bank against a certain Mr. Cook is in favour of the banking community, and further shows the desirability of doing things in some order. Mr. Cook is a fishmonger at Taunton, and has got himself into a rather serious pecuniary scrape by not behaving like other people, but adopting a line of his own. Eccentricity may or may not show that a man is in advance of his age. But it usually results in immediately unpleasant consequences, and martyrdom is not always worth while. Mr. Cook, according to the facts so far as they appeared in Court, must have gone out of his way to assume the position of an insolvent creditor. Having a considerable balance with the Wiltshire and Dorsetshire Bank, he went through one of the most singular processes in the world. He exchanged cheques with a customer of his own to the unexplained amount of six hundred and forty-five pounds. If this is a form of betting prevalent in the West of England, the student of contemporary manners would like to see some more light thrown upon it. If it be merely a method of discharging a liability by barter, the element of uncertainty should, one is disposed to think, be eliminated, and both parties should make a clean breast. For here the customer seems to have obtained, in Homeric phrase, gold for brass, offerings of a hundred oxen for offerings of nine. Cheques are a convenient form of portable property when there are assets, but useless encumbrances when there are not. The result in this case was that Mr. Cook's cheques in the hands of his customer were honoured, while the customer's cheques in the hands of Mr. Cook were dishonoured. Mr. Cook, on being requested to make good the deficit, hit upon a device which, if less complicated than the previous exchange, is even more mysterious. He suggested that the customer's aunt should draw a cheque in his favour for the same sum of six hundred and forty-five pounds. But it will be seen in the sequel that a Taunton aunt is no substitute for a fairy godmother.

Ever since "my aunt's case," when the plaintiff got an order from a County Court judge against the wealthy aunt of an impoverished creditor, there has been a vague notion among spendthrifts that aunts are fair game. In this case the aunt responded with alacrity to the proposal made. She at once drew the cheque; and, indeed, drawing cheques seems to present no difficulties to any member of the customer's family. But alas! this cheque also was dishonoured, and an aunt without a balance is a vain thing to save a man. Deserted alike by aunt and nephew, Mr. Cook found himself defendant in an action brought by the bank to recover a sum of three hundred and odd pounds. The bank submitted that there could be no valid answer to the claim, and Mr. Justice Wills, in Chambers, made an order for summary judgment unless the money were paid into Court. On appeal to the Divisional Court the plaintiff's counsel argued that, as the defendants had kept the aunt's cheque, they took the risk of its turning out useless; and, further, that having certain cheques drawn by the customer on a bank at Wiveliscombe, they had sent them to their London agents, instead of immediately presenting them. Unfortunately these Wiveliscombe cheques fared no better than their predecessors, being also dishonoured on presentation. The Court held, following a recent case, and also the dictates of common sense, that despatching the cheques to London in the ordinary course of business was not laches, and did not disentitle the bank to recover the money. To have held otherwise would have added a new terror to banking, without giving any real security to the public. For, as a matter of fact, the delay was very trifling, the Wiveliscombe cheques having been paid in on the 23rd of April, and returned on the 26th, while notice was given on the 27th. Mr. Justice Day was quite clear and strong on the important subject of the aunt. The aunt, he said, had not been taken for better for worse, but only to see what she was worth, and she proved to be worth nothing. It is to be hoped that the history of these interesting and instructive proceedings will be fatal to that superstitious regard for an aunt's purse which has wrought such havoc in the speculations of ingenuous youth. A blind reliance upon the aunts of other people was certainly not to be expected from the ancient and honourable, but usually wideawake, trade of fishmongers.

THE INFECTIOUS DISEASES NOTIFICATION BILL.

THE Bill which Government has at last introduced for the protection of the community against poisoning by infection has one serious defect. It is not, as it should be, universally compulsory; it imposes on every London doctor the obligation to report all cases of such infectious diseases as are named in its schedule, but it is not as yet worded so as to apply to Ireland, and it leaves the application of the law optional for country towns. For the first omission there is a reasonable excuse, even beyond what is supplied by the common practice of distinguishing between Great Britain and Ireland in legislation. Perhaps the Ministry have not taken the worst way of persuading Irishmen to approve of compulsory notification by not offering it to them. The pulling of the string one way is sometimes known to be the most effectual way of persuading the animal tied to it to go the other. The second omission is less easily justified. The Act is recommended by the fact that no less than fifty provincial towns have already applied for and obtained private Acts to carry out the provisions of this one within their own limits. It would therefore appear that there is no probability that the Act would be generally unpopular. Indeed, the very consideration that some towns might dislike it is in itself a reason why it should have been made universally compulsory. It is possible, but we trust not probable, that there may be other Leicesters in England and other Town Councils as wise as that which has striven to provide small-pox with a secure abiding-place. That these towns should, out of a regard for what they may be pleased to call freedom, or for any other folly, be allowed to foster typhoid fever is not to be desired. The fact that London is not provided with a central health authority is not so much a reason for making the Act compulsory in London, and optional elsewhere, as for supplying the capital with the authority it wants, and ought to possess as fully as Bristol or Dundee.

The reception given to the Bill by the House (the second reading was carried by a majority of more than three to one) should encourage the Ministry to increase the stringency of the measure. Certainly there was nothing in the arguments used against it which need influence the Government. Sir Balthazar Foster, who alone spoke against it with any appearance of force, maintained that it might tend to interfere with the friendly relations between doctor and patient, and might result in infractions of the sound old tradition which makes discretion as to his patient's affairs the first article in the doctor's code of honour. We quite agree with Sir Balthazar Foster that it would be a thousand pities if this most excellent tradition were in any way weakened. We will even go further, and express a wish that doctors would observe this rule of medical good manners even more carefully than they do. There is, we can assure him, room for improvement. But we do not think that the imposition of an obligation to report all cases of infectious disease on doctors will appreciably diminish the confidence felt in them by their patients. There is the experience of fifty towns to show that the rule may be enforced without any serious disturbance of the relations between patients and doctors. For the rest, we have a profound confidence in the working of the natural desire of those who are sick to get well. The friend of liberty, who is down with a good smart typhoid fever, will in very few cases prove such a heroic martyr as to die rather than send for a doctor who will be bound to report the existence and nature of his disease to the sanitary authorities. As for those who would conceal the existence of disease in their house for purely selfish business reasons, they are entitled to no consideration whatever. No man's rights include the right to poison his neighbours, and it is a pity that the Act does not make the head of every household jointly responsible with the doctor for the notification. If it were not disgusting, it would be laughable, to hear members of Parliament and friends of freedom get up and solemnly argue that the small tradesman or other person who thinks that the presence of infectious disease in his house might injure him financially, and, therefore, conceals it to the great danger of his neighbours, is entitled to be listened to with a kind of respect. It is a great pity, no doubt, that, among the

other consequences of infectious disease, there should also be the danger of loss of one's means of livelihood ; but that danger is unavoidable, and for the rest no man is entitled to protect his own means of subsistence at the expense of the lives of innocent people. Besides, rigid precautions against the spread of disease are themselves in the interest of the very class which is most likely to lose money by it. The morality of the question is very easy to state. No decent person wishes to cause danger of poisoning to his neighbours, or would have the least objection to the general application of precautionary measures, and what no decent person would wish not to do, no selfish, reckless, or foolish person ought to be at liberty to do at the expense of other people.

THE TROUBLES OF TURKEY.

THE short conversation in the House of Lords on Monday night as to affairs in the East could not be expected to furnish any very new or startling information. When Lord SALISBURY politely reminded Lord STRATHEDEN that it was open to that noble lord and others "to speculate "on a great number of questions in respect to which those "in the service of HER MAJESTY must abstain from com-"ment," he put into convenient form the undoubted fact that, except on the rarest occasions, listeners to Foreign Secretaries only find, in the words of the poet, a horrid silence invading their ears. Lord SALISBURY says justly that for the last two years Bulgaria has had little history, and that what she has is a record of prosperity and progress, while he subsequently says, no doubt with equal truth to the ear, though perhaps not so much to the sense, that the conduct of Russia has been very "correct." It is possible, as every one knows in private life, to observe correct conduct towards neighbours, relations, friends, and connexions in business, after a fashion of correctness more intolerable and vexatious than the most robustious antagonism. And this would seem to be the sort of correctness shown by Russia in refusing to acknowledge a Bulgarian Government which has been chosen by the will of the Bulgarians, and which has given Bulgaria both prosperity and content. The advice of Lord SALISBURY that all men should carefully "abstain from using action or "language tending to stimulate unfortunate differences," his candid, but cheerful, observation that the progress of Turkey, "though not rapid, has been sensible" (and are there not scientific instruments in these happy days which will measure you the hundred-thousandth part of an inch ?), his liberal assurance "that there is no *greater* ground for "anticipating disturbance than there has been in recent "times," are as good examples of the political egg-and-sword dance as "in recent times" have been given. This kind of solemn *pavane*, this evolution in which "the grave "Lord Keeper leads the brawls," is one of the incidents of a Foreign Secretary's place, and there have been few Foreign Secretaries who have ever discharged it with a more agreeable mixture of dignified observance of the proprieties to the very least caper with an intelligent enjoyment of the real meaning of the farce.

For actual information as to the state of the case one must, of course, look elsewhere, and the situation will be found, not perhaps more correctly, but more fully, sketched in Lord CARNARVON'S sepia than in Lord SALISBURY'S rose-pink. Lord CARNARVON'S details are quite correct and perfectly consistent with Lord SALISBURY'S generalities. The utmost correctness will not prevent you from placing your troops in Province B rather than in Province A of your own territory ; and if it does so happen that Province B marches with a foreign country peculiarly open to invasion, correctness does not require that fact to be taken into consideration. Therefore Lord CARNARVON'S observations on the state of things along the Galician border do not at all contradict Lord SALISBURY. The same, exactly the same, is to be said of the similar concentrations in the Caucasus. It at least appears to be true that, as Lord CARNARVON went on to say :—"In Servia you have "large masses of men ordered and supplied without any "one knowing why." Had Lord CARNARVON spoken a day later he would have been able to read on this head the comfortable words of the Metropolitan MICHAEL to a *Daily News'* Correspondent. From these it is gathered that this most reverend man, by his own account, never meddles with politics except when he thinks that there is some occasion for him to interfere, that he is not in the least a Russian partisan, but merely considers Russia the only European nation with which Servia ought to cultivate active friendship, and several other valuable truths which no doubt would have consoled Lord CARNARVON much. Without pledging ourselves to it, we should be inclined to accept Lord CARNARVON'S estimate of the enormous Continental armies now on foot. We fear he is quite right in saying that the Turkish Government has scarcely a penny in its Treasury. We do not take quite the same view that he takes of the Armenian matter, but as a set-off to this Lord CARNARVON said nothing about Crete. As Lord CARNARVON is as far as possible from being a friend of the wicked Turk, his admission that Turkey has fared very badly at the hands of friends as well as of foes is valuable. We do not think that the bearing of the fact on what even the best friends of the Porte must acknowledge to be its shortcomings is quite sufficiently allowed for even by those who never shared the silly anti-Turk craze of a dozen years ago. There is considerable excuse for the Porte if it does not know to whom to trust. The point where it is inexcusable is the neglect so to manage its matters that it shall have as little necessity as possible for trusting to any one. There is, for instance, no intelligible reason for the chronic impecuniosity of which Lord CARNARVON complained; for, sorely diminished as the Porte's resources are, they are still very considerable, and no sovereign in Europe has the opportunity of governing so cheaply as the SULTAN. With regard to the affairs of Armenia and Crete we do not, as we have already said, quite share Lord CARNARVON'S childlike belief in the wrongs of the Armenians. He complains that the charges have never been denied or disproved. May it be suggested to him that there is a preliminary and very important process which seems also to have been omitted—namely, the proving of these charges? It is useless to deny, and impossible to disprove, things as to which no positive evidence is obtainable. Nevertheless, it is quite conceivable that the Armenians have had wrong in some places ; and it is clear that the way in which the Porte has behaved is the very way to enable its enemies to make the most of this, and to disable its friends from taking its side. The belief in "Can't you let it alone?" is sometimes a valuable belief, but it may be carried too far. And, when letting-it-alone on the one hand, and occasional harkening to the intrigues of those who are known to be deadly enemies on the other, are the two secrets of policy to which a Government trusts, it is not surprising that it should perpetually find itself in evil case.

The exact condition and prospects of the Cretan outbreak are still very difficult to ascertain. The impudent perversion of Lord SALISBURY'S words as to the inconvenience of Home Rule as exemplified in the island would be very properly met by the repeated assurances that England attaches the greatest importance to the maintenance of Ottoman sovereignty. And there is still wanting even the very least evidence that Ottoman sovereignty has had anything to do with the present troubles, except as any government which is not carried on with the very greatest skill may have something to do with troubles arising from desperate faction fights. A Commission is on its way; troops to maintain or restore order are being despatched; a delegation (oddly composed of representatives of the Mussulman minority, of the Christian majority, and of the insurgents) is on its way to Constantinople, and the return of PHOTIADES Pasha as Governor is talked of. PHOTIADES Pasha was very popular in Crete, and showed considerable ability there ; but he did not succeed in achieving the impossible. The present difficulty in Crete appears to be simply this —that neither Mussulmans nor Christians will be satisfied with mere equality. Nor is it easy to see how any change of governors, any concessions, any "protocolling" of any kind, will alter or remedy this state of things. What is wanted clearly is a strong and impartial central authority which can make the two parties respect each other's rights, and be content with their own. The Porte is hardly strong enough to do this, and is certainly not believed to be impartial. Greece has no real claim, is not nearly strong enough, and would not be believed to be much more impartial. England could do it, but declines ; some other Powers would very likely be much pleased to do it, but cannot be allowed. Statesmanship of the cynical kind might be inclined to say, "Fight dog, fight bear," till one side or the other is tired ; but what the cant of Europe is pleased to call the conscience of Europe would, no doubt, be horrified by at least the open promulgation of any such advice.

AN OPEN SPACE—GONE.

IF a man wanted to describe the course the Government has taken with the Post Office Site Bill more tersely than good-naturedly, he might say that it is one excellently fitted to give Mr. MATTHEWS an opportunity. High and dry orthodoxy is on one side, and the considerations which would influence a man of the world are on the other. With that choice before him we know which road the HOME SECRETARY would joyfully take. The case is a simple one. The site of Coldbath Fields Prison is free to be disposed of. Government, after a certain amount of higgling not very easy to follow, has decided to use it for Post Office buildings. It has been in such a hurry that it forgot to provide itself with the necessary powers, and is now applying to Parliament for a Bill which will in some degree be a Bill of indemnity. We do not deny that from the purely pedantic standpoint the Ministry has something to say for itself. The Post Office is a national concern. Coldbath Fields Prison is a national asset. To take the asset and use it for the Office is a course for which a good defence can be made out by following one line of argument. You have only to say that some money will be saved thereby, that London has no right to profit at the expense of the taxpayer, that the duty of a good Minister is to spare the national purse, that the London members are fishing for a good thing, and there is your case. Mr. MATTHEWS, who must have enjoyed himself very much, stated it as well as he did the hidebound lawyer's view of the CASS case when he irritated the House of Commons into snubbing the Government and starting a scandal. Mr. COURTNEY, to whom doctrinaire orthodoxy is dear, backed him up stoutly. If this is the proper way to deal with such a question, the Ministry was perfectly in the right, and deserved the majority it obtained—partly by the kind assistance of Mr. ILLINGWORTH, who thought it monstrous London should get a good thing unless it could be shown to have paid handsomely for it.

Perhaps, however, there are other considerations in this matter worthy of attention. After all, what is at stake is not only a possible but problematical loss to the taxpayer, but also the character of some Conservative leaders. Were they or were they not talking a great deal of windy humbug when they, not being as yet in office, professed such a tender interest in the housing of the poor and the supply of open spaces? For they did profess very much about these things. They sat in committees and wrote magazine articles. Among other things, they recommended that the site of Coldbath Fields should be made an open space. Now that they are in office, these humane intentions of theirs are totally forgotten. A chance presents itself for making an arrangement between the Home Office and the Post Office by which it is possible that a little money may be saved to the Treasury. It is an essential part of the arrangement that neither workmen's dwellings nor open spaces will ever be made on or out of the site of Coldbath Fields Prison. At once, and in such a hurry that the necessary Parliamentary authority is dispensed with, the arrangement is made. If the belief spreads among the London workmen that the friendly professions of Conservative statesmen are mere wind, we really do not think that there will be much ground for surprise. They cannot have their cake and eat it. To be economically orthodox, to teach that it is not the business of the State to look after any man's lodging or recreation-ground, is a consistent course. As a matter of fact, however, it is not the course many Conservatives were arguing for some time ago. It is, therefore, with an ill grace that they fall back on it now. They cannot win the praise of being sternly economical according to the strictest sect of the doctrinaires, and also win votes as friends of the people of the modern emotional kind. The course the Ministry is following now may be the wiser, but it would have been more to the honour of their consistency to have taken it before. For the rest, they would be somewhat puzzled if they were called upon to apply their orthodoxy all round. If the London Radical orator knows his business, as we incline to think he does, he will have a great chance with the question, Why, when the Government was looking about for an asset in the shape of an open space, it should pitch on one lying in a very crowded part of London, and put it to a purpose which will make the crowding yet closer?

A LESSON TO THE "NEW" CONSERVATIVES.

IT was a coincidence full of instruction and warning for all who profess and call themselves Conservatives that Mr. BALFOUR and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL should have delivered their recent speeches, addressed respectively to a London and a Birmingham audience, on the same day, and at about the same hour, of the present week. For there could hardly be a more effective illustration of the contrast between true Conservatism and its counterfeit than a comparison of those two speeches will be found to yield. It is all the more effective from the fact that, as regards one important subject treated of by each of them, the two speakers occupy common ground, and start from an equally unreserved recognition of existing facts. The width to which their inferences diverge is the measure of the discrepancy between their policy and principles. Both spoke in substantially identical terms of the condition of Ireland. Mr. BALFOUR, though he did not like, as he remarked, to "boast "in the middle of a battle," thought it only right "to "say frankly that the improvement in the state of that "country was most undoubted and most satisfactory." The firm administration of the law had produced the effect which it always did. It discouraged criminals, and encouraged those who were not. His belief, he said in conclusion, which was founded upon trustworthy information derived from all sorts of quarters, was that at this moment, "not merely had crime diminished in Ireland under the "working of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, but that "the diminution of crime had brought with it the fruits of "peace and goodwill between every class of the community." Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, for his part, had, up to this point at any rate, as good, if not a better, account to give of Ireland. Agrarian crime, he pointed out, had "im-"mensely diminished," boycotting had "largely decreased," moonlighting as a specific form of agrarian crime had "almost disappeared." The savings bank returns were good, the railway traffic returns were good, the harvest prospects were good. The price of stock had much increased, as also had "security with respect to the transactions of "individuals among themselves," and there was "going on "now in Ireland undoubtedly a fair discharge of contracted "liabilities which may have been entered into between man "and man." Such is Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S view of the situation in Ireland; and, as has been said, it is even more favourable—as it is certainly a good deal more circumstantial in its enumeration of satisfactory features—than that of Mr. BALFOUR. When, however, we proceed to examine the lesson which these two observers respectively draw from the result of their observations, we find that they are in absolutely polar opposition to each other. Mr. BALFOUR, applying to politics the principles which any man not destined either for the workhouse or the lunatic asylum applies to his private affairs, is evidently of opinion that when you have succeeded, or are rapidly succeeding, in restoring order, harmony, and well-being to a society, you should not immediately turn things upside down by providing it with a brand-new and highly experimental, not to say extremely doubtful, set of legislative institutions. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, on the contrary, is of opinion that this is exactly what you should do.

The former of these counsels was less explicitly given than the latter, but it is conveyed by sufficiently clear implication in Mr. BALFOUR'S remarks on the incomparably greater importance of the administrative than the legislative duties of a Government. Lord RANDOLPH, as everybody now knows, and as most people probably have been rather amused than surprised to learn, has just expressly declared himself in favour of immediate legislation of the "large, "constructive" order for Ireland—for the immediate institution of a new local government system on the broadest possible popular basis, coupled with the advance of 100,000,000*l.* of money to convert the Irish tenantry into peasant proprietors. That is his recipe for the treatment of a country which he declares to be speedily regaining, if it has not already regained, complete social, agricultural, and commercial health. It is true that he technically saves his logic by dwelling on the existence of a moral phenomenon in Ireland, which, according to him, must neutralize all the effects of physical well-being. He discovers in that country a state of things for which history, he thinks, affords no parallel whatever—to wit, the presence of "every indication "of material prosperity, combined with every indication of "acute political discontent." If, however, we proposed (which we do not) to inquire whether history presents any

parallel to the state of things which Lord Randolph describes, we should begin our investigation by ascertaining its existence as a fact. Ireland is not a very populous country, and it is inhabited by an eminently "vocal" race. Still, there is a considerable disproportion between the silent and the articulate part of the community, and the numbers of the former are, after all, not inconsiderable. It is not to be assumed that the political shoe pinches *them* because Mr. O'Brien cries out, and Lord Randolph Churchill has got to prove, and not to assume, that this "acute political discontent" which so strangely coexists with material prosperity is really anything more than his own mistaken inference from the undoubtedly acute anxiety of the Irish agitator to—in every sense of the phrase—keep the pot boiling. However we will cheerfully make Lord Randolph a present of his premisses; and will assume that the Irish people are at once highly prosperous and acutely discontented. But we can hardly allow him to blow hot and cold by accepting the testimony of certain persons as proof of the malady, and rejecting their evidence as to the method of treatment. It is—it must be, on the faith of the Irish agitators' assurances and on that alone that Lord Randolph believes in the prevalence of acute political discontent in Ireland; but the very same authorities who have convinced him that the discontent exists assure him that nothing but Home Rule—which he declares to be "impracticable because inadmissible," and, *ex vi circulorum*, "inadmissible because impracticable"—will ever cure it.

But it is not till we go on to examine the remedy he actually does propose that we get a complete view—if not of that political school whose maxim is "when in doubt "legislate," at any rate of that class of politician who professes to believe that this maxim is the only "paying" one—to recommend to a democratic electorate of the modern type. Political discontent in Ireland is to be allayed, according to Lord Randolph Churchill, by saddling the Irish peasant for forty or fifty years with an obligation which, according to the same authority, he does not even now regard as morally binding, and by calling upon him to elect, principally from among the class of persons who have for years past been inciting him to violate this obligation, a body of local administrators who, as soon as they assume that capacity, are to see that in future he fulfils it. And on the faith that the tenant will then recognize a liability which he now denies, or that, if he does not, he will be compelled to discharge it by the men who are now urging him to repudiate it, the English taxpayer is invited to advance a hundred millions sterling. This is not a caricature, but a strictly matter-of-fact and uncoloured summary of Lord Randolph Churchill's scheme of pacification for Ireland. We are convinced, indeed, that its distinguished author himself would accept our account of it as absolutely accurate. The apparently paradoxical character which his plan presents, as described above, will not, we believe, discompose him in the least; for, so far from shrinking from his own paradox, he seems positively to embrace and caress it. Having started from the admission that there is an "hereditary ingrained conviction in the "mind of the Irish peasant that the owner of the land has "no moral title to the payment of rent," he goes on to argue that the one and only way to ensure his punctual payment of the rent (when it assumes the form of instalments of purchase-money) is to take care that the local body which is to provide the English taxpayer with a security for such payment shall be as accurately representative as possible of the tenants themselves. "No fancy "franchise, no proportionate representation, no plural "voting ought to be allowed to vitiate the free representa-"tive character of that body." See to it, in other words, that no element of opinion in favour of the landlord's "moral title" (and, consequently, of the State's derivative right) to the payment of rent shall, under any circumstances, find its way on to the Boards which are to give us assurance that that rent is to be paid.

Lord Randolph Churchill, as we all know, is not wanting in courage, either intellectual or moral; but he does not talk audacious nonsense from any love of it; and the fact that he talked such nonsense as this at Birmingham is very significant indeed. He was evidently bent on putting in evidence once more his peculiar kind of "Conservatism," and of placing it in the sharpest possible contrast with that of which Mr. Balfour is now among the ablest and most trusted representatives. His rival has evidently been burning to show that *he* at least is not all for "repression," and so forth, as Mr. Balfour is; that *he* at least has a "constructive policy for Ireland," as Mr. Balfour, with his insistence on "administration," has not. We rejoice that he has given so frank and self-revealing an account of what his precious "constructive policy" amounts to. Such blessed words as "free representative character," and the like, may be good enough, he perhaps knows, to catch the Radical gallery to which he partly plays. But if the so-called Conservative of the new school has not had his eyes opened to the meaningless vacuity of such "Tory-Demo-"cratic" talk, then we fear that the so-called Conservative of the new school must be merely a politician who from one point of view has mistaken his side of the House, or from another way of looking at the matter has selected it with his eyes only too wide open.

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH AGAIN.

It may easily be believed that the proceedings of Captain Shepard, of the United States revenue-cruiser, *Rush*, are producing some excitement in Victoria, B.C. On the evidence of a gentleman who is said to tell the story from the American point of view, it appears that this energetic officer has been led by excess of zeal into an imitation of the unfortunate example set by his countryman, the captain of the *San Jacinto*. He has not only imitated it, but bettered it too. When the captain of the *San Jacinto* stopped a British ship on the high seas, and took Messrs. Slidell and Mason out of her, there was war in the States, and at least a possibility that the British ship was carrying contraband. That did not, as the American Government explicitly acknowledged, entitle him to erect himself into a Court of Admiralty, and decide that Confederate agents were contrabands, but it was at least some palliation of his over-haste. Captain Shepard has no such excuse. In a time of peace he has taken upon himself to stop British vessels on the high seas, break into their lockers, decide what part of their cargo was and what was not legitimately obtained, and has condemned or acquitted them on his own authority alone. This is, to say no more, somewhat surprising conduct in the officer of a Government which is known to pride itself not a little on its knowledge of and regard for international law. It is nothing more nor less than a revival of the old Spanish right of search, and the *Rush* is behaving for all the world like a guardacosta on the Spanish Main *circa* 1735.

The question whether the fishery claims of the United States Government in the Behring Sea are well founded or not is quite independent of the regularity of Captain Shepard's conduct. It is for the nations interested to decide how far the jurisdiction of the States extends from their coasts. However that dispute is settled, it will still be an abuse of his authority in any American officer to seize British vessels on the high seas and to adjudicate out of hand on their offences, real or imaginary. This is what Captain Shepard has done. When he took the *Black Diamond* he examined her cargo, and decided that one hundred and six of her store of sealskins had been captured in close waters. When he overhauled the *Triumph* he declared on his own authority that her skins had been taken in the Pacific. It is not certain that either capture was effected in waters claimed as American. When Captain Shepard was last heard of he was chasing sealers off Paul's Island, which is not in Behring Sea at all. This is the Spanish guardacosta over again. Nobody ever denied—at least no responsible person—that the Spaniards were entitled to stop smuggling in their own waters. What was denied was that they had the right to stop English merchant ships wherever they found them on the pretence that they had been smuggling or were going to smuggle. The case is so clear and the United States Government has laid the law down so distinctly itself that Captain Shepard will, in all probability, be disavowed. In the meantime it certainly appears to be a case for H.M.S. *Champion*. That vessel was lying at Victoria while the *Rush* was chasing the sealers. As she was sent to protect British fishermen, we are of opinion that her place is elsewhere. The *Champion* is a steel cruiser of fourteen guns, and able to deal with many *Rushes*. The protection she is supposed to give the fishermen would be more effectively shown by interference to stop one of these outrageous captures than by a prolonged stay at anchor in Victoria harbour. If she is kept back by orders from home, it is time that they should be taken off. Some action of this kind would bring the preposterous American claim to make Behring Sea an American lake to a test.

This claim has been long a cause of irritation, and it is time that it was settled. Even if the British Government is resolved not to back its colonies up in this matter, it would do better to indicate that plainly at once, and take the possible consequences, than to leave a certain cause of quarrel unsettled for ever. The result of a half measure of that kind is always the same—it brings on a dispute, which is all the hotter because of the preliminary wrangling.

AN ACTING CONSUL AND AN ACTIVE MERCHANT.

THE Acting Consul of Her Majesty's Consular Court for the Bights of Benin and Biafra and the island of Fernando Po administers a peculiar system of law, and administers it in a peculiar way. They have in those regions, so familiar to geographers, and so attractive to seekers after gain, a short and easy method of dealing with the natives. If they do not make the recalcitrant nigger unanimous by riding him on a rail, they put upon him, and upon the tribal community to which he belongs, what Sir Michael Hicks-Beach would call a pressure within the "law." Mr. Reece, a British merchant, thought too much about the pressure and not enough about the law. The story, as unfolded before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, enlivens the records of legal procedure with a bit of real, and even rather highly-coloured, life. There is, indeed, something not a little droll in the contrast between the scenes described and the place where the narrative of them was given. The dingy little room on a first-floor in Downing Street, where appeals come from every quarter of the Queen's world-wide dominions, veils with unusual success the majesty of British justice. No judge of this Court, not even the Lord Chancellor, wears any robes, and five elderly gentlemen sitting round a table dispense the principles of Imperial equity. Mr. Reece pursues, under an African sun, the business of a dealer in palm-oil. He "sells," this benevolent man, "English goods to the natives of the district of "Benin on credit." What a touching picture of mutual fidelity and confidence does this simple statement conjure up! Here, on the one hand, is a British merchant, whose word is as good as his bond, fit type of the class which has erected the mighty fabric of English commerce, laying its foundations as broad as, and a good deal flatter than, the surface of the earth. On the other hand, we have a simple and guileless population of African negroes, anxious to provide themselves with the material as well as the moral blessings of civilization, but, if possible, still more desirous of paying for them their exact value in palm-oil. What more beautiful, or more pathetic, than this contact of Birmingham with Benin, of Bradford with Biafra? Birmingham, we know, supplies idols, some of which are alleged to be images of Mr. J-s-ph Ch-mb-rl-n and Lord R-nd-lph Ch-rch-ll. Old hats and cheap gin are also supplied by some Christians and philanthropists. But, no doubt, Mr. Reece imports more durable and less deleterious commodities.

The system of credit in Benin and Biafra and in the island of Fernando Po rests, as it should rest, upon trust. In order that there should be no ambiguity in the meaning of this term, trust is defined as follows:—"Whenever any "natives are in debt to a merchant in respect of goods "supplied to them, the merchant can seize oil or other "produce belonging to any members of the same tribe as "the natives who are so in debt, and continue to seize such "oil and produce until his debt is satisfied." We are assured that this custom is sanctioned by native as well as European opinion, and we must be content with European authority that native opinion sanctions it. When Sheridan was told that the lost Ten Tribes had been discovered, he exclaimed, "How very fortunate! Just when I had exhausted the "patience of the other two." Under the custom of Benin a creditor must be always finding a fresh debtor, and going for him with a vigour stimulated by the fact that he has the law on his side. Mr. Reece, however, was accused of having attempted to enforce a civil liability by the use of firearms, and that is an exuberance of assertion which seems not to be recognized even on the banks of the free-and-easy Benin. Mr. Reece said in his defence that he approached some native canoes for the purpose of seizing oil, and that the occupants of these canoes had the audacity to throw sticks at him. Whether this reprehensible conduct on their part proves that the custom is not quite so universally accepted as Mr. Reece's counsel contend, or only that there are lawless people everywhere, we shall not assume the province of determining. Mr. Reece, not acquiescing in the position of Aunt Sally assigned to him by this practical expression of local opinion, "fired his gun for the purpose of frightening the "natives, and in doing so wounded two of them." Mr. Reece might have frightened the natives with blank cartridge, which could not have wounded them. But perhaps, as Lord Bramwell suggested in a somewhat similar case, he aimed at nothing and missed it. Being brought before the Acting Consul, he was fined five-and-twenty pounds in "trust" for the persons injured, and was further ordered to be removed from the district for ten years at his own expense, provided his removal did not cost more than fifteen pounds. Who would have paid the surplus, if any, does not appear. Mr. Reece paid his fine, but has successfully appealed against the remainder of this singular sentence. He ought to have been previously required to find sureties for his good behaviour; and, as this preliminary formality was omitted, the judgment of deportation has been quashed. When the blessings of competitive examination are introduced into the Bight of Benin, it would be interesting to ask a young Beninite what meaning he attached to the word "trust."

THE GENERAL'S REBUFF.

THE result of the Cantonal elections has been an undoubted check for General Boulanger. No ingenuity can get over the fact that he stood to be elected in some eighty places and has been returned for a dozen. The contrast between the figures is disagreeably glaring, and it is a matter of course that the pretender's enemies are making the most of his defeat. They have, however, been taught by experience, and are not so unanimous in declaring that he is done for as they had been on previous occasions. It is too manifest that a politician who has jumped up after so many facers may get on his legs again. For the rest, this particular facer is not a very severe one, and the General can without affectation take it in the cool style of his manifesto. The Cantonal elections are purely local, and, unless the voters had forgotten everything except political animosity, they could not have put all consideration of local concerns aside for the sake of returning a candidate purely because he is an enemy to the Government. This fact, of which they are now making the most, ought certainly to have been present to the minds of the Boulangist party managers before they decided to run a very unnecessary adventure. Their decision to risk it does show that they are more or less deficient in sagacity, and their opponents may well be pleased at the proof.

At the same time the Ministry is undoubtedly right in not drawing too much encouragement from the returns. As a matter of fact, the elections, though so unfavourable to General Boulanger, are not wholly favourable to the Republic. It is only by entirely ignoring the real nature of Boulangism that it can be shown to have any such meaning. The General is not formidable by his own following alone, but because he is an addition to the strength of the Royalist and Bonapartist enemies of the Republic. Every Reactionary added to the Chambers at the approaching election will be an ally of the General's. The varying sections of the Opposition may have their own different ends to serve; but for the present they have one object in common, and can work for it together. That object is the defeat of the Parliamentary Republicans. When M. Tirard and his colleagues look at the list of successful candidates, they may doubt whether they have much reason to be pleased with the result of the elections. The Reactionary parties have a balance of seven victories in their favour. When to these are added the twelve Boulangist victories, the balance is nineteen against the Republicans. This is not a very crushing defeat; but, if something like it occurs at the general election, the Republicans may find themselves counterbalanced by the Opposition. The Reactionaries already hold nearly a third of the seats. If they add even moderately to their number, and the Boulangists carry only a reasonable handful of seats, the result must be a balance of forces which will produce deadlock. It must also not be forgotten that many, if not most, of the Republican deputies are in favour of Revision. In that they will be supported by Boulangists and Reactionaries alike; so that the first act of the new Chamber may be to bring the whole frame of government into question. There is, therefore, still reason why

the Exchange in Paris should emphasize a report of the General's suicide by a rise of 15 centimes in the Funds. The Ministry has also, from its point of view, good cause to push on with its long-drawn-out legal proceedings. After a first moment of exultation, during which there was some talk of a speedy election, the Ministry has fallen back on its old plan of postponement till a sentence can be recorded against its enemy. The last incident in these proceedings —the theft of part of the evidence, and its production by the *Cocarde*—is a characteristic addition to its remarkable history. All along the Government has allowed it to appear that it is hanging back from producing the evidence on which it is acting. Now it has enabled its enemies to score again. If the stolen evidence is a fair sample of the rest, the whole may be dismissed as of little weight. If it is not, and there is better behind, then the delay of the Government is less intelligible than ever. In any case, it is obviously very ill served by its own agents. It is so universally taken for granted that the General will be condemned by the Senate that nobody asks what would be the effect of an acquittal on the eve of the election. And yet the Ministry must ask itself sometimes what the result will be if the evidence is insufficient and the Court not utterly unjudicial.

THE NEW RADICALS AND THE OLD.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, according to Sir William Harcourt, is the acrimonious person who always infuses bitterness into those waters of Parliamentary controversy which Sir William himself so invariably sweetens. So far, however, as we can make out the rights of the matter—which we necessarily observe from a perfectly impartial standpoint—this only means that Mr. Chamberlain's Gladstonian opponents prefer, as indeed they have excellent reasons for preferring, to attack him elsewhere than in the House of Commons, while Mr. Chamberlain, for his part, has a distinct weakness for retorting upon them from his place in Parliament. When at the close of some perfectly calm and argumentative speech he suddenly faces about in his place in front of the red box, as he did the other night, and flings half a dozen sentences of scathing contempt at the new Radicals behind and below him, the onslaught, we daresay, appears to them gratuitous. But so, no doubt, it does to the apple-stealing urchin who finds himself suddenly seized by the ear and neck after his depredations on the orchard. He has as much forgotten the taste of those apples as the Gladstonian revilers of Mr. Chamberlain have forgotten the bitter flavour of their abuse. But he, at least, may be excused for having a longer memory, and if the administration of the long-delayed punishment does have the effect of exacerbating Parliamentary discussion, it is no fault of the politician, who is always ready to meet his assailants on terms upon which very few of them evidently care to meet him.

That Mr. Chamberlain has been moved beyond his wont by some recent attacks on him would appear from the fact that he has returned to the combat on this occasion outside the House of Commons, and has treated the new Radicals to a new castigation at a Greenwich dinner. By a curious coincidence Sir William Harcourt was on this same evening engaged in addressing words of cheer and encouragement to that peculiar body of new Radicals with a name too old even for the old ones—the Eighty Club. Sir William, who, we see, is now "loudly called for" at Gladstonian gatherings—on occasions, it is true, when it would be no good calling for Mr. Morley, who somewhat pointedly absents himself (which, after all, too, is perhaps only another side of the same fact)—Sir William, we say, had not anything very remarkable to tell the Parnellite politicians who worship the year when their then leader was considering how best to extinguish Mr. Parnell. The greater part of his speech consisted of badinage, very well deserved, if very obvious, at the expense of Lord Randolph Churchill, which appears to us to open but a remote source of consolation to a party whose trouble just at present is not that they have *frondeurs*, but that their *frondeurs* lead. Sir William Harcourt, however, added the very infelicitous remark that "when any politician, "either attached or unattached, wanted to recommend "himself to the English public, the first thing he did "was to assume the Radical garb." That is an observation which fits Lord Randolph well enough; but, considering that Mr. Chamberlain was at the very same time exerting all his ingenuity in an attempt to show that the unauthorized Radical programme of four years ago is identical with the Liberalism of the Liberal-Unionists and—so far as their views have been allowed to prevail in the Unionist alliance—with the policy of a Conservative Government, the application of Sir William Harcourt's remark to Mr. Chamberlain is not quite so apparent. Of the success or otherwise of Mr. Chamberlain's attempts to prove the realization of his programme we may entertain our own opinion; but the mere fact of his making the endeavour is sufficient to show that at least one unattached politician does not think that the assumption of "the Radical garb" is the only hopeful method of recommending himself to the English public. Mr. Chamberlain, in fact, is openly showing the greatest possible anxiety to dissociate himself altogether from the Radicalism of which Sir William Harcourt, after many changes of raiment, has now definitely assumed "the "garb." And, though we do not pin our faith to his or any other man's reading of the popular mood, we quite agree—as most readers, we think, of his trenchant speech at Greenwich last Wednesday will agree—that he could hardly have chosen a better moment at which to attack them than now, when the rivalries of lieutenants and the vagaries of mutineers are stultifying and discrediting that party to the popular eye.

AXES TO GRIND.

LAST Thursday night's debate in the House of Commons on Mr. Sexton's motion for adjournment was a wanton waste of public time, and from more than one point of view a thoroughly discreditable Parliamentary incident; but it is impossible to deny its lively interest for all observers of the political game. Perhaps, even with such an Opposition as we are blessed with in these days, it would have been impossible in any but the present very peculiar condition of parties in Parliament to get up a debate on Dr. Tanner's case. Dr. Tanner, as our readers are aware, has been convicted before the Irish magistrates of behaving in a physical sense as he constantly behaves in his place in Parliament in a moral sense—that is to say, like a dirty little street boy. He has been figuratively spitting upon his opponents ever since he has had a seat in the House of Commons, and now he has been charged with, and found guilty of, literally spitting upon an Irish police-inspector. For this disgusting and disgraceful act he has been sentenced with eminent propriety to a month's imprisonment with hard labour. In the course, however, of the proceedings which resulted on this sentence he made use of grossly insulting language to the Court, who, after duly considering the contempt, called upon Dr. Tanner to find bail to the sum of 200*l.* for his good behaviour, and, on his refusal to do this, they committed him to prison for three months. The legality of this last sentence is, or is alleged by the Parnellites to be, open to doubt, and this was the ostensible ground of Mr. Sexton's motion. It is noticeable that he and those who followed him felt obliged to assume Dr. Tanner's innocence of the charge on which he was originally convicted; though it is no less worthy of notice that, though that charge has been matter of common notoriety for weeks past, and though it is one which no man with any pretensions to be a gentleman would allow to remain uncontradicted and undisproved an hour longer than he could help, not a word was heard to upset it before the trial either from Dr. Tanner or from any of his eighty-five available spokesmen in the House of Commons.

We do not propose to enter into the merits of the case and the conviction further than to say that there is not the slightest reason to doubt its justice, and that we do not share the opinion of the chivalrous Mr. Shaw Lefevre that Dr. Tanner's bare and tardy word of denial ought to be accepted, at the expense of imputing to several Irish police-constables a piece of gross, gratuitous, and extremely improbable perjury. And as to the point of law, it may be disposed of in half a dozen words by saying that, if there is anything in it, it might be raised and settled in Dr. Tanner's favour in the shortest and simplest possible way by means of an application to a Superior Court in Dublin for a *certiorari*. And it is the perfect familiarity of this fact, which, by making the case for the debate so transparently worthless, at the same time makes the action of those various participators in it on the Opposition side of the House so extremely interesting. Never before at so late a

period of the Session—though the lateness, of course, is an important element in the matter—have we seen so many anxious politicians hurrying to the common grindstone with their blunt axes in their hands. Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt and Sir George Trevelyan, contentedly conscious that they had done their axe-grinding for a time on the debate on the Royal Grants, took no part in the debate. But the eager Mr. Shaw Lefevre, full of tremulous dread lest the People should have forgotten him, actually took the unusual course, for a Front Bench man, of rising in his place to help Mr. Sexton to his motion. And the staid Mr. Henry Fowler was seized, after his manner, with the same anxiety, and made a long speech on behalf of the interesting prisoner. And there, too, was the gentle might of Sir Horace Davey, still animated with the desire to answer Mr. Labouchere's brusque question, "What did you think we sent you here "for?" And there was Mr. Reid, who is not suspect like Sir Horace Davey, but fears, perhaps, that in these parlous times he may become so at any moment. And, lastly, on the other side of the House, was Mr. Hanbury, before whom the Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, according to the *Daily News*, was disquieted, and who, after his "leader's" recent speeches, thought it well to remind the Government of his existence. The staid Mr. Henry Fowler, in our opinion, eclipsed them all. He "did not hesitate to say"—he, an ex-Minister of the Crown—that "he agreed with Dr. Tanner "that he could not get a trial before these two men"—a duly constituted court of magistrates, probably appointed by one of Mr. Fowler's former colleagues—and he suggested that the rejection of prisoner's appeals might be due to the "scandalous existence of judicial patronage"; that is to say, the Irish County Court judges are as subservient agents of oppression and injustice as the resident magistrates. And he said, amid Irish cheers, that "it would "have been unworthy of Dr. Tanner as a man to find "securities for his good behaviour." But, though Mr. Fowler was the best, all were good. It was altogether a most edifying debate, and full of instruction in the peculiar merits of a party system under which our leading public men can touch even a Dr. Tanner without thinking themselves defiled.

HARVEY.

The Life and Character of Harvey, the Famous Conjurer of Dublin, published in 1727, is not a very common book, and it is possible that some readers may never have heard of Harvey. His Christian name is unknown, for on all occasions he used the simple signature "Harvey"; nor are the dates of his birth and death recorded, for nobody knew whence he came or whither he went. One day he disappeared, and no friend or relative ever made inquiry after him; "nor is there anywhere," says his anonymous biographer, "any Parish Record of his Birth, Christening, Marriage, Sickness, Death, or Burial to be met with in these Nations."

Harvey was tall, round-shouldered, pale-visaged, and ferret-eyed, and he was never known to laugh. His mind was wholly given to studying the Black Art and "enlarging the Doctrine of Demons." He would sometimes regret that he had been born a man, and wish that Lucifer would make him grand-master of the horoscope, so that he might have an opportunity of showing a set of rational animals whose society would be worth cultivating. Often he shed tears when he heard of women being safely delivered of children; but it delighted him to learn of the birth of a monster. Whenever he mentioned the sun he took off his hat; but he always shook his head when he spoke of Saturn. It is an open secret, according to Harvey, that Mars, Mercury, and Venus are peopled by courtiers, soldiers, and "all the polite world." These fortunate persons spend their time in feasting and visiting (light aërial chariots affording communication between the three planets); they are free from all sorrows, and live for several thousand years. Saturn is inhabited by knaves, and there is but indifferent society to be had in the moon.

The Classics, in Harvey's opinion, are the foundation of all useful and polite literature; and the Fathers are responsible for "all clumsy and inconclusive divinity." Of Epiphanius, Athanasius, and the two Gregories he held a mean opinion; but he admitted that Cyprian meant well. He could repeat all Irenæus by heart, especially admiring the headings to the chapters; but his favourites were Cælius Rhodiginus and Justin Martyr. Ovid's *Fasti* he studied closely, and he was known to weep over the loss of Varro's *Books of Ancient Religion*. In his own library he had only such works as related to the Black Art (and he could never be induced to give a catalogue of them); but he hired books at twopence or a groat apiece, and read widely. Harvey insisted that every Englishman should read Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, Heylin's *Cosmography*, and Stow's *Chronicle*. On this point he was very emphatic, declaring that, if he were made king, he would hang any man who had not read these three books. Another of his notions was that every heir to an estate of the value of 100*l*. per annum, and upwards, should submit himself for examination in the Classics to judges appointed by law, and that if he failed to satisfy the examiners, his estate should pass to the next heir qualified by law. Harvey's views *de jure belli* were, in the language of his biographer, "frantic." He was for turning every kingdom into a bear-garden, where "one part was always to look on while the other part knocked one another on the head." The truth is that he was anxious for the world to be dispeopled, and at an end; hence he was fonder of soldiers and quack-doctors than of nurses and midwives. Harvey was very pious, but he was never known to go to church. The "affair of the Reformation" was the cause "of continual chagrin to him," for he sincerely regretted that "Popery was not suffered to rise to its full height." His political opinions were somewhat hazy, or rather he had no politics.

He wore a long, dangling coat of good broadcloth, buttoned from top to bottom; no waistcoat; a broad, slouching hat; about his neck a broad band with tassels; broad-toed shoes (the latchets tied with two pack-threads); no gloves. We are assured that he was "unalterable" in the matter of dress, and would not have changed his fashion to avert a plague or famine. He carried a long, black stick and trudged slowly along the streets, his body bent nearly double. Keeping his eyes fixed to the ground, he took notice of nobody, but constantly muttered to himself.

A few of Harvey's prophecies are recorded. He predicted that in the year of the world six thousand (no very distant date) the tallest man alive would be but five feet high; by the year seven thousand the maximum height would be four feet; in the year seven thousand five hundred we are to be reduced by another foot; and for the other five hundred years—eight thousand being "the sum total of this creation"—the height would be two feet and a half. The day is coming, according to Harvey, when Mohammedanism will be embraced in New York and Peru. Harvey was capable of anything.

The author promises to give in another volume an account of "the necromantic part of Harvey's life." It is a pity that he never fulfilled his promise, for Harvey had practised the art of conjuring in Dublin for a longer time and with more brilliant success "than any other conjurer on any part of the earth." Possibly the *Dictionary of National Biography* will have something to say of Harvey's achievements, but it is to be feared that difficulty will be found in procuring precise information. "Credite, posteri," is the motto chosen by the anonymous biographer, but sceptical people may suggest that Harvey is as imaginary a person as Peter Wilkins or Philip Quarll the Hermit.

THE RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

THE railway dividend announcements so far have, speaking generally, fully realized the anticipations of the shareholders. The weekly traffic returns had shown considerable increases in the earnings all through the past half-year. And it was naturally inferred, therefore, that the dividends would be better. But, of course, it was not known what increase there might have been in the working expenses. And, further, it is notorious that the weekly traffic returns do not even pretend to be quite accurate. There was room, therefore, for some uncertainty as to the dividends. The announcements, upon the whole, are fully up to the general expectation. The Taff Vale and the Rhymney Companies pay the same dividends as at this time last year; and so does the South-Eastern Company, increased expenditure having absorbed the greater part of the increased earnings. Still, the South-Eastern carries forward 12,461*l*., against only 2,872*l*. at the corresponding period last year. But the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company, which was able to make no distribution for the first half of last year, now declares a dividend of 1¼ per cent., and carries forward to the new half-year about the same amount as was carried forward twelve months ago. This is certainly a very gratifying increase in six months. Sir Edward Watkin, the chairman, indeed, is not satisfied. He thinks that the Company does not get its fair share of the traffic from such places as Grimsby, for example, where it has laid out very large sums in developing the fish trade, and yet the greater part of the proceeds are taken by the other Companies, his own Company having to be satisfied with a smaller proportion. But Sir Edward is a fighting chairman, and always has some grievance against his neighbours and competitors. In any event, the increase from no dividend at all for the first half of last year to a dividend now of 1¼ per cent. ought to be very gratifying to the shareholders. The London and Brighton Company also makes a distribution 1¼ per cent. higher than for the first half of last year, the rate now being 4¼ per cent., against 3 per cent. at this time last year. Perhaps even more remarkable is the increase of 1 per cent. in the case of the North-Eastern, the rate now being 6¼ per cent., against 5¼ per cent. twelve months ago. The London and South-Western pays ¾ per cent. more, 4½ per cent. against 3¾ per cent. The increase of the Midland dividend is likewise ¾ per cent., 5¼ per cent. against 4½ per cent. The dividend of the London and Chatham Preferred Stock is also ¾ per cent. higher, 3¼ against 2½ per cent. That of the Lancashire and Yorkshire is ½ per cent. higher, 4¼ per cent. against

3¾ per cent. So is the Great Northern dividend, 3½ per cent. against 3 per cent. The Great Eastern dividend is 1⅛ per cent., against 1¼ per cent. twelve months ago, being an increase of ¼ per cent.; and there is a similar increase in the Metropolitan Preferred dividend, 3 per cent. against 2¾ per cent. There are also gratifying increases in Irish railway dividends announced, so that the benefit of improved trade is being felt in all parts of the United Kingdom.

These satisfactory dividend announcements contributed materially to the extraordinary rise in home railway stocks which took place last week. Other causes, no doubt, were still more potent. For example, at the Fortnightly Settlement which ended on Friday night it was found that there was a scarcity of most of the stocks, the rates charged for continuing purchases for another fortnight having been exceptionally low. But perhaps the most potent influence upon the market was exercised by the decision of the Great Northern Directors to apply to the shareholders and to Parliament for authority to resume once more the division of the Ordinary Stock into Preferred and Deferred Ordinary Stocks, and the announcement of this decision had the greater effect because it is reported that several other boards of directors are inclined to take the same course. This speculative stimulus applied to the markets, however, was greatly aided by the satisfactory dividends announced, and by the steady and large increases in the earnings of the several Companies shown to be going on by the weekly traffic returns. Thus it appears from those returns that in the first three weeks of the new half-year there is an increase of as much as 220,000*l.*, compared with the corresponding period of last year, in the gross receipts of seventeen selected British and Irish Companies. As the crops all over the United Kingdom are better than they were last year, and as trade is still decidedly improving, it is not unreasonable to expect that the growth of railway receipts will continue all through the half-year. Therefore, speculators are looking forward to a still further advance in the prices of home railway stocks, especially as the supply of those stocks in the market is small. It appears to us, however, that speculators do not take sufficient account of the increase in the working expenses. Owing to the improvement in trade, the prices of fuel and materials are higher now than they were last year, and not improbably may advance still further. Wages, likewise, are tending upwards. It is quite true, of course, that the rise in wages and prices does not tell immediately upon railway working expenses, because the Companies' contracts for coal and materials are usually made for a considerable time ahead. And the wages of railway servants do not generally rise so rapidly as wages in the manufacturing trades. Still, as the old contracts expire new contracts will have to be entered into at much higher prices than the old, and there must likewise be an increase in the wages bills. The mere fact that more goods have to be moved and more passengers carried implies a larger consumption of fuel, greater wear and tear, and some addition to the working staff. Although, then, there may not be a very marked increase in the working expenses, even in the new half-year, there is very likely to be some increase, and, therefore, as great a proportion of the increased receipts is not likely to be net profit as in the half-year for which the dividends are now being declared.

There is one other circumstance to be taken into account—namely, the influence which the money market may exercise upon the course of trade. If the withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England continue for any length of time on the present scale, it is certain that there must be a very sharp rise in the rates of interest and discount before long. And if that rise does not stop the withdrawals, there may be a very anxious time before the half-year is at an end. No doubt the influences that are working for the improvement in trade are exceedingly powerful. They have prevailed over war scares, incessant political anxieties, a disturbed money market every now and then, and the like. And they may continue potent enough to neutralize any disturbance that may occur this autumn in the money market. Still, investors and speculators would do well to recollect that the improvement in trade has now continued for a longer time than any revival since the great fall in prices began. And for that reason alone a check is more probable than it was earlier in the improvement. But, unless the disturbance of the money market is more serious than we have reason now to anticipate, there are good grounds for hoping that the improvement in trade will go on, and that there will be a steady augmentation in railway earnings. The increase in the working expenses is hardly likely to be so great in the current half-year as to prevent a material addition to the dividends compared with those paid for the second half of last year. But while this is all true, it hardly justifies a further advance in the prices of home railway stocks. They are now higher than they have been in the lifetime of the present generation. Next year, even if the trade improvement continues in the most satisfactory manner, there must be a very material addition to the working expenses. And as time goes on the working expenses will so augment that little addition can be made to the dividends. As we have observed above, the increase in the working expenses will begin to make itself felt in the current half-year. In the past half-year it was felt by only a few Companies. Generally, the Companies had been working under contracts made when prices were lower, but in the current half-year most of the Companies will show augmented working expenses. The augmentation is hardly likely to be equal to the increase in the gross receipts, assuming that the disturbance in the money market is not more serious than we have any reason now for anticipating. Therefore the current half-year ought to be as satisfactory to railway shareholders as the half-year just passed. But that does not justify a further considerable rise in the prices of stocks. After all, investors should buy with regard to the average return of a number of years, not in expectation of a single good dividend. And when this year ends the increase in working expenses is likely to be very considerable. The division of stocks referred to above and speculative movements may drive up prices unreasonably, but we fail to see any ground that would justify to a cautious investor a much further advance.

THE WAIL OF THE PLAYWRIGHT.

THE leisure of August affords a convenient opportunity for referring to an article by Mr. H. A. Jones, recently published in the *Nineteenth Century*, on "The First Night Judgment of Plays." If the reader expects that an author of Mr. Jones's literary attainments and practical experience of the stage would not attack his subject had he not some valuable suggestions of reform to offer, he will be disappointed; for, after discoursing at some length, and not infrequently somewhat wide of the text on which he is supposing himself to preach, Mr. Jones frankly confesses that he has no alternative of his own to propose as against the existing state of affairs, and adds, somewhat vaguely, that "natural remedies are the best." Surely it is a case of "much cry and little wool" to occupy some fifteen closely-printed pages in arriving at no more practical result than that.

The paths by which Mr. Jones leads us to this conclusion, or rather lack of conclusion, have often been trodden before. We are reminded (as a matter of grave reproach) that "in no sense can the Victorian drama be said to bear any such relation to the Victorian literature and the Victorian age as the Elizabethan drama bears to the Elizabethan literature and the Elizabethan age"; but we are not reminded, in this connexion, that, owing to a variety of causes (chief among which were the dearness of printed books, the small number of the reading public, and the non-existence of a newspaper press), the stage of three hundred years ago was the one medium by which a thinker and writer could readily put himself in communication with his fellow-men, and that the dramatist held, practically without a rival, the field which he is now compelled to dispute with the writers of books, journals, and magazines innumerable. Again, in reminding us that, "when the great masters of our modern literature have written plays they have only shown that they do not know the stage," our mentor ignores the fact that the stage of to-day is a complicated affair, differing from its Elizabethan prototype much as a modern ironclad differs from the vessels of Drake and Frobisher. Without for a moment undervaluing the vanquishers of the Armada, it may be conceded that they were ignorant of much that it behoves every commander of a modern warship to know; and similarly the ingenious mechanism of the modern stage imposes on the dramatist of to-day conditions of technical knowledge by which his predecessors were unfettered, and which can hardly be fulfilled save by a more exclusive attention to theatrical technique than "the great masters of our modern literature" can be expected to bestow. With the two rules which Mr. Jones lays down for the guidance of the modern playwright we have no fault to find. He tells us that—

1. The public is his judge.
2. The public must not be bored.

But when he begins to enlarge on these texts we soon feel compelled to join issue with him. On the question whether, the public being judge, as aforesaid, it is possible to educate the public taste to higher and better things, he can find no better argument than that education is possible, because it is only by education that the patrons of modern burlesque can arrive at the full enjoyment of that debased style of entertainment. But surely an education which consists of denying oneself "the contemplation of all heroic actions and personages in history, in fiction, and in surrounding modern life," of severely abstaining "from all acquaintance with the graces of English literature," of surrendering "pleasant leisure" to haunt bar-rooms, and the like, can only, by perversion of terms and jugglery of language, be described as "education." Education is a process of cultivation; what Mr. Jones describes is letting the mind lie fallow. When he talks of the public being "trained to delight in nonsense, in imbecility, in bunkum, in claptrap, in sensation, in all sorts of passing extravagance and emptiness," he is merely enumerating and calling by rather hard names the kinds of entertainment to which the mind is first attracted in childhood, and to which the οἱ πολλοὶ, if the bonds of education are relaxed, will ever be ready to renew their allegiance without any training whatever. We should have thought it easy to prove, and that not by roundabout and negative evidence, which is no evidence at all, that the education of a theatre-going public was possible. Do we in London forget how much we owe to the successive visits of foreign actors—we do not now speak of individual "stars," however distinguished, but those companies from France, Germany, and Holland which showed us our deficiencies in the matter of that completeness which is more exactly expressed by the word "ensemble" than by any phrase of native growth?

From the first visit of the Comédie Française to the Opéra

Comique, in 1871, we learned that a perfect performance depends quite as much on the playing of the small parts as on that of the great; by the Saxe-Meiningen Company at Drury Lane, and by the Dutch Company, our eyes were opened to the capabilities of a stage-crowd. The praises justly bestowed by our press and public on these foreign artists were not without their effect on our own theatres and their directors, who can hardly have felt flattered by the comparisons freely made between the existing state of things among us and the work of our visitors. Here was a distinct education of the public to demand higher work, and a response on the part of the English stage, of which we enjoy the benefit to this day.

When Mr. Jones comes to discuss his second rule—that the public must not be bored—which he does at considerable length, we fail to find any very valuable fresh light thrown upon the subject. Mr. Sneer, in the *Critic*, says (when he speaks the words of Sheridan, which he rarely does upon the stage nowadays) that "Now, he is sorry to say it, people seem to go there [*i.e.* to the theatre] principally for their entertainment." This complaint Mr. Jones solemnly echoes; and, moreover, proceeds to treat us to another familiar argument—to wit, the appeal *ad misericordiam*, on the ground of the ephemeral nature of all stage-work. We are reminded, by no means for the first time, that whereas the condemned picture remains in existence, perhaps to find an appreciative purchaser hereafter, and the condemned book may perchance find readers—the critic's ill word notwithstanding—the condemned play is consigned out of hand to absolute oblivion. Mr. Jones, therefore, pleads in the matter of first-night criticism for "suspension of judgment." How he proposes that his panacea shall practically work he fails to say—indeed, practical suggestions do not form any part of his article; but we can only suppose that, instead of condemning any new play, either by Mr. Jones or any other author, the audience should file out of the theatre in thoughtful silence, determined to take an early opportunity of consulting the views of those who might witness the play on some other occasion, or, better still, to arrive at a perfectly dispassionate point of view by a second visit and a second payment at the doors; it is but natural that such a "suspension of judgment" should recommend itself to a dramatic author; but whether, considering the number of our London theatres, it will appear equally satisfactory to the playgoer, and, still more, to the critic, is another matter. There are many plays—we will imitate Mr. Jones's forbearance, and mention no names—which it is a severe tax on the patience to have sat through once; to ask that one should repeat the dose to make sure that one was right in being thoroughly (or even partially) bored and disgusted on the former occasion is, as Mr. Sam Weller has it, "raythur too rich." In the fact that audiences seldom openly hiss a piece except on a first night Mr. Jones appears to see evidence that what offends a "first-nighter" is not offensive to an ordinary playgoer. We should, however, prefer as explanation the fact that whatever may have provoked a hiss on a first night is generally removed before the play is again presented to an audience; and as regards the statement that there is no hissing on the second night of a failure, Mr. Jones must be fully aware that on such mournful occasions the audience consists chiefly of "paper"—of those, that is, provided by the management with free admissions, that the empty boxes may not make too manifest to the eye the extent of the failure; and that from those in the receipt of such favours the brutal frankness of a hiss can scarcely, whatever their candid opinions, be expected. The spectacle of a mature labourer in this work-aday world pleading for suspension of judgment, for forbearance, allowance, and indulgence is not a particularly pleasant one; the prizes of dramatic authorship are so rich that those who aspire to them must be content to take the rough with the smooth. How many workers are there in other literary fields hungering for that prompt recognition of their work, be it for good or ill, which Mr. Jones is anxious to barter for "suspension of judgment"? Give the dramatic author that suspension, and he will promptly begin to grumble, and look back with regret to the "good old times" when the morning after the production of his play each daily paper devoted a column or more to its analysis; and who is to decide how long judgment shall remain in suspense? Are there not many plays—again will we follow Mr. Jones's lead and refrain from quoting examples—which, without the opportune advertisement afforded by immediate recognition both by press and public, would never have survived to face any criticism whatever?

THE SENOUSSIA.

SOME months ago the newspapers had frequent reports that our old enemies the Mahdists, or so-called Dervishes, were in their turn invaded on the west by the followers of Es-Senoussi, and it was even rumoured that Khartoum had fallen into their hands. It was curious to observe that these reports were received with a certain satisfaction, as if the Anglo-Egyptian Government were likely to find a more conciliatory neighbour in the Senoussia than in the Mahdists. But this satisfaction—and it was openly expressed—was part and parcel of the popular misconception in which the real position of the great Mohammedan order of North-East Africa is involved. We have observed more than one suggestion crop up that the Senoussia and the Mahdists are somehow rolling a united tide of invasion down the Nile. Nothing could have less foundation. The exact origin of the fighting in Darfour and Kordofan between the Mahdists and the so-called Senoussia is unknown. It was probably nothing more than a raid by the warlike tribes of Wadai and Ennedi, who are certainly tinctured with the new doctrine. But the order itself did not fly to arms; there would have been a considerable stir over all North-East Africa if it had. The Senoussia, if it is ever destined to do so, which is problematical, has not yet replaced the Mahdists of Khartoum, the followers of the Khalifa Abdullah, who succeeded Gordon's opponent, and carry on his propaganda. Nor has it amalgamated with the Mahdists. Two antagonistic revelations could not easily come together, and the rival Prophets could not yield an inch to each other without losing their followers. The Senoussia, on the contrary—at least its central organization—has remained inactive; and this quiescence justifies the anticipations of those who look upon it as destined to pass into a purely mystical brotherhood, instead of taking its place in history as a fighting movement. There is, of course, the other hypothesis, that Es-Senoussi may be playing a waiting game. But the fate of previous movements, to which the Senoussia revival is so closely akin, rather indicates its gradual absorption in Mohammedan mysticism.

The available information about the Senoussia comes chiefly from French sources, and is to be found in the notices of General Ducrot, M. Ricard, and M. Henri Duveyrier. Most of the material was thrown together by this last writer in an article in 1884, published in the proceedings of the Société de Géographie, which, however, was somewhat exaggerated and sensational in tone. But M. Duveyrier made the connexion of Es-Senoussi's doctrines with the principles of existing Mohammedan associations in North Africa quite clear. The founder of the order, moreover, as might be expected, came under the influence of the Wahabees early in life. Originally an Algerian law-student, Sidi Mohammed Ben Ali Es-Senoussi met with little success when he first appeared in Mecca as a religious teacher. Nor do his doctrines ever appear to have made much way in the Arabian Peninsula. In North Africa it was different. The soil which had already been stirred by kindred teachings was ready for the seed. Es-Senoussi's missionaries have carried it further afield; and it is notable that it has been most eagerly received in the regions round Lake Tchad and near Senegal—that is, where there is mixed Arab and negro blood. Es-Senoussi's vocation was to recall believers to the true faith of the Koran, and to denounce trafficking with the infidels. The commentaries which had overgrown the sacred revelation were torn away, and the reverence for shrines and dead saints forbidden. Holy men in their lifetime might be venerated; for the breath of the Deity is in them, and Es-Senoussi himself insisted to the full upon reverence, veiling his face whenever he went abroad (like the Prophet in *Lalla Rookh*) to conceal its brightness. His followers, who grew rapidly in number, were united by a particular arrangement of prayers or religious exercises revealed after a due period of initiation. Strict asceticism was enforced upon them. Tea and coffee are forbidden to the devout Senoussite, and also sugar, inasmuch as it is prepared with the bones of animals slain by infidels. A simple dress is insisted upon; gold, silver, and precious stones may only be used to adorn the hilt of the sword which is consecrated to the Holy War. Intercourse with Christian or Jew is likewise prohibited, and in general every art is employed to excite the fervour of the confraternity and to ensure unquestioning obedience to its heads.

With regard to the military and political importance of the sect it is difficult to form a conclusion. No doubt Es-Senoussi, between the years 1850 to 1880, showed marvellous powers of organization. A great number of Mohammedan societies in North Africa were won over to his teaching; and an elaborate network of communications and rest-houses between the different centres have been established. The chief monastery, and seat of Es-Senoussi himself, is in the El-Jer-hajib Oasis, between Tripoli and Egypt, close to a deserted port, where it is said that munitions of war have been landed. Routes leading from this into the Sahara and south to Wadai, which is the real stronghold of the movement, undoubtedly exist. But the Jer-hajib establishment itself has been very much exaggerated by M. Duveyrier; and the arsenals which Senoussia is supposed to control are probably the result of imagination. An estimate of Es-Senoussi's adherents is, of course, very much a matter of conjecture. It has been put at three millions. But the disciples are certainly scattered; and, in spite of the network of communications, it is doubtful whether the Senoussia could put a large force in motion. The real interest of the movement, however, lies in its relations to the Soudan and to the expected advent of a Messiah or Mahdi in the Mohammedan world. Before his death Es-Senoussi designated his son and successor, Sidi-Mohammed El-Mahdi (also known as Es-Senoussi, like his father), as the renovator of Islam, who was to appear, according to old prophecies, at the Mohurrum of the Christian year 1882. The confraternity have acknowledged the sacred calling of their new head, and await his triumph. But Sidi-Mohammed has done nothing yet to vindicate his claims; and meanwhile the Mahdi of Khartoum took advantage of the same prophecy and the unrest it created in men's minds, after a more striking fashion. Naturally these rival claims admit no reconciliation. The known hostility of the Senoussia to the Mahdi is also fortified by the secular hostility between the tribes of the Sahara and the Soudanese. Hence the report that the Senoussia was attacking the rival revelation in flank. The raids

into the Western Soudan may have been favoured by Es-Senoussi, and the invaders may well have been prompted by the double motives of plunder and religion. But it is quite certain that the Messiah himself has not quitted his oasis and led out the faithful to a Holy War. He may yet do so. But it is more probable that the corruption of riches and the corruption of mysticism will abate the lofty pretensions of the original founder.

GEORGE CLERK.

IN the obituary of the *Times* of the 27th ult. there appeared a notice of the various appointments held by the eminent man whose name we have placed at the head of this paper. The functions which he had discharged in India, at the Cape, and in England, were correctly enumerated, and readers were duly reminded that Sir George Clerk, K.C.B. and G.C.S.I., had been Political Agent "on the Bengal Frontier," wherever that particular spot may have been in the writer's eye; that he had twice filled the office of Governor of Bombay; that he was employed to settle a troublesome boundary question at the Cape of Good Hope; and that he was Permanent Under-Secretary at the India Board, and a member of the Indian Council of the Secretary of State from 1863 to 1876. We think that to one of the foremost of Anglo-Indian politicals a little more space should be given than is usually accorded to the mayor of a commercial town in the North of England, to a successful colonist who has found a rich lode of nuggets or "fleeced a thousand flocks," or even to the experiences of an English politician of the second rank, who after fighting seven contested elections for his party, has been properly rewarded with a peerage.

George Clerk, to go by Anglo-Indian chronology, was born in 1800, a year after the capture of Seringapatam and two years before Assaye and Argaum, and he died in the Administration of Lord Lansdowne, at his residence in Elm Park Gardens. His arrival in India in 1818 was coincident with the final subjugation of the Mahrattas and the dispersion of those pests the Pindary raiders. Almost from the first, George Clerk was exclusively employed in what is known as the political or diplomatic line. He studied native princes, penetrated their intrigues, and became thoroughly conversant with their good and their bad qualities, at Nagpore and at the Courts of the Rajput chiefs—Jaipore, Kotah, Boondi, and other feudatories of the highest rank and the most unblemished lineage. But his real work was done and his finest qualities were displayed in the management of difficult and delicate negotiations with the Sikh Government of Lahore, at a time when a single false step or a failure to grasp the situation might have turned what was a terrible, though a temporary, disaster into a lasting and irretrievable disgrace. Let us briefly recapitulate the main points of the first Afghan campaign, about the year 1841–2. A British force had been annihilated in the Khord Kabul Pass. Sale, with his "illustrious garrison," was holding the Fort of Jellalabad, like a rock in a tempestuous ocean. The authorities at Calcutta were paralysed and impotent. Englishmen and natives were looking at our miserable inaction with incredulity and amazement. At the other end of the Empire we were very nearly involved in a premature war with the King of Ava. It was gravely proposed by the highest officials that reinforcements should be sent from India, not, indeed, for the purpose of planting the British ensign on the Bala Hissar, but for the limited object of rescuing Sale and his brigade, and to facilitate the retreat of the supposed survivors of the Kabul force. It was actually thought by the Governor-General and by the Commander-in-Chief that these ends could be attained by the despatch of one brigade, with some artillerymen who had no guns, and who were instructed to beg the loan of half a dozen field-pieces from General Avitabile, the Sikh Governor-General at Peshawar. Fortunately at Amballa there was a man who shrank from no responsibility, who, by quick political instinct, took in the whole situation, and who had established over the minds of Sikh feudatories and the independent Lahore Durbar that mysterious and magical ascendency which we are accustomed to term prestige. George Clerk, without waiting for orders, at once moved additional forces to the frontier, brigade after brigade, ordered their commander to hurry through the Punjab and to assemble at Peshawar, and extorted a reluctant approval of his action from Lord Auckland and Sir Jasper Nicolls. To ensure the hearty co-operation of the Durbar, George Clerk himself proceeded to Lahore. We have no space for details. The Sikh forces were unruly, and were already contemplating that trial of strength with the British army which was only deferred for four years. The Sikh chiefs, Hira Sing, Dhyan Sing, Sher Sing, Fakir Azizzuddin, all destined subsequently to play prominent parts in war or politics, had to be conciliated and encouraged. It was Clerk's aim, says the historian of the war with truth, to obtain the effectual co-operation of the Sikh Government in the hour of trial, without exposing the weakness and vacillation of his own. That all obstacles were finally overcome; that a rupture with the Sikh Durbar was avoided; that the repugnance of the Sikh troops to enter the terrible Khaibar Pass was conquered; that carriage and commissariat did not fail; and that Sir George Pollock was enabled to relieve Sale "with little loss of life and no loss of baggage"; and, finally, to restore British credit by the recapture of Kabul, is due, no doubt, to the bravery of the troops and to the skill of their captain, but also in the first instance to the tact, firmness, and powers of conciliation of the Agent and Envoy, George Russell Clerk. And it is an additional merit that Clerk at that crisis discovered the capacity and character of Henry Lawrence, and brought him to the front. It might be said with some slight exaggeration, as the French critic said of Homer in relation to Virgil, "C'est là son plus bel ouvrage." It is necessary to lay stress on Clerk's remarkable insight into character and his power of ensuring the obedience of Englishmen and Asiatics, because these are just the qualities which soonest pass out of sight and remembrance. Like the magic tones and the delivery of a great orator, they are remembered for a time by his contemporaries, and soon become dim and forgotten. George Clerk was never employed in any of those permanent and solid works of reconstruction and development which for generations have made the names of Englishmen household words to millions of Asiatics. He had no revenue training whatever and never, we believe, framed and carried out a Settlement of the land. No backward province, conquered or ceded, was ever handed over to him, to be reduced into order or deceived gradually into wealth or prosperity. He was never called on to promote the education of the masses or the classes, to put down cruel rites, to create a sense of ownership in the tenant-proprietor, to frame simple and intelligible codes, and to establish tribunals not too complicated and refined for the people. Other Anglo-Indians of eminence have occasionally failed with Englishmen when they have been successful with natives, or *vice versâ*. It was George Clerk's distinction to have succeeded with both. He stimulated, controlled, and guided his English subordinates; he roused his superiors to action; and he impressed the Oriental by the chivalry and courtesy of his manner and the magic of his voice. When we have said that his main work lay in the successful exercise of diplomatic functions, of which the subtlety escapes the touch of posterity, we do not forget that for years after he had ceased to have any connexion with Loodiana or Amballa those who followed him in the actual work of judicial and revenue administration were often appealed to by native suitors and applicants of all sorts in Clerk's name. Practically Jārge Clāruk to many natives on the banks of the Sutlej filled a place which a few years afterwards, in the reconstruction of society and social order and in the same neighbourhood, was filled by Jān Larruns. Like another celebrated diplomatist, he deserved the title of a Great Elchi. Never in the annals of Anglo-Indian diplomacy were the demands of English statesmanship set forth with greater powers of persuasion or enforced with more dignity of language and demeanour. Scott tells us in *Kenilworth* that Elizabeth, when bidding Leicester and Sussex to forget their idle animosities, so accented her words that the entreaty to the one sounded like a command and the command to the other like an entreaty. Something similar must have been the effect of Clerk's conferences with the Lahore Durbar. In his first administration of the Governorship of Bombay, Clerk had to contend with the opposition of two rather strong colleagues, who, in all honesty and sincerity of purpose, differed from their chief on divers important questions. And it may cause some regret to the supporters of cram and competition to be told that at Haileybury George Clerk achieved no distinction whatever. He gained no medal, nor on the prize-day when the Directors went down in all solemnity to the East India College, did he walk off burdened with the weight of Burke's Speeches or Clarendon's History, stamped with *auspicio regis et Senatûs Angliæ*, in letters all of gold. It is fair, however, to say that this distinction of having risen to real eminence in India, after having been nearly last on the pass-list at the final examination at Haileybury, is one which, as far as we recollect at present, was achieved only by George Clerk and by the late Sir Ashley Eden. But so it is that natural selection, or in other words patronage, does occasionally catch statesmen unawares. We trust that the present system may not fail to give us in the future men who can show that, under Providence, events are often just what force of individual character can make them. The vigour, the sound judgment, the undaunted bearing, and the fertility of resource which marked the conduct of the Governor-General's Agent on the frontier, redeem our policy of that time from a "policy of infatuation." He could not expunge from the record the political and strategical errors of the first Afghan campaign. But he deserves a high and honourable place in the memory of all Englishmen who can fully appreciate the nature of our difficulties after the Kabul disaster, and the singular combination of splendid qualities by which that disaster was repaired.

TWO STUDENTS' CONCERTS.

THE unusually lengthy musical season has ended with two interesting concerts given by the two most important of the many institutions devoted to musical education. At the Royal College of Music at Kensington the weekly concerts given during the past year by the students over whom Sir George Grove presides, though they have often presented features of considerable interest, have been passed by in silence, for it can hardly be the intention or desire of either the Council or the Professors of the College that public notice should be taken of the performances of pupils, who, however promising they may be, must yet be considered immature as artists. With the orchestral

concert given on the 24th of last month the case is somewhat different, for, though the programme did not present any features of absolute novelty, yet the selection of music was so ambitious, and the performances, on the whole, so good, that the event deserves a brief record in the musical annals of the year. The College orchestra, which took part in every number of the programme, is evidently the strongest feature of the institution; though it does not entirely rely upon the pupils to fill every desk, yet it is satisfactory to note that there is scarcely any instrument which is not played by at least one pupil, and the proportion of professorial assistance required to obtain the proper balance is very small. It would not be right to expect from a body of players including so many youthful performers either the tone or finish of a more mature assemblage, but what is lacking in this respect is supplied by the enthusiasm and energy which inspire the whole band. The purely orchestral selections at the concert on the 24th consisted of such arduous works as Spontini's Overture to *Olympia*, Brahms's first Pianoforte Concerto, St. Saëns's Poème Symphonique, *Phaeton*, the Charfreitagszauber, from Wagner's *Parsifal*, and Dvořák's Symphonic Variations; while the remainder of the programme was made up with an aria, "Va sbramando quegli ardori," from Spohr's *Faust*, and "Deh vieni," from Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*. Such a selection of difficult works would be enough to task the powers of an experienced orchestra; but, all things considered, the College pupils left very little to be desired, and their performances reflected great credit upon themselves, their teachers, and Professor Stanford, their conductor. Whether the selection was altogether a wise one may be open to question; but at least one number was very welcome. Spontini's music is so strangely neglected in these days that the performance of his fine overture to *Olympia* had almost the effect of a novelty. It is perhaps too much to hope that the whole opera should be revived; but the impression created by the overture was such that it might be worth the consideration of the College authorities as to whether it would not be well to perform a longer selection from the works of this fine but neglected composer. The solo part in Brahms's Concerto was played with much ability by Miss Ethel Sharpe; but the work is not one of the Viennese master's most inspired efforts, and though it contains many beauties, it is, on the whole, thankless to both soloist and orchestra. Miss Mary Richardson's refined and expressive singing of Mozart's Scena deserves a word of commendation. Her voice is hardly yet fully developed; but she promises to be one of the best vocalists which the College has hitherto produced. Mr. Magrath was hardly so satisfactory in the Air from *Faust*; but Spohr's vocal music is little suited to modern singers.

The Concert given by the students of the Royal Academy of Music on Friday, the 26th, depended less upon the orchestral performances for its interest than that given at the Royal College. Both band and chorus included a considerable number of professional members; but it must be remembered that it is only recently that, under Dr. Mackenzie's rule, attention has been sufficiently paid at the Academy to the importance of orchestral playing, and that probably more difficulty has been experienced in getting together a sufficient number of pupil performers than at the College. The programme included one interesting novelty—namely, the hymn "In seiner Ordnung schafft der Herr," which Weber wrote in 1812 for the Zürich Musik-Gesellschaft, and which, though first produced at Leipzig in 1813, had not been previously heard in this country. Though it is an early work of the composer's, and written before his style was fully developed, it deserves to be heard more frequently, if it were only for the fine concluding chorus, which contains an admirably written fugue, worked up to a splendid climax. This number alone should rescue the Cantata from oblivion: it reveals quite a new side of Weber's genius. The spirit of transition which is affecting the Academy was exemplified in the three compositions by students which were performed at this concert. Two of them—a Romance for Orchestra, by Mr. E. C. Nunn, and an Andante, from a MS. Symphony by Mr. R. Steggall—were cast in a somewhat dry and scholastic mould, and, though well enough written, did not betray much originality of idea or treatment. The third—a Ballad for Orchestra, entitled "The Spirit of the Glen," the composition of Mr. Drysdale, showed fancy and a certain amount of feeling for picturesque orchestration, though much that was good in the work was marred by the composer's diffuseness and inability to develop his themes at length. Of the three works the last was by far the most promising; but Mr. Drysdale has much to learn before he should venture upon the difficult path of programme-music. Of the pianists, of whom no less than four appeared, the most promising was Miss Kate Goodson, who played Liszt's E flat Concerto extremely well. Her touch is at present not very powerful, but this is a defect which time will probably remedy; the accuracy and good style of her playing were deserving of much praise. The best of the vocal performances was that of Mr. David Hughes, who, in a recitative and air—"The Fiend of Darkness"—from Spohr's *Faust*, showed that he possesses a baritone voice of much beauty; his singing was careful and intelligent. Miss Emily Squire, who holds the Parepa-Rosa scholarship, was formerly a pupil at the Royal College of Music. From her performance of Rossini's antiquated "Di tanti palpiti" it is difficult to pronounce a definite opinion as to her powers. Her voice appears to be unsettled, and it is doubtful whether it is a contralto or a soprano. The higher notes in it are the most agreeable, but her compass is evidently very extensive, and her voice demands very careful treatment. The other performances do not call for detailed notice, though in passing a protest may be raised against the manner in which Miss Mears has been taught to sing the hackneyed "Tre Giorni," ascribed to Pergolesi. Almost every singing-master, without exception, treats this well-known song as if it were most tragic in sentiment, though, as a matter of fact, it is a characteristic example of the eighteenth-century buffo aria.

COSMOPOLITAN COOKERY.

IT is announced upon authority that the German Emperor has consented to patronize an exhibition of "Food and Comestible Delicacies" at Berlin next year. If it be designed to repeat the spectacle with which we are familiar—pyramids of phials hermetically sealed, "trophies" of tin cases and corked bottles—that stupid mystification has ceased to divert. Or if the projectors meditate a congress of cooks who shall display to the uninitiated those higher realms of art which few but stockbrokers and their dames habitually visit, though the notion be pleasing, we must declare that Berlin is not its natural habitat. It may be hoped, however, that an enterprise sanctioned by the Kaiser has a more original *motif*. In every quarter of the world a traveller finds dishes strange to him, which have been perfected probably by the thoughtful care and experience of generations; and in every quarter of the world nowadays the Teuton is established. A British exile, so far as we have observed, commonly approves the best items of the native cuisine; but, excepting curries, he does not use them freely—much less does he introduce them at his table when restored to civilization. The German seems to be more "receptive" in this as in other matters. It seems possible that the great number of traders and travellers now returning to the Fatherland may have excited curiosity by their reports of abnormal food. We hope it may prove to be so.

For there are many strange meats, and more strange ways of cooking meats familiar, which well deserve to be known in Europe. Europe itself, indeed, can supply certain local dishes as odd in flavour and as delicious—to those who like them—as any to be found in Asia or Africa. Above all stands the national dish of the Magyar, unless it be, as Croats declare, the national dish of the Serb—*paprika hühn*. This is one of the very few, among so many that have struck us in a roving life, of which we secured the recipe. Since the reader would look for it in vain among English or North-German cookery-books, we transcribe the directions:—"Cut two onions fine. Put them into a saucepan with the same quantity of lard, and turn on the fire till they become yellow. Add a teaspoonful of paprika (red pepper) and three teaspoonsful of flour. Cut two fowls into quarters. Put them into the saucepan, with the livers and the trail. Salt. Cover the whole with cream. Close the saucepan tight, and let it simmer till the fowls be done." Not more difficult than that!—but we undertake to say, upon the testimony of many friends, that those to whom the quaint and delicate flavour is agreeable will be enthusiastic in their gratitude. Any red pepper will do, but the Viennese or Pesth manufacture is far best. Another impressive dish of Europe—so impressive and so warmly appreciated generally at first that strangers grow to hate it in a short time—is the Russian manner of cooking sterlet—very good indeed, however, as we can avouch, when applied to the British eel. They have a way of cooking beefsteaks in Roumania, with a singular arrangement of potatoes and raw cabbage sliced, which recurs to our memory with longing. But as for eccentric modes of treating a steak, the Peruvian is quite the best within our knowledge—a stew with chopped eggs; unhappily we have no further information, but a good many of our readers could supply detail, no doubt. They would confer a boon upon the public. Of Turkish eccentricities it is useless to speak. The secret of a pilaff, and of kabobs, saloop, and the rest is given in all cookery-books accurately enough; and yet who would recognize in the happiest of these imitations the delicious meat he has eaten with a Turkish friend? It was our habit, when we visited the Bezestan, to dine in some merchant's stall on provisions from the cookshop at the corner. Endlessly interesting was the *menu*, if we were able to give notice, and endlessly nasty for the most part under any circumstances. But the pilaff and the kabobs never failed to please, though our companions might be the sturdiest of British tourists. Only once have we enjoyed the pleasure of dining in an unceremonious way—of taking real "pot-luck"—with a Turkish gentleman who keeps the good old-fashioned usages; he may be gratefully named without indiscretion, Artin Effendi, then and now Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It was an entertainment to remember for the variety and excellence of its odd dishes. In particular the stew-soup—composed of fish and flesh, and fowl, fruit, vegetables, corn, and currants, which is exchanged every year among friendly households on a certain day, in commemoration of Noah's first meal after leaving the Ark—was no hotch-potch, as it is elsewhere, but a careful and judicious combination. Some travellers maintain that kabobs and pilaff are so good in their native home simply because the Turkish cook never washes his utensils. They are quite mistaken; but we feel no doubt that some merits of the Spanish-American *cuisine* must be attributed to this cause. For example, the *frijolés*. Of all human food dry beans are most tasteless; and mere lard makes no improve-

ment in particular. But in a cottage of Central America—the poorer the better—or in an "hotel," as hotels went in our day, they are a local equivalent for game, delicious eating. "Pepper-pot," as everybody is aware, avowedly owes its piquancy to the fact that the vessel has been used for the same purpose for many years—say twenty, to begin with; under that sum the article is not regarded seriously. In the great old times of the West Indies men boasted the age of their pepper-pot as warmly as the age of their Madeira; in a rough way they calculated its value as increasing one pound per annum, and trade was brisk at the price. The basis of this perennial dish, which occupies the place of curry in the Western Tropics, is *kassareep*, or casaripe. It may be hoped that the Berlin Exhibition will be the means of introducing *kassareep* to European commerce. It is seldom to be found in London—indeed only, so far as we can learn, at the shop in Leicester Square.

The staple food of West Africa is snails and kanki, upon neither of which is it advisable to dwell; be it observed in passing that the snails are as large as a man's fist, with an enormous "wing," so to speak, on either side, larger than a sparrow's. But West Africa can boast two *plats*, which those who have eaten them, with conscience and judgment, cannot forget. These are "land-turtles" and "Anamaboo rice." The former must needs remain local, perhaps, for the present at any rate; an abiding puzzle for those who still think that all is arranged for the best in the best of all possible worlds. How reconcile with this theory the fact that one of the dearest and sweetest little creatures that can be offered to the cook is limited to a barbarous realm where cooks scarcely exist? But, "Anamaboo rice" might be concocted, unless we were misinformed, wherever the small yellow tomato, somewhat less than a throstle's egg, is grown. The whole delightful mystery is contained in the manipulation of these little things, together with a fowl, an onion, rice—and seasoning, but such manipulation as produces a result quite unique. Elsewhere in Africa little occurs to us worth mention. The spatch-cock of quails or pigeons which some dragomen serve upon the Nile is understood to be a Greek dish—of the islands, doubtless, for we never found anything to resemble it on the mainland. Of all countries bordering the Mediterranean there is none so stupidly, hopelessly tasteless in its cuisine as the Hellenic kingdom, though original enough. This spatch-cock is one of the most pleasing breakfast-dishes extant, and happily we can give directions. Split the birds, and fry them brown. Put into a saucepan equal quantities of claret and water, a teaspoonful of Harvey Sauce, a tomato if possible, garlic, a small bag of spices. Let it simmer ten minutes. Drop in the birds, and stew slightly. The Boers have a dainty which should be named, by way of warning, the *fricadel*; they have also a curious made-sauce, of red-pepper and tomatos, we imagine, so very good, in those few houses where cooking is regarded, that it might well be introduced to Europe.

All things Indian are so familiar that it is not worth while to speak of them; but in a comprehensive survey of human tastes the liking for assafœtida should not be disregarded. Through the Punjab and Afghanistan it occupies the place which garlic holds in Southern Europe, and its service in this capacity has been, for at least a century, known to some London *gourmets* in connexion with steak. In the deserts of North America, also, assafœtida grows wild, and the neighbouring population use it freely. Not every one, however, is acquainted with the dishes of the Far East. Those who wander off the beaten track there will very soon be introduced to novelties. Within a few hours, probably, they may make acquaintance with "Country Captain" in one of its local forms, which are varied. We can give a single recipe—not the best, unhappily, but distinct and agreeable. Steep the joints of a fowl in vinegar, salt, cayenne, and minced shalot for an hour. In half a pint of water, hot, mix half a pint of flour. Stir till quite smooth. Add two ounces of butter and the whites of two eggs well beaten. Roll the joints of your fowl in this batter, and fry in lard or oil till brown. In the most delicious variety, curry is mingled with the batter, but this addition seems to be a more difficult process than would be supposed. To speak of Malay curry, that daintiest and most fascinating species of the whole genus, is sheer waste of time, and an irritation to the flesh. The late Duke of Northumberland fruited the mangosteen and the cocoa-nut, but we undertake to say that if he tried to serve a Malay curry he failed. It seems to be beyond the scope of art in Europe to reproduce the daily fare of the poorest Orang Laut. But there are adjuncts which we might enjoy. Many people dislike turtles'-eggs, but so many others think them delicious, that it is little less than inhuman to throw them away, as is the practice in the City. Among *sambals*, also, the special pride of a Far Eastern cook, the very best might be forwarded to Europe, with some extra care in the preparation. This is the *russet*, a fish like whitebait, preserved in salt-water; one of the most delicate flavours within the range of culinary science.

We pause—not for want of matter. Any reader who can supply directions for preparing these strange meats will act the part of a philanthropist in making his knowledge public—especially in the instance of "Anamaboo rice."

REVIEWS.

EARLY LETTERS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE.*

MR. RITCHIE'S reasons for adding to the already great and steadily growing mass of "Carlyle" books are sound. He possessed valuable evidence, and he hints that so much had been already published about the private life "of the valued marriage pair Carlyle," and it has been of such a character that there would in any case be a kind of affectation in complaining of indiscretion now. But Mr. Ritchie has a better excuse than this negative one. He has been the more inclined to publish these letters because of "the pleasing light in which, on the whole, they show both Carlyle and his wife." It is a kindly motive, and one which we are perhaps not uncharitable in supposing was not the most influential with some other contributors to the long shelf of materials for Carlyle's biography already filled and in process of growth. For the manner in which Mr. Ritchie has executed his pious task there can be nothing but praise. Whatever elucidations and explanations were required have been supplied, even down to reproductions of seals. These last are, indeed, evidence in themselves; for it throws some light on Mrs. Carlyle's tastes in her youth that she should have engraved "Faithful" and "L'Amista" on her seals. Then, too, there is an excellent index and a table of contents, in which will be found a neat *précis* of each letter. On these Carlyle would certainly have looked with a friendly eye.

The letters themselves will not greatly surprise, we should think, the wiser among the readers of Mr. Froude or the *Letters and Memorials*. They show, indeed, that Mrs. Carlyle was by no means the bitterly unhappy woman we were asked to believe her. Although these letters are called "early," some two-thirds of them were written after her marriage, and the last of them just before her death. If Mrs. Carlyle had been the very unhappy woman she was tempted to call herself in a moment of nerves and irritation, some evidence of her misery would appear in these pages. Miss Eliza Stodart, to whom the letters were nearly all written, was obviously a most trusted friend; and, though the correspondence died down after the Carlyles came to London, it never quite ceased, and at the very end it even burnt up again. From the whole correspondence, however, it does not appear that Mrs. Carlyle had to complain of more than many thousands of wives who are not thought unhappy. She had an impatient spirit and a sharp wit. She lashed out fiercely at the obtuseness of the stupid sex, as every woman does who is worth her salt—with this difference, that nature has happily not supplied the vast majority with quite such effective claws as Mrs. Carlyle's. It will be no surprise to anybody to find that Mrs. Carlyle appears in this volume, as elsewhere, to have been a very clever woman. The soft and low voice which is such an excellent thing in her sex she had not; but neither was she shrill. Hardness is the note of these letters from first to last. To a large extent it was national; for the Scotch, to whom she belonged, have been taught by an education many centuries long to be tough and to keep their emotions in strict order, and Mrs. Carlyle was intensely Scotch of the Lowland type. Hard sense and the inclination to think that all men and women are more likely to act on a small or a bad motive than not, a keen eye for pretence, the love of thrift, the hatred of meanness, came to her with her blood. She had the old Scotch habit of outspoken speech, and could be as "indelicate" as those amazingly downright Edinburgh ladies of the eighteenth-century type. But there was a very strongly-marked character of her own in Mrs. Carlyle. Many young Scotch ladies had her shrewdness and her pluck, but very few can have shared her intellectual boldness. There cannot have been many young ladies in the Lothians about 1820 who read Rousseau and rejoiced in the *Nouvelle Hétoïse* with her audacity—for the taste was an audacious one in the provincial Scotland of those days. One gathers that Dr. Welsh must, in the course of the instruction he gave his daughter, have largely justified an old prejudice touching the heterodoxy of medical gentlemen, and his teaching fell on favourable soil. There is not a word in these letters to show that Mrs. Carlyle was brought up in a world which was religious in a very exacting fashion. Yet, and it is a proof of the natural strength of her character, there is no affectation of free-thinking independence. She simply leaves the subject alone; and seems to have arrived, by a kind of natural affinity and without an effort, at the creed her husband reached after frightful mental struggles. Much as she loved Byron, and admired Rousseau, she was not in the least Byronic, and the sentimentalism of the Frenchman never touched her. Withal, too, she was not in the least an "hommasse," but as thorough a woman as ever took care to look well, or was irritated by male clumsiness. It took all Carlyle's genius to atone for his nasty trick of making pies in his tea-cup, and his habit of kicking the fire-irons. Had he been more of a St. Preux she had been a happier woman. Had George Rennie been more of a Carlyle she would have lived a very different life. The frequent mentions of him give a fragmentary outline of a romance which seems really to have been a more serious business than Irving's. It is not always safe to take Mrs. Carlyle's words too literally; but she was not the woman to indulge in fictitious autobiography,

* *Early Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle; together with a few of later date, and some of Thomas Carlyle, all hitherto unpublished.* Edited by David G. Ritchie, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1889.

and unless she was guilty of that folly not once and at one time, but often and over a series of years, there had been passages between those two of which Carlyle never heard. George Rennie's good manners and good looks, his sudden forgetfulness and incomprehensible conduct, form the matter of many passages in the letters, and there is a mention of his reappearance in London, which is eloquent indeed. But Mrs. Carlyle was not the woman to allow a romance, which never came to anything, to get the better of her. Even when she was most wroth with the false man, she had eyes and attention for other things. She writes of her daily life at Comely Bank, Craigenputtock, or Chelsea, brightly and incisively. On the whole, these letters leave the impression that, though she might have been a happier woman if she had not been married to an exacting genius, yet she was by no means merely a victim. After all, nature had not only given her beak and claws, but the inclination to use them on provocation. There must have been times when it was quite as trying to be the husband of Jane Welsh as to be the wife of Thomas Carlyle. Those times, however, were the exception. The Carlyles were as happy as nature meant those two fierce and fiery persons to be.

NOVELS.*

THE Search for Basil Lyndhurst is a work of a highly moral tendency. Every character in it is good and true—and there are endless characters, differing in name only, men and women, boys and girls, babies and dogs—they are all saintly and wearisome. The heroine is not even pretty; she has a candid brother, who tells her that "for a girl you are very so-so; your complexion is all right, but your upper lip is too long, and your nose is just what a nose ought not to be, and your forehead is too high." The book matches the heroine, and is never interesting for a moment; but there is a great deal of it, which may recommend it to those who prefer quantity to quality. Basil Lyndhurst is searched for in a desultory and perfunctory manner through the first half of the second volume, and found so easily and uneventfully that a mysterious wife is forced into the bulging pages of "small, small, imperceptible small talk," to furnish forth meats for a funeral feast and a *raison d'être* for the third volume. She is lovely, stately, lowborn, virtuous, ungrammatical, and a spasmodic dipsomaniac. Remorse overwhelms her. She takes chloral and dies. Suicide suggests itself enticingly to the reader's imagination. Anything would be a relief from the everlasting goodness that prevails. No; alas no! The author is nothing if not consistent, and proves clearly to every credulous mind that an overdose of the insidious drug was taken accidentally. Carry her out and bury her decently. If any one of his own free will ever reads the whole of this book, he will discover that it is not vulgar, only commonplace, and that there are some pretty little descriptions of scenery, soothing word-pictures which will act like a healing balm on his irritated mind, and which will be pleasant to remember when he wakes from the sweet sleep he will have nobly earned.

In *Light and Shade* the light is not bright nor the shade deep. The book consists of very light sketches drawn with a heavy hand, and some terrible verses which are meant to be very sad, and are quite funny. The stories ought to have been better—they have possibilities; the verses ought to have been better, too—they begin well, but they do not continue, and the end is that of Humpty Dumpty. Here is a specimen from "The Two Maids" of an ending where words have failed:—

> And that tall youth? A type he too,
> A type of—Well! why! Me and you.

It is a relief to turn to a book so pleasantly written as *Hilary St. John*. The story runs smoothly along in English country life, the joys and sorrows are neither storm-driven nor passion-tossed; no one breaks all the Ten Commandments at once; there are no peril scenes; it can hardly be called a modern novel. But Hilary St. John is a lovable, honest little girl, though somewhat spoilt; and those who learn to love her watch her character develop through toil and tribulation with the semi-regretful feeling that is awakened by the sight of an old garden. The earth hath no such maidens now. In such a book the hero was bound to be a curate, but we are told that he "was pitchforked by circumstances into a profession he had never dreamed of entering," and that "a vivid sense of his own insufficiency for the highest labour a man can be called to remained woven in with his nature, binding him always to be doing his very best with all entrusted to him." The villain is a cad, as a villain should be, and is one of the best drawn characters in the book, unless we except that of Mr. St. John, the impecunious heavy father. Where all are good it is difficult to individualize, and the crowning merit of the work reveals itself in the fact that there are only two volumes.

Miss Blanche Willis Howard has taken a new and more ambitious flight in *The Open Door* than in any of her previous works. Those who read American writings will remember with pleasure the pretty little story of *One Summer*, and the sad history of *Guenn*. An Englishwoman would scarcely have composed a novel on such a theme as the one given from Epictetus in the early pages of *The Open Door*. "Above all things, remember that the door is open. Be not more timid than boys at play. As they when they cease to take pleasure in their games declare that they will no longer play, so do you, when all things pall upon you, retire. But if you stay do not complain." Count Hugo von Kronfels has transcribed this with other similar passages into a "little black book," his constant companion through long, lonely hours of pain and misery:—

> He had had, indeed, his bright, brief reign; the absolute monarchy of youth, beauty, and strength, the kingship of a fearless spirit. His golden days were dead and gone. One September evening four men, with blanched faces and slow and heavy tread, bore his unconscious body through the long hall, past a group of frightened servants, to his own rooms. His young strength fought hard for life. His soul balanced many weeks between this world and the next. At length the suave doctors pronounced him *saved*, which meant, being interpreted, that his broken machinery had been cleverly repaired, that the ugly wound on his head was healing, and that everything, indeed, was highly gratifying except the recalcitrant spine, which, refusing to respond to the skill of world-renowned specialists, threatened to make him a cripple for life.

This man interests us at once, and he is painted in vivid colours. The fretfulness of the invalid, the morbid sensitiveness of the cripple, the keen longing for the old life, the forced resignation and patience, are well set forth. Excellently well described, also, is the stonemason, Bernard Dietz, with his bewitching voice and artistic fancies, his trusting, easy nature, and the endless tact with which he leads the Count to recognize the wants and sorrows of his humbler neighbours and to interest himself in those who are not only ill and helpless, but who have the hardship of poverty crushing them as well. The Countess von Kronfels has rather the characteristics of a Russian than a German—the large white-faced aristocrat so pitiful and tender to her dog, so coldly impatient to the son who is no longer a credit to her. There is also the dog, Mousey, a demon dog, pampered and overfed, a cur and sneak, yet almost human in the instinct that teaches him where he may safely tyrannize. We have too the family friend, everybody's friend, Frau von Funnel—the woman with the iron hand and the velvet glove, the impulsive speech and bold action, the woman we have all known and suffered from. And, as a novel must have a heroine, we have Baroness Gabriel von Dohna, who is pretty and good, but too persistently sympathetic. There is little or no plot in the story; but the conclusion is noteworthy, inasmuch as no real conclusion is arrived at. Count Hugo cherishes "the little black book," though Gabriel is strong in her conviction that "Love guards the door." The problem is as absorbing in its way as that of *The Lady and the Tiger*. The whole book is unusual, and generally interesting. The German influence is very obvious in many passages, which seem to have been thought out in German and translated into English—not, perhaps, the English of England, but the English of Boston, which city is, we are assured, the centre of civilization, and may therefore be correct in writing "gayety" and "Embassador," and using certain forms of expression which the mother-country considers second-rate.

Eight Bells is a delightful book for boys. Two boys run away to sea, having made up their minds, aided thereto by the sage counsels of a retired pirate, that they will be cabin-boys rather than captains, as there is less responsibility. Every delightful experience is theirs—they meet with shipwrecks, pirates, gold-diggers, cannibals, mutineers, missionaries. They see strange countries; they acquire, in company with the reader, a varied acquaintance with our colonies, and the pigeon-English presumably spoken by the Australian Chinee. They are inspired by the most noble sentiments, and, bursting with British courage, they perform heroic and impossible deeds. The old British flag is waved all the while; and "Finis" comes with fireworks and a flourish of trumpets, while Eight Bells ring out joyfully over the sparkling ocean.

* *The Search for Basil Lyndhurst.* By Rosa N. Carey. London: Bentley & Son.

Light and Shade. By Herbert Sherring. London: Thacker & Co.

Hilary St. John. By Mrs. A. Price. London: Hurst & Blackett.

The Open Door. By B. W. Howard. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Eight Bells: a Tale of the Sea and the Cannibals of New Guinea. By Hume Nisbet. Illustrated by the Author. London: Ward & Downey.

ANCIENT CHARTERS.*

IN this new volume of the Pipe Roll Society's publications Mr. Horace Round, who is well known as one of our most critical and, as some would perhaps add, contentious antiquaries, has edited with much care and learning a selection of charters between 1095, or a year or so later, and 1200. He has copied his documents at firsthand, and not from any Cartulary or other collection, whether printed or otherwise, and has very wisely printed them with their original abbreviations, avoiding thereby all question as to the correctness of expansions. They are arranged in chronological order, and each is furnished with a heading describing its purport, and with notes on its date and contents. These notes really leave nothing to be desired; they are at once full and concise, and afford the reader ample information on every point of interest in the text. Several matters of some importance to the genealogist and antiquary are settled or illustrated by these charters. Among them we may note that the first, a writ of

* *Publications of the Pipe Roll Society.* Vol. X.—*Ancient Charters, Royal and Private, prior to* 1200. Part I. Edited and Annotated by John Horace Round, M.A. London: Wyman & Sons.

William Rufus to Robert [Bloet] Bishop of Lincoln, proves that the famous Urse de Abetot succeeded to the Lincolnshire fief of his brother, Robert the Dispenser, which is a leading fact with regard to the connexion between the houses of Despencer and Marmion, the assertion of an eminent genealogist that Roger Marmion was the immediate heir of Robert having hitherto been generally accepted. Another charter of about 1127 tells us for the first time the parentage of Maud, wife of Richard fitz Pons. She was a daughter of Walter of Gloucester, and so sister of Miles, who received the earldom of Hereford from the Empress. The document, which concerns Maud's marriage portion, is of some interest, for it presents Miles apparently in the character of trustee for his sister. From the marriage of Richard and Maud came the great house of Clifford, which, as we learn from another charter, probably of the same year, already resided at Clifford.

A few of the documents have to do with ecclesiastical affairs. One contains a grant by Archbishop Ralph to Lewes Priory of the "circescet" paid from his manor of Pagham, where this somewhat obscure due took the form of thirty-six loads of beans. An ordinance of the Abbot and convent of Leicester relating to the establishment of the collegiate church of St. Mary de Castro at Leicester, as re-organized by Earl Robert, is worthy of special attention on account of its recital of the elaborate provisions made by the Earl's father Robert, Count of Meulan, for the expenses of his foundation, for finding lights, strewing the church with rushes in summer and straw in winter, and washing and mending the vestments. The editor notes the singularly early use in this document of the word *scaccarium*, for the exchequer of a private person. Both here and in the grant of the church of Compton to Lewes Priory there is a special clause against non-residence. The Agreement between Ramsey Abbey and the Priory of Holy Trinity, London, has already been printed in the Ramsey Cartulary (*Chron. Abbatiæ Rames.* p. 241, Rolls Ser.) There, however, the list of witnesses is incomplete, and the editor of the volume has strangely enough assigned the Agreement to 1115-20, whereas it is evident, as Mr. Round points out, that it must be dated subsequently to the grant of their soke by the Cnihtengild to the Church of the Holy Trinity—which gift took place in 1125—for it runs:—"p̄dict⁹ abbas dimisit calūpniā suā q[a]m habuit sup t̄rā de anglica cnihta gilda q[a]m ipsi anglici dedeř p'dicte eccl̄iæ sc̄e t[i]nitatis." Among the names of the witnesses is that of Edward of Cornhill, "one of the fifteen members of the guild by whom the gift was made. Two mortgage deeds present some curious features, which are fully commented on in the notes. One, dated Martinmas, 1183, is a mortgage of the manor of Tottenham to Avigaia, a Jewess of London, and her son Abraham, for a hundred marks, at nine marks a year "de lucro," or 13½ per cent., with the condition that, if the mortgagor should pay forty marks of his debt at the ensuing Christmas, his remaining debt should be reduced to forty marks, on which, however, he should pay two marks and a half interest at each quarter, or 25 per cent. Here, as the editor observes, it is evident that we "must read between the lines." The borrower, while acknowledging a debt of a hundred marks, can only have received eighty; he had a "chance of wiping off three-fifths of the debt" by repaying half the money which he had actually received; but, if he did so, he was to pay a greatly increased amount of interest on the remainder. There is evidence that he never cleared off the mortgage; for King John granted the manor to David, Earl of Huntingdon, grandson of King David of Scotland, "quit-claiming to him all the rights of Abraham, son of Rabi Jose (Rabi Josei), therein." The other mortgage deed is framed so as to evade the law; for the mortgagor, as a Crusader, was forbidden to pay "usury," and the mortgagee, as a Christian, to receive it. Mr. Round has added an excellent index, in which he has as far as possible identified the places mentioned in his text. He has done his work in a thoroughly scholarly spirit, and we are glad to see that he intends to contribute other volumes of charters to the publications of the Society.

TWO BOOKS ON CENTRAL AFRICA.*

THE Emin Relief Committee having succeeded in stopping the publication of Mr. Rose Troup's account of his share in their Expedition in virtue of an agreement with Mr. Stanley not to anticipate his authorship, no more authentic account of that expedition—or at least of the share in it taken by the singularly ill-fated rear-guard—may be expected for some time than that of Mr. J. R. Werner. He was not a member of the expedition, and hence his mouth is not closed; but he was serving as engineer on board one of the Congo State steam-launches ("steamers," as they are often called, is rather a misleading term to the general) on the Upper River, and was for some time actually on and about the mouth of the Aruwhimi just before Major Barttelot's murder. He was in constant communication with the Major and his assistants, and, most important of all, he was distinctly informed not merely by natives, but by his own Belgian superior, that Tippoo Tib had personally bidden the Manyuema to shoot the Major if he did not treat them well. He was told this before the disaster, but after he had left the camp, and the rear-guard had started; so that he could not put Barttelot on his guard. This testimony, we confess, seems to us far to outweigh the expressions of Mr. Stanley and of the Congo authorities as to their belief in the Arab's good faith; more particularly if it be remembered that these persons, by making Tippoo virtually their viceroy, and abandoning vast districts to him, have, so to speak, bound themselves to regard him as a respectable person. Mr. Werner, on the other hand, seems to have had no personal ill-feeling against Tippoo (who never did him any harm beyond rather overcrowding the launch) was in a very good position to know, and was actually witness of not a few proceedings showing what construction the Arab and his followers placed on the appointment of "District Governor," which Mr. Stanley conferred on the great trader—and raider.

Mr. Werner's account of his own adventures, which began (he does not quite know why) in 1886 and ended last year, has the rather rare charm in such books of being quite destitute of literary "cooking," and yet of being free from any awkwardnesses or dulnesses of style. He might have spared us the voyage out; but, after all, his account of it does no harm. He wisely avoids entering into the curious hocus-pocus which transformed the "International" Congo State into a close Belgian corporation. In treating of individuals he is invariably sweet-blooded—the rarest of all virtues in such a case—and in treating of himself he does not brag. He speaks well of Major Barttelot, well of the Belgian Captain Coquilhat, who, with Mr. Werner as engineer, ran up through a hostile country, though he was half dead with dysentery, to Stanley Falls, where the Arabs were attacking that brave Englishman (afterwards killed by an elephant), Mr. Walter Deane, and, though they were not in time to save the place, saved him. This little adventure is remarkably well told. Of Mr. Jameson, Major Barttelot's second, a Will Cary of *Westward Ho!* come alive again, and alas! dead again, the account is singularly attractive. The descriptions of the Congo scenery are very good and well supported by sketches. There are some good stories, the best being the following:—The Congo State served out to its officers at Léopoldville "half a bottle" of Portuguese wine a day. Hence—obviously and patently to the most childlike imagination—a contention who should send in the largest bottles, magnums, jeroboams, demijohns, and what not. The Administration, of course, met this trick by fixing a standard bottle, which was to be at largest that used for the foaming grape of Eastern France. But science (and we wish science had never done anything worse) was not to be thus done. The engineers met and put their heads together; the result being that they not only succeeded in blowing out the "kick" of a champagne bottle, but actually expanded that vessel by the aid of heat so much that, outwardly remaining the same, it held inwardly about half as much again as an undoctored comrade from Rheims or Epernay. We are not always in charity with the scientist; let him on this occasion receive our sincerest admiration.

And yet the book is a melancholy book in its way; though that way does not lie on the surface. Mr. Werner (though his name might bespeak any one of at least five nationalities) appears to be an Englishman. For what did he expend all this energy in an infernal climate during three years? It certainly was not for money; he tells us as much. It certainly was not for any fleshly delights; for what with fever, dysentery, goat's flesh like leather or indiarubber, and not too much of that, mosquitoes, runs at full speed for thirty-six hours, and the like, the Congo must have been to him much more like a purgatory than a paradise. He was doing no good to England; and (though he seems, in his own person, to have succeeded in keeping up that pleasing delusion) it is not easy to understand how he thought that he was doing any good to Africa. He was uncomfortable enough when the Manyuema followers of the worshipful Tippoo Tib (who, by the grace of Mr. Stanley and some Belgian persons, was his senior officer) swarmed out of his (Mr. Werner's) own launch to harry and murder in a perfectly harmless native village. He does not seem to have taken any extraordinary joy in potting natives with his Winchester when they were dull to the blessings of trade. The amount of romantic interest which you can get out of fighting canoes with steam launches, spears and knives with long-range guns, must surely be small. The collection of ivory for European capitalists to sell at a greater profit than other European capitalists cannot be wildly exciting. What is called "freedom from the restraints of civilized life," no doubt, counts for something; but will it count for all this, especially when civilized life telegraphs contradictory orders to you from Brussels? We can understand absolute shaking off of the "restraints"; but keeping at least some of them, and adding all the discomforts of savagery, seems to us a thing only to be justified by patriotism, religion, or the romance of adventure. The adoption, for choice, of this kind of mongrel adventure, of hybrid freedom does not commend itself.

The great merit of Mr. Werner's book is that it is evidently a *livre de bonne foi*, and that it is very fresh to date. We do not think that the reading of it will do much to remove the misgivings of those who question whether such enterprises as this of the Congo State do any good whatever. Mr. Werner, faithful witness as he is, seems still to believe in the "blessings of civilization," and has cheerful dreams of the results of the proposed Congo railway; while it is fair to say that his book contains

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* *River Life on the Congo.* By J. R. Werner. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1889.

The Life and Work of Emin Pasha in Equatorial Africa. By the Rev. H. W. Little. London: Virtue. 1889.

neither account nor hint of the malpractices towards the natives which have sometimes been charged against the employés of the Company or State. But the authority of the State would appear to be *nil* off the river, though "on paper" (as Tippoo Tib, who seems to have been clever enough to catch up not a few European ideas, says, it seems) it runs half-way to the Zambesi and Heaven knows where else. On the river it extends very little beyond the decks of the steamers and the areas of the stations. It has deliberately handed over the Upper Congo to the Arab slave-drivers and ivory-robbers; and what blessings of civilization, beyond bad rum, worse gin, and improved weapons of destruction, it has given to the Lower are things not very apparent here. Worse than all, it seems to have committed the mistake which few colonists except Englishmen, and Englishmen themselves by no means always, have avoided, the error of him *qui trop embrasse*. It is so easy to mark a great country off into prefectures; it is not so very difficult to run a steam-launch up a river between rapids and cart it across the rapids themselves. But it is not so easy really to colonize and civilize. Nor is it quite clear what good is going to be done. Suppose the barren places to be made fertile and cultivated with tropical products. As it is, tropical products are so abundant and cheap that it hardly pays to produce or sell them. That the climate can ever be otherwise than fatal to most Europeans is exceedingly improbable. Mr. Werner himself very shrewdly remarks that bringing the natives together in large settlements would probably begin a series of epidemics which would devastate the land. In short, the country got on without us quite as well as it is at all likely to get on with us, and perhaps much better.

Mr. Little's *Life of Emin Pasha in Equatorial Africa* is a piece of bookmaking which is neither very good nor very bad. Published with the consent of the managers of the Relief Expedition, it is authentic enough as far as it goes; but is, of course, subject to the drawback imposed by the stipulations which, as above recorded, defeated Mr. Troup's scheme, and it does not, we think, contain anything that has not already appeared in the newspapers. It contains, however—"extended" as the phrase is with a certain amount of obligatory fine writing—a sufficiently clear account of the history of the Equatorial Province, of the life of Emin, and of the fortunes of the Relief Expedition so far as they are known. The account, however, is purely official, and the most favourable view of the conduct of Tippoo Tib is given—a view which, as we have observed above, conflicts with evidence which there is reason to believe, and which has to the critical mind the further very awkward drawback that it is a view necessitated by the conduct which both the Congo State authorities and the managers of the Relief Expedition have thought proper to pursue towards the chief of all such as cut men's throats in Central Africa. As, however, this matter is undecided, Mr. Little could hardly be expected to enter into any argument about it in such a book. Some other defects might more reasonably be expected to have been looked to. The map at the beginning is insufficient; for though the actual relief route is faithful enough, the view of Emin's province, which is even more germane to the book, is very poor, and does not contain several names which occur in the text. There are also some carelessnesses in the spelling, Mr. Jameson being called throughout "Jamieson." But this does not matter much for the special purpose of the book, which will no doubt be useful.

THE DISEASES AND DISORDERS OF THE OX.*

IN all our experience we do not think that we ever met with a work which so thoroughly deserved to be called a family book as *The Diseases and Disorders of the Ox*. Mr. George Gresswell is its prime author, and it has an addition by Dr. Albert Gresswell, to whom "the very fullest possible acknowledgment is due." Inaccuracies have been rectified by Dr. Astley Gresswell; Mr. James Brodie Gresswell supplied notes; information was derived from Mr. Alderman Dan Gresswell; the Rev. Henry William Gresswell made suggestions, Mr. Charles Gresswell helped, Mr. Edmund Gresswell contributed, and Mr. Samuel Gresswell's assistance is thankfully acknowledged. Altogether no less than nine of the family of Gresswell appear to have had a finger in this literary pie.

As might be expected, a great portion of the work is more suited for the study of veterinary surgeons than of laymen; but in the early pages some warnings are given which are evidently intended for ordinary people. The first is against eating underdone meat—what would the author say to raw-meat juice, which is so much recommended by certain of the faculty? The second is against "the most dangerous habit" of allowing dogs to eat from plates which are afterwards to be used for the food of human beings. Had those who are guilty of this practice "the barest notion of the results which might therefrom ensue, they would certainly abstain from such folly." The third is against "the dangerous practice of caressing and kissing" pets. "If they would read the late Professor Cobbold's most valuable work on Helminthology, the eyes of some ladies would certainly be opened in a somewhat startling manner." A matter, again, which concerns others besides keepers of oxen is the question whether bovine scarlet fever can be communicated to mankind. Dr. Klein experimented upon house-mice by feeding them and inoculating them with "cultures of the micrococcus scarlatinæ," both from human beings and from the cow, and he found the action the same in each case. Many people will remember the outbreak of scarlet fever in Marylebone, St. Pancras, Hampstead, St. John's Wood, and Hendon in 1885, which was attributed to the use of milk from a certain dairy. Full and interesting details of the investigations which were made into the matter are given in this book. The suspected dairy, which was at Hendon, was found to be in a good hygienic condition, and there had been no cases of scarlet fever in its neighbourhood for a long time previously. The outbreak occurred soon after the introduction into the dairy of three newly-purchased cows, one of which had small vesicles and ulcers on its udder and teats. The cow continued to give its usual yield of milk and did not show any particular signs of illness, but the affection spread rapidly among the other cows in the same shed. Sixty-three barn-gallons of milk were returned to the dairy, with an intimation that the Marylebone Health Officer suspected that milk from this place had been causing scarlatina in the neighbourhood. The whole of the liquid was given to the pigs, and orders were issued that the milk from the shed occupied by the cows with the ulcerated udders should be thrown into a pit. Poor neighbours begged for it, only to be refused by the owners of the dairy; but one or two of the cowmen gave it to them, thinking it "a pity to waste it." About a week afterwards scarlatina broke out in six families that had been supplied with this milk. It is almost as interesting to inquire whether scarlatina may be communicated to human beings by horses as whether it can be communicated to them by cattle. Turning for a moment from Messrs. Gresswell's book to other works, we find that Dr. Copland, in his *Medical Dictionary*, goes so far as to say "that scarlatina was originally a disease of the horse," "that it was communicated in comparatively modern times from horses to man," and "that it may be, and has been, communicated also to the dog." Professor Williams, on the contrary, in his *Principles and Practice of Veterinary Medicine*, says:—"I have seen numbers of horses suffering from it, but in no case did it exhibit any tendency to spread by contagion or infection; and I am of opinion that it is impossible to transmit it from the horse to any other animal." Dr. Albert Gresswell thinks that not only the germs of scarlet fever, but also those of typhoid fever and diphtheria, as well as other maladies, can be conveyed to human beings through the agency of milk. There is a double danger of this; for, in the first place, it is at least possible that a disease to which cows are subject may be communicated by them to another animal; and, in the second, germs of a disease from which cattle are exempt "may be conveyed to milk by means of the contact of that fluid with the exhalations of patients" as well as "by the addition of water into which some infective excretion has been accidentally introduced in consequence of faulty drainage or other hygienic defects or shortcomings." It is well known that milk is a liquid peculiarly adapted to the development and multiplication of germs, and Dr. Gresswell calls it "that most nutritious, but yet at times most dangerous, article of diet"; adding that "it is in all cases a very wise precaution to raise the temperature of that fluid to just below boiling-point, and to keep it at that temperature for some little time, since this is said to be sufficient to kill the streptococci of scarlet fever, if they be present therein." If this be needful, it seems to us that those who live in constant terror of streptococci had better drink nothing but intoxicating fluids.

We are great admirers of that excellent book *King Solomon's Mines*; but it was a surprise to us to find it cited as an authority on a point of farriery. The passage in question relates to the inoculation of Zulu cattle for pneumonia. The following is a mere fragment from the very lengthy quotation made from that work:—"This is done by cutting a slit in the tail of an ox, and binding in a piece of the diseased lung of an animal which has died of the sickness." It is then stated that the beast takes the disease in a mild form, and that the tail drops off about a foot from the root. Dr. Gresswell tells us that this method used formerly to be practised in England, but that one or other of the milder forms of inoculation is now adopted; and he himself recommends the use of a small seton, made of thick white worsted and soaked in fluid obtained from the lung of an ox suffering from the first stage of a mild attack. It should be applied through the under surface of the tail. This system is followed by Mr. Rutherford of Edinburgh. Professor Williams would only scarify the skin of the tail slightly, and inject one drop of the fluid.

The Messrs. Gresswell inform us that, although foot-and-mouth disease usually affects ruminants, "it may break out in any warm-blooded animal, being met with not only in cattle and sheep, but also in swine, dogs, poultry, and even human beings are not secure against invasion." We have never had the privilege of meeting a human being invaded with foot-and-mouth disease; but we can well believe that he would be a pitiable object. It has not yet been "definitely proved that human tuberculosis can be produced by eating tubercular flesh"; but "it is at least very probable that it can arise in this way. The differences between the two diseases, human and bovine tuberculosis, seem to be very slight." In the opinion of the author, it is dangerous to use the milk of tuberculous cows. Dr. Fleming also thinks that it is not safe to use either the milk or the flesh of tuberculous oxen, if the disease is advanced, and that any part of a body in which tubercles are actu-

* *The Diseases and Disorders of the Ox; with some Account of the Diseases of the Sheep.* By George Gresswell. *With Additions on Human and Comparative Pathology.* By Dr. Albert Gresswell. London: Allen & Co. 1889.

ally present should be avoided like poison. Yet Mr. Gresswell tells us that there are few cows or oxen that have been kept in cow-sheds for some time, and milked in the ordinary way, that are not tainted with tuberculosis. Anthrax, again, is another complaint to which men as well as cattle are thought to be subject by many authorities, and it is stated that "in 1617 the malady was of so fatal a type that over 60,000 people died round Naples from eating the flesh of animals which had died of the disease." In France, anthrax is known as *Charbon*, in Germany it is called *Miltz-brand*, in Central Asia it is known as the *Loodianah disease*, in the United States as the *Texas fever*, and in Australia as the *Cumberland disease*. Reference is made to anthrax in the Scriptures as the "grievous murrain and blains which afflicted man and beast in the days of the captivity of the children of Israel." "Anthrax also may have been the cause whereby the army of Sennacherib the Assyrian met with total extermination in one night (2 Chron. xxxii. 21)." This disease seems to be on the increase in England, partly, perhaps, through the present system of forced feeding, and possibly from too much in-and-in breeding—so, at least, thinks Mr. Gresswell. With regard to the even more deadly scourge of cattle-plague, we read that what is termed benignant cattle-plague is usually to be found in Eastern Europe. In those regions it appears to have lost much of its power; but, when it is propagated in other countries, it assumes the malignant type, as some of us have good cause to remember. Even the mildest of mild cases of benignant cattle-plague, imported from the East, may generate the malady among the cattle of other countries in its most deadly form. "With regard to treatment, no veterinarian would recommend that any should be tried if the disease should again break out in England." It is generally admitted that pigs, poultry, and cats are subject to diphtheria; but, although he considers it probable, the author is by no means certain that cattle and sheep are ever attacked by it. Two other matters he also thinks doubtful; the first is whether the foliage of the yew-tree is only poisonous when in a dry condition, and the second is whether ergot of rye so often brings about the ill effects attributed to it as is commonly supposed. The latter doubt, it may be remembered, was strongly expressed in *Stephens's Book of the Farm*, which was lately reviewed in this journal. Mr. Gresswell says, however, that in countries where rye-bread is much eaten, ergot sometimes is present in large quantities in the flour, and that "very alarming symptoms, and even death, may result therefrom among human subjects." Both sheep and oxen are subject to tetanus. Bromide of potassium is the remedy here suggested, and it is probably the best, although we have known prussic acid to produce marvellous cures. The story of Jenner's discovery of vaccination is too well known to bear quotation here; but some people may not be aware that six condemned felons were pardoned by George I. on condition that they should submit to be inoculated.

A large portion of a work on the diseases of sheep and oxen must necessarily be devoted to descriptions of parasites and their cures. Valuable and important as is this part of the book, it would be an unpleasant one to discuss here. The description of delirium in cattle and sheep reminds us that, when a valuable sow was very ill, we asked the "vet." how she was going on. "Sir," said he with great gravity, "she is wandering." In conclusion, we wish to praise the "Bovine Formulary," or index of the diseases of oxen, with prescriptions for each, at the end of the book, which, we should add, has a good index of the ordinary kind as well. We should be glad to see the "Bovine Formulary" brought out in the form of a small book for the pocket. It is clear, concise, and practical, and it would make a very convenient handbook of reference for the kind of practitioner who is sometimes known among illiterate rustics by the terribly suggestive title of the "furrier."

NEW LAW BOOKS AND EDITIONS.*

MR. CHAN-TOON is a young gentleman of Oriental extraction who made himself famous for a day or two, it may be a year ago, by gaining an unprecedented number of studentships, scholarships, and the like, at the Middle Temple, and otherwise showing himself to be exceedingly proficient in the art of passing examinations. He appears at that time to have published a pamphlet which "well-meaning friends" tried hard to induce him to enlarge into a book. They have succeeded, as well-meaning friends so often do. The volume was written "with a view of guiding beginners in the law who had not been influenced to neglect the study of jurisprudence prior to reading English law from an arbitrary standpoint." The introduction takes the form of an essay upon "the importance of relative studies." Their importance is illustrated by examples "taken from various matters of thought because they all point to the truth of the principles here contended." In knowledge "one department may be the kindred of another." For instance, nobody can deny that medicine and law are to some extent connected, as witness the recent delivery at the Middle Temple of lectures on what Mr. Chan-Toon describes as "*Toxicology*, or the legal aspect of poisons." "The Bishop of Chester, otherwise known to us as Dr. Stubbs," has ventured upon the similar generalization that for the adequate study of history it is not amiss to know something of religion and something of law. Therefore "what I [Mr. Chan-Toon] complain of is the abrupt demarcation of the sciences, thereby losing sight of the idea of necessity and convenience. From this it results, therefore, the want of confidence in studies beyond one's own, and the consequent loss of aid that would otherwise be obtained." The wise man knows that "Geology can be of assistance to Statistics in explaining the causes of the prevalence of a particular class of crimes in one part of a country and its entire absence in another part," and even "Science has been effective in correcting the belief in fanciful and imaginative superstitions." Therefore all departments of human knowledge should be each other's handmaids, so much so that it is not well even to distinguish too definitely which is which; for "When hard distinctions are made, they aggravate perseverance and defy solution of problems which depend on foreign ideas for elucidation." When we get to the substance of what Mr. Chan-Toon has to say about jurisprudence, it is much less novel and interesting than the beauties of the introduction would lead us to expect. Mr. Chan-Toon has perused and extracted from the works of Blackstone, Bentham, Austin, Maine, Stephen, and very many other writers, and he collates their sentiments nicely enough; but when he is thus employed he is ten times less amusing and a hundred times less instructive than when he is doing original work, such as the reflections of which the introduction consists. For it is, as Mr. Chan-Toon says in the course of his volume about something else, a "result appropriate of fruitful investigation" to observe what are the sort of mental qualities which may carry a man triumphantly through any number of examinations, and how brilliant are the results of really effective study under the auspices of the Council of Legal Education. Therefore it is better to study Mr. Chan-Toon's own speculations than his commentary upon other people's, and it is a thing to be thankful for that Mr. Chan-Toon was not "influenced to neglect" the importance of relative studies prior to learning English "from an arbitrary standpoint."

It is only across the Western wave that they begin prefaces of law books like this:—"It chanced some time ago that my Elements of the Law of Torts found favour in the instruction of the Law School of the University of Cambridge, and that not long afterwards a suggestion came to me over sea, from those who had been using the book there, to prepare an English edition of it. More to say were needless. The University Press undertook the work; the result is here." The result is not so bad as it would probably be if an English author had begun by expressing himself in this sentimental fashion. The best part of the book, in our judgment, is the introduction, in which Dr. Bigelow indicates his view of the subject of torts generally in a manner so compendious, and yet so clear, as to leave the student no excuse for not having in his mind a good foundation of principle on which to erect an edifice of familiarity with the leading features of the law of torts. Like other authors who have treated of the subject, Dr. Bigelow professes his inability to supply any definition of a tort which will enable the man who knows and understands it to say at once, and without consulting authority, of any given act or omission whether or not it constitutes a tort. The nearest that he gets to a definition is, "A tort may be said to be a breach of duty, fixed by law, and redressible by a suit for damages." (It may be observed here that the only effect of the comma after "duty" is to make the sentence look as if it meant that not the duty, but the breach of it, was fixed by law.) As definitions go, and subject to Dr. Bigelow's explanations, this is rather a good one. The subject generally is divided by Dr. Bigelow, in accordance with a sort of inner light of his own, as follows. Torts may be classified according to the duties of which they are branches, and those duties are (1) the duty to refrain from fraud and malice; (2) certain absolute duties; (3) the duty to refrain from negligence. The "absolute" duties are those which do not in any way depend upon the state of the tortious person's mind, such as trespass. The classification is ingenious, and appears to be exhaustive. The treatise is really an American one, adapted for the use of English students, by the substitution of English for American authorities as a general rule. Unfortunately it is not an absolutely safe guide to English law, as it contains statements supported by American authorities, but incorrect so far as our law is concerned. For instance, it is said that in actions for malicious prosecution, "malice cannot be inferred from the mere proof of a want of probable cause," and an American case is cited in support of the proposition. The exact contrary is well-established law in England. A few blemishes like this, however,

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* *The Nature and Value of Jurisprudence.* By Chan-Toon, Barrister-at-Law, of the Middle Temple. Second (enlarged) edition. London: Reeves & Turner. 1889.

Elements of the Law of Torts: a Text-Book for Students. By Melville M. Bigelow, Ph.D., Lecturer in the Law School of the University of Boston, U.S.A. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1889.

The Law of Tithes and Tithe Rent Charge. By Edward Fairfax Studd, M.A., B.C.L., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1889.

The Law relating to Local Rates, comprising the Statutes in full and a Digest of 718 Cases. By George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and late an Assistant-Boundary Commissioner for England and Wales. Second edition. London: Stevens & Sons. 1889.

The Law and Practice under the Patents, Designs, and Trade-Marks Acts, 1883-88. By William Norton Lawson, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Second edition, enlarged. London: Butterworths. 1889.

Suggestions for the Amendment of the Law relating to Weights and Measures. New edition, enlarged. London and Birmingham: W. & T. Avery

matter the less as the book is one for the use of students almost exclusively. For them its clearness, neatness of statement, and freedom from unnecessary detail can hardly fail to make it valuable.

Mr. E. F. Studd has written a nice little book about tithes, being moved thereto by having observed that, while a good deal has been recently said about tithes, "there seems to be an astonishing and widespread absence of accurate knowledge" of the law and history of the subject. Mr. Studd is easily astonished. A widespread presence of accurate knowledge on any subject a fiftieth part as intricate as tithes and tithe rent-charge would be something to be astonished at. In the heroic, but probably vain, hope of narrowing the spread of ignorance about the law of tithes, Mr. Studd has written his account of it, wherein he seeks to expound "the history and present position of the law in a popular form." With the history and so much of the law as is "practically obsolete" Mr. Studd allows that he has "dealt superficially," while he has attempted "to treat exhaustively the present law" in the hope "that the book may prove useful to the profession as well as the general public." These are two stools between which there is much risk of falling, and unhappily it cannot be confidently asserted that Mr. Studd has acquired a really firm seat on both or either. He is, however, nearer to professional than to popular success, which is as it should be. His volume is not amusing, and would probably be the worse for it if it were. At the same time it is hardly adequate to the subject. It may be remarked that, however "obsolete" the old law of tithe may be, it is seldom possible to give trustworthy advice on a question of tithe without somewhat profound antiquarian research. Still Mr. Studd's statement of the existing statute law on the subject is fairly good as far as it goes, and may possibly be found useful in practice.

Mr. G. F. Chambers's *Law relating to Local Rates*, of which the second edition is now before us, is a modest sort of work. He describes it not as a treatise on rating, but as "simply a book of reference on the Statute Law and Cases" relating to the subject, and also incidentally as "a Repertory of Legal Information relating to Local Finance." It consists first of statutes and bits of statutes printed without comment or annotation, and secondly of a list of very curt head-notes of cases, which Mr. Chambers calls a Digest, and which differs from the works usually so described in being almost without arrangement, and entirely without anything more to guide the reader in his search for information than headings not repeated on the ensuing pages. If it were a first edition we should say with confidence that it would not help anybody much, but as it is the second it must be presumed that it has been found to be of use.

The second edition of Mr. W. N. Lawson's *Patents, Designs, and Trade-Marks Acts* contains the principal Act, that of 1883, the ancillary Acts of 1885, 1886, and 1888, all the rules now extant that have been made under those Acts, and the "International Convention for the Protection of Industrial Property" of 1883, to which Great Britain has subsequently adhered. There is also an appendix containing a moderate number of forms. The Acts are very fully and carefully annotated, and the edition altogether appears to be a good one.

There is no person to whom money is of any consequence who is not interested in weights and measures, and there are probably very few who take any interest in them. It is apparent on the face of things that it is of importance for all commercial purposes that the use of weighing-machines, weights, or measures which are inaccurate either by design or by misfortune, should be made as nearly impossible as circumstances permit. A slim pamphlet, bound in cloth, is published on this subject by Messrs. W. and T. Avery, who discourse modestly and sensibly of the present administration of the existing law. They certainly—if their statement of facts is at all accurate—demonstrate the existence of defects, and suggest what look like efficient remedies. The great fault to be cured is the lack of uniformity of practice among district inspectors, the same machine which inspectors in some districts advise being habitually made a ground of prosecution by inspectors in other districts. It is urged that by the appointment of travelling inspectors, and the strengthening of central authority, these divergences of practice might be removed, and the contention seems plausible enough. In any case, the Messrs. Avery's pamphlet deserves the careful attention of the Board of Trade and its advisers.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.*

IT augurs ill for the general success of a translation when it begins by misquoting the initials of the author. As is pretty well known, the name of Russia's greatest poet is Alexander Serguiévitch Pushkin, and we can only account for this translator's writing it otherwise by the fact that in Russian the letter C corresponds to the English S. In general, however, we protest against the hideous rendering of Russian proper names here adopted. This, perhaps, is a matter of taste and habit, but in this case betrays an ignorance of Russian history which does not inspire confidence.

The Captain's Daughter is a very charming tale of Russian military and social life, which, though it has been translated before into English, deserves to be pressed upon the attention of the public till its merits be properly recognized. The hero, Andrew Petrovitch Greeneff, or *Grineff*—we intend to stick to the usual phonetics—is the son of a country gentleman of Simbirsk, and, enrolled from his birth in the Semeonovski regiment of Guards, has, at the time when the narrative begins, attained the grade of sergeant. Of course the inevitable French "outchitel" is introduced: M. Beaupré, whom the translator will persist in calling *Bopré*, as if it were a Russian name. He is the counterpart of

> Monsieur l'Abbé, a starving Gaul,

who figures as Eugene Onéguine's tutor, and meets a similar fate; for when "youth's rebellious hour drew near"—

> Monsieur clean out of doors they chase;

a regular episode, it would seem, in the drama of Russian domestic life, in which it used to be customary for *paterfamilias* to seize the unfortunate "mossoo" when in a moment of temporary relaxation and forthwith to kick him out of the house. Exit "mossoo," and the hero is sent into the army under the care of Savelitch, his *dadka*, or male nurse, a most amusing character, and quite essentially Russian. He does not go, however, to St. Petersburg and the Guards, as he had anticipated, but is sent by his sagacious parent to Orenburg, where the general in command at once posts him to the fort of Bielagorsk, on the banks of the Ural, far away in the lonely steppe. It is commanded by old Captain Mironoff, the father of Masha, the Captain's Daughter. As a matter of course, the youth Grineff falls in love with her, and, as another matter of course, in the general absence of excitement he fights a duel with Lieutenant Shvabrin, another admirer of the solitary beauty of Bielagorsk. He is wounded through the officiousness of Savelitch, who, getting wind of the encounter, and hurrying with loud cries to "save" his master, by so doing momentarily distracts his attention from the adverse blade. As he is tended during illness by the charming Masha, Grineff's gratitude naturally prompts a declaration; his affection is reciprocated, but the consent of Grineff *père*, which Masha declares to be indispensable, cannot be obtained. At this juncture the great revolt of Pugatchoff (of which Pushkin was himself the historian) breaks out, and the little fort of Bielagorsk is surrounded by the Cossack leader's murderous hordes. Upon this striking episode in Russian history the plot is constructed. The fierce Pugatchoff's heart has been touched by an act of boyish generosity exercised by Grineff in his favour, who is thus able to soften the savage's heart, and not only to save his own neck from the rope, but to rescue Masha from dishonour, and place her in safety with his parents at Simbirsk. The whole of the foregoing narrative is interspersed with charming incidents illustrative of Russian life and character: its fidelity, good-nature, reverence, and single-hearted devotion to authority; though whether these good qualities have altogether survived the emancipation of 1861 may perhaps be open to doubt. Returning to the plot, the hero during his adventures has laid himself technically open to the charge of desertion, and, after the suppression of the revolt, he is summoned before a military tribunal to answer it. He has been denounced by the villain Shvabrin, who, actuated by love and jealousy, sided with the rebels and is in consequence led to execution. The same fate was in store for Grineff, since he refused to defend himself, fearing to compromise the name and fame of Masha. That damsel, who is now residing with the elder Grineffs at Simbirsk, undertakes a journey to St. Petersburg to save her imprisoned lover's life and reputation. In a delightfully related scene she meets the Empress Catherine *incognito* during an early morning promenade in the palace gardens. After due inquiry the imperial lady summons the girl to her presence, and grants her petition with the grace and charming condescension of which she was so perfect a mistress.

We think it is a pity that the translator should have undertaken the superfluous duty of expurgating Pushkin's novel: the poet's work never requires it. Sometimes this piece of folly seems due to prudery, sometimes to carelessness. For example, in the very first paragraph of the book the translator writes:—"From the time I was five years old I was handed over to the *ostler* Savelitch"; but why is the following sentence, which stands in the original, omitted, "Appointed for his sobriety as my guardian"? and wherefore *ostler*? Gentlemen do not keep *ostlers*, but *grooms*. This can scarcely be called a literal rendering of the original as promised on the title-page. Again, further on, the translator's sense of propriety prompted him to expunge a passage concerning the love escapades of M. Beaupré, though Mrs. Telfer, in *Russian Romance*, found it no stumbling-block. Again, a British officer is positively too modest to relate that the hero, passing through the town of Simbirsk, took rather more wine than was good for him, supped "at Arinushka's," and had to be led home to his quarters by a comrade of riper years, who, though he ought to have known better, assured the ensign that experiences like these were necessary in order to "accustom him to the service." We cannot refrain from mentioning one more instance of this absurd purism. On arrival at Orenburg, Grineff presents a letter of introduction from his father to the general commanding, an old comrade. The latter while reading it audibly pronounces certain phrases, as ". . . . Hm . . . your Excellency has not forgotten . . . Hm . . . now

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* *The Captain's Daughter.* A Novel. By A. C. Pooshkin. Translated by Stuart H. Godfrey, Bombay Staff Corps. London and Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co.

about a matter . . . Hm . . . and so forth." Will it be credited that ejaculations like the following have been ruthlessly cut out, "Hm . . . when . . . the late Field-Marshal Mün . . . campaigns also . . . *little Caroline* . . ."? when the General breaks in:—"Ah, old chap, you remember our old pranks, then!" A translator has no right whatever thus to emasculate other people's creations.

We have ventured to remark that the translator's phonetic system betrays ignorance of history, and certainly he has little knowledge of the German tongue. The famous Marshal Münnich figures here as Count Meeneekha; General Michelson as Meekhelsoff; Traubenberg as Traoobenberg; while, to crown all, Keestreen (Cüstrin) and Otchakoff are described in a foot-note as Turkish *forts* taken by the Russians! Shades of the Great Frederick and Münnich the "Hawk," spare the translator your nocturnal visits! Of downright errors we encounter not a few. Thus in the passage, p. 65, "When I remember that this occurred in my time, and that I have now lived to the *short* reign of the Emperor Alexander," we ought to read *benign* reign (*karotki*, short; *krotki*, benign). And at p. 22, where Grineff, to the horror of his "nurse," presents the then vagabond Pugatchoff with a hare-skin pelisse, and thereby earns his lasting gratitude, "the peasant immediately began to measure it" ought to be rendered "began to try it on."

RECENT VERSE.*

THE larger portion of Sir Edwin Arnold's memorial volume *In My Lady's Praise* is a reprint from a recent book, which is now appropriately associated with a dozen or more new poems written in honour of the late Lady Arnold. In "The Casket of Gems," a sequence of poems in rhymed quatrains arranged acrosticwise, the poet's fancy ranges with characteristic ease and buoyancy through many a rich field of legend and history, and does not disdain to add to the poetic garnering somewhat of the spoils of science. The chemist and the geologist may claim a share in the making of the "Casket." Into the fabric of his verse the poet has shaped, or re-set, the fair or fantastic, the mystical or magical, lore of precious gems, realizing in the discursive scheme of his poems the lines of Cowper:—

> Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets,
> Nectarian essences, Olympian dews,
> Æthereal journeyings, submarine exploits.

though without suggesting, it is fair to add, the image of Katerfelto, "with hair on end at his own wonders." Scientific facts are not often so skilfully wedded to poetic fancy as in the poem on opals and the operations of Nature's laboratory:—

> Mean rubbish of the road-heaps; silicates
> Which gather in chalk hollows, where, sea-bred,
> Millions of billions, tubes and tunicates
> Laid down their living shells, Nature's small dead.
>
> Who would have thought there should be use, or other
> Service, for such lost atoms of the main,
> When, sinking through the seas, they give the Mother
> Their tiny life-garbs to lay up again?
>
> But She, who hastes not, wastes not, scorns not—takes it,
> Each relic of her nameless children gone,
> Stores her sea-oozes with their spoil and makes it
> Chalk down or marble vein or quarry stone.

Of the amethyst there is the charming story from Ælian, charmingly told, of Heraclia and the grateful stork. The topaz suggests the legend of the miraculous restoration of sight to Theodosius; beryl and aquamarine call up a Lucianic vision of happy islands in the foamless seas. Perhaps the sum total of all the virtues attributed to jewels, including such talismans as jade, are surpassed by the magical properties of that wondrous garnet "hued like purple wine congealed," the possessor of which may, like Aladdin with the lamp, gratify the most extravagant wish. But in order to raise the slave of the stone, which, with the delicious vagueness of romance, we are told "lurks in Balkh, under the lower snows," it is necessary to use a certain formula, the immediate product of which is a red she-wolf, whose appearance is only too likely to petrify the young beginner in magic. On the whole, the most fascinating of these legends is the Persian fable that tells how Solomon was offered immortality in a ruby cup, and, while every creature urged him to drink, was saved from the fate of Tithonus by the wise yet cryptic warning of the turtle-dove, who had been overlooked by his councillors and intervened at the last moment. These old-world fancies are prettily handled by Sir Edwin Arnold. Here and there, it is true, the old man of science pops in; but he is never very troublesome, and once, at least—in some admirable stanzas on the making of opals (pp. 16, 17)—is a true ally of the poet. Written in other moods and a less ornate style are the remaining poems. Nothing could be more remote from the elaborate gem-poems of the "Casket" than the unadorned simplicity of the charming song "In Happy Days":—

> The harvest moon stands on the sea,
> Her shining rim's a-drip;
> She gilds the sheaves on many a lea,
> The sails on many a ship;
> Glitter, sweet Queen, upon the spray,
> And glimmer on the heather;
> Right fair thy ray to show the way
> Where lovers walk together.
>
> The red wheat rustles, and the vines
> Are purple to the root,
> And true love, waiting patient, wins
> Its blessed time of fruit;
> Lamp of all lovers, Lady-moon,
> Light these glad lips together
> Which reap alone a harvest sown
> Long ere September weather.

Moved by the "passionate pleasure" excited by Dr. Wharton's edition and version of *Sappho*, Michael Field has undertaken the "extension" of the antique fragments of song into "lyrical form." The enterprise is undoubtedly bold. It involves more than the attempt to sing the songs of Sappho in a strange tongue. "Extension," in this instance, implies either the lyrical completion of fragments that are often extremely slender and imperfect, however inspiring, or a process of expansion that must tend perilously towards diffuseness. The task is one that may well fall to a poet, though there is the ever-imminent danger of the intrusion of the artificer, with his modern method of elaboration and the premeditated art that is alien to lyrical poetry. "Lyrical form" is one thing, and readily attained; the spirit of the lyric is another, and by no means at the command of the poet with a set task such as this. Perhaps it is scarcely surprising that all of the seventy poems in *Long Ago* are not even lyrical in form. The most liberal or exhaustive definition of lyrical poetry cannot be said to comprehend a goodly number of Michael Field's extensions of Sappho, and slight, indeed, is their connexion with the Greek text, which supplies the theme or subject developed in the completed poem. The beauties of these poems are for the most part of the picturesque order, and the ingenuity and dexterity of the modern craftsman are sufficiently apparent. Altogether, we are impressed by the poet's skilled artistry and essentially modern forms of expression, rather than swayed responsive to the lyrical emotion. The address to Aphrodite, suggested by one of the most ardent and the most perfect of the Sapphic lyrics, is grievously marred by these lines:—

> For me the trembling boy grows honey-pale,
> While for the mighty
> Fervours of Phaon's breast, without avail
> My mad heart prays.

There is disillusion, too, in the grotesque expression of Sappho's aspiration while witnessing the choral rites of the virgins of Artemis:—

> O moon, be fair to me as these,
> And my regretful passions ease;
> Restore to me my only good,
> My maidenhood, my maidenhood!

Better representatives of the poet's lyrical powers than the more ambitious strains that treat of the "fearful mastery of love," in what purport to be the fearless, unashamed outpourings of Sappho, are the songs of simpler form and wider scope and application. Here is an excellent example of Michael Field's singing capacity:—

> Spring's messenger we hail,
> The sweet-voiced nightingale;
> She sings where ivy weaves
> Blue berries with dark leaves.
>
> * * *
>
> The glades are soft with dew,
> The chestnuts bud anew,
> The fishers set their sails
> To undelusive gales.
>
> The shepherd's pipe is heard,
> The villages are stirred
> To shout the wine-god's praise,
> And jest in rural ways.
>
> Then breaks the piercing note
> From Philomel's wild throat,
> Passion's supremest pain
> That may not hope again.
>
> * * *
>
> Ah, woe is me! I learn,
> When light and flowers return,
> Love's anguish, cark and care;
> Its infinite despair
>
> Comes back, and makes me mad,
> Telling how all is glad;
> Then swell the throb, the wail,
> The want, O nightingale!

Battle and After is a curious specimen of the "poem with a purpose," Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt's purpose being the illustration of a spiritual law, analogous to the law of gravitation, by which

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* *In My Lady's Praise: Poems Old and New.* By Sir Edwin Arnold, M.A., &c. London: Trübner & Co. 1889.

Long Ago. By Michael Field. London: George Bell & Sons. 1889.

Battle and After. By R. St. John Tyrwhitt. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Poems. By Horace Smith. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Verse-Musings on Nature, Faith, and Freedom. By John Owen. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

Idylls of the Home. By Harry Douglas. London: Spencer Blackett. 1889.

Told in a City Garden: Tales and Lyrics. By Eastwood Kidson. London: Elliot Stock. 1889.

the souls of men, whether they be "full of disobedience and crime, or the contrary," are irresistibly impelled towards the centre of the spiritual life—the Maker and the Judge. The poet admits that the operation of man's free-will must modify the action of this law, though no modification can suspend it or render it ineffectual. In *Battle and After* the poetic exposition falls far short of the spiritual significance of the theme. We are not at all concerned about the orthodoxy of Mr. Tyrwhitt's speculation, which, he is advised, is "harmless in a doctrinal point of view," and have only to consider the fragmentary lyrical drama in which its elucidation is attempted. This, we are compelled to find, is a cheerless undertaking. The poem is composed of choruses of spirits, depressingly commonplace in structure and diction, and some rather dusky discourse between a celestial "Guide" and the emancipated spirit of "Thomas Atkins, late sergeant, Grenadier Guards," slain at the fight of Abu Klea. Mr. Tyrwhitt's failure is, after all, deserving of no severity of censure, for it is doubtful if there be more than one poet living capable of an imaginative treatment of so transcendental a theme.

Mr. Horace Smith's volume appears to be made up of new verse and old. There is much freshness and melody in the poetry of the shorter lyrics, though in none is there much revelation of a vigorous or imaginative personality. Perhaps the most notable poems are the blank verse narratives, "Abel Andrews" and "Memories," which reproduce the idyllic manner of the Poet Laureate not unhappily:—

> Old Abel Andrews, sitting in the sun
> Outside the Haycock Inn I saw, and turned
> To greet him. Hale and honest, double-chinned,
> Red-faced, and open-hearted, stout and true.
> A jovial burly nature, mixed with gleams
> Of tender kindliness, rough in the rind,
> Yet soft and sweet within, old Andrews lived
> A quiet life as landlord of the Inn.
> * * * * *
> "'Tis not so fine this year, sir, not so bright
> As I could wish; for last October, sir,
> I could not mind the brewing as I used,
> And so the ale was spoiled by other folk.
> You mind young Annie Clayton of the farm
> Up yonder on the hill, among the elms,
> She died, sir, last October." Then he paused,
> And I, "Indeed, I had not heard—how came 't?"
> "Well, well, the tale is sad enough!" he said,
> "Some folks will say hard things; but I say, No!
> Mayhap her foot slipped as she crossed the bridge."

Distinctly literary is the inspiration of *Verse-Musings*, though the source is not always directly indicated as in the series "Quotations and Comments." In these the poet takes a text from some favourite author, and holds forth as one who expounds to the multitude. Mr. Owen may be a thoughtful writer, though he does not seem to possess adequate gifts of expression and concentration. His method can only be acceptable to persons who think that poetry can be written at will by any one who has learned the trick of verse-making. The most daring effort in the volume is an "Ode to the Skylark," from which we cull this pretty feat of mimicry:—

> I mark thy rhythmic glee,
> Ti-ra-lee, ti-ra-lee, ti-ra-lee,
> In triplets trippingly;
> Then trā-tă-ră, trā-tă-ră-lee,
> In rhythmical dactylic melody,
> Tit-ăr-ă-lee-lee; tit-ăr-ă-lee-lee,
> Swiftest dactyle expanding to spondee,
> Myriad numbers with measures blend freely.

Idylls of the Home is a narrative poem, with fair interspaces of reflective moralizing, in blank verse that is somewhat too smooth and unvaried, though altogether fully up to the standard of the minor poet's execution. The picture of love in a cottage "full hard upon the verge of Paradise," in Mr. Douglas's Idylls, is full of pretty touches of art, though our charmed contemplation is now and again startled by some bravery of phrase or far-strained simile that little befits the poet's subject. Let Mr. Douglas only be natural, forget the "poet's diapason," and yearn no longer to "drain Apollo's harp-strings of their harmonies," and he may produce idylls of a purer order of art than these.

Mr. Kidson's volume includes several examples of the versified story, none of which gains greatly by not being told in prose. As an artist in landscape the poet shows favourably in "Poppy Grange," a story that is not unskilfully planned, though in its main incident a good deal incredible. Only in a poem or novel could "the law's all-confident minions" play such pranks as Mr. Kidson sanctions in this poem. Surely, too, it is not the voice of nature we hear when the wife of a yeoman or squire thus refers to the loss of her son:—

> Come, Lawrence, talk to me, and give me hope
> Concerning our lost Mark. 'Tis hard to cope
> With sorrow in forced silence, to be dumb
> As marble Niobe, when voices come
> From mute and senseless things which speak of him,
> Reproaching our unnatural silence grim.

To make a poem of a story is a greater and rarer achievement than the young bards of the day appear to imagine. Easy may be the devising of the tale; in the transmuting process lies one of the most strenuous tests of the poet's art.

TWO BOOKS ON ART.*

MRS. STRANAHAN'S *History of French Painting* is one of those fortunate books that come just when they are wanted, and are neither too ambitious nor too full for their purpose. Much attention has been paid of late to French painting. Many artists of merit in every country have been educated in France. Moreover, to France is due a revival in landscape art and in the technique of painting of all kinds. A history of painting, then, that is to satisfy the real demands of the day must deal before all with the art of this century. The material of this part of history until Mrs. Stranahan brought it together was scattered in magazines, letters, lectures, and foreign notices of particular men and schools. Mrs. Stranahan has collected information very carefully from all sources, and has shaped it to fit a general account of the movement of the century. It has been no easy and no small task to cut down the voluminousness of individual memoirs or particular criticism to the comparative importance required in her scheme of history; to pair off the conflicting partialities of various writers and critics, and so obtain something like the truth; to walk circumspectly amidst the clamour of contemporary quarrels, and fairly note the merits of the vanquished as well as the conquering school. The author has performed her task with judgment, modesty, and wakeful conscientiousness. She has not trusted to her own feelings, prejudices, or knowledge. Where their opinions have been recorded, she has let artists speak for themselves. She has embodied the æsthetic views of all parties in plain language, free from personal gush and sentiment; and, although one may divine the direction of her own tastes, one admires all the more the candour with which she has put forward the claims and explained the intentions of unsympathetic schools. Nearly three-quarters of the book are devoted to the nineteenth century; and it is by the success of the modern division that Mrs. Stranahan's work must be judged. The earlier centuries have been treated better, more fully, and with closer sympathy by other authors. As far as we know, Mrs. Stranahan is the only one who has given a complete, succinct, and duly proportioned account of French painting in our own age. And the history of modern French painting since David is the history of art in this century, or the best part of it. This History will be chiefly used as a reference-book by writers, artists, dealers, amateurs, &c. To make it thoroughly serviceable to such persons the index at the end should be fuller and more correct. Every name that appears in the book, whether in the small or large print, should also appear in the index. Many names of importance—such as Falguière and E. Delaunay—are not to be found in the index. The author, rightly or wrongly, has not considered them worthy of separate notice. They occur only in lists arbitrary in arrangement and not easily consulted. Again, for instance, we find in the index the name Danton; turning up the page indicated, we find him in a list with Duez, Gervex, Bastien-Lepage, Dagnan-Bouveret, and other modern men of note. Now there may be such a painter; but he is certainly not of such consequence as Dantan, whose name does not appear in the index, and whose work is of a sort to entitle him to be mentioned with the artists named. As this book does not pretend to eloquence or originality of view, all the more care should have been taken to make it valuable as a book of reference and dictionary of French art. In a subsequent edition it would be well, not only to enlarge the index, but to print and arrange the very valuable list of painters in a form clearer and more easy to consult. This is the more necessary as the classification of painters of the nineteenth century is extremely difficult. No one could guess under which head to look for certain painters. Perhaps any possible arrangement would have been open to the charge of vagueness; all the more reason to use every resource of type and arrangement to guide one among such divisions and subdivisions as Classic, Romantic, Classic-Romantic, Neo-Classic, Naturalistic, Orientalist, Landscape, Semi-Classic or Historic, Historical Genre, Rustic Genre, Figures in elevated style, Sympathetic Genre, Landscape and Marine, Impressionists, and one or two more. Some of these divisions are based on difference of manner, others on difference of subject, and so on. The importances of division and subdivision are scarcely maintained. Probably the author intended to make subjects rule the divisions and manner the subdivisions, but the intention has not been uniformly carried out. We do not wish to criticize the author's application of the names of schools—that would mean an essay on the terms Classic, Romantic, Naturalistic, &c. The distinctions are unfortunately vague, and have been applied sometimes to subject and sometimes to style. We only suggest that a clearer arrangement, under fewer and more distinct heads, would improve an already excellent book. It is baffling to find Millet buried in a corner for the sake of a Rustic Genre, or Decamps stowed away with a single companion, Marilhat, in order to provide Period II. with an Oriental compartment. Corot and Français, by the way, are as Classic as they are natural; indeed, they may be called Neo-Classic quite as justly as Gleyre, Couture, Hamon, &c.; yet they are both, perhaps

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* *A History of French Painting, from its Earliest to its Latest Practice, including an Account of the French Academy of Painting, its Salons, Schools of Instruction, and Regulations.* By C. H. Stranahan. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1889.

The Enchanted Island; The Venice of Titian, and other Studies in Art. By Wyke Bayliss, F.S.A., President of the Royal Society of British Artists. London: Allen & Co.

unavoidably, under the class Naturalist of Period II. But chief among the Naturalists of Period I. is H. Vernet; now the naturalism of Vernet is most unlike the quality so called to be found in Corot. Cochereau, who painted "L'Atelier de David," in the Louvre, was much more of a naturalist, or realist if you will, than Vernet; but we cannot find him in this book. The question arises whether by Classic you mean a painter of classic subjects, a painter in the traditions of David, a painter in the traditions of old masters of the culminating schools, or any painter who uses form and colour in the service of broad and serious decoration; whether by Naturalist you mean a man who paints every day subjects in any style, a man not concerned with decoration, but with natural character of forms and colours, or a man chiefly occupied with showing real light as seen on objects at certain focuses. There is no uniformity in the way these terms are used, and Mrs. Stranahan's work does nothing to determine their meaning. But those who read her book will be, for the most part, people who have their own views on these questions, and the only faults they will have to find with Mrs. Stranahan will be a want of clear and evident headings and too many long lists, so jammed together that the eye cannot easily disengage the names from the text. Full accounts of the French Academy, the Institute, the Beaux Arts, the annual salons, the system of rewards, and a careful history of the changes of constitution of these bodies, renders the work peculiarly interesting to students.

Some people will like Mr. Wyke Bayliss's book *The Enchanted Island*. They will call it elevating, and will take to themselves great merit because they have not been depressed by the fine vagueness of the preacher, his endless allegory, and his panting pursuit of the stalest sirens of sentiment. Among his admirers will be no one who likes things said straightly and with as little of the fume and vapour of art cant as is possible, no one who refuses to mistake the figure for the thing figured; no one who prefers clearness to mystification, sense to singularity, and information to moral advice. Mr. Wyke Bayliss could tell us something about art; but unfortunately that is not his really heartfelt desire. He has read a good deal of many books, chiefly poetical, and his wish is to plant a few phrases and metaphors that he is in love with; for he is a most unhappy victim to words. If he finds it possible to attach one of these figurative expressions by any slender connexion to a real thing, he instantly considers the expression and the thing as the same, and proceeds to argue from one to the other. The method is one well known of late since art has fallen into popular discussion. The word purity favours this purpose. It can be applied to many things not related to one another even in the most distant connexion, as, for instance, pencil lines, water, and the domestic hearth, the latter whether understood metaphorically or directly. Then many terrible moral lessons can be held up to the artist or the town surveyor, though only in the case of the former would any one be fool enough to attach importance to the sermon. Mr. Wyke Bayliss is too curious in research to content himself with such cheap performance as this. He immerses you and himself in a whole chapter of strained and long-drawn allegory, till neither can know the ground of his preaching or what is real and what is imagined. It is a pity that art has become a vehicle for moral reflection. It ceases to be the consolation of mankind; that field where every one might throw up their caps and enjoy a holiday. But we may yet hope; even thus was jam prostituted in the conveyance of Gregory's Mixture, and yet jam is triumphant. Our age is, unhappily, sententious and a victim of phrases and tall talk. Even the once irresponsible artist is become concerned about his neighbours' views, and the clown and ballet-dancer itch to thump the pulpit. Naturally, then, the professional who deals in words cannot be kept from new fields of metaphor and illustration. To find sermons in stones may have been safe enough in Shakspeare's time; but the intractable stubbornness of modern geology makes the game dangerous nowadays; and so art is the favourite vehicle for conveying gush, fads, and discontent with one's neighbours' morals. Even the speakers at the Art Congress at Liverpool regarded art, not only as a minister to spiritual wants and fit medicine for a mind diseased, but as a universal panacea for all evil. The prescription seemed to be—Mix purity, virtuous indignation, a faint spice of allusion to brass work; dilute according to taste with Religion or Socialistic fads, and label Art, to be taken in and out of season. The end of Mr. Bayliss's book is even more wearisome than the beginning. Many pages are devoted to parallel passages from Professor Palgrave's *Decline of Art* and Mr. Bayliss's *Witness of Art*. This is to dispute with Mr. Palgrave the possession of such common property in ideas as "To the Greeks, it is hardly too much to say, the world owes the creation of the Beautiful—that first and last word in art." "The fine arts, which are always the expression of their age, changed with it." "The sense of beauty belonged to the Greek race," &c.

TWO FOLK-LORE BOOKS.*

MISS SMITH is an enthusiast "on" her subject, to use a phrase of her own. She writes about gipsy poetry, and remarks that some of it is perhaps in terseness and expressiveness equal to anything in the whole circle of Gentile poetry. Miss Smith may not find all her readers of the same mind. Her pretty little book contains examples of gipsy music, and a great many extracts from Ouida, Mr. Groome, Mr. Leland, Longfellow, Miss Strettell, Mr. Keary, and the Songs which Scott put into the mouth of Meg Merrilies. On the whole, we gain from Miss Smith's compilation the idea that gipsy poetry is, as a rule, the popular poetry of the country where the gipsies happen to find themselves. Occasionally, as in Spain and Hungary, there is a wild nomadic sentiment:—

> I a gipsy child was born,
> Of a mother all forlorn;
> In the long grass I was lain (*sic*),
> None baptized me but the rain.

But in several cases Miss Smith might almost as well have quoted Mr. Matthew Arnold's poem "To a Gipsy Child" as some of the pieces she has inserted. What is gipsy in this?—

> Dans votre humeur coquette
> Vous me contez fleurette.
> Ah! que vous seriez obligeant
> Si vous me comptiez de l'argent.
>
> In your mischievous coquetry
> You ask the flower petals of my love—
> Ah! how obliging you would be
> If you would count me out some money.

The translation *donne furieusement à penser*. "Johnny Fa," again, is more a ballad about gipsies than a gipsy ballad. Miss Smith mentions that she has not visited Yetholm, as she hears that the gipsies there have become settled in "neat cottages," disproving the proverb "No washing will turn the gipsy white"—a saying attributed to Ferdousi. It appears that the Scotch gipsies still sing the ballad of "Hughie the Graeme," but nobody pretends that they composed it, nor the ballad of "Hugh of Lincoln," which has been taken down from the recitation of a negro child in New York. Miss Smith's book, to be brief, is mainly a compilation, and at second hand. It is not uninteresting, but is purely popular, and of no value for anything like serious study of gipsy verse. In fact, one would imagine, on the evidence of this work, that the gipsy taste in song is local, not characteristic of the race, though there may be a preference for songs of adventure. Miss Smith is so indifferent to accuracy that she vaguely quotes "a French novel whose name and author I have entirely forgotten," and cites a song from this valuable source. This is clearly not the right way of collecting and editing popular songs.

Mr. Clouston's collection of *Eastern Romances and Stories* is, of course, a much more valuable work. The stories are from Persian, Tamil, and other sources; they are long, and copiously decorated in the Eastern taste. A man hears "a pleasing tale" in a bazaar, he "adorns it with flowers of rhetoric," he places it in a moral setting, and the result is such romances as Mr. Clouston publishes with notes. The stories are popular material, dressed up in robes of Oriental state. Instead of saying "There was a rich man," these tedious people write "The caravan of his good fortune had for a long time travelled in the lands of success; the hand of detriment was never extended towards the skirts of his wealth; nor did the Simúm of loss and misfortune ever blow in the gardens of his prosperity, so that he passed all his days in the cradle of happiness and content." After a few pages of this stuff, the Western jaws are extended in the yawn of tedium, and the Western head sleeps in the cradle of lassitude. The wickedness of women, the malice of men, the impossibility of resisting Fate are among the topics which the tales are made to illustrate. The Oriental mind can rarely tell a plain tale, but must drag in pearls of rhetoric and sapphires of edification. Mr. Clouston says little about the disputed questions of the origin of popular tales:—"All that is now maintained by the so-called Benfey school is that many of the Western popular tales current orally, as well as existing in a literary form, during the mediæval times which are found in old Indian books reached Europe from Syria, having travelled thither from India through Persia and Arabia, and that this importation of Eastern fictions had been going on long before the first crusades." Mr. Clouston's grammar is hard to construe, "during the mediæval times which are found in old Indian books reached Europe from Syria"—we make no sense out of this. If Mr. Clouston means that many Oriental stories got into mediæval literature through a series of translations, his position is impregnable. But *popular* versions of many of those very tales had been current in the West, probably before Homer's time. Nothing proves that they came from the East, though late literary forms of them did arrive in Europe through various versions from the Sanskrit. But perhaps as to this proposition, too, Mr. Clouston "draws the finger of acquiescence over the face of content," like Hatim Tai. We confess that we are bored by húrí-like damsels who declare that "men are of weak intellect, and so fickle that they bestow every moment their affection on a new object. One eye needs not two pupils, and one scabbard cannot contain two swords. Let no one be thirsty in a river, nor wish for flowers in a garden." This is playing the bosh, or, in English, is "fiddlestick." Who will may pursue the adventures of the washerman, the painter, and the geomancer. Mr. Clouston's notes are the best part of the book, and show a wide knowledge of *Märchen*. For these we extend the hand of gratitude to the forehead of instruction; but as for the dismal moral legends, we shake the fist of indignation at the Oriental apologue of pedantic imbecility.

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* *Through Romany Songland.* By Laura Alexandrine Smith. London: Stott. 1889.

Eastern Romances and Stories. By W. A. Clouston. Privately printed. 1889.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE veteran chansonnier who now publishes *Nouvelles chansons* (1) is the very last survivor of his school. In M. Nadaud's verse there is scarcely a trace of the influence of 1830 (though he was but ten years old then), and he is hardly even a follower of Béranger so much as a junior boy in the school which Béranger himself captained under the tuition of Desaugiers and the elders. The reversion to this style (now that those which supplanted it, and which no doubt were at their best far loftier poetry, have dwindled down too often into maundering mannerism) is not unpleasant. It was perhaps not unnatural, though certainly we think unfortunate, that M. Nadaud should think it necessary to take notice in a preface of a spiteful bit of newspaper gossip revived from time to time, like all such things, in which Lamartine is said to have avenged himself for a fancied slight (Nadaud having obeyed a summons from the Princess Mathilde, thereby breaking an engagement with the poet) by an ill-tempered and insulting impromptu in which M. Nadaud was called a "chansonnier," *per invidiam*, and accused of frequenting the victors in preference to the vanquished. The matter is a trumpery one, and, though M. Nadaud himself comes quite scatheless out of it, Lamartine, while disavowing the actual verses, seems to have admitted a vexation which does not do much credit either to his good sense or his temper. The text of the book is a welcome change from pettinesses of this kind. M. Nadaud's verse is sometimes a little trivial, and very rarely has something, not of the *grivoiserie*, but of the coarseness, of the old *chanson*; but at his best he can do the thing excellently. Here, for instance, is a pastiche (songs of this particular kind are almost necessarily pastiches) which seems to us so good that we must make an exception to an almost necessary rule in this place and quote it:—

C'étaient trois hussards de la garde
Qui s'en revenaient en congé ;
Ils chantaient de façon gaillarde
Et marchaient d'un air dégagé.

"Je vais revoir celle que j'aime ;
C'est Margoton, dit le premier.
— C'est Madelon, dit le deuxième.
— C'est Jeanneton, dit le dernier."

Un homme était sur leur passage :
"Hé ! C'est Jean, le sonneur, je crois.
Quoi de nouveau dans le village ?
— Tout va toujours comme autrefois.

— "Et Margoton, notre voisine ?
— J'ai sonné ses vœux l'an dernier,
Car elle est sœur Visitandine
Dans le couvent de Noirmoutier.

— "Et Madelon ! toujours bien sage ?
— Oui dà. Pour elle j'ai sonné,
Voilà dix mois, son mariage,
Voilà dix jours, son premier né.

— "Et Jeanneton, dit le troisième,
Toujours heureuse ?—Ah ? sûrement :
Trois mois passés aujourd'hui même,
J'ai sonné son enterrement.

— "Sonneur, si tu vois Marguerite
Dans le couvent de Noirmoutier,
Dis-lui que je la félicite
Et que je vais me marier.

— "Sonneur, si tu vois Madeleine
Dans la maison de son époux,
Dis-lui que je suis capitaine
Et que je fais la chasse aux loups.

— "Sonneur, quand tu verras ma mère,
Va la saluer chapeau bas ;
Dis-lui que je suis à la guerre,
Et que je ne reviendrai pas."

Although there is nothing of the very first importance in the well-printed volume which contains the Memoirs of Count de Rochechouart (2), who was born the year before the outbreak of the French Revolution, and died in 1858, the book is by no means ill worth reading. M. de Rochechouart's date and connexions made it practically impossible for him to avoid serving, if he served at all, some foreign Power, and the hazard of the gambling-table more than anything else decided him to serve Russia. He had wished to do so, but had not money enough to reach the Czar's dominions; so he set aside two louis, resolving if he lost to go to Verona and enter the Austrian army, if he won to make for Poland; he did win, was taken up by Richelieu (then Duke of Fronsac, and a successful soldier of fortune in the Czar's service), and saw some not uninteresting service in the South of Russia, and then in the great campaigns which brought about the downfall of Napoleon. There is not much here that has to do with events later than 1815, and nothing that is dated after 1834. The whole is a fair "document"—one more for the painful historian to riddle, and not such a bad specimen for riddling.

One more volume has been added to the handy illustrated edition of M. Daudet's books. This time it is *Jack* (3), which would be a work of genius if a certain work called *David Copperfield* had not had the ill manners to precede it, which would be purely pathetic but for the unpleasant suspicion of the personalities which are M. Daudet's besetting sin in the sketches of "Les ratés," and which is in any case a very clever book. The illustrations are those curious smudgy lithograph vignettes which have been fashionable for a time, and which vary from rather good to intolerably bad.

M. L. Wuarin (4) begins with an allegory about the giant Mille-Bouches and the giant Amicopopolo, which is not the worst attempt that we have seen to write like Voltaire. Unluckily, the attempts to write like Voltaire (with very rare exceptions, such as *Ixion*, *The Infernal Marriage*, &c.) are generally classable in some degree or other of badness. However, this only concerns the preface. When M. Wuarin sets to work seriously to consult the purse of the *contribuable* and its interests, he is less ambitious, but hardly more judicious, as may be judged from the fact that he is for the election of magistrates, and that he wants to "interdire à tout élu du peuple des relations d'affaires personnelles avec les autorités au milieu desquelles il siège."

We have before us three philosophical, or physiologico-philosophical, books. M. Janet's (5) laborious and intelligent carrying out of a certain kind of psychological inquiry is well known, and his *Automatisme psychologique* is a respectable new instalment of it. It has been decided by many authorities that the late M. Guyau (6) was a very clever young man, and we are certainly not going to "fight a prize" by contesting it here. Certainly M. Guyau was a distinguished representative of his school—the school which tries to make a kind of science out of collecting, classifying, and commenting on a vast and heterogeneous assortment of literary quotations, popular ideas, observed facts or suppositions—in short, the school of Mr. Herbert Spencer. M. Guyau's untiring eulogist, M. Alfred Fouillée, strikes a useful keynote by telling us that Guyau, compared with Mr. Spencer, gives "a more sociological theory of style considered as an instrument of sympathetic communication and æsthetic sociability." Those to whom this statement conveys some meaning will doubtless enjoy the work. M. Beaunis (7), frankly physiological, is to us, we own, the most attractive of the three.

We may briefly note a French translation (Paris: Ollendorff) of the book called *An Author's Love*, which we are amazed to see during the last few days has been taken seriously by serious literary persons in England.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"YET another book on Egypt"—*Egypt under Ismail*, by J. Carlile McCoan (Chapman & Hall)—may seem, in the opinion of the author, to require some apology. Mr. McCoan's plea for his book is not without substance. The reign of Mehemet Ali, he urges, has had many historians; while the equally important career of his reputed grandson has not yet been chronicled in complete and connected form. Here was a "still empty corner" in the well-worked field of Egyptian history, and Mr. McCoan proceeds to occupy it, attracted by the unparalleled despotism, extravagance, and "loan-mongering spoliation" that characterized the long rule of the late Viceroy. The result, as a contribution to history, needs no excuse. Mr. McCoan's acquaintance with Egyptian affairs is evidently considerable, his painstaking industry in sifting the diverse materials at his command merits recognition, his plain and vigorous style decidedly becomes a chronicler whose only aim is to extenuate nothing. The sober historian of Ismail's reign is confronted with many difficulties; and Mr. McCoan is right in anticipating that all his statements may not be accepted as historical. Egypt has always been prolific of mysteries. That almost forgotten book by Mme. Audouard, *Les Mystères de l'Egypte dévoilés*, which the present writer utilizes, was a notable example of contemporary curiosity concerning the secret history of Ismail's intrigues. Perhaps Mr. McCoan, though a sober seeker after truth, is not ill advised in the choice of his sub-title, "a Romance of History." In contemporary records history is frequently compacted of mystery. For example, Mr. McCoan's account of the "removal" of Sadyk Pasha and the confiscation of his property is not entirely a solution of one of the most mysterious and dramatic events of Ismail's career, though it vividly reflects the irrepressible sensation it aroused in many quarters. The financial history of the period is very clearly set forth. It is treated in the impartial spirit of one who has probably neither suffered nor benefited by the foreign loans negotiated by Ismail, and who is yet, as is inevitable, a willing witness to the extraordinary business capacity of Mehemet's successor. Mr. McCoan tells us he was once bad courtier enough to tell Ismail "that if he had been a solicitor or a stockbroker he would have made his fortune," to which the Viceroy smilingly replied "Mais vous me flattez, mon cher"; but he "never quite forgot or forgave the maladroit compliment." There never was certainly a bolder experimenter in the arts of raising a revenue. The story of Ismail's financial operations and the ruinous fiscal oppression they entailed occupies the larger

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(1) *Nouvelles chansons à dire ou à chanter.* Par G. Nadaud. Paris: Tresse et Stock.

(2) *Souvenirs sur la Révolution, &c.* Par le Général Comte de Rochechouart. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Jack.* Par Alphonse Daudet. Paris: Marpon et Flammarion.

(4) *Le contribuable: comment défendre sa bourse.* Par L. Wuarin. Paris: Alcan.

(5) *L'automatisme psychologique.* Par Pierre Janet. Paris: Alcan.

(6) *L'art au point de vue sociologique.* Par M. Guyau. Paris: Alcan.

(7) *Les sensations internes.* Par H. Beaunis. Paris: Alcan.

and more important portion of Mr. McCoan's very readable and interesting volume.

Mr. Edward Clifford's *Father Damien: a Journey from Cashmere to his Home in Hawaii* (Macmillan & Co.) is a little book that calls for no commendation to the reader. Everybody knows somewhat of the mission of the devoted young Belgian priest to the afflicted and long-neglected settlement of lepers at Molokai, and everybody will read with painful and absorbing interest Mr. Clifford's pathetic account of Father Damien's labours. It is a pity, perhaps, that Mr. Clifford should prefix to a narrative so simple and sincere and affecting an apology for his Protestantism, which we cannot but think is entirely needless. We question its propriety, and are convinced of its irrelevancy, even while in agreement with Mr. Clifford on the main points of the subject discussed. His book, happily, has other and stronger claims on readers than this casual incitation to polemics. Nothing could be more impressive than the story of Father Damien's life and death, nor is it conceivable that any one should read without feeling some assurance that the emotions it excites must produce lasting fruit. The plea, too, for legislation as to leprosy in India —"Our next duty," as Mr. Clifford's chapter is headed—will, it is hoped, be fruitful in another and extremely important direction. Another feature of this record of a voyage must be noted, and this is, the striking and vivid description of Hawaiian scenery. Mr. Clifford is a painter, who not only sees with the painter's eye, but depicts the wonders of Kilauea and the lake of fire with all the resources of the painter's art. His pictures of the volcanic region surpass all previous descriptive efforts of the kind.

Mr. William Oxley is a little indiscriminate in compiling his annals of human credulity, *Modern Messiahs and Wonder Workers* (Trübner & Co.), a title too suggestive of the exemplary "Great Men for Little Boys" or "Self-made Heroes" order of books. He masses great men and mean, seers and impostors, spiritual leaders and "cranks," Swedenborg with Johanna Southcott, Edward Irving with James White, and it is only in favour of Mme. Blavatsky that he feels any exception is to be made from this exuberant category. What Mr. Oxley calls "modern spiritual history" cannot be written in this way. His biographical sketches are not unamusing, but he offers no philosophical or historical survey of the subject. His indignant comments on the disgraceful antics of such prophets as Thomas Lake Harris and James White, the "Christian Israelite," are even more diverting than his evidently robust faith in "psychic power." The portraits in the book are among the most revolting examples of what used to be called "rude woodcuts" we have ever seen. The "Mrs. Girling" and the "Ann Lee," mother of Shakers, are gems in this style of art.

Something new in American poetry, even though it be light as sea-foam, is matter for gratitude. Novelty there is, of a truth, in Mr. Charles Henry Webb's *Vagrom Verse* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) Clearly enough, from the dedication, it is no libel on the American language to declare "poet" suffers a thin sea-change to "pote" in the States:—

> I do not come in purple dressed,
> In pride of trolls and catches;
> I come in rags and stand confessed
> A poet of shreds and patches.

The vagrom pote has many moods, mostly lightsome. In the pretty verses to "Miss Kitten" he is like unto Mr. Ashby-Sterry, and when he addresses the "Coggia Comet" he invokes the shade of Hood. At his best, however, he suggests no parallel, as in "Deacon Brown." This whimsical production is a very pleasant satire on the universal taste for wicked heroes in fiction. It is "a dialectical excuse for a good man," and one stanza will suffice as a sample:—

> His kerricter, eh? What, old Deac. Brown?
> Well, I'm ruther 'shamed to say
> Thet he wa'n't much the sort o' saint
> Sot up by Harte and Hay:
> He never cussed in his nat'ral life—
> I mention this with consarn—
> He didn't know how, though he might a know'd
> Ef he hed a car'd ter larn.

There is genuine humour in the demonstration of the Deacon's moral unfitness to stand as a hero in fiction.

Lessons of Hope (Macmillan) is an excellent selection from the writings of F. D. Maurice, edited by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies. The *Lincoln's Inn Sermons, Theological Essays, Doctrine of Sacrifice*, and other works of Maurice are drawn upon in the composition of the volume. The result is a body of extracts, each of which is truly self-contained, and the whole thoroughly representative of the writer's theology. To attain this end skill and sympathy were demanded, and Mr. Llewelyn Davies exhibits both qualifications.

The approach of harvest is signalized by a small collection of sermons, *The Kindly Fruits of the Earth* (Skeffington & Son), the work of Canon Atherton, Mr. S. Baring-Gould, and others. Brief, simple in style, appropriate to the season, and not too didactic in aim, these discourses are well suited to country congregations.

A new edition of Mr. Philip Acton's *Songs and Sonnets* (Longmans & Co.) should attract new readers to the sonnets comprised in it, many of which show more delicacy of expression than is common to modern poetry.

We have also received the "large paper" edition of *Essays on Men and Books*, "Lotos Series" (Trübner & Co.); the fifth edition of Dr. Hessey's Bampton Lectures, *Sunday: its Origin, History, and Present Obligation* (Cassell & Co.); a new edition of *Stray Pearls*, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Macmillan & Co.); and *Sheridan's Plays*, the first volume of the new sixpenny re-issue of "Morley's Universal Library" (Routledge).

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Surgical operations daily.
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CRETE.

THE progress of the Cretan insurrection is extremely edifying, in the sarcastic sense, to those who have paid attention to the recent course of foreign politics, and could have been foretold almost exactly by them. The Powers of Europe, in their wisdom, impose upon the Turkish Government a complicated function in regard to one of its provinces—a function which, at the best, it is ill suited to perform. Having thus set it an impossible task, they then proceed to watch for occasions on which it fails. Those occasions are provided in plenty by the new arrangements. If the Porte endeavours to get over the difficulty by pacific means and fails, grave sermons point out how unsuitable it is for governing; if it resorts to physical force, the brutality of the Turk is descanted on by agonized canons and deeply-hurt newspaper editors. The whole process resembles more closely the procedure of that estimable tribunal the Holy Inquisition than any other which a memory reasonably well stored with historical and juridical precedents affords us at the moment. In Crete all things have proceeded according to COCKER. For nearly twenty years tranquillity of a kind has been, by considerable forbearance on the part of the Porte and no small ability on the part of its representatives, maintained in Candia, though not without ebullitions from time to time, which have led hasty observers to conclude that the Cretans are as much prone to insurrection as, according to ST. PAUL and his poetic authority, to another practice. Now these ebullitions have increased to something like an eruption. Nobody interferes by pointing out to the Cretans that they already have franchises superior to those enjoyed by almost any of their fellow-subjects. Nobody bids the Turks make short work of the insurgents. When the Moslem minority are attacked by the Christian majority, and turned out of house and home, and when they subsequently retaliate, it is pointed out, with an exquisite forgetfulness (or more probably a less exquisite ignorance) of the parallel, that the Moslem is really *très méchant*. Russia gravely inquires what measures Turkey is going to take to protect Russian subjects in Candia; though, if Turkey took the shortest way to protect Russian or any other subjects—that is to say, the indiscriminate knocking on the head of every insurgent who failed by a certain day to lay down his arms—Russia would be the first to cry out. Greece not only follows this worthy example about her subjects, but informs the Powers that, if these subjects are not protected, she will have to bare her right arm and protect them herself, making at the same time "naval preparations at Salamis," after the well-known ASTLEY-and-FRANCONI parody of great old things and great old names which distinguishes the modern Hellene.

Meanwhile the advanced institutions of Crete are already exemplifying (in a way which seems to annoy the more intelligent Gladstonians a very little) the characteristics which provincial Parliaments must always and will always display in times of faction and disorder. The failure, it is said, of the mission of MAHMOUD DJELLALEDDIN, the Ottoman Commissioner, was "brought about by the obstacles which it "encountered from a section of the majority in the Cretan "Assembly which opposed the recall of the Governor-Gene-"ral, and was also averse to reforms not introduced by the "Assembly itself." Those who are acquainted with the history of the Irish Parliament will more than ever recognize the wisdom of that immortal sentence of THUCYDIDES which contains all history and all politics in half a dozen words. It is to be observed, too, that absolutely no clear statement has been put forward, either by friends or enemies of the Cretans, of what it is they demand, of what the reforms are to be, or of anything that the Porte can do, except endeavour to restore order. Yet, all the same, the Porte is blamed, and there are those who exclaim at the dreadful notion of Mussulman Volunteers, when at the very same time news is brought of Christians beginning the attack on Mussulmans. This religious zeal on the part of Gladstonian editors is mighty amusing. The terms of the Greek Note, however, are such as to invite a little examination. M. TRICOUPIS is perhaps, if not a statesman, the nearest approach to a statesman that the Hellenic kingdom possesses, and his attitude on this occasion is distinctly interesting. The admissions and the suggestions which the Note contains are of the most unusual character, and almost every one of them tends to exonerate the Porte. The usual Turcophobe regards the insurrections of Crete as instances of the intolerable tyranny of Mussulman rule; M. TRICOUPIS, who has the strongest interest in taking this view, admits that the movement "was "at first entirely local, and arose from quarrels among the "Christian population." The Turcophobe views with horror the importation of Turkish soldiery; M. TRICOUPIS sees in this only the natural and proper thing to do. But M. TRICOUPIS, it is true, comes to the rescue of the Turcophobe by denouncing the distribution of arms to the Mussulman population. Considering that the Christian population, who admittedly began the disturbances, are abundantly provided with arms (M. TRICOUPIS, though, no doubt, he has not supplied them, might be able to give as good a guess as another man by whom some at least of these have been supplied), it certainly does not seem a very terrible thing that the minority should be supplied with means of defence when the majority are so well supplied with means of attack. The threat with which the Note ends of Greek "intervention" is, of course, mere bounce. "Greek inter-"vention," if a fair fight were allowed between the Porte and the Greeks, could only result in the utter defeat of the latter. But what is most curious is the hint that precedes this. "If massacres," says M. TRICOUPIS, "were to occur "in the island, the Cabinet of Athens, being a Parliamentary "Government, might possibly not be able to control or "withstand a popular movement in favour of the Cretans." A plainer insinuation that the Greek Opposition may "squeeze if it likes" has seldom been made in any diplomatic document. It is improbable that the persons appealed to will be deaf to the obliging invitation.

It is, indeed, very conceivable that true Greek patriots (for no doubt there are such, though the usual Greek public man is rather a politician than a patriot) might be in two minds about the annexation of Crete even if it were open to them. Some rather maladroit English Philhellenes have remarked that it is "nearly two hundred years [*lege* two "hundred and twenty] since this Greek island [which was "never other than most doubtfully Greek] was wrested by "the SULTAN [from whom?] from the Venetian Re-"public." And since the Venetian Republic had, as matter of fact, held it for nearly five hundred years before, it would seem that the heirs of that Republic have a much better claim than Greece. No doubt there are many real Greeks, as real Greeks go now, in Candia, but they are simply immigrants on business, just as the Maltese are immigrants on business in Tunis and other parts of the mainland of Africa. The Cretans themselves are far more Oriental than Greek. But, even supposing things were different, the acquisition of Crete, though no doubt most Greeks would jump at it, would be by no means an unmixed advantage to Greece. The Cretans are already accustomed to a quasi-independence tempered by faction fights; and it would become necessary for Greece, unless she wished to get into difficulties with Europe, to put a stop to the faction fights without meddling with the independence. Some Cretans who have discussed the subject have already frankly confessed that, if they are annexed to Greece, it must be a case of Home Rule annexation. This will be no great gain

for King GEORGE'S Government, and it will be a very troublesome increase of responsibility, involving a considerable increase in the Greek navy and a considerable disturbance to the recovering, but still ricketty, Greek finances. That a young, a very young, nation must take all it can get and make the best of it, is no doubt not the worst maxim of politics as regards the nation itself; but how are the Powers who are, after all, the arbiters of the situation—for without their permission Greece cannot stir (and with their permission Turkey can soon suppress the rising)—justified in experimenting in this fashion on so large a piece of territory? Indeed, all things considered, it is by no means impossible that this ostentatious pother about Crete on the Greek side is only an attempt to get compensation on the northern frontier for temporarily abandoning claims on Crete.

THE GERMAN VISIT AND THE GERMAN PRESS.

THERE is nothing more remarkable about the German EMPEROR'S visit to England than the general sense of Englishmen that they had not much to do with it. Although the shores to which the visit was paid are undoubtedly ours, and though it is we who supplied the welcome and adorned it with the magnificent spectacle paraded for the EMPEROR'S pleasure at Spithead, yet from first to last the feeling here has been very much that of a man who views from the edge of the crowd some noble show in a foreign land; his chief interest being in the effect produced on those for whom the show is made, of this feeling—about which, of course, there is no incivility—we have all been conscious more or less; and there is very little difficulty in discovering the explanation of it. As a matter of fact, the EMPEROR'S visit was intended to draw the eyes of others rather than our own. We have heard, indeed, that a journey to England was included in the tour which His Majesty planned as soon as he came to the throne; and, though it does seem questionable whether the round would have been so extensive if his interview with the CZAR had been more satisfactory, we are not justified in rejecting that statement. But, if a visit to England was meant from the first, reasons for carrying out the intention accumulated later on. Since they are perfectly well known to all the world, some of those reasons may be touched upon without danger of offence.

Whatever calculations may weigh with the statesmanship or soldiership of Germany in these days, the popular sentiment in that country is hostile to Russia. It is sometimes said too hastily that certain peoples "hate" each other; but if so strong a feeling as hatred exists between any two peoples—(natural hatred we mean, apart from the immediate provocations of injury)—it may be found in the mutual aversion of Germans and Russians. Wherever in Germany the EMPEROR'S extremely prompt interview with the CZAR was interpreted as an approach with a view to "understandings," it was little liked; and when it appeared—as rightly or wrongly it soon did—that that interview was a failure, and a failure not quite without humiliation, it was liked very much less. The consequent annoyance and vexation were heightened by the very obvious circumstance that the sympathies of Englishmen with the Government and people of the Fatherland had been weakened since the accession of the Emperor FREDERICK'S successor. Now, in spite of girdings here and girdings there, the friendship of England is valued by Germans—who are not all Prussians, and do not all live in Berlin—more than any other. It is valued more than any other as a mere matter of sentimental preference; and moreover, the fact that while France is very strong at sea, England possesses a yet stronger fleet, as well as precisely all the best naval stations on the face of the globe, has a world of meaning for the ever-anxious Germans of our time. Therefore, as the days passed on, and the lofty indifference of the CZAR to German armaments and alliances became more manifest, while a variety of petty provocations in Africa and elsewhere continued the alienation of England, more uneasiness arose in Germany, and a stronger suspicion that the new EMPEROR was rather more busy than wise. It is, no doubt, impossible to produce evidence of these misgivings, but they did come into existence (as in the nature of things they were sure to do), did spread, and did come to the perception of the EMPEROR, though for some time they really seem to have been suppressed in the minds of his nearest advisers. Moreover, it is something to the purpose that the alienation of the English as a people could no more be concealed from the foes of Germany than from its friends; and, while it was, no doubt, a pleasing sight for France, it could give no delight to the Austrian and Italian allies of the Government at Berlin, nor add anything to their confidence.

After mentioning these particulars, it is not necessary to enlarge upon them for the purpose of showing that the EMPEROR could not abstain from including England in his round of visits without inconvenience, though he was perfectly well aware (and this also is no secret) that not a few persons in this country would have repined at exclusion. On the other hand, the handsome reception which no one was disposed to deny him, the ceremonial and the spectacle, which would be none the less splendid if they were almost as much a matter of stipulation as of cheerful homage, would have their uses. They would have their uses in neighbouring nations, and yet more in Germany itself, where it had become no unimportant business to restore popular confidence in the cordial friendship of England. To that we can have no objection whatever, as long as the process is confined within reasonable bounds. There *is* in this country a strong and radical body of goodwill to Germany; and if it has been rather disturbed of late, the disturbance does not go very deep, and the blame for it is assigned to a few individuals, for whom plenty of allowance can be made if they will only give up the idea that this is a country that can be "bounced" when it cannot be otherwise persuaded. There are some signs, indeed, that that is an idea on the point of abandonment; and if so, all the more readily may we understand the efforts of German statesmanship and German journalism to convince the Emperor WILLIAM'S subjects that the relations of the two Empires are cordial exceedingly. But the bounds of moderation should be observed, if only in satisfaction of that truth in the abstract, for which both nations are understood to have a more than common reverence. And the short truth is, that in celebrating the EMPEROR'S reception in the stretch of water between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, the German newspapers have gone amiably but dangerously far. They do not content themselves, these journalists (than whom no similar set of men in the world are so ready to sacrifice the other virtues on the altar of Patriotism), by exaggerating "acclama-" tion" and "enthusiasm." If they had been satisfied with excess so far carried, no one here could have complained with reason—perhaps not with decency. But the whole body of German journalists—fired, it may be feared, with inspiration from a certain bureau in the Wilhelmstrasse—have gone a great deal further. Even before the KAISER had landed from German timber upon British soil they had not only foreseen the wild enthusiasm of His Majesty's reception, but all that it signified—all that, in fact, lay behind it. Since then—that is to say, since Saturday—the signification of the yet unbreathed acclaim, the still unvoiced enthusiasm, has been revealed in a universal innuendo to this effect:—There exists, not a doubt about it, "the closest possible rela-" tions, not only between the two Courts, but between "the two Governments." Here we may see "a mighty "demonstration of sympathy with the Central European "alliance," which the EMPEROR'S visit will (in all likelihood) precipitate into a declaration of formal partisanship. Much to this effect might be quoted. It is the burden of all that has been written in the German press and in the journals directed from Berlin from the time the Emperor WILLIAM came within the three-mile limit of these shores. In a certain sense it is complimentary to us; in another not so; but the main fact for observation is that the basis of fact is very small for the superstructure of imagination. As the EMPEROR came, so the EMPEROR goes. He was received with the ceremony and respect due to him as the head of a great and kindred people, in whom most Englishmen behold their most natural and welcome allies in Europe. But if there were "no closest possible relations" before he came, there are none more close now that he departs. If they are not all they are described to be in the German press, there is not the faintest hostility in them so far as we are concerned; and there should be intelligence enough in Germany to discern, and candour enough to acknowledge, why as matters stand we cannot make those relations the closest possible. If there were more assurance that the Peace Alliance really meant peace and nothing else, that would make a difference, and (with all respect, be it said) that question is in a little more doubt now than it was before the present Emperor of GERMANY arose to take command of the whole alliance, by whomsoever it may be composed.

THE GENERAL'S CASE.

WHATEVER the influence of the proceedings against General BOULANGER on French politics may be, they have done one thing already. They have given the most complete example of the practice of trial by newspaper which has been seen on this side of the Atlantic. The trial is also unique in this respect, that both sides of the case are, so to speak, being conducted by the defendant. It is the Boulangists who have obtained possession of the Procureur-Général's *réquisitoire* and some of the evidence on which it is founded, and have published them. Now, after some delay, they publish the statement of the defendant. We shall not do anything so idle as to inquire whether this is the way legal proceedings should be conducted. In truth, legal principles and precedents have little to do in the matter. The trial is only a form of party warfare, a modern and French—very modern and very French—version of the impeachment of STRAFFORD. How little of the judicial character it will have may be seen from the report of the first day's proceedings before the Senate, which have reproduced all the usual incidents, interruptions, and taunts of a debate. It must be looked upon as a game. On the whole, the play of the Boulangists has been the more wily. There is such a superiority of weight against them that they can do little more than prolong the match till help may come; but they have done that by smart dodging. The six columns or so of answer to M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE just published over the General's signature is a clever move. There is a briskness and air of confidence about them which will encourage his friends. No doubt the thing abounds in faults of taste. If we were to judge it by a respectable critical standard, we should have to point out, for instance, the folly or the aimless spite of a man who can describe the author of *Le Berger* as "un romancier sans talent." But the Boulangists do not appeal to a delicate sense of the becoming. For the rest, if the answer is full of vague general assertion, so was the *réquisitoire*; if it is abusive, so was M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE. Before a magistrate scolds he should be sure that he has the accused in his power, otherwise he is likely to be answered by abuse. In this case the abuse was to have been foreseen, and yet it appears to have stung.

It would be a waste of time to examine all the General's answers to the charges against him in detail. On the face of it he seems to have made an effective reply to the accusation of fraud. If it is true that he condemned the now famous coffee tablets, or that the accusation of bribe-taking is based wholly on the word of M. BURET, the Government has made a great mistake in saying anything about them. For the moment there is, however, nothing but round assertion on one side and the other. The value of much of the General's answer does not, however, depend on evidence. Whether, for instance, he did or did not circumvent the agent of a foreign Power who had organized a spy service, did or did not contrive to steal this officer's confidential papers, did or did not give a subvention to journalists who would act as spies abroad, and enter into relations with the Socialists in a certain country, are not, for the moment, vital points. The important thing is to know what effect these revelations or allegations will produce in the "certain "country," what effect they will produce on the fortunes of General BOULANGER, and what they indicate as to his opinion about his own position. It is not to be supposed that the German Government—for all the world knows what foreign officers and what country is meant—will be much disturbed by the calculated indiscretion of the General. But it may well take note of them for a future occasion, and if ever the Boulangist coalition comes to the top will be able to assert that France is ruled by a man who endeavoured to stir up treason in Germany. This may be mere boasting on the part of the General. There may have been no theft of papers, and the journalists may have been paid not to intrigue with Socialists, but to sing the praises of M. BOULANGER. The fact remains that a French pretender can think that assertions of active hostility to Germany will serve his turn. If he wins, the meaning of the victory will be clear. In the meantime, however, these boasts may only prove that the General feels his back against the ropes and is hitting out. He has always played for the part of the patriotic leader who can frighten Germany, and may some day defeat it. But as yet he has observed a certain reserve in acting this part. Now he has dropped all appearance of caution, and is posing boldly as the fearless patriot. He must know that, if France elects a man who has bragged of fomenting treason in Germany, it will be supposed to be prepared to run a risk, and that the knowledge of this fact must have some influence on the electors. If then the country is not prepared for the risk, the General's hitting is wild indeed.

CAVE PROCERAS.

JUDGE BAYLEY, of the Westminster County Court, has just decided a very delicate question of legal ethics or ethical jurisprudence. It seemed at first sight a commonplace action enough, merely a claim for goods sold and delivered. But things are not what they seem, as Mr. LONGFELLOW sagaciously, if not originally, observed. The plaintiffs in the Westminster County Court were Messrs. MOORE & STEPHENSON, dealers in furniture. The defendant is "a very tall young lady." The very tall young lady did not deny that she had bought some furniture of the plaintiffs, nor did she assert that she had paid for it. But she said that she was a "legal infant" when the transaction took place. This plea is, for obvious reasons, not very often put forward; but when it does appear upon the record, it seldom fails to raise neat and appropriate points. In the Westminster County Court there was no jury. But even where, as the culminating achievement of the British Constitution, twelve men have been got into a box, the judges reserve to themselves the pleasure of determining what are "necessaries" and what are objects of luxury. The importance of this point is that for necessaries supplied during infancy the infant may be sued when he comes of age, whereas for luxuries he cannot. Now necessaries are not confined by the accommodating wisdom of our law to sufficient food and decent clothing. They depend upon the infant's "position in life," and what is considered suitable thereto. Thus if the infant be respectable, he may have a gig. If he is a chorister, he may have a surplice. Perhaps, if he were a peer, he might have a coronet on his carriage. It was once, if we remember rightly, held that gold studs were necessary for an Eton boy, and that the son of a millionaire was entitled to gold tops for the bottles in his dressing-case. It is obvious that a great many questions may be put on this interesting topic. How many pairs of breeches are required by the younger son of an earl? May a bishop's daughter have a different costume for every ecclesiastical season? How many hunters may properly be kept by an undergraduate at Christ Church who has expectations from an aunt? There is literally no end to the possible developments of this fascinating theme, and we are only sorry that the limitations of space forbid us to pursue it further.

The question for Judge BAYLEY was whether the very tall young lady, Miss HANLEY by name, had any need for a house of her own. For if so, it appeared only reasonable that she should furnish the same. Miss HANLEY is an actress, and the judge has decided that an actress need not live, like ST. PAUL, in her own hired house. As many actresses live in lodgings, Judge BAYLEY's ruling is in accordance with the realities of things. But Messrs. MOORE & STEPHENSON cannot be brought to take such a philosophical view of the matter. They are what screamers of the CUNINGHAME-GRAHAM type call *bourgeois*. They think that when they supply goods they ought to be paid for them. This is a natural, but a narrow, view. Messrs. MOORE & STEPHENSON should rise to the height of the occasion. They should imitate Mr. GOSCHEN's father, whose intellectual pleasure in going to law and becoming a "lead-"ing case" more than compensated him for losing his money. Their "representative" in the Westminster County Court said that the case was a very hard one, as the defendant had paid ten pounds on account. We should have thought that the latter fact was a mitigating rather than an aggravating circumstance. It is surely better to get ten pounds than to get nothing. The hardship is indisputable, or at least not easy to dispute. The plaintiffs must console themselves by reflecting that they have helped to clear up the law, and that the defendant's stature may fairly have misled them. Miss HANLEY, on the other hand, is to be doubly congratulated. In the first place, she has won her action, and, in the second place, she has proved that she is even now only twenty-one. To some people the latter success will seem the more valuable of the two. An attempt was made on behalf of Messrs. MOORE & STEPHENSON to show that the defendant described herself as "Mrs." HANLEY, which would have

opened up fresh complications, and perhaps led to a charge of obtaining goods by false pretences. But Miss HANLEY denied the impeachment, and it is impossible to believe that she would perjure herself on such a point as that. The more crucial proof of her age was supplied by the real Mrs. HANLEY, the defendant's mother. Judge BAYLEY's decision will not improve the position of actresses who wish to get credit from tradesmen.

THE BATTLE OF TOSKI.

BEFORE it was known that a decisive battle was so near, it was reported that WAD-EL-NJUMI "will never "surrender, but intends to fight to the last." It is nearly a week now since all men have known that this was no empty boast. Though the "Dervish" leader kept up his haughty attitude boldly enough, and though in the early days of the invasion the continued retreat, or at any rate the shy fighting, of the Anglo-Egyptian troops may have inspired him with hopes that the Mahdist triumphs over "HICKS and "GORDON," in which he himself is said to have played no mean part, would be repeated, he must in all probability have seen cause recently, if his ability as a fighting man is not exaggerated, to change his opinion. He could not get to the river; the reinforcements which reached him were not large; he evidently could draw no recruits worth speaking of from the country itself, and he must have already found out that desertion or treachery in the regular forces opposed to him, such as certainly happened in former cases, was a thing not to be hoped for. Yet he seems to have had not the slightest hesitation in fighting when General GRENFELL chose to fight, and the immense proportional loss of the Dervishes shows the vigour with which he fought. We cannot hope to satisfy French critics of the behaviour of these "tame Dervishes"; indeed, men who have, in the recent performances of their own army at places like Lang-Son, such a high standard of comparison are naturally hard to please. But we might have thought, if it had been ever possible for French critics to afford praise to the poor Briton, that at least some meed might be given to our success in the art of Dervish-taming. To teach fifteen hundred men out of three thousand to come and be killed without a murmur or a struggle, and just when they are wanted, is surely something of an achievement.

No Englishman, we should hope, is likely to exaggerate the military glory gained on Saturday last. It would not be easy to find braver antagonists than the Anglo-Egyptian troops then had before them, and it is certain that no European army (with the doubtful exception of the Russian) save our own has for many years had a foe, other than European, of such fighting qualities to face. But, except as far as the cavalry were concerned, English troops took little part in the affair. The Dervishes were, it would seem, greatly outnumbered, and were certainly inferior to a far greater degree in arms and equipment. Except for the excellent work done by the 20th Hussars and the other English mounted troops, the thing to congratulate oneself on in this battle is the capital discipline and good military skill shown by English officers. The Egyptian "black" troops are not much inferior, save in the point of fanatical enthusiasm, to the "Arabs" themselves; but the fellaheen of Lower Egypt have long had the credit of being as bad fighting material as can be easily found. The battle, indeed, still gives no criterion of what might happen without a stiffening of English troops and the constant presence and encouragement of English officers. There was certainly present on Saturday no leader braver or more skilful than BAKER Pasha, and we know what happened under his command; there was no one with half GORDON's power over natives, and we know what happened when GORDON went to immortality and Mr. GLADSTONE went to the theatre. But it is still a great thing that the fellaheen, and even the blacks, should meet Dervish rushes with the bayonet again and again, and get the better of them. Moreover Sir FRANCIS GRENFELL's tactics appear to have been very good indeed. His despatch is brief and modest, and it is to be hoped that he will not spoil it by any repetition of the bombast of Souakin. But, as far as can be seen, he did something than which, as a matter of fact, the greatest commanders have done no more in their greatest feats—that is to say, he beat the enemy he had got to beat, as he meant to beat him, and by taking the proper means to beat him. Nothing could have better justified the policy of drawing the foe up as far north as possible than the course and results of the fighting on Saturday. If General GRENFELL's calculations are not wrong, within thirty-six hours half the invaders' fighting strength had fallen, and two-thirds of the other half had been captured; while the outposts at Wady Halfa and the men sent on by steamer were trusted to cut off the remainder, or most of it. Thus the reversal of the "HICKS and GORDON" disasters, at which, as we pointed out last week, the English leaders appeared to be aiming, was already all but complete, and General GRENFELL might almost have written, "I have the honour "to report that the Dervish forces in this neighbourhood "are killed, wounded, and taken, as per margin," after the famous and (in spite of the reluctance to believe the fact of certain professors of history) absolutely authentic statement of Captain WALTON of the *Canterbury*.

One sentence only in General GRENFELL's despatch we look upon with very decided regret, and that sentence is the following:—"All British troops can now return to "Cairo." Not that we feel the very least regret at British troops escaping from the neighbourhood of the Cataracts in August—very much the contrary. But the phrase is susceptible of the interpretation "We have done our work "and may now go play." We have not done our work; and, if we think we have, General GRENFELL's sentence may be not extravagantly paraphrased, "The KHALIFA may now "get together another invading force at Khartoum." For that will in the ordinary course of things be the sole result of the victory of Toski, if it is not followed up in a very different way from that in which any former victory has been followed up. We say in the ordinary course, for in an extraordinary course it might very well happen that the defeat and death of WAD-EL-NJUMI should serve to discourage the others. But so also it might have happened (the very thing has happened before) that a complete success on his part should be followed by the breaking up of his army, and its return to Khartoum. We must judge, not by the chapter of accidents, but by the regular chain of cause and effect. And according to that chain the mere repulse, even the mere annihilation, of a particular force of invaders will no more check the arrival of fresh forces of invaders than the evaporation, absorption, and outflow of one year's Nile flood will prevent the arrival of the next. As usual, there is talk of half-measures, though "half" is rather too grand a name for the advance of the present frontier to Sarras. Sarras would be better than Wady Halfa, just as Dongola would be better than Sarras, Berber better than Dongola, and Khartoum best of all; but in itself it will be of very little service. We shall have slightly lengthened the arm's length at which we determine to keep invaders; we shall not have sterilized the germs of invasion. We are not fond of the sensational use of facts and figures; but if anybody who is will add up (without counting British losses) the round numbers on both sides of Arabs, Dervishes, and Egyptian troops who have been sacrificed to the policy of scuttle in this one particular part of the world since the determination to abandon the Soudan, his little illustration of the "Inhumanity of Humanitarianism" will equal in epigram of title and surpass in practical value of fact the celebrated dissertation, *Sur l'Incommodité des Commodes*. In the present raid, from the fight at Arguin to that at Toski, probably not less than three thousand Dervish lives have been lost, possibly many more; and, though the loss of the Anglo-Egyptian forces has been insignificant in comparison, it has been equally preventible and therefore equally superfluous. We are not excessively alarmed at such losses ourselves, for a man may die many worse deaths than in doing his duty to defend what he is charged to defend, and not a few worse ones than in boldly attacking what, for this or that reason which he thinks good, he has made up his mind to attack. But in the minds and mouths—in the mouths at least—of the persons who are responsible for the policy which has brought about the loss, that loss is a thing in itself, and anyhow, horrible. How they reconcile themselves to the horror, how the purely practical men reconcile themselves to the eminently unpractical character of the present policy, how (for we will even go thus far) those who want to see England come out of Egypt reconcile themselves to the policy most certain of all others to keep her there to the Day of Judgment—these are problems which we regard with lively interest, though we do not in the least expect ever to be told the solutions, and have not the slightest hope of discovering them for ourselves.

INSPECTION AND REVIEW.

IT is a matter of serious and congenial speculation for the Admiralty whether the German EMPEROR inspected or reviewed the fleet at Spithead. As far as we could grasp the distinction, when it was first pointed out by the subtle intelligence of Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, the event would be an inspection if it came off on the Saturday and a review if it occurred on the Monday, which was Bank Holiday. But as a matter of fact the weather took care that it did come off on the day which constituted it a review. Is it, then, to be considered as what it was meant to be, or as what it was? Here is matter for grave deliberation at Whitehall, and it may fill up the toilsome hours which are not fully occupied—as is but too obvious—in discovering whether the navy is not short of lieutenants, whether the staff of engineers is not too small, and how we are to secure a sufficiently numerous body of trained stokers. It is the more to be recommended, because it really does not matter, and can have no practical consequence. The War Office has made no sign that it doubted whether the review at Aldershot was a review. We may, therefore, accept it at once without further comment than this, that it seems to have been very successful. The German EMPEROR was shown a somewhat larger force than was—if Mr. THACKERAY is to be believed—paraded for the admiration and instruction of the Czar NICHOLAS. In the present state of opinion, and considering the abundance of our virtuous modesty, nobody, it may be believed, made to the Emperor WILLIAM the rude remark which, according to the satirist, was implied in the hospitality shown to the CZAR. Perhaps, as it turned out that after all we could be NICHOLAS's master whenever we pleased, though we had only two battalions of Guards to show him, the observation was in this case thought superfluous. In any case, an attempt was made to please the EMPEROR, and he seems to have been pleased—greatly to the gratitude, and a little to the surprise, of some effusive commentators. The EMPEROR is possibly not so condescending as the newspaper gentlemen think. He may even be aware that what he saw at Aldershot was a portion of an army which, small as it may be, has seldom interfered in Continental wars without effect, and does even in peace-time a more varied and more trying kind of work than falls on his own numerous forces.

The qualifying "if" in the EMPEROR's little speech at the Royal Yacht Club was probably inserted by the reporter. As the report stands his hesitation as to the sufficiency of the British navy contrasted sharply with his confidence in his own army. On this, as on more important previous occasions, the report may not be absolutely correct. The EMPEROR's speeches have so commonly to be taken subject to revision. For the rest it is true that the sufficiency of any fighting force is not a thing one can be absolutely certain about. It remains to be seen, for instance, what the German army will do if ever it meets a force not hopelessly inferior to itself in numbers, armament, and generalship. But, whether the question was asked on this occasion, and whether the occasion was one on which it ought to have been asked, it is in itself a very good question. A splendid fleet has been collected at Spithead, and is now beginning its course of practice. That no single Power could collect such a force in a place so admirably convenient for purposes of defence or attack is beyond doubt. No two Powers, nor yet any three, could do it. But, though that is true, there are certain considerations not to be overlooked. The extent of our field of operations in war is one very obvious consideration to be taken into account in judging of the sufficiency of the fleet. Another, and to our mind a graver one, is the question as to the value of the individual ships. So much in the squadrons at Spithead is purely experimental, and we know so very little of what they would really do in war, that one cannot look at them with unmixed confidence. There are wiseacres who seem never to look at an ironclad without sagely observing that it would certainly have sunk all NELSON's fleet at Trafalgar. The person who twaddles this kind of platitude is apt to credit himself with what he calls an instructed imagination. It is a proof of instruction, it seems, to moon over the great problem of what drink supply would be attainable if all the earth were apple-pie and all the seas were ink. NELSON's fleet might have been sunk by the *Rodney*—and even so would the Greek triremes at Salamis have been shattered by the *Victory*—as easily as regular soldiers armed with breechloaders can dispose of spearmen. If everything were different, the state of things would be otherwise, no doubt. The truth is beyond dispute; but whether it is worth the ink it is written in we doubt. What a not altogether uninstructed person might be moved to think when he looked from the *Victory* to the *Howe*, for instance, is that what we have gained in power we seem to have lost in security. The triremes at Salamis and the line-of-battle ships at Trafalgar were at least instruments with which the workman was perfectly familiar. They had developed slowly, and had been tested at every stage of their development by actual battle. Moreover, he who could use one of them could use all. Their crews might have been interchanged on the eve of battle and no great harm done. With our fleets it is a very different matter. There is, to begin with, the complete absence of experience from which to argue. And then it is certain that, not only do these vessels differ utterly from every kind of ship made before them, but they differ so from one another that a particular training, in addition to the general one, is required to handle them. No doubt sailing vessels had individual character, and a captain who was new to one might fail to get the best out of her. But at least he was not liable to find that he had ruined his vessel by a minute oversight, still less to be crippled because an otherwise competent subordinate had not an intimate acquaintance with the minutiæ of one particular engine. That, however, is the risk run by the modern captain. There was, it seems, delay in getting up anchor at Spithead because the crews were new to their vessels, and the weighing gear of one differs from another, so that, without previous practice, officers and men hardly know what to do with it. Then H.M.S. *Hercules* has given an instance of the tyranny of the modern machine. She has come crippled into Portland already, because an engineer who did not know the peculiarities of her engines was left in charge of the engine-room for one watch. In fact, these mighty modern warships are so complicated and so delicate, they have such a multiplicity of machinery, that a crew of specially trained skilled artificers is needed to look after each of them. Now H.M.S. *Melpomene* is laid up at Plymouth "with "various defects in her machinery." What will be the fate of all this delicate machinery under the strain of war when the skilled artificers are killed and have to be suddenly replaced, when ships have to be manned in haste and crews transferred on an emergency? These are questions which may cause the instructed imagination to look back on three-deckers and seventy-fours with other feelings than smug satisfaction over modern progress.

Perhaps some reflections of this kind may have arisen in the minds of My Lords during their late inspection of Portsmouth Dockyard. They certainly have had somewhat given them to think about. They will learn, for instance, that, "not only are the *Sharpshooter* and the cruisers of "the M Class in a condition of suspended animation, but "the *Camperdown*, the *Australia*, and the whole groups of "ships fitted with double-ended boilers and steel tubes and "tube plates are in a similar state of untrustworthiness. "Any of them may be expected to break down when called "upon to exert their *maximum* capacity." In view of the possibility of this misfortune, it is said the manœuvres, now beginning, will be conducted carefully at less than full speed. The reason given for these defects by the correspondent of the *Times* at Portsmouth is infinitely instructive. "It has been attempted," he says, "to obtain from "them" (the engines of the M Class, &c. &c.) "too much "horse-power per square foot of grate-surface, and the "only practical remedy is to provide extra boiler-power "for the work sought to be obtained, or to set economy "at defiance and revert to copper or brass as a sub-"stitute for steel where subjected to intense heat and "sudden chills." Here is something for the instructed imagination to feed on. First, it may reflect on this, that whole groups of our ships are mere experiments; then, it may reflect that no effort was apparently made to test one experiment thoroughly (as would have been so easy in the case of boilers) before turning out whole groups of them; and, thirdly, he might reflect on the wisdom of the management which subjected steel to a strain which it is notoriously ill adapted to bear. These heads of reflection are more fruitful than the platitude that an iron steamer must be more powerful than a wooden sailing-ship. If the two must be compared, we think the problem might be stated in this way—Whether or no a wooden sailing-ship which could keep the sea was a better fighting machine than a metal armoured steamer which has to run into port because its bearings are twisted, or has to be left in the dockyard because its tubes leak? We should like to hear logic and the instructed imagination argue it out.

THE ROYAL GRANTS.

THE passage of the measure technically known as the Prince of Wales's Children Bill to the House of Lords and its reception there have put an end to one of the ugliest recent exhibitions of a certain kind of modern Radicalism. We have said before that we think the necessity of submitting these proposals an unfortunate one. So long as there was little danger of their being regarded as anything but what they are—the formal and successive discharges of an indebtedness which has been far more than covered beforehand—there was no harm in them. They were certainly a very desirable substitute for the bad habit of incurring liabilities first and coming cap in hand for the discharge of them afterwards. But since Parliamentary decency has disappeared from the land, and the bright exemplar of a certain numerous class of politicians has been Major WARDLE crossed with JOSEPH HUME, it is, to say the least, disagreeable that the QUEEN should be exposed to the pleasantries of Mr. LABOUCHERE and the hoof of Mr. ABRAHAM. Fortunately the good omens have shamed the ill very completely on the whole. The subject has afforded Mr. GLADSTONE an opportunity of showing what he was—what nearly all English gentlemen were before it pleased some to seek out inventions which are not the inventions either of gentlemen or of the multitude of honest taxpayers who do not pretend to be gentlemen. Mr. MORLEY, the one leader on the Gladstonian-Radical side who, after Mr. GLADSTONE, retains a shred of the respect of his adversaries, supplied a most agreeable foil by taking the opposite side to Mr. GLADSTONE himself and breaking down completely. Every debater on the Opposition side who has not been merely impertinent has been contradictory either of himself or his fellows, and the cap was put to the whole proceeding by the appearance of Mr. ROBERTSON (*ultimus suorum*) on Monday night with counsel's opinion from Mr. ILBERT and Mr. FREEMAN. Mr. ILBERT is sufficiently burdened for posterity by a certain Ilbert Bill to make it a little cruel to cite him on a subject where his opinion is of no more value than that of any other denizen of Pump Court; and Mr. FREEMAN'S great historical authority scarcely extends even to times which are five hundred years distant from the times concerned with the present subject.

The reception of the Bill in the House of Lords was what it should have been, and it is only necessary to take note of the curious perversion of Lord SALISBURY'S words which has been made, perhaps by mistake. The whole subject has been such an instance of the inconvenience of "said I" and "said he" that the PRIME MINISTER was more than justified in wishing not to let slip any incorrect version of the understanding, or whatever it is to be called, on which the present compromise has been arrived at. Accordingly, Lord GRANVILLE, having used one form, which was not the correct form, Lord SALISBURY used another, which was. Had he not done so, it would infallibly have been cast up against him that he had endorsed Lord GRANVILLE'S form by passing it unchallenged. As he did so, it is now charged against him that he "repudiated the "QUEEN'S assurances," told the House of Commons that it had been "successfully duped," and, in effect, boasted that the Bill had been "passed by false pretences." This is a fair instance of the madness of party. Let us only, in noticing it, add that the stress Lord GRANVILLE laid on the scrupulous abstinence of the Crown during the present reign from outrunning the constable was an important point, and one which virtually disposes of the whole Laboucherian contention. That contention is, that if any economy is made on grants during the time that they are exposed to certain claims, the economy debars the recipients from enlarged allowances when fresh claims arise. Clearly this puts a premium on extravagance, and may thus be said to invite it. The counter-claim is clear:—"I have made your former allowance do when I had "such and such persons and things to spend it on; now "that I have others, I may fairly come on you for more."

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

THE Blue-book containing the Report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies and the Memorandum of the Actuary, together with the Report of the Select Committee, appear, it is to be hoped, sufficiently soon after the late discussion in the House of Commons to secure attention. They both certainly tend to confirm the impression left by what was then said, and what had been learnt from the Yorkshire scandal. If further evidence was wanted, it might be obtained without unfair straining from the late meeting of the Foresters. That Society is known to be one of the most respectable of all, and yet we may gather from its own words that its standard of solvency is not extraordinarily high. But, without any help from outside, the Blue-book and the Report of the Committee are enough in themselves to make out a case for the interference of Parliament. One fact alone shows it. A controlling authority has been set up—the Registry of Friendly Societies—which is supposed to keep a check on these bodies. It does it, however, so little, that, according to the Actuary, "out of 12,848 Societies, no "less a number than 5,733, or 44·6 per cent., made no annual "returns at all in the five years ending December 31, 1885." Those who did report in all the five years were only 24·7 per cent. In other words, the supposed check is illusory. It is obvious that those who reported regularly were the solvent and well-conducted ones, which could do so with confidence. The ill-managed and insolvent did not comply with the law. But it was precisely to control them that the Registry was established. By setting it up Parliament undertook to keep watch on the Societies. If the watch is not kept, its intentions are frustrated; and, whether the failure is due to want of power or want of will in the officials, the need for amendment is equally clear.

The Select Committee has arrived at the conclusions indicated in the Blue-book, and it has drawn up a series of resolutions which contain the heads of such a Bill as will probably be presented to Parliament next Session. As a matter of course it asks for more Government inspection; and, indeed, if there is to be inspection, it should be efficient. It proposes that the office of Registrar should be reorganized, and a central office established. Yearly reports are to be sent to this central office, and its powers will be large. Whenever it thinks, either of its own mere motion or on complaint from members, that a Friendly Society requires overhauling, it is to have power to appoint inspectors or one of its own body with power to administer oaths and summon witnesses. It will have power to charge expenses either on individuals or the Society. If it should see cause, it can order the dissolution of the Society and appoint official receivers. The Committee also recommend that a relinquishment value, properly calculated and duly notified, shall be secured to all who have paid premiums regularly for five years. This provision, which is based on the practice of the most respectable insurance Companies, is intended, we suppose, to act as a restraint on the Provident Societies, which notoriously rely for part of their profits on the lapsed payments of those of their clients who fall into difficulties. Other recommendations provide for the compulsory registration of all Societies, and impose the obligation of making a serious deposit on all Societies formed before 1870 which intend to begin an industrial insurance business. The Committee makes many other recommendations, but these are enough to indicate the character of the legislation it recommends. The Act it has sketched would certainly be abundantly stringent. It would set up a central authority endowed with ample powers and directed to apply certain recognized principles. Such an authority could hardly fail to sweep away existing insolvent Societies, and prevent the formation of others, unless there were a very general determination among members to elude the law. There is, however, no reason to suppose the existence of any such determination. The misdeeds of Friendly Societies are done at the expense of the members, for the most part, by managers who have every motive to be dishonest, and are subject to no efficient check. Such people are not likely to be shielded by their victims, and certainly do not deserve to be. They are the cause of a great deal of loss and misery, and it is time that their power for mischief should be checked. If any other reason for the establishment of an effective control is needed, it may be found in the well-founded belief of the Committee that the life-assurance business of these Societies, both infantile and adult, is, in its present ill-regulated state, often an incentive to crime.

THE EDUCATION DEBATE.

ONE thing, and perhaps one only, seems to be admitted by critics of divers opinions as to the debate on the Education Estimates, and that is that Sir W. HART DYKE'S statement was an excellent one. This is a well-deserved

tribute to a politician who has done a remarkably varied and a remarkably large amount of good work in his time, with perhaps less fuss than almost any one else of either rank on either side. But when we leave this happy isle or oasis of agreement we plunge into a sea or a wilderness of troubles. The statement made or put into the mouth of one of his characters by one of the ablest of Englishmen a quarter of a century ago—that more nonsense had even then been talked about education than about any other subject—is an eternal verity. But even from this it is not so clear why more heat should be spent on education than on any other subject. Talkers of nonsense are sometimes, but not always, quarrelsome, and the idiot ward of a workhouse sometimes resounds with an almost placid babel of rival chatter. The Educationists (as they delight to call themselves), on the other hand, are at each other's throats almost before they have opened the mouths to which those throats are attached. Nor is the reason difficult to discover. Few advocates of education are single-eyed, and political and religious differences enter into the discussion as they hardly do anywhere else. The battle, for instance, between voluntary and Board schools is notoriously, though in another sense from the original, a "dis-"honest" battle. Voluntary schools provide, for their means, an even better education than Board schools; they provide it with far less inconvenience, at an expense to the nation much smaller, and in a manner much more in accordance with the traditions of English social and political life. But the Nonconformist and Radical parties have no desire to put their hands in their pockets when they can put them in those of their neighbours; and they are jealous of the striking spectacle which is afforded by the Church of England and other voluntary schools, as well as of the influence which they think these schools exercise on the rising generation. It is naturally annoying to B to think that A is allowed at his own expense to educate C in principles which B does not like, when if things were otherwise B could at A's expense make C learn what he likes and A does not. A prohibition to exercise tyranny is always felt as most odiously tyrannical. At the same time the "voluntaries" are naturally, but perhaps unwisely, annoyed by the vast sums which are poured at the public expense into the pockets of those who do the work certainly not better, and still more certainly not more cheaply, than themselves. And so the fight rages.

Between the two the impartial critic is rather in a difficulty. It is certain that vast sums of national money, whether subscribed, levied, granted, or paid in fees, have been utterly wasted of late years on what is called education. A wise system of national education would be constructed on the principle of giving to capable persons the maximum of profitable opportunity, and of imposing on incapable ones (who will always be the great majority) the minimum of unprofitable effort. Our present system goes on exactly opposite lines. A wise education would go on the principle of aiming first of all at the cultivation of a spirit of intelligent application, and of being comparatively careless of mere nominal acquisitions in different "branches." Our present system does exactly the contrary. In the Education Department and the immense teaching service we have endowed a large number of, in the great majority of cases, doubtless deserving persons (which, by the way, is pretty much what the monastic system did), and this is the right side of the matter. We have, at any rate, provided subsistence (non-productive subsistence) in this way for about one in twenty of the more intelligent scholars whom our schools turn out. Another gleam of comfort is given by Sir W. Hart Dyke's remarks on cookery, for civilized man cannot live without cooks, and frequently finds great difficulty in getting them. But this latter silver lining concerns only the other sex; no new Vatel, that we know of, has yet issued from a Board school. For what we have done for the teachers let them be thankful; for what we are doing for the cooks we may some day be thankful ourselves. For what we have done for the rest the amount of thankfulness due is much more doubtful, and the persons who owe it are much more difficult to discover.

THE IRISH CONSTABULARY VOTE.

We have no doubt that Mr. Balfour was right—he has certainly an abundance of materials on which to form his judgment—in saying that the speeches delivered from below the gangway in the debate on the Irish Constabulary Vote were "moderate and reasonable, compared "with recent years." The Chief Secretary himself undoubtedly came in for fewer of the characteristic amenities of Parnellite oratory than it has sometimes fallen to his lot to listen to, though it should be noticed that a circumstance to which his comparative immunity was in some measure due was itself made the foundation of a compliment of the old-fashioned kind from Mr. Redmond. An Irish debate at which Mr. O'Brien is unable to assist is pretty sure to gain something in reasonableness and moderation on that account alone; but the member for Fermanagh ingeniously contrived to supply some of the ingredients which Mr. O'Brien would have contributed had he been present, by infusing them into an explanation of his absence. The Government, he amiably suggested, had "juggled the "member for North-east Cork out of the House in a most "discreditable way, in order to get rid of a disagreeable "opponent." And generally we may say that it is no fault of Mr. Redmond's that the Chief Secretary found himself in a position to pay a tribute to the conduct of the Parnellites which will probably give them acute annoyance. He behaved personally with a noisy rowdyism which narrowly missed, and in the opinion of a good many people, we suspect, ought to have completely succeeded in, bringing upon him the penalty of suspension. Had the Chairman of Committees seen his way to "dropping upon" Mr. Redmond, and perhaps also Mr. Edward Harrington, the proceedings of the House last Tuesday night would, at any rate, have been more decent and orderly, even if the general tone of the speeches below the gangway had thereby gained no particular accession to the qualities which Mr. Balfour magnanimously found in them.

The discussion, considered as a whole, presented the usual points for remark. There was the same half-ashamed co-operation on the part of the more obscure occupants of the Front Opposition Bench with the Irish apologists for disorder in Ireland; the same convergence of attack from several quarters of the House, and on a multiplicity of different grounds, upon Mr. Balfour; and the same imperturbable readiness and indefatigable vigour of reply on the part of the Minister attacked. A glance through the copious catalogue of "points" made against the Irish Executive—many of them, it is true, of a transparently worthless and trivial description, but all, according to our present Parliamentary practice, treated as deserving the honour of a serious answer—will suffice to show the combined industry and impudence of Mr. Balfour's persecutors. The numbers and cost of the Irish Constabulary; their dealings with Mr. O'Brien at Cork Station and at Charleville; their practice of "shadowing" English members of Parliament in Ireland; their conduct at evictions; their conduct as reporters at public meetings; their excessive pay and allowances; their excessive consumption of stationery; their behaviour to Dr. Tanner; their indefensible attendance before the Parnell Commission Court in obedience to their subpœnas—these by no means exhaust the list of complaints to which Mr. Balfour had to reply the other night, and which drew from him a series of continually interrupted speeches, covering altogether something like four out of the eight or nine columns of the *Times* over which this report of the discussion extends. To have dealt at equal length with every one of the confused mass of charges urged against the Irish Constabulary would have been unwise, even if it had not been impossible, and many of them, of course, were dismissed with the contemptuous brevity which was their only just desert. But the Chief Secretary left nothing inadequately answered, and replied at length and in detail to every accusation which derived any weight either from intrinsic probability or from the semblance of authoritative sponsorship. The House, he said, would forgive him—and we are quite sure that the public will—for not "going at "length into some of the wonderful fictions which had been "heard in the course of the evening. There had been a good "many base accusations made against the police, sometimes "without name, date, or place being given, sometimes with-"out sufficient details to enable the truth of the matter to "be inquired into, and sometimes at such short notice that it "was impossible for any Chief Secretary to answer them at "once." Among those into which it was possible for him to enter in detail was that most characteristically Irish of all recent complaints of the administration of the law—the complaint founded on the collapse of the case against Mr. Gill. The use which has been made of this incident should open the eyes of any English Radical who still pretends to any respect for reasonableness and for fair-play to the

true character of the cause which he has taken up and the partisans with whom he has allied himself. When an agitator is convicted upon police evidence his friends exclaim against the iniquity of "removable magistrates." When a Court proves its impartiality by rejecting such testimony in any particular case and discharging the accused, the assailants of the Irish magistracy, instead of retracting one jot of their slander, ignore the action of the tribunal altogether, and hold up their hands in affected horror at the worthlessness of the evidence upon which the Court has *not* acted, and pretend to believe that the witnesses whose evidence has been believed in previous convictions must have been equally untrustworthy.

It is always more interesting, of course, to study the behaviour of the Front Opposition Bench than to follow the proceedings of the Parnellites. The portentously prolix oration with which Mr. Sexton favoured the House on Wednesday afternoon may easily be, as we suspect it was generally, "taken as read" by the ordinary newspaper reader; and the whole mass of rhetoric does not contain anything half so worthy the attention of the student, either of politics or of human nature, as the speeches of Mr. Shaw Lefevre and Mr. Fowler and Mr. Balfour's reply thereto. Mr. Fowler, it is true, has not yet acquired Mr. Shaw Lefevre's comfortable partisanship with anarchy. His performance in the recent debate on Dr. Tanner's case was, for him, an extraordinary one; and perhaps—for Mr. Fowler still seems to cling to the traditions of official decorum, which party exigencies are gradually compelling him to cast aside—he may have been a little abashed by the look of his late remarks when he came to read them in print. He was rigorously statistical in his criticisms of last Tuesday night; but still he did take part in the debate, and thus gave Mr. Shaw Lefevre the moral support afforded by the participation of at least one official colleague. And the member for Bradford, as in all questions where the R. I. C. are concerned, was full of a complacency which in itself presents a curious psychological problem, since if there be one subject which we should have supposed that Mr. Shaw Lefevre would be unwilling to talk about, it is that upon which he apparently burns to deliver himself on every possible or impossible occasion. In this instance we, of course, heard all the old complaints about the "shadowings" of members of Parliament by Irish constables—complaints singularly indicative of the secret belief that, because a certain number of electors have been foolish enough to appoint certain vain and unwise persons to make laws for the country, those persons acquire a sort of mysterious license to break them with impunity. Mr. Balfour's reply to Mr. Shaw Lefevre's remonstrances in his own case was the very pertinent one that the Irish Constabulary had not the advantage of that fuller knowledge of the right honourable gentleman's disposition which would have assured them of his perfect harmlessness. Sir Balthazar Foster is still a dark horse so far as any Irish performances are concerned, though his record is very well known in reference to other matters. But the House of Commons has very little excuse for wasting its time upon either of them, and nothing but the pressing necessity which the Front Bench men of the second importance appear to recognize for getting abreast of their leaders in the matter of Radical self-advertisement would account for these politicians wasting their own time upon it. As it is, however, only a few belated ones are doing so. Mr. Balfour satirically called attention to the fact that, although there were two occupants of the Front Bench who had been Chief Secretaries, the leadership of the Opposition on the question had been "left to a gentleman whose only "connexion with Ireland was that he had refused to accept "the Chief Secretaryship on a critical occasion." But of course the absence of the two ex-Ministers in question is easily accounted for. "Home they have gone and ta'en "their wages." They have done their spell of work for the "New Radicalism" in the debate on the Royal Grants. Mr. Shaw Lefevre remains behind to "put in his time" in the workshop of those employers with whom he has taken service.

LORD TENNYSON'S BIRTHDAY.

THE eightieth anniversary of the Poet Laureate's birth on Tuesday last is naturally suggestive of a more comprehensive survey of the poet's influence than any retrospect of the poetry of Her Majesty's reign can call forth. The position of uncontested supremacy occupied by Lord Tennyson since the death of Wordsworth remains impregnable still. After more than half a century of production, his verse does not persuade us he is old. But to stand alone, merely, is not to be great, though the measure of greatness is undoubtedly facilitated by the lack of competition. No poet, however, to his contemporaries appears absolutely comparisonless, save for a brief space and under an exceptional combination of circumstances. Pope perhaps, and Lord Byron certainly, held this proud position. They are the most striking, if not the only, examples that the annals of the past offer. But Lord Tennyson's influence is of far wider scope and of incomparably greater continuity. His time of undisputed sway comprises the whole period of the Victorian age. He is not merely the most popular of our poets, but also the national poet—the poet who represents the political and social life, the patriotism, the aspirations and ideals, deep-set or transient, of the nation as a whole. This is Lord Tennyson's special distinction. Rare and fortunate, indeed, is the conjunction of national popularity and national influence. In the popular judgment he has not always been supreme, if we take popularity alone as a test. Over the Atlantic there was a poet of prodigious reputation whose name was constantly coupled with his. Yet, apart from the popularity, there is not a trace of affinity between the two poets. The works of Longfellow may be searched in vain for any manifestation of a poetic personality that is purely American, any technical achievements that proclaim mastery of his craft, or any deep and sympathetic reflection of the current movements of national life. He added nothing in these directions to poetic literature, and much that he did produce was of the kind already abundant or of the secondary order of inspiration that is purely literary. Possibly he found nothing worthy of his magic in the national life of his country. "I am "half-sick of shadows," he might have sung, as he turned for inspiration to the legendary lore of the land and the exhaustless literature of effete Europe. Many are the channels through which popular enthusiasm for Lord Tennyson's poetry has made a fluent way. These supply some of the strongest and most convincing proofs of the poet's universal attraction. There never was living poet who inspired such an array of interpreters. He has allured the most diverse, the most antagonistic of spirits. There are industrious admirers eager to display what to the Bible he may owe and what to Virgil. The commentator, the concordancer, the parallel-monger, and all the infinite horde represented by Carlyle's "critic-fly" have long battened on the works of Lord Tennyson. And all this exhibition of zeal is effected apart from the parental guidance of a Tennyson Society. The book-collector, of course, holds Tennysonian first editions with a firm hand. More remarkable still is the devotion of professional men to the study of the Poet Laureate. One ingenious scribe recently examined *Locksley Hall* from a legal standpoint. With patience and research, more eloquent than what is commonly called eloquence, he drew up the genealogy of the Locksleys, and revealed unsuspected technical flaws in the succession of the family. Such witnesses to popularity altogether transcend the experience and estimates of publishers.

The testimony of more than one generation of critics is almost as striking and scarcely less pleasing. From the outset, when the Poet Laureate's first two volumes appeared, there was a general stir in the poetical world. Few poets have been honoured with recognition so prompt, and not many have produced, it must be owned, verse so rich in promise, as well as striking in performance, as Lord Tennyson's *Juvenilia*. In recent collected editions these poems, after undergoing some sifting and rejection, are once more reinstated in full, and any purchaser may now compare with them the utterances of contemporary critics. On the whole, they show more appreciation and a sounder judgment than characterize the first public reception of most modern poets. The critic who thought the poet had more to unlearn than to learn paid a pretty compliment to Lord Tennyson's workmanship. This early recognition of the poet's artistry is curious. More singular, however, was the reprobation in another quarter of some of the more exquisite of the felicities of phrase in "The Sleeping Beauty" and other poems. These were bluntly termed "affectations" of the too-effusive school of Leigh Hunt. Looking back on the rich results of time, we may smile at these things. The

author of "Mariana" bettered his instructions, as poets will sometimes, till he left no ground for comparisons, no pretext for chatter about the poet's idyllic manner, early or late, or the merits of this period or that, though he was ever prodigal of the surprise and delight from which admiration springs. Since he has excelled in so many poetic forms, and proved his mastery as a composer of harmonies, enchanting, mighty, and magical, no one would be surprised if the Poet Laureate should once again charm our ears afresh. It is in everybody's recollection that it was when engaged on dramatic work which caused, and still causes, more contention among lovers of poetry than any of his writings, that he fired the whole country with the noblest ballad that has appeared in our literature since the great age of poets and heroes it commemorates. To do such deeds of youth falls only to the greatest. The poet, it has been well said, is never old, and the illustrious singer of "The Revenge" confirms the adage. Before now the laureateship has dignified the bard. During seventy years past the poet dignified the office. Far off may the prospect be of the resumption of the bad old precedent when we shall be compelled to murmur, "What, PYE come again!"

A WOMAN'S PLEA FOR THE "GLOVES."

TO prevent disappointment, it may be well to apprise our readers at the outset of this article that it has nothing to do either with the recovery of feminine wagers on the event of a horse-race or with the penalty traditionally exigible from gentlemen discovered asleep. The gloves here in question are simply the "mittens" of the playful parlance of our forefathers, and the "woman's "plea" for them is neither more nor less than a lady's protest in the columns of a provincial contemporary against the too common neglect of parents, guardians, and preceptors to instruct their young charges in the noble art of self-defence. Man, writes "An Englishwoman" indignantly, "is rapidly ceasing to be the gallant defender "of our sex. Once upon a time we looked up to him, and "rested upon his arm. Now, alas! the tables are turned. In "the present day he idly takes our arm, while we are obliged "to take his part and our own as well." "Again and again," continues the lady, whose experiences in this respect are, it is to be hoped, exceptional, "have I witnessed the re-"volting spectacle of a lady quitting the side of her gallant "defender, in order to punish and reprimand an insolent "coward for his annoyance, her nerveless companion stand-"ing helplessly and tremblingly by, merely looking on in "despair"—not even offering, it would appear, to act as scent-bottleholder while the "punishment" is being administered. The theory that he may be acting upon a perverted or at least an exaggerated view of Christian duty is dismissed by his female censor with contempt. "Returning "good for evil is more often returning evil with grosser evil"; and "a sound thrashing scientifically dispensed often forms "a more valuable lesson to a bullying coward than the "sermons of a lifetime." Nay, more; it is æsthetically valuable for its own sake; for, "whilst I write strictly in "the interests of peace," proceeds this Spartan dame, here rising into positive enthusiasm over the virtue of handiness with "the bunch of fives," "I must confess there is to "my mind no grander spectacle in nature or art than to "witness a cowardly, insolent scoundrel who has mistaken "his man receive a sound thrashing, scientifically bestowed, "at the hands of a master of his art." Niagara and the Coliseum, the primæval forest and the mediæval cathedral, a sunrise on the Alps and a thunderstorm in the tropics—all alike sink into uninteresting insignificance beside the spectacle of an insolent scoundrel receiving "one on the "conk" scientifically administered. If this be really the case, it is almost to be hoped that a good supply, not only of "masters of the art," but of insolent scoundrels who mistake their man, may never fail us, and that their joint efforts to elevate our moral being, as only the grandest spectacles in nature or art can elevate it, may never cease in the land. What the spectacle may be when the master of the art, as sometimes happens, mistakes *his* man "An "Englishwoman" does not tell us; but no doubt the sight of a good man getting the worst of it may have a bracing effect of its own.

We hardly know what to say to this lady's "plea for the "gloves." We are, we need hardly say, entirely in favour of encouraging proficiency in boxing, as in other forms of manly sport, and it cannot, of course, be denied that occasions may arise for turning a mastery of the noble art to account in actual life. One can conceive circumstances in which the male companion might and ought to, and we hope he would, interfere to administer summary chastisement to an insolent coward in the manner which "An "Englishwoman" desires. Such an emergency would certainly arise if the lady were proceeding to resort to *voies de fait* for the punishment of the offender on her own account. The "nerveless companion standing helplessly and tremb-"lingly by" is, we hope, a fancy picture. But "An Eng-"lishwoman" should be on her guard against mistaking mere unreadiness in the scientific administration of thrashings for contemptible cowardice. To tell the truth, the position of a lady during a merry mill between her male companion and an insolent scoundrel is apt to be a somewhat embarrassing one. It is true the situation is not an uncommon one in novels; but then the novelist is careful to lay the scene of the encounter on a country road, where Beauty can retire behind a five-barred gate and hold Valour's hat, and watch while Valour gives the drunken tramp such a dressing as he never had before in his life. But *secus*, as the law reporters have it, in a London street. There the lady's position on the "side-walk," while cavalier and coalheaver are manœuvring to get each other's head in chancery on the roadway, is almost sure to attract disagreeable remark. And, as the combatants are pretty sure, if more than one or two rounds are fought, to be taken into custody, further complications may be expected to ensue. On the whole, the part of "gallant defender" of a lady is not by any means so easily discharged, even by a "master "of the art," as "An Englishwoman" appears to imagine. Of course, if a policeman is on the spot or in sight, it may be sound tactics to knock down the insolent scoundrel as a preliminary to giving him in charge before a crowd has time to collect; but it is hardly worth while to base tactical rules on a foundation of improbable hypotheses.

THE PENSION LIST.

THE Return of Pensions charged upon the Civil List which has just been laid before Parliament is in every sense of the word an instructive document. It shows with how little discretion the taxpayer's money is bestowed. It proves that rich people have no objection to see their relatives supported by public charity. And it contains many names which will be quite new to the nation at large as having performed any sort of national achievement. Perhaps more than this could hardly be expected from a Parliamentary paper only twenty-three pages long, including the index. But there is more. For some of the explanatory descriptions intended to enlighten the reader on the origin and justification of individual grants obtain an easy victory over the ancient and historic sport of cock-fighting. The first of these pensions was awarded by Lord MELBOURNE on the 31st of December, 1839, the last by Mr. SMITH on the 29th of May, 1889. The children of a policeman killed nearly fifty years ago still receive an annuity of twenty-five pounds; and Dr. JAMES HUTCHESON STIRLING, a psychologist of repute, has just begun to draw one of fifty pounds. The total amount thus expended was, when this Return was ordered in June, rather more than twenty-five thousand pounds. According to law, twelve hundred pounds, and no more, may be given by the Treasury to needy and meritorious persons every year. As this figure is always reached, and cannot be exceeded, the cost of the Pension List to the country at any given moment depends upon the lives of the Pensioners, a class in which longevity is not uncommon. Five-and-twenty thousand pounds is not an excessive burden, if such claims are to be recognized at all. But the system, or want of system, on which the money is frittered away could scarcely be condemned beyond its deserts. The *Times* has selected Lord TENNYSON and Sir RICHARD OWEN as examples of pensions misapplied. Lord TENNYSON receives two hundred and Sir RICHARD OWEN three hundred a year for their distinguished services to Literature and Science respectively. It may safely be said that, if no name on this list were open to more objection than these two, scarcely a murmur against the Pension List would ever have been heard. The *doyen* of science and the NESTOR of literature are gracefully held up in the evening of their days to the opprobrium of comfortable but uneducated

people who do not know what comparative anatomy means, and cannot see what the *Lady of Shalott* goes to prove. It is true that Lord TENNYSON's pension was granted in 1845, when the profit from the sale of his poems must have been very small. He is reported to have since realized a sum which a successful soap-boiler might leave to his younger son, and whether in those altered circumstances he should have retained the two hundred pounds granted to him by Sir ROBERT PEEL is, no doubt, a matter of opinion. But it is utterly incorrect to say that if Lord TENNYSON relinquished this income some more necessitous person would receive it. The maximum of twelve hundred pounds cannot be exceeded, and Lord TENNYSON's pension would lapse into the broad bosom of the Exchequer.

It must be admitted that other names of distinction are not common in this List. Professor ADAMS, the surviving discoverer of Neptune, may be reckoned among them; and Mr. BAILEY, the author of *Festus*, and Dr. HASSALL, the scientific chemist. On Mr. WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, and Mr. MARTIN TUPPER, and Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN, opinions differ, and perhaps always will. But, as Mr. TUPPER's pension was granted in 1873, it is a possible, though perhaps an unduly harsh, criticism to say that he has now survived his reputation for sixteen years. Lady JACKSON is a fluent writer, and Dr. JOULE is a really eminent man of science. Mr. GEORGE MACDONALD is a prolific novelist; and, with the utmost respect for Mr. SMITH's superior judgment, we should not describe his novels as historical. But here he figures for a hundred a year, though we should add that this pension was awarded by Lord BEACONSFIELD, who may have had more sympathy with novelists than Mr. SMITH. No money could be better bestowed than the two hundred a year received by Mr. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, a naturalist only second to Mr. DARWIN, and Dr. MURRAY, of the English Dictionary, is worthy to stand beside him. But five hundred a year to the daughters of Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, "with the benefit of survivorship," stands in somewhat odd relationship to the eighty pounds still received annually by the sister of JOHN KEATS, whose "porridge" was a good deal less plentiful than Lord STRATFORD's. Considering how much has been said lately about the late Sir WILLIAM PALLISER's public services and their inadequate recognition, it is both satisfactory and surprising to find that Lady PALLISER enjoys a pension of three hundred a year. Readers of poetry will be glad to learn that Mr. CHARLES PATRICK O'CONOR's poetical merits are acknowledged by Mr. GLADSTONE, while Lord PALMERSTON recognized in Mr. GERALD MASSEY "a lyric poet sprung from the people."

THE TITHES BILL.

THE disappointment which is being occasioned by the prospect of a more prolonged Session than had been expected is rather a natural than a reasonable feeling. No one had any real right to assume that the Parnellites would allow the "contentious" Irish Votes in Supply to pass in an uncontentious fashion, and if their discussion of them has been no less disorderly, it has not been any more protracted than usual. Moreover, the true cause of the postponement by a week or so—it ought not to be more—of the expected rising for the recess is not Estimates at all; it is legislative business. It is the resolve of the Government to pass the Tithes Bill during the present Session, which has really necessitated its prolongation, and though the announcement of the resolve has taken members somewhat by surprise, we are not at all sure that they had any excuse for their astonishment. The Leader of the House has certainly never said anything to encourage the belief that the Tithes Bill would be dropped, and as certainly it was introduced in the first instance as a measure of urgency. Urgency, indeed, is admittedly the sole justification for a measure which deals only with a portion of the subject to which it relates, and it is therefore the sole answer which Ministers can make to the objectors to piecemeal legislation. It is, however, in our opinion, a quite sufficient one. That part of the tithe question with which the Government propose to deal is not only perfectly separable, in point of logic and of practical convenience, from the remainder, but it is also a part of it which a certain class of persons are interested in keeping unsettled, with a view of prejudicing the ultimate treatment of the whole. Whatever arrangement may finally be made with respect to the liability to tithe, that charge is at present in the position, in a certain quarter of the kingdom, of a legal debt which is practically irrecoverable by legal process. In that position it is, of course, the interest of the debtors to keep it, not only because all debtors gain by the evasion of their debts, but because, in this instance, the longer they can keep their creditors out of their due, and the more trouble they can give them in enforcing their rights, the better the terms which it is hoped to exact from the Legislature when the promised "comprehensive measure" for the settlement of the whole tithe question comes up for discussion.

That, we say, is the position in which the Welsh farmers naturally desire to keep the tithe-owners' perfectly legal claim; but it is not a position in which any Government ought to be willing to leave it, and its rescue cannot legitimately be delayed by any theoretical objections to piecemeal legislation or any academic preference for symmetry and completeness of legislative design. They have, in fact, no right to postpone the relief of persons whom, as the circular issued by the Bishop of ST. ASAPH points out, "simple starvation awaits," in their existing condition of inability to recover, in the face of mob violence, inefficiently checked by Executive action, a strictly legal debt. Ministers, therefore, have done no more than their bare duty as guardians of the law in determining to delay no longer in extending their assistance to those whom an open defiance of law has for too long a time defrauded of their just rights. That there may be difficulties in the way of passing the Tithes Bill this session is likely enough. If the Parnellites throw in their lot with the English Radicals on the question—which, however, is happily not free from doubt—the progress of the Bill may possibly be impeded by obstruction, judging from the scandalous proceedings last Thursday night, of a more than usually disorderly kind. We are not, however, without hope that before the Tithes Bill gets into Committee, Mr. COURTNEY may have roused himself to a keener appreciation of his duties than he has lately displayed. The discredit of the scene which took place during Mr. BALFOUR's speech on the vote for the resident magistrates cannot be admitted to rest wholly on the Parnellite Alsatian who got it up. Some share of it is reflected, we regret to say, upon the Chairman of Committees. That Mr. EDWARD HARRINGTON should have left his seat and descended to the floor of the House with the intention, afterwards averred, of "dragging "Mr. BALFOUR by force below the bar," and that he should then be able to return to and retain his seat unpunished for the rest of the evening, boasting of his valorous exploit, is a sequence of Parliamentary incidents on which Mr. COURTNEY, as temporary moderator of its proceedings, can hardly reflect with satisfaction.

THE LIVERPOOL MURDER.

SINCE the conviction of PALMER for the murder of COOK, twenty-three years ago, there has been no criminal trial in this country so remarkable and characteristic in itself as that which ended last Wednesday afternoon in the conviction of FLORENCE ELIZABETH MAYBRICK for the murder by poison of her husband, JAMES MAYBRICK. The case lasted seven days, of which two were occupied by the summing-up. The evidence was of several kinds, a great controversy arising among witnesses of medical experience and reputation as to the symptoms, *ante-mortem* and *post-mortem*, of poisoning by arsenic. The defence depended entirely upon this controversy, and it failed because, when the whole body of evidence was taken together, it was held to establish the prisoner's guilt. The position and resources of the prisoner were such as to admit of the defence being laid before the jury with all the forensic skill and all the medical advocacy that the country could supply.

JAMES MAYBRICK was a well-to-do cotton-broker in Liverpool, who married some eight years ago an American lady considerably his junior. The history of the crime by which he lost his life begins about the middle of March in the present year. At that time Mrs. MAYBRICK wrote to an hotelkeeper in London ordering rooms for her sister-in-law and her husband, who, she said, were about to spend a few days in town. The sister-in-law knew nothing of the arrangement; but on the appointed day Mrs. MAYBRICK herself came to London and occupied the rooms she had ordered. The evening of her arrival she spent with a man whose identity was not ascertained; but the following day she was joined by another man, named BRIERLEY, who was

undoubtedly her paramour, and who lived with her for two or three days at the hotel. Her movements for a few days after this were never discovered; but after a week's absence from home she returned to Liverpool, and accompanied her husband on the day following her return to the Grand National Steeplechase. On the course, and afterwards, a serious quarrel took place between the MAYBRICKS, apparently on the subject of BRIERLEY'S attention. Mr. MAYBRICK seems to have struck his wife, and she made preparations to leave his house; but one of the maidservants persuaded her not to do so, and a kind of reconciliation took place. A few weeks after this, towards the end of April, Mr. MAYBRICK was taken ill. It was noticed that the medicine which his wife gave him frequently made him sick, and in one way and another suspicion was aroused. His brothers came to the house, nurses were hired, and Mrs. MAYBRICK was watched. On Wednesday, May the 8th, Mrs. MAYBRICK wrote from her husband's sick-room a note in pencil to BRIERLEY, and gave it to the children's nurse to post. The nurse gave it to the baby to carry, and the baby dropped it in the mud. The nurse then opened it, with no other object, as she afterwards swore, than to put it in a clean envelope. Having opened it, she found that it began "Dearest," and contained such expressions as "my own darling." She therefore gave it to Mr. MAYBRICK'S brother. In it Mrs. MAYBRICK referred to her visit to London and to BRIERLEY'S future movements. She said that her husband was "*sick unto death*," underlining the phrase; that it was "only a question of how long his strength would "hold out"; and that he had been delirious since the previous Sunday. The last of these statements was absolutely untrue; the other two were not at that time believed by any person except herself, and seemed to imply a belief consistent with her putting him to death by slow poison. From the following day he got rapidly worse; on the Friday his case was hopeless; and on the Saturday evening, May the 11th, he died. Late on the Thursday night Mrs. MAYBRICK was observed by the nurse to take a small bottle of a preparation called Valentine's Meat Juice from her husband's bedroom into an adjoining dressing-room, and bring it back after a minute or two. In the ordinary course some of this Meat Juice would have been given to Mr. MAYBRICK; but it was put on one side, and he took none of it. After his death the contents of the bottle were analysed, and found to contain arsenic.

A post-mortem examination of Mr. MAYBRICK'S body was made as soon as possible, and in different parts of it was found a very small quantity of arsenic—less than one-hundredth of a grain in all. But Mr. MAYBRICK'S bedroom and dressing-room were found to be absolutely cumbered with preparations of arsenic, some stronger and some weaker. There were some two dozen fly-papers, containing about half a grain of arsenic each, recently bought by Mrs. MAYBRICK, while others were soaking in a basin of water. There was in a cardboard box a paper of arsenic in powder, labelled on one side "Poison" and on the other, in pencil, "Arsenic—"poison for cats." There were six or eight miscellaneous bottles, all containing solutions of arsenic, some strong enough for two or three fatal doses. A bottle of medicine, prescribed by a London doctor and made up by a respectable chemist at Liverpool, contained arsenic which the dispenser had never put there. Even a bottle of glycerine, with which the poor man's lips had been moistened, by the doctor's orders, to relieve his thirst when he could not retain so much as a drop of water on his stomach, contained a small quantity of arsenic.

Yet there was a defence, and one that seemed, at different times during the trial, extremely likely to prove successful. In the first place, it was insisted by a variety of eminent medical men, headed by Dr. TIDY, the well-known writer and lecturer on forensic medicine, and Dr. MACNAMARA, of the Irish College of Surgeons, that Mr. MAYBRICK did not die of arsenic at all. Every one admitted that he died of inflammation of the stomach and intestines, which doctors call gastro-enteritis; and, further, that arsenic causes death by producing gastro-enteritis. But Dr. TIDY and others swore positively that a man could not die of arsenic unless he suffered from four main symptoms, or at any rate some of them. These are violent and persistent vomiting and purging, acute pain in the pit of the stomach, soreness of the eyes, and cramp in the calves of the legs; and that they gathered from the report of the physicians who attended the case that, except vomiting, none of these symptoms were observed. They declared that gastro-enteritis might be produced by taking certain kinds of food affected by certain latent impurities, not capable of being specified, and that the kinds of food most likely to go bad in this mysterious way were sausages, cheese, and lobster. They also denied that the post-mortem symptoms reported by those who had examined Mr. MAYBRICK'S body resembled the post-mortem symptoms of arsenical poisoning. To this it was replied that as to vomiting Mr. MAYBRICK was proved to have vomited long enough and violently enough for anything, and that as to the other symptoms Dr. STEVENSON and other eminent doctors did not consider them essential. The doctors for the defence explained the arsenic found in MAYBRICK'S body by the fact that, as was conclusively proved, he had been in the habit three or four years ago of taking medicine in which arsenic was an important element. There was also evidence, less conclusive, that he had continued this habit to within eighteen months of his death, and it was urged that, if he continued it longer still, some small quantity of arsenic would probably be found in his body after his death. All the doctors for the defence were contradicted in the handsomest and most complete manner by doctors for the prosecution. The humbler of these had had the advantage of seeing their patient both alive and dead; and they not only delivered their opinion that he did die of poisoning by arsenic, but were able to prove conclusively that for about a fortnight before his death he never had an opportunity of eating either sausages, cheese, or lobster. Alone, among Mrs. MAYBRICK'S experts, Dr. MACNAMARA was prepared to go the length necessary to the satisfactory establishment of his theory as to the cause of death—that a man with a weak stomach might have gastro-enteritis merely because he caught cold, and without eating anything noxious at all.

The trial also supplied a further illustration of the great advantage guilty prisoners—and most prisoners are guilty—derive from not being allowed to give evidence. So great an impression was produced by the very positive evidence of Dr. TIDY and his fellows that Mrs. MAYBRICK might possibly have escaped, after all, if she had not claimed to be allowed to make a statement. Mr. Justice STEPHEN, as he and some other judges always do, allowed her to do so. It was artfully made, but it contained two questionable assertions, and was open to the fatal retort that it had not been made the basis of the defence, and that no witnesses had been called or questions asked in support of statements which might have been confirmed if they were true. She owned that she put poison in the bottle of meat juice, and said that her husband had asked her to put a powder in it, and that she had done so without knowing what it was. She also said that she had been extracting essence from fly-papers in order to make a face-wash, as she had been taught to do by friends in Germany. Both these statements were sprung upon the Court at the end of the evidence, and neither was supported by any fact in the case. The jury refused to be guided by the energetic speculations of Dr. TIDY, and found a verdict of Guilty, after half an hour's retirement.

MR. W. R. S. RALSTON.

ONE of the most familiar figures of London literary society has passed away in the person of Mr. Ralston, whose death, by an overdose of chloroform, took place last Tuesday. He was generally believed to have started for a long tour in Russia, intending to spend the winter in Bulgaria; but he died in London. He was a solitary man, without near surviving relatives, and his life oscillated between periods of extraordinary social activity, during which he was seen everywhere at once, and longer periods of melancholy seclusion, in which he remained cloistered in his rooms, communicating for months at a time with no one but his books. His appearance was striking; his height was several inches over six feet; he was exceedingly thin and haggard, and a long grey beard floated in the wind as he dashed from place to place in his rare intervals of cheerful activity. Underneath this picturesque exterior he cultivated a heart of singular warmth and unselfishness. He was known to all his friends as "the Russian Don Quixote," and his brighter moments were spent in the most vehement, the most exhausting and extravagant attempts to make his fellow-beings less unfortunate. No Roumanian patriot or Russian ballet-dancer stranded in the wilderness of London, no singer who could not sing nor scribbler who could not write, but Mr. Ralston was ready, at the most unexpected moment, to seize him or her in the whirlwind of his philanthropy. He was the most eccentric of men; but his eccentricity was merely kind-heartedness and tender sympathy gone wild, and a more generous,

a more unselfish, creature never breathed. He came of an Ayrshire family, and his name, until after he left college, was William Ralston Sheddon, his grandmother's name being afterwards added to his own. After having been educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the belief that he was destined to be a wealthy man, he suddenly found himself penniless. He obtained an appointment at the British Museum, and rose to a high position in the Library. If he had continued to hold it, as all his friends desired, he would probably be alive at this moment. But about 1875, in consequence of a misunderstanding with certain officials who have since died, he rashly resigned his appointment, although supported by the Trustees, and particularly by the late Archbishop of Canterbury. Since this time his eccentricity and his ill-health grew upon him. Nothing could be more pathetic than the career of a man who lived entirely for others, and could not be persuaded to cultivate any of the arts of life for himself.

The body of Mr. Ralston's work is not equal in importance to what might reasonably be expected from so very original and striking a personality. Even in literature it was more by what he said and did than by what he wrote that he effected an influence. He was a learned student of the languages of Eastern Europe, and in particular of Russian. He was indefatigable in urging on editors the importance of a recognition of contemporary Continental writers. He was the earliest friend of Turgenieff in this country, and the present fashion for Russian novels started with him. One of the latter, *Liza*, he translated twenty years ago. He had a very remarkable gift in reciting, with appropriate gestures and cries, the weird stories of Slavonic folklore, and his public performances of this nature will long be remembered. His own books were numerous. Of them all, possibly the most durable contribution to literature is the learned and elaborate volume of *The Songs of the Russian People*, published in 1873.

MODERN CAVALRY.

IT is a noteworthy fact, and one not easily explained, that while the English nation has, for the last two centuries at any rate, been distinguished for its love of field sports and for its excellent horsemanship, our cavalry has not, on the whole, shown itself superior to that of the other nations of the Continent. All Englishmen fancy they can ride, and flatter themselves that, in equine matters, their instincts and proclivities give them an easy superiority over foreigners in general, and Frenchmen perhaps in particular. "Mossoo's" adventures in the hunting-field furnished Leech with many an idea, and even now, when our national habits have been to a large extent imitated across the Channel, a story of our neighbours "busy riding" never fails to raise a smile. The memoirs and anecdotes of the time spent in France by our army of occupation in 1815 teem with experiences of the superiority in the hunting-field displayed by our officers, headed in their pastimes by the Iron Duke himself, and betray one and all a little-disguised contempt for the performances of the indigenous sportsmen. Yet we find in Lord Stanhope's recently published "Conversations" Wellington's opinion that, while the individual British trooper of his day was no doubt superior to his French rival, and while a British troop might be reckoned on to overpower a like body of the cavalry of their opponents, the advantage when larger numbers became involved was not maintained, and a British division of cavalry could no longer be counted on to oppose successfully an equally large body of French horse. The reason he assigned for this anomaly was that our men were more apt to get out of hand, and, brilliant as might be their first onslaught, were liable to be caught disorganized and more or less at a disadvantage by the enemy's second line, or reserves, immediately afterwards. Cavalry is especially at the mercy of fresh troops after a charge, even in the moment of victory, and the very dash and self-confidence of our horsemen laid them particularly open to danger at such a conjuncture. Man for man our squadrons, in like manner, have, it may safely be said, at the present time no superiors in Europe, and their drill and equipment is probably better than in the Great Duke's time; yet there is no doubt that their manœuvring power in large bodies remains unequal, as of old, to that displayed by several of our neighbours on the Continent. The German trooper, seen alone, strikes one as inferior in his horsemanship to one of our own men; yet the line of their squadrons is more exactly preserved, the horses are better in hand, and the greater precision in the execution of rapid movements displayed by them, in the case of large masses especially, is very marked. This superiority is partly to be attributed to the fact that in our service the condition of the horses is the thing first looked to by an inspecting officer.

"Fat horses" has been one of the traditions handed down to us from the days of the Peninsula, when it was considered that the more flesh they carried into the campaign the more they had to lose, and the longer consequently was their health preserved under hardship. The idea has survived the lapse of years, and nowadays a commanding officer still fears to gallop his squadrons lest his horses should unduly show their ribs at the next inspection, and his horse management be called in question. Foreigners regard military matters entirely from the practical standpoint, and would rather see their horses fit to execute a rapid charge, without being blown and exhausted, than displaying a sleek rotundity in marching past. They move their squadrons, therefore, over long distances, and manœuvre them continually and rapidly all the time; in consequence of which they become handier, and it is possible to work them with greater confidence and decision at a crisis.

Even on the Continent, however, it is remarkable that while the efficiency of infantry and artillery has become marvellously increased of late years, owing to the great development of fire effect brought about by modern science, the cavalry of to-day, as regards their own especial characteristics, are probably inferior to their predecessors of the time of Frederick the Great. And the reason for this is not merely because an arm which seeks to produce its effect entirely by shock is at a great disadvantage in these days, when fire effect has become so exaggerated, and when the ultimate decision of the fight must depend almost entirely on it. That might account for a decrease in their relative value and importance; but the cavalry of the latter end of the last century were, we believe, superior as regards their own immediate *rôle* to the horsemen of to-day, were probably as well mounted, and were certainly capable of more extended and rapid manœuvring.

Seydlitz's squadrons were undoubtedly possessed of a greater speed, discipline, and endurance than even the smartest regiments of the present German army can lay claim to, and as regards shock were admittedly more to be relied on. Moreover, the German regulations of to-day recognize the fact, and their efforts aim no higher than towards attaining a like mobility and efficiency. Of course this state of things is largely to be attributed to the fact that in those days the value of cavalry on the actual field of battle was greater than at present, and that they were then capable of encountering infantry with success during any stage of an engagement. They bore, therefore, a larger proportion to the other arms, their support was more relied on, and greater importance was attached to their tactical application. The development of fire that has marked the progress of this century placed them at a disadvantage as regards infantry on the field of battle, and some years back less attention was therefore perhaps paid to their training than had been bestowed on it by Frederick and his generals. Yet it would seem likely that the next big war will witness cavalry engagements on a large scale at the commencement of hostilities, and the issue of such collisions must have an important bearing on subsequent events.

It may be assumed that both sides will enter the theatre covered far to the front with a strong force of cavalry. To hide their own movements and discover those of the foe will be the *rôle* allotted to these horsemen, and energetic action on their part will be necessary to effect either purpose. One side or other will boldly thrust its strength forward, and endeavour to penetrate and tear aside the hostile veil, and a strong and determined effort will doubtless be made in opposition. Thus we may expect to see large masses of cavalry again manœuvring against one another, and often in actual collision ere their respective armies are within striking distance, while the result of such combats must materially influence the plans of either side. Large masses will on such occasions, if not subsequently, again have to be handled with rapidity and decision; and discipline and precision of movement in the various component parts will again form an indispensable element of success. At a field-day in this country, nowadays, the cavalry seem to spend half their time out of the saddle, and the old tactics of the dragoon of the last century, so much discountenanced by Frederick, appear sometimes in danger of again being revived. To be worthy of the name, cavalry must be accustomed to being handled with rapidity; their movements must be so swift as to seem intuitive, and must yet be exactly calculated and nicely judged. Their attack should be sudden as the swoop of the falcon, and the most opportune moment for their intervention recognized by their leader with the eye of the hawk. Such combination between thought and execution can only be arrived at by dint of constant practice under realistic circumstances, and cavalry unaccustomed to sudden and resolute action in peace-time will surely be found wanting in mobility and readiness when hostilities occur. The Germans have thoroughly appreciated this, and during their manœuvres fifty or sixty squadrons may be seen handled together with a skill and rapidity such as probably fall little short of the standard of Frederick the Great. Their recent campaigns have taught them the value of the arm, and they appear to consider that the days for its employment on the battlefield, in spite of all that is expected from modern firearms, are by no means over. As we have already stated, their horsemen take a leading part in their mimic warfare, and enterprise, swiftness, and audacity are inculcated and encouraged. Yet drill and discipline are likewise strictly insisted on, and the example of Seydlitz, who rejoiced to see his troopers charging jammed boot to boot, is held up for imitation. The tendency of peace-time is to over-estimate the effect of fire, and theory will always favour the defence. Yet, in actual fact, it is the attack that more usually wins, and this is as true of the nineteenth century as it was in the days of Julius Cæsar. In the same way theory seemed to deny to cavalry their former influence on the battlefield, yet experience asserts that, if they be well handled and have sufficient mobility, even modern fire will not prevent their finding opportunities for throwing their weight effectively into the scale, while in their screening and reconnoitring duties to the front theory and practice alike allot them a large sphere of usefulness and action. Considerations such as these should give us some anxiety

when we reflect on our inadequate horse-supply and the difficulty we should experience in finding suitable remounts for even our small proportion of the arm had we ever again to oppose a European foe. Horses and men will alike require careful drill and unremitting attention, and trained chargers are not readily improvised, even though horses of sorts are forthcoming to fill the ranks.

RACING AT GOODWOOD.

THE Goodwood meeting could not have opened in more glorious weather, and the course, instead of being a quagmire as it was last year, was in perfect order. This was exceeding good luck, considering the wet days which immediately succeeded the meeting. There was a party, too, at Goodwood House, without which Goodwood is, so to speak, scarcely Goodwood. The Stewards' Cup, although only worth 602*l.*, had given rise to a great deal of betting for some time before the meeting, and it was considered an exceptionally open race. Much as good sportsmen dislike to see a first-rate horse beaten by an inferior one carrying a much lighter weight, it is beyond question that the presence of a celebrated winner under a weight with which it is just possible that he may win adds immensely to the interest of a handicap. In the opinion of many excellent judges General Byrne's chestnut colt, Amphion, was the best three-year-old of the season, bold as such a theory sounded when one remembered Donovan. He was handicapped at 8 st. 13 lbs., and had to give as much as 3 st. 6 lbs. to one of his opponents. Then he was giving 6 lbs. and a year, the equivalent to an allowance of 17 lbs., to the great, powerful Noble Chieftain, who, although a roarer, and an uncertain runner, had given Fullerton a beating equal to a stone within the month. Nevertheless, many racing-men of great experience thought that Amphion would be able to accomplish his task, and after having been first favourite he eventually started a strong second favourite. The first favourite at the last moment was Lord Rodney's Danbydale, who had been left at the post for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, after having been backed for immense sums, and we may say at once that he again disappointed his party by running only seventh. A horse that had been heavily backed long before the race was Mr. A. James's Dog Rose, who had beaten a field of twenty-three at Newmarket in May, and had been placed in three out of four other races this season. He was to receive 15 lbs., which at weight for age was equal to 26 lbs., from Amphion, and his backers maintained that he was not so inferior to the best horse in training, be that horse who he might, as all that; yet he went down in the betting just before the start, until he reached 100 to 7. There was also Noble Chieftain to be reckoned with. At Newmarket that colt had beaten Dog Rose by three lengths at even weights, and to make up for this, 9 lbs. was to be allowed. The question whether that amount would put the pair on even terms was eagerly disputed. Danbydale gave a great deal of trouble at the post—breaking away and running part of the course more than once before the flag fell, this time, instead of staying behind altogether. When the eighteen starters did get away the running was made by Miss Ethel, who showed great speed for the greater part of the journey. Both Amphion and Dog Rose got off very well; but Noble Chieftain was not so favoured, and he was impeded by a cluster of horses that were in front of him. When they had run about half the course the first favourite was beaten; Miss Ethel, Dog Rose, Amphion, The Gloamin', and Martley composed the leading division, and Noble Chieftain was trying to work his way through the crowd. About three hundred yards from home Miss Ethel resigned the lead to Dog Rose, and at about the same time Noble Chieftain succeeded in obtaining an opening. Amphion, ridden by Watts, struggled with unflinching gameness to catch Dog Rose; but he had only reached his neck at the winning-post. Noble Chieftain, ridden by Weldon, was close at hand, and he appeared to be going much faster than either Dog Rose or Amphion at the finish. Considering the amount of ground that he made up in a short time, it was a highly meritorious performance on the part of Noble Chieftain to pass the winning-post only three-quarters of a length behind Amphion, and handicappers neither ought nor are likely to depreciate it. Dog Rose was a thoroughly "exposed horse," and he was capitally ridden by Woodburn. He is strong and muscular—according to some critics, even to clumsiness; yet it is the general opinion that he is evenly made and a good mover. The question is whether he is within 23 lbs. of a first-class horse, for that he ought to be if Amphion is all that his admirers suppose.

Considerable credit was due to Rathbeal for his victory in the Halnaker Stakes, when giving 7 lbs. to Far Niente, who had shown form as good as The Whaup's, at the weights at which they met, for the Zetland Stakes at Leicester. Indirectly, it did honour also to Loup, who had run Rathbeal to a head when giving him 13 lbs. at Sandown, and still more so to Heaume, who had beaten Loup at Newmarket. The Richmond Stakes, the principal two-year-old race of the day, was a very unsatisfactory affair, as there was a great deal of bearing to one side and bumping on the part of more than one of the competitors at the finish. Mr. Douglas Baird's Fortitude, a very fine colt by Sterling that had cost 2,300 guineas as a yearling, was the favourite; but he only ran third, and the race was won by Golden Gate, a colt by Bend Or, belonging to a brother of the owner of Fortitude. The Duke of Beaufort's Carabinier divided the Messrs. Bairds' colts, both of which swerved to such an extent as to make the value of the form very doubtful. Mr. H. Milner's Riviera won the Ham Stakes so easily that those who had laid 20 to 1 on her never had cause for a moment's uneasiness; but this was very far from being the case with the layers of 9 to 4 on Mr. D. Baird's El Dorado for the Gratwicke Stakes, the last race of the day, as their champion, after appearing to have the race in hand a quarter of a mile from home, began to slacken his pace in a most alarming manner at the distance, and it was all that Warne could do to get home with him in front of Lord Bradford's Royal Oak and the Duke of Hamilton's Fusilier, who only finished a neck and three-quarters of a length behind him.

El Dorado was in a better humour in the next race of the meeting, and the first of the Wednesday, which he won without being extended from Bridlemere, his single opponent. His craven running of the preceding day enabled his backers to lay the short odds of 6 to 4 on him. Backers had very fair terms offered them again about another of Mr. D. Baird's colts for the next race, the Sussex Stakes, in 6 to 4 against Enthusiast, the winner of the Two Thousand, who won with great ease, although by only a neck, from Prince Soltykoff's Gold. Neither Enthusiast nor El Dorado is generally considered a very satisfactory or fortunate colt. The former cost 2,000 guineas as a yearling, and has won but two races out of eight, yet he has more than 2,000*l.* to his credit after repaying the whole of his purchase-money; and the latter, be his demerits what they may, has won considerably over 6,000*l.* in stakes. The most interesting race of the day was the Chesterfield Cup, for which Mr. Legh's Veracity, the winner of the Liverpool Cup a week earlier, gave from 11 lbs. to 45 lbs. to each of his nine opponents and won easily by three-quarters of a length. This was about the best form he had ever shown. As a two-year-old he won as many as eight races out of ten; as a three-year-old he again ran ten times, but without winning a single race. So disgusted were his supporters with his shortcomings in that year that when he came out for the Lincolnshire Handicap the following spring they allowed him to start at 50 to 1, when, as if to reproach them for their faithlessness, he won the race from a field of twenty-three. A week later he won the Nottinghamshire Handicap; but after that he showed such indifferent form throughout the summer and autumn that 20 to 1 was laid against him for the Cambridgeshire, which he won by a head. His victory for the Chesterfield Cup confirms the suspicion that Whitelegs owed his success in the race for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot to his excellent start; for in that race Whitelegs beat Veracity by four lengths, and now, with only 1 lb. less between them, Veracity beat Whitelegs by nearly five lengths. In winning the Sweepstakes with his one-eyed filly, Sorceress, Mr. Abington apparently lost 830*l.*, as the stakes were only worth 115*l.*, and he bought in the winner for 900 guineas more than he was to receive for her; but we are tired of pointing out the constant repetition of one of the greatest anomalies of the turf.

We should scarcely be exaggerating if we were to say that never did so brilliant an assemblage witness such dull racing on a Cup Day at Goodwood as on the Thursday of last week. Only two horses ran for the great event, and the average number of starters for each race was less than half a dozen. For the Cup, odds of 4 to 1 were laid on Mr. Warren de la Rue's great, muscular, chestnut colt, Trayles, the winner of the Gold Cup and the Alexandra Plate at Ascot. He gave 2 st. 8 lbs. to the Duke of Beaufort's Latania, a filly of the same age, made the whole of the running, and won easily by four lengths. The Duke of Portland's Semolina had no difficulty in winning the Prince of Wales's Stakes, "pulling double," by two lengths, from five opponents, none of whom had yet distinguished themselves, and by this victory she brought her winnings up to 7,810*l.* Mr. H. Milner's Riviera, with 10 lbs. extra on her back, won the Rous Memorial Stakes, at least as easily, from a field of six. General pleasure was given by the Prince of Wales's victory in the fifth race. It was a great day for backers, as the favourites won in five races out of six, which made it a violent contrast to the disastrous Cup Day of last year, when the favourites were beaten in every instance.

As Prince Soltykoff's Cherry Bounce had beaten Mr. de la Rue's Wrinkle by some lengths for the Coronation Stakes at Ascot, it seemed safe to make the former the better favourite of the pair for the Nassau Stakes, even with 5 lbs. extra on her back; but these calculations were upset by a collision which took place between them on entering the rails, for Cherry Bounce got the worst of the scrimmage and dropped into the rear. Baron de Rothschild's magnificent chestnut colt Le Nord, by Tristan, won the Molecomb Stakes very easily from Mr. W. Low's bay colt by Wisdom out of Vanish, who had cost 1,150 guineas last year and this season had won a match in May and run a good third to Rathbeal and Loup for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Second Summer Meeting. Dog Rose, the winner of the Stewards' Cup, gave Mr. Maple's The Gloamin' 12 lbs. and a beating for the Chichester Stakes, a performance which tended to the honour and glory of Amphion. The Goodwood Stakes was considered "a good thing" for Mr. Maple's clever, lengthy, chestnut mare, Mill Stream, the winner of the Chester Cup. Mr. Fenwick's weight-carrying brown horse Tissaphernes, the winner of the Great Metropolitan Stakes, was supposed to have the second best chance; and next in public estimation came Lord

Calthorpe's three-year-old Savant, a colt by Wisdom out of Mill Stream's dam, that had shown his staying powers by winning the Feather Plate at Newmarket over the long course of two miles and a quarter as a *two-year-old*. Tissaphernes made the running almost as soon as the field had been steadied into their strides, and continued to do so until entering the rails. So far as the favourites were concerned he held his own; but a 12-to-1 outsider was destined to defeat him. Ingram, a powerful four-year-old colt, belonging to A. Taylor, the trainer, that had never won a race before, challenged Tissaphernes and beat him, rather easily at last, by a length. As he was receiving 24 lbs. from Tissaphernes, there could be no question as to whom the honours of the race were due. For the City and Suburban, Fullerton, who ran second, had given Ingram 39 lbs. and beaten him out of place; in fact, Ingram was absolutely last, although he was carrying less weight than anything in the race; so his victory for the Goodwood Stakes was, to say the least of it, a very remarkable occurrence. The favourites were beaten again for the two next races, still further reducing the winnings of the backers; but those who cared to lay the long odds of 16 to 1 on Mr. A. W. Merry's celebrated two-year-old, Surefoot, for the Findon Stakes, the last race of the meeting, won their money without fear or trembling. Neither the weather nor the company of the Goodwood meeting could well have been improved upon; some excellent horses ran, and there were a few races of considerable interest; but, taken as a whole, it must be confessed that the sport was poor.

THE FAERIE KING.

THE readers of *The Faerie Queene* are legion, but who has read *The Faerie King*? We cannot pretend to have accomplished the feat, for it is no light matter to read eight thousand five hundred lines of indifferent verse; but we have turned the pages and noted occasional passages. *The Faerie King* never passed the press, but is preserved among the Rawlinson MSS. in the Bodleian Library. One Sheppard was the writer—Samuel Sheppard, not Simon Sheppard (they both signed "S. Sheppard," to the confusion of bibliographers)—and the poem may be dated *circ.* 1650.

We are inclined to think that, for intrepid, unabashed plagiarism, Sheppard beats the record. Gerard Langbaine, noticing his so-called comedy, *The Committee-man Curried*, 1647, remarked:—"The Author indeed has shew'd his Reading, if not his Fancy: for there is scarce a piece of Sir John Suckling that he has not plundered. His *Aglaura*, *Goblins*, *Brenoralt*, all have pay'd tribute to our Excise-Poet: neither his verses nor prose have escaped him." But there were many sufferers besides Suckling. One of his favourite authors was Webster; and he had the effrontery to introduce into his romance, *The Loves of Amandus and Sophronia*, 1650, those fine lines from *The Devil's Law-Case*:—

> All the flowers of the spring
> Meet to perfume our burying, &c.

The most interesting part of *The Faerie King* is the sixth canto of the fifth book, a description of the "Sacred House of Eloquence," with remarks on "Ancient and Modern Bards." As the stanza on Shakspeare is not given in *Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse*, nor in Dr. Furnivall's Supplement to that curious volume, it may be worth quoting (though it is not very brilliant):—

> Shakespeare the next, who wrot so much so well,
> That when I view his Bulke I stand amaz'd:
> A Genius so inexhaustible,
> That hath such tall and numerous trophies rais'd;
> Let him bee thought a Block, an Infidell,
> Shall dare to skreene the lustre of his praise,
> Whose works shall find (their due) a deathless date,
> Scorning the teeth of Time or force of Fate.

Four-and-twenty English names are selected for praise. First come Chaucer, Sir Thomas More ("Who lost his owne To prove the Pope the only perfect head"), Sidney, and Spenser. Perhaps some readers will share Sheppard's regret that Spenser "doated on exploded words." Sir John Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, of which Ben Jonson said such severe things to Drummond of Hawthornden, is pronounced to rival "Ariosto's famed originall." Chapman's Homeric labours are applauded:—

> Nor can wee match his most admired play,
> Either in Sophocles or Seneca.

After Chapman come Sir Henry Wotton ("A general scholler, flowing, pithie, neat"), Drayton, Ben Jonson, John Fletcher ("A more accomplish'd wit our clime nere bred"), George Sandys, the fluent translator of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and "reverend Donne." Two lines at the close of the stanza on Donne are in Sheppard's boldest manner, delightfully absurd:—

> Thrice glorious Patryarch, who didst talk with Death
> Till the rude Goblin stopt thy learned breath.

Samuel Daniel is commended for grave sententiousness, and King James is declared to have written "a most succinct elaborate stile." Bacon is described in flat prose as "a walking living library." Shakspeare follows, then Sir Walter Raleigh, and then—save the mark!—Thomas Goffe, author of *The Raging Turk* and other extravagant tragedies (not without merit), an amiable young clergyman, who shortened his days by marrying a vixenish widow. To Goffe succeeds Francis Quarles, the emblem-writer, ridiculously styled "our English Orpheus"; and then we have a stanza, not badly turned, in praise of Webster:—

> Webster the next: though not so much of note,
> Nor's name attended with such noise & crowd,
> Yet by the Nine and by Apollo's vote
> Whole groves of Bay are for his head allow'd.
> Most sacred spirrit, (some may say I doate)
> Of thy three noble Tragedies bee as proud
> As great voluminous Johnson: thou shalt bee
> Read longer & with more applause than hee.

Time has partly verified Sheppard's bold prediction. *Catiline* and *Sajanus* have lost something of their early prestige, but *The Duchess of Malfi* and *The White Devil* shine with heightened splendour. Randolph, Suckling, Cartwright, and Charles I. bring up the rear.

We do not know how long Sheppard was engaged on the composition of his interminable poem. In his *Epigrams*, 1651, he has an address "To his Muse in reference to his Faerie King," indulging the fancy that,

> When violent hands have made
> England a den of dragons, a dark shade
> Where shag-hayrd Satyres daunce, when Kingdoms are
> Quite overturn'd, and frie in flames of Warre,
> I shall command the Earth and to the Skie
> Above the Earth, borne on Fames Wings shall flie.

But it seems to have occurred to him at times that he was labouring in vain. When he reached the fifth book he felt his spirits beginning to flag, and raised a cry of alarm:—

> Shall I (ye learned nine) be now betrayd?
> Having scrambled up so high upon your hill,
> Must I be now becalm'd? O holy mayde,
> Who hitherto hast given mee strength & skill,
> Must my Ideas, when I'm dead, be found
> Halfe buried & half above the ground?
> Forbid it, O thou Delphian deitie!

After this invocation he trudges on, pilfering right and left. As he drew very copiously from *Britannia's Pastorals*, he might at least have found room for William Browne in his "House of Eloquence."

It is strange, but true, that in 1880 the Roxburghe Club actually contemplated printing Sheppard's poem. A charitable conjecture is that the gentleman who suggested the publication had never looked into the MS. The Rev. W. E. Buckley, who rendered real service to letters by restoring Robert Burton's *Philosophaster*, was asked by the members of the Club to "confer with Mr. Coxe as to Sheppard's poems"; and it is to be presumed that the report was not favourable to Sheppard. *The Faerie King* will be read when *The Faerie Queene* is forgotten, hardly before.

DIVISION OF RAILWAY ORDINARY STOCKS.

THE announcement a fortnight ago that the Directors of the Great Northern Railway Company had decided to ask the consent of their shareholders and the authority of Parliament for the resumption of the division of the Ordinary Stock of the Company into Preferred and Deferred, together with rumours that other Boards of Directors intend to take a similar course, caused a sharp rise in Ordinary Railway Stocks. This is conclusive as to the opinion of the Stock Exchange on the matter. Investors proper prefer a stock which gives a fixed annual return to one whose return fluctuates, and for good reasons. We showed last week that most of the dividends announced by English railway Companies for the first half of this year considerably exceed those announced twelve months ago. In some cases the rate is as much as $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. higher than that of twelve months ago, and in one or two cases it is 1 per cent. higher. Now, to the holder of 10,000*l.* of Ordinary Stock an increase of $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. for the year in the dividend means an addition to his income of 125*l.* This, in itself, is highly satisfactory. But, unfortunately, a person with a moderate or small income is apt to be tempted into a considerable increase of expenditure by so large an addition to his income. He finds that he can lay by as much as he did before, and yet, after spending the same as in previous years, he has a considerable surplus, and most people are not thrifty enough, under such circumstances, to resist the temptation to augment their expenses. But after awhile times begin to change. Railway dividends first become stationary, and then decrease, and when the shareholder finds his income falling off, he is not always able to lessen his expenses promptly and proportionately. Therefore, most careful investors like to have a security whose return they can calculate with reasonable certainty. It is argued, then, by the Stock Exchange that, if the Ordinary Stocks of our railway Companies were divided into two separate stocks—one called Preferred Ordinary and the other Deferred Ordinary—the first to be entitled to a fixed Preference rate of dividend, and the second to take all that might remain, the Preferred Ordinary Stock would exactly suit the requirements of investors. Debenture, Guaranteed, and Preference Stocks have risen very much of late, and give to the investor a very small return. A creation of a new kind of Preference Stock would afford an opportunity to buy on more favourable terms. But the Deferred Ordinary Stocks would equally well suit two other classes

of purchasers in the Stock Exchange; those who may be called speculative investors—persons, that is, who buy less with a view to the return which the security yields than in the hope that its market price will rise—and, secondly, the speculators pure and simple. As the Deferred Ordinary Stocks would be entitled only to what might remain over after the Preferred Ordinary dividends had been paid, their dividends would be good in good years and bad in bad years. Their prices, therefore, would fluctuate a good deal, and therefore they would afford ample scope for speculation. Consequently, it is concluded that the prices of the two separate stocks would be considerably higher than the price of the single undivided stock as it exists at present. It is not surprising, then, that division is favoured by large numbers of shareholders, by speculators generally, and by members of the Stock Exchange.

Hitherto, however, the directors of most Companies have been opposed to division. In 1868 an Act was passed authorizing any Company which in any one year paid 3 per cent. per annum on its Ordinary Stock to divide that stock into two, one entitled to 6 per cent. per annum, and the other to whatever might remain over, each 100*l.* of stock to be equally divided. Only four Companies have taken advantage of this Act—the London, Brighton, and South Coast, the London and South-Eastern, the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, and the Great Northern. Last year the North British Company obtained a special Act of Parliament, which enabled it to divide upon a new plan, giving 100*l.* of Preferred Ordinary Stock and 100*l.* of Deferred Ordinary Stock for every 100*l.* of existing Ordinary Stock, the former to be entitled to 3 per cent. per annum, and the latter to take whatever might remain. The Boards of other Companies have declined to avail themselves of the Act of 1868, or to apply for special Acts giving them similar powers. And the objection of railway Directors to the division of their Ordinary Stocks is intelligible enough. From what has been said above it will be seen that it is generally admitted that the division would lead to a considerable increase of speculation, and respectable Boards of Directors naturally shrink from doing anything that would have such a result. But, apart from this moral objection, there is a strong practical objection also. If the view generally taken be correct that the Deferred Ordinary Stock would be eagerly sought after by speculators and speculative investors, these stocks would be held almost entirely by persons who have little or no interest in the permanent prosperity of the Companies. What they wish for is a rise in price, and it would matter little to them what might be the cause of the rise. Therefore they would naturally be inclined to favour anything likely to lead to a rise of prices on the Stock Exchange; and, as they would be more active, more enterprising, and more in a position to combine than investors proper scattered over the country, they would be able to bring to bear upon the Directors an exceedingly strong pressure. But several Boards of Directors seem to have become convinced that they cannot well hold out any longer. Not merely is there a strong demand from the shareholders, but this demand some time ago led to the formation of a Conversion Trust Company, for the special purpose of converting stocks. This Company has bought a million of London and North-Western Ordinary Stock, half a million of North-Eastern, and 600,000*l.* of Caledonian. It is true that the Company professes its intention not to vote upon the stocks held by it; but it is generally safe to assume that when power is held it will sooner or later be used, no matter what may have been the original intention, when it was acquired. And it may well be that Boards of Directors are beginning to think that it will be better they should themselves undertake the division of their stocks than that other Companies should do so, and at the same time should obtain an enormous voting power in their Companies.

From what has been said above, it will be seen that three Companies still give to their shareholders the option in the first half of every year of dividing the Ordinary Stock held by them into a Preferred and Deferred in the proportion of 50*l.* each for every 100*l.* of undivided Ordinary. One other Company gave the same option for a while; but many years ago it ceased dividing, and a fifth Company last half-year introduced an entirely new plan, that of giving 100*l.* both of Preferred and of Deferred for each 100*l.* of undivided Ordinary. We write before the meeting of shareholders of the Great Northern Company is held, and cannot say, therefore, what plan the Directors of that Company favour. Indeed, they are hardly likely to give an explanation on the point judging from the wording of the resolution to be submitted to the shareholders. But the general impression at the moment is that the Directors do not intend to adopt the plan of the Act of 1868. Most of those who have been agitating for division object to that Act that even at the time it was passed it did not meet the requirements of shareholders. And in evidence of this they point to the few companies which have availed themselves of its permission. Further, they say with very much force that the economic conditions of the country have changed so completely during the past one-and-twenty years that a fixed dividend of 6 per cent. is now preposterously high. Therefore, they contend either that the Act should be completely amended, or that special Acts should be given to the several Companies to suit their respective requirements. This is what was done last year in the case of the North British. Against the North British plan, however, there are also objections. The first and the most general is, that it waters the capital of the Company. The word "watering" is usually understood to mean that new capital for which no consideration was given is created to share equally with the old capital. And if this be the sense in which the word is used by the objectors it is not true. It is quite true that the North British plan doubles the existing Ordinary Stock, but then it limits the rights of the Preferred Ordinary stockholders to a dividend of 3 per cent. per annum, and gives to the holders of the Deferred Ordinary Stock only whatever may remain after that amount has been paid in any one year. The plan, then, correctly described, is a device for changing the distribution of the net profits. But, no doubt, something is to be said against the doubling of the nominal capital. The argument in favour of the North British plan is, that, as it gives the Preference Ordinary Stock only 3 per cent., it substantially complies with the provisions of the Act of 1868, which gives to the Preference Stock 6 per cent. the amount of the Preference being only half of the old undivided stock. So far as the shareholders themselves are concerned, it does not very much matter which plan is adopted. If a man divides his 100*l.* stock into 50*l.* stock entitled to 6 per cent. per annum and 50*l.* stock entitled to whatever may remain, he receives the same as another person who takes for the 100*l.* of existing stock two new stocks, one amounting to 100*l.* entitled to 3 per cent., and the other 100*l.* entitled to whatever may remain over. As regards the public, the main question is, Which will give the greatest scope for speculation? The North British plan undoubtedly creates a greater mass of Deferred Stock; but whether this implies a greater amount of speculation may be doubted. At all events, the true objection to every form of the proposal for dividing the Ordinary Stock is that it must, in the nature of things, encourage speculation; but, as the public demand for it is growing so strong, it is difficult to see how it can be prevented. If the Companies themselves do not convert, then, other Companies will be created—as, indeed, has already been done on a small scale—for doing what the railway Directors refuse to do or Parliament refuses to sanction. And in this way more harm is likely to result than from division by the Companies; for there will be speculation not only in the railway stocks, but also in the stocks of the conversion Companies; and there is the further risk that the conversion Companies may be much worse managed.

SENATORIAL ELECTIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

NEXT to the Presidency the political prize most eagerly pursued in the United States is a seat in the Federal Senate. The superior dignity of that body as compared with the House of Representatives results from the wide range of its constitutional functions, the greater importance of its constituencies, and the longer tenure of office enjoyed by its members. A Senator has a voice in the ratification of all treaties, and in the confirmation of nominations made by the President to the higher offices of State, such as the Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, and the Supreme Court. Again he is, in a certain sense, an ambassador from a whole State, of which a member of the House represents but a part. His term of service is for six years, that of the Representative only for two. Hence follow more intimate relations with the Executive and the heads of departments, which ensure to a Senator a correspondent control of patronage in his State. Where he is in political harmony with an Administration he is practically the dispenser of all offices to his constituents. The professional politicians, whose only occupation is office-begging for themselves or for their friends, look to him as the source of official honours, and hold him responsible for their distribution. That he may satisfy their demands he is forced to sacrifice much of his time that should be devoted to his legislative duties, and not seldom to foist upon the public service the incompetent and unworthy. Patronage is thus at once the support and the bane of a senatorial existence. Without patronage it can hardly be prolonged; in the acquisition and dispensation of patronage it is always made miserable and often extinguished. By its judicious exercise, however, a Senator secures in his service a compact and well-organized band of henchmen, whose political fortunes are bound up with his own, and whose labours, therefore, for the re-election of their patron are incessant. When his term expires the out-going Senator thus meets his rivals with all the advantages that belong to a disciplined corps in conflict with a mob. His partisans scattered throughout his State strain every energy to secure the return of a Legislature favourable to his interests, for it is by the Legislature that the Senator is elected, and not directly by the people.

As party considerations always control the action of the Legislature, the first contest is between the two great political organizations, who each strive to secure the predominance in that body, and with it the senatorship. As the Senator, then, can only hope for success through the triumph of his own party in carrying a majority of the Legislature, he participates actively in the canvass that determines the choice of its members. During his term he has kept up his connexion with the people of his State by frequent correspondence with every local leader of any importance; he has distributed vast numbers of public documents; thousands of his speeches have been franked broadcast; the rural districts have been deluged with "Agricultural Reports"; and few are the farmers who have not received from him choice selections of various seeds, supplied gratis and in profusion by the Government. He now prepares to reap the fruit of his labours.

For several months prior to the election of the Legislature he visits all the counties of the State, everywhere making speeches declaratory of his "platform." He takes concert with his friends as to the candidates they shall support for the Legislature. Where these are strong enough in the conventions which select the candidates they force through resolutions pledging the nominee to his interests. When his efforts have resulted in the return of a Legislature controlled by his political friends, his rivals, if any, will be confined to the ranks of his own party. In opposition to these, every influence he can command is brought to bear upon the members elect. By correspondence, by the importunities of his friends, by personal solicitations, sometimes by promises or by threats, he seeks to obtain a pledge of their support. The contest may be thus determined before the assembling of the Legislature; but often it then still remains in doubt. The legislative body, invariably composed of a Senate and House of Representatives, meets at the State capital, usually a country town of from five to twenty thousand inhabitants.

A European might at first be surprised at the absence of that polish and culture which he would naturally expect to find in persons called to the discharge of such important functions; but he would probably be no less surprised at the good sense, moderation, and practical knowledge of affairs displayed by the majority. For the most part the agricultural interest largely predominates; but in many States the railroads control a following formidable by its numbers, and still more so by its discipline and management. The Representatives from the large cities seldom compare favourably either in character or ability with the country members. During a senatorial election the State capital is the scene of a motley gathering. There may be found collected all who are prominent in political management, or who would fain be thought so, local "bosses," office-holders, and more numerous office-seekers, together with the agents of such railroads or other corporations as may have an interest in the event. These with a mixed crowd, whose only common characteristic is an insatiable appetite for free whiskey and cigars, constitute what is called the "Lobby."

The first aim of the candidate is to conciliate the Lobby and to impress it with the certainty of his success; in other words, to get up a "boom." The biggest "boom" will often draw into its vortex those uncertain and vacillating legislators who postpone their decision until they can find out the winner. To this end the candidate engages at a hotel commodious quarters where he may consult with his adherents, and there for several days before the election refreshments are freely dispensed to all comers. If he would avoid the fatal imputation of exclusiveness he must mingle freely with the throng, and at all hours of the day and night must be prepared to receive gracefully the visits and advice of whosoever may choose to present himself. In brief, he must employ all those ingratiating arts which, whether on Tiber or the Thames, have ever been indispensable with voting multitudes.

When the two Houses have met and organized, a night is appointed for the Caucus, which is composed of those members of the Legislature who belong to the same party. Its proceedings are in all essentials in conformity with those of a congressional convention, as described in a former article. Eulogistic speeches place the different candidates in nomination, and, after a struggle more or less protracted, a selection is finally reached by a call of the ayes and noes. The action of the Caucus is binding upon all who participate in its deliberations, and where it is composed of a majority of the members of both Houses it practically determines the election. The minority party hold a similar convention, nor is the nomination they confer an empty honour—indeed, it is often eagerly sought, as it gives a prestige to its recipient which may prove of value when his party gains the ascendent. After the Caucus the two Houses of the Legislature meet in joint convention, where each Senator and Representative casts one vote, which is always given *vivâ voce*, and here takes place the legal election, ratifying the previous action of the Caucus.

Direct bribery is rare in senatorial elections, but indirectly the canvass may involve a large expenditure. The newer States on the Pacific seaboard have been in the habit of sending to the Senate Bonanza kings and railway magnates, and in several instances the purchase of votes has been more than suspected. More generally, however, it has been charged that these elections are controlled by the great corporations of those States. In the Southern States during the period of reconstruction, when the negroes and the Carpet-bag element (*i.e.* white adventurers from the North) were in control of the Legislatures, bribery was universal and systematic; it may now be said to be unknown. It is certain, however, that of late years the Senate has begun to assume more and more the aspect of a rich man's club; but this springs from the influence of riches, which is characteristic of modern civilization, rather than from their corrupt use. The governorship of a State and membership of the Lower House of Congress are the usual stepping-stones to the Senate, but often a Senator is chosen from business life or the professions without any previous legislative experience. Fifty years ago De Tocqueville was struck by the predominance of the Bar in American political life, nor has this influence decreased with the growth of the Republic. In the forty-sixth Congress, elected in 1880, which represents a fair average, out of a total of seventy-six Senators, fifty-eight were lawyers, although not all of them were engaged in active practice.

As a Senator must be an inhabitant of the State from which he is chosen, all his political hopes are centred in retaining the favour of one constituency. If he forfeit that favour he cannot, as in England, fall back upon some other seat, where he may find the support he has lost at home, but must submit to retirement from political life. Thus a party is often deprived of the services in Congress of its most prominent leaders. Whether in such a case there is a corresponding injury to the public interests may be questioned; but there is little doubt that this rigid dependence upon a narrow constituency is often prejudicial to those enlarged views which should prevail in the discussion of national questions, whilst it may justly be suspected as tending to degrade the Senate, to use the language of Burke, into "a confused and scuffling bustle of local agency." As a consequence of the greater power in political affairs of the Senate, its members are more generally distinguished by their influence, standing, and ability than those of the House of Representatives; and, although it is often said that in the United States the best men avoid political life, yet it may be confidently asserted that, on the whole, Senators fairly represent the leading business and professional elements of American society.

ORCHID NOMENCLATURE.

A LARGE proportion of members who do not generally take interest in the "Proceedings" of the Royal Horticultural Society have heard with relief, no doubt, that the nomenclature of orchids is occupying the earnest attention of that body. "At last!" they may exclaim, as do the men of science, though with a very different expectation. The former feel assured of the purpose in view, which must needs be to suppress, or at least to simplify, those crack-jaw names which an amateur can scarcely repeat, much more remember. It is a sad task to dissipate these fond hopes. Such an aim, indeed, is worthy of all sympathy, and if there were the remotest chance of success it should be vigorously pursued. But there is none. For all time the human memory must be burdened and perplexed by such polysyllabic combinations as Zygopetalum, Catasetum Bungerothii, Warscewiczella, Nephelaphyllum, Acanthephippium, and the rest; our utmost hope is that the Christian names, so to speak, may be curtailed, and sometimes Anglicized. That will be no small boon, for many have three, and many have four; besides, a little English word introduced will be an aid to memory. No orchid-grower probably could talk such absolute nonsense as we observe in the newspapers from time to time, when an ingenuous reporter asks why these things should not have an easy name, like roses and lilies and daffydowndillies. Just as we "dropped into Greek" when electricity and anæsthetics were discovered, so we did, under more pressing necessity, in the case of orchids. They were brought to the notice of Europe at a time when science joins with common sense in demanding an international language for such themes, and fortunate it is that we have the Greek handy. Zygopetalum and Odontoglossum may be ugly; doubtless they "would have made Quintilian gasp and stare"; but they have a meaning understood throughout the civilized universe. It is, indeed, a curious subject for reflection, what on earth human beings would have done had they not possessed the Greek for purposes of this kind! But as knowledge widened, even its resources, with Latin thrown in, proved unequal to the task of furnishing convenient names, and botanists gladly consented to classicize the patronymic of any gentleman who might claim to stand godfather to a novelty. Linnæus himself fondly imagined that there might be three hundred orchids in the world, counting genera and species; we have now something like eight thousand on the books—and a great part of the globe is still unsearched. A distinct descriptive title could not possibly have been found for such a throng, and to take words without special significance became a necessity. The first allowed, we believe, was Cattleya, from Mr. Cattley, a famous amateur of Barnet. It sounds nice, even classical, but it led the way to sesquipedalian jargon. Warscewiczella and Kefersteinia and Hartwegia alarm the simple-minded, but what are these compared with Vrydagzynia and Wollschlœgelia? Happily, it is only the learned who have to deal with those judgments.

The confusion of nomenclature has reached a pitch beyond bearing at a moment when untrodden regions of Africa, Madagascar, and New Guinea—three vast storehouses—have begun to yield their treasures. From the very nature of epiphytal orchids, strict discipline must always be necessary to keep irresponsible growers in order. For the sports of this family are boundless. It is quite within the realm of possibility that a score of plants imported, belonging to the same species, might give twenty flowers so far distinct, that some would be utterly worthless, some would be above and some below the normal type, and some so far superior that they might claim to rank as new varieties. We do not suppose this has ever happened; it is possible, however. But, unless the fortunate importer should submit his prize to the judgment of authority, he cannot tell whether it is new or merely a good form already named. After Professor Reichenbach gained his unique position extraordinary blooms were sent to him by all the leading growers, amateur and professional, to decide whether or no they merited a new name. But this is a free country. If any number of ladies or gentlemen choose to christen a variety—new to them, though already judged by experts—they are at liberty to do so; there is no recognized tribunal—as yet—to check them. And they exercise

their birthright wantonly. One of the speakers at this meeting enumerated thirty synonyms in one single species of Cattleya. Moreover, such strange tricks do orchids play that many species, though admitted, are still uncertain; from time to time one of them suffers disestablishment, when "connecting links" appear, showing it to be a sportive member of some old family. Well might Professor Reichenbach exclaim, in a moment of discouragement, "It is a difficult and wearing arena of garden botany." Elsewhere he writes, "Amateurs send me an odd flower and demand a new name for it. They have not the least idea of the number of connecting links observed by the botanist. I was in a similar position twenty or thirty years ago. I experienced great pleasure when Lælias Stelzneriana, Casperiana, Schilleriana, and all those things appeared. How simple it was to distinguish them when we had so few specimens in Europe! *Sed—post equitem*, &c. Then came, and still come, the connecting links. Sometimes monstrosities deceive our judgment." He goes on to tell a surprising instance. "Thus Mr. J. Day, the excellent and most experienced orchidist, had one day Cattleya Trianæ lacera in flower, with serrate petals. For some years these flowers appeared, but finally they became mere common Trianæ flowers. Lately the same Cattleya Trianæ lacera reappeared with Herr Hofmarschall a D. Baron St. Paul d'Illaire, in Silesia. I predict it will one day turn into a humble Trianæ." A "difficult and wearing arena," indeed, where Proteus carries on his pranks. But it is no jest for the dealers. There are species which they cannot sell without anxiety unless the plant chosen have flowered in their hands. Thus, if a customer ordered Odontoglossum hebraicum, he might receive Odontoglossum Ruckerianum, Andersonianum, Jenningsianum, baphicanthum, Brassiæ, deltoglossum, or Leeanum; they are all forms of Odontoglossum lanceans. With reference to the vagaries of orchids we may mention that startling plant Luddemannia Pescatorei, which now and again justifies itself by flowering correctly, and then for years assumes the inflorescence of Acineta erythroxantha.

The death of Professor Reichenbach, who kept some order in the orchid world, has brought these difficulties to a crisis. On the 26th ult. a meeting of amateurs, importers, and dealers was held, under the presidency of Sir Trevor Lawrence, to consider the situation, and to establish definite rules of nomenclature, which, we may hope, will be accepted throughout the universe. The authorities at Kew expressed themselves delighted to assist. Excellent speeches were made, and excellent ideas broached, upon which we do not linger, since it was resolved, upon the motion of Dr. Masters:—"That the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society be requested to nominate a committee, on which botanists, importers of new plants, raisers and growers shall be represented, to draw up a code of regulations applicable to plants introduced into and cultivated in gardens. Such code to be considered binding on the officials and Committees of the Society, and recommended for universal adoption."

SOUDANESE AND DERVISHES.

IT has been more than once pointed out here that the so-called Dervishes are no more or little more Dervishes than any other African Moslems. As a fact, every follower of Mohammed is a "Dervish" in some sense or other of the word. Your donkey-boy in Cairo or at Girgeh or at Zagazig, or, in short, anywhere throughout the length of the land, is a Dervish—belongs, that is, to some sect or section, more or less fanatical, of orthodox Mussulman faith. Some of these sects are more popular in one place than in another. The Rufayeh, for example, are the most common in Lower Egypt, but others are almost equally numerous. An immense multitude of the Saidieh order used to prostrate themselves under the hoofs of their sheykh's horse at the annual *Doseh* (or *treading*), now abolished. Many of these men were waiters at hotels and servants in private families. The great Ahmedieh order, which especially affects the cult of Byumeh, is perhaps the most numerous in all Northern Africa; but new cults, and with them new orders, are constantly invading the old, both in Arabia and Egypt. We hear less now than formerly of the Wahabees, who at one time threatened to overrun, not only Arabia, but Persia, and even India. The present Mahdist movement is somewhat of the same kind in the tenets of its votaries, but differs essentially from any of the sectarian divisions of Lower Egypt. The Mahdist Dervish belongs to a wholly different class from the Saidieh or Rufayeh Egyptian who makes your bed, or minds your horse, or rows your boat. He is an Arab of pure blood, whiter than the average European, handsome to a high degree, with pronounced features, sometimes almost Jewish in type, and an air of pride and probity, coupled with a politeness and general superiority, at first sight most engaging and deceptive. He is known among the dwellers in the Nile Valley, not as a Dervish, but as a *jellab*—pronounced in Egypt "gallab"—a term which means a merchant, and, for reasons only too good, has of late years denoted a merchant of one commodity only, namely, slaves. The slaver on the Nile received sad blows and discouragement during the reigns of such viceroys as Baker Pasha and Gordon, and took to honest merchandise—such as ivory, feathers, henna, senna, and the hides of antelopes and leopards. During the short but prosperous period indicated, the jellabs might be seen in Nubia or at Assouan with their cargoes, and it was difficult to connect these noble-looking fellows, with their regal manners, their exquisite robes of white cashmere, and their scarfs of priceless needlework, with the stories you heard from the people around, who still dreaded and hated them—stories of craft, oppression, rapine, lust, and cruelty for its own sake, such as would make both a hearer's ears to tingle. These are the men whom the present turn of affairs has rendered desperate. By their own doing they have closed the legitimate market they once enjoyed, and their fanaticism has grown as their wealth has shrunk, while the countless negroes whom under Ismael Pasha they were enabled to carry into Egypt are now at a mature age able to retaliate on their old oppressors, and to revenge the woes of slaughtered fathers and outraged mothers upon the remnants of the hated jellabs.

To speak of these black troops as "natives" is somewhat incorrect. A few, a mere handful, are of a second generation from those originally imported; but the bulk of the "Soudanese regiments" are slaves imported by these very Arab traders, and remember personally, or by tradition of their elders, how they came into the Egyptian house of bondage, what horrors of torture they underwent at the hands of these lordly jellabs, and how, finally, after undergoing and surviving, while thousands perished beside them, these horrors, they were seized by connivance of the Egyptian Government, and, under the name of liberated slaves, were put into training for the army. The supply of these soldiers is not, as some authorities seem to think, inexhaustible. Mr. Stanley took away with him a goodly contingent; another contingent has perished at Souakin and on the Nile; but of those that remain it may safely be said that for war in so hot a region, and especially against the slave-dealers (whom we dignify as "Dervishes" above all other Dervishes), they are most useful, and may eventually be of further use as showing an example to the fellah soldier. The great drawback to their employment is their inherent savagery. They are reckless of the lives they have with such difficulty preserved; and, when they come hand to hand with their former masters, the unhappy jellab has but a poor chance. When, at Souakin last autumn, they were ordered to charge a trench full of "Dervishes," they went forward with reckless fury, outstripping their European officers, and, occupying simultaneously both ends of the trench, literally raked it from end to end with their fire, leaving not a single man alive. How far they are to be depended on before other troops, we have no means of knowing. The few Egyptian regiments who were led to dire defeat by the ex-Khedive's son, in the Turkish and Russian war, were largely composed of these black slaves, then newly imported by the jellabs, hastily drilled, led by Turkish or Egyptian officers, and exposed to the one elemental condition of which they had previously known nothing—intense cold. They had been parboiled under the Equator and roasted in the desert, but snow and frost were too much for them. They had, moreover, no special grudge against the Russian—on the contrary, if they had been long enough in Egypt, they cannot but have learned to hate the Turk. Their Moslem fanaticism, if it has ever existed, had not had time to grow; and, unlike the jellabs, the soldiers of the Czar had never injured them. With the soldiers of Sir Francis Grenfell it is different. Their own recollections of early life—what they have heard from their comrades—what has been told to them by the unhappy refugees on Nubian territory, of the vengeance wreaked by the "Dervishes" on the unresisting villagers of the Upper Nile after the fall of Khartoum—these, and many other considerations which it is not very easy for the English traveller to fathom, make the black soldier an implacable foe to the whitefaced jellab who murdered his mother and burned his village, and subjected himself to every indignity and bodily torment that the most refined system of cruelty could invent. There is something more than the mere irony of fate in the fact that the same tenderhearted members of Parliament who are obliged by circumstances to condone cattle-houghing and to ignore the boycotting of the widow and the fatherless are also constrained to cheer the slave-dealer and to decry his now for a time triumphant victim.

The triumph of the negro soldier may not last long. How far the conscript fellah will be able to take his place is a question which the experience of the future can alone solve. At present all the betting is against him. True, he is very obedient to English officers, regular and punctual in his regimental duties, scrupulously sober—a point in which he far excels his sable comrade—orderly, clean, and, considering the miseries of his lot, torn from his family and his farm, and condemned for no fault of his own to what he looks upon as penal servitude for an indefinite period, wonderfully cheerful. Soldierlike he is not and never will be. He and his ancestors have stooped over the black soil for too many generations to make it possible for him to stand as upright as the drill-sergeant would have him. As to fighting, he might do wonders behind walls and especially in the protection of his native village. On the hated "Jebel," the stony land where no water is, unlike the negro he is out of his element. The marching step he has learned on the table-like surface of the Meydan fails him. He falls out of step and out of line, and general demoralization probably ensues. More orthodox than the negro, who has only learned the outer forms of religion, he has no special quarrel with Dervishes of any sect. He has no memory of injuries to be avenged in blood like the unhappy native of the Soudan or of Nubia. If he has a quarrel, it is first with the Turks who enslaved his country for three centuries; and, secondly, with the French, whose atrocities eighty years

ago and obstruction at the present day are not forgotten or forgiven. Against them, or as troops lodged within fortifications, the *fellah* may prove to be of some use; but those who remember his turbulence, laziness, and cowardice in the days before Arabi have but little hope of him. It is fair to say that his behaviour at Toski seems to have been unexceptionable, though the brunt was borne by the black infantry and the English horse.

PORPOISES.

THE poet Drayton remarks that "the wallowing porpoise sports and lords it on the floods." Latest advices from the South of France intimate that the porpoise is lording it in a most annoying fashion on the Mediterranean flood. Your sea-swine is an aggravating beast, full of cunning, and prompt at a practical joke, and he is more than the Municipal Council of St. Nazaire (Var) can any longer put up with. This body has requested the French Minister of Marine to form a Commission "to study the physiology of porpoises," that by so doing it may be discovered how to secure their absence from the neighbourhood of the shore during the fishing season. The porpoise is an intrusive neighbour, and he will call at the very moment when the inhabitants of St. Nazaire and other places have pressing engagements of a different nature. However, though we may smile, it is really no laughing matter, and the Minister has taken up the question in all seriousness. He has appointed a Committee for the purpose of studying "la physiologie des marsouins," and the Report of the chairman, Professor E. Perrier, is in our hands. It will be melancholy reading for the Town Council of St. Nazaire.

It appears that it is an old complaint that the porpoises of the Mediterranean commit intolerable depredations. The Report thinks that the injuries have been exaggerated, but does not deny that the nets are torn and robbed. It appears that each generation of porpoises is a little cleverer than its forbears; and, whereas the porcine rascals used only to drive the fish into nets or shallow water, they now encourage them to be caught, that they may themselves feast on the netted captives. The Department of Marine has often been asked to interfere, and as early as 1865 the commander of the Mediterranean fleet formed a scheme for the destruction of porpoises, which was like one of the wolf-laws of the middle ages. A fee of five francs was offered for every head of a porpoise, a sum raised at last to twenty-five francs. Special seines were devised, and the fishermen of Marseilles, Narbonne, and Port Vendres put their heads together to entrap their enemies. As a matter of fact, they found it easy enough to catch the porpoises, and plenty of fish as well. But here came out original sin in the wicked cetacean. The seines were slily drawn close; the porpoises meanwhile ate the fish, their fellow-prisoners, until, just when the space within the net began to lessen seriously, with the inimitable grace of a flap of their tail-fins, they lightly sprang, like salmon, over the edge of the net and into the ocean. The fishermen of Marseilles, Narbonne, and Port Vendres, wild with rage at being fooled in this way, once more brought the conduct of the porpoises before the notice of Government.

The Minister was shocked, but could suggest nothing. Three other communes thereupon requested the department itself to undertake the chastisement of the porpoises. There was a long delay, but at length two gunboats, the *Hyène* in 1883, and the *Albatros* in 1884, were sent to punish the sportive pirates. They shot torpedoes among them, and fired cannon galore. The result was melancholy in the extreme. A few porpoises were killed, but not many; the majority fled out to deeper waters; but, alas! the fish fled with them, so that it was more than a week in each case before the fishery could be recommenced. And when the fish came back, like the ghost in the Laureate's poem, the irrepressible porpoises returned in their company. The new Report is not more encouraging than former ones have been. It says that the porpoise is an animal "fort agile," and that the use of artillery against him is worse than useless. It can only suggest in a melancholy way that "the fishermen who complain of the depredations of these cetaceans would do well to unite in organizing porpoise-hunts, or else in forming a mutual insurance against the injuries they commit. Meanwhile, the department might continue to indemnify to a certain degree the proprietors of nets which have been injured in any very preposterous degree." This is cold comfort, and is, in fact, another way of saying that nothing can be done with beasts that are as slippery as trout, as cunning as monkeys, and as strong as ponies.

We have ourselves a suggestion to make to the inhabitants of these indignant Mediterranean communes. Why not eat the porpoises? It is well known that sea-pig used to be considered a succulent and even luxurious dish. Why is it now universally neglected? If the brutes tear the tackle of the fishermen, and leap out of seines which they have emptied of their fish, they may still be hunted down singly and turned into sea-hams and marine sausages. It is possible, however, that they might not suit all palates. Even in the reign of Elizabeth it would appear that porpoise, though an aristocratic, was an acquired, taste. In a prose pamphlet by Nicholas Breton, *The Court and Country*, published in 1618, an amusing story is told of a great man who sent one of his farmers "for a great dainty a porpoise-pie or two cold." The farmer's wife, the farmer himself, the children, the servants, the dog, the neighbouring miller and his dog, all in turn partook of it, and each in turn suffered from horrible symptoms of disgust. The farmer sent the remainder back to his patron with many excuses, and with the expression of an opinion that porpoise-pie was probably "more wholesome than toothsome." Breton gives this as an example of how rustic people may fastidiously refuse what is really, like olives or caviar, a dainty highly prized in a more exalted walk of life. It would seem as though the entire world had come to be of the Elizabethan farmer's opinion about the flesh of porpoise, and we are afraid, after all, that our suggestion may not commend itself to the bewildered Town Council of St. Nazaire (Var).

LITTLE BILLEE.

(*An Imperial Dream.*)

"THERE were three sailors of Bristol City"—
He tried it again, but sleep made free,
And dreams of his own getting mixed with the story,
The ballad worked out like this, d'ye see?

"There was Gorging Jack from Central Asia,
Chockful of Turkoman bones was he,
And Puzzling Jimmy from over the Channel;
And the youngest he was Little Billee.

"Says Gorging Jack to Puzzling Jimmy,
'I feel extremely earth-hungaree':
To Gorging Jack says Puzzling Jimmy,
'And a thirst for revenge has come over me.

"Says Gorging Jack to Puzzling Jimmy,
'Why shouldn't we two chaps agree
For me to devour the Balkan Kingdoms
While you make a meal off Little Billee?'

"'O Billy! we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie'—
And just at this point the Imperial sleeper
Turned in his bunk uneasilee.

"'First let me pay a complimentary visit,
Which my dear grandmamma expects from me'—
'Make haste, make haste,' says Jack the Gorging,
As he whetted a Muscovite snickersnee.

"So Billy he called for an ironclad warship,
And with beef and biscuit he victualled she,
And off he set with his colours flying
All from the coast of Germanee.

"But he hadn't got to the mouth of the Solent
When he cried out: 'Ho! a friend I see;
And he'll stand by me against Jack and Jimmy,
For there's his fleet on the larboard lee.

"'It's known from Jerusalem to Madagascar,
And to North and South Amerikee,
That there British flag a-riding at anchor
With Admiral Commerell, K.C.B.'

"So his friend fired guns, as he came aboard him,
To warn fat Jack and rebuke Jimmee;
But as for little Bill, they made him
An Admiral in the Queen's Navee."

REVIEWS.

LORD TORRINGTON.*

WE are afraid that this volume is only one more illustration of the bad luck of the British Admiral in the matter of biography. George Byng, the Lord Torrington of this book, was not one of the greatest of our seamen, but he did good work; he played an active and interesting, if not eminently honourable, part in the Revolution of 1688, and he contributed one of the prettiest and most completely successful bits of fighting to the history of our navy. A reasonably good Life of him, written by a well-informed contemporary, would be a great find. Unhappily the manuscript which Mr. Laughton has edited falls far short of even a modest standard. It is written in a wooden way, and stops short just before the most brilliant part of Byng's life. Mr. Laughton goes somewhat too far when he describes the spelling as bad and the grammar as atrocious. The writer, whoever he was, certainly does not write so well as an educated man who had lived well into the eighteenth century, and ought to have learnt something from the prose of Dryden, Swift, and Addison, should have done. He appears to us to have been a belated seventeenth-century man of no particular literary skill. If he is accepted as that he will not appear to be especially

* *Memoirs relating to the Lord Torrington.* By John Knox Laughton, M.A., R.N. Printed for the Camden Society. 1889.

blamable. No doubt we find him writing "cartridge" and "carterage," "mold" and "mould" (for mole) in the same sentence, "shoud," and "of of," for "off of"; but in this laxness he was countenanced by very distinguished persons. His grammar was not above reproach; but, all things considered, it is not flagrantly worse than Clarendon's. On the whole we should be inclined to say that his style is much what might be expected from a man of small reading who had been educated in a time when even admirable writers were apt to miss the point at which they ought to have been done with a sentence. Probably he was an official person of an ordinary stamp, writing neither better nor worse than scores of contemporaries or successors, for that matter. The rank and file in the writing world are apt to forget how much of their boasted accuracy is really the work of their masters, and, therefore, no merit of theirs. A man must be judged by the standard of his time, and if the anonymous author of the Memoirs receives this justice, he will not stand lower than many writers of to-day who find it easy to avoid erratic spelling or involved sentences.

When fair allowance is made for his limitations of all kinds, the author of this fragment must be allowed to have done a useful piece of work according to his lights. He has at least enabled us to see more or less what the life of a successful naval officer of the end of the seventeenth century was, and he has contributed something to the history of the Revolution of 1688. George Byng as he appears here was obviously a very typical man of his time. If he had possessed a touch of the poetry of the sixteenth-century men, or the enthusiasm, Royalist or Puritanical, of the seventeenth century, or the high patriotic and professional spirit of the officers of the end of the eighteenth century, something of it would have appeared even in this wooden narrative. But then he might not have been the successful man he was. His fate might have been to share the career of that Captain Lloyd who alone of James's fleet—the only faithful found—followed the fortunes of his King and his Admiral and became a Jacobite agent. Byng was not at all likely to devote himself to any such Quixotic enterprise. Like his generation, he was distinctly of the earth earthy—brave and capable, beyond all doubt, loyal without enthusiasm to Church and Constitution; but not, to judge by his conduct in 1708, to the extent of quarrelling too thoroughly with the King who might return, and with an eye keen to see the main chance. This narrative ends abruptly in 1705, and it seems to us that the writer may have found the events of 1708 somewhat difficult to deal with. Byng was certainly accused of not showing great zeal against Forbin in the Jacobite adventure of that year. It is just possible that the biographer—who was plainly an honest man of no suppleness—may have found it difficult to reconcile his hero's conduct at that period with the resolution he showed after the mysteriously peaceful accession of George I. had made the Stuart cause manifestly hopeless. This, however, is mere guesswork, which must be taken for what it is worth. The events of Byng's life as told in the Memoirs are very easy to understand. He was the son of a ruined Kentish gentleman who tried an unlucky adventure in Ireland, and he entered the navy as a boy. The fact is one among many which may help us to the easy task of proving that Lord Macaulay overstated the case in his sweeping way when he said that the gentlemen in the navy of those days were not seamen, and the seamen were not gentlemen. Byng was both, as were Russell and Herbert, Fairfax and Delaval. According to a practice of the time, he suddenly changed from the sea to the land service. He served under Kirke at Tangier, was so much protected by that Protestant hero as to arouse the jealousy of the military gentlemen, and returned to the sea service as lieutenant. Lord Dartmouth promoted him at Kirke's request. It is a not uninteresting detail that when in Tangier he was named to Charles Churchill's company in Trelawny's regiment. At a later period he found cause to complain that the Churchills did him ill turns for his support of Admiral Russell. From Tangier he went to the East Indies as lieutenant to Captain Tyrrell, in the *Phœnix*, who was sent "for the better reducing to due obedience his Majesty's inhabitants of the Island and Fort of Bombay lately revolted from the government there established by his Majesty, and for the better securing the trade granted by charter to the East India Company against the interlopers complained of by them and against pyrates." In the East Indies Byng cultivated the acquaintance of Sir John Child, to his own great profit apparently. It is to be noted that he kept up his connexion with the East India Company by marrying into the family of Streynsham Master. From these Memoirs it does not appear that Byng's conduct to his captain was a model of discipline and good feeling. He seems almost to have worked against his superior, and to have toadied Sir John Child. But there were more honourable passages in his service in the East, and we shall quote one of them, both for its own sake and as an example of our anonymous author's merits and demerits as a stylist:—

> As they (the *Phœnix's*) were plying to windward of Bassin they discovered a ship at anchor, and stood towards her. Upon coming near her, she weighed and stood off from them, upon which the *Phœnix* gave chase, and she proving to be a Zanganian, a sort of pyratical people, they engaged her. They are a desperate people, who neither give nor receive any quarter, and drink of a certain drug called bang, that makes them fight with the greater fury; they behaving with much intrepidity, and continuing obstinately to defend themselves. Capt. Tyrrell boarded them severall times, but the ship having too much way, he as often missed the oppertunity of entring his men; yet about sunset Capt. Tyrrell boarded her again with near fourscore men, sword in hand, ready to get into her; but having again too much way Mr. Byng and 11 men only entered. On this attempt severall of the enemy liped over to swim ashoar, and other ran down the hatches, but seeing themselves far from the *Phœnix* and so few entered the ship they attacked them with symitars [with great fury] and, being in greater number, cut the others to pieces, Mr. Byng having allready received two very deep cuts on his left side, quite cross his back thro' a very thick buff belt he had round him; but in that instant the ship sunk downright with them by the shot she had received and set them all to struggle for their lives in another way. [But as Mr. Byng could not swim he had not an equal chance with the rest] so that he, finding the ship going down and himself in the water, he caught hold of one of the Zinganians by the hair of his head; who, struggling to disengage himself, he was apprehensive he would turn upon him, and by keeping him under water drown him; he therefore quitted his hold and caught at a piece of loose plank which kept him above water; yet had little hope of saving his life (having drunk much water and was so weak he had sunk two or three times) and was near being carried away by the current. But the corporall of the *Phœnix*, who was at the head of the mainmast, now upright in shoal water, seeing his leftenant near him in distress, pressed him to quit the plank and part of the wreck near him, and endeavour to get to him, which if he could do might save him. Mr. Byng seeing no other hope forsook it; and by much strugling with difficulty got within reach of the corporal, who pulled him up; yet remaining with little strength whereby to hold with, his head could scarce be kept above water.

The spelling and grammar here are not so very bad, and what confusion there is is mainly a matter of stops, which the author would have put right on going to press, and Mr. Laughton need surely not have respected.

On returning to England, Byng soon fell into the Revolution of 1688, and mainly apparently on the suggestion of his old friend Kirke was active in seducing the officers of Dartmouth's fleet. He was active in persuading Ashby and Aylmer to join the Prince of Orange. There is an account, brief but interesting, of the intrigues at Portsmouth and of the measures taken to stop the escape of the Prince of Wales. Byng showed himself both astute and daring in carrying messages between the conspirators and the headquarters of the Prince of Orange, to whom he was presented. The remainder—much the larger part—of the book is taken up with accounts of his service as captain or admiral in subordinate command in various actions, from the feeble fight in Bantry Bay down to the bloody but indecisive action off Malaga, with his troubles as to promotion, and his negotiations with the Algerine pirates. Although, as we have said, the writer was sadly without gift, yet there are passages in his narrative which are by no means bad. We have read much worse in authors of greater pretension than the accounts of Byng's danger in the great storm, or his distinguished share in the capture of Gibraltar, or the description of the operations before, during, and after the battle off Malaga. The Memoirs will be useful to the long-hoped-for naval historian, and they certainly leave the impression that the conqueror of the Spaniards at Cape Passaro was a brave and capable man.

MR. KIPLING'S STORIES.*

THE worst of recommending Mr. Wheeler's publications, which we do very heartily, is that apparently they are difficult to procure. They appear in paper-covered little volumes; but these volumes are not found on English railway-bookstalls. Very little that is so new and so good can be discovered in those shrines of fugitive literature. Mr. Kipling is a new writer, or a writer new to the English as distinct from the Anglo-Indian public. He is so clever, so fresh, and so cynical that he must be young; like other people, he will be kinder to life when he has seen more of it. Clever people usually begin with a little aversion, which is toned down, in life as in love, to a friendly resignation, if it is not toned up to something warmer by longer experience. Mr. Kipling's least cynical stories are those in *In Black and White*, studies of native life and character. He is far happier with Afghan homicides and old ford-watchers, and even with fair Lalun, "whose profession was the most ancient in the world," and whose house was built upon the city wall, than with the flirts and fribbles of the hills. His "black men" (as Macaulay would have called them) are excellent men, full of courage, cunning, revenge, and with points of honour of their own. We are more in sympathy with their ancient semi-barbarism than with the inexpensive rank and second-hand fashion of Simla.

An invidious critic might say, and not untruly, that Mr. Kipling has, consciously or unconsciously, formed himself on the model of Mr. Bret Harte. He has something of Mr. Harte's elliptic and allusive manner, though his grammar is very much better. He has Mr. Harte's liking for good qualities where they have the charm of the unexpected. Perhaps the similarity is increased by the choice of topics and events on the fringes of alien civilizations. It may also be conjectured that Mr. Kipling is not ignorant of "Gyp's" works. In any case he has wit, humour, observation; he can tell a story, and he does not always disdain pathos, even when the pathetic is a little too obvious. People will probably expect Mr. Kipling, with all these graces of his, to try his hand at a long novel. We are a nation that likes quantity. But it may very probably turn out that Mr. Kipling is best at short stories and sketches.

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* *In Black and White.* By Rudyard Kipling. Allahabad: Wheeler & Co.

Under the Deodars. By Rudyard Kipling. Allahabad: Wheeler & Co.

Perhaps the most excellent of his tales is "Dray Yara Yew Dee," the confession to an Englishman of a horse-dealer from the Northern frontier. This character, in his cunning and his honesty, his madness of revenge, his love, his misery, his honour, is to our mind a little masterpiece. There is a poetry and a melancholy about the picture which it would be hard, perhaps impossible, to find in more than one or two barbaric or savage portraits from a European hand. His confession must be read; we shall not spoil it by analysis. The "Judgment of Dungara" is as good, in a comic and cynical manner; so is the tale of a "sahib, called Yankum Sahib." Missionaries ought to get the former by heart, and magistrates the latter. "Gemini," the story of Ram Dass and Durga Dass, might make a Radical Indophile laugh, and might teach him a good deal about his clients. "In Flood Time" is a little prose idyl of epical strength; there is something primitive in the adventure and something very sympathetic in the old warder of the ford who tells the tale. The "Sending of Dana Da" is an Icelandic kind of miracle worked on esoteric Buddhists to their confusion and sorrow. The sending wherewith Dana Da vexed Lone Sahib was a sending of kittens, not nice young vivacious kittens, but kittens in their babyhood, and they vexed Lone Sahib sore. "On the City Wall" is the last, and certainly one of the very best, of the stories; the tale of conspiracy, riot, prison-breaking, organized by Lalun the Fair and Wali Dad, "a young Mahommedan who was suffering acutely from Education of the English variety, and knew it." This Wali Dad is as clever a study as that of the Pathan horse thief; his modern melancholy, infidelity, *Weltschmerz*, and all the rest of it, leave him at bottom as thorough a Moslem fanatic as ever yelled "Ya Hasan! Ya Hussain!" How the British soldiers quell a multitude of yelling fanatics, without drawing a bayonet or firing a shot, is pleasant to read. And, at the end of the riot, there we find Agnostic Wali Dad, "shoeless, turbanless, and frothing at the mouth; the flesh on his chest bruised and bleeding from the vehemence with which he had smitten himself." Wherefore we part from Wali Dad respecting him rather more than in his character of educated Unbeliever; for the attitude and actions of the fanatic were more sincere than the sighs and sneers of "the product."

On the whole, Mr. Kipling's *Under the Deodars* is more conventional and less interesting than his studies of native life. There is comparatively little variety in "playing lawn-tennis with the Seventh Commandment." Mr. Kipling, in his preface, intimates that Anglo-Indian society has other and more seemly diversions. Any persons who wish to see the misery, the seamy, sorry side of irregular love affairs, may turn to "The Hill of Illusion." It is enough to convert a man or woman on the verge of guilt by reminding them that, after all, they will be no happier than they have been, and much less respectable. "A Wayside Comedy" contains a tragedy almost impossible in its absurd and miserable complexity of relations. Only a very small and very remote Anglo-Indian station could have produced this comedy, or tolerated it; and yet what were the wretched men and women to do on this side of suicide? The freaks of Mrs. Hawksbee and Mrs. Mallowe are more commonplace and rather strained in their cleverness. But, on the whole, the two little volumes, with Mr. Kipling's *Departmental Ditties*, give the impression that there is a new and enjoyable talent at work in Anglo-Indian literature.

SOME CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS.*

"POLLY BEEIOUS," as the historian was called by a great authority, has never been an author very much read by Englishmen in the original, and, though in times past he has had his fair share of translators, he does not now figure even in the all-embracing Bohn. His Greek is bad of a bad time, his text is in part extremely fragmentary, and thus he has small literary and still less scholastic attractions. On the other hand, the matter of his work is extremely important. A man of great ability, thoroughly well versed in public business, a traveller, a fair student, an exact observer of military topography, Polybius held the opinion that an historian ought to be first of all a reporter of those things which he has heard and seen. The consequence is that he has left us, at an immense interval, it is true, the most valuable historical work in point of matter that we have after Thucydides—a book more valuable in strict historical information, though infinitely less valuable in form and some kinds of matter, than those of Herodotus, Tacitus, and Sallust, and one which, if he had only known how to write his own language, would have been on a par with Xenophon, whose superior he seems to have been in brains and business faculty, though he was far less of a man of letters as well as of a soldier. This very inferiority makes it an exceptionally meritorious business to translate him. We do not think that Mr. Shuckburgh can have altogether enjoyed (except with that enjoyment which comes of hard work well employed) the considerable task of producing these two fat volumes. We are still not quite sure that any one who wants really to study Greek and Roman history (and nobody else will busy himself with Polybius at all) ought not to learn the tongues. But, if translations are ever justified, they are justified in cases where the matter and not the form of the original is of importance; and this, if ever, is the case with the son of Lycortas and the friend of Scipio Æmilianus.

Mr. Aubrey Stewart, who has already contributed a version of Seneca's *De Beneficiis* to Bohn's Classical Library, now follows it up with another of the Minor Dialogues and that on Clemency—in other words, of the contents of the first volume of Haase's edition of the text. There is no introduction; but there are good notes occasionally where they are required, and the translation is a capital instance of the combination of readableness with scholarship. Publishers are usually men of business, and we presume that Messrs. Bell would not have "commanded" a version of Seneca unless they had anticipated readers for it. And we should be glad to think that there will be readers for such a version of such an author. As for the version, it is sufficient to say that we have compared passages taken at random with the original as exactly as possible, and that we have not discovered the slightest misrendering. Elegance, still more preciousness, of style is hardly to be sought in rendering Seneca, who has made a certain laborious attempt at form, but is chiefly clear, forcible, and matter-of-fact. His matter is, we think, matter very well suited to the present or any day—perhaps even better to the present than to any other. For, whether it be the fancy for paradox and novelty, or whether it be a natural result of the constant repetition of parænetic discourse in the pulpit, or what not, it is certain that sound ethical writing is not common, and that the modern man is much more left to himself in matters of conduct than any generation of his fathers not wholly barbarous. No reasonable person will think Seneca's advice any the worse because he was a rich fellow enough, and the perhaps rather too complaisant and adulatory Minister of a despot. The important thing is that he had seen a great deal of life, had thought about what he had seen, and could write what he had thought. And so let his lay sermons be commended, whether in their own Latin or in Mr. Stewart's English.

It was far, indeed, from being ill thought to give a cheap collection of different versions of Horace in English. No author has been more often attempted, and few have shown themselves more impregnable; but the results of the exercise of so many excellent wits on a wit hardly less excellent than the best of them could not but be interesting. With Milton's famous "To Pyrrha," with Dryden's magnificent (even Dryden himself never did anything more deserving that epithet than the version of *Tyrrhena Regum*) if scarcely Horatian paraphrases to lead off with, and Mr. Calverley and Bishop Copleston (there is an excellent version of this last scholar's in the Oxford *Spectator*, which we do not think the compiler has availed himself of) and with many worthy persons between, there is good game. Of course the excellent Francis furnishes the staple. It is rather curious how good Francis is generally without being ever very good. The late Mr. Herbert Grant's work, of whom the editor seems to think great things, does not arride us much. There is hardly a worse translation in the book than his opening one, which is a tissue of surplusage, omission, and injudicious paraphrase. A translator who omits *dulce* from *decus*, and, by way of making amends, shoves in "strong" to back up *præsidium*; who leaves out *mobilium terga Quiritium* altogether, gives no equivalent for *partem solido demere de die*, and renders

> me gelidum nemus
> Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
> Secernunt populo.
>
> Far from the world's tumultuous throng
> The nymphs enchant me with their song.

is not a translator at all. We pardon (or, rather, are only too glad to get) this sort of thing from Dryden, because, whether Dryden gives us Horace or not, he gives us almost always splendid verse and admirable matter. Translators of Mr. Grant's stamp do not give us Horace, and do give us limp twaddle. Another translator who, as we turn the volume over, seems to us to have rather stolen his once great fame, is Archdeacon Wrangham. In the well-known ode to Sestius *vice* is not "sway," "stern" is inadequate for *acris*, *prata* are most certainly not "brakes," and the antithesis of *summa brevis* and *spem longam*, in the best-known line, is lost or weakened, while the loss of *beate* is immense in

> Warned, Sestius, by life's brief amount,
> Forbear on distant bliss to count.

On the other hand, Canon Howes, who alternately with Francis supports almost alone the burden of the Epodes, Satires, and Epistles, is a good verse-smith enough, and among the rest are versions known, or deserving to be known, almost as well as those which contain "plain in thy neatness," and

> Not Heaven itself upon the past has power.
> [But] what has been has been, and I have had my hour.

Such are Atterbury's "To Melpomene," Mr. Calverley's "O navis," Hartley Coleridge's "Persicos odi," Ben's "Donec gratus

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* *The Histories of Polybius.* Translated by E. S. Shuckburgh. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Seneca's Minor Dialogues. Translated by Aubrey Stewart (Bohn's Libraries). London: George Bell & Sons. 1889.

Horace. Translated by Various Hands. London: Warne & Co. 1889.

The Phædrus, Lysis, and Protagoras of Plato. Translated by J. Wright. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

The Teaching of Epictetus. Translated by T. W. Rolleston. London: Walter Scott.

Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, rendered into English Prose. With an Introductory Essay by A. Lang, M.A., lately Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. Golden Treasury Series. London: Macmillan & Co.

eram"—but we must stop lest the list be unfairly short or unduly long.

The "Golden Treasury" has, for more years than some of us may care to think of, included the best English translation of Plato, the *Republic* of Messrs. Davies and Vaughan, while very recently a volume containing the cycle of dialogues on Socrates's death has been added. Mr. Wright's version of the *Phædrus*, *Protagoras*, and *Lysis* makes a new instalment towards the provision of a handy rival to the Master of Balliol's very bulky and quite sufficiently praised work. The *Phædrus* and *Protagoras* are probably the two dialogues most often read next to the *Republic*, and the first is as certainly unsurpassed in Platonic as the second is in Socratic quality, while the *Lysis* is both characteristic in itself and epexegetic to the *Phædrus*. Mr. Wright has given an excellent version without any notes, but with introductory "arguments." These are far from superfluous, the thread of a Platonic dialogue being by no means always easy for a novice to follow, and the enjoyment of the digressions (not to say vagaries) of its hero being considerably heightened by the possession of a sort of key-map beforehand.

We are not able wholly to approve the principle of Mr. Rolleston's translation of Epictetus. It is tessellated out of the *Encheiridion*, Arrian's *Dissertations*, and the *Fragments*, in such a way that Mr. Rolleston makes continuously numbered books, chapters, and sections out of the snippets from these different works. It is true that the very peculiar form in which we have the philosopher's work makes this less of a liberty than it would be in some cases, but still it is a liberty, and we cannot help thinking that the better way would have been to give the text either of the *Manual* only, or of Manual and Dissertations together, as we have it in such originals as have come down to us, and to do the piecing in an introductory dissertation of the translator's own. Mr. Rolleston might even, considering as he does with some reason that much of the Dissertations is mere surplusage, have printed these portions in italic or some other distinguishing type. He has thought differently, however, and his book is interesting. Sometimes, indeed, he indulges in a not quite intelligible unfaithfulness; here is a passage:—

> Never in any case say, *I have lost* such a thing, but *I have returned it*. Is thy child dead? it is a return. Is thy wife dead? it is a return. Art thou deprived of thy estate? is not this also a return?
>
> ——"But he is wicked who deprives me of it!"
>
> But what is that to thee, through whom the Giver demands his own? As long, therefore, as he grants it to thee, steward it like another's property, as travellers use an inn.

Here "steward" is awkward, for travellers certainly do not "steward" their inn, nor is it necessary for the Greek ἐπιμελοῦ. But this matters very little. The book will, no doubt, introduce not a few English readers to Epictetus, and that will be a good deed. For to Epictetus the remarks which we have made above on Seneca apply with greatly increased force. He is, perhaps, the chief master of the later gnomic style, suffering neither from the contrast (illogical it may be) of writings and life which prejudices some against him of Cordova nor from the taint of priggishness which to some modern readers makes Marcus Aurelius as though it were a kind of Roman and Imperial Emerson. It is not, perhaps, quite easy for a modern to put himself in the position of Epictetus or one of Epictetus's hearers. The paradoxes of Ataraxia and Adiaphoria are not in the least greater paradoxes than a vast number of opinions which are taken quite as a matter of course nowadays; but they are not *our* paradoxes. Indeed, it may be shrewdly suspected that Epictetus would have said as sharp things of modern politics, modern science, and no small part of modern literature as his tolerably mild nature allowed him to say. The most dubious of his positions, in the eye of general reason, is that of "the open door"—the permission given to suicide. Yet it is often forgotten how carefully this is guarded. The passage is worth quoting, well as it ought to be known:—

> And to this it should be my part to say, "My friends, wait upon God. When He Himself shall give the signal and release you from this service, then are ye released unto Him. But for the present, bear to dwell in this place, wherein He has set you. Short, indeed, is this time of your sojourn, and easy to bear for those that are so minded. For what tyrant or what thief is there any longer, or what court of law is terrible to one who thus makes nothing of the body and the possessions of it? Remain, then, and depart not without a reason." Some such part as this should the teacher have to play towards the well-natured among his disciples.
>
> How long, then, are such injunctions to be obeyed? So long as it is profitable—that is to say, so long as I can do what becomes and befits me. Then some men are choleric and fastidious, and say, "I cannot sup with this man, to have to bear him every day telling how he fought in Mysia." *I told you, brother, how I went up the hill—then again I began to be besieged.* . . . But another saith, "I prefer to have my supper, and listen to him prating as long as he likes." And do thou compare the gain on both sides—only do naught in heaviness or affliction, or as supposing that thou art in evil case. For to this no man can compel thee. Doth it smoke in the chamber? if it is not very much I will stay, if too much, I will go out; for remember this always, and hold fast to it, that the door is open. *Thou shalt not live in Nicopolis.* I will not. *Nor in Athens.* I will not live in Athens. *Nor in Rome.* Neither in Rome. *Live in Gyara.* I will live in Gyara. But living in Gyara seemeth to me like a great smoke. I will depart, whither no man shall hinder me to dwell—for that dwelling stands ever open to all.
>
> Only do it not unreasonably, not cowardly, nor make every common chance an excuse. For again, it is not God's will, for He hath need of such an order of things, and of such a race upon the earth. But if He give the signal for retreat, as He did to Socrates, we must obey Him as our commander.

The obvious answer is that the signal for retreat is only unmistakable when it comes in the form of not-self-sought death. But when, even in this case, where complete approval is not possible, we compare such writing as this with our modern substitutes for it—with the morbid maunderings of Amiel, for instance—it is difficult not to think that thought has strangely retrograded. There is a kind of fibre in Epictetus which has been utterly wanting in what may be called profane meditation on life in Europe since the middle of the last century. It is "manly, sir, manly," as F. B. remarks; and the descendants of Rousseau and Senancour, whatever other merits they may have, are not manly.

To be included in the Golden Treasury Series is in some sort to take rank as a classic; and, in adding to the series an example of what may be called the modern school of English poetical translation, the publishers could not have made a happier choice than Mr. Lang's *Theocritus*. It is now nine years or so since the work first appeared—time enough and to spare for any charm due to mere novelty of style to pass away—and a second study fully confirms the high opinion of its merits which we then expressed. The successful translator of Homer could hardly fail in rendering the epic idyls; but to reproduce in prose the more subtle charm of the pastorals is a *tour de force* which has not often been surpassed. We know few translations from the classics where the atmosphere of the original has been so well preserved. Simætha's passion and despair, the gossip of Battus and Corydon, the song of the lovelorn Cyclops, each in its own style is rendered to perfection. Nor is Mr. Lang less successful in comedy. The humours of Gorgo and Praxinœ in the famous mime lose none of their effect in the transition from Greek to English; and, if any one chooses to compare this version of the idyl with Mr. Matthew Arnold's, he will hardly say that Mr. Lang comes off second best.

To students of poetry the introductory essay on Theocritus and his age is almost as interesting as the translations themselves. Mr. Lang rebuts by the most conclusive of all possible arguments the assertion that Theocritus is affected. He quotes modern Greek folk-songs, which show that rustics can express refined sentiment in poetical language, almost as well sometimes as Theocritus himself, provided they come of an imaginative and impassioned race, and that their daily toil is not so arduous as to destroy all joy of life in the struggle for existence. Theocritus knew and loved the country, and understood the feelings and modes of expression of the Sicilian shepherds. By giving to their songs artistic form and adding the necessary ideal touch he has made his poems the models of bucolic poetry for all time. If artificiality has since come to be the reproach of the pastoral, it is because later writers have imitated imitations instead of seeking their inspiration in nature itself. Those who, not knowing Greek, wish to know how the father of pastoral poetry wrote will find the secret of his charm rather in Mr. Lang's prose than even in such verse as Calverley's.

NOVELS AND STORIES.*

SOMETHING like gratitude is due from the experienced novel-reader to a writer who is able to extract anything fresh from the hackneyed subject of wills without outraging nature or drawing too lavishly upon human credulity. Mrs. Alexander has achieved this distinction in *A Crooked Path*. Her will-case has nothing in common with the innumerable stories of wills lost or strayed, stolen or mislaid, last wills and testaments that lead to more last wills, till positively the last will of all the enormous brood turns up and the sensational stream runs dry. Katherine Liddell is a clear-headed, unselfish, honourable young lady, the angel of the house—a Bayswater villa—where her widowed mother enlarges a scanty income by writing novels, which her good daughter, when her mother is ill, offers to the eminent firm of Channing and Wyndham in Piccadilly. With almost reckless devotion she takes charge of the two boys of her frivolous sister-in-law, and, when financial matters are at a crisis, beards her miserly old uncle in his Camden Town den, and by sheer *savoir faire* and self-sacrificing attention persuades him that she is a chip of the old block—himself, to wit—and deserving of his wealth. His only son he had long discarded before news arrived of his murder in the colonies, and he had devised a will leaving all to a stranger, the son of an old friend. Unhappily he dies suddenly just when he had determined to set Katherine's mind at rest concerning her beloved mother and nephews. Then Katherine takes to the crooked path by possessing herself of the will, without consulting it, wrapping it in paper neatly endorsed "Old MSS.," placing it at the bottom of her box, murmuring to her innocent self, "If my mother sees it, the idea of old manuscript will certainly deter her from looking at it." Now here is the only touch of improbability in a clever story.

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* *A Crooked Path*. By Mrs. Alexander. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1889.

Judge Lynch. By George H. Jessop. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

Princess Sunshine. By Mrs. Riddell. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

Robert Leeman's Daughters. By J. Fogerty. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1889.

At the Moment of Victory. By C. L. Pirkis. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

Even if mothers are never inquisitive as to the contents of their daughters' boxes, a literary lady is only too likely to be tempted by old MSS. However, the artistic success of Mrs. Alexander lies in the narration of this incident. You do not feel any desire to reprehend the beautiful and simple-hearted Katherine for this unprincipled act. It seems quite acceptable, though no extenuating plea and no sophistical excuses are put forward by the author. Of course it entails dreadful consequences when Katherine meets Errington, the stranger who should have inherited the wealth she does not enjoy, but uses only in the interests of her mother and nephews and worthless sister-in-law. She learns from her lawyer that Errington should have benefited if the will were forthcoming. While he is rich she is silent; when he is ruined she has to face the shameful ordeal of confession to him. She gives up the deed. He magnanimously will have none of it, and, unknown to her, destroys it. Then the only son and heir of the miser comes to life, and vastly complicates matters. Thence in what ways she wanders, beset by her two admirers, Errington and the rakish, amusing, worldly De Burgh, is told with the admirable art and the skilful control of the sources of interest which Mrs. Alexander can always command. The minor characters are finely sketched and delicately discriminated. The small talk of society, so difficult to reproduce in writing without provoking boredom, is excellently natural. Dialogue, indeed, is one of Mrs. Alexander's strong points. Whoever may be involved in it—small school-boys, literary ladies, the man about town, the enthusiast in social reforms—all alike are delightfully human and individually characteristic.

Mr. Jessop's story of Californian life, though somewhat spun out, may be commended to all who love a stirring tale of men and times with which few can have enjoyed any practical acquaintance, and especially is it medicine for those benevolent spirits who hanker after that singular institution of our day, the Vigilance Committee. In the rowdy community of San Pablo there was, it is true, some excuse for the institution. It was "a bad place to bluff"; it refused to be "bluffed"; and when murder and other outrages became frequent, and Juan Estudillo attempted to "clean out" the *Independent* office with a six-shooter, the leading men resolved themselves into a Vigilance Committee. The conduct of this body was more businesslike, and not more illogical and idiotic, than the proceedings of our own self-constituted guardians of morals in the East-End and elsewhere. When Drunken Dick "passed in his checks"—*anglicé*, was murdered—no one regretted his removal, but it was felt there was an example to be made. Some one had to be lynched, and that speedily. So they fixed on the innocent and popular Jack Scott, against whom there was barely the shadow of suspicion. The story of his flight with the friendly sheriff, his capture and almost miraculous respite, and the final lynching of the veritable murderer, is thrillingly told. Mr. Jessop's pictures of life in the Californian vineyards in the old unsettled days, drawn from life, as we understand they are, are alive with colour and movement. It is a mistake, perhaps, to indicate the real murderer from the outset by naming him Haman Jefferies. A man with such a name in a story is bound to be hanged. Nevertheless, the excited reader of *Judge Lynch* has no reason to complain of any stinting of the fuel of interest from first page to last in Mr. Jessop's picturesque story.

The short stories in Mrs. Riddell's two volumes are all written in the crisp, forthright, effective style that makes reading pleasurable. *Princess Sunshine* is the longest and best of the three. The sketch of the dismal suburban household for which the conscientious Gregory Gifford toils from morn to dewy eve is a capital example of Mrs. Riddell's graphic art. The supercilious younger brother, the three maiden sisters, with their insufferable airs of pretence and discontent, and the sweet-hearted ward of Gregory, the "Princess Sunshine," who warms the dreary home by her unselfish nature, are all vigorously characterized. When poor, plodding Gregory eventually gains a great literary triumph, and, better still, is wedded to Joan, the "Princess," we are overwhelmed with a genuine rush of "gallery" sentiment, so complete and surprising are the triumph and the retribution, and this, as all novel-readers will admit, is a sensation rarely experienced. "A Terrible Vengeance" treats of ghostly phenomena that trouble a murderer's conscience, and, in part at least, recall the late Lord Lytton's *Haunted and the Haunters*, only in this instance the foot-prints follow, and do not precede, the object of ghostly attendance. They are the wet foot-prints of the drowned victim. They appear round the murderer's bedside on the carpet the morning after the deed, they follow him into the railway-carriage to the exceeding fright of his servant, up the church aisle they go when he is married to the ghost's rival, and before long they work his death. For he dies suddenly with "a rushing sound as of many waters" in his ears, and the ground about him "was wet, and trampled as though by hundreds of little feet." The grimness of the story is rather mitigated by the humours of the valet, who, on purely interested grounds, not through psychical enthusiasm, attempts to blackmail his master, and elicits certain promises that were never fulfilled. "If Mr. Murray had been a gentleman," he was wont to plead, "he'd have seen me righted."

The "little girl lost" of Blake's poem had a much briefer period of wandering than the pretty babe in Mr. Fogerty's story, who drifted in a boat from an Irish estuary into the Atlantic, to be picked up by a kindly Dutch skipper, and finally wafted into the secure haven of a rich Dutch family, where she found a new mother, whom she learned to love better than the one she could scarcely remember. A whole volume of *Robert Leeman's Daughters* and half of the second comprise the relation of this incident and its spare but discreetly-spread consequences. Robert Leeman and wife have in the interim emigrated to America, and are solaced with another little girl, named Muriel, after her lost sister, and Mirelle for the distinguishing. The family thrive apace, and months elapse, though inquiries are brisk on both sides, before the lost girl is identified. From Ireland to Holland, from both countries to America, homeward-bound again, we pass, till the feel of deck-plank and railroad-car are only too familiar. Of a truth, the reader grows foot-weary because of this insistent locomotion. Mr. Fogerty's novel, for all this tedium, is not without merit, though it wants the supreme merit of concentration. It is dreadfully long-drawn. The narrative drags at times as a goods train does on the irritated ear of the sleepless in the small hours when semaphore lamps weep in the fog. There is a certain disconnexion of the American from the Dutch portion of the story, and by the time the one has charmed you the Irish antecedents become dim.

The astonishing "thunder and lightning" prologue to Mr. Pirkis's *At the Moment of Victory* prepares the reader for the rank growth of melodrama that succeeds. Characters, incidents, plot, are all alike maddening, save only a rather diverting baronet, in whom is personified with considerable humour an old man in a hurry. There is an astrological lady from Corsica, whom the prologue leads us to suspect of murder, who visits the wild Cumberland home of the baronet, by the chance of a railway accident and the importunity of her host's insensate philanthropy, and causes dreadful discord between an amiable young lady and the young man she adores. For some reason known only to the author, for we cannot accuse the astrological beauty of the infelicity, the Corsican girl passes under the disreputable name of Jane Shore. Of course she represents herself to be homeless, friendless, distressed, in want of money. Yet, having done all the mischief she could to the young couple mentioned, she absconds one night, leaving her jewels and money behind and the family plate intact. She was a star-gazer, not a common adventuress, which may account for her extraordinary conduct. But no human charity can absolve the author. On the supposition that Miss Shore, *alias* Etelka, was inconceivably fascinating, she might work worse havoc than she does, but never for a moment does the faintest ray of attraction move us. She is nothing but the lay figure of theatric puppetry.

ROGER DE WENDOVER.—VOL. III.*

THIS slender volume completes Mr. Hewlett's edition of Wendover's *Flores Historiarum*. It contains only 114 pages of text, together with a rather long and somewhat weak Introduction. As the *Flores* is well known through the medium of the edition of the late Rev. H. O. Coxe in the English Historical Society's publications, it is not worth while to enter here on an independent discussion of its value. Indeed, considering that a vast amount of unprinted material of the highest interest yet remains to be taken in hand by the director of this series, and that we already had a good and by no means scarce edition of the *Flores*, as well as Mr. Luard's noble edition of the *Chronica Majora*, which gives us the compilation of the anonymous St. Albans writer, the work of Wendover, and the alterations, additions, and continuation of Matthew Paris, it may well be doubted whether it was at present worth while to print Wendover separately. The Introduction repeats the scanty notices of the author given by Matthew Paris and by the compiler of the *Gesta Abbatum S. Albani*. They are discussed in Mr. Coxe's edition, and it is apparently impossible to add anything to them. Early in the reign of Henry III. Wendover appears as Prior of Belvoir, in Lincolnshire, which was a cell of St. Albans; he was censured by Abbot William de Trumpington, in the course of a visitation made "tempore guerræ," for prodigal waste, and was shortly afterwards deprived of his office. It seems impossible to fix the date of this visitation. Mr. Hewlett limits it to 1224, 1227, or 1231–4, when the country was "disturbed by successive internal commotions." Although it certainly took place after the expulsion of the French, there seems no valid reason for assigning a date coincident with, or later than, the fall of Falkes de Breauté. The words of the *Gesta Abbatum* (i. 269, 270) lead us to think it probable that the "time of war" refers to the years 1219 to 1224. We are told here that no disturbance took place in 1219, the year to which Wats and Coxe apparently refer the visitation. Coxe, as will be seen in a note, leaves the matter in doubt, and his words "about the year 1219" do not, as Mr. Hewlett seems to imagine, imply a mistake. Both in 1218 and 1219 there was mischief brewing, and the country was more or less disturbed by the attempts of certain leaders of the late King's party to resist Hubert de Burgh's measures for restoring the royal authority. These attempts came to a head in the revolt of William of Aumale in 1221. After Wendover was deprived of his office he

* *Rogeri de Wendover Liber qui dicitur Flores Historiarum ab anno MCCIV. annoque Henrici Anglorum Regis Secundi primo. The Flowers of History.* By Roger de Wendover. Edited from the Original MSS. by Henry G. Hewlett, Keeper of the Records of the Land Revenue. Vol. III. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1889.

of course returned to St. Albans as a simple monk. He there wrote the *Flores*, which he brought down to 1235, and died the next year.

Mr. Luard's suggestion that the compiler whose work Wendover adopted may have been Abbot John de Cella does not meet with Mr. Hewlett's approval. He is, however, unable to make any other suggestion as to the authorship, and scarcely gives sufficient weight to the grounds on which Mr. Luard founded his cautiously expressed opinion. In his first volume he expressed a conviction, adopted, we believe, from Sir Thomas Hardy, that Wendover's own work begins with 1154, and his edition accordingly starts with the accession of Henry II. Mr. Luard, on the other hand, believes that the earlier compilation goes on to 1188. Mr. Hewlett is perhaps a little uncomfortable at differing from so distinguished an authority, for he here says that the question does not appear to him important enough to require discussion, which implies a queer way of looking at the duties of an editor. He takes up a good deal of space with a discourse on the merits and weaknesses of his author. What he says on this subject is for the most part true enough. Wendover was an annalist rather than an historian; he relates events without appreciating their importance, or seeing their connexion with one another. He inserts a great deal of irrelevant matter, and sometimes leaves out facts that are necessary to a right understanding of his story. At the same time he is, as Mr. Hewlett points out, candid, patriotic, and outspoken. While we agree in the main with the criticism of his work contained in the Introduction, it strikes us as expressed in far too many words, and as written too much from a modern standpoint. For example, Wendover is blamed for not declaring his disgust at the severity of the naval regulations of Richard I. Does either the author of the *Gesta Henrici II.* or Roger de Hoveden do so? Again, Mr. Hewlett complains that he indiscriminately accepts rumours and suspicions as "equivalent to fact and proof," and brings as an instance the terms in which he speaks of the accusation brought against Hubert de Burgh with reference to the death of the Earl of Salisbury. In telling his readers that Hubert was accused of poisoning the Earl, Wendover puts in the qualifying words "ut dicitur" and "dixerunt quidam." The accusation was certainly brought, and though we believe that it was a malicious falsehood, we are glad to hear about it. While it is important to get at the truth as to matters of fact, it is not less important to know what people thought and said. The strangest of all Mr. Hewlett's strictures is his solemn observation that Wendover, when relating a story on which he and his house naturally prided themselves—the discovery of the relics of St. Amphibalus—does not hint that he believed the whole affair to have been got up in order to bring gain to the convent. Did he expect that a monk of the thirteenth century, however honest he may have been, should look on such a matter with the eyes of a Protestant lecturer?

FARM LIVE STOCK.*

FEW country gentlemen who take up this book will care to put it down again until they have looked at its ninety-nine illustrations, chiefly by Messrs. Angerer and Göschl, of Vienna, from photographs of prize cattle, sheep, pigs, and horses. As the author very truly says, photographs of living animals but rarely represent the balance and proportion of their different parts as we are accustomed to imagine them, especially when they are foreshortened, and some allowance must be made in this respect for the apparent shortcomings of a few of the plates in *Farm Live Stock*; yet we have no hesitation in saying that this is the very best collection of pictures of prize stock that we have ever seen. Nor must we forget to say a word in praise of the four maps, showing the Orographical Features, the Distribution of Cattle, the Distribution of Sheep, and the Distribution of Agricultural Population in the British Isles.

It must not be supposed that the illustrations are the only things of value in Mr. Wallace's book. It contains useful chapters on the principles of breeding in general, the breeding, management, and grazing of cattle, the house-feeding of cattle, dairying, horse-breeding, horse-breaking, the management of farm-horses, the management of sheep and pigs, and the stocking of farms. But to our mind the best and the most typical chapters of the work are those which describe the origin and leading characteristics of the various breeds. Without being dry, they are so concise that they inspire the critic with the same spirit, and a short summary of a small portion of their matter seems the most appropriate review that we can offer of this book.

The author very properly begins with the wild cattle. The only herds remaining in Great Britain are those of Hamilton Park, Chillingham Park, and Chartley Park. It is difficult to determine to what extent either of them is pure. Storer was of opinion that "no wild herd, if imprisoned in a park, and interbred for several hundred years without a cross, could be in existence now." There is a tradition that a whole herd from Drumlanrig "was sold and driven off to Chillingham" about a hundred years ago; and that fresh blood was occasionally introduced from other sources. On the other hand, there are evidences of in-breeding in the fact that the annual increase is only one in five. It is well authenticated that the Hamilton cattle were formerly hornless, and the horns which they now possess are said to be the result of the invasion of the park by a West Highland bull. Black, black and white, and brown calves are occasionally born in each of the three wild herds, which is another symptom of crosses in the past. These coloured calves are always destroyed, and, were it not for this, it is by no means certain that white would now be the prevailing colour. At Somerford Park, in Cheshire, Sir W. Shakerley has a herd of domesticated hornless cattle which strongly resemble the Chartley breed. Their milking powers are extraordinary. Individual cows have sometimes given fourteen quarts at a milking, and seven gallons a day. The ordinary cows most like the existing breeds of wild cattle are the Ayrshires, which have much in common with them in form, colour, and horn.

It is often mystifying to the uninitiated to hear shorthorn fanciers talking about Bates and Booth blood. Thomas Bates and Thomas Booth were the leading breeders of shorthorn cattle during the latter part of the last and the early part of the present century. The stock of each was descended from a celebrated "yellow-red and white" bull, named Hubback, who was calved about 1775. Upon the whole, the Bates shorthorns are the best milkers, while the Booth are the best beef-producers. White and light colours are more common among the Booths than among the Bateses. The best Bates bulls have an arched crest with a stylish head, and their general appearance is very stately. The head and neck of the Booths is set on lower, and their expression is less animated; but their frames are more substantial and massive, and they are richer in flesh. So distinct, in certain respects, are the Bates and Booth strains, in consequence of long-continued in-breeding in both herds according to the taste and selection of their owners, that some authorities strongly object to their being intermixed, as they maintain that the usual disadvantages of cross-breds follow after the first or second crosses. Yet some splendid beasts have resulted from a combination of these two bloods, especially where the bull has been a Booth and the cow a Bates. It may be worth mentioning that a single Bates cow (the well-known Duchess) bred stock that sold for 30,000*l.* Another and a very useful breed of shorthorn is the Aberdeenshire. Aberdeen shorthorns are not, as a rule, closely inbred, and they may be a little coarse; but they are grand butcher's cattle, and are rapidly increasing in favour both in British show-yards and in the estimation of American purchasers.

Turning to the longhorns, we read that the Herefords were formerly bred chiefly for purposes of draught and land cultivation. There are good reasons for supposing that the original breed was "self-coloured," and that the white head is comparatively modern, although it is pretty certain that they are connected with the ancient white forest-cattle of Wales. They are remarkable for their large, heavily-fleshed shoulders; but they are not generally well "made up" interiorly, and they are poor milkers. The old longhorn of the Midland counties has many points in common with the shorthorn; but it is coarser both in bone and flesh, and it is slower in fattening. Devons are bad milkers, although what little they give is rich. Their beef is excellent, and "they have peculiarly neatly-formed shoulders, with a full girth." Sussex oxen have long been famous for draught work; but they are coarse in quality, and the cows are not good milkers. Another bad milker with long horns is the picturesque West Highlander. As a fattener, again, it is exceedingly slow. When its beef, however, has at last been formed, it is unsurpassed in quality, and the cost of rearing a four-year-old West Highlander on its natural food is considerably less than that of rearing a two-year-old of the same weight from one of the Lowland or Southern breeds. Many of the characteristics of the West Highlanders are shared by the Welsh black cattle; but they are far better milkers, the best being those of South Wales, while those of the North are the better fatteners. The Glamorgan and the Old Gloucester breeds vary but little from the Welsh, and the old Castle Martin white breed is much the same, except in colour.

The Norfolk red polled is a breed of comparatively modern descent from "the little, old, red-horned cattle of Norfolk and the dun or mouse-coloured polled animals of Suffolk. The latter, though coarse and ill-formed in appearance, was (*sic*) noted for very superior milking power." The author tells us that, in "refinement of parts," the Norfolk polls strongly resemble the North Devons. By far the most fashionable breed of polls at present is the Aberdeen Angus. It is the result of an "amalgamation of a number of very different local polled and also horned breeds, associated with careful in-and-in breeding, together with, it is asserted, the infusion, within comparatively recent times, of a greater or less degree of alien blood." The Galloway is another black polled-breed of the North; but it has a longer coat than the Aberdeen poll, and it has been spoken of as the "West Highlander without horns." The Galloway cows when crossed with shorthorn or Hereford bulls produce excellent stock for the butcher, and it is for purposes of crossing that they are chiefly valuable. We will conclude our review of the portion of this book devoted to cattle by a few words about the cattle of the Channel Islands. It may be a shock to some people to learn that the Alderney, "in its genuine form," "does not now exist." What many people call Alderneys are usually either Jerseys or Guernseys, or a mixture of both. A law which forbids the importation of foreign cattle has had the effect

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* *Farm Live Stock of Great Britain.* By Robert Wallace, F.L.S., F.R.S.E., &c. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1889.

of keeping the Jersey cattle purer than any of the breeds in this country. We have often heard people ask the difference between Jerseys and Guernseys. This book will inform them. The climate of Guernsey, being more bracing than that of Jersey, the cattle of the former island are the hardier of the two; they are also larger and stronger-boned than the Jerseys. While the Jerseys are usually whole-coloured, the Guernseys are very often marked with patches of white; yet the Jerseys used frequently to have white markings until the American taste demanded "self-colouring." The muzzles of the Jerseys are dark, encircled with light colour; while those of the Guernseys are flesh-coloured, and the Jerseys are more "deer-like" in appearance than the Guernseys, especially about the head.

Pigs are divided into two groups, the European—of which the chief are the various English and the Neapolitan breeds—and the Chinese. Professor Wallace considers the red or chestnut Tamworth breed, which is so common in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, the most direct descendant of the aboriginal pig of the country. Small breeds are the fashion at present. Some years ago, on the contrary, size was the most esteemed point in a pig; Yorkshires used to be made as heavy as bullocks, and a pig called Sampson VI. weighed 9 cwt. All amateur breeders may not be aware that the produce of a white boar and a black Berkshire sow is almost invariably white.

We so often have to review books on thoroughbred horses, that we think it best to pass over the pages devoted to them in a work on *Farm Live Stock* without special notice. The descriptions of Clydesdales and Shire-horses are very much to the purpose. Their relative characteristics are thus summarized:—

> The differences in the ordinary form of Shire-horse, as compared with the Clydesdale, are:—
>
> Lower and more sluggish *action*; the *belly*, or middle, larger, the animal being a greater feeder; the *quarters* shorter, more like the Belgian horse, and the *plates* consequently steeper and flatter; the *hocks* wider between than in the Clydesdale, in which they usually incline slightly inwards; the *leg bones* rougher and not so straight; the *pasterns* shorter and the *hoofs* more upright, giving a stilty look. Long pasterns are now sought for in the best horses, no doubt to try to counteract the general weakness in this point. The *space between the eyes* is frequently not so wide, and the *eyes* are not so prominent as in the Clyde. Roans and chestnut *colours* are most prevalent in the Shire. There is more long hair on the legs, and it extends round in front.

It is stated that 3,000*l.* was given not very long ago for a Clydesdale stallion. High as this price sounds, it does not seem so exorbitant if Professor Wallace is correct in estimating the earnings of a first-rate Clydesdale, by winning one Premium and by service fees never exceeding 5*l.*, at 700*l.* a year.

The chapter on sheep contains much valuable information as to the origin of most of the breeds; such, for instance, as that the Oxford Downs are a comparatively recent breed, made by crossing Cotswold rams with Hampshire ewes, and that the Cluns were "bred from the tan-face sheep that at one time abounded in that region, by crossing with hardy Shropshire and black-faced Longmynd mountain rams." The breed that has, perhaps, the most curious history is the Herdwick, or mountain sheep of Cumberland and Westmorland. There is a tradition that one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada was wrecked on the sandy coast of Drigg, and that about forty sheep which were on board swam ashore, and were claimed as flotsam and jetsam by the lord of the manor. From these sheep the Herdwick breed is said to be descended. All attempts at improving it by crossing have been unavailing. A curious custom prevails among the shepherds of the Herdwick flocks of painting the rams bright red, so as to enable the ewes to find them on the hillsides. Another breed, which "resists any attempt at crossing with other breeds," is the Ryeland, so named from a poor upland district in Herefordshire. This "is, perhaps, the breed of longest standing in England." But those who wish to learn all about the various breeds, and improved breeds, of the modern British sheep must read for themselves in this capital book.

THE A B C BOTH IN LATIN AND ENGLISH.*

THIS is a prettily got-up reprint of an old primer preserved in the Library of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and believed to be unique. It was printed by Thomas Petyt, in St. Paul's Churchyard, "at the Sygne of the Mayden's Head," and, though it has no date, the late Mr. Bradshaw was satisfied that it must have been produced about 1538. Primers, like all school books, have a tendency to become scarce through wear and tear; and this, which seems to be the earliest known specimen of its class, was well worth reprinting. The preface by Mr. Shuckburgh, the Librarian of Emmanuel College, does not err on the side of prolixity, but it tells us nearly all we want to know. These little books were intended to teach a child what was necessary to enable him to understand the rudiments of Christianity, to join in the service of the church and even to serve at Mass, or, as it is called, "to help a Priest to sing." Considerable space is taken up with various Graces to be said before or after "dyner or souper," including one "for fysshe days." The type is bold and handsome; but the numerous contractions must have added considerably to a scholar's difficulties.

* *The A B C both in Latyn and Englyshe.* London: Elliot Stock. 1889.

AN HISTORICAL HANDBOOK.*

IN this Handbook Professor Emerton gives a sketch of the barbarian invasions and settlements, chiefly in Western Europe, from the crossing of the Danube by the Visigoths to the foundation of the mediæval Empire by Charlemagne. He treats his long period as a period of regeneration rather than of decay, and accordingly takes little account of the affairs of the Empire, except so far as they were immediately affected by the invasions, while he gives special prominence to the three agents which had the largest share in producing the Europe of the middle ages—the Church, the character of Germanic civilization, and the predominance achieved by the Franks. Thus, while almost all that he has written may be read with pleasure in Gibbon, his little volume looks on events from a somewhat different standpoint to that taken in the *Decline and Fall*, and may be used by young students with some profit either as a guide in working at the period with which it deals, or as an introduction to later history. As a guide, it gives copious information as to modern books, and has some, though by no means equally copious, notes on contemporary authorities. In the case of standard works by English authors American editions only are cited. Perhaps the best parts of this little book are the chapters on the "Germanic ideas of Law," and on the early history of the Carlovingian house; the least satisfactory, the meagre notices of the Ostrogoths. As the work of a Professor of History, it must, of course, be judged by a higher standard than handbooks by undistinguished authors; we have a right to complain even of small matters. The notice of the Council of Whitby will certainly leave the uninstructed reader under the impression that the Celtic missionaries were Britons, who at last took part in the conversion of their conquerors. We do not suppose that Professor Emerton does think that Columba, Aidan, and Colman were Welshmen, but he certainly writes as if he did. In another place he seems to exaggerate the dependence of the English Church on Rome in early days, while he most unduly depreciates the position of the Roman See in the seventh century, declaring that for more than a hundred years after the death of Gregory the Great "the papacy goes on with very little to distinguish it from any other bishopric, under the sovereignty of the Eastern Emperor." To turn to a later period, we are at a loss as to the authority for the statement that Charlemagne summoned Felix, Bishop of Urgel, to the Council of Frankfort in 794 to answer for his heresy. Felix appeared two years before at the Council of Ratisbon, was condemned, and recanted his adoptionist doctrine; his heresy was again condemned at Frankfort, while he was, as it appears, still under sentence of deprivation. Professor Emerton has confused the two Councils. Lastly, he has been led by his enthusiasm for all things Teutonic to assert that, when Leo III. took a solemn oath that he was innocent of the crimes laid to his charge, he acted according to "good Teutonic custom." Is it likely that a Bishop of Rome who wished to persuade the Roman people of his innocence would have attempted to do so by adopting a barbarian process? or that the Frankish King, who wore when in Rome the chlamys and the sandals, would have urged him to take such an extraordinary course? The oath of Leo, with its attendant ceremonies, was of the same character as the oath with which Pelagius I. publicly asserted his innocence of the death of his predecessor, Vigilius. No one, we imagine, will contend that the earlier ceremony had anything to do with Teutonic custom.

* *An Introduction to the Study of the Middle Ages* (375-814). By Ephraim Emerton, Ph.D., Professor of History in Harvard University. Boston: Ginn & Co.

EMERSON IN CONCORD.†

THIS is a welcome supplement to what has already been published about Emerson, and a discreet one, notwithstanding its intimate character. It gives us a faithful view, much of it in Emerson's own words, of his everyday habits of thought and life, and it avoids that plague of pitiless detail which has been the ruin of so many modern biographies. It does not aim at forming any estimate of Emerson's place in literature, or correcting any which has been put forth. Obviously it is not a son's place to perform this judicial office for his father's memory; and, indeed, it is not now the time for any one to perform it. The generations of those who walked with Emerson in his lifetime, or looked up to him as a living power, have had their say, and the time of posterity is not yet. Nor is the book a didactic one in any sense, much less controversial. We have noted a distinct undertaking of biographical correction in only one point. Various odd notions have been current about Emerson at different times. Once he was commonly thought, and especially by well-informed, matter-of-fact persons constitutionally incapable of appreciating his work, to be a merely dreamy and unpractical kind of man; a latter-day mystic, with all the unsocial and unaccountable perversities which that character is supposed to imply. Lately it has been found that Carlyle, who certainly had no predilection for weak-kneed folk, did not esteem him that kind of person at all, and that he was effectually helpful to

† *Emerson in Concord: a Memoir written for the "Social Circle" in Concord, Mass.* By Edward Waldo Emerson. Boston, Mass., and London: Sampson Low & Co. Limited. 1889.

Carlyle in quite solid mundane arrangements with American publishers. Hence a contrary exaggeration has led some to regard Emerson as having in him a keen Yankee man of business as well as a philosopher. But it did not take any extraordinary faculty of that sort to make a man look businesslike in contrast with Carlyle, and Dr. Emerson disclaims for his father anything beyond this, "that he was usually right in his instincts of the character of the persons with whom he dealt." Such an instinct, however, when joined to perfect simplicity of purpose, often enough disconcerts the man of the world, who thereupon credits its possessor with new and strange depths of cunning. Emerson was, in truth, a plain citizen, who would never wittingly neglect a duty, but who took a very moderate interest in his own affairs, loving his books more than business, and nature better than his books. It appears that soon after his first marriage he was elected a hog-reeve in Concord (a burden imposed by the custom of the town on newly-married men), and we are left to suppose that he executed that office with due diligence and with whatever dignity it was capable of. Considered as a parallel to Emerson's intellectual activity, the work of a hog-reeve was hardly appropriate. A nameless sage has observed, "They're an animal that's hard for one man to drive—very—is a pig." Now it was not in Emerson's nature, as a teacher or moralist, to drive anybody. People who expect to be driven along a lane or led by the nose have therefore found Emerson a disappointing guide.

He assumes a certain willingness to go along with him, for the moment at any rate; at the same time he almost requires a certain independence. He does not profess to lead except by enlightening, nor to enlighten except by clearing away accidental obscurities and making room for every man to use his own light. "The office of the scholar," he wrote in a journal quoted in this book, "is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances." His way of teaching was to bear witness to what he perceived as true and right, and let the rest come of itself. He would have no part in the dissembling and temporizing of practical politics, and would rather hold his peace than speak where he might not speak his whole mind. Once he was asked to lecture in Salem about anything he pleased, "provided no allusions are made to religious controversy, or other exciting topics upon which the public mind is honestly divided." He refused, with the remark, "I am really sorry that any person in Salem should think me capable of accepting an invitation so encumbered." The philosophic reader will remember Spinoza's refusal of a professorship at Heidelberg, similar to Emerson's in principle, but less bluntly expressed. The diplomatic irony of Spinoza's letter was a necessity of his time and circumstances; he might well have envied Emerson's plain English.

We get here many interesting details of Emerson's training and early life. Every one who has read Emerson's essays knows that Montaigne was one of his favourite authors; but it is something more to have it under Emerson's own hand that he actually formed himself on Montaigne in the most active and receptive period of youth. "In Roxbury in 1825" (at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two) "I read Cotton's translation of Montaigne. It seemed to me as if I had written the book myself in some former life, so sincerely it spoke my thought and experience. No book before or since was ever so much to me as that." Of course, much of the attraction was the attraction of unlikeness. Montaigne talks with a splendid indifference about all things in heaven and earth, himself included. Himself, not because he thinks Michel de Montaigne a specially interesting or important person, but because he does not see why he should be less interesting than other people, and happens to know a good deal more of him. Emerson projects himself into the world, and leaves you to divine him as best you can from his way of seeing things. He has nothing to tell us of the habits of the swine whose trespasses he was appointed to correct. If Montaigne had been hog-reeve instead of Emerson, we should have known half the pigs in Concord by sight. Nevertheless, the two men have much of the root of the matter in common. Their widely different ways of expressing themselves are alike founded in a robust belief in the nature of things, and a healthy distrust of formulas whether old or new. Here is a protest against fads which comes with singular opportuneness at this day; it was written in 1842:—"A man cannot force himself by any self-denying ordinances, neither by water nor potatoes, nor by violent passivities, by refusing to swear, refusing to pay taxes, by going to jail, or by taking another man's crop." Hear this, ye New Radicals, our apostles of refusals and violent passivities—if your sensitive ears, attuned to the mild persuasions of your passive O'Briens and recusant Conybeares, can abide to hear out such blasphemy. True it is that Emerson adds, "By none of these ways can he free himself, no, nor by paying his debts with money"; he need not have warned you against excessive belief in that method.

It must be added that Emerson was a humanist, and somewhat of the Renaissance type. He read Erasmus's Dialogues with his son, the writer of this book, and made him read Plutarch's Lives. Nay, he shared that singular prejudice or illusion of old-fashioned scholars that modern languages are easy; "he said one could easily pick up French and German for himself." Thereafter as the one may be. Some have become scholars by picking up Latin and Greek for themselves, but their success has not been considered a safe example for the majority of boys.

Emerson was by constitution, education, and profession a man of peace. Probably he would never have been a smart soldier, certainly he could never have been a disciplinarian. But he was far too good a citizen to be a peace-at-any-price man. He not only accepted the Civil War as inevitable, but took pleasure in observing how the stress of war developed national virtues. Some ten years before the war there were premonitions which seem not to have wholly displeased Emerson. A Concord elector said to him, as he passed on his way to town meeting, "No—I ain't goin'. It's no use a-ballotin', for it won't stay. What you do with a gun will stay so." The opinion was premature; but Emerson—and, let us hope, his sturdy neighbour also—lived to see it justified.

Is it necessary to prove that Emerson was a gentleman? Hardly; but there is one little trait which to any one in search of proof should be conclusive. It is a piece of Emerson's familiar advice:—"In a letter any expressions may be abbreviated rather than those of respect and kindness: never write 'Yours aff'ly.'" Dr. Emerson gives this in a note in connexion with his father's general habit of severe revision and his precepts to young authors. These are so good, and so much to the point after forty odd years, that we shall end by transcribing some of them:—

"Your work gains for every 'very' you can cancel." "Don't italicize; you should so write that the italics show without being there." "Beware of the words 'intense' and 'exquisite': to very few people would the occasion for the word 'intense' come in a lifetime."

SCOTLAND IN 1298.*

THE first title of this book does not describe its contents, which relate rather to Edward I. than to Scotland. It is a collection of materials illustrative of Edward's campaign in Scotland in 1298, the year of the Battle of Falkirk. Mr. Gough presents us in his introduction with a carefully compiled record of the King's movements from March 14, the day of his landing at Sandwich, after an absence of about seven months in Flanders, to October 20, a few days after he had crossed the Border on his return to England. Before he left Flanders arrangements were made through the mediation of Pope Boniface VIII. for a two years' truce, which finally led to a permanent peace between him and Philip IV. of France. It was well for him that this was so, for his presence was urgently needed in Scotland; on September 11 of the previous year the English had been defeated by Wallace at the bridge of Stirling; the whole country had been wrested from him, and the Scots had devastated the Border. Edward had already ordered extensive preparations to be made for a campaign, and an army had been sent across the Border under the Earl of Surrey, who relieved the garrison at Roxburgh, and occupied Berwick. The Earl's army was not large, and as it was necessary to avoid all risk of another defeat, Edward ordered him to attempt nothing further, and as soon as he landed, marched northwards to take the command of a large force which had been summoned to meet him at Roxburgh. Extracts relating to the campaign are given from various English chronicles, all of them already printed, and most of them included in the Rolls series. Late as Fordun and Winton are, their narratives should have been inserted, if only for the sake of comparing them with the accounts of the English writers, contemporary or otherwise. These extracts are followed by a considerable number of documents from the Exchequer, Patent, and Close Rolls, which give a good idea of how an army was raised and victualled at this period. Students of heraldry and family history will no doubt be pleased with the annotated collation of the two manuscripts of the Falkirk Roll of Arms. The original Roll, which is said to have been kept at the Heralds' Office, has disappeared, and the earlier existing copy is only of the sixteenth, and the later of the beginning of the seventeenth, century. The Rolls of the Horses illustrate the custom of recording the description and value of every horse employed in a campaign, in order that, if it was killed, the owner might claim its price. The horses entered in the Rolls are described either as chargers (*dextrarii*), or hackneys (*runcini*), or as being of a Welsh breed (*powis*), or else are distinguished simply by colour. The highest price at which a charger is assessed seems to be 70 marks, which, considering the purchasing power of money with respect to other articles, was certainly a large sum. William de Ferrers, who followed Lord Hugh le Despenser, had a black charger, "cum stella in fronte, cum iij pedibus albis," assessed at that price; but the average value of a good charger seems to have been about 60 marks. Some hackneys were valued as low as 5 marks, though 10 and 12 marks were the more usual prices; in a few cases, however, 24, and even 30, marks are entered as the worth of hackneys. Pounce de Varese, for example, had "unum runcinum sorum bauzain [pied sorrel] precii xxx mar." The names of all the riders are given, and when a horse was slain the place and date of the loss are recorded in a marginal note. Several clerks rode with their lords, and one at least of them, a certain Richard de Lughteburghe, who was in the company of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, must have fought at Falkirk, for his horse, which was worth 20*l.*, was slain in the battle. We next have a number of

* *Scotland in* 1298. *Documents relating to the Campaign of King Edward I. in that year, and especially to the Battle of Falkirk.* Edited by Henry Gough, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Paisley and London: Alexander Gardner, Publisher to H.M. the Queen.

instruments of presentation to ecclesiastical benefices in Scotland, two of them in favour of clerks who followed Sir John de Benstede, dean of the King's free chapel of Tettenhale, and one of the chief of the King's clerks. Sir John, who brought into the field two knights, nine squires, and three clerks, was presented to the provostship of St. Andrews, and became a justice of the Common Pleas. Among a rather miscellaneous lot of documents at the end of the book we come on a curious indenture containing the terms on which Sir Thomas de Berkeley (Lord Berkeley) engaged to follow Sir Aymer de Valence (Earl of Pembroke) during the campaign with his son Sir Maurice and his retinue. If Mr. Gough's volume is of no very great historical value, it will at least enable the reader to gain a clear conception of the military administration and usages of the period.

TWO LAW BOOKS.*

THE growing habit of building monstrous houses, principally accessible only by means of lifts, has already had results conspicuous enough to justify the writing of a text-book on the legal rights and responsibilities of persons who have to do with them. The fact that it is possible to own a freehold estate in a single floor of a house without having any proprietary rights in those below, or any positive rights at all in those above, constitutes a natural but technically anomalous exception to the general principles of the law of real property. The leading characteristic of realty, and that which philosophically justifies it in having laws different from those of personalty, is its permanence. A floor or a flat is not permanent. It may be burnt, or those underneath it may tumble down, and in that case it seems that, unless there is a contract to the contrary, the freehold of the super-terranean owner is gone. For you cannot, says Mr. Clode, have a freehold in a piece of space; and, though it seems hard on freeholders, the probability is that he is right. This position, however, is, up to the present time, one rather of academical interest, and the substance of Mr. Clode's book rather concerns the mutual relations of freeholders and leaseholders of floors, or parts of floors, with the owner, or intermediate landlord, of the rest of the building or of the soil, in respect of the roof, the staircases, halls, passage-ways, lifts, and other parts of the edifice which the floor-owner has more or less right to use in one way or another. As hideously tall houses have been common in the United States longer than they have been in England, Mr. Clode has occasion to quote a good deal from American reports, and for a similar reason he has been compelled to acquaint himself with some of the awful mysteries of Scottish law; but his chapters on Water Supply and Drainage, Inhabited House Duty and Rating, are, of course, free from any such reproach. His appendices contain some useful forms, and the whole volume appears to have been written with the same learning and judgment which characterize his former book about petitions of right. *Tenement Houses and Flats* will be useful to a comparatively limited body of persons; but its importance—especially to conveyancers—cannot but increase, and, as far as we know, Mr. Clode is perfectly correct in asserting that there is no other work devoted to the same topic.

Mr. Horace Nelson treats of Private International Law by the method of leading cases, and of these he has collected and suitably annotated some three dozen. Certain Acts of Parliament—such as the Territorial Waters Act, 1878, the Bills of Exchange Act, 1882, the Patents, Designs, and Trade-marks Act, 1883, and the International Copyright Act, 1886—are treated of in chapters to themselves. Mr. Nelson understands the proper meaning of the phrase Private International Law—that is, he remembers that what he has to expound is that part of the law of England which provides what notice shall be taken by English courts of what parts of the law of foreign countries and what proceedings of foreign courts of justice. It is a pleasure to think that the immortal teachings of Austin are by degrees becoming the accepted principles of the ordinary British text-writer. Mr. Nelson's book is not one to read through, and its value must therefore depend a good deal upon the index, which appears to us to be constructed far too much on the plan of few headings and many sub-headings. For some recondite reason not necessary to investigate here, this fault is invariably accompanied by the still graver one of the headings being ill chosen altogether, and Mr. Nelson's might well be improved. Who on earth would ever think of looking for subjects relating to insanity among the P's, under "Person of Unsound Mind"? A good deal of care and research have been devoted to the text, and we hope the volume may prove useful.

* *The Law Relating to Tenement Houses and Flats for Residential and Business Purposes; including the Taxation and Rating Thereof.* By Walter Clode, Barrister-at-Law, of the Inner Temple, Author of "The Law and Practice of Petition of Right." London: William Clowes & Son. 1889.

Selected Cases, Statutes, and Orders, Illustrative of the Principles of Private International Law as Administered in England. With a Commentary. By Horace Nelson, M.A., B.C.L., Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1889.

DAMPIER.*

DAMPIER, by W. Clark Russell, forms the sixth volume of the series of "English Men of Action" published by Messrs. Macmillan. The choice of one seafarer to edit the Life of another was a happy one, and has resulted in an interesting volume. Perhaps the narrow limits to which these biographies are restricted may prevent modern readers, who seldom have the history of the buccaneers at their fingers' ends, from thoroughly understanding the part of Dampier's life which was spent in the society of those famous desperadoes, although the editor describes their origin and habits with the greatest clearness and thoroughness as far as the space at his disposal permits. But Dampier was much more than a buccaneer; he could write as well as he could fight; he had seen much more of the world than most men of his time, and had a great power of close observation and graphic description of what he saw. Captain Basil Hall, in his *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, speaks of the "beautifully written and accurate Essay on Winds and Currents, by that Prince of all Voyagers, Old Dampier; who with means far more circumscribed than most of his successors, has contrived to arrange and condense his information in such a way as not only to render it available to practical men, but to make it intelligible and interesting to every class of readers." This is high praise from a professional seaman, who found the book serviceable even in the present century. Nor was Dampier's power of observation confined to winds and currents. Nothing escaped him. He never touches at any port without giving a list of its products, of the birds, beasts of prey, dogs, monkeys, &c.; and his page "charms us by the vivacity of his descriptions of coasts, of storms, of the corposant, of the turtle, and by a hundred unlaboured and unconscious felicities of phrase." The difficulties under which voyages were made in the seventeenth century were such as seem hardly credible in the nineteenth. It is amazing, as Mr. Russell says, that these early voyagers were not constantly blundering on shore. The quality even of an expert mariner in those days may be gathered from the fact of Dampier's telling us that, seeing a large black bird flying near the ship, he suspected that he was much nearer the Cape of Good Hope than he had imagined, "since it was well understood that this sort of bird is never met with more than ninety miles from land." The list of uncouth instruments "of seasoned pear-wood" carried by a well-found ship of his time does not include anything by means of which a navigator could do more than guess at the longitude; and when, in addition to this, one takes into consideration the inability of most of the old ships to beat to windward, and the rotten, inefficient state in which they were generally sent to sea, it speaks volumes for the seamanship of those days that they were so seldom lost.

Mr. Russell is quite free from the *lues Boswelliana*, and does not try to represent the subject of his memoir as in any way a hero. He owns that Dampier could not be considered to possess the qualities of a born leader of men; that he was apt to be enthusiastic when first setting about an adventure, but soon lost heart and longed to give it up. Though he was almost the first civilized man who landed on the mainland of Australia, he was far from foreseeing the future in store for that country, which he describes as a savage and worthless land, inhabited by loathsome monsters; and by far the most successful of his voyages was that which he made as "pilot" to Captain Woodes Rogers. We cannot help regretting that we do not find any account of a picture which used to delight our childhood in an old *History of all the Voyages round the World*, in which Dampier was represented buried in the sand up to his neck by way of a cure for fever. But in the opinion of most readers by far the most interesting subject connected with Dampier must always be that he not only was on board of the ship which rescued Alexander Selkirk from Juan Fernandez, but that it was his account of Selkirk's sojourn there which inspired Defoe to write *Robinson Crusoe*. In the following passage, Mr. Russell thinks, the style of Defoe's masterpiece may be distinctly traced:—

> The Evening of this 18th Day was very dismal. The Sky looked very black, being covered with dark Clouds, the Wind blew very hard, and the Seas ran very high. The Sea was already roaring in a white foam about us; a dark night coming on and no Land in sight to shelter us, and our little Ark in danger to be swallowed up by every Wave; and what was worse for us all, none of us thought ourselves prepared for another World. The Reader may better guess, than I can express, the Confusion that we were all in. I have been in many eminent Dangers before now, some of which I have already related, but the worst of them all was but a Play-Game in comparison with this. I must confess that I was in great Conflicts of Mind at this time. Other Dangers came not upon me with such a leisurely and dreadful Solemnity; a Sudden Skirmish or Engagement, or so, was nothing when one's Blood was up, and push'd forward with eager expectations. But here I had a lingering view of approaching Death, and little or no hopes of escaping it, and I must confess that my Courage, which I had hitherto kept up, failed me here, and I made very sad reflections on my former life; and looked back with Horrour and Detestation on actions which before I disliked, but now I trembled at the remembrance of. I had long before this repented me of that roving course of my life, of which kind, I believe, few Men have met with the like. For all these I returned thanks in a peculiar manner, and this once more desir'd God's assistance, and Composed my mind as well as I could in the hopes of it, and as the Event shew'd, I was not disappointed of my hopes.

* *Dampier.* Edited by W. Clark Russell. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

FEW sovereigns have been better known, and certainly few have been known more favourably in our days, than the Emperor Pedro, second of the name, of Brazil. A representative (*the* representative in one case) of the three least "liberal" reigning Houses of Europe—those of Braganza, Bourbon, and Hapsburg—he has been fortunate enough, or clever enough, or both, to play the "liberal" sovereign very advantageously for himself, his dynasty, and his people. When the Infanta Izabel and her husband (your constitutional monarchy runs somehow into kings and princes-consort) come to their inheritance it will have been considerably smoothed for them by Dom Pedro, who has also given Dona Izabel a good experience as Regent. M. Mossé's book (1) is of that "officious" character to which some purists take exception, but which is really valuable for the amount of precise information which it gives. It did not need the odd assortment of testimonials from Lamartine and Victor Hugo, Darwin and Mr. Gladstone, which its cover bears, to commend it; and it will be found a very useful book by those who want to know the public, and something of the private, life of the Emperor Pedro and the, we may hope future, Empress Izabel.

"Territorial waters" is not a very excellent expression, and perhaps the German "Coast-sea" is better, if not prettier. The thing, however, is an important thing, as the *Black Diamond* has reminded even careless persons quite recently. M. Latour's treatise (2) upon it has the merit of very considerable thoroughness. He goes through the whole subject of the "territorial sea" in the abstract of its various modifications—seas surrounded by land, inlets of various kinds, straits, canals, and so forth. Then he deals with the large and contested matters of fishing rights, of the jurisdiction over foreign ships in home waters, of the modifications introduced by war, and so forth. The book is therefore not a treatise on the whole of maritime international law, as it does not nominally concern itself with the high seas; but in other aspects it is a very full and exhaustive handling, with due notice of special points and cases, such as that of the *Franconia*. Sometimes the author goes out of his way a little; it is difficult to see what the bombardment of Alexandria has got to do with his subject. But a Frenchman who could write a book on any international subject just now without trying to show the "regrettable" nature of English conduct in Egypt would be "either a beast or a god."

There is no crime in letters or in life greater than forsaking old loves; to take new ones is another thing altogether, and, provided the old be not forsaken, not in the least reprehensible, despite the proverb. Therefore we hope and trust that our affection for "Gyp" has not cooled our friendship for the descendant of Blondel. That lively Viscount's tales (3), however, do certainly seem to us to have gone off somewhat since the days of *Le capitaine Parabère* and *M. Mars et Mme. Vénus*. They are still amusing, but with less touch of good company than those of *Le plus heureux de tous* and *Les séducteurs*, and with a substituted touch of *reportage* which is not pleasing. Still they are amusing, sometimes very much so, though what Mrs. Newcome the elder would have said if, being able to understand French, she had detected them in the sacred household at Clapham, we tremble to think. M. Ricard's stories (4) are very much of the same kind, but (as becomes the author of *Pitchoun!*) with less of journalism and more of literature about them. It is perhaps rather a pity that there should be an appearance of deliberate selection of subjects likely to take the vulgar merely as subjects by persons who are capable of making any subject amusing; but that is hardly a matter which need be argued here. Neither of these books is likely to be given as a prize in school, and neither is likely to do any great harm to anybody, while both will certainly amuse their proper readers.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IT would be hard to decide whether romance or history, poetry or archæology, is most prominent in Lady Middleton's *Story of Alastair Bhan Comyn* (Blackwood & Sons), a narrative poem of almost epical proportions, yet not the less a "family" poem, being based on annals of the Cumming family. Oblivious of the author's object, the poetical reader may consider the illustrative notes to the poem much too copious. The first appearance of the hero, for instance, in "marled tartan," with "brogs untanned, thonged to his shapely feet," calls forth a lengthy and learned note on the wearing of the kilt, the historical costume of Macbeth, and other collateral themes. But this profusion will only arouse admiration of Lady Middleton's industry in those possessed of the antiquarian passion. Of a truth, it accords perfectly with the theme. The poem is founded on certain traditions concerning the deadly feud that sprang up between John Randolph, the Earl of Moray, and Alastair Bhan Comyn and his kinsfolk. The origin of these traditions is set forth in letters written to Sir Thomas Dick Lauder by Mr. Rose, minister of Drainie, near Elgin, whose father collected much Gaelic lore from one Miller, a strolling minstrel of the type beloved by Scottish antiquaries. Unfortunately, perhaps, the elder Mr. Rose did not live to complete the versified translation of those of Miller's old ballads that treated of Randolph's strife with the Comyns and the cruel fate of Alastair the Fair. Enough, however, was preserved to supply the enthusiastic author with a substantial basis for an ingenious and spirited poem. Faithful to the old traditions, it shows also plenty of invention. A poem without "the female element" would be, as Lady Middleton urges, somewhat dull, especially if it aims at presenting living pictures of savage times—

> for of what else
> Is life composed but love and battles?

To this sound principle we owe the heroine, the beautiful Ydonia, ward of the wicked Randolph; and Alastair the Fair has a fairer Imogene. He could not choose but to love her, though it is a little odd he should introduce himself by declaring

> I am a treacherous twig of a traitorous tree

—which he decidedly was not. Probably he could not resist the punning allusion to the old Gaelic proverb, "While there's a leaf in the forest there's guile in a Comyn." Other persons who play important parts are Randolph himself; Allan Shaw, who treacherously betrays his master, Alastair; and the mysterious waiting-woman to Ydonia, well named Lupola, a lovely creature with terrible eyes when the moon is full—in fact, a were-wolf, who causes extreme fright to the monks of Altyre and the belated shepherd on the hills. Her legend is a poetical circumstance that is deftly woven into the poem. Best of all the scenes of this stirring story are the cantos that describe the gathering of the clan after the fight at Inverlochy, with the rousing lyric of the "fiery cross," and the death of Alastair in the cave in the glen of Slaginnan, where he is "smoked" like a wolf in his lair. There is altogether so much of the primitive spirit of poetry, so much that is bold and refreshing, it is a pity to have to note not a little that is perversely quaint and over-affected. Peculiarities of diction neither beautiful nor archaic are not infrequent.

The August number of *Art and Letters* (Boussod, Valadon, & Co.) is unusually attractive. The continuation of M. Armand Dayot's notes on the fine-art galleries in the Paris Exhibition deals chiefly with the works of David and his school. It is illustrated by some admirable reproductions after David, Gérard, Gros, and Ingres. The account of the painting of the great "Coronation" picture by David, quoted from his biographer Delécluze, might lead the reader to infer that the painter himself selected the pose of Napoleon crowning the kneeling Josephine, or that he obeyed the instructions of Napoleon. There is a well-founded story that gives Gérard the credit of this happy circumstance in the composition. David's original design for *Le Sacre* was very different. This Gérard saw and suggested the alteration, which on being carried out gave the Emperor intense pleasure. A second instalment of M. Marchetti's admirable drawings, "The Italian Army," the first portion of an interesting story by M. Ferdinand Fabre, and M. Paul Perret's article on Laure Permon, who became Mme. Junot and Duchesse d'Abrantès, with portrait and other drawings by Isabey, are noteworthy contributions to a well-varied number.

Mrs. J. E. Panton's *Bye-Paths and Cross-Roads* (Ward & Downey) is a collection of sketches of country scenery, old houses, decayed towns, and unconsidered corners of suburban rusticity not yet obliterated by the jerry-builder. The book offers pleasant reading for an idle hour, though in no sense has it any marked distinction. The pictures of homely country life and the more familiar aspects of nature are agreeably diversified by the writer's reflective comparison of the brave old days of leisurely movement and the bustle of the present.

The Book of Wedding Days, dedicated to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales (Longmans & Co.), is the most imposing and handsome of gift books, an album of decorative designs by Mr. Walter Crane, whose frolicsome amorini play at soldiers, football, or some other sport, on almost all of its quarto pages. These devices, printed in a warm red on stout paper, reveal Mr. Crane's lively fancy very favourably, though we cannot say they are less "mannered" in design than the artist is now wont to be. The verses selected by K. E. J. Reid, May Ross, and Mabel Bamfield are from many sources and generally happily chosen.

The industrious and observing Mr. Max O'Rell has collected from various newspapers and American magazines certain papers on the Frenchman at home, the Englishman abroad, and so forth, under the title *Jacques Bonhomme* (Bristol: Arrowsmith), a little book and a shallow, though good enough, no doubt, to catch people who are not yet surfeited with "national characteristics."

Mr. Charles Hardy's book of verses, *My Boy's Request* (Remington & Co.), is full of the sentiment and humour fit for the reciter and his audience. No Penny Reading can be complete without the pathos of the title-poem or the humour of "The Slavey's Letter." *Poems and Song Words*, by Rosie Churchill (Simpkin & Co.), is a harmless gathering of verse that is quite up to the standard of the words for music, or "song words," that tempt the minor composer.

Mr. R. Simkin's military designs we have commended more than once in Christmas-card form. In *Life in the Army* (Chapman & Hall) the artist makes a braver show in portraying the record of life in camp, field, and quarters. The book is made up of a variety of clever drawings, full of life and character, and well reproduced in colour.

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(1) *Dom Pedro II.* Par B. Mossé. Paris: Firmin-Didot.
(2) *La mer territoriale.* Par J. S. Latour. Paris: Pedone-Lauriel.
(3) *Le péché capital.* Par Richard O'Monroy. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(4) *Contes à mon singe.* Par J. Ricard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

"Is Bad Sight on the Increase?" is a question readily answered by any one who possesses good sight and observes the increasing number of children compelled to wear spectacles, and the prodigious number of eye-glasses worn, if not used, on all sides. This evidence, however, is no sort of evidence at all, if we are to accept the paradoxical treatment of the question offered in M. Aristide Fournet's *brochure, The Philosophy of Sight* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) Spectacles, says this cheerful mentor, increase sight; their prevalence, therefore, is a proof that "sight is on the increase." To suppose the contrary is only less absurd than to take the absence of glasses as a proof of good sight. This is the long and short of it, according to M. Fournet. It is an ingenious thesis, and ingeniously is it urged in this little book.

By Dr. W. H. J. Brown and Dr. A. Campbell we have a little book on a subject of general interest—*The Complexion; How to Preserve and Improve It* (Renshaw)—which is notable for its practical scope and common-sense treatment. The advice given as to "personal hygiene"—diet, baths, soaps, exercise, and so forth—possesses the excellent merit of being entirely practicable, as well as admirably sound.

Mr. G. H. Armitstead, who has done into verse a *Selection from Æsop's Fables* (Leeds: Watson), asks:—

> Is it wholly wasted time,
> Turning such wise words to rhyme?

Certainly not, we should say. It is a blameless exercise, and these specimens are neatly turned.

Everybody's Book of Jokes (Saxon & Co.)—there are some 3,000 quips and jests in it—is good to dip into, yet fearsome to read. The editor thinks you cannot destroy an old joke, forgetting that your printer may spoil one, as he does when he turns Sydney Smith's "dean and chapter" into "dean and chaplain" (p. 16).

The modest and cautious investor may be commended to a little handbook by Mr. G. Bartrick-Baker—*Sound Investments for Small Savings* (Virtue & Co.)—which is full of trustworthy information and guidance.

We have received new editions of Charles Kingsley's *At Last: a Christian in the West Indies* (Macmillan); *Inebriety*, by Norman Kerr, M.D. (H. K. Lewis); *The Armourer's Prentice*, by Charlotte M. Yonge, and *Unknown to History*, by the same author (Macmillan); Mr. W. Warde Fowler's *Tales of the Birds* (Macmillan), and Mr. Austin Dobson's *Fielding* (Macmillan).

We have also received a translation by Professor A. R. S. Kennedy of an *Assyrian Grammar*, by Professor Friedrich Delitzsch of Leipzig (Berlin: Reuther; London: Williams & Norgate); *The Petrine Claims*, by Dr. R. F. Littledale, a re-issue, with additions, of articles published in the *Church Quarterly Review* (1878-84) (S.P.C.K.); *Life of St. Bonaventure*, translated by L. C. Skey (Burns & Oates), and *The Volapük Correspondent*, an adaptation of R. Kniele's *Tedaspod*, by G. Krause (Swan Sonnenschein).

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THE MAYBRICK CASE.

IT is perhaps fortunate for Mrs. MAYBRICK that a certain Dean of St. Patrick's, whose quality of mercy was not excessively strained, and who, according to a well-known passage of his own, once "hindered a man of his pardon" because he was "a rogue and deserved hanging for something "else," is not Home Secretary. Adultery since the happy days of the Commonwealth has not been a capital offence—indeed it would appear in the eyes of some Liverpool "ladies" and others to be a virtue entitling the person committing it to a reprieve for possible murder—but SWIFT was not likely to be very severe on this head. The "something else" which might in his estimate have hindered Mrs. MAYBRICK of her pardon would probably have been the intolerable and, in some cases, positively loathsome folly of her partisans. These irregular retryings of regularly tried cases always give occasion for fools; but the fools have seldom taken such advantage of it as in the present instance. In the still more famous case of thirty years ago, with which Mrs. MAYBRICK'S has been chiefly compared, there was less of such folly, because the popular verdict—"popular" being here distinguished from *populacier*—was almost openly "Served him right." But in more recent instances there has been much less of sturdy and much more of mawkish sentiment. The defenders of the verdict—with whom we have a certain sympathy, though we cannot go their length—are not guiltless. The persons who talk about "one whose admitted misconduct makes it "an iniquity almost even to mention her name" are not defenders of whom jury or judge may be proud, and there are too many of them in their own party. But the other side might almost induce the person whose life is at stake herself to say "Hang me; but stop their mouths!" The "F.R.S." who says that Sir JAMES STEPHEN was not distinguished for great judicial capacity when he was a boy at school is so pyramidal an object that he may almost dispense us from mentioning other of his company. After the Eiffel Tower, the Nelson and Duke of York Columns, with all other objects of the same kind, are naturally disappointing. But no depth of folly or height of extravagance or excess of indecency has been left unexplored by the unlucky woman's defenders. The mobs who hissed a scrupulously fair judge and a jury who, whatever else they were, were at least conscientious and courageous; the worthy peers who put it on "the marriage laws"; the doggrel rhymesters who hint, in verses of which any bellman would have been ashamed, that if Mrs. MAYBRICK is not guilty they do not wish her to be hanged, and that if she is then they wish her to be hanged still less; the "ladies" whose "floral tribute," as they would probably themselves have said, may not have expressed indifference to the Sixth Commandment, but certainly took scant notice of the Seventh—the whole idiotic pack might well drive a less misanthropic as well as, which is much to be feared, a less able person than SWIFT to some such conclusion as that at which we have hinted. And the climax may justly be put to this disgust by the holding of public meetings on the subject. Outrageous as the conduct of the Cannon Street meeting was, it behaved only after its kind. If there is one thing more than another in which a public meeting is likely to be wrong, and unlikely to be right, it is the decision of such matters as these.

And yet, as not unfrequently happens, the fools are not wholly wrong. It is unusual for a Queen's Counsel like Mr. MOULTON to erect himself into a Commissioner of Assize, and we are entirely unable to share Mr. MOULTON'S childlike belief that, if you will only get scientific evidence enough and believe it with sufficiently charcoal-burning faith, you cannot go wrong. But Mr. MOULTON has, nevertheless, formulated, after a fashion, what we believe was and is the opinion on the subject of the great majority of persons who are capable of forming a judgment on evidence; a great majority which would not, perhaps, overcrowd a very large place of public assembly. And we believe that the expression of this opinion would have been much louder than it has been if it had not been for the thoroughly silly, and in part disgraceful, outcry against the jury, and still more against the judge. It is difficult to conceive a more impartial summing-up than Sir JAMES STEPHEN'S, which carefully avoided pointing to either verdict, and with which it is impossible to find just fault, except that perhaps it went into the evidence somewhat too minutely. And, except those ribalds who say that the jury had made up their minds that, as Mrs. BARTLETT was acquitted, Mrs. MAYBRICK should be condemned, it is difficult to conceive any one justly blaming the jury. The easy, popular, and obvious thing to do was to bring in a verdict of Not Guilty, which would not have run counter to the Bench, and would certainly have pleased the public. The jury did the thing which was disagreeable and unpopular, and all honour to them for doing it. But it does not follow that their verdict should be upheld through thick and thin. We repeat that we believe that a great majority of the best qualified judges —taking the two great questions of the trial as being, Is it proved that Mr. MAYBRICK died of arsenic? and Is it proved that arsenic was administered to him by his wife?—would incline to answer both in the negative. And, if neither fact was proved, then it certainly is not in accordance with either the principles or the practice of English law to hang the prisoner, merely because it seems, not on direct evidence, but on certain grounds of inference and conjecture, not improbable that Mrs. MAYBRICK may have wished her husband's death, and not impossible that she may have done something to bring it about. A juryman is not to give a verdict of Guilty because he believes the prisoner to be guilty, but because the prisoner has been proved to be guilty. A shadow of doubt, as the phrase is, must not stand in the way of the verdict. But in this case there was not a shadow, but the substance of very grave doubts, whether Mr. MAYBRICK died of arsenic at all, backed up by at least considerable suspicions that, if he did, it may not have been arsenic of Mrs. MAYBRICK'S administering. If doubt of this sort is not to be admitted, we had better hang everybody who is not, as the common and generally absurd phrase goes, "proved to be innocent."

The debate has revived, even in the placid atmosphere of the House of Lords, the cry for a Court of Criminal Appeal—a cry which, if mere *à priori* reasons were listened to, would be irresistible. It is, of course, on the face of it utterly absurd that the one irreversible punishment of the law should also be the one the sentence of which admits of no regular review, and is virtually passed by persons whose one qualification is like that of the judges in the novel, that they know nothing of the matter in hand. Yet it is to be observed that even in other cases the decision of a jury as to a matter of fact is seldom reversed; that the exact constitution of the Court of Appeal, its procedure, and the question whether acquittals as well as condemnations should be reversible, are rather thorny matters; that it is by no means certain that the same rush of popular gabble would not follow the revised as it now follows the original verdict, and that the present exercise of the QUEEN'S prerogative through the Home Secretary does, as a matter of fact, provide what is wanted. The worst of it is, of course, that it is provided in the most ludicrously illogical of manners. The Crown "pardons" a crime when the argument for pardon is wholly and solely that the crime has never been committed; it commutes into a sentence less shocking and alarming, but probably worse than death, the

punishment for a crime in regard to which the law knows no punishment except death, not because it is shown that a minor crime has or may have been committed, but because there is some more or less considerable doubt whether any crime has been committed at all. A more absurd proceeding, on the face of it, cannot be conceived. And yet there is every reason to believe that it does, on the whole, substantial justice. At least we cannot remember any recent instance in which any obvious injustice has been done, either by "letting off" or by enforcing the sentence, except such as is implied in the formal absurdities just commented upon. Whether we shall be able to say as much after the decision of the present case depends upon Mr. MATTHEWS.

THE SENTENCE ON THE GENERAL.

THE very lengthy speech in which M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE emptied the bag of all the charges which could be collected against General BOULANGER will probably be little read even in France in its complete form, and will certainly not be read in England at all. It fills no less than three sheets of four pages of about the size of the *Observer*, and on each page there are six columns. The print is not large. This is a serious piece of reading to take in hand. Yet whoever wishes to understand French legal methods, politics, and character might do worse than make a careful study of the eloquence of the Procureur-Général. There is one passage which merits quotation at full if space allowed. It is that in which M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE, struggling with emotion, informed the High Court that, moved by a painful sense of duty, he would unmask M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, though at a terrible cost; for what he had to say was of such a nature that it would close his mouth with disgust. After this the pallid Procurator read a quotation from a leading article, in which M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, with more truth than tact, remarked that, though the German armies plundered a good deal when in France, yet the French armies had behaved quite as badly, or even worse, in their time. This horrible insult to the army did M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE hold up to universal reprobation before dropping it into that abyss to which his withering invective was consigning M. ROCHEFORT. In truth, there is a great deal of this bathos in the Procurator-General's speech, and with it much vague statement, much repetition of what that eminently respectable man A thought B must mean, much mere guesswork, much inconclusive chatter. But it must be remembered that the whole level of French eloquence has sunk within the last generation, and that French law courts are in the habit of receiving a great deal which would not be thought evidence at all in this country. An address may be effective, in spite of what we should think its faults, and this one is really in a way convincing. Like so many of the equally illogical and much more violent harangues of Mr. ATTORNEY-GENERAL or Mr. PRIME SERJEANT in our own State trials of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, it leaves the impression that the speaker, in spite of faults of manner and intellectual clumsiness, is right in the main point.

The difference between the positions of M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE and of COKE or FINCH is, however, very considerable. When the Crown lawyers had convinced the jury that RALEIGH had really been playing with schemes for putting the King under duress, they had convicted him of a definite crime. There might be and were men who thought the sentence unjust, but no one differed from the Crown lawyers as to the nature of the offence if committed. It was treason beyond all question, and the verdict, however obtained, entailed certain known consequences which could only be removed by the pardon of the King. The position of M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE before the High Court is very different as far as the charge of felonious attempt to alter the form of government is concerned. We may put aside all that large part of his speech which is devoted to proving that the General is surrounded by bad company. All that was known long ago, and did not prevent the Conservatives from forming an alliance with him, or discontented Republicans from voting for him. The charge of fraud in money matters would, if proved, be ruinous; but it has yet to go before a jury. As for that part of the charge of fraud which the High Court did decide on, it only amounts to this—that the General used public money for political purposes of which his political opponents disapproved. As the attack on the General has been conducted, it was necessary for M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE to prove that General BOULANGER had been guilty of a distinct attempt to seize power by violence. It was not enough for him to prove that the Boulangists proposed to alter the form of government, as long as he could not prove that they meant to do it by other means than votes. Unfortunately for the Procurator-General, what he has done has been to show conclusively what everybody knew already—namely, that M. BOULANGER wishes to alter the form of government. What he has failed to do is to show any serious reason for believing that an attempt was made to upset the existing Government by force at the General's instigation. The mere attempt to alter the form of government by persuasion is not in itself treason under a Government based on universal suffrage. If it were, the Senate might as well proceed at once, not only against the Conservative leaders, but against all those members of the Chamber of Deputies who are in favour of Revision. A Monarchy which claims to be of divine right may logically punish even a peaceful enemy as a traitor; but a Republic based on universal suffrage cannot without absurdity make it treason to appeal to the power from which it derives its own authority. It cannot recuse its judge as suspected, for to what higher Court is it to appeal? M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE obviously felt the difficulty of his position, and tried to escape from it in different ways. He laboured hard to prove that the General was guilty of an actual attempt at revolt in the Gare de Lyons because he did not clear the station himself of the excited mob which nearly squeezed him to death. Then he made strenuous attempts to prove that there had been attempts to debauch the soldiers. After all, however, he clearly felt that the railway-station scene and the popularity-hunting of the General were not enough, and he boldly proceeded to sweep his difficulties out of the way by means of a definition of the word "attentat" which may be commended to universal attention. Our fathers, said M. DE BEAUREPAIRE, in their rough way, used to upset an omnibus at the street corner, and tear the pavement up. These simple methods are antiquated. Now, when criminal ambition leads a political adventurer to attack the Government, he goes about making abusive speeches, and telling lies. By these means he persuades many to follow him, and it would be folly on our part to let him escape simply because he does not go so far as the more straightforward insurgents of 1849 did. The animus is there; let us punish it. It is an ingenious view; but, on the whole, more becoming to M. JULES DE GLOUVET, the author of *Le Forestier*, than to M. QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE, the Procurator-General. Time was when it would have done very well. That majestic lord King HENRY VIII. would have seen that here also was a man who had the right sow by the ear; but whether it will serve the turn now is another question. The majestic lord to whom the Senate is, in the long run, responsible may prefer to decide for himself.

For the moment the Senate has played HENRY VIII. very well. It has condemned the General and his accomplices. Now it remains to be seen what weight that condemnation will carry in the country. The vote is a strictly party vote. If it turns out that the majority of the country is really heartily sick of the Third Republic, if the Boulangists and Conservatives together contrive to carry a majority of seats at the coming general election, it will be a mere flourish in the air. It is not at all necessary that the General should sweep the country in order to make the condemnation a form. As we have pointed out before, if he and the Conservatives together can carry only a bare majority of seats, the Third Republic goes to pieces. If these two and the Radicals come back with a majority in favour of Revision, everything is in the melting-pot again. Who knows what will come out of the welter? If we are to judge on ordinary principles, we should conclude that the trial will have a considerable effect on the election. On the whole, the General cuts a very miserable figure. It is impossible to read the *réquisitoire* without feeling that, if he ran, it was not only because he found it convenient to keep out of prison, but because he dared not face cross-examination as to his connexion with such persons as M. BURET and Mme. POURPRE. Beyond all doubt he has done shabby things in the company of ignoble people. It is further tolerably well proved that he spent the Reserve and Secret Service funds at the War Office in ways which he would find it difficult to justify. There is nothing in all this which will be quite new to those who have watched the General's career; but it has never been

equally well collected before or so effectively paraded. If there is any regard for the national dignity, such a man as this ought to have no chance. Against this, however, must be set three considerations. First, that, if there were a keen sense of the national dignity in France at this moment, neither the General nor a good many other persons would ever have been heard of. Secondly, that the peasantry, as M. Jules de Glouvet well knows, are a race on whose conduct it is not safe to count. Thirdly, that, unfortunately, with the exception of the colourless Moderate Republicans, headed by M. Léon Say, the defenders of the Republic are either intensely unpopular like M. Ferry, or have become insignificant like M. Clémenceau, or are nonentities like so many, or are tarred with the same brush as the General. It will not be the most surprising thing in General Boulanger's career if he does come to the top after all in this ferment of little men and mean quarrels.

THE FLEET SWANNERY.

THE decision of Mr. Justice Kekewich, in the case of the Earl of Ilchester *v.* Rashleigh and others, is understood to be final, as the order was partly settled by consent, and costs were not demanded. Otherwise it would be rash to regard the judgment as irreversible, both on general grounds and because there was undeniably an element of doubt in this particular question. But, without blaming the fishermen for asserting what they believed and were advised to be their legal rights, one may express satisfaction at a result which preserves a very curious and interesting rarity without causing any serious public inconvenience. The piece of water called the Fleet adjoins Portland Road, and is separated from the English Channel by Chesil Beach. Lord Ilchester claims ownership of this "land covered by water," and he values it because, time out of mind, a game of swans has built, nested, and bred there. Those who have represented this action as raising the pretence of a rich man to set his private luxuries above the general interest may be invited to consider, if, indeed, they know, that Lord Ilchester's swannery is about the only one in England worth mentioning, and that nobody would be benefited by the disappearance from the country of a bird which used to be much more common here than it is now. There are swans on the Thames and elsewhere, and there is a swan-pit at Norwich for fattening cygnets; but swan-breeding on the royal old scale has ceased. It was not Lord Ilchester's contention, nor could it have been sustained, that fishermen or the community at large are excluded altogether from the Fleet. The plaintiff's possession of the soil only enabled him to sue, and the defendants might have proved such qualifications as would have reduced his claim to a practical nullity. Every bit of land not formally dedicated to the public belongs to somebody; but the formal title of adjoining proprietors to the foundation of a high road is, so far as they are concerned, a barren technicality. What Lord Ilchester submitted, and what Mr. Justice Kekewich has decided, is that fishermen and others must communicate with Portland Road through Portland Passage, and not trespass in other parts of the Fleet. The well-known undergraduate of St. John's who desired to feed upon swans was told they were kept for the dons. Lord Ilchester not unnaturally complained of persons who "came up the Fleet in boats, shot off guns, "and made loud and violent noises," apparently relying on the dictum of Cowper, J., that a noisy man is always in the right.

In this instance, however, the noisy men have been declared in the wrong, and restrained from trespassing on Chesil Beach, in the immediate neighbourhood of Abbotsbury. The injunction is really in favour of the swans, who might otherwise have been compelled to seek a warmer climate and a less democratic constitution. Mr. Justice Kekewich, with that irresistible tendency to autobiography which characterizes the modern race of English judges, introduced into his "learned and elaborate" judgment a picturesque account of his own pursuits. "With such in-"dustry and zeal," he says, "as the opportunities at my dis-"posal and the season of the year permitted, I have angled "in all these waters, and in some others which, though not "specified by counsel, were probably in their minds." It will soon be possible for an enterprising editor to produce a small volume of judicial confessions and disclosures. One judge, as the civilized world now knows, was once acquainted with a dog which died of arsenical poisoning. Another judge went to Mabille when that edifying institution was still in existence. Yet another is able to say offhand which reredos in which cathedral tempts the beholder most strongly to commit the sin of idolatry. It is recorded of a worthy Vice-Chancellor, now alas no more, that he interrupted counsel in the course of a narrative with the pensive exclamation, "Devonshire? 1845? Ah, I was in Devon-"shire that year. If your client had consulted me, this "deplorable litigation would have been avoided." But Mr. Justice Kekewich is epigrammatic as well as autobiographical. "Like the inhabitants of Chickerell and the "neighbouring villages," he observes in his incisive style, "I have, as regards many of them, been only more or "less a fisherman, but like them also my occupation has "not been without profit." Chickerell and the neighbouring villages are only less fortunate than the Chancery Division of the High Court. The substance of the decision, as distinguished from its picturesque embroidery, is simple enough. The right of the public to fish and navigate in the open sea, being paramount to the right of the Crown, must be also paramount to Lord Ilchester's, which is derived from the Crown. But the right of the public does not extend to places only occasionally covered by water, and therefore does not comprise Chesil Beach. "Navigable" water means not water which may be navigated in the lightest possible boats, but water where the tide ebbs and flows. So Lord Ilchester's swannery has been saved, and the local fishermen must catch fish instead of frightening swans.

THE TITHES BILL.

ALTHOUGH the wild howls of jubilation which have been uttered over the Government change of front in regard to the Tithes Bill on Wednesday are only part of a system on which we shall comment presently, Ministers cannot be congratulated on their tactics, and the presentiment of blunder which was caused by this late and partial measure has been amply justified. It is true that the proposal which the Atiorney-General announced on Wednesday, with a want of tact which unfortunately has more than once or twice distinguished Sir Richard Webster's political proceedings, is identical with a measure which this very Government brought forward two years ago. It is also true that it is so far from being identical with anything moved or argued for by the Opposition that the only amendment at all falling in with it came from the Conservative ranks. It is known to be acceptable to those members who are informally charged with the interests of the tithe-receivers and the Church on this occasion; and it was in itself formally approved by Sir Walter Barttelot, out of whose rebuke to the Government so much capital has been made; while it is notorious that the Nonconformists and their tools dislike it quite as much as the original proposition of the Bill. All this is quite true. And it is further true that the proposal itself is a step in the right direction. Half the dust which has been thrown in the eyes of persons better intentioned than intelligenced by the political agitators of the sects on this question has come from the continual forgetfulness of what tithe really is. It is a grant by the landowner, in effect, of a tenth of his land, in the form, not of the land itself, but of its yearly produce. The successive variations which have been introduced by custom and law in this sufficiently simple arrangement have altered the relation of the one-tenth to the other nine-tenths, and the commutation of the tithe-pig and the tenth sheaf into money has naturally made the occupier, and not the owner, the apparent channel of payment. It would be better, no doubt, that the real owner had what he owns in fee-simple rather than in the troublesome and misleading form of a complicated rent-charge payable by one person through another. But, short of this, the new, or rather old, proposal for giving the tithe-owner better means of getting his own is well enough. The inexcusable thing in the conduct of the Government is the uncertainty and vacillation of it, not the result to which it has come. It would have been in any case, and even in the earliest part of the Session, a mistake to chop and change in this fashion. But when, at the very eleventh hour, the sittings of the House have been prolonged unexpectedly on purpose to carry a particular measure, it certainly has the air either of very great levity or of very great want of foresight to introduce such changes in such a manner and at such a moment,

Still those comfortable optimists who hold that there is good in everything may point to the debates on the Tithes Bill as evidence of the wisdom of their position. When those debates began there was little good expected of them by either side—even the best wishers to the Church and the Government being of opinion that the measure was one of those half-loaves which are not better than no bread. So far as the Government is concerned these forebodings have been more than confirmed. The discussion, however, has set another matter beyond all doubt, and that is the hopeless bad faith of the opponents of the Bill. At every moment they have shifted their ground in a manner which may be justly called the prevarication of debate. They began by exclaiming against the discreditable conduct of a rich Church in allowing her ministers to starve and in coming on the poor agriculturist for their support. Even Gladstonian Radicals might perceive that, if you take away the income of a Church, or anything else, it can hardly be called "rich," and that tithes happen to be the main source of the Church's riches. But this is nothing to what has followed. We shall not be expected to enter into Sir William Harcourt's comparison of the wickedness of Oxford and the goodness of Cambridge colleges respectively regarded as managers of property. That matter must be fought out by armed bursars from each University. But, unless we very greatly mistake, there are Cambridge colleges, neither few nor unimportant, which are very largely interested in tithe, and they will hardly thank Sir William for his attempts to put tithe-owners, who are not actually dischargers of clerical duty on the spot, out of the benefits of the Bill. But this particular squabble about the lay impropriators illustrates most excellently what has been said above as to the absence of good faith in the opposition to the Bill. We have nothing to do here with the moral question as to such impropriation, which may be as nearly equivalent to impropriety as some persons are said to hold. But it is sufficiently clear that the position of the Government, as of all persons who care to consider things honestly according to facts and history, is that tithes are not wages, not taxes, but property. And it must be further clear that the question To whom does this individual piece of property belong? has nothing to do with the question Are the rights necessary to the enjoyment of this kind of property capable of being exercised as they should be? It would be exceedingly convenient, no doubt, to the hungry claimants who are snapping and growling round the tithe if a legislative distinction of this sort were set up between tithe payable to incumbents and tithe payable to lay impropriators and corporations. But it would be folly on the part of the Government to allow such a distinction, and it is dishonesty in the Opposition to ask for it on false pretences. And now, last of all, when the farmer (the honest farmer we mean, not the dishonest one) has practically obtained what he has been crying for, and the landowner has been treated in a manner which even so typical a landowner as Sir Walter Barttelot acknowledges to be equitable, the Government is accused of betraying the landlords. There is evidently no pleasing critics of this kind—critics, the least disingenuous of whom frankly admit that they wish tithes to stay as they are in order to make the Church more unpopular.

On the other hand, uncomfortable as the position of the Government is, especially after the revolution of Wednesday, and doubtfully as it is entitled to the prize of wisdom, it may, at any rate, fairly claim that of honesty. Ministers are fighting for the rights of those whose political power is now small against the wishes of a considerable number of their own adherents, and with the certainty of small thanks from any one. On the other hand, the Opposition is unblushingly and almost avowedly fighting for no purpose but to curry favour with the political Nonconformists, not perhaps without an additional hope of playing the Codlin-and-Short game with Tory farmers and landowners. It appears to be as yet uncertain what amount of genuineness there is in the remarks alleged to have been translated from the newspaper directed by the notorious Mr. Gee, in which that person, protected by the obscurity of an unlearned language, appears to have declined to recommend a royal address to the Queen, and to have suggested that Her Majesty may think herself lucky if she is not hooted in Wales. Mr. Raikes has denied the authorship of the very unwise opening given or asserted to be given to Gee. We do not observe that Gee has denied his loyal and dutiful answer; on the contrary, he seems to have repeated it. It is said, and it is to be hoped that it is true, that he has disgusted the more respectable Welsh Nonconformists who have declined to be hectored out of loyalty and decency. Unluckily there is little reason to believe that he had these in his mind. The ignorant and the fanatical are the persons at whom writing of this kind is aimed, and if it hits them, the intelligent minority can well be spared from the sportsman's game-bag. There is, however, some faint hope that conduct of this kind will provoke a reaction. As it is, it illustrates the extreme political inconvenience of the maintenance of dialect newspapers, unless the mischievous part of the press is counterbalanced by a well-disposed part. Irish newspapers of the seditious kind have done harm enough, but they would have done ten times more harm if anything similar to the Welsh vernacular press had existed—and if there were any considerable number of Irishmen who could read it. And it may be feared that, after all, the *Baner* represents only too truly the spirit which English members of Parliament are now taking under their protection, and the only excuse for which is that some Welsh farmers have been inconvenienced in trying to detain for their own use money entrusted to them for conveyance to the tithe-owner.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL ON ITS DIGNITY.

THE temper of the London County Council and the measure of its discretion are again illustrated in a large, unlovely way. It is the 9th of June, or thereabouts. Persuaded by certain reports of a trustworthy kind, the Privy Council resolves to issue an order to the local authorities in their various districts that "all dogs affected with, "or suspected of, rabies" shall be killed; that no unmuzzled dog shall be allowed to roam in public places; and that stray dogs, and dogs unmuzzled, shall be seized and kept in detention. Behold the London County Council in receipt of this lawful order, and eager to discover in it some slight on their own authority, or some means of asserting themselves against every other. Promptly sought, soon found. If there is one thing more than another upon which the Council has set its heart, that thing is sole command of the Metropolitan Police; and the order from the Agricultural Department seemed to afford a splendid opportunity of furthering the desire, as well as of striking the attitude of Ajax before "their Lordships" in Whitehall. The Clerk of the Council is instructed to tell their Lordships that their order cannot be carried out. The Council "decline to assume responsibility which they are "absolutely powerless to fulfil." "Their case is simple "enough." It is impossible to obey the order without control of the police force. The Government chooses to deny to the Council command of that force. Lord Rosebery's colleagues have no officers at their disposal who could carry out the order, and do not propose to seek for any. "To "engage for this temporary purpose an army of men adept "in dealing with these cases, and able efficiently to cope "with the whole area of London, would not merely be im-"practicable, but would involve an enormous expense"; and the Council are not justified in burdening the ratepayers with such an outlay, "when there is already in "existence a body of men who have had experience of these "duties, and can readily carry them out again." In short, the Council's remonstrance comes to this:—Hand over to us the control of the police, and then we will see what we can do. If, through a continuance of perversity, that cannot be done, send your order to the Home Secretary; we will have nothing to do with it. The answer of the Privy Council is that Parliament has imposed on the local authority (in this case the London County Council) the duty of carrying out the Rabies order; while, as for the means of execution, as for the necessity of employing the police, there can be no difficulty about that. "Their Lordships "believe that the London County Council will find the "Metropolitan Police ready to co-operate in enforcing and "executing the order," as they have always been on precisely similar occasions. No doubt their Lordships imagined that, after this pregnant intimation, there would be an end of the matter. But, if so, they little knew the haughty spirit of the Body they addressed. The Council proudly answers that it is not going to bemean itself by approaching a force over which it has no control with suggestions that may be rejected and requests that may be refused. "Suppose "the Police Commissioner declined or neglected to enforce "the proposals of the Council, what could the Council do?" How would that august assembly stand then? Who can expect it to run the risk of "landing itself in a position so

"helpless and undignified"? No. "The Council can only "reiterate with regret their strong sense of the impropriety "of their offering suggestions to the police on this subject; "for that is all they can do in a case where they have no "authority either of supervision or control."

The rest of the story is soon told. Their Lordships curtly declare that, if the London County Council are not willing to discharge the statutory duties imposed on them, measures will be taken to carry out the order at the Council's expense. Their municipal Highnesses reply that they have nothing to add to their previous epistles, which communicate "the settled judgment of the Council." In fine, the Whitehall authorities, acting upon statutory instructions provided for such contingencies, quietly take the matter out of the hands of these preposterous City Fathers, hand it over to a certain Major TENNANT, and the London County Council will have to pay the bill. At any rate, they have to pay it in the regular order of things, as marked out by Parliamentary decree. But we see what sort of thing "the settled judgment" of the Council is. Being such a judgment as vixenish women are cursed with, there is no knowing what may happen should it become unsettled by the cool decision of the Privy Council; but it is quite on the cards that this other affront, and the obvious craving to bring the police question to a crisis, may resolve the London board of Radical *enragés* to refuse payment. It is to be observed that, as matters stand, the last word is not with them; and they cannot be expected to put up with that very willingly. Already we read in the columns of a sympathetic newspaper that "the appointment of Major TENNANT is a declaration "of war"; though to the eyes of orderly people it seems nothing but a peaceful, effectual means of carrying out a duty to the public which the London Council have obstructed too long, while they acknowledge it an urgent duty. Too peaceful a means the Council may think it; too manifest a demonstration of the absurdity on which they based their simulated fears of a ridiculous outraged dignity. Of course Major TENNANT has no more difficulty in engaging the services of the police than the Council would have found if they had made a claim upon them in the usual course. But that is just what they would not do. They *wouldn't* do it; and they have told us why in the plainest terms. It would have hurt their dignity, it would have lowered their pride, to prefer a request even of the most formal kind to an authority which they feel they have a divine right to "boss" altogether. According to the natural fitness of things the nigger in Scotland Yard is their nigger; and it will not do to acknowledge his independence of their control by asking the favour of his assistance. That is the motive of the worse than childish petulance which the London County Council evidently mistake for settled judgment of the old Roman cast. It is disgraceful to them; but though it has delayed the working of a most useful and even necessary order for weeks and weeks, it will profit us in the long run. Control of the police? Command of a semi-military force fourteen thousand strong in the heart of the kingdom? This to be conferred on a knot of men who have no more control over themselves when they are excited, or when their "dignity" is touched, than the typical angry woman? It is not to be done; as even they must see who have so far clung to the belief that, after a little while, the responsibilities of office would reduce our Radical London Council to sober thinking and steady conduct. That is not the way with the kind of aspirants who form the majority of the Council. No such consequences of official responsibility are to be expected in their case, and none will ever follow.

CRETE.

THE EMPERORS, German and Austrian, have had but few political matters to disturb their amusements of reviewing and banqueting this week. The anniversary of Prince FERDINAND'S accession to the Bulgarian throne (or prince-stool, as some persons would perhaps prefer to call it) has passed off without any such foolish act as was apprehended; the partisans of the Armenians are still unable to produce any positive evidence of Armenian wrongs, and Crete is almost the only focus of trouble for the moment. Even there things have a little improved. SHAKIR Pasha seems to be losing no time, though a great deal of time has been lost in sending SHAKIR Pasha. It is reported, and may very well be believed, that at least the majority of the Powers have decidedly snubbed M. TRICOUPIS'S Note on the Greek-Cretan question; while it would appear to be certain that the Porte has had no difficulty in contradicting and confuting such allegations in that Note as were of importance. It did not need reporting to assure us that the pretensions of Greece have aroused claims for compensation in the other States of the Balkan Peninsula, or that the Continental Powers who do not wish to see trouble have been convinced by this of the necessity of supporting Turkey as far as possible. What is least certain in the matter is the precise attitude which has been assumed by the two Powers—France and Russia—which, if they do not distinctly wish for war (and it is pretty certain that one of them at least does not), have chosen to set themselves in a vague kind of way against the Powers that wish for peace. No statesman who does not desire a fresh and general fight can desire a new *curée* of the Turkish Empire, and this of itself would incline the majority of European Governments to turn a deaf ear to M. TRICOUPIS. Much allowance, indeed, is, and ought to be, made for that politician. It is not forgotten how but a year or two since the reckless folly of his principal rival brought the Eastern question nearer to a fresh blaze than it has been since the war of twelve years ago, and it is at least believed that this same person is not beyond the reach of Russian and French influence. France, in particular, has long maintained very curious relations with Greece, and on the occasion referred to was the only European Power which declined to help in keeping the Greeks in order. The relations of the CZAR with the diminutive kingdom which has the assurance to contest the Sick Man's chief inheritance with him are more dubious; but the Russian Consul in Crete is the only representative of a European Power—not excepting the Greek Consul himself—who is accused of having played the part of firebrand.

It is not to be wondered at that some impatience has been expressed at the slowness of the Porte to act. The Western and Northern Powers have, no doubt, demoralized Turkish sovereigns and statesmen as much by their help as by their refusal to help, and have in particular aggravated that fatal tendency to trust to the chapter of accidents which is the bane of all Oriental Governments that are not on the growing hand. The incomprehensible but ascertained fancy for trusting to avowed enemies, turn and turn with friends, may also come in. But the SULTAN or his advisers certainly have incurred a very heavy responsibility in delaying, as they have done, attempts to keep order in Crete. It seems certain that at first they had a considerable number of Christian as well as Mussulman inhabitants on their side, and the most elementary diplomacy can work such a situation to advantage with the aid of a very little energy. Whether arms have been distributed (which seems to be contested) to the Mussulmans or not, it seems to be certain that the beginnings of violence were made on them, not by them. Although the Turkish navy is apparently in so bad a state that no proper blockade can be maintained, the SULTAN has plenty of troops and quite enough ships to transport them. But little or nothing seems to have been done, and time has been given to the agitators to manufacture "atrocities," to the two Christian parties to coalesce, to Greece to put herself forward in a position where it was perfectly easy for the Porte itself to forestall her. It is wicked to beat or starve lame dogs; it is at least not Christian to refuse to help them over stiles; but they really might be expected not to sit on their tails while the stiles in front of them are being built higher and higher.

THE USE OF GRAND COMMITTEES.

THE little quarrel which has arisen between Mr. STOREY and his friends of one part, and the Chairman of the Grand Committee on Trade of the other, illustrates very neatly a criticism we have made before on those aids to the dispatch of work by the House of Commons. As to the merits of the dispute considered in themselves, there is no need to discuss them at length. We know approximately what amount of love Mr. STOREY and his friends bear the Light Railways (Ireland) Bill, or the Government which brought it in. By no stretch of charity can we suppose that they meant them any good by their amendment. So much may be allowed, and yet it may remain true that their amendment was a perfectly fair one, and such as a sincere opponent might reasonably propose. The SPEAKER when appealed to thought it was, and we really do not

think there will be many found to differ from him. To propose that money granted under a Bill shall be disbursed in a certain way, and subject to definite restrictions, is surely within the limits of what is permissible in Committee of the whole House. To afford opportunity for making just such amendments as this is one of the purposes for which Committee of the whole House sits. But a Grand Committee is supposed to be the equivalent to Committee of the whole House, and therefore what is permissible in one is surely allowable in the other. The Chairman of the Grand Committee on Trade would seem, therefore, to have been mistaken when he ruled the amendment of the minority out of order. It is not to be wondered at if the minority, being in an intelligible, human way anxious to harass the enemy, have withdrawn from the Committee, and await their chance to play the majority a return match when the Bill is reported to the House.

The striking figure of Mr. Storey waiting in the House for his innings in dignified expectancy serves, we think, to call attention to the moral of the whole story, which is just this—that the Grand Committees are of very dubious value as labour-saving machines. When they were first proposed as means of lightening the work of the House, reasons for doubting their efficacy were pointed out. It was said that they were at least as likely to lead to the discussion of everything twice over as to any saving of time. No Grand Committee or other subsection of the House can shorten debate unless its own decisions are to be final. But, from the nature of the case, it is impossible that the decisions of the Grand Committees can be final. The House cannot part with its own ultimate authority. So there is always a possibility that what a majority of the Committee has accepted, a majority of the whole House may be at least asked to discuss again—in other words, the point may be argued twice instead of once. The manner in which this can be done is so obvious that it hardly leaves any room for doubt; but, if an explanation was needed, it has been fully given by the Speaker. "The remedy" (for the troubles of Mr. Storey) "is that, when the Bill "comes back to this House from the Standing Committee "on Report, it will be competent for the hon. gentleman "and those who are with him—or, indeed, for any hon. "gentleman—to move such amendments as they think fit, "and indeed he can move the particular amendment to "which reference has been made." In other words, the fight may be fought out, and in spite of the Chairman of the Committee, which is precisely what was predicted. When, as in this case, the Chairman sticks to his guns, and asserts his right to act as captain of his own ship, let the Speaker say what he may, a conflict is only the more certain. It is true that where the business is not highly contentious, when all hon. gentlemen are very anxious to promote business, when the House is quite prepared to abide by the decision of the Grand Committee, and the Grand Committee contains no members anxious to have it out again in the House—then the system of devolution may do very well. But what hope is there that this idyllic condition will be reached by an ordinary fallible House of Commons? Moreover, when the House of Commons is so virtuous as this, it could perfectly well contrive to get its work through before the 12th of August without having recourse to devolution. Therefore the Grand Committee seems at its best to be a needless piece of machinery, and at its worst an obstruction.

EGYPT.

THE conversation which took place in the House of Lords on Monday in reference to Egypt was a very interesting conversation, and came as near to being an important one as such things can do. At present (a present which has lasted for many years past) we look almost anywhere rather than to the Houses of Parliament for enlightenment on questions of foreign policy. In the House of Commons all serious treatment of the subject is rendered impossible by the knowledge that Mr. Storey, or Mr. Abraham, or Sir Wilfrid Lawson, or Mr. Picton, or somebody else who knows as much about foreign policy as Mr. Cobden did about the bibliography of Thucydides, may, and probably will, turn the discussion into a farce. In the House of Lords there is no such danger; but the circumstances of that House tend rather to "conversations" than to serious debates, and conversations have their drawbacks. It was rather wicked of Lord Salisbury to misunderstand Lord Carnarvon as having suggested repudiation as a cure for Egyptian ills; but an official exponent in these irregular discussions is always somewhat tempted to treat things lightly, and it is notorious that Lord Carnarvon, with all his undoubted ability, his more undoubted experience, and his most undoubted good intentions, exhibits a special form of the cross-bench mind which provokes an unholy desire to trip him up. The absence of strict practicality which distinguishes that noble Earl could hardly have been better illustrated than by the sermon which he chose to preach on a most promising text—the recent overthrow of Wad-el-Njumi. It was an excellent opportunity for pressing home the special consideration of the folly, and indeed iniquity, of wasting the forces of England and of Egypt on continual and futile prevention, instead of employing them on radical cure. But Lord Carnarvon did not do this. He ranged from justice to finances, from the seasoning of British troops to the cultivation of sentiments of independence in the fellaheen, and from the doctrine of a general European *condominium* to the problem of the present status and duration of the English authority in Egypt. A Government spokesman, even if he were less keen to cut into undefended places than Lord Salisbury is, would be more or less than human if he neglected to avail himself of this desultoriness. Perhaps the most really important utterance of the discussion was Lord Herschell's weighty and impartial testimony as to the improvement during the last two or three years (in which Lord Herschell's party have been out of office) in the judicial system of the country.

Lord Salisbury's own reply, that he had but succeeded to the limitations imposed on England by Mr. Gladstone, was quite final as far as it went, and the formal weakness of Lord Carnarvon's interpellation invited it. But there are times when it is not quite sufficient to "play "the game," and perhaps this is one of them. No pledge given to any foreign nation bars England from advising Egypt or from helping Egypt to take the only possible steps to check "Dervish" incursions, or to restore the trade of the interior. It may be quite true that when you spend half your income in paying the interest on your debt things are not well; but it is pretty certain that there are financiers at Lord Salisbury's command who can devise methods of employing an Egyptian surplus which all the dog-in-the-mangerism of France cannot defeat. And, last of all, inviting as Lord Carnarvon's fourthlys and fifthlys may have been, the Prime Minister knows perfectly well that it is not necessary to declare our relations to Egypt "those of a conquering country to a "conquered" in order to do all that is necessary. The sanctity of the obligations of England—a thing which we all revere—need not be outraged, if outrage there would be, in this way; and that sanctity does not require the, to Egypt decidedly damaging, and to England not in the least, necessary reiteration of the fact that we shall go some day or other. Perhaps we shall. But that day will be one of three other days—the day of the coming of the Coquecigrues, the day of the overthrow of this country in a great European fight, or the day of the accession to power in England of some one more ignorant of, or more indifferent to, his country's welfare than the negotiators of the Treaty of Dover, the surrenderers of Manilla and Havana, or even the acceptors of the Transvaal Convention.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the British Medical Association, which opened at Leeds on Tuesday, under the presidency of Mr. C. G. Wheelhouse, is the first of the larger scientific Congresses that herald the autumnal season. The Association may claim also another and more notable priority for their Congress. They differ from other bodies in one important particular, though in the general features of their meeting they follow the common rule. They have their speakers and their sections, like the British Association, but their sections are composed exclusively of members, and these are all qualified practitioners in medicine or surgery. They speak, in fact, as professional men to professional men. The irresponsible or amateur element is absent from their audience, yet they do not disdain to mitigate the severity of their congregation as professional men by the agreeable relaxation that dinners, picnics, or excursions afford. They invariably present an imposing and

influential array, and theirs is the distinction of getting through the business of the day in businesslike style, and of having something to say that is of public interest. Mr. WHEELHOUSE's opening address on Tuesday was to a certain extent retrospective, and in scope comprehensive, being, of course, independent of the specialized subjects allotted to the heads of the various sections of the Congress. Dealing with the progress of medical science, the President illustrated his theme very effectively by contrasting its past and present. Taking the century as the field of survey, Mr. WHEELHOUSE depicted the old practitioner and the new, their practice and equipment, their education and the qualifications demanded by examiners. On the whole, his too suggestive survey ought to make the patient of to-day deeply grateful that he was not subjected to the medical practice of old. The average general practitioner of ninety years ago, as sketched by Mr. WHEELHOUSE, was not without his good points. He was usually industrious, hard-thinking, skilful in treating disease. But his knowledge and practice were alike empirical. It was "kill or cure" with him. To let blood was his great panacea for all the ills of flesh. He went about on horseback a good deal, always armed with the "all-potent lancet," and, though "a regular" in those days, would now be looked upon as nothing but a free-lancer. As a physician, the doctor of the period drugged his patient on compulsion. His charges for attendance were so small that he had to find remuneration in a generous supply of pills, powders, and potions. Too often, perhaps, he must have been literally

> Stored with deletery medicines
> Which whosoever took is dead since.

He was a man of robust faith and many remedies. The cleverest doctor was, to quote the President's epigrammatic language, the man "who possessed the greatest number "of formulæ for the greatest number of complaints." As a surgeon he is pictured as "further behind the practitioners "of to-day than he was as a physician." But in that he was compelled to rely on the skill of others, as Mr. WHEELHOUSE observed, it is difficult to see that he differed from hundreds of good practitioners of the present day. If the local doctors were wont to refer important surgical cases to the famous WILLIAM HEY of Leeds, it would appear that, in one respect at least, the practice of the past was like that of the present. But it was on the subject of education that the President offered the most striking and suggestive evidence of the old order and the new. Fifty years ago the young aspirant in medicine served a rough-and-ready apprenticeship. He might be "almost devoid of "education," and his tastes such as Mr. ROBERT SAWYER would have approved. He was subjected to an examination which the students of to-day would consider extremely mild. "Once and for all" he had to bring his information to the Royal College of Surgeons and the Apothecaries' Society—"the College of Physicians took no notice of him" —and he was not required to show that he was as well qualified as his examiners "in all the subtleties of elaborate "practice." His three years' experience in the hospital generally sufficed to qualify him for the intelligent charge of the public health, and once "passed" he was no more worried by tests. Under the present system all is changed. The five years of apprenticeship, that "homely and infi-"nitely useful form of preparation," as the President terms it, are swept away, and replaced by the "great burden of "modern examinations."

Mr. WHEELHOUSE, pleading for a radical change in medical examinations, occupies a position common to all who object to the examination system of the day. He thinks it is undeniable that they are inadequate, unnecessarily multiplied, and so conducted that they harass alike the examined and the examiners. Decidedly overstrained was the young examiner mentioned by Mr. PRIDGIN TEALE who was called upon to look through fifteen hundred sets of answers in a fortnight—an examination equivalent to "five minutes for each paper." The hurry and worry occasioned by the present system are, to a great extent, the cause of the inadequacy of examinations so effectively illustrated by Mr. WHEELHOUSE. Like a practical man, he is ready with a remedial scheme. This is, in the main, a reform of the conduct of examination by adopting the procedure of the Universities Local Examinations. The question papers might be forwarded, under the examiners' seal, to the local officials, to be broken in the presence of the candidates, and the answers returned, once more under seal, to the examining body, who would "take a reasonable "time" for judgment. Lastly, and, as Mr. WHEELHOUSE remarks, "most important of all," those candidates who entirely failed and were obviously incompetent would be promptly and humanely relieved of all suspense. There is much that commands the careful attention of the authorities in Mr. WHEELHOUSE's suggestions on this important subject, and probably most people sympathize with his desire that examinations should become "more and more practical in "character" and reduced in number. One full and far-reaching examination that tests the educational basis as a starting-point is decidedly to be preferred to several more or less scrappy trials.

Wednesday's proceedings were occupied by the reading of several papers of purely professional interest and enlivened by certain novel propositions of the kind that usually characterizes scientific Congresses. Dr. HUGHLINGS JACKSON spoke on the "Comparative Study of Nervous Diseases"; Mr. PRIDGIN TEALE delivered the address in Surgery, taking for his theme "Detail in Surgery"; and Dr. HACK TUKE read an interesting and exhaustive paper on the provisions and treatment of the lunatic poor in Yorkshire. Dr. BRINDLEY JAMES brought before the Congress his scheme for a new Government Department of Health, in which at least two medical peers and a Minister of Public Health—a Cabinet Minister he should be—would undertake highly responsible duties, such as the supervision of medical officers of health. What the medical officers may think of this suggestion we cannot attempt to forecast. The creation of medical peers would be decidedly popular with those persons who think the medical profession is too sparingly honoured with titles of dignity. "Patients," we believe, were not admitted to the Leeds Medical Congress, yet Sir WILLIAM ROBERTS managed to supply a real object-lesson for a portion of the public in his address on "Antacid "Remedies" in the Pharmacological Section. It is really very cheering for the numerous sufferers from acid dyspepsia to know that "an excess of acid in the stomach is almost as "easily neutralized as if it were contained in a bottle in the "laboratory." Here is good news for the million, though the afflicted may well wish the acid in the bottle, and have done with it. Sir WILLIAM sang the praise of the common or B. P. bismuth lozenge. His "table of antacid equiva-"lents," based on "direct alkalimetrical determinations," reveals at a glance the relative powers of the gastric antacids sold in shops. It may be extremely useful to know at times, and to remember, that 10 grains of bicarbonate of soda= 12 grains of bicarbonate of potass, or three Vichy lozenges, or one bismuth lozenge B. P., and so forth. Too often does the distressed victim take a heedless, unmeasured dose of bicarbonate of soda, or devour a whole rouleau of bismuth lozenges, or some other "officinal articles" that are much too common with the public. Altogether, Sir WILLIAM's address was full of comfort for the dyspeptic.

IRELAND.

WHEN we consider how good a harvest Ireland was blest with last year; when we view the prospect of a yet more abundant harvest this year; when we take account of the contentment, thus encouraged, that turns its back on an agitation from which no further profit is anticipated, we can well understand how desirable it seems to Mr. PARNELL's followers that the Session should end with a rouse. It has been a tame Session. Circumstances of which nothing is known with certainty except that they were beyond control have damped the spirits of these gentry and cast their activities into a decline. That they submitted unwillingly to the bonds of a restraint or the encroachments of a dulness that made them almost inoffensive we can believe without assurance on their part; nor is any explanation needed if now, in the last hours of opportunity, they rush into a display of sensitive and violent nationalism. To do the Irish agitator justice he is seldom purely mercenary. The histrionics of his occupation —which carry him away so completely that he hardly knows when he is playing a part—are its sufficing reward. But, of course, a man must live; it is dangerous to let any business run down; and the growing contentment of the Irish people, the failing supply of Parnellian Peter's-pence, have to be considered at the close of the Session by hon. members who have shown little sport and who spend much money. But it is ill making bricks without straw, and, though the Irish Parliamentary party goes gleaning up and down, with minute assiduity, for grievance-material, poor is the supply that rewards their toil. Dr. TANNER's comforts as

a first-class misdemeanant; how it is that Mr. CONYBEARE suffers from lumbago; whether the whitewash on that martyr's cell does not glare too much upon his sight; whether his bed is not placed in a draught; questions like these afford but sorry baiting for a brutal and bloody BALFOUR, and yet they have been pelted at the IRISH SECRETARY night after night, with all the energy, fire, and vigour of an attack in chief. But it is quite evident that there is not enough here to keep the pot boiling long; *this* will not re-inflame the dying ashes of voluntary contributions; and, therefore, we may judge how welcome is the promise of material for another outcry of the MANDEVILLE kind, with boundless scope for wrath and tears.

It is impossible to form any confident opinion at present as to how M'GEE and SIZE, two men lately released from Derry Gaol, came by their deaths; but the assertion is that one was killed by typhus fever contracted in the prison, and the other man is supposed to have perished in the same way. An inquiry has been opened in M'GEE's case, and, whatever the truth may be, it is already clear that we may expect another outburst of false or exaggerated indignation. Derry Gaol is the place of Mr. CONYBEARE'S confinement. It is there that the cells are thoughtlessly or purposely white-washed; there it is (or so Dr. KENNY insinuates) that beds are sometimes placed in a draught between door and window; and, that being the case, some colour is given to the idea suggested by Mr. SEXTON that the gaol has been turned into "a death-trap" for Nationalist prisoners by the cultivation of typhus-germs within its walls. At present, however, there is no sufficient ground for believing that the gaol Governor has gone so far as that, or that typhus infests the gaol at all, or that M'GEE died of that terrible malady. The doctors who made a post-mortem examination declared that tuberculosis was the cause of death. But typhus is asserted—typhus caught in a pestilential gaol; and, when the Coroner's inquiry is resumed, it may very possibly turn out that typhus it was that killed M'GEE. Yet prisons are no more exempt than palaces from the visitations of that insidious disorder; accident—sometimes favoured by carelessness, sometimes not—carries it into many a home where there are neither minions nor victims of Castle cruelty; and, even though M'GEE did die of typhus fever, it does not follow that the Government is convicted of manslaughter, or even of deliberate inhumanity. But the Parnellites—English and Irish alike—are indisposed to that view. If they could not afford to be fair in a similar case a year ago, far less can they afford it now, and already the lines of another MANDEVILLE campaign are traced out. Mr. SEXTON has uttered his pregnant saying about the "death-trap." Correspondents report an "intense feeling" in Donegal, dwell upon the splendid physique of "the fine strong young fellow when he entered "gaol," and (amongst other things) say they hear that "the "emergency men who are in charge of the places which "M'GEE and others defended during eviction ran up the "Union Jack over the ruins after news of the death of "M'GEE and SIZE." This is a precise repetition of the tactics in the MANDEVILLE case; and, whatever may be the truth as to M'GEE's death, the Parnellites, from their English leader downwards, may promise themselves an excellent chance of another brisk little agitation.

So far, then, they are favoured; and—though this they must deplore—the uncontrollable extreme men of their faction have at the same time broken into a new spell of activity. Rejoiced as the Parliamentary members of the party must have been at the cessation of murder and outrage, it must have been hard to hear it described as a proof of their own loss of influence and a sign of declining discontent. And, just as they have fallen into the dolefullest dumps through circumstances still more distressing, their intolerable friends in Ireland have perpetrated three attempts at assassination, all of the regular agrarian kind. Perhaps those mistaken men felt the misery of the constitutional reformers too much; perhaps they thought, in their wrong-headed though not bad-hearted way, that the constitutional ones needed stimulus; or (perhaps) that a failure of oratorical energy at Westminster must be compensated by practical demonstration elsewhere. In any case the Parliamentary party are relieved from the reproach of expiring outrages. At Kilorglin, County Kerry, a farmer was shot at on the road, and bullets were lodged in jaw and thigh; motive, apparently, objection to a certain purchase of land. This was on Monday. On Tuesday another farmer living near Woodford, County Galway, was fired at, and dangerously wounded. "He was in bed at the time, and shots were "fired in through the window." A yet more stirring case is the shooting at Mr. TENER, Lord CLANRICARDE'S agent, who, while driving with his police escort on the road between Woodford and Portumna, was fired at by a small party of men concealed in a field of wheat. Four shots were directed at him; his horse was wounded in the neck, and some pellets grazed Mr. TENER'S shoulder. This also happened on Monday. Three old-school attempts at assassination in two days—one attempt on a land agent, and a couple of farmers badly wounded. This looks like business, which is to be resumed, perhaps, on a liberal scale for a while. But continuation of it for long need not be dreaded, we fancy. In all likelihood, it is merely spasmodic—spasmodic in its own way, like the greater liveliness at the virtuous end of the party, where all such violence is loathed. So be it. Notwithstanding these ebullitions in field and forum, notwithstanding the intolerable wickedness of the officials of the British Museum, notwithstanding the new measures for dragooning Parnellite members into Parliamentary attendance, a general weariness of the game is stealing over all concerned, while for our part we are as ready as Readiness itself to forgive and forget.

THE KENSINGTON COMMISSIONERS' REPORT.

THE seventh Report of the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 treats of a very eventful past, and considers with much detail, as well as abundant confidence, what promises to be a not less eventful future. Since 1878, the date of the last Report, the management of the Kensington Gore estate has been decidedly energetic. Many and great are the changes to be noted. The more important of these were directly brought about by the unsatisfactory financial position of the Royal Horticultural Society as occupiers of a portion of the estate. The income of the Society had for years been steadily diminishing, owing to insufficient public support. The local householders and owners of property appear to have been strangely lukewarm, though it was obviously in their interest that the Gardens should be preserved from the builder. The rent of the Gardens was 2,400*l.*, which cannot be termed excessive, yet the Society could not meet this liability, in spite of the various suggestions offered by the not impatient Commissioners. Their income from annual subscriptions, which should have amounted to 10,000*l.*, had fallen below 6,000*l.* in 1876; in 1878 it was only a trifle above 4,000*l.*, and in 1877 was less than this sum. The outcome of this deplorable lack of funds was the action of ejectment brought against the Society by the Commissioners in 1880, which led to continued litigation for two years, and the subsequent reoccupation of the Gardens by the Commissioners. With one exception, all the changes contemplated by the Commissioners, or now actually in progress, are direct consequences of the unfortunate condition of the Society and the successful litigation of their landlords. The proposal to build for the Government a Science Museum on the estate was, however, under the consideration of the Treasury some four years before the Commissioners entered into possession of the Gardens. The offer was finally declined, though the sanguine Commissioners continued to reserve a site for the inevitable Science buildings. Last year they once more approached the Government by offering, at about one-third of the estimated value, four and a half acres, on condition that the land should be permanently used for purposes connected with Science or Art. No response, says the Report, has yet been made to this offer, as a Committee is examining, on behalf of the Government, the condition of the various Science collections at South Kensington, upon which they will issue their own Report.

After the somewhat harrowing recital of its dealings with the Royal Horticultural Society, the Commissioners proceed to the history of their business engagements with the various Exhibition Commissioners of 1883–86, and their relations to the Corporation of the Albert Hall, the Council of the City and Guilds Institute of Technical Instruction, the Royal College of Music, the Imperial Institute, to name the larger of the many undertakings with which they are connected. Closely following the ejectment of the Royal Horticultural Society from their Gardens came

the Exhibitions of Fisheries, Health, Inventions and Music, India and the Colonies, each of which, save the third, produced a good surplus, and all contributed to increase considerably the annual rental of the estate. But these popular shows could not, of course, be depended upon as sources of income. During the last three years the Commissioners have been energetic in opening new sources of revenue by further development of the estate of which, as the Report reminds us, they are Trustees. They found themselves in the possession of land with extraordinary advantages of frontage, readily apportioned into eligible building sites, and in the centre of the most fashionable part of London. They have lost no time in setting about the work. The charming Horticultural Gardens are doomed. The fine conservatory is already sold. One broad road has been cut through the property from Exhibition Road to Queen's Gate, and on its north side the Imperial Institute is slowly rising from its foundations. Another and parallel road is projected between the Imperial Institute and the Albert Hall, which will open the most tempting sites to the enterprising builder. Houses, indeed, are already arising on the extreme borders of the estate facing Queen's Gate. The changes contemplated will completely transform the pretty terraced garden where a few years back delighted crowds promenaded to the music of the Guards' band and the waltzes of Herr Strauss. Nothing, indeed, can give the uninformed any idea of the undertakings in view, except a careful study of the coloured plan thoughtfully provided by the Commissioners. Taken in conjunction with the estimates in the Report, this map of the future affords overwhelming evidence that the policy of the Commission is not wanting in thoroughness. North of the projected new road and facing the Albert Hall an open space is reserved for the statue of the Prince Consort now in the Gardens. On each side is a large site for building, occupying the ground from the road to the east and west quadrants familiar to exhibition visitors. To the south of the road the new Royal College of Music will stand, confronting the Albert Hall, flanked by building sites that face the somewhat larger sites over the way. These four noble positions are to be devoted to the erection of huge blocks of "mansions," the effect of which can be readily realized by the least imaginative observer of our street architecture. It is true that the advice of Mr. Waterhouse as to the suitability of the designs will be forthcoming, and that he is empowered to secure the harmonizing of these buildings and the College of Music with the neighbouring existing structures. This is, of course, a proper and wise provision; though, after all, "mansions" are unhappily what they are. Moreover, it would be easy indeed to harmonize any specimen of this monstrous order with the "existing buildings"; for it is not beyond the attainment of any architect successfully to emulate the style and elevation of the Albert Hall Mansions or the dignity of the Albert Hall itself. The prospect alone is enough to make everybody rue the day when the Horticultural Society were thrust out of their little Eden. The mere thought of mansions makes us tremble for Sir Arthur Blomfield's new College. It is rather hard to implicate, however indirectly, the public in this new scheme. The Commissioners declare themselves to be influenced by the increasing opposition to the building of more museums in South Kensington, and the public desire for museums and the like in other localities. They have determined, therefore, to raise a "substantial disposable "income," by setting aside portions of their estate for private building purposes. They have also allotted an annual sum of 5,000*l.* for Science scholarships, supplementing the existing schemes of scholarships under the Science and Art Department. Much more than this may be done with the increased revenue that will certainly be available as the development of the estate progresses. The South Kensington Museum awaits completion. The larger portion of it, indeed, is practically not built. Its rich collections are actually excluded from the one building that deserves to be considered permanent; the façade of which, in the Exhibition Road, is the sole redeeming feature in the architectural display of the district. Let us have our Patent Museum, and house our Science collection decently, by all means; but before these things are done it would be well to commence the more important work of completing our National Museum.

A LEADING AMERICAN CASE.

WHETHER, when the Court is slapped on the face while it is at breakfast, it is the duty of the Deputy-Marshal to shoot the slapper through the heart, is a question on which the judicial wisdom of the United States will shortly be called upon to decide—if it has not been settled already. The opportunity for a decision has been afforded by Mr. David Nagle. This prompt officer was at breakfast with Mr. Justice Field, of the Supreme Court of the United States, at Lathrop, California, when two persons entered the room—namely, Mrs. Terry and her husband. They were old acquaintances. Mrs. Terry had been before the judge under the name of Sarah Althea Hill, when she was fraudulently pretending to be the wife of Sharon, one of the common breed of American millionaires. Mr. Justice Field, having decided against her, the lady made a disturbance in court, in which she was abetted by her counsel Terry. In the course of this scene he knocked down a marshal. Client and counsel were committed for contempt. Being in perfect sympathy, they very properly married, and, as we see, came across Mr. Justice Field again. The lady, with a delicacy we should hardly have expected, did not, it seems, care to face the judge, and therefore retired from the refreshment-room. She was not followed by her husband. Mr. Terry had already announced his intention of shooting the judge. Perhaps because he had no pistol—perhaps for some less adequate reason—he did not keep his word; but, in a spirit of compromise of the most fatal kind, contented himself with slapping the judge on the face, for which he was instantly shot down by Deputy-Marshal David Nagle, who is plainly not a man of half measures.

We do not know whether it will tell against Mr. Nagle, a man we should like to have with us if we ever travel in California, that he had a professional quarrel with the late Terry. This, however, appears to be the case. Not only had Terry knocked a marshal down in the Supreme Court, but he had tried to murder one in California many years ago. On this third occasion the honourable corps has been too much for him. The attempted murder took place at a time when Mr. Terry was himself a member of the Supreme Court of California. The details are obscure. Judge Terry did the rash act in the Vigilance Committee time, and he may have been aggravated by amateur interference with his professional duties. The marshal recovered, and Mr. Terry resumed public life after a brief sojourn under charge of a Vigilance Committee. In public life he distinguished himself by shooting Broderick (Senator in Congress) through the body in a duel. They were on different sides in politics. Terry said unpleasant things about Broderick. The Senator regretted that he had helped Terry to escape the Vigilance Committee. This and other caustic remarks he made in the hearing of several—among others, of an Englishman. Men who repeat the ill-natured things their friends say of one another deserve to be kicked, according to Topham Beauclerc. Some of the Senator's hearers—not the Englishman, we hope—proceeded to merit this penalty. Terry, being informed of the Senator's remarks, challenged him. It was a time of crisis before the war, and Terry was apparently anxious to follow in the footsteps of Aaron Burr. The Senator refused to gratify him till the election (what election?) was over. Then he, too, resigned his seat on the supreme bench (they were all judges and all in Supreme Courts) and met Terry on the field of honour. The duel was irregular. Mr. Broderick was annoyed because Terry's seconds insisted on searching him for concealed armour. He became flurried, and "in at-"tempting to fire his pistol went off prematurely." It was the pistol which, while he was attempting to fire it, went off prematurely, and not the Senator who went off prematurely in attempting to fire his pistol. Then Terry straightened himself (had he been squatting before?), took deliberate aim, and shot the Senator. "The calmer judgment of men "released Terry from any imputation of unfairness"; but in California it was generally felt that he had better transfer his activity elsewhere. He appears to have then practised in the Supreme Court till he met his elective affinity in the person of Sarah Althea Hill, now his sorrowing widow, and began that course of adventure which brought him into fatal collision with Deputy-Marshal David Nagle. Such was, in little, the life, activity, and tragic end of one of those heroes on whom the rapt eye of Mr. Pogram dwelt with complacency. It makes a very interesting part of that judicial and political history of the United States towards

which many thinkers invite us to turn our attention from the worn-out subjects of study presented by Europe. It is at least quite as noble, as original, and as profitable as many other portions of that great whole which we have been asked to admire.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A COMMUNARD.

THE death of M. Félix Pyat recalls to mind a little book published at Toulon, in 1872, by one of his most enthusiastic followers. A copy was once presented by the chef of the Café Riche to a guest, in consequence of a short conversation which opened with compliments upon a supper, and diverged—the hour being late and the cook devious in his topics—to such warm eulogium of the Commune that the maître d'hotel thought it prudent to interrupt. He grumbled that *ces messieurs* are always Communists. Next morning arrived this small work at breakfast-time, *en souvenir d'un ami*, with the assurance that it contained, in compactest summary, the views of Citizens Félix Pyat, A. Toussenel, and F. V. Raspail upon things in general. One would not have expected a course of philosophy under the business-like title *Menus d'un Restaurant de Paris pendant le siège*, but we understand that the author had a great deal of leisure-time just then, on a foreign strand, to enlarge upon his text.

The *Menus* themselves have a certain interest, as authentic records, kept from day to day, in the course of business, showing the gradual pressure of the siege upon the *clientèle* of a Boulevard restaurant. As such we may give them a few words; but they prove, as the author says, that "le pauvre pouvait être privé; le riche a toujours eu des aliments à foison." Cat makes its appearance on December 15 at 5 frs. the portion; it cost 6 frs. in bulk, we learn. Ass next day. Peacock on the 17th; it cost 15 to 20 frs., and sold at 7 frs. the portion. Rats *en salmis* are introduced on the 19th at 4 frs.; they cost 75 centimes each at that time, while a goose cost 40 frs. We observe bear on the 27th at 8 frs.; the carcase was bought for 200 frs. at the Jardin des Plantes. On July 1st the Patron bought two and a half kilos of elephant at 30 frs. the kilo; at 6.30 P.M. there was none left; but he continued to sell "elephant" all through the week. By January 6th rats had gone up to 2 frs. each; a fowl to 36 and 40 frs. On the 11th dog is introduced at 5 frs. the portion, costing 4 frs. the kilo. Fish, from the Seine, 30 frs. the kilo, on January 15th. He-goat appears on the 18th, and the author cries bitterly, "Never will the culinary art succeed in making billygoat *un mets potable* (*sic*). I employed oxalic acid, tartaric, nitric, sulphuric; nothing would remove the smell." On the 24th a rabbit fetched 45 frs., a shallot 50 centimes; hams, 24 frs. the kilo. The Armistice was signed on the 28th, when the Patron had still three hundred boxes of preserved horseflesh in his cellars.

But before treating this prosaic theme the author expounds his philosophy, which he terms "analogie passionnelle." It seems to be based upon the principle that any conclusion may be deduced from any premisses; but those who do not accept the particular conclusion he draws partake of the nature of the quadrupeds. It must be admitted, in truth, that, if the principle be sound, most of us are proved donkeys. But such a system defies analysis; we must let the gentleman speak for himself. Only it is hard to choose a beginning. All very well to cry "Ecoutons l'analogie passionnelle!" But a philosopher who declares that bread is the staff of life; there are milestones on the Dover Road; therefore let the mothers of France cease to put their children out to nurse, employs a form of argument which it is difficult to follow. We can only take an illustration here and there, and ponder it. Beetroot is one of the gravest foes of humanity. "An Englishman drinks the blood of the negro in taking his tea; a Frenchman swallows the blood of the working-man in drinking his coffee. *Pourquoi voulez-vous que ce soit autrement?* One cannot have the gamut of the senses complete if one cherish the beetroot; it contains a heap of lies equivalent to the Seven Deadly Sins. I have surprised in the cooked beetroot the perfume of truffles—ignoble cheating of a foul plant. Like the harlot, nothing can make a beetroot blush—nothing can make it drop its eyes—the smallest kiss takes away its colour." So much for the beetroot. We turn to "Objections à l'Empereur Guillaume. Voyons, citoyen Guillaume! I will permit myself a few objections. You are of royal blood. I am republican. Let us deal with the question impartially, and the peoples shall judge. I sound the attack. Why have you not checked the German emigration? You know well, sire, that you have no French servants in Germany. *Je vous le répète, Empereur Guillaume;* your people have servitude for dominant note. You are the chief of them. You detest France. Your Berlin jewelry is three centuries behind that of Paris. Your Imperial soirées are simple entertainments of the Paris bourgeoisie. Why do you read French books, and go to sleep over German? Why will your generals always bow the head before the generals of France? You will not make of a German a culinary artist, an artist distiller, nor perfumer." There is no more to be said. We change our subject to *Erreurs des Rois.* "Woe to the Government which lowers the status of the horse! Woe, thrice woe, to the Government *qui fait fi de l'art culinaire!* This is unknown in Spain, in Russia, in England, in Germany. The nations which despise the horse are on the straight road to ruin. Crowned heads are men topsy-turvy. They have a spirit innovating, affable; at the end of a few years all is changed. If it please an usurper to make a plébiscite, you will find them the wolf, the fox, the viper, the ass, the mule, the pig, the rat, the mole, the badger, the fly. You will never find the dog, the ox, the stag, the whale. Every creature which has large eyes is granted a superior intelligence, and gives not its voice for murder—the laws of God are so laid down." And thus, naturally, we come to a vehement attack upon the medical profession, and a declaration of faith. It is good to hear that the author has a *profonde croyance en Dieu.* The foremost *erreur des gouvernements*, it seems, is their persistent refusal to admit dumb persons to Parliament. The exclusion of the deaf might be justified, but of the dumb—it is monstrous! *Morale et philosophie* displays that every bad thing has its good side. "Thanks be given to the kings, to the noblesse, who raised the culinary art to such degree that no man can deny the genius of that art. The brigand, the bandit, the *assassin des bagnes*, the wretch of Sedan, the Hernani of Victor Hugo, the Robin Hood of Walter Scott, give us a striking idea of the cook's business. For example, make an extract from first-class meat"—and, in brief, do all which good cookery books do not recommend. The result will be *louche.* But, upon the other hand, follow their directions conscientiously, and you obtain a sauce of high merit, "worthy to be served at the table of the great Condé." Both processes are detailed minutely, and they throw light on the career of Robin Hood.

As for *organisation communale*, the author is "very sorry to say anything disagreeable, but there is somewhat of the Squirrel in the principle of Mayors." This is a painful subject, however:—

> *Tenez, jetons un voile et n'en parlons plus.* I lived long in Algeria during the time that the Emir tormented France. I can say that I am acquainted with no organization more vicious than the military régime. Everything goes to the bad there—*l'honneur et le cœur.* I know not a history more repugnant to trace than that of the seven poisons—tobacco, the soldier, religions, strong drink, money, flattery, and ambition—*la gamme des malheurs!* One more word of *analogie passionnelle.* Do you know why the Church has not kept the monopoly of civil registration? It is because the Church has not the gamut of marriage. Remark at the Mairie what a masterpiece is the law of nature. Withdraw one person from the gamut of marriage, and it becomes null. For example, the number seven is necessary; four witnesses, bride and bridegroom, and the adjoint. Total, seven. Complete figure of the series.

Q. E. D. in short. And thus the *organisation communale*—but you should read it again, and form your own conclusion. As for the author, who "during thirty years supported the tyranny of the fools with an invincible repugnance," he would not carry out his ideas, lucid and beneficent as they are, by force. He once knew a sparrow which came every morning for fifty-eight days to feed upon his window-sill when he was in prison under Napoleon III. "One fine day the doors were opened; my first thought flew to the sparrow. I wrote upon the walls *Vive la République!—Revenons aux oiseaux.* It is impossible that man should prevent insects and vermin from destroying his harvests without the help of the birds; difficult for him to prevent theft in rural districts without the help of a dog. Now, remember that the dog mounts guard whenever his master is at home; but from the moment that you abandon the dog, to defend your property and your cash, he has nothing to do with all that. He is less interested than his master." Therefore let us have no revolutions *à mains armées.*

Then we pursue our "Analogy" into the colours, and these excursions are more pleasing than the rest, if possible. It is not generally known that colours have their *grandes qualités*, their virtues and their vices. White and black form grey, of which the *qualité est bien connue*:—

> Potash, cinders, salt *de cuisine*, grey partridge, grey hen, the nightingale, truffles, coffee, &c. Potash and cinders cure the vine disease; salt purifies the body and doubles the harvest; partridges and grey hens restore the strength and hasten convalescence; the nightingale rejoices the soul; truffles are a tonic; coffee imparts science and great philosophy. The poodle, the white horse, have a certain tendency to become slaves. . . . Soldiers in black uniform are free men; nations which follow the white flag are nations of slaves. Napoleon the First had a white charger; he abandoned his army at Moscow; he was the slave of the English. Men with white hair are slaves after being free. The highwayman sleeps in the daytime. The Paris *cocotte* turns day into night.

Here the author interrupts himself to protest against *cabinets particuliers*, and to urge that *pères de famille* should cause restaurants to be closed at midnight:—

> *Reprenons l'analogie des couleurs.* Arsenic struck down the organizer of the *Dixhuit Brumaire*; snow was the cause of the retreat from Moscow (white). The white bear is the slave of the Polar Seas; the egg is the slave of the hen; the white-headed veteran permits himself to be led wherever the child wills. . . . . Another word on the virtue of salt *de cuisine.* The sailor is much braver than the soldier. If I had been a soldier I would never have fired upon a town. The cannon, emblem of brutality, ought to vanish from the hands of our soldiers; for—I must say it—French generals are not *analogistes.* They have a routine for making war. I should have cut the railroads. I should have provisioned the besieged city with all sorts of food. I should have suppressed every kind of salt meat; and by a system of extreme vigilance I should have prevented any one from conveying salt to the besieged. Now, truffles, partridges, &c. without salt are tasteless food, incomplete. If a besieged city wants salt, vermin breed there, courage fails. If salt is lacking in a fortress, it is the tomb, it is capitulation. That's why the sailor is more courageous and more free than the soldier.

As clear a demonstration as could be wished.

These extracts are fairly made and literally translated. The

reader may well declare them ravings and drivellings alternately. But it is not quite so. The little book would not have been received, as it was, by men who are certainly not idiots had it been mere nonsense. There is, in fact, a kind of system in it, for those who can follow the working of thoughts among a tumultuous and inconsequential crowd of illustrations. Persons familiar with the works of those great citizens Félix Pyat, A. Toussenel, and F. V. Raspail may have a key which enables them to find their way through the muddle.

SIAM.

A BROAD, alluvial valley, more than a hundred miles in length, flooded annually by a slow-flowing river more fertilizing than the Nile—a still longer range of mountains full of valuable ores—a wilderness of forests producing teak and other costly woods—and a landlocked sea profusely stocked with some of the best fishes that swim—such are, broadly speaking, the leading characteristics of the peaceful little country called Siam. Geologists and explorers unite with the merchants of the Far East in attesting the enormous potential wealth which lies hid beneath its soil, and no one who takes any trouble to inquire can now doubt that Siam presents what advertisers call a "splendid field for the employment of European capital." Is it at all likely that this inviting field will soon be opened to British enterprise, and under what conditions? To answer the question one must have regard to some special circumstances little known to people at home. At first sight one would be apt to suppose that nothing more is needed for developing these riches than a few prospectuses well circulated in the City. Modern speculation has familiarized the public with an idea that distant countries are overflowing with concessions, ready to be granted to pleasant-spoken adventurers, who present suitable backsheesh to the local dignitaries, accept gaudy decorations and more or less generous leases or contracts, and, coming home, dispose of them on such terms as they can to Company-mongers in the first place and adventurous shareholders in the end. This theory is only very partially true in the case of a shrewd people like the Siamese. The King of this country is no doubt one of the monarchs whom it is the fashion to call "enlightened." But he understands the word in a very different sense from that which is often applied to it in the City. He does not interpret it to mean a sovereign who throws about valuable lands and privileges to be scrambled for by all the needy adventurers and greedy speculators who are on the watch for such pickings. No; King Chulalonkoon and his Ministers, many of whom are highly-accomplished men, are sincerely anxious for the speedy development of the great resources over which they have command. They have shown, by the most practical proofs, that they have this desire and are able to carry it out. An extensive network of telegraphs has rapidly been established throughout their wide territory. Schools, hospitals, and other public buildings have been erected and are increasing every day. Last year a tramway Company, mainly supported by Siamese capital, began running cars in the metropolis. A river flotilla Company, wholly Siamese, carries the passenger traffic of the fine stream on which Bangkok is built; and this year important gold-mining operations have been begun by a Company formed in London, in which the great majority of subscribers are Siamese nobles and other inhabitants of that country. Lastly, a well-known Englishman, formerly Governor of the Straits Settlements, obtained two years ago a contract for surveying a trunk line of railway in Siam, for which he is to be paid some 50,000*l.* by the Siamese Government.

With these evidences staring us in the face, it would be very absurd to speak of the country or its ruler as hanging back in the path of progress. One must, moreover, remember that, besides these signs of advancement, a free field has been and is opened to the wide employment of foreign capital in ordinary matters of trade. Rice-mills, saw-mills, and docks are doing a very large business, with very large profits to their owners, who consist of English, French, German and Chinese capitalists. Within the last five years a most lucrative trade in cattle has sprung up, conducted by Indian capitalists and dealers, who now export some thousands of cattle per month from Bangkok. German and English ships do a flourishing general business; and, in fine, the capital as well as the other big towns present daily more and more the appearance of improving civilization, commerce, and wealth. Everything points to an acceleration of progress in these and other directions; and if only the country were less rich than it is one might be well content to leave its development to the natural course of events. Unluckily, however—or rather luckily, if all goes well—the exceptional wealth of the land has excited projects in the minds of certain speculators, both commercial and political, for still more quickly and completely opening it up. The King is pestered on all hands with applications for large concessions. Mines, banks, railways, waterworks, and a dozen other sorts of schemes, are thrust before him for acceptance; and the less modest of the schemers do not hesitate to ask him to guarantee a profit on their own pet undertakings. Siamese statesmen would be justified if they adopted the *non possumus* attitude of the Chinese or the Turks. It is a little hard to ask that City promoters should at their own convenience and at their own sweet will proceed to "develop" His Majesty's territories, reaping such profits as are usual in the case of Oriental enterprises, whilst the owner remains liable for any losses that may occur after Throgmorton Street has taken the cream off the milk and the gilt off the gingerbread. King Chulalonkoon would have some show of right on his side if he declared a preference for going his own way to work in utilizing the resources of his empire, and declining to allow a Panama Canal scheme or an Emma Mine enterprise to be undertaken for him by self-interested adventurers. The fact is, however, that his Siamese Majesty makes no such reply. A policy of reaction or inaction is the very reverse of that which Siam now professes; and the ruling powers in that country are as anxious as any foreigner to improve it in a wise, liberal, and even generous spirit. We have thus, on the one hand, a King and Ministers sincerely desirous of promoting European enterprise, and, on the other hand, a European public hardly less ready to embark capital therein. What hindrance is there to the immediate accommodation of both parties in so commendable a design? We will endeavour to show where any obstacles are to be found, and hope, at the same time, to show that they can easily be removed.

Let it, then, be in the first place remembered that Siam is one of those Oriental countries where foreigners enjoy—such is the accepted phrase—extraterritorial rights—that is to say, that in any dispute, either amongst themselves or with the native race, they "enjoy"—we shall see presently what the term means—the privilege of going before a Consular Court for judicial purposes. The jurisdiction and competence of such courts are regulated in part by treaties and in part by a series of obscure rules only imperfectly understood by those who have to put them in force. Now it is hardly necessary, after what has occurred in Japan and Egypt, to enlarge upon the paralysing influence which is exerted by such treaties. Drawn up—hurriedly enough—at a time when the needs and aspirations of the Orientals were in an embryonic condition, badly adapted even at the time to the requirements of the case, they have in the thirty or forty subsequent years become intensely unsuitable to the existing conditions, and impose upon the Asiatic rulers such harassing and unwelcome restrictions as positively tie their hands in almost all directions. The simplest measures of police regulation and local government, even if it be a new liquor traffic law, or an opium farm regulation, cannot be carried into effect without the separate consent of every European Power, whether great or small, which has a Consul in the place. Quay-dues and market-dues cannot be effectually imposed, public improvements cannot properly be effected, unless his worship the Portuguese Consul and his honour the French Chargé d'Affaires are obliging enough to withhold their veto and approve the scheme. This, however, is not the worst part of the business. The Consular officials, who have to decide every case in which a European is plaintiff or complainant, are too often persons wholly unqualified for the simplest judicial functions. Small wonder, therefore, that there is dissatisfaction, even amongst their own "subjects," with the decisions and proceedings of these Solomons and Daniels. We find that at one time ninety petitioners, including the best educated British subjects, were of opinion that charges made against the Consular Court ought to be properly investigated; at another time a hundred and fifty memorialists prayed "that a better Consul might be appointed, or, in default of this, that they might be placed under the jurisdiction of some other Power, from whom they might obtain that justice which is now denied them." When such is the state of discontent professed whether reasonably or unreasonably by British residents themselves, how is it to be supposed that the Siamese can be very anxious to enter into important contracts which may come to be interpreted in such courts? The practical authority of such officials is, moreover, hardly greater than their judicial competency. Only a few days ago the post brought tidings of a serious squabble between Chinese factions, composed largely, if not chiefly, of persons under European jurisdiction. It should naturally have been the Consuls' business to quell the disturbance. But, as a fact, it had to be put down by the Siamese police, who, with an armed force of their own, arrested no less than nine hundred of the rioters.

Such anomalies as the above would be more than enough to account for any little hitch that might impede the more free granting of concessions to Europeans. And they would be regrettable if it were not for the one fact that they are most easy of remedy. With 50,000 British subjects resident in Siam, with very large judicial business to transact, and with exceedingly handsome court fees exacted from all litigants, nothing could be easier than to appoint a judge to preside over a court resembling on a small scale those in Egypt and Japan. Discontent would soon vanish; and the example set by England, which has the most important commercial interests, would be followed quickly by the other nationalities. If, besides this, a partial revision of antiquated treaties were effected, as it easily might be, business relations between Europe and Siam would establish themselves on a fair footing, and the commercial and industrial aspirations entertained on both sides would combine freely, to the mutual advantage of all parties interested.

SOUTH AND NORTH DEVON.

THERE is a South and a North Devon, and an East Devon also, and the three characteristic divisions correspond pretty closely to the Parliamentary divisions before the eventful year 1885. Devonshire is Devonshire, and Devonians are Devonians,

in whichever division they may be born and bred; but to the student of details of character and characteristics, dialects and modes of expression, it is impossible to say how far analysis, differences, divisions, and subdivisions may not be carried. It would not be to inquire too curiously if a distinction were to be detected in parishes. Some mute, inglorious Miltons, or Cromwells guiltless of their country's blood, may lie beneath the green mounds in the churchyard after unconsciously moulding a parish habit of thought, a parish trick of expression, a parish dialect or graphic word or two. Clever men leave their mark behind them whether they go far or near, and a tone or a style in life is acquired through their influence. The parish is so engrafted in the manners and customs of the folk, so much a part of every man's life, that the statesman's hand will be rash which destroys it in the name of reform, and transforms parishes into districts, by way of making things symmetrical. Is nature equal and symmetrical? A statesman would be the last to say that our brains were equal, and the inequality of our outward and visible forms is manifest enough. The very inequality of the parishes gives a wholesome variety to our public life, and a small parish may be stronger in Miltons and Cromwells than its larger and more worldly neighbour. There is something old, well established, and durable in the parish and in parish life that should be spared the hand of the destroyer and reformer.

South and North Devon are divisions, and not parishes; but, because they are distinct, and their distinction offers opportunity for suggestions of interest, they may not inaptly illustrate in broader lines—or in larger type, to use another metaphor—the differences that can be observed, if looked for, in parishes. They have both a good extent of sea-coast of considerable beauty, with a fine race of seafaring folk, as we know from Kingsley and from the historians. They have both a Royal forest, or what was once a Royal forest, of considerable extent, by no means a trifle in their influence on the people—Dartmoor and Exmoor. Dartmoor was granted to the Prince of Wales so long ago as the time of the Black Prince. Exmoor was sold in the present century by the Crown to a private gentleman. But they are practically forests, in the sense of wild primitive picturesque tracts of land, and they have impressed their qualities on the children of men. The South and North folk are both also Devonians, which it would hardly be necessary to say were it not that such towns as Exeter, Plymouth, and Torquay may well be said to have been greatly sophisticated by the outer world. Towns, as parishes, have their distinctive characteristics for the same reasons, and it may be worth while to study them; but the country folk to the anthropologist, like the wild flower to the botanist, offer better food for contemplation than the busy, bustling townsmen, who nowadays have something cosmopolitan about them.

The seas, the moors, and the Devonian character are resemblances patent to all, not differences; but it is needful to mark the resemblances in order better to appreciate the differences. There is a roughness and hardihood in the North of Devon, quite consistent with very civil and good-natured manners, which is much softened in the South of Devon. The population in South Devon is much more dense than in the North—exclusive of the towns—and this is probably occasioned by the proximity of the large towns, together with, on the whole, a richer soil. Although both the South and the North are much given to sporting, the sporting turn of mind is more manifest in the North than in the South, and the horse, the much later invasion of the railway not displacing him so soon, is more universally known and in use in the former. The wild red deer, which pervaded the whole county a century ago, is now peculiar to Exmoor and the surrounding coverts, which are extensive and dense. He wanders far at times, and he may be said to have left his footprints, commonly called his slot, on the sands of time all over North Devon, and given a sort of stag-hunting style to the natives, which goes a long way to account for their sporting and *horsey* instincts. There are as fine riders to be found with the Dartmoor hounds as any in Devon, but they do not get on their horses and ride forty or fifty miles in a rough-and-ready way as they do in the North. The steam covert hack has made spoilt children of them.

In the South of Devon the stranger is a more constant visitor. He goes to Torquay for the winter, or to Plymouth on business—naval, military, or trading—or he may be a tourist, or he may go to hunt with the Dartmoor foxhounds or otterhounds, which are packs of fame. This is happening all the year round. In the North of Devon he comes in crowds for amusement only, either to hunt with the staghounds in August and September, or to observe the usual tourist custom of flitting from hotel to hotel, and visiting all the places ordained for that rite by the guide-books. The North of Devon is almost purely agricultural; the South is agricultural, and a great deal more besides. The pretty little towns on the fine North-Devon coast are supported by the tourists in their season of migration. In the South the tourist is not of so much account in comparison. He does not leave much behind him, barring his money, and his influence extends but a very little way into the country. This may also be said of the North; there, however, he is a more important personage as the principal source of revenue all along the northern coast. On the southern coast there are some of the best harbours in the world—Plymouth and Dartmouth, with Torbay and Brixham. On the North there are no harbours worth mentioning (with the estuary of the Taw and Torridge for a dubious exception), and the bold dangerous coast, with the lofty cliffs and the deep combes running down to the sea form the great attractions to the pleasure-seeker. Torquay is a large watering place and health resort in the winter, with its warm southern climate. Plymouth is a great arsenal, and a place of trade, with sailors and soldiers and shipping. Yachts frequent the harbours of Plymouth, Dartmouth, and Torbay, and the common tourist is very much lost in the crowd of traffic. On the northern coast the tourist is everything, and he is petted and made much of accordingly. There are few places where he can be better off, or where his touristical wants are provided for with more exclusive attention. If Plymouth may be said to be the capital of the South of Devon for all sorts and conditions of men, Ilfracombe may be said to be the capital of the North of Devon for the tourist, and a very gay and amusing capital it is. It is too far from Exmoor for the stag-hunter: even Lynton, which is twenty miles nearer, is out of the way for him, and entails long rides to covert. But for the tourist Ilfracombe is perfection, with its Ilfracombe Hotel, excellently managed, right on the sea-shore, only protected from the waves by its own sea-wall and terrace. Everybody seems to sit on the rocks at Ilfracombe, not by the sad sea wave, but by the jovial sea wave, where they can watch the stately ships go on, to their haven under the hill. And every child, high or low, boy or girl, seems to be perpetually up to the waist in sea-water. Decency prevails to such an extent that every little boy, of whatever class, wears bathing-drawers, and *à fortiori* the girls are properly cared for. The high hills, the deep combes, and the snug sandy bays are all beautiful. The population is bright and gay; four-horse coaches of the good old style to and from Lynton and elsewhere are driven through the town, with horns blowing, nearly all day; and there are carriages and donkey-carts, bands of music, the Salvation Army, and Punch, with numerous lawn-tennis courts, to add to the amusements and while away the time. The well-arranged market, with its vegetables, fruits, including the whortleberry in profusion, and the North Devon lasses from the country, is a fashionable resort and an extra charm on the Saturday. Ilfracombe is a tourist's paradise, a perfect rest for his weary and jaded spirit, where he can leave the world and its cares behind him.

The North Devon parson is a different being from the South Devon rector, vicar, or curate, as the case may be, though there are symptoms that he, too, will be superseded in time by the wearers of the long black coat with upright collar, and all-round linen on the neck, which mark the modern Churchman. His great representative was the Rev. John Russell, known to fame as Jack Russell, a mighty stag-hunter, always with the foxhounds, hunting a pack of his own for the best part of his life; a fine horseman of the true North Devon sort, who knew how to ride his horse almost any distance, a rare accomplishment nowadays; and, moreover, a good and well-beloved parish clergyman. The typical North Devon parson wears a black coat, a white tie, breeches, boots, and spurs. He talks broad Devonshire of the northern variety. He does his work, except the duties in church or churchyard, on horseback. Weddings and funerals, it is understood, should not be appointed for stag-hunting days. He does as much farming as possible, and he tells (to talk is to tell in Devonshire) chiefly of horses, hounds, deer, bullocks, sheep, and dogs in general. There have been notable specimens of this North Devon parson besides Jack Russell, one especially, to whom Jack Russell acted as curate and whipper-in early in his career, well known in their time; but it is to be feared the young curate of to-day, the parson of the future, will change all this, and even North Devon itself will know no more Jack Russells.

The dialect of North Devon varies from that of South Devon, though they are both distinctly Devonshire. Perhaps the most decidedly Devonshire speech now spoken is to be heard on Exmoor, just on the borders of Somersetshire, though Dartmoor is not far behind with the South Devon variations. The Elementary Education Acts are putting an end to the vulgar tongue everywhere, by the simple process of interposing a tongue yet more vulgar. Not long ago there was hardly a country gentleman in Devonshire who did not speak his own dialect. Lord Iddesleigh, who spoke pure English himself, was fond of the dialect and rather admired it. He could use it in telling a Devonshire story to perfection. Now the children are educated out of it, and it is somewhat singular that the middle classes in towns talk their wonted stilted tongue, using long compound words of Latin or French extraction, with the worst and most uninteresting, because bastard, accent, the old, time-worn, graphic phrases and all originality of expression being carefully avoided. The Devonshire dialect of the towns must be condemned as bad and uninteresting; whilst that of the country, both South and North, doomed to extinction in the schools, is of antiquarian and philological value, more for the words in current use than for their pronunciation, which, however, has its attractions for the curious in such matters. As the South is softer than the North, the winds more tempered to the shorn lamb, so are the people and the dialect softer; but civility and good manners are equally apparent in both. There are beauties in South Devon and beauties in North Devon. Stag-hunting on Exmoor begins this month, and there is other hunting, North and South. It is well to talk to the natives for the sake of exploring both the resemblances and differences in them and their speech. Dartmoor and Exmoor offer the best field for such exploration, and a fund of humour is to be found, which, when found, make a note of.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.

AN institution which professes to represent an Empire on which the sun never sets must necessarily partake of some of the difficulties which surround that Empire. One of these difficulties—namely, that of drawing a hard-and-fast line round its limits and aspirations—has proved to be as perplexing to the Council of the Imperial Institute as it is to the rulers and proconsuls of the Imperial Power. The original intention was to confine the objects of the Institute to direct commercial purposes; but, just as Indian viceroys have from time to time been compelled by irresistible circumstances to overstep the boundaries which they had laid down for themselves and to annex territories and States, so the Council of the Institute have found themselves under the necessity of undertaking work which at first they were content to regard as beyond the field of their labours. It would doubtless be useful to display in the galleries and cases of the Institute specimens of the products and manufactures of every nation; but, unless students were supplied with such information as would make these objects living entities, and their histories and surroundings clear and intelligible, it is obvious that they would be of no more use for instruction than a collection of classical antiquities to men who had never studied the history of Greece and Rome.

The Institute has found it necessary, therefore, to establish means of disseminating among the students full and accurate information on the history, geography, and language of every Eastern country which has commercial relations with Great Britain; and it thus aims at providing both merchants and officials whose pursuits entail residence, either temporary or permanent, in Eastern countries with the linguistic and historical acquirements necessary for the due prosecution of their calling. To the discredit of British enterprise and intelligence it has to be confessed that, though our stake in the East far outweighs that of any Continental nation, the interest hitherto shown by our countrymen in Oriental history and language has been considerably less than that displayed by other leading European communities. For more than a hundred years a school of living Oriental languages has been maintained in Paris, to which the State contributes the free use of a building and a grant of over 6,000*l.* per annum. In Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg the several Governments have largely subsidized similar institutions, and, as a matter of fact, it is in England alone of all the nations interested in the East that official countenance has been practically withheld from, or at best only grudgingly given to, Oriental studies.

Some little has been done in spite of official discouragement by the energy of institutions and the generosity of a few persons. University and King's Colleges, London, have for years struggled to interest people in some of the principal languages and the history of the East. They have founded professorships and have given all the encouragement within their power to the pursuit of these branches of knowledge; but no adder ever turned a deafer ear to the enchanter than the public have to the blandishments of these professors. Cassandra-like they have preached the advantage of Oriental studies to unheeding generations, and their class-rooms have borne melancholy testimony to the small amount of interest which they have been able to excite in the subjects of their lectures. This lack of interest doubtless arises, to some extent, from the necessary want of completeness in the arrangements which the colleges, with the means at their disposal, have been able to make. A man applies, for example, to University College for instruction in Malay, or possibly Turkish, and he is told that neither of those languages is included in the College curriculum. It is nothing to him that Sanskrit and some other Eastern tongues are taught if the language which he wishes to learn is not among them; and he goes away under the impression that nothing is being done in London for the promotion of Oriental studies. And his complaint, though exaggerated, is not altogether unfounded. It seems to be almost beyond belief that in the metropolis of a State possessing an Oriental empire, and bound by political and commercial interests to every country in Asia, from the Dardanelles to the Sea of Japan, there should be no recognized school at which students who may desire to make themselves acquainted with any Oriental languages may be able to apply for help and instruction.

It was with the intention of supplying this want that the Council of the Imperial Institute conceived the idea of establishing a school of living Oriental languages. But since King's College and University College have for years been labouring with unrequited energy to supply so much of this want as was within their power, it would have been obviously unfair and unwise to establish an institution which should in any of its departments create a rivalry with those already at work within their walls, and it was determined, therefore, to invite them to co-operate in forming a combined school. The advantages of such a plan to all these institutions were so plain that an agreement was readily come to. On the part of the colleges it was shown that they had to offer a staff of professors, libraries, class-rooms, and as regards each a central position. On the other hand, the Imperial Institute would bring great prestige, begotten by the distinguished patronage extended to it, and the stimulus which the Oriental commercial museums which are to be formed in connexion with it will give to Oriental studies.

At the present moment there is at University College an Indian department similar to those established at Oxford and Cambridge in full working order. There is a special residential hall set apart for those Indian students who may desire to live in college, and there is a staff of professors prepared to teach all the principal languages of India. At King's College, where there is no such distinctly Indian department, there are professors of various Indian as well as of the most important non-Indian languages, and there are residential chambers for students. So far as the framework of an Oriental school, therefore, is concerned, the colleges are in full possession of all that is necessary. The particular lines also which they have adopted have marked out with sufficient clearness the part which each should play in the new school. It is obviously to the convenience of all concerned that the Indian languages should continue to be taught at University College, and that King's College should rather devote itself to that portion of its present work which is directed to giving instruction in the other Oriental tongues. This is the system on which the work to be done will be distributed, and, in accordance with it, Sanskrit, Bengali, Hindi, Hindustani, Tamil, Telugu, Punjabi, Pali, Marathi, Gujarati, Arabic, and Persian will be especially taught at University College in connexion with the school; while colloquial Arabic and Persian, Modern Greek, Russian, Turkish, Chinese, Burmese, Japanese, Malay, and Suaheli will be taught in the same way at King's College.

The school thus proposes to cast a very wide net, but not too wide a one when the national requirements are duly considered. Roughly speaking, the troops of young men who year by year go out to the East may be classified under the heads of Indian Civil Servants, Consular and Colonial Officers, Mercantile Clerks, and Missionaries. Of these the Indian Civil Servants alone are taught anything of the languages of the districts to which they are going before they leave our shores. But, strange as it may appear, neither these nor the Consular and Colonial officials are allowed to take up any Oriental language at the initial examinations which qualify them for Eastern appointments; and it is only after they have passed into the Service that the Indian Civilians are sent to the Universities to study Oriental languages. By virtue of this privilege, however, these officers possess a distinct advantage over the student interpreters who go out to the Levant and the extreme East. These unfortunate young gentlemen have no Oriental training in England at all. Having passed a fairly severe examination in general subjects, they are sent out in entire ignorance of the languages they are destined to study, and without having furnished any assurance of their capacity to learn them. Further, on arriving at Constantinople or Tōkiō they are not passed into the hands of any such qualified Professors as those who instruct the more fortunate Indian Civilians at the English Universities, but are put down to text-books with *munshis*, who know as much about grammar, as we understand the word, as they do about the differential calculus. These unlearned literati succeed probably in drilling a certain amount of colloquial and literary knowledge of the languages into their pupils by the rule of thumb, but they are quite incapable of teaching them scientifically, or with the slightest regard to comparative philology. The result is that, in nine cases out of ten, their pupils never acquire a mastery of the languages they are called upon to study, and never attain to exact scholarship.

But the mercantile clerks reach a still lower level of linguistic ignorance. For them no *munshis* are provided, and they are too often discouraged by their seniors on the spot from undertaking independent study, apparently on no more intelligent principle than that which guided the fox without a tail in the advice he gave to his fellows. It cannot be denied that a knowledge of the language of the country in which a man resides must be of benefit to him, whatever may be his calling or taste. But yet so entirely are Oriental studies neglected by English merchants that not one in a hundred ever dreams of even learning enough to make himself commonly intelligible to the natives. Until quite lately there was at Bombay only one merchant who could converse in the vernacular, and as a case in point it may be mentioned that if it had not been for the knowledge thus possessed the Government would have been without information of several important movements—political and social—among the natives, and that individually a prosperous career would have fallen far short of its ultimate success.

This and similar other instances illustrate the advantages which must inevitably accrue to merchants from a knowledge of the language of the country in which they reside. But experience has proved that, except in a very few cases, merchants never learn Oriental languages unless they have had some grammatical knowledge of them before going abroad. It is much easier to speak "pidgin English" than to learn Hindustani or Chinese, especially when all the drudgery connected with the beginning of such studies has to be encountered under the debilitating influences of a high thermometer. A preliminary course of study in England would materially lighten the work to be done on the spot, and would give the student a more intelligent knowledge of the language than he can ever hope to gain from the instruction of the most learned *munshi*. This grounding the new school, which will open its doors next term, desires to impart, and the movement deserves the ungrudging support of all those who are interested in our Eastern Empire and commerce.

PROHIBITION IN CANADA.

WHATEVER may be the truth as to the effects of Sunday Closing in Wales, there is no doubt whatever as to the effect of Prohibition in Canada. It has proved a disastrous failure. This assertion we shall have no difficulty in justifying. Indeed, it is not denied in Canada, as will be gathered from the quotations printed below from leading journals of the Dominion friendly to the (so-called) Temperance cause. As most people know, and as everybody should know, Canada possesses a stringent liquor law—the Canada Temperance Act, generally known as the Scott Act, after the name of its promoter. This Act, adopted by the Dominion Parliament in 1878, provides that, by a bare majority of voters, the selling of intoxicants may be prohibited in any county or town, except for sacramental, medicinal, or industrial purposes. The penalties for violation of this edict are 50 dollars for the first offence, 100 dollars for the second offence, and imprisonment for the third offence. With commendable foresight, however, a clause was inserted providing that, after the Act had been in force three years, a test vote as to its repeal may be demanded. But for this provision it is horrible to think how drunkenness and its attendant crime would have continued to thrive under the stimulating influence of the Act. Fortunately full advantage has been taken of this permissive clause, and the drink traffic, freed from the fostering influence of this ill-conceived law, is assuming healthy proportions once more. In a word, then, the Act has been repealed in all parts of the country. It is impossible by any amount of argument to add force to this fact. And those who do not appreciate it will appreciate nothing. It means that those who, by their votes, carried the Act into force in the first instance have, upon experience of its working, become convinced that it does harm instead of good, and so much so that its repeal is preferable to its continued enforcement. The enforcement of the Act at all implies a majority in the locality anxious to advance the cause of temperance; and the repeal of the Act after trial clearly expresses the opinion of this same temperance-loving majority upon the results of the Act. What evidence could be stronger?

During the present year seventeen counties and two towns have joined the revolt against Prohibition—namely, Colchester, Lennox and Addington, Kent, Frontenac, Victoria, Northumberland and Durham, Brant, Wellington, Lanark, Ontario (a county, of course, of the province Ontario), Lincoln, Carleton, St. Thomas, Leeds and Grenville, Oxford, Lambton, and Middlesex (counties), Guelph and Peterborough (towns). In the greater number of instances the majorities for repeal are sweeping and unmistakable; in some cases they are far greater than the majorities by which the Act was adopted. Thus, in the county of Wellington 1,430 voted in favour of the Act in the first instance. It is now repealed there by a majority of 1,570. In Carleton county eleven voters carried the law into force. A majority of 500 now testifies to its disastrous results. Such figures as these, together with the fact that in no single instance has the Act been sustained, speak for themselves. Here is an instructive news paragraph from a late number of the *Canadian Gazette*:—"In connexion with the recent Scott Act contest at Colchester, where the Act was adopted in 1882, it is noteworthy that the most active workers for repeal were, not the liquor-sellers, but the Temperance people. The fact seems hardly credible, but is claimed as none the less true, that more actual freedom was experienced under nominal prohibition than under license." Comment upon this is, indeed, superfluous.

Even more instructive are the remarks and confessions which have appeared in leading Canadian newspapers avowedly favourable to the cause of Prohibition. Thus the *Montreal Gazette*, one of the leading "Liberal-Conservative" journals of Canada, says respecting the recent discomfitures of the coercive party:—"The defeat is overwhelming; it is much more than was calculated upon, and, coming after last year's repeated rebuffs, can only be regarded as a popular condemnation of legislation which, theoretically good and unquestionably productive of good results, has been shown to be incapable of efficient enforcement." The *Toronto Globe*, which may be defined as the *Daily News* of Canada—the official and authoritative Liberal organ—says:—"Having fairly tried a measure intended to prohibit liquor-selling over a small district, the people find that the thing cannot be effectively done. Intoxicants come in all along the borders of a Scott Act area. They are sold in spite of every possible vigilance, with the connivance of a large part of the population." The *Toronto Mail*—perhaps the leading newspaper of the Dominion, remarks:—"It is obvious that on trial the Scott Act has not fulfilled the expectations of its friends. In some places those who voted for the Act subsequently became half-hearted, and in other localities the officials did not enforce the law, and the result was a laxity greater than prevails under the licensing system." These extracts from the three principal journals of Canada, which, were there space, could be multiplied a hundredfold, fairly represent the opinion of the Canadian press upon this subject, and, coupled with the facts upon which they are based—the defeat of the Act all over the country at the polls—should, we think, carry conviction to the mind of every intelligent fair-minded person. Had we space it would be desirable to point out precisely how and why this law, seemingly so simple, so effective, and so well intended, has failed—and always must fail. It would be useful, also, to dwell upon some of the injurious, but quite unforeseen, effects, unconnected with the actual liquor traffic, which it has wrought. Much might be said, for instance, as to the terrible growth, and effects, of perjury at prosecutions under the Act; and upon the evil effects of a fanatical "Temperance" party at Parliamentary elections, swaying very frequently the balance of power, and subordinating all graver considerations to the advancement of its particular doctrines. But these things can be imagined by any reasonable person: the facts are the facts.

INFORMACŌN FOR PYLGRYMES.

GUIDE-BOOKS to the Holy Land were in brisk demand during the early part of the sixteenth century. Three editions of Wynkin de Worde's *Informacōn for Pylgrymes into the Holy Londe* have come down, and there may have been other issues that were thumbed out of existence. One copy, preserved in the Advocates' Library, is undated; in Heber's noble collection (*Biblioth. Heber.*, Part IV. p. 123) there was a copy dated 1515; and a writer in the second volume of the *Retrospective Review* (1820) described the 1524 edition, which may be seen in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge. The Advocates' undated edition was reprinted in 1824 for the Roxburghe Club, but only thirty-five copies were struck off.

In the sixteenth century pilgrims to the Holy Land seem to have been very anxious to accomplish the journey out and home with the least possible amount of fatigue or inconvenience; and the old guide-book was at considerable pains to show how the thing might be done comfortably and economically. When the pilgrim reached Venice he could proceed to "Porte Jaffe" either in a galley or in one of the large vessels known as "carracks." It was cheaper to go by "carrack," the return fare by galley being fifty ducats ("for to be in a goode honest place, and to haue your ease in the gally and also to be cherysshed") and by carrack thirty. A pilgrim travelling by galley was to be careful to choose a place "in the ouermost stage, for in the lowest vnder it is ryghte euyll & smouldryng hote and stynkynge." If he went by carrack he was to secure "a chambre as nyghe the myddes of the shippe as ye may, for there is leest rollyng or romblynge to kepe your brayne & stomacke in tempre." The pilgrim should not be in a hurry to pay down his passage money; let him first go before the Duke of Venice and have the "patron" (sea-captain) bound in the sum of a thousand ducats "to kepe all manere couenauntes." Drive a stiff bargain, is the advice given, and hold the patron to it. Stipulate that he shall call at certain ports to get fresh water, fresh bread, and fresh meat; that he shall not tarry longer than three days at any port without the consent of the pilgrims; and that he is not to ship any obnoxious cargo in the course of the voyage. Furthermore, the patron must clearly understand that the pilgrim is to be provided every day with "hote meete twyes at two meeles, the fore none at dyner and the after noon at supper." It is of the utmost importance that the pilgrim should be amply supplied with wine; but he will find himself dry-throated unless he exercises keen foresight and strict vigilance. He should take on board two ten-gallon barrels of red wine (and half that quantity of water), for after leaving Venice he will be unable to procure wine, though he may offer twenty ducats for a barrel. Having purchased his stock of wine he must take care to keep it for his own consumption. Let him therefore hire a chest, with a lock, key, and a "lytyll doore." Inside, against the door, he must lay the barrel that is first to be broached; the other barrels may lie at the further end of the chest, with his "brede, chese, spyces, and all other thynges." It is highly necessary to secrete the wine, for "if ye shipmen or other pylgrymes may coñ therto they wol tame [broach] and drynke of it." With his wine in the locker, and the key in his pocket, he can pace the deck *æquo animo*.

Our pilgrim should provide himself with a bed ("a fether bed," of course), a mattress, two pairs of sheets, and a quilt. All these could be bought at a shop beside St. Mark's for the lump sum of three ducats; and the obliging shopkeeeper would repurchase the articles at half price from the pilgrim on his return, even though the bed were brought home broken. "Marke," says this wariest of counsellors, "his hous & his name that ye bought it of ayenst ye come to Venyse."

It is satisfactory for a pilgrim to be sure of having hot meat served twice a day by the captain. So far so good; but what about poultry? Hire a cage, advises the guide-book, and put half a dozen hens or chickens inside. At the same time, remember to buy half a bushel of "myle sede at Venyse for theym."

Before starting it must be settled that the boat is not to touch at "Famagust in Cypres," for it will be all over with the pilgrim if he is detained at that unwholesome port, where air and water are alike corrupt. Many Englishmen and travellers from other countries have perished there; *verbum sap.* When the pilgrim goes ashore at the various ports he must beware of eating fruits, particularly melons. If a stay of three days is to be made at any port, he should disembark without a moment's delay, secure the best lodging in the town, and then hasten to buy up the choicest "vytayle" before the other pilgrims appear on the scene. At Jaffa the pilgrims leave the ship and take to mules or asses; therefore he must make every effort to get the best beast, "for ye shall paye no more for the best than for the worste." He must be cautious when he is out walking in Jaffa, "for the Sarrasyns

wol go talking bi you & make gode chere, but they woll stele from you yf they maye."

A full list is given of the spots that the pilgrim should visit at Jerusalem and in the neighbourhood. Among them are the house of the rich man "whyche denyed Lazare the crūmes of brede" and the chapel "where Jhū Criste was prysoned whyle his crosse was in shapynge." The houses of Pontius Pilate and Herod were also on view. That the pilgrim may not be altogether at the mercy of the Saracens, a brief vocabulary of the "langage of Moreske" is appended. It is better to teach by example than by precept; so the writer gives an account of a journey to Jerusalem made by a party of forty-six pilgrims, who set sail from Venice on a June day in a ship belonging to a certain John Moreson. The company made a lengthened stay at Crete in very hot weather, and they were also detained at Rhodes. Once the ship was nearly wrecked on some dangerous rocks; but, on the whole, things went very smoothly. With hot meat twice a day (and a pen of poultry in reserve), with a cupboard rather than a chest full of wine, and a feather-bed, what had a pilgrim to fear?

CETTINJE.

THE usual way of reaching Cettinje is *viâ* Cattaro. On landing a choice is offered of a seven-hours' drive or a five-hours' walk. For those who are stout of wind and limb the latter is decidedly preferable. Striking straight through the little town, the walker finds himself in ten minutes face to face with the towering mountain he has to climb. There is no deception about it, no gentle slopes, and no illusive succession of primarily unseen crests. It lies in all its craggy grandeur with its feet touching the sea and its brow in the clouds, and if the heart quails it is better to turn back at once, for the descent is only a few degrees less arduous than the climb. The first half of the ascent is made along a series of eighty or ninety zigzag paths whose elbows are sometimes only a few yards from each other, so steep is the gradient. At the last of these a small plateau is reached, from which the lovely *Bocche* can be viewed, spread out like a panorama below. After this the path runs here and there, straggling ever upwards over rock and boulder till the summit of Kerstaz is attained, and then the horizon is wider still, and the mountains which shut in the Bay of Cattaro are dwarfed till the eye passes clear over them to the Adriatic beyond. An idea of the sheerness of the mountain-side can be obtained by throwing a stone from the top, which will fall almost on the spot from whence the start was made a couple of hours before. From Kerstaz we cross the Negush plain, and then struggle up the opposite mountain, which brings us in full view of the snow-capped heights of Albania, with the Lake of Scutari glinting in the mist and distance. Another hour or so and we enter Cettinje, the most extraordinary capital in Europe. It consists of one long street, with four smaller ones crossing it, and ending vaguely in the fields. The whole town covers perhaps thirty or forty acres. The principal building is the hotel, which worthily blocks the end of the main street. It is a bare and ricketty-looking structure, but represents the acme of luxury at Cettinje. The other public places are the prison, the church, and the school. The first of these lies on the right-hand side, and in front of the gates, on a lawn, the prisoners amuse themselves by playing various rude games—bowls, with pieces of rock for balls, leap-frog, and so on. A few of them are engaged in odd building jobs about Cettinje, and others hew wood in the mountain. They are not chained, but appear seldom to dream of running away. When a case of evasion happens, one or two fellow-convicts are despatched to catch the runaway and bring him back. The theory of setting a thief to catch a thief is here practised most literally and methodically. The only distinction between a condemned convict and a free citizen is that the former is deprived of his arms. This is an equal degradation to the usual dress or brand elsewhere. Close to the Hotel is the Royal Palace, a whitewashed house with green venetian blinds, which is popularly supposed to have cost a million of francs, owing to the expenses of transporting the materials. Over against it is a long, low, red building, known as the "Bigliardo." It received this nickname from an English billiard-table having been set up there. The carrying of this piece of furniture by fifty men over the mountain was considered—and undoubtedly was—a great feat. Whilst the porters struggled manfully under the slate, a pilot stood astride on high, and shouted his directions as to how to get round awkward corners. The "Bigliardo" is now used as offices for the different Ministries and a Parliament-house. The church is very small, capable of holding, perhaps, a hundred and fifty people. On either side of the entrance are the tombs of Prince Danilo and his brother Mirko Petrovitch, and in the chancel a sort of sarcophagus, which is opened on solemn occasions, containing the embalmed remains of the Bishop-Prince Peter I. The old monastery faces the Palace. Fifty or sixty years ago this monastery and twenty or thirty cottages round it represented the town of Cettinje. Behind the monastery is the famous Tower of Skulls. In the old days no Montenegrin was entitled to be considered an able-bodied soldier until he had decorated the Tower with a Turkish head. The last occasion on which it received its ghastly decorations was after the battle of Grahovo, which took place on the 13th July, 1859. The Montenegrins lost four hundred men, and brought in four thousand skulls, at least so says tradition. The account is more or less confirmed by independent witnesses, one of whom, an Austrian officer, counted two thousand three hundred skeletons on the field several weeks after the famous fight. The custom has, however, now died out, having been abolished, together with most practices of a similar nature, by the Draconian code and inflexible rule of Danilo I. This Prince endeavoured to put an end to the vendetta, amongst other barbarities, and his successor, the present sovereign, carried on the system with such success that, although at first his subjects refused to believe in the sincerity of his determination, a few summary executions of offenders sufficed entirely to stamp out the crime, which is now the subject of a special convention with Turkey. The last instance of vendetta occurred in the beginning of the present year, when an officer of Prince Nicolas's household, smarting under the *rimbecco* or taunt of having an unavenged death in his family, decoyed some relatives of the murderer into a boat on the Lake of Scutari and there assassinated them. With some reluctance he was sentenced to be shot at Rijeka, on the shores of the Lake, and he fell before the firing party, crying out "Long live Prince Nicolas! Long live his family!"

The sentiments of blind devotion to the Sovereign are probably coloured with a religious tinge from the days when the ruler was Vladika, or Supreme Head of the Church as well as of the State. Such as they are they constitute a priceless guarantee of national unity and order. Amidst the dynastic questions which trouble the rest of the Balkans there never has been, and never will be, any wavering in the loyalty of the Montenegrins for their Prince and his stock. Together with this feeling of almost worshipful reverence for the authority of the Palace is a pleasant sense of individual equality. The Prince has been designed by Providence to rule, but his family and relations are not otherwise distinguished from those around them. The Princess Milena was a peasant girl, who one day washed the feet of the royal traveller in her father's cottage in the mountains, and now stretches her hand to be kissed by the Grand Dukes of Russia. In the street of Cettinje, or under the Tree of Justice, Prince Nicolas and his family could not be picked out by a stranger from the rest of the crowd. Proud as they are and jealous of certain appurtenances of rank—especially when abroad or in the presence of strangers—the Montenegrins are eminently republican in their habits of daily life. A group of three or four may be seen smoking round a table or taking an evening stroll, all dressed alike with an arsenal in their belts and the inevitable *strouka*, or raw goat's-hair blanket, thrown over the shoulder. One is perhaps the hotel proprietor (related to the Prince), the second the Minister of War, the third a tailor, the fourth a sheepowner, and the fifth the President of the Senate. The priests have no distinctive costume, but can be readily recognized by their long hair and beards, and by their carrying no arms in times of peace. As a rule, the men wear only a moustache, and it is considered slovenly for any but a priest to let the beard grow. As a race they present an almost perfect embodiment of all that is admirable in physique. The average height is considerably over six feet, and their frames are splendidly proportioned, broad and deep in the chest and lean in the loins, with long sinewy limbs and not an ounce of spare flesh. They offer a good example of the survival of the fittest, as they take very little care of their children, and only the strong and sound grow up. In after life, too, they are extremely averse to any sanitary precautions or medical treatment, and a sick Montenegrin is almost synonymous with a dead man. At least he at once gives himself up, and if he recovers looks upon it as a curious instance of a freak in nature's laws. They have no fear of death, and endure the severest bodily pain with incredible fortitude. The few who submit to surgical operations invariably refuse anæsthetics, and converse with their friends smoking a cigarette whilst a leg or arm is being amputated. The doctor of the hospital has consequently very little work to do beyond making unique observations on this unique population. If the men are remarkable in many ways, their wives and daughters are little less so in others. The ladies in Montenegro play the secondary *rôle* which always falls to their lot in patriarchal communities. In the lower classes they perform the whole work of the house and the fields, tilling the soil, gathering the harvest, and even building their own cottages, whilst their lords and masters play backgammon and otherwise amuse themselves in each other's company. In the better ranks of life they still take a very unequal half of life, staying at home all day, and taking upon themselves all the worries of existence, leaving the sweets for mankind. The result of centuries of this training has been to obliterate much of the feminine grace and timidity from their manners and character. But while treating them with little outward show of admiration, the Montenegrin has a profound respect, well merited, for the virtues of the other sex, and nowhere perhaps could a young girl enjoy such perfect liberty of action and movement as in the Black Mountain. It is common to meet a peasant damsel of fifteen or sixteen years old alone and halfway between Cettinje and Cattaro—a journey which she will make on foot there and back two or three times a week to sell eggs and buy fish. And woe betide the man who should offer her the slightest insult by word or look.

It would be easy to write a couple of volumes on the life and habits of Cettinje, and it is somewhat surprising that nobody appears yet to have taken the trouble to do so. Beyond one work in Russian and another in French—written, in reality, by a Servian officer, though his name is not on the title-page—

little of any value has ever yet been published on Montenegro. Even for a passing visit it would be difficult to find any place with so many original attractions. Like Japan, however, it will probably get spoilt as soon as it is included among the happy hunting-grounds of the globe-trotter. At present a capital where there are no lawyers and no bankers, no Jews and no policemen, could only exist in a country without a Custom House or a passport office, and such a land sounds almost like a Utopia. But it is a real State, and long may it live.

THE WORLD'S WHEAT HARVEST THIS YEAR.

So far as the information yet collected enables us to judge, the world's wheat harvest this year will fall somewhat short of the world's consumption. At the beginning of July the crops all over Western and Central Europe, with the exception of Italy, promised well; but since then the weather has been unfavourable, and much injury has been done in Germany, France, and this country. The harvest in Spain and Portugal appears to have been got in in excellent condition, and its quantity is large. But in France reaping was frequently interrupted by heavy rains, and consequently has been unusually protracted. It is said, too, that the quality proves to be not nearly as good as a little time ago was expected. Indeed, where threshing has taken place disappointment is expressed in many districts. Here at home it is certain that much corn has been lodged and twisted, mildew has here and there made its appearance, and, unless there is an early change in the weather, it is to be feared that our farmers will again be completely disappointed. In Germany the only districts from which good reports are received are those west of the Rhine. Still, it seems to be well established that the yield throughout Western Europe will be larger than it was last year. The home estimate is somewhat over the average production. And it is anticipated by many that France will need to import only about 3 millions of quarters, while some are sanguine enough to hope that her home yield will equal the consumption. But drought and heat have done great damage in Austria-Hungary, Roumania, and Southern Russia. There appears to be no reasonable doubt that these countries will have a much smaller surplus to export than they had last year. Russia, of course, is the most important European wheat-exporting country, and respecting the probable Russian yield there is much difference of opinion. All authorities are agreed that the winter wheat crop is a failure; but it is evidence of the little trust reposed in Russian official returns that the commercial world refuses to accept the official statement of the proportion borne by the winter crop to the spring crop. The official estimate is 30 per cent. of the whole yield; but commercial reports make it very much higher. Again, commercial reports are far less favourable respecting the quantity and quality of the spring wheat crop than are the official returns. The point is of very great importance. During the past two years the Russian harvests were so good that they supplied the demands of the rest of Europe with a very slight rise in prices. If, as the official returns represent, two-thirds of this year's crop are again good, the deficiency in Europe will be very much less than it will be if the commercial estimate is correct. Upon the whole, it will be safest to assume that the Russian surplus this year will be small, and, if so, it appears certain that the European production will fall very much short of the European consumption.

Turning to the wheat-exporting countries outside Europe, we find from the Indian Government's official memorandum that the present year's harvest in the Punjaub shows an increase of 6½ per cent. over that of last year, and the harvest of Scinde an increase of 9 per cent. But, on the other hand, there is a falling off in Bombay and in the Central and North-West Provinces of 23 per cent. The yield, then, must be regarded as under the average. The Australasian harvest will barely suffice for home wants, and the only other important source of supply is the United States. The winter wheat crop there, which was a failure last year, is good this year. And, although the last report of the Agricultural Bureau shows that on the first of this month there was some falling off in the spring wheat crop compared with the previous month, and that, therefore, it will not yield as much as some time ago was expected, it practically is equal in condition to what it was at the same date last year. It will be recollected that the spring wheat crop last year was about an average yield. The American harvest, then, upon the whole, will be decidedly better than that of last year; but whether the increase in America will offset the falling off in Russia it is impossible to say as yet. Upon the whole, however, as the only marked improvement amongst the principal wheat-exporting countries of the world is in the United States, while there is a decided deterioration in Russia, Austria-Hungary, Roumania, and Australasia, it seems safe to infer that the yield of the whole world will be less than it was last year, and, therefore, will not be sufficient to supply the world's consumption during the next twelve months. The deficiency will have to be made up from the stocks of old grain remaining over from recent harvests, and the course of prices will, therefore, depend upon the magnitude of those stocks. A memorandum issued at Simla early last month by the Revenue and Agricultural Department states that the last three seasons have been more or less unfavourable to the cultivation and export of wheat from India, and that in consequence of this and of the larger local consumption of the grain in store, owing to partial failure of this year's early crops of other kinds, the stocks of wheat at the beginning of the present agricultural year were not large, and in a few places were reported to be insufficient. Therefore, the memorandum concludes that the exports during the current year will not exceed those of the past year. In Australasia it is estimated that there is no surplus for export, either from old harvests or from the yield of the present year. And if this be so, we have mainly to look to the old stocks in Europe and in America to make good the deficiency of the present year's harvest. Unfortunately, there exist no trustworthy statistics as to the quantity of those stocks. We have to depend largely upon mere estimates.

Adding the estimated stocks in the United Kingdom twelve months ago to the recorded imports since, and comparing the total with the estimated consumption, it does not appear probable that the stocks in store now are unusually large, and the accepted opinion is that the stocks in the other wheat-importing countries of Europe are rather lower than they were twelve months ago. The imports into France, more particularly, during the past twelve months have been smaller than was anticipated, from which it seems to follow that the old stocks must have been drawn upon, unless, indeed, the harvest of 1888 was decidedly better than it is generally believed to have been. As the American harvest of 1888 was decidedly deficient, it seems reasonable to conclude that the stocks now held there are smaller rather than larger than usual, although it must be added that what is called the visible supply—that is to say, the stocks that are known to be held by traders and farmers—do not show a deficiency. In Russia, on the other hand, it appears certain that the old stocks are very large. The harvests, both of 1887 and 1888 were exceptionally good, both as regards quantity and quality. And though the exports during the two years were on an immense scale, there yet seems to be no reason to doubt the statement of the Russian Government that the old stocks still retained are very large. If so, there appears to be no ground for expecting much rise in price. That clearly is the opinion of millers; for they show no eagerness to buy, and there has been no material advance in quotations. At the moment France is not competing with this country for foreign wheat. And, if the present estimate proves correct that she will require but a very small import during the next twelve months, the course of prices will depend, at least for some months to come, mainly upon the character of the weather here at home during the next few weeks. It is generally believed that the crop of the United Kingdom is up to the average. And, though it is laid, and twisted, and otherwise damaged in many places, it is yet generaliy admitted that a few weeks of heat and bright sunshine would remedy much of the damage, and would enable farmers to get in what is yet uncut in good condition. If they can do this, the grain will be fit for milling purposes without an admixture of foreign corn; threshing will proceed rapidly, and the supplies sent to market will be large. But if the weather does not improve, and the grain in consequence proves too soft for milling, the demand for foreign grain will increase, and some rise in price must be looked for. Even so, however, the rise is not likely to be very considerable. India, according to the official memorandum referred to above, will send us this year nearly as much as she did last year; America will send us considerably more; and, although the Russian surplus from the crop now being harvested will be much less than the surplus of the two preceding crops, the stocks remaining over from these two crops can be largely drawn upon. Besides, though the miscellaneous countries from which we receive supplies are unimportant taken singly, in the aggregate they can furnish very considerable quantities, and a slight increase in the demand here will bring out supplies sufficient to prevent any material advance in prices.

NATIONAL INSURANCE IN GERMANY.

THE National Insurance legislation of Germany, and especially the Act of 1889, deserves far more attention than it has yet received in this country. Entirely without parallel in the history of nations, it has taken theory rather than experience as its guide. It is a complete leap in the dark; a gigantic experiment in State Socialism, conducted and enforced by a despotic monarchy.

Under the Act of 1889 every Saturday night every dependent workman above the age of sixteen, whether male or female, will be called upon to pay a fixed proportion of his or her wages into a common fund of national insurance. Every employer of labour is bound to contribute a sum equivalent to the total amount contributed by his workmen, and the State supplements these sums by a grant of 2*l.* 10*s.* (50 marks) to each pension. The object of the insurance is threefold (i.) against sickness; (ii.) against accident; (iii.) against old age. The first two objects were attained by previous legislation; the third is the subject of the Act of 1889. The workmen who are thus compelled to insure are divided into four classes according to their wages:—

Class I.	350 marks and under,	or £17 10*s.* a year,	pays	1½*d.*	a week
„ II.	550 „	„	or £27 10*s.*	„	„	2*d.*	„
„ III.	850 „	„	or £42 10*s.*	„	„	2½*d.*	„
„ IV.	Between 850 and 950 marks,		or £47 10*s.* a year,			3*d.*	„

The scale of pensions to which these payments entitle the workmen necessarily vary with the amount of the weekly premiums. At seventy every workman is *ipso facto* entitled to a pension for old age, and this pension varies between 7*l.* 7*s.* a year in Class I. and 20*l.* 15*s.* in Class IV. For the purpose of insurance the year is divided into forty-seven weeks. Cards are issued to each workman with forty-seven spaces, and, as the employer deducts the weekly amount, a stamp is affixed in the space. When the card is completed it represents the owner's claim for the year, and is deposited in the official pigeon-hole. It is calculated that in 1891, when the Act will be brought into full working order, it will affect twelve million workmen.

Such in brief outline is the effect of the National Insurance legislation in Germany. In this country it is probable that the scheme would be vigorously opposed as an undue extension of State interference which destroys the principle of self-help. Apart from this initial question, it would be easy to point out the indeterminateness of many of the provisions of the Act or the financial dangers through which it must pass until capital has accumulated to meet the claims. Nor would it be difficult to put forward a strong case that the benefits are trifling, while the burden is enormous. Dealing as the Acts do with three different classes of insurance, consolidation is almost impossible, and the expenses of management greatly increased. Thus in the old age insurances the organization is territorial; in the accident insurances the organization depends upon the nature of the employment; in the sickness insurances the organization is local in order that successful malingering may be rendered more difficult. So, again, the results of the Acts are necessarily doubtful. In all probability they will lower the rate of wages, diminish employment, raise the price of commodities, decrease the letting value of land, and lead to an extension of the policy of Protection. On the other hand, they will probably check the tide of emigration; for the pensions will only be paid to German subjects, and increase the expenses of war, since the State, as the employer of a nation under conscription, ought to discharge the duties imposed by this Act upon employers of labour of contributing a third to the pension fund.

But, passing by these points of criticism or speculation, the remarkable and striking features of the legislation are the State contribution and the political design which lurks behind the ostensible object of the Chancellor. These two points hang closely together. It is an application of the principle of the progressive Income-tax, an attempt to redress by taxation the inequalities of property, a seizure of one man's goods for the benefit of another, an attack upon the capitalists and commercial middle classes who form the backbone of the "Liberal" party and supply the bulk of the opponents to the domestic policy of the Chancellor.

A brief retrospect makes this clear. The Insurance laws originated in the collapse of trade in 1878. Before that date Delbruck's Free-trade policy commanded the confidence of the Chancellor. But commercial depression and political management produced a reaction. On the one side, agriculture was protected by heavy import duties, while, as compensation for the taxation of necessaries, the lower orders were promised a course of social legislation in their special interests. On the other side, in order to check the Liberal middle classes, the Government not only coquetted with the masses, but destroyed the independence of political life by exceptional laws, nominally directed against the Socialists. By the imposition of protective duties, the promise of social legislation, and the propagation of Socialist scares, the Conservatives secured a majority at the elections; and thus was begun the policy, which has been steadily pursued since 1878, of conciliating the masses, and using the dread of revolution to curtail the liberties of the subject, the press, and public meeting. The Crown offers to play the part of Social Democrat if the people will make it absolute master of its political opponents. At first the German Government gave less than it took. Its new social policy was inaugurated with more show than substance. It was only when the elections of 1881 had increased the strength of the Liberal party to formidable proportions that it was roused to activity. By prodigal promises to the masses of the approaching removal of all want and distress, and by severity in enforcing arbitrary measures against the Social Democrats, it endeavoured to check the progress of German Liberalism. It is in pursuance of this political policy that the Government carried its schemes of national insurance against sickness in 1883 and against accident in 1884. It was as the completion of this same campaign that the Chancellor, by an almost unexampled exercise of his personal influence, secured, though by the smallest of majorities, the passing of the Act of 1889 for national insurance against old age.

REVIEWS.

SONGS AND LIFE OF AN ANGLER.*

HERE is one good book among the few good books which appear between the seasons. Mr. Thomas Tod Stoddart was the best angler of the old school, when men could still fish down stream, and yet load themselves with trout, when the fall of the dry fly was yet unknown on Scotch and unfamiliar even on English waters. Mr. Stoddart was an angler first, a poet next, and in the earlier part of his long life he was intimate with Christopher North, the Shepherd, Aytoun, and other glories of *Blackwood's Magazine*. His poems were for the more part written in youth, and some half-dozen of his fishing songs are of the first merit. His *Death Wake: a Necromaunt in Three Chimæras*, is now very rare. If we may judge by the account of the plot and the extracts, Stoddart had appropriated a good deal of Shelley, something of Keats, and animated it all with the spirit of Pétrus Borel. It is odd to think that, just when Pétrus and Philothée were running their rigs in Paris, a young Scot was outdoing them in their own vein of romance during the winter months, when fishing was out of the question. It is no exaggeration to say that the *Death Wake* should take its place in any collection of the *Romantiques*, and yet it is most unlikely that the author had even glanced at Hugo or Gautier, not to speak of *Feu et Flamme*.

A more orderly account should be given of a life and talent so original—a talent which touched that of the Lycanthrope on one side, of Thoreau on another, and of Walton on a third. Happily, the Memoir of her father by Miss Stoddart is a pearl of a memoir—not a word too long, not padded out in the modern way with letters and scraps. Indeed, writing on a day of deluge in front of his own loch, St. Mary's, we could wish that Miss Stoddart had written a longer book, and had even rescued a few angling letters, if any exist. How different is this brief, natural, humorous record from the prodigious volumes of theatrical sumphisms and newspaper cuttings! how different from the hotchpotch of correspondence which is offered as the biography of notorious nobodies in politics, religion, literature! Miss Stoddart's book is all good; it is a book of which a man should have two copies—one to keep with his fly-book in the pocket of his coat, and to lie in the boat with the landing-net and creel; another copy to bind in morocco and place among honoured volumes on his shelves. There is quite a little library of Stoddart literature, including the original edition of the Poems, the *Death Wake* (if that could be found in shop or stall), the *Angler's Companion* (1847), and the novel *Abel Massinger*, which we have never had the good luck to come across. Miss Stoddart, in the next edition of her book, should print a bibliography of her father, for his old green-clad volumes "keep their green," and are valued by the persons whom he would have liked to like them.

The Stoddarts are of the old gentle blood of the Borders, though not sprung from any of the reiving clans. Miss Stoddart thinks the name was originally Stoutheart, basing this opinion on an ancient tombstone (1462) in the churchyard above St. Mary's Loch. But the letters on the stone are now obliterated, and oral tradition alone speaks of this etymology. An old lady of the family burned most of the ancient documents, conceiving that she was bewitched, and that the seals on the papers were mixed up with the malison. The Stoddarts held lands in the forest, and possessed Williamshope, which marches, we think, with Ashiesteil and Elibank. They were on the Covenanting side. One of them, "the Beetle of Yarrow," was a man of enormous force. When his kindred had assembled round his death-bed, as they hoped, to hear his will read, he arose, a "gey gash" figure, and told them he would marry yet, and balk their greed. In this adventure he was successful. Mr. Stoddart's father, Captain Stoddart, was a great genealogist, and haunted the kirkyard of Yarrow, studying the inscriptions on the family tombs. A caricature was designed, probably by Tom his son, "in which he sat grim and silent on a low churchyard wall, rod in hand, fishing in the moonlight in a sea of ruined graves overgrown with nettles," and below the legend ran:—

> His rod was made of the Family Tree,
> His line was a long line of ancestry;
> He baited his hook with dead men's marrow,
> And he sat and he bobbed for the Beetle of Yarrow.
>
> He bobbed till the moon rose over the hill,
> And, for aught that I know, he is sitting there still,
> Though the wind may blow, and the nettles may wave,
> And never a rise can he get from the grave.

This is akin to Praed's *Red Fisherman*.

The Stoddarts intermarried with the Veitchs of the Glen, and they finally produced Captain Stoddart, who fought in the siege of Copenhagen and was honourably mentioned by Sir Ralph Abercromby and Sir Sidney Smith. His warring done, he settled in Edinburgh, and begat Thomas Tod Stoddart. As a child Tom divided his heart between fishing (there were good trout then in the Water of Leith!) and the composition of the most lurid tragedies. "Blood and battle were the powers with which he worked, and no meaner tools." His first trout was caught where there are more golf-balls than fish and more dirt than either, in a burn at Elie. He learned the evil art of potting salmon roe from M. Senebier, a prisoner of the old French war. While it was legal, we regret to say that he captured trout by the hundredweight with salmon-roe. Scotland will never be all she should be while her children fish with bait of every sort, from wasps and maggots to worms and natural minnow. The young Stoddarts' chief holiday was Saturday; they were thrashed if they came home over the border of Sunday; and once they crept into an empty hearse at a toll-door, frightened the driver out of his wits, and were rattled into Edinburgh at an exhilarating pace. In 1825 Stoddart went to lectures in Edinburgh University. He was intended for the Bar;

* *Stoddart's Angling Songs; with Memoir.* By Anne M. Stoddart. London: Blackwood & Co. 1889.

but he is believed never to have held a brief. Christopher North was one of his professors; and Christopher's son, Mr. John Wilson, his chief friend. At Wilson's house he met Aytoun, Ferrier, De Quincey, Hartley Coleridge, "Delta" (Dr. Moir), the Shepherd of course, and Henry Glassford Bell. In 1828 many of them went to Tibbie Shiels's, on the slender line of land between St. Mary's and the Loch of the Lowes. Here they often fished, danced with the shepherd wenches, and drank a prodigious deal of whisky. Is it not written in the Books of the Chronicles of Ambrose's? Tibbie (Mrs. Richardson) is reported to have said, "I aye likit the Cock o' the North best, that was Professor Wilson ye ken. I likit him, and Mr. Tom Stoddart, and Hogg. Eh, but they were the callants for drinkin'." Though he fished and drank with Hogg, Shelley and Keats (to Wilson's regret) were among his favourite poets. He wrote a Byronic piece, *The Curse of the Dead Sea*—no trout in *that* loch—and early in 1831 published with Henry Constable *The Death Wake, or Lunacy: a Necromaunt in Three Chimæras*. The pleasing fable is on this wise:—A Monk loves a Nun. He is called to bury a corpse; it is Hers. He goes mad, exhumes her, puts her in a boat, and goes to sea. He touches an island where her father dwells, a remorseful parent. "Here, in an interval of sanity, Julio shrinks from the now loathsome corpse, and tries to tell the Hermit his story." His reason collapses again; the tide bears him and the dead body to the deep; the father finds them and dies on their grave. This is a pretty tale after the manner of 1830. Here is the wedding of the living and the dead:—

> He dropped upon a rock and by him placed
> Over a bed of sea-pinks growing waste
> The silent ladye, and he muttered wild
> Strange words about a mother and no child.
> "And I shall wed thee, Agathé, although
> Ours be no God-blest bridal—even so!"
> And from the sand he took a silver shell
> That had been wasted by the fall and swell
> Of many a moon-borne tide into a ring—
> A rude rude ring: it was a snow-white thing,
> Where a lone hermit limpet slept and died
> In ages far away. "Thou art a bride,
> Sweet Agathé! Wake up, we must not linger!"

Oddly enough *The Death Wake* was pirated eleven years later in *Graham's Magazine* without acknowledgment, and with the assumed author's name of Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro. O Edgar Allan Poe! is this among thy feats?

Mr. Stoddart began a new poem with the pleasing title "A Jalon of the Winds." *Autant en emporte le vent:* a *jalon* has perished. He now settled down to the serious business of his life—fishing. He gave the Highlands a fair trial, and in the Highlands was the pretty idyl of his love and marriage. The bride had no Sassenach; he had no Gaelic; but she was "more than common tall, with arched black eyebrows, grey eyes, and a cloud of raven hair." The story must be read as Miss Stoddart tells it.

Once married, Mr. Stoddart settled at Kelso, where Tweed and Teviot meet. His best piece is a poem on Tweed, then saddened by "trouble not of clouds nor weeping rain, nor of the setting sun's pathetic light"—the death of Scott. In his old age he walked, or tottered, every day to see Tweed from Kelso Bridge, and he was buried where—

> Dreaming through the twilight
> That does not rise or set—

he might hear the sound "of all others the sweetest to his ear—the murmur of Tweed over his pebbles."

We shall not trespass on Miss Stoddart's angling anecdotes, but leave them to be read in their context. Her book is admirably written, and the gift of literature has clearly been inherited. But as to angling in the Border, Mr. Stoddart practically saw the last of it, so far as trout are concerned. By fishing at unholy hours of night and morning, and with unholy baits, a few fish may yet be gruppit. But, when you find the lone Glengaher burn, twenty miles from a railway station, as thronged with hulking wormers as the Regent's Canal with patient watchers of the float, the game of angling is up. Lime, sheepwash, pollution, nets, every kind of devilry, harry the trout of the remotest burn. A decision of the House of Lords has covered St. Mary's Loch with a flotilla of boats, where, of old, only Lord Napier could launch the light skiff. The people cry out for no preserving, and in another generation trout will be as rare in Yarrow as in the Serpentine. Aill is a desert, Meggat is flogged all day long by every kind of incompetent dabbler. The Worm, the proud worm, is the conqueror "still," as Poe sings, and fly is almost out of use. And, to be fair, it is the attractive writers on angling like Mr. Stoddart who are mostly to blame. In twenty years fishers have multiplied till the Chapelhope burn is mobbed and Loch Skene is "a perfect Peccadeely." Fishing is done:—

> Sorrow, sorrow, speed away
> To our angler's quiet mound,
> With the old pilgrim, twilight grey,
> Enter thou the holy ground;
> There he sleeps whose heart was twined
> With wild stream and wandering burn,
> Wooer of the western wind!
> Watcher of the April morn!

NOVELS.*

IT is impossible to deal seriously with *Anno Domini* 2000; *or, Woman's Destiny*, even if the author was in earnest when he arranged the advancement of the world according to his own views, and placed his theories before the public. It begins in 1920 with the career of a man who died of starvation. This incident caused the leading bankers to meet together and reorganize taxation, and create a fund for the poor, and from that time money was more equally divided, and nobody starved; while, although it is not clearly told, the enfranchisement of woman took place about then. The next great thing for the nation is achieved after the Colonial Ministers have frightened the British into giving Ireland Home Rule, and "*United Britain*" holds her own once more as the strongest and most important quarter of the globe. Women in A.D. 2000, having equal rights with men, are in the majority in the Federal Parliament, and they are most of them beautiful and young. The Prime Minister is not only lovely, but she is Irish, and she possesses "ease and grace peculiar only to the Irish of high degree." The comforts of the House are in wonderful and distinct contrast to those of ours of to-day. The male statesmen create the most marvellous precedents, and the female Ministers allow their personal feelings to influence them in the formation of a Government to a greater extent than present politicians do. In each of the official interviews we are allowed to peep into, confidential information is demanded and given, before the conference proper begins. The erudite, fascinating, and clear-headed "Under-Secretary of State for Home Affairs," aged twenty-three, Hilda Fitzherbert, is a person greatly perturbed, because she is told she "has no heart." And though there are no criminals, and all are wealthy and contented, it is found advisable to surround the Emperor with detectives. A leading politician, soldier, volunteer, Lord Reginald Paramatta, loves the young Secretary, and, because she refuses him, joins the Opposition. As this does not advance him in any way, he becomes a leader of a secret society, the members of which wish to make Australia a separate Empire. The Detective-in-Chief gets the young Secretary to go to their big meeting, and at a critical moment she jumps lightly on to a daïs, touches a button, and all the conspirators, "cloaked and with overshadowing hats," are struck dumb and glued to their positions by "artificial magnetism"; then they are photographed. Lord Reginald escapes, and Hilda is created Duchess of New Zealand, only to be kidnapped and to cause a fight at sea between a yacht which goes thirty miles an hour and a "cruiser" which goes "four times as fast." The chief town of the Empire is Melbourne; "sybaritish" London can be reached in eight or ten days. The author feels very strongly upon the subject of the sluggish luxuriousness of the inhabitants of this island. A very magnificent war is fought with the United States (because the Emperor having once had one interview with the Secretary refuses the red-headed daughter of the Presidentess) in which the "Fourth of July is retrieved," "the States to pay United Britain six million sterling and to salute the British flag." But, instead of paying up, they prefer to be re-annexed, and the union was celebrated with enormous rejoicings." Of such and other things is *Anno Domini* 2000 composed.

The six stories collected under the heading of *Elizabeth; and other Sketches* are conceived and executed in a simple and interesting manner. Elizabeth is the natural daughter of a royal prince and a highly-born and beautiful subject who refuses to marry him because of the disadvantages which the marriage would cause him. This lady lives in an old-world and well-secluded garden, and never leaves it from the departure of the Prince until her death, which occurs soon after his marriage with a royal princess. Elizabeth grows up a poem of beauty, innocence, and high spirits—without any knowledge of her parent—knowing only that she is well-born and wealthy. She in her turn is loved by a prince; but, protected by her unknown father, she is kept from him, and made to marry a good Count, a union which fortunately turns out happily. Some time after it the Prince again appears, but she passes through the temptation this time triumphantly, more from her own nobility of nature than from the secret influence which is always working for her good. "Lois" and "Nenuphar: a Fancy" are curious studies well worth reading. "Denis" is a truthfully depicted incident portraying the changeableness of human nature, and "Eberhardt" is an effective story of a decidedly different type.

The Despot of Broomsedge Cove contains all the clever individuality of *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*, with the additional advantage of a better and more connected story. To English readers it is an extremely useful book, for it puts forward a new side of life, with new manners and newer ideas. Mr. Craddock sustains the equity of the obtrusive Despot's character admirably. Teck Jepson is a romantically dramatic person,

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* *Anno Domini* 2000; *or, Woman's Destiny*. By Sir Julius Vogel, K.C.M.G. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1889.

Elizabeth; and other Sketches. By the Author of "Miss Molly" &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1889.

The Despot of Broomsedge Cove. By Charles Egbert Craddock, Author of "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" &c. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington.

Miriam. By Mrs. Musgrave, Author of "Illusions." London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington.

Kathleen Kilmaine. A Novel. By M. E. Beytagh. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1889.

who imagines that he is the only being capable of imparting to the community of Broomsedge Cove the right way in which they should take their religion. In fact, he is so fervent and has such an intimate knowledge of biblical character and characters that the parson is nowhere. Gifted with a melodious voice and a picturesque appearance, he is able to impress most of the weaker members of the settlement. He feels thoroughly "Grace is mine, I hev' got my sheer." He meets "Marcelly," a pretty and dainty heroine (whose phrases are an occasional shock to those unacquainted with the idioms peculiar to the "Rockies"), in a cavern during a storm; and almost immediately, when she allows that she likes going to "meeting," tackles her with "Them ez enjyes tharse'fs at camp won't low 't war sech ticklin' fun whenst they gits ter blisterin' in hell." But Marcella, although disposed to fall in love with this "suzvigrous saint," estimates him at his proper value and becomes more quaintly humorous as he becomes didactic. The love episodes are original and humorous. Is'bel and Andy Longwood are fantastic creations. Mr. Craddock has an especial gift of bringing the aspect of his characters, their movements and surroundings, vividly before the eye; each scene, besides being portrayed with such graphic accuracy that it is photographed on the mind of the reader, has its portion of the fresh humour which is distinctly Mr. Craddock's own—and to any one in search of a new and good piece of work we should strongly recommend *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove*.

Mrs. Musgrave always writes good, clear English, and her style is generally able and impressive; but it is greatly to be doubted if *Miriam* will in any way add to her reputation. The heroine is a waif washed up from an emigrant ship—the poor jurymen who wished to send her to the workhouse scarcely deserved the satire poured upon them for not taking her to their own homes—but Phineas Blight, a waterman burgher, rescues her from that fate, and plunges her into a worse one. She grows up "big and broad and brave," and of course different from and superior to her surroundings. She is called the "Duchess" by her companions; but altogether she is a very ordinary young person, whose chief merit seems to be that she prefers an aristocratic lover to a bargee, and that she keeps herself "physically clean."

Kathleen Kilmaine is a capital "young girl's" book; and, if the young girl gets rather a mixed idea from it as to the animosity which exists in Ireland between the Catholics and the Protestants, and as to which cause the author intends to make most successful or prominent, it will not be surprising, but it will not do her much harm. The writer seems to be thoroughly unbiassed in her opinions; she puts forward the best and worst qualities of each party, and her motives are always good, if not always sufficiently clear. The tale in itself is prettily arranged and told, though there is no date at which to fix the stirring incident of the riot. It is to be regretted that, feeling so strongly upon her subject as she does, the author has dealt so feebly with it; had she taken one side or the other, her work would have been of much more value. That she is Irish and adores her native land is told in many a quaint touch or expression.

THREE AMERICAN BOOKS.*

MR. CONWAY'S object in his vindication of Edmund Randolph has been to show that some of the founders of the Great Republic were capable of uncommonly sharp practice towards a colleague, and that the Father of his country fell into a somewhat imbecile state in his old age. He has made out a not contemptible case. We cannot say that, except to very voracious students of American history, the book is interesting. It is inordinately long, and is padded out by details and quotations of no interest. Mr. Conway is obviously a firm believer in the popular American creed that every single word said or written by or about an American, everything done or said to be done by him, done or said to be done to him, is of equal importance, and deserves to be treated at equal length. Thanks to this patriotic conviction, the materials for the brief, and not particularly varied, history of the United States are rapidly surpassing in bulk the combined published and unpublished records of the sixteenth century. Here is an addition to this mighty mass—a volume of 395 pages, the substance of which might with no great toil be set forth in fifty. The style may also appear to a younger generation than that for which Mr. Conway began to write as Corinthian in an old-fashioned way. When one is told that "Jefferson trembled before this man with sword thinly sheathed in his tongue," or learns that "Randolph was applying to Fauchet what syrup might still exude from the cherry-tree of veracity," one feels that it is not only *rococo*, but *rococo* in an outworn style. The historical reflections are also a trifle absurd. When, for instance, Mr. Conway, having to note that Washington made a treaty with Tripoli in 1796, bursts out, "So bravely did the first President of the United States celebrate the seventh centenary of the first crusade—wherein six millions of armed Christians moved against Islam," the juxtaposition of the infinitely great with the infinitely unimportant only makes Europeans at least laugh. Mr. Conway was at Philadelphia the year before last, and saw many distinguished persons on platforms celebrating the remarkable fact that the United States had got along for a century; and then emotion bubbled in his breast, and it seemed to him that

> In the mystical mood of that hour one might recall old legends of heroic princes—Arthur, Barbarossa—whom folk-tales said had never died, but were sleeping a charmed sleep in hidden grottoes, whence, on the stroke of some appointed hour, they would emerge to lead on some happiest reign for their race. The historic imagination might even have seen emerging from Independence Hall, as its clock struck noon of the Republic, a quaint procession of gentlemen in wigs and knee-breeches filing out on the platform to mingle with the magnates their work had created.

It is astonishing how little sets the historic imagination going, and also how uniformly, in that new and original country, America, it has to fall back on Europe for its vestment.

The gentleman whose life has enabled Mr. Conway to indulge in much eloquence and epigram is chiefly known through his compulsory retirement from the office of Secretary of State in 1795, on a charge of intriguing with the French diplomatic agent, Fauchet, against his colleagues, and in opposition to the treaty with England. He was also accused on very slender grounds of corruption, and has been something of a whipping-boy in American history. Mr. Conway strives to prove that he was, in fact, the victim of an intrigue conducted by Jefferson, Wolcott, Pickering, and to some extent Hamilton, under the inspiration of Lord Granville. The story is a brief one enough. Fauchet, who succeeded the yet more noisy and insolent Jacobin Genet, got into trouble through opposing Washington's policy of friendship with England, and was as good as ordered out of the country. Before going he wrote a long despatch home, giving an account of the political condition of the United States—an account not of the most flattering kind. The despatch professed to report some rather loose talk of Randolph's, and spoke vaguely of corrupt and corruptible persons. It was captured in the *Jean Bart* privateer, and transmitted to Lord Granville, who sent a copy to the English Minister, Hammond, with instructions to make what use of it he thought proper. Randolph was known to be an opponent of the party friendly to England, and Hammond gave them the copy to be used against him. They again laid it before Washington, who was known to be very touchy about the discretion of his Ministers, was made exceedingly angry by it, and behaved to Randolph with a degree of rudeness which left him no alternative but resignation. Mr. Conway's aim is to prove that Fauchet's letter was mere tittle-tattle, and that the President behaved with little thought and much heat. As we have already said, we think that in the main he proves his point, and that there is no serious ground for accusing Randolph of either treason or corruption. He has also good ground for maintaining that the Secretary's colleagues were both themselves guilty of sharp practice, and successful in persuading Washington to behave in a by no means straightforward manner. It would really appear to be the case that the first generation of American politicians were not less smart than some of the "magnates their work has created." That being so, was it worth while yielding to the mystical influence of the hour which coupled their names with Arthur and Barbarossa?

Travellers and Outlaws is the attractive title which Mr. Higginson has given to a collection of miscellaneous papers on Salem sea-captains, a travelling Congressman of 1777, a New England rogue and vagabond of about the same date, and on negro Maroons and rebels. "There may," as Mr. Higginson judiciously observes, "usually be found in the best regulated minds some concealed liking for a vagabond"—on the condition, we would add, that he is amusing. Mr. Higginson's rogue, Henry Tufts, of Newmarket, N. H., is not the funniest vagabond we have met in the course of a long and assiduous frequentation of dishonest company, but he may pass. His autobiography, as quoted here, shows that he was a descendant of the great house of Guzman (of Alfarache), of whom the founder had no cause to be ashamed. If Mr. Higginson is right in maintaining that he is the first known specimen of the American-born vagabond, we can only wonder that the very favourable conditions he describes had not produced a specimen of the race earlier than 1748. Tufts surely found New England ready for him. In a more varied and larger society he might have done better. His fame would doubtless have reached the *Newgate Calendar*. As it was, however, he did the most he could, and no man can be asked to do more. More than half of Mr. Higginson's book is devoted to a type of outlaw more characteristic and American than a common swindler like Tufts—namely, the Maroons of the West Indies and Surinam, or the leaders of the few abortive slave revolts in the Southern States. Mr. Higginson's sympathies are Abolitionist, and strong for what are loosely called the rights of the blacks; but he deals with his subject as a man on the winning side should, and does not scold or abuse. Not the least interesting part of his Maroon papers is compiled from Stedman's well-known "Narrative" of his five years' fighting for the Dutch in Surinam. The author takes the facts, as he is entitled to do; but he appears to us to rely somewhat blindly on his authority. Stedman was, as even a cursory reading of his book will show, an honest man; but, after all, he was honest in a time when it was very creditable to be a man of feeling. They cultivated

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* *Omitted Chapters of History disclosed in the Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph, Governor of Virginia, First Attorney-General, United States Secretary of State.* By Moncure Daniel Conway. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Travellers and Outlaws: Episodes in American History. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1889.

Pen and Powder. By Franc B. Wilkie (Poliuto). Boston: Ticknor & Co.

their emotions carefully at the end of the last century—and Stedman certainly fostered his with many a sympathetic tear for the innocent victims of oppression. He is to be read with some distrust, for it is the weakness of the man of feeling that he is apt, if not to make the oppression he cannot find, at least to exaggerate what he does find. So a cautious man will hear his touching accounts of the wrongs of fair slaves, and of the virtue of his innocent Joanna, with reserve. Joanna is really too like the heroine of a moral tale *à ta* Bernardin de St.-Pierre. At the same time Stedman's *sensiblerie* is itself a sign of the times. He was doubtless a brave fellow and a good observer of nature; and whoever will allow for the point of view may consult him with profit for an account of Dutch Guiana, and of the African barbarism transplanted to its forests by the runaway slaves. The slave insurgents of the Southern States are not familiar to English readers. Indeed, to judge from the difficulty Mr. Higginson seems to have found in learning anything about them, they are obscure even in America. He has had to hunt them up in old files of Southern newspapers. To Mr. Higginson this is a proof of the care taken "at the South" to suppress an awkward subject. So to some extent it doubtless is; but, after all, a servile revolt is not a thing which can be "suppressed" in this sense. It is much too conspicuous. We gather from Mr. Higginson's account of Gabriel, Denmark Vesey, and Nat Turner that there was, in fact, very little servile revolt in the South, and what there was was the work of ambitious dreamers (one of them, by-the-bye, not himself a slave) whose imagination had been fired by stories from San Domingo. Mr. Higginson insists, rightly enough, that danger of servile revolt will always exist where there is slavery. So it will; but so a war of races is always a possible danger where two widely different races are set side by side. All things have their shadow, and cannot jump off it. We do not know that the shadow of Southern slavery was worse than some others. For the rest, Mr. Higginson must remember that, if slavery excuses the revolt of the slave, the horrible consequences of that revolt justify the master in standing on his guard. The stern repression of Nat Turner's revolt was not only inevitable, but was also, in the long run, humane.

Mr. Franc B. Wilkie, whose *nom de guerre* was "Poliuto," explains that he was moved to write *Pen and Powder* by hearing excessive praises of Mr. Archibald Forbes's once famous ride in South Africa. Mr. Wilkie remembers well that he and other American War Correspondents did bigger rides than that (which is quite credible) and said nothing about them (which we hear with suspended judgment) during the American Civil War. He has, therefore, written this book to show that there were great War Correspondents "in our country, Sir," before Mr. Archibald Forbes. He makes out a very fair case, and prejudices us in his favour by a lively account of his experience of the emotions which come to a man when first he goes under fire. How his blood was stirred by the clatter of cavalry trotting forward to a charge, how he followed them in great exhilaration of spirit with the motion and the noise, and of the change which came over him when in the midst of other sounds he heard that peculiar one which Charles XII. loved, and a distinguished member of the Bonaparte family is reported to find disagreeable, he frankly tells. The end of it was that Mr. Wilkie got a smart wound to teach him not to push in where he had no business another time, and was made more cautious. His account of the Federal camps is not very attractive, and perhaps not for that reason the less trustworthy. We note one story explaining how a certain correspondent—no witch at his business—gained wonderfully early information, because he secured the gratitude of a certain general whom he found drunk and helped to his tent quietly. The "certain general" is so plainly indicated that Mr. Wilkie might as well have told his name at once. Tales of this sort are perhaps better not told at all; but if they are told it ought to be openly, and not with a transparent affectation of discretion.

JANE AUSTEN.*

THAT "our Jane" (as some, we trust not mawkishly disposed, persons are wont to call Miss Austen) deserves the title of an eminent woman is indisputable; whether she is well suited for a place in an "Eminent Women's Series" is a question on which a man might take the negative side with considerably better hope of persuading the jury. Her short life was of the most uneventful character, containing absolutely no incidents but "the Basingstoke balls" and such "migrations from the blue bed to the brown" as her successive journeyings at Steventon, Bath, Southampton, Chawton, and where not. Even the volumes of letters published a few years ago, though their interest was perhaps rather unjustly depreciated at the time, and though a person with the genius of biography could make not a little out of them, are far from promising to the casual craftsman or craftswoman. When all is said that, without intolerable tedium and dawdling, can be said about her personally, it would be very hard to fill even half the solemn two hundred pages of a "series" book. In such circumstances it may seem a little unkind to blame Mrs. Malden for resorting in her desperation to elaborate accounts of the argument of the several novels with extracts (in the same type, to gain a little). But we cannot say that the result is an appetizing book. There are three classes of persons to be considered; yea, perhaps four. First, there are the faithful, the Janophiles, the initiated, those to whom, after many years' familiarity, a page of Mr. Collins or Mrs. Norris is a green pasture, wherein they would softly walk and softlier chuckle, though the process took away part of the solid day. These blessed ones Mrs. Malden hardly caters for; and they would liberally allow her to preach to the Gentiles, even though she does not herself in all things follow the more excellent way. When Mrs. Malden says that "sensibility meant in Jane Austen's day warm, quick feeling, not exaggerated or over-keen," she says what is, as a matter of demonstrable literary history, wrong and untrue. When she says that the "disagreeable story of Willoughby's earlier life is unnecessary to the plot," we must disable her judgment—a disablement which must be repeated when she first says that "it is impossible to see how such a woman as Mrs. Bennet could have had two such daughters as Jane and Elizabeth," and in the same breath declares it to be "revolting to depict a girl of sixteen so utterly lost to decency as Lydia." It is evident from this, first, that Mrs. Malden does not know her eighteenth century (to which Jane, after all, belonged); and, secondly, that she has not studied the laws of human nature. She over-estimates *Mansfield Park* somewhat, having a curious affection for Fanny, whom other people think by far the most wooden, conventional, and eighteenth-century-missish of Miss Austen's heroines; while she is grossly unjust to Catherine Morland, and, indeed, to *Northanger Abbey* altogether. It is sad but important evidence that she barely mentions John Thorpe (a sketch simply of the first class), and that she dismisses the whole thing as "burlesque," "parody," and even "plagiarism," as were also, we suppose, *Don Quixote*, *Joseph Andrews*, and a few other childish trifles. On the other hand, she extols to the skies not merely *Persuasion* (a charming book), but *Persuasion's* rather washed-out heroine. Let this blasphemy be pardoned; but we confess that it is in the minor, not the major, characters of *Persuasion* that we recognize Miss Austen's hand, in Mary and Louisa, in Admiral Croft and Sir Walter, not in Anne and Captain Wentworth.

But Mrs. Malden may say, and justly, that she does not write for the "S. S.'s" of Austenianism. Neither, of course, does she write for those unfortunate—thrice unfortunate—ones who cannot like Miss Austen, though they seek to do so carefully, or for those who will not and do not care. For the mere general reader who may like Jane yet, we repeat that we do not think her book is likely to prove an appetizing one. Perhaps it would have been even less appetizing to him if she had written what we should have preferred, a regular critical study of the aims, manner, intent, and limitations of this wonderful art, with extracts, but without any *compte-rendu* business, except so much as was absolutely necessary to illustrate the points. To do this would, indeed, require no small critical faculty—indeed, we do not know that, though Miss Austen has been the special "critic's novelist" of England for some seventy years, it has ever been fully attempted; we do know that it has never been fully done. That it should be done is almost the only justification of a book on such a subject where, as we have said, the positive biographical information which is to be imparted amounts to little or nothing, and where there are no "problems" to discuss, or none except such extremely vague and uninteresting ones as Who was the young man who was not the late Chief Justice Lefroy? or that started by Sir Francis Doyle about the very weak-minded and weak-bodied young naval officer who walked himself to death. *A propos* of which problems we take leave to doubt whether Mrs. Malden would pass a doctress's examination in a well-constituted *Cour d'Amour*. She thinks that the future Chief Justice's heart "cannot have been irretrievably wounded" because he "was three times married in the course of his life and lived to be about ninety." Mrs. Malden is not like the Laureate's Madeline, she is not "perfect in lovelore."

* *Eminent Women Series—Jane Austen.* By Mrs. Charles Malden. London: W. H. Allen.

SLIGO.*

ALTHOUGH we have one or two matters against this *History of Sligo: Town and County*, it is on the whole a good piece of work, and fully deserves a place amongst the best Irish local histories. Its author, the Venerable T. O'Rorke, is a native of the county, and a member of a family of some note in its annals. He writes with a not unbecoming pride of its natural beauties, its antiquities, and the part which it has taken in stirring events both in mediæval and modern times. That he is well furnished with most of the qualities and accomplishments desirable in a county historian is, we think, proved by the manner in which he has carried out his undertaking; for his volumes show that he has a lively appreciation of fine scenery, a thorough knowledge of the topography of the district about which he writes, and a sufficient acquaintance with its natural history, and that he has studied all that he thought likely to illustrate his work, both in print and in manuscript, industriously, and, though some of his conclusions are no doubt open to question in a critical spirit, not accepting as conclusively proved the assertions and theories of even the most eminent of older antiquaries, but thinking out every point for himself,

* *The History of Sligo: Town and County.* By T. O'Rorke, D.D., M.R.I.A. 2 vols. Dublin: Duffy & Co., Limited.

While, too, as regards matters of the present day, he says some things which had better have been left unsaid, he writes without violence or spite; for we are inclined to put down the Index reference to "the Rev. Firebrand Seymour" as an index-maker's eccentricity. At the same time his book has its defects; for he is apt to be provokingly wordy, and seems to have none of that faculty for story-telling which once distinguished his race. He constantly leads us to think that we are on the verge of a good thing, and as often disappoints us. His stories fall flat; his style is prosy, and his volumes are rather heavy reading. Here and there he forgets the lines which separate the duties of a local historian, the writer of a guide-book, and the reporter of a provincial newspaper, and inflicts on his readers information as to the cookery and charges at certain hotels, the "ornate mansion" or the "stately residence with its graceful portico" which Mr. This or Mr. That has lately built in the town of Sligo, the professional merits of divers physicians and surgeons, and the respectable character of the matron of the County Lunatic Asylum. He should have avoided bringing in the names, and discussing—even though he generally speaks in terms of praise—the characters and actions of ladies and gentlemen who are still living and who do not occupy any public position. Nor is his book the better for his references to questions of the present day. These, however, are not very frequent, and some of them, as, for example, the unstinted and well-deserved praise which he bestows on the Irish Constabulary, show that he wishes to be fair, and does not care to truckle to the passions of the ignorant. Strongly, therefore, as we differ with him in much that he says, we shall content ourselves with remarking that he is talking nonsense when he asserts that a gentleman who chooses to employ servants or accept tenants of the same religion as himself in preference to those of another religion is guilty of the "certain unsocial proceedings" which constitute the crime of boycotting. Such conduct may or may not be wise; but it is not illegal, and is no offence against society. Again, his statement that Irish landlords as a body have during the last twenty years shown an "increased and still increasing indifference to the welfare of their tenants" is notoriously contrary to facts, and does not seem consonant with what he says elsewhere as regards the management of some estates in his own district.

After a general sketch of the natural features of the county Dr. O'Rorke treats the history and antiquities of the different baronies one after the other, taking first, and allotting by far the largest space to, the barony of Carbury, which contains the county town. He points out that there is no evidence to show that the town of Sligo existed before the thirteenth century; for the famous Battle of Sligo, which was fought about the middle of the sixth century, took its name, as O'Donovan says in his edition of *The Four Masters*, from the river, and not from the town. We have an ingenious and interesting attempt to fix the precise scene of the defeat of the Connaught men by the Cinel Eoghan and the Cinel Conaill, which comprised all the forces of Ulster. The circles and cromlechs of Carrowmore are, he maintains, the burying-places of those who fell in the battle; while the cairn of Knocknarea contained the body of Eoghan Bel, the King of Connaught, who, according to his own direction, was placed in his grave in a standing posture, with his red javelin in his hand. Although the district of Sligo was evidently inhabited earlier, for in 1227 or thereabout several "noble women" were carried off from it, the real founder of the town was Maurice Fitzgerald, who built a castle and Dominican monastery there somewhat later in the reign of Henry III. Maurice and his family, the Geraldines, were constantly at war with the rulers of Tyrconnell, which about this time fell under the sway of the O'Donnells. The English, however, were extremely powerful in Connaught, and Sligo while under the Geraldines was, no doubt, almost wholly an English town. Their power fell into decay in consequence of their war with the Red Earl of Ulster, and before long Carbury passed to a branch of the O'Connors, who, after repeated struggles with the O'Donnells, became masters of the district in the time of Cathal Oge. This distinguished warrior died at Sligo of the Black Death, called in Ireland by the strange name of the "King's Game." A long period of fighting, treachery, and general confusion followed, during which the castle of Sligo was taken and retaken several times, until in the reign of Henry VIII. the English again acquired considerable power in the district, and enabled Donnell O'Connor to hold the lordship until his death. Under the Tudor dynasty the chiefs were induced by force, by flattery, or by gifts, to renounce their Irish captaincies, and to accept English lordships and titles, to abandon their Brehon tenures and customs, and take back their lands as grants from the English Crown on the usual conditions of English landed estates, and "in general to exchange their Irish status for an English status resting on, and supported by, the authority of the Crown." Donnell O'Connor, accordingly, made submission to Elizabeth in 1565, and surrendered his lands, to receive them back again in tail male at a certain rent, promising for the future to break off his "uncivil, rude, and barbarous" mode of life. In common with other Irish chiefs, he was glad enough to make this change, as it relieved him from the authority of the sept. During the rebellion of 1641 the English in Sligo, who were lodged in the gaol probably for protection, were massacred either by the direct orders, or at least with the connivance, of two of O'Connor's brothers. This massacre was terribly avenged by Sir Frederick Hamilton, whose barbarities certainly equalled those committed by the insurgents. Dr. O'Rorke, both here and in his notice of the surrender of the Castle of Templehouse, insists strongly on the untrustworthy character of the Depositions on which some historians have founded their accounts of the massacre of 1641. We fully agree with much that he says on this subject; though, at the same time, his readers will do well to remember that, after all reasonable allowance is made for exaggerations—and the temptation to deliberate exaggeration was great—the tragedy still remains horrible. Four of the baronies of the county were given up to 481 Cromwellian settlers, whose lots were so placed as to enable them to keep the Irish in subjection. The working of the Penal Laws is vividly illustrated by a series of Depositions taken in 1712 as to "non-juring Popish priests celebrating in the Town and County of Sligo," which the author prints from a Report in the Record Office at Dublin. We have a readable sketch of the condition of Sligo in the early part of the present century, in the course of which it is noted that it was then thought so disgraceful for a farmer to sell his eggs and butter, that those who did so took care to send these articles into the town by night. While Dr. O'Rorke believes that there was far less quarrelling amongst the lower classes in those days than there is at present, he demurs to the assertion which is, he says, often made that there was less drinking. Sligo was one of the first counties in which private stills were set up, and poteen whiskey was so cheap that a traveller who asked for a drink of water was pretty sure to receive it strongly fortified. The last of the many battles which have been fought in the county was at Collooney or Carricknagat, where Colonel Vereker engaged the French and the Irish rebels under Humbert, and, in spite of the smallness of his force, succeeded in counteracting the designs of the French general on the town of Sligo. Ballymote, the chief town of the barony of Corran, was chosen by the Red Earl as the site of a castle which, after having for some time been the stronghold of the Corran Mac-Donoghs, passed into the hands of the Taaffe family. From this house came Count Francis Taaffe, who commanded the left wing of the Christian army at the relief of Vienna in 1683, and the honour of the house is still worthily maintained in Austria by Count Edward Taaffe, the Imperial Minister. The town is often mentioned in the ancient *Book of Ballymote*, now preserved in the Royal Irish Academy, which was compiled in the castle towards the end of the fourteenth century.

Dr. O'Rorke has something worth knowing to say about most of the parishes in the county, and ends his work with a general sketch of its condition at different periods. His account of the custom of coshery should make every patriotic Irishman thankful for the rule which put down such an oppressive practice, and introduced the obligations of civilized life, which oblige the tenant "to discharge his liabilities, as he does at present [does he?], by a definite money payment every six months." Although during the first few years of this century Sligo was, we are told, free from organized illegal associations, the county was disturbed in 1806 by the outrages of "Threshers," who combined to resist the payment of tithes. Several notices are given of notorious crimes, and duels, and of the evil doings of the "Bucks," who were, Dr. O'Rorke says, descendants of the Cromwellian settlers. We have also a series of sketches of the lives of "Men of Mark" belonging to the county, though but few of the natives of Sligo, save Duald MacFirbis, the antiquary, seem to have much claim to general remembrance.

A WEEK ON THE CONCORD.*

THOSE who like to record times and seasons may amuse themselves now, if they will, by keeping the jubilee of an elegant, but unexciting adventure, the voyage of John and Henry Thoreau on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers. There must be a distinct literary vitality about the style of a book which has kept alive for half a century the memory of a summer week spent by two New England brothers in a fisherman's dory on some local streams. The self-consciousness of Henry Thoreau was strenuous and effectual. When he weighed anchor in the port of Concord in August 1839 he set forth with an expressed intent of helping to immortalize the holy ground of the transcendentalists. He opens his little volume with a challenge to Xanthus and Scamander, and in some sort the proud boast has been justified. In 1834 Emerson had become a citizen of Concord, a little village-town scattered among secular elms, which was henceforth destined to form a centre of New England intelligence. When the Thoreaus made their voyage in 1839 the Delphi of Massachusetts was still but faintly illustrious intellectually, although it preserved a proud recollection of "the embattled farmers" and how their first fatal volley was "heard round the world." But between the fact of the voyage and the record—for Thoreau's book did not appear until 1849—much occurred to bring the name of Concord before the world of letters and to flatter the vanity or excite the parochial patriotism of the recluse of Walden. By the later date Emerson had come before the world as a poet and as an essayist; the Brook Farm experiment at Roxbury had sprung from the recesses of Concord, and had been withdrawn into its

* *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers.* By Henry Thoreau. With a Prefatory Note by W. H. Dircks. London: Walter Scott.

bosom; Hawthorne had arrived in 1842, and had settled in that ancient Manse from which he was to pull so many picturesque *Mosses*. The very boat, if we mistake not, in which the voyage was made had been, by 1849, transferred by Thoreau to Hawthorne's possession. The voyager is ever conscious, as he records his adventures, of the classic nature of the spots around him, and in his queer verse he celebrates the New Reformers together with the bitterns and the pickerels:—

> On Penkawtasset, since we took our way
> Down this still stream to far Billericay,
> A poet wise has settled, whose fine ray
> Doth often shine on Concord's twilight day.
>
> Like those first stars, whose silver beams on high,
> Shining more brightly as the day goes by,
> Most travellers cannot at first descry,
> But eyes that wont to range the evening sky,
>
> And know celestial lights do plainly see,
> And gladly hail them, numbering two or three;
> For love that's deep must deeply studied be,
> As from deep wells men read star-poetry.

This mixture of the student and the wild Indian, of the lamp and the morning star, this perpetual confusion between nature in its unconsciousness and Yankee transcendentalism in its conscious pomp, gives a peculiar flavour to all the writing of Henry Thoreau, but perhaps to no book so strongly as to *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*.

It is strange that Thoreau, with his love for the native names of streams and places, should have accepted the conventional form of Concord River, instead of the Indian one which Emerson and Hawthorne use, Musketaquid. Unless we recognize that these two are the names of the same stream, we lose the pleasure of comparing Thoreau's prose with Emerson's verse. It is to the Musketaquid, and therefore to the Concord River, that the latter has addressed one of the finest of his lyrics, that which opens

> Thy summer voice, Musketaquid,
> Repeats the music of the rain;

and the exceptionally graceful study in blank verse in which the poet attributes the favour of the wood-gods to his own modesty in being contented with the "low, open meads" which surround this slender and sluggish stream. This famous river, the Concord or Musketaquid, after entering the town of the Philosophers, receives the tributary waters of the Assabeth, and then flows down until it empties itself into the Merrimac at Lowell. The Musketaquid is sacred to Emerson; the Merrimac is Thoreau's by right of conquest; while the Assabeth, which Thoreau passes without a single word of appreciation, was specially favoured by the shy and recluse genius of Hawthorne. Those who have the *Week* before them may turn aside from it for a moment to hear Hawthorne's description of the voyages which he and Thoreau were wont to make over the confluent waters:—

> Strange and happy times were those, when we cast aside all irksome forms and strait-laced habitudes, and delivered ourselves up to the free air, to live like the Indians or any less conventional race, during one bright semicircle of the sun. Rowing our boat against the current, between wide meadows, we turned aside into the Assabeth. A more lovely stream than this, for a mile above its junction with the Concord, has never flowed on earth—nowhere, indeed, except to lave the interior regions of a poet's imagination. It comes flowing softly through the midmost privacy and deepest heart of a wood which whispers to it to be quiet; while the stream whispers back again from its sedgy borders, as if river and wood were hushing one another to sleep. Yes; the river sleeps along its course, and dreams of the sky and the clustering foliage.

In none of his later volumes did Henry Thoreau express his peculiar philosophy with so much geniality and so little straining after exaggerated effect as in the *Week*. He was a closer observer later on, perhaps; he was certainly a quainter forger of *concetti*, but never more himself than here. The traveller by the railway from Boston to Concord, to whom is pointed out on his right-hand side the very tame and mild pond which is Walden, is apt to think that Thoreau, after all, knew but little of the wilder parts of nature. But his acquaintance with his native country was really extensive, and was formed before he had fallen under the influence of Emerson, had learned to commune with the Over-soul, or had lapsed into literature. On the present voyage, when he reached the Merrimac, it was not to greet it as a stranger. He was familiar with all the windings of its romantic waters. He had patiently traced it from its source in the White Mountains "to where it is lost amid the salt billows of the ocean on Plum Island beach." He had been a real nomad of the mountains before Emerson tamed him; he was personally friendly with those Titanic monsters of the back of New Hampshire, Agiochook and Contochook and the rest, of whose acquaintance Emerson rather ineffectually and unreally boasted in early and most indifferent odes and canticles. This is perhaps the reason why the Indian names, which sound pathetically exotic on the lips of Hawthorne, and downright barbarous on those of Emerson, seem genuine and inevitable when Thoreau uses them. Rivers are as pleasant company to meet Thoreau in as ever we find. His fault is to be stationary, to keep us poring over some little natural object long after we have extracted the mental nourishment from it. "A day passed in the society of the Greek sages who are described in the *Banquet* of Xenophon would not," he says in one of his most characteristic utterances, "be comparable with the dry wit of decayed cranberry-vines and the fresh Attic salt of moss-beds." But this is quite a matter of opinion, and there are those who love moss-beds and cranberry-vines and who yet cannot patiently endure a whole day on their knees in front of them. For such readers it is a great consolation to get Thoreau on board his boat. The inevitable current carries him along. Talk as he will, the burdock passes, the yarrow is left behind, and we come in the process of time to fresh promontories with juniper on them and no longer catnip.

It cannot be said that Thoreau travels very fast, even when the Concord or the Merrimac is hurrying him along. He clings to the shore, he is the victim of every variety of eddy, he slips into backwaters and hums there, like a lost fragment of timber, for hours on hours. Take Friday, for instance, in this adventurous chronicle. We start fairly well, though in a fog; but we are soon caught in the Corybantes and "the whole paraphernalia of the Panathenæa." Here we hang for two or three pages, and when at last we start again we are caught almost instantly in a disquisition on genius and inspiration. Five pages are dedicated to a criticism of Ossian, and we are losing all hope, when suddenly "we sail fleetly before the wind, with the river gurgling under our stern, and glide past the mouth of the Nashua." We pause to indite a lyric to "Salmon Brook, Panichook," and so this delightful Friday wears itself out. Why should we proceed any faster? We are not travelling any whither. We have no duties, no engagements. Why not listen patiently to this pleasant and fantastic garrulity? Certainly it is agreeable to do so, but, nevertheless, we are glad to be on board, to have the moving water under us, for Thoreau's intellectual self-absorption is apt to resemble, in its wearying capacity, the faculty of a bore. This is a hard saying to the Thoreau fanatics, of whom we have a few among us. But it does not preclude the admission that the work of this writer is often enjoyable, and still more often valuable. We must not take Thoreau too seriously. We must not forget Dr. Holmes's really splendid definition of him as "the nullifier of civilization, who insisted on nibbling his asparagus at the wrong end." But we who know how to handle our asparagus may nevertheless take an acute intellectual pleasure in this curious Rousseau of Massachusetts, who had certainly mastered the art of favourably interesting those who can never agree with him.

The present reprint belongs to a series in which *Walden* has already appeared. A few years ago, in order to study Thoreau, it was necessary to procure from America editions, and in some cases even the original issues, of his works. While we do not think that he can ever, or should ever, be very widely read, we are glad that the most characteristic of his publications should be freely circulated. His books, and in particular the book now before us, started a kind of new thing in literature, much less simple and unaffected than Gilbert White or Gilpin, more fantastic than Cobbett, who, moreover, was as sociable as Thoreau was solitary, full of oddity and mistiness, but, at all events in their early manifestations, neither cynical nor empty. Thoreau was a true lover of books as well as of woodchucks. His knowledge of literature was perhaps more curious than profound, and he emulated Emerson a little over-boldly in his Oriental illustrations. But he could write English prose, although he could not manage good verse, and in the former section of literary labour he has accomplished some of the most satisfactory work of his time. Setting aside his great friends Hawthorne and Emerson, who was there in America in 1839 capable of the Praise of Friendship in the Wednesday chapter of *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*? Perhaps not one, certainly none of the Ripleys and Alcotts and Channings who passed for prose writers at that dim and distant epoch.

EPOCHS OF CHURCH HISTORY.*

MOST of the volumes of Professor Creighton's "Epochs of Church History" have been rather historical than theological, so that the experiment of "popular" handling of purely doctrinal matters has not hitherto been tried. Mr. Gwatkin's handling of the half-century of controversy which ended in the establishment of the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity almost of necessity dares this dangerous experiment; and, perhaps wisely, dares it with boldness. The author has, comparatively speaking, neglected even such opportunities of description and anecdote as were open to him; and, limited as was Gibbon's space, more will be found in him about the death of Arius, the storming of the church of Theonas, the exploits of George of Cappadocia, and the other external incidents of the long conflict than in this monograph. On the other hand, Mr. Gwatkin is, as might be expected, both much fuller and more exact in his account of the shades, as of a dying dolphin, through which Anti-Trinitarianism passed before it (at least as a candidate for the position of recognized orthodoxy) gave up the ghost. One thing only we could have wished. As the book is presumably intended for not very learned readers, it might have been a distinct gain to put in some conspicuous place a tabular arrangement of the distinctive points in Arianism, Semi-Arianism, Homœanism, Anomœanism, and the earlier and later forms of Nicene orthodoxy, with such minor shades as the author chose. As it is, we fear that, except to experts, the statement that somebody's opinions had at a certain time become "quite Macedonian," though it may strike awe, will not produce understanding. But this is the besetting sin of all the better class of writers—that is to say, of those who write with full knowledge of their subject. And it is, perhaps, especially likely

* *Epochs of Church History—The Arian Controversy*. By H. M. Gwatkin. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

to occur where, as Mr. Gwatkin informs us is the case here, a popular book is to a great extent abridged from a previous series of specialist studies by the same author. Nor is it a serious matter where the subject is one which can hardly be appreciated at all without a considerable amount of attention.

On the other hand, the great merit of the book is its explanation of the hold which the different Unitarian systems have at various times gained on the Christian world, and especially of the long battle which Arianism itself waged with Orthodoxy. This latter was, no doubt, in part due to the fact that Arianism was a sort of halfway house between Paganism of the philosophical kind and Christianity—that it offered an escape from the *lapis offensionis* of the Cross. Mr. Gwatkin, in language, no doubt, intentionally strong, points out, and we think justly, that "the Arian Christ is nothing but a heathen idol, invented to maintain a heathenish Supreme in heathen isolation from the world." In other words, the nearer the Son is pulled down towards man by the attenuation of his Godhead, the more remote from man becomes the unshared Godhead of the Father. You have an *Être Suprême* who is practically unapproachable, a mere "One and All," destitute of personality, and a Christ who is to be worshipped, though he is not really God in the full sense, and is, indeed, only the first of creatures, with a creature's limitation. The real mystery of the Incarnation, the distinctive doctrine of Christianity, is thus put on one side altogether, together with, in effect, the doctrine of the personality of God. And Mr. Gwatkin not obscurely hints, though he does not follow out the hint, that not a few much more modern thinkers than Arius fall into pretty much the same blunder. In fact, the most logical of our present Agnostics, anti-Miraclists, anti-Supernaturalists, and the rest, do very much the same thing by pushing all the supernatural part of religion (if they allow any such) away into an unknowable region, and rationalizing the rest down to mere naturalism. As for details, we have really nothing to comment on unfavourably, except that we think Mr. Gwatkin might have avoided calling the accepted "Nicene Creed" "spurious." Of course it is so in the sense, the strict technical sense, that the formula now pronounced in the Eucharistic service is not the exact document which was signed at Nicæa after being *rédigé* from the old Cæsarean creed. The anathemas have disappeared, and divers clauses, especially in the second and third paragraphs, have been filled in. But "spurious" in the popular sense (and these books are popular) means more than this; and, as Mr. Gwatkin says that "the elaborate framework of Nicæa is completely shattered," he seems to mean more too. If it be so, we cannot agree with him. Putting, of course, the *filioque* out of the question, the accepted "Nicene" Creed seems to us to maintain the "framework" of Nicæa quite intact (Mr. Gwatkin himself elsewhere speaks of the only important omission, "from the essence," as a wise removal), and to fill in only undisputed or else fairly complementary details. However, this is matter of argument. What is not is that "spurious" is to the vulgar, though not perhaps to the scholarly, a somewhat question-begging and misleading epithet.

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*THE SCOTTISH ART REVIEW.**

THE idea that a painter should write about painting, a sculptor about sculpture, an architect about architecture, is a very old one. Whether its soundness equals its antiquity is another matter, and one which we need not now discuss, especially as the editor of the *Scottish Art Review*, in a prefatory note, expressly states that he does not profess to exclude other critics "who, though not themselves professionally engaged in the arts, may yet have general culture or special knowledge." The very first article, on "Progressiveness in Art," is not by an artist, but by Professor Caird. It is followed by the first of a series of articles on the pictures at the Glasgow Exhibition by an anonymous writer, whether artist or critic. He does not spare some of the great names of the day, and speaks of "work from Sir Frederick Leighton, Luke Fildes, and Hubert Herkomer, which has in it no more of the vital spirit of Art than has the learned inability of E. J. Poynter and Sir J. D. Linton, the cheap sentimentality of Faed and Phil Morris, the hideously unreal realism of Brett and the meretricious prettiness of MacWhirter and Murray." These are brave words, especially when we remember that they are applied in many cases to Scotchmen. We were certainly under an impression that to run down "MacWhirter and Murray" was one of the deadly sins in Scotland. As a fact, however, much of the criticism in this paper and the papers that follow seems to be very sound; and the experience of the Royal Academy Exhibition just closed goes far to justify the views of the writer in the *Scottish Art Review*. Music is not neglected, as in our London art magazines; and we find articles on the subject not only as practised in Glasgow and Edinburgh, but even in New York. The architectural papers are interesting, though few readers will share Mr. Andrew Hall's admiration for the Glasgow Exhibition buildings. It would be as easy to admire the Albert Hall or the Bethnal Green Museum. Why does Mr. Honeyman observe, in another architectural article, "How different would our estimate be of the artistic merit of men like Inigo Jones or Wren if we had only their drawings to guide us"? We have not many of Wren's drawings; but, on the other hand, we could but ill judge of Inigo Jones if we had only the few buildings from his hand which have come down to us. Whitehall Chapel and St. Paul's, Covent Garden, have both been rebuilt. St. Alban's, Wood Street, can hardly be adduced; Lord Grimthorpe can account for Lincoln's Inn Chapel; and in London we have only left part of a façade in Little Queen Street and the interior of Ashburnham House. There are a few country houses, of course; but we should know little indeed of Inigo but for Kent's volume and for the great engravings of D. M. Müller. The criticism on the Glasgow municipal buildings is sound, though anonymous.

We cannot go through the whole volume, but may observe once for all that, if the editor's chief object has been originality, he has in great part succeeded; and, though some of his contributors are a little too iconoclastic and others write a little too much from the amateur point of view, there is a refreshing liveliness apparent everywhere. The engravings are all, or nearly all, of the kind known as "process"; and some of them, especially a beautiful frontispiece, the "Wood Nymph," after Mr. Burne Jones, and the "St. George," after Mabuse, are exceedingly pleasing and instructive.

* *The Scottish Art Review.* Vol. I. Glasgow. 1889.

OLD ARCHITECTURE IN SOUTH-WEST SURREY.*

THIS is a book which ought to be useful to more than one class of persons. The designers of buildings, intended to charm by their homely qualities, while they contain at the same time carefully-conceived picturesque grouping and detail of a simple kind; the contractor, who, disdaining the aid of an architect, perpetrates the modern villa on a "plot" at a ninety-nine years' lease; the roaming artist; and perhaps, above all, the dweller in South-West Surrey, will find in its pages material both serviceable and enjoyable. At the same time, it will afford a valuable addition to the store of carefully-selected material already awaiting the historian of post-mediæval English architecture. We could have wished that the style had been somewhat less "scrappy." The author seems in many chapters to have merely jotted down his notes, without any attempt to do more than string them together. And there is, in the architectural portion of the book, a cross-division of the subject into its analytical and topographical branches, which involves a frequent and tedious reference to illustrations placed many pages away from the immediate text. The illustrations themselves are of the kind best suited to the purpose of the book. The perspective views are, where we have tested them, faithful; and give, as they are intended to give, the picturesque results of old cottage architecture. The mechanism by which these results were obtained is illustrated by a fair number of drawings to scale. The work would, no doubt, have been more valuable if provided with a larger number of the latter. And it is to be hoped that, if it reaches another edition (as it well deserves to do), the author may take our hint.

Interspersed amongst the descriptions are many interesting critical remarks both on the old work, and on modern adaptations of the style. With most of these we agree, but some seem to be of more doubtful value. The statement, for instance, that "In all old carved oak-work the surface is powdered over with stamps of varying forms, and in turned work lines are drawn in addition to the mouldings. These give softness and richness that cannot otherwise be attained; but architect and workman often fail to take note of these points, when repeating the old forms, and the result is, in consequence, disappointing" is an exaggeration. Mr. Nevill must stand convicted of having failed to observe many fine oak carvings in which this is not the case. He makes a very true remark, however, when he analyses one of the causes of the failure of the modern Gothic revival. "I have always thought," he says, "that one principal reason why the Gothic revival, in spite of the enthusiasm and talent of its directors, has failed to make a permanent impression on our domestic architecture, is the unsuitability of the style of the woodwork to the trade of the joiner, especially since machinery has come so largely to his aid." He might have added that down to the later Gothic times there was no style in woodwork, the forms being mechanical imitations of those developed for stone construction and ornamentation.

His views on the effect of the old thin, as opposed to the modern thick, bricks will be endorsed by all men of taste. It is a most strange fact, that it is of recent years only, that this discovery has been made. Many endeavours have been made by various architects to produce the harmony of colour of old brickwork, the most terrible and revolting being the blackening of the joints. The inevitable result of this has been to give to the building, when new, a colouring of dingy purplish red, which grows dingier with age and exposure to town or country atmosphere. The secret of success is in the use of a brick about two inches instead of three inches thick, and set in a joint of the width of half an inch, with ordinary mortar (which may be tinted with brickdust); and these bricks have the enormous advantage of giving greater facilities for delicate mouldings. His views on the staining of tiles are of similar value; although we wish he had warned architects and builders against the use of

* *Old Cottage and Domestic Architecture in South-West Surrey, and Notes on the Early History of the Division.* By Ralph Nevill, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. Guildford: printed by Billing & Sons. 1889.

many kinds of modern machine-made tiles, which have a surface that declines to be toned by the minute vegetable growths that are the great source of the beauty of the colouring of the older tiles.

The owners of ancient houses will be interested in his theory of the real cause of those fires, which are usually considered as due to the smouldering of beams in chimneys. He attributes this to the insertion of new grates of strong heating power, fixed without the proper filling in of bricks into the old wide opening. The soot, he thinks, falls and collects in the empty space, and after a time ignites. One case in his own experience he quotes, and the theory seems likely to be a true one in many cases. But it must not be forgotten that smouldering beams have been discovered, and that fires (probably from this cause) have occurred in cases where there has been no renewal of the grate.

This interesting book closes with what the author rightly describes as "gleanings" of the evidences of Roman occupation in the district. These generally go to prove the theory that this district "remained in the possession of the Romanized Britons till a late period in the Saxon history." We hope that Mr. Nevill may find time to collect his information in a more consecutive form, and to deal with this important branch of antiquarian research in an exhaustive manner.

OUTDOOR SPORTS IN SCOTLAND.*

ELLANGOWAN'S range in this volume is a wide one. He teaches us how to kill and how to cook deer, hares, rabbits, pheasants, grouse, partridges, capercailzie, wildfowl, salmon, and trout; what to do with gamekeepers, poachers, and vermin; and how to manage badger-baiting, cock-fighting, otter-hunting, fox-hunting, curling, golfing, and shinty. The book is full of statistics, which are not only rather wearying, but in many cases highly speculative. It is undoubtedly a difficult thing to supply figures with regard to certain matters connected with sports, and where they must necessarily be exceedingly vague it may be a question whether it would not be best to dispense with them altogether. This was our feeling when we attempted to follow the author in his calculations as to the game supply of Great Britain. There are, says he, somewhere about 1,200 cafés, hotels, restaurants, dining-rooms, and superior public-houses at which luncheon or dinner may be obtained in London. Then he makes a guess as to the number of these at which game is regularly provided. He thinks that perhaps one might get it at 150 of them. At some of the others, he supposes, grouse may be given when the market is glutted. He considers it possible that this might be done at half of them. After various guessings and supposings, he finally decides to "take it that 500" of the 1,200 "will average two birds a day on each of the 120 days (including Sundays) of the grouse season," which makes such and such a number of grouse. To this he would add, say, 10,000 or 12,000 birds for Brighton and other watering-places on the South coast, and perhaps, "offhand, just five times the quantity required in London" for ——, and so on. Now we have come across a good deal of wild figure-mongering in our day; but never before have we met with a writer who made such bold plunges into units, tens, and hundreds, averages, percentages, and inferences as Ellangowan.

All the author's facts and figures, however, are not equally hazy. Fifty years ago one could rent, says he, two or three thousand acres of shooting and a mile or two of good water in Scotland for 50*l.*, and he is supported in this opinion by the late Lord Malmesbury's statement that, for 25*l.* a year, he was once offered the moors, forests, and fishings of the Isle of Harris, which now command a rental of 2,000*l.* Two moors belonging to the late Mr. Butter of Faskally, which at present let for 800*l.* a year, were rented fifty years ago at 8*l.* On p. 20 Ellangowan says that the rental of the deer forests of Scotland is "close upon one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which is equal to an average of 1*s.* 6*d.* per acre." On p. 133 he says of "the forests in Scotland" that "the best way to obtain the figures of rental is to average the area occupied at a given sum per acre, which may be taken at 2*s.* 6*d.* all over, making a total for the vast acreage of 150,000*l.*" The liberty of being allowed to take either eighteenpence or half a crown as the average per acre returned by a gross rental of a given sum is somewhat embarrassing. But this is not all, for he immediately adds:—"The cost of living and the extra outlay of different kinds will certainly increase the amount by the sum of 50,000*l.*, showing a grand total for deer-forests of 200,000*l.*" The cost of living! In the name of dry champagne, *pâté de fois gras*, lady's-maid's wages, and doctor's bills, is every expense of living during a season at a deer-forest to be included under this head? Then is this unknown quantity (for we see no particular reason for putting it at 50,000*l.*) to be added to half a crown or eighteenpence per acre, according to the taste of the mathematician, and to be again divided by the total number of acres of the Highland deer-forests? There is something sublime in the idea of the accuracy which would thus be attained. More to the point is the account of an English gentleman's experiences of a forest. He says:—"I have had the confounded place now for three seasons, and it has cost me in that time not less than ten thousand pounds," in addition to "no end of small sums" of which he grew tired of taking note. The pleasures he obtained in return for his outlay were of the following nature:—"For a couple of hours at a time I have walked with the water of a running stream well over my boots. A suit of clothes has been done for in a day's time; twice or thrice I have sunk up to my chest in a moss; once I fell over a precipice"; once when crossing a loch "I fell overboard, and was not fished out till I was nearly drowned." On another occasion "I was fired at by one of my own gillies, who said he mistook me for a 'beestie,' of what kind I know not; but I fancy I had rather a narrow escape. *Per contra*, I have on five occasions brought down a good stag." The largest proprietor of deer-forests in Scotland is the Duke of Sutherland, with three forests covering 147,010 acres; then comes the Duke of Fife, with the Mar Forest of 80,000; and, thirdly, Lord Breadalbane, with the Blackmount of 70,000. With regard to the number of stags that are shot on a forest, the author says that on one of 10,000 acres from a dozen to a score are usually killed, and he estimates the total number of stags shot in a year in Scotland at about 4,500.

Turning from deer to hares, we find many authorities quoted upon the disputed question of the average number of leverets bred by a hare in a year. One believes that hares have three litters, with two leverets in the first, three in the second, and four or five in the last; another thinks that they have only two litters; a third is of opinion that they have from ten to twelve young ones in a year; a fourth that they have fifteen or sixteen; a fifth says that a pair of hares turned into a large enclosed garden increased to the number of fifty-six in a single season; a sixth had a friend in Wales who once saw seven young hares in one litter. With rabbits, again, one naturalist puts their average litters at five and another at eight; one calculates that a pair of rabbits will multiply within a given period to the extent of 1,274,840, while another makes their increase only 478,062. Ellangowan himself estimates the probable descendants of a pair of rabbits through many generations, until he gets among very high figures, the accuracy of which we have not made it our business to test. We are inclined to receive his statement that, "despite the provisions of the Ground Game Act, rabbits are as plentiful as they were ten or twelve years ago" with some reserve. Certainly this is not the case on certain estates, whatever it may be in England as a whole. We are told that the value of the rabbits killed every year in Great Britain is about half a million sterling, but that rabbits are not nearly so valuable as they used to be, as the skin of a rabbit alone was worth from half a crown to three shillings in the early part of the present century.

Ellangowan believes in the theory, held by many, that a cock grouse takes two or three of the brood under his special charge, and that these develop with extraordinary precocity. The whole brood, he tells us, leaves the nest within twenty-four hours of hatching, never to return to it; and little grouse (runners) walk great distances, in proof of which he states, as an undoubted fact, that "Two tender birds, which were well identified by deformed legs, had travelled nearly seven miles in the course of two days and two nights." Capercailzie have "multiplied astonishingly in Scotland during the last twenty years"; Ptarmigan have become scarcer, and blackgame are decreasing. Fortunately, "Year by year grouse become more abundant." "In some seasons certain moors become so thickly populated with birds as to have been estimated to contain dozens to the acre." To certain acres, perhaps; but surely not "to the acre" in the usual acceptation of the expression. Partridges, on the contrary, have "much decreased" in Scotland during the last ten or twelve years, one reason of this being that they are desperately poached. Not that grouse are allowed to go scot free in this respect; for in the course of "the season over two thousand brace of grouse will be sent from Scotland to England packed, as has been hinted, in herring barrels and salmon boxes." But salmon-poaching is practised on a still larger scale in Scotland. We read that from six to eight thousand fish are annually taken by poachers in the Tweed and its tributaries, and chiefly at the spawning season. The majority of these poached salmon from the Tweed are sent to the Continent. A Tweed poacher told the author that he did not consider that he had done well unless he took more than twenty salmon in a night. Some account is given of the trade in feathers carried on by the inhabitants of the island of St. Kilda, of whom there are only about ninety all told. They pay their rents in feathers and earn their living by feathers. "The men of St. Kilda will collect and kill ten thousand birds in a very short space of time; but they are so numerous that such a number subtracted from the general stock is of no moment." Ellangowan informs us that plover's eggs, of which great quantities are sent from Scotland to London, only became fashionable about thirty years ago, although epicures have occasionally eaten them for double that period.

It must be discouraging to salmon-breeders to reflect that, according to the calculations of some authorities, "not two ova of the salmon in a thousand will live to become reproductive," and that others "have estimated that only one egg out of every thousand becomes in time a full-grown salmon." A female fish is supposed to yield about one thousand eggs for each pound of her weight; but for the accuracy of this estimate we should be sorry to vouch. Statistics are given to prove that more of the salmon eaten in England comes from Ireland than from Scotland or England and Wales. It is stated that the annual value of the salmon caught in England and Wales is not more than 100,000*l.*,

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* *Out of Door Sports in Scotland.* By Ellangowan. London: Allen & Co. 1889.

and of that in Scotland about 250,000*l.*, whereas the average of that of Ireland is about 400,000*l.*

Probably the most interesting chapter to some people may be that on "Game in Larder, Kitchen, and Dining Room." The author seems to be remarkably fond of onions and bacon, and he has a horror of "high" or underdone game or venison. "'Only show it the fire,'" say certain epicures. "That of course is nonsense, only those who delight in 'feasts of blood' will permit" such an abomination. "I do not eat the rotten bird," said Monsieur Blazé; "those who keep the pheasant till it can change its position without man's aid must permit me *not* to be of their opinion." Sir Walter Scott used to say that he was not asked to eat his gigot of Cheviot mutton in a high condition, and that his roast beef was never sent to table in a highly-perfumed state, why, then, he would ask, should his pheasants and his venison be kept until they were "in a condition in which no Christian gentleman or lady should be asked to eat them. Bread-sauce and red-currant jelly," he would add, "I have found out—they are mere disguises." Even with the opinion of so high an authority many will differ, as well as with Ellangowan's statement that "all the wild animals we kill are so sufficiently 'high' by their course of feeding" as not to require much keeping; although Soyer himself said that grouse ought not to be "over-kept, because from the food they eat they are ready for the cook in three or four days after being killed." A man must be of a very robust temperament to share the author's opinion that when hare-soup is "rich, ruddy, and reeking it is most appetite-provoking." "Of the woodcock it has been said by a competent authority that no epicure eats the bird itself, all he wants is the trail on its bed of toast, the cock itself may be passed on to the servants' hall"; but another *bon vivant* "maintains that the woodcock is *all* for eating." We quite agree with the author that "thrushes are good for food in a high degree," so also are blackbirds, though it is, perhaps, rather wicked to eat either; but when he tells us that farmyard or granary rats are quite as palatable as rabbits when nicely cooked," we feel no inclination to avail ourselves of his suggestion. Wonderful man! He likes rats and does not care for venison.

Now and then Ellangowan's phraseology is a little peculiar; for instance, he talks about "almost no dog," and "almost nothing"; many of his opinions, again, are likely to be disputed, and he is very far from guiltless of the sin of padding; but read in the sort of way that a book of this kind ought to be read, *Out-door Sports in Scotland* is by no means to be despised. A book on sports must necessarily contain much that is well-known to sportsmen; this work, however, has many things in it that will be new to most of them.

COOLIDGE'S SWISS GUIDE-BOOKS.*

THIRTY-TWO years have passed since the foundation of the Alpine Club, just thirty since the first series of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers* was published, and twenty-six since the purpose of that collection was taken up and continued in a more permanent and technical manner by the *Alpine Journal*. We may say, therefore, that for a generation of men the work of "mountain adventure and scientific observation" (to borrow the terms in which the scope of the *Alpine Journal* was and is defined) in regions above and beyond the range of ordinary travel has been acknowledged as a specific branch of human activity which has, and ought to have, like other special pursuits, a literature of its own. The year 1857 may conveniently be taken as the dividing point between the old and the new state of mountaineering. From that time there has been a constant flow of Alpine publications, historical, practical, scientific, popular, occasional and personal, or containing some or all of these elements in various proportions. Among these a considerable special class is formed by Alpine guide-books, general and local. The recent Continental literature both of this and of other kinds is abundant and much of it excellent. When a special class of books has thriven to this extent and is still thriving, no more words are needed to show that the harvest is ripe for the bibliographer. A sign of the times in England is that several second-hand booksellers make a distinct heading of "Alpine" or "Mountaineering" in their catalogues. One cannot expect the makers of such catalogues to come up to the standard of the British Museum; but material errors and defects in the description of this class of books are common enough to show that a readily accessible *apparatus criticus* is desirable and ought to be welcome.

Hitherto there has been almost nothing of the kind in English; and, although Georg of Basel and others have published copious and useful catalogues, we are not aware that a complete Alpine bibliography, much less a complete bibliography of mountain exploration and observation, can be found anywhere. It would be a long and difficult undertaking to construct one, and Mr. Coolidge's aim in the book now before us has been different, and within much narrower limits. At the same time the book is a valuable contribution of materials and resources towards the larger purpose; and the point of view of historical bibliography seems to be that from which its permanent value can be best appreciated. Mr. Coolidge describes his subject as "the history of the practical side of travelling in Switzerland," meaning chiefly "the development of guide-books and other means of travel," and this within "the boundaries of Switzerland according to what may be called tourist geography"—that is to say, excluding the Grisons and including the whole chain of Mont Blanc. In the result the "other means" or material conditions of travel—inns, steamers, railways, and roads—are dealt with in a few pages of statistics; and the first part of the volume is mainly a literary history of guide-books. No small part of the work done by Mr. Coolidge consists in tracing the several forms and editions of the same book, attributing anonymous and pseudonymous works to their real authors, and ascertaining, as between distinct publications resembling one another in contents, which is copied from or modelled on the other. All this, we need not tell any scholar, is eminently bibliographer's work, and Mr. Coolidge has done it with a scholarly thoroughness which makes his book a real landmark, and will save endless trouble to future workers on the subject. Moreover, he gives us, in the modest form of an appendix, a "List of the principal Works relating to the Alpine regions of Switzerland and the adjacent districts, which have been published from the fifteenth century to the beginnings of modern Alpine literature," and a supplementary list of modern English books, which, though professing to give only "some of the principal works," does not appear to us, on a cursory view, to omit anything of importance. These lists do not include "guide-books, purely scientific works, and, with a few exceptions, descriptions of special districts"; the total number of entries, counting addenda, is 245. The text is followed by a most interesting and useful body of notes. Our only complaint is that, in order to save space, a good deal has been stowed away in them which on its merits might quite as well have been displayed in the text. A virtuous reader ought to read the notes; but it is common knowledge that most people do not.

There is, for example, an early and curious English allusion to the terrors of the Alps of which Mr. Coolidge's text gives no hint, though it is fully described in the notes. It would seem that in the second quarter of the tenth century some English clerk, or perhaps a patron or superior from whom he had the description, crossed the Alps in winter, and had a bitterly cold journey. This clerk, having to draft royal grants of lands, which, according to the constant practice, contained a "sanction," or cursing clause, directed against any future violator of the gift, bethought him of a novelty. He made cold perform the effect of fire, and instead of consigning the lawless intruder to "Satanæ lebes," "herebi machæra," or the infernal portion of Judas and all other traitors, he invoked upon him the icy blasts of the glaciers and the hosts of Pennine demons. Nine charters are preserved, and printed in Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus*, which exhibit this peculiar curse. They all come within ten years (A.D. 938-946). There is nothing to identify this unknown predecessor of John de Bremble, whose ink froze on the Great St. Bernard in 1188, and whose letter, in Bishop Stubbs's translation, has a conspicuous place in Mr. Coolidge's text.

The reader who follows Mr. Coolidge need not fear being imposed upon by dogmatism. If anything, the author is too diffident. He will not positively say that the original edition of Murray's Handbook (1838) contains the first and true invention of the arrangement by routes which all the guide-books have adopted since. The first Continental guide-book in which that arrangement is known to appear is Richard's (ed. 1840) and the next edition (1843) professed to be "revue d'après Murray." But there were many editions of Richard (originally an adaptation of Ebel), and there is just the possibility that Murray's arrangement occurred independently in some earlier edition not seen by Mr. Coolidge. This possibility is carefully left open. Again at a more recent time Berlepsch's guide-book underwent a sort of bifurcation into two distinct books, of which Mr. Coolidge says, "I cannot explain what seems a very odd proceeding." We have not the books before us, but it seems a safe inference that the relations between Berlepsch and his publishers were broken or dissolved (indeed, a French adapter of the publisher's edition says as much), that there was no agreement restraining either of them from using the old name and materials, and that accordingly two competing recensions of Berlepsch's guide existed side by side for some years. One or two minute puzzles about earlier guide-books remain unsolved. What was the "Schreckhorn" which a writer of 1796 classed with the Stockhorn, the Grimsel, and the Gemmi? His epithet *halsbrechend* was certainly more appropriate to the Schreckhorn which we now know by that name than to the other three; but he seems to speak of them all as points of view commonly sought by tourists. We need not remind any one who has followed us so far that more than sixty years were still to pass before the Schreckhorn was ascended.

Not less accurate and cautious is Mr. Coolidge's account of Swiss mountain inns and huts. We can confirm from our own memory one date for which he seems to desire more evidence. François Couttet, of Chamonix (dit Baguette, the "père Baltet" of *Tartarin sur les Alpes*), was still acting as a guide in 1867, but had planned his hotel, and meanwhile occasionally entertained a few travellers in his own house. In 1869 the Hôtel Couttet was open and in working order. The date of 1868 for Couttet's "commencing innkeeper" (why has that good eighteenth-century phrase gone out of fashion?) appears, therefore, to be correct.

The volume is concluded by a monograph on Zermatt, intended to exemplify Mr. Coolidge's method in a particular application. It is a curious piece of minute history, and not too minutely told for so typical a mountaineering centre. We need not, however, dwell further on details. Enough has been said to

* *Swiss Travel and Swiss Guide-Books.* By W. A. B. Coolidge. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

show that Mr. Coolidge's book is an indispensable addition to every collection of Alpine literature, and an almost indispensable companion to a set of the *Alpine Journal*. We may be allowed, finally, to concur in the wish expressed by Mr. Coolidge—the wish, we believe, of most English mountaineers—that a new and revised edition of Mr. Ball's *Alpine Guide* should be produced. In many ways it is still a standard work, and it is by no means too late for a competent editor, or editing committee, to restore its old utility and pre-eminence. But by the end of the century it may be too late.

It may be convenient to notice here a volume which we have just received, entitled *Annuaire de la Suisse Pittoresque et Hygiénique*, and published at Lausanne at the office of the "Bibliothèque Universelle." It is a kind of gazetteer, giving special prominence to health resorts, and also giving, as might be expected, something of a lion's share to the cantons of Vaud and Valais. The introduction contains information about climate and mineral waters, revised according to the latest medical knowledge. There is an appendix on the winter resorts of the Riviera; but the Alpine part is strictly confined to the political boundaries of Switzerland. So far as we can judge, this publication ought to be useful to travellers in search of health, to whom it is chiefly, if not exclusively, addressed. It does not profess to do the work of a guide-book.

MR. SIMS REEVES.*

FIFTY years of artistic life is a suggestive theme for an autobiographer, though the writer be an artist of less repute and popularity than the eminent singer who has compiled the amusing and interesting volume before us. Everybody with music in his soul will read these recollections of an eventful and brilliant career with pleasure, and possibly not without profit. For Mr. Sims Reeves has done more than consider the taste of the general public by providing a varied assortment of good stories. Like Michael Kelly, before him, and other chroniclers of musical times, he does much to gratify natural curiosity by confidences of another kind. He has rightly judged that there are many readers who would gladly learn somewhat of his early musical education, of the means by which his vocal method was perfected, of his original appearance as a baritone, and his development into the foremost tenor of his country. The temptation to draw on the stores of anecdote in his book is only too strong, though such a proceeding would be very unjust both to the author and readers. Mr. Sims Reeves has much to say that is valuable concerning the musical art of the past and the present. He speaks with peculiar authority on such subjects as the operatic stage, oratorios, concerts, and the art of vocal production and training. Old stagers will rejoice in the high estimate Mr. Sims Reeves forms of old-fashioned opera, and the school of great singers that interpreted it; while in his criticism of latter-day music and executants they will find much that is congenial. Those were brave times both for the English and Italian lyric stages when the English tenor met in the world of music rivals worthy of association with him. It is pleasant to note his cordial references to Mario—the princely, magnanimous Mario—and to Rubini—"always my very good friends"—and if towards Tamburini and Lablache his disposition is somewhat different, it cannot be said to be unwarranted. The latter evidently thought, says Mr. Sims Reeves, that a London theatre was the right place for Italian singers, though a leading English tenor was nothing but an interloper in Paris or Milan. The national *esprit de corps* attributed to Lablache and Tamburini is not likely to become extinct. Mr. Sims Reeves is an enthusiast in praise of the deeds done in his days and the art and artists of the golden prime of Her Majesty's. At the outset of his operatic career the Fates were propitious. The artist could develop his powers naturally and with ample security for their preservation. There was then no conspiracy of composers and managers to ruin the human voice by high-pressure exaction. Long runs were unheard of. There was no tyrannical custom that compelled sopranos or tenors to take an arduous part for six consecutive nights, week after week, with, as Mr. Sims Reeves says, "the absolute certainty of ruining their voices." Then, again, as we are reminded, mere "shouting" was not considered "splendid declamation," and pure vocalization was held in high esteem on the operatic stage. The form of operas in vogue did not, it is true, abound in long-winded declamatory passages. In Italian the operas of Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini were most popular. In English the works of Bishop, Arne, Shield, Balfe, Sir George Macfarren, and others of the old school still held the stage. It was as the gipsy boy in *Guy Mannering*, at Newcastle, that Mr. Sims Reeves made his first appearance, in 1839, when just eighteen—an engagement that led to more important undertakings—the baritone parts of Count Rodolfo in the *Sonnambula*, and Dandini in *La Cenerentola*. Shortly after, at Drury Lane under Macready, he took part in Purcell's dramatic setting of Dryden's *King Arthur*, when his refusal to sing the splendid lyric "Come, if you dare" with his back to the audience, as the manager instructed him to do, occasioned a serious disagreement. He attempted a compromise that was both artistic and conciliatory; yet the autocratic manager instantly dismissed him. Perhaps the singer was too easily confounded by this prompt proceeding. That he never forgot it he did not scruple to let Macready know, when he declined to sing at his benefit farewell performance many years after, and rather cruelly reminded him of the incident, making it the ground of refusal.

Like others who had dealings with Macready on the stage, Mr. Sims Reeves was greatly impressed by the vigorous personality of the imperious actor, and relates some extremely characteristic anecdotes of him. When Macready raged Old Drury must have shivered to its rafters. And yet the force of nature in "this passionate man" was not considered by himself sufficient for stage purposes. "I myself have seen," says Mr. Sims Reeves, "two unfortunate supers whose business it was to make faces at him, tread on his toes, kick him, and otherwise provoke him, until he was in a state of exasperation bordering on the demoniac. 'More!' he would growl, as he stood at the wing preparing to make a terrific entry, 'more, you beasts!' until an exceptionally severe kick happening to coincide with the moment for his sudden appearance, he would knock down each of his hired tormentors, and rush upon the stage like a maniac." No one who has seen Mr. Sims Reeves on the stage will be surprised that he was when a boy "enamoured of the smell of the footlights," and determined to adopt the stage and dramatic singing as a profession. Inclination and ability appear to have grown apace as natural allies with the youthful *maestro di capella* and chief soprano of the North Cray choir. Between his studies under Mr. H. Callcott and Mr. John Cramer, the pianist, and his Wednesday and Sunday duties in the Kentish church there was time enough for much playgoing, and the stage passion was soon confirmed. The account of the musical society of North Cray is agreeable reading. The rector and his sister promoted the interests of the choir, with excellent results, and the choir itself must have been very superior to the average country choir of fifty years ago. The kind-hearted rector would invite the young musician and his two brothers, both of whom lived to develop "genuine tenor voices—not the half counter-tenor voices of the present generation"—to his house in London, where they visited the King's Theatre, and heard all the great singers of the day—Grisi and Persiani, Rubini, Mario, Tamburini, Lablache, and the rest. Referring once more to Tamburini, Mr. Sims Reeves says of him that Ronconi, "both as actor and singer, knocked him into a cocked-hat," though whether this was the veritable opinion of the youthful choirmaster, or the mature verdict formed after Parisian experience, is not altogether apparent. One interesting matter intimately associated with the artistic success of Mr. Sims Reeves is clearly set forth in these juvenile experiences of North Cray. The young singer was even then fully convinced of the connexion between perfect phrasing and dramatic expression. "At this time," he writes, "as ever afterwards, I attached the greatest importance to enunciation. To express with appropriate feeling the full meaning of the words was my first aim." With such convictions, so early established, the singer's method already possessed a sound basis, and to master the art of dramatic singing was only a question of time. Eventually at Milan, under Signor Mazzucato, Mr. Sims Reeves completed his course of training, and scored the first of a memorable series of operatic triumphs at the Scala as Edgardo in *Lucia*. Of this opera Mr. Sims Reeves has much that is interesting to record. Of the many illustrious Lucias with whom he appeared, his verdict is—"all good, and some excellent as vocalists; many charming both as actresses and singers; but only one perfect." Among these were Persiani, Frezzolini, and Jenny Lind; the perfect Lucia being Catherine Hayes, whom the ignorant Irish press confounded with the *Newgate Calendar* heroine of Thackeray's *Catherine*. Mr. Sims Reeves rather oddly assumes that the singer was unknown by name to the novelist. Thackeray could scarcely be expected to change *his* lady's historic name because the operatic lady also owned it. Towards the close of his book the author falls into an old controversy, the question of reducing our concert pitch to the French normal diapason—a reform which he continues to advocate with all the firmness and conviction displayed twenty years ago when he first was active in the movement.

* *My Jubilee; or, Fifty Years of Artistic Life.* By J. Sims Reeves. London: The London Music Publishing Co. (Limited). 1889.

NEW MUSIC.

A COLLECTION of songs has been sent us by the Joint Literature Committee of the Grand Council of the Primrose League, called "The Patriotic Song Book, for use at Primrose League Meetings." So far as it goes, it is a good selection, and may prove very useful. At the same time there are many unfortunate omissions—for instance, one of the most popular songs at these meetings, Lady Arthur Hill's "The Good Old Cause," finds no place in the work. Then, again, we cannot understand why some of the songs are printed with the accompaniments and others with only the treble notes and words. Although there are footnotes to say where the song with full accompaniment can be procured, this omission prevents the work from being complete in itself, and, of course, adds greatly to the expense of music for meetings; in fact, it reduces the work practically to only being a guide-book in many cases. Then "God save the Queen" appears with a most curious feature of a florid introduction, and the setting also is not dignified. We are glad to find an old favourite, but unfortunately rather obsolete, patriotic song reappear, the "Red, White, and Blue."

"The Lord is my Shepherd," an anthem, sent to us by James Smith & Son, Liverpool, composed by R. Ernest Bryson, is a melodious work, which on first hearing sounds rather tame, but on acquaintance grows on the taste; the contrasting subject, though short, is satisfactory and effective. We also have "Two Songs" by the same composer, and published by the London Music Publishing Company. They are individually called "The Sea hath its Pearls" and "A Storm Wind." They are pretty, and not too much spun out; the last is the better of the two. We regret the first four notes of the opening symphony of the first; for, although strict writing is not an absolute necessity in this class of music, an unfortunate double A and B♭ in bass and treble and F♯ and F♮ ditto, gives to musical ears a very bald effect, strongly suggestive of consecutive octaves, it not being an octave passage. The same firm of publishers also sends a Sonata by Erskine Allon in G minor, Op. 12. We are always glad to welcome any new music that makes the least attempt at classical form and treatment, and parts of this work are successful. The "Maestoso" at the end of the slow movement is fine and effective, and we like the saltarello-like theme of the last movement, but think the tempo ought to be faster. Some of the themes in the other movements are too slight for the elaborate treatment necessary in the sonata form. Mr. Erskine Allon is more at home in songs and short "Lieder," where the ideas need not be spun out, and he has sent us a charming set entitled "Ten Love Songs," Op. 13. We certainly should advise him to keep for the present to that form of composition; they are, so to speak, terse and pithy, and most of them sparkling and pretty.

We have from Charles Woolhouse two pieces for violin and pianoforte composed by G. Saint George. The first, called "Meditation," Op. 25, has a touching passionate air, to which the long-drawn notes of the violin will do ample justice. Mr. Saint George evidently understands this instrument thoroughly. The "Romanesca" is in perfectly different style, and is full of character and life. The technical difficulty of it is not slight; but, as it is dedicated to Dr. Joachim, we suppose it is written for artists of his calibre. A song by Jacques Haakman, from the same publishers, words by Moore, entitled "The Loving Rose," is pretty, and makes a charming little drawing-room song.

Messrs. Ricordi & Co. send us another song by F. Paolo Tosti, entitled "Tell Them!" which, although certainly not high art in music, has a happy knack of appealing to the feelings, and in many ways is more successful than more ambitious works. Signor Tosti had a peculiar gift in writing this kind of song, which will always be popular.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

GENERAL (once better known as Colonel) TCHENG-KI-TONG (1) is an agreeable writer, who has done a good deal to convince Western readers (if indeed any intelligent persons among them want convincing) that the Chinaman is by no means a kind of partly malevolent and wholly ridiculous mannikin. But we think we like the General's own lucubrations on matters Chinese and European better than his redactions of Chinese stories. They are frequently interesting enough, but the editor admits a great amount of compression and alteration, and this process of compression and alteration has not, we think, improved them. There is, moreover, in them a good deal of the curious inconsequence, as it seems to Western readers, which so often distinguishes Chinese stories, such as those, for instance, in Mr. Herbert Giles's interesting volumes. There is one legend here formidably entitled "Flagrant délit," which we have read twice over with great care, but with the most indistinct idea of what happened, and especially of how one of the characters came to survive after, as far as we can see, all of them had been killed.

M. Edouard Blanc's (2) three stories are of an unusual kind, and would be rather unusually good if the author had more notion of the story-telling art. His first tale, "Le tapis de Salomon," has good points, which are lost, or at any rate not improved, by constant digressions of the most unnecessary kind, and by such observations as that M. Blanc found the Solomon of the Bible uninteresting, but him of Moslem legend delightful. The last, "La recherche du bleu" (not in poor Schaunard's sense), is a fantasy piece unduly prolonged, but still showing no small capacity. The best, however, is "La bitarde," though it also is by no means free from defects of method. The *bitarde* is an imaginary creature, a "gibier qui," as certain huntsmen of the centre of France frankly admit, "n'existe pas," but which they yet as firmly declare to be capable of drawing the dogs off on a false scent at certain times of the chase. How a Parisian Johnny Raw found the *bitarde*, or was thought to have done so, in a certain gipsy girl, to whom he restored money that she had lost, and who thereat jumped upon his neck, kissed him, and disappeared, is not exactly well, but strikingly, told; and the story ends with, what is rarest of all in the books of our day, a sound reflection on life:—"Il n'y a que les sots qui gâtent leurs rêves en essayant de leur donner un corps, et leurs souvenirs en cherchant à leur donner une suite."

The migration of the centres of novel subjects from time to time will supply an interesting opportunity some day (perhaps it has supplied one already) for a German monograph. In different times and countries, sometimes in several countries at once, Scotland, Brittany, Italy, and not a few other places, have been the rock which, as Mr. Browning's poem has it, the waves surround for a time, and then hurry off to another. Herr Sacher-Masoch and some other writers have succeeded in making Galicia one of these centres, and Mlle. Marie Poradowska has followed the fashion (3). Her book is well enough worth reading, the most interesting point about it, perhaps, being the evidence given of the popularity, not merely of French, but of such foreign terms as French has adopted. The young lady who confides to a friend that, "as soon as she is married," a certain baron has promised to tell her a delicious scandal, is good; and it is edifying to find a recalcitrant wife asserting that she will go in "le *coach*," even if she does insist on being conveyed "en *dogcart*." Thus does Britannia rule not only the waves (except when machinery bursts), but also the land, where, as we trust, her coachmakers are more trustworthy.

We are afraid that M. Delpit (4) is an example of that unlucky, and to the patient painful, process called "falling off." We are not concerned to reconcile his former admiration of "Les dieux qu'on brise" with his present adoration of the "Parisienne du XXème siècle," who apparently has not much left about her to *briser*. We can regard with indifference his learned denunciation of the hypocrisy of Britain, where, "in spite of temperance Societies, ladies get drunk like porters." His heroine, "Mrs. Maud Vivian," may have been "connected with the best English families," though we should like better evidence for it than the fact that she imitated the gutter-journalist nomenclature of Mrs. Mona Caird and Mrs. Josephine Butler. English ladies, M. Delpit may like to know, do not call themselves by their own Christian names and the surname of their husbands when "Mrs." precedes. But why should M. Delpit make his hero—a pure French hero, "well-born and loyal"—a very vulgar fellow? At least that is the description which we should give (putting morality quite aside) of a person who, being asked, as M. Edmond Sorbier was, his ideal of womanhood by a woman, should answer as he does.

M. Paul Dys has written a book of some power in *Grandterroir* (5). The earth-hunger of the French peasant has been depicted for us *ad nauseam* in more senses than one. The position of such great landlords as are left in France has also been described. But the real hero of *Grandterroir* is a yeoman-farmer of considerable wealth, who is devoted to his land, and whose soul is crossed by a son who cares for none of these things. The description of the great wheat crops is as vigorous as M. Zola, while it happens also to be clean enough, as French books go. Perhaps some day French writers, as English housekeepers have done, will learn that cleanliness and vigour are not incompatible.

To use a colloquialism, *Le besoin du crime* (6) is rather a mad book. It would appear to have been inspired by literature of that odd class of which the manuscript which Mr. Pickwick read one night is the best example; and it reads like a nightmare. Things which read like a nightmare are not necessarily bad, but they are usually best when they are short. An exceedingly good short story might have been made out of *Le besoin du crime*; but in a volume it is rather watered down.

Commandant Stany's book (7) contains some good sketches of the manners and ways of the Ouessant folk, respecting whom, as Dr. Mayo says of the (in some sort) similarly situated inhabitants of Nantucket, "they are all odd people there." But the character sketches are superior to the art shown in weaving them into a book. As for *Les passions étranges* (8), it has been compared to the work of M. Barbey d'Aurevilly. The spirit of *L'ensorcelée* has, however, been filtered through *La terre*, and is considerably the worse for the sieve.

(1) *Contes chinois.* Par le Général Tcheng-ki-Tong. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Chasses à l'impossible.* Par Edouard Blanc. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Demoiselle Micia.* Par Marie Poradowska. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Passionnément.* Par A. Delpit. Paris: Ollendorff.

(5) *Grandterroir.* Par Paul Dys. Paris: Perrin.

(6) *Le besoin du crime.* Par Jules Perrin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(7) *Une faute.* Par le Commandant Stany. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(8) *Les passions étranges.* Par Jean Baleux. Paris: Ollendorff.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE "Essays on Church History" of Mr. Ernest de Bunsen —*Islam and True Christianity* (Trübner & Co.)—involve the critical discussion of several extremely abstruse questions of Biblical criticism and the interpretation of prophecy, much of which, happily, may be dissociated from the main object of the volume, which is to establish the relations of Christianity to Islam and the claims of Mahomed to a place in the Universal Church. Any future progress of Islam depends, it would seem, on its reformation in the spirit of its founder, the basis for which is indicated in such doctrinal accord as may exist between the Korán and the tenets of what Mr. de Bunsen calls aboriginal or pre-Paulinic Christianity. To formulate this thesis the author, by a critical process decidedly anti-Pauline, endeavours to sap the whole fabric of orthodox Christianity. Briefly summarized, his conclusions are that Paul was the disciple of Stephen rather than the apostle of Christ he proclaimed himself to be; that after the death of Stephen he was converted to the doctrines of the Essenes; and that those doctrines, as developed by Paul, were not sanctioned by Jesus or the twelve apostles. From the

Ebionite Christians of Arabia, who denied Paul's authority, Mahomed derived those doctrines which Mr. de Bunsen identifies in the Korán with pre-Paulinic Christianity, or the "True Christianity" of his title. The Korán, then, rests on the "foundations of pre-Paulinic Christianity"; for Mahomed entirely ignores Paul and his teaching, while acknowledging Jesus as the greatest of apostles and prophets and the Messiah expected by the Jews. If, therefore, this communion of faith could be recognized by the followers of Mahomed, and realized in practice as in faith, the progress of a reformed Islam would be assured, and something like a religious consolidation of Jews, Mahomedans, and Christians might ensue. Such is Mr. de Bunsen's position. Unfortunately for the practical value of the argument, the author's "pre-Paulinic Christianity," of which he can show but the slenderest historical proof, does not so much as exist, nor has it existed these eighteen centuries past. Christianity as a religious force is orthodox, and orthodox Christianity is based on the very doctrines which Mr. de Bunsen declares to be contrary to those principles of pre-Paulinic Christianity assimilated by Mahomed in the Korán. Nor would the prospect of a reformed Islam be advanced in the slightest degree even if the whole Christian world should become miraculously converted to the anti-Pauline views of Mr. de Bunsen and his school. On the other hand, the reformed Islam contemplated by the author, if carried out solely by Islam, would amount to nothing short of a spiritual transformation or revolution of a religion which, as Sir William Muir well observes, has no "plastic power," and is radically incapable of development through change. Altogether the future of Islam as a religious and civilizing force must be exceedingly remote if it depends upon (1) the disappearance of orthodox Christianity, and (2) the reformation of the most inflexible religious system in the world. For not less than this results from Mr. de Bunsen's process of depriving both systems of all that is characteristic of each in order that we may arrive at an extremely narrow basis of agreement common to both.

A Manual of Politics, by Frederick George Lee (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), is an exposition of what may be termed high Toryism, robust in faith, outspoken and vigorous in tone, and, on the whole, open to the subscription of most Conservatives, as well as likely to strengthen the weak-kneed and confirm the feeble. The Crown, the Church, and the Empire, these are Dr. Lee's watchwords, as he wrestles with a world "gone wandering after the Beast of Liberalism," and "a mad world, my masters!" it appears to be, according to Dr. Lee's outlook. He is wrong, however, in identifying Free-trade with the creed of Radicals, and is himself in a minority among Tories when he denounces its "towering folly and commercially immoral principles."

That the experiences of a hospital nurse at home and in the colonies are worthy of record we have sufficient evidence in *Recollections of a Nurse*, by "E. D." (Macmillan & Co.) "Sister Emma," the writer, gives an interesting account of her work in Zanzibar, South Africa, and in the military hospital at Suez. Not everybody is aware of the multifarious duties that fall to a trained nurse on active service. It is not all nursing by any means. At Ladysmith, for instance, there was not only food to prepare for the sick, coffee and cocoa to be left at night with the orderlies, when the Ulundi wounded were coming in, but jelly, spongecakes, and other good things to be made. And "E. D." succeeded, it seems, in making spongecakes with moist sugar, and excellent jelly without eggs. Her cheerful little book presents the pleasanter aspect of the profession, and shows that nursing may yield genuine delight in the variety and incidents of travel not less than the satisfaction of work well done.

The third issue of *Travel, Adventure, and Sport* from *Maga* (Blackwood & Sons) is a capital collection of stirring narratives or travel by land and sea. The anonymous "Escape of the Republican Exiles from Cayenne" is curiously circumstantial in style, full of interest, and possibly not without some historical value. Who loves excitement may find it in "Two Nights in Southern Mexico," while more recent experiences of travel are represented in Lieutenant Palander's of the voyage of the *Vega* by the North-East Passage, and Mr. George Macmillan's "Ride across the Peloponnese."

The author of *Mother Carey's Chickens*, "a book of verse" (Cassell & Co.), is a bard of many moods. His lyrics have a true ring of nature—"The Day Dream" is a pretty conception—and the inevitable sonnets are correct in form, and fairly finished, though their rhyming includes "law" and "yore." *Sketches in Verse*, by William Dawe (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), treat of well-worn themes—"Actæon," "Hero," and the like—in smooth verse, yet with no marked distinction. More notable are some stanzas "To a Bank-Note":—

> Farewell! and is it thus we part,
> My much-esteemed and genial friend?

But the humour of the address goes no further. It is certainly not of the kind that is easily sustained. Mr. Crawford Wilson's *Pastorals and Poems* (Kegan Paul) is a reprint of several volumes of poems, one of which, the pastoral "Lost and Found," was dramatized in 1872 and produced at the Holborn Theatre. In "Elsie" the poet dignifies a pathetic story with grace and simplicity of style; in "Flights to Fairyland" he is alternately grotesque and fanciful, lightsome and whimsical, in the freest way of rhyme, and in metres that suggest at times the study of Ingoldsby.

The practice of printing ancient parish registers in index form is to be commended as convenient for reference, though your true antiquary prefers a literal copy. From Mr. Elliot Stock we have the first volume of such an index—*The Parish Registers of Gainford, in the County of Durham*—comprising "Baptisms 1560–1784," the names arranged in alphabetical order.

We have received new editions of Mrs. Walford's *The Baby's Grandmother* (Blackett & Hallam), in one volume; *Macaulay*, by J. Cotter Morison, "English Men of Letters" Series (Macmillan); and *Agnostic Faith* (Ridgway).

We have also received the new volume, 1888-9, of *Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute* (Sampson Low & Co.); *The Journal of Philology*, No. 35 (Macmillan); *The Task*, by Cowper, the latest addition to "Routledge's Pocket Library"; and a reprint of Hood's *Epping Hunt*, with Cruikshank's illustrations (Glasgow: Bryce & Son).

Messrs. George Beeching & Son, of Upper Baker Street, forward a sample of the "Save-Time Envelope," which combines superior facility of opening with "absolute security from prying eyes." The flap is so cut that only one portion of the gummed edge needs moistening. This is decidedly an advantage to persons whose correspondence is large. Sticklers for symmetry, perhaps, will not at first take kindly to the lopsided appearance of the enclosing flap. For such, and for deliberate people generally, the new envelope was obviously not designed.

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THE MAYBRICK CASE.

MR. MATTHEWS has come to what we hold to be the right decision in the MAYBRICK case, and he has come to it on what we hold to be, on the whole, the right grounds. In regard to the first, in the HOME SECRETARY's order, of the "two questions," Mr. MATTHEWS holds that the evidence clearly proves Mrs. MAYBRICK to have administered arsenic with intent to murder. But he has come to the conclusion, in reply to the other question, that there is reasonable doubt whether the death was actually caused by arsenic. With regard to his first decision, which carries with it the justification for the infliction of penal servitude, there may be gradations of opinion as to the "clearly." But no one who has the faintest notion what evidence means can question that the evidence of the administration was immensely stronger than the evidence of its fatal result, and was much strengthened by the general behaviour of the unfortunate person concerned. We do not refer to her admitted misconduct. No one who is not a happy compound of Pharisee and fool would say that a man or woman, who, in the French phrase, "puts a knife into the contract," is therefore necessarily or even probably minded to put a knife into his or her partner. But the whole tenor of Mrs. MAYBRICK's conduct, and not merely the fact of her having a lover, was against her. In regard to the second question, the answer to which carries with it the commutation of the sentence, merely attempted murder being now never punished with death, we agree with Mr. MATTHEWS *simpliciter*.

The length of time which the HOME SECRETARY has taken to make up his mind on the case is due, no doubt, to the thoroughness with which he has investigated the matter. But it gives a certain illustration of the inconvenience which attends the present system. If there were a Court of Appeal (the expediency of which we do not here prejudge), its time of sitting would be certain, and the sentence would be regularly confirmed, or regularly reversed, in regular course, with an almost necessarily sedative effect on agitation on one side and suspense on the other. The irregular retrying by a single official altogether lacks this element of order and certainty. But a decision has been arrived at, and it is to be very much hoped, if not wholly to be expected, that all those persons who retain some reasoning faculty will receive it with as little further comment as possible. Mr. MATTHEWS's record, both as a lawyer and a public man, despite some unfortunate passages, entitles his deliberate judgment, if not his Parliamentary tactics, to consideration and respect, which this case, like the preceding case of LIPSKI, should greatly increase. Indeed, as has been before pointed out, it is very improbable that much advantage in point of substantial justice would be gained by any alteration of the present system; the advantages would lie rather in the possible disappearance and the certain alleviation of one of the most disgusting periodic outbursts of British folly and indecency. And, whether men agree or disagree with the decision of the HOME SECRETARY, it is fair to remember that even this form of it—the commutation to penal servitude of a sentence of death—is practically, though not logically, defensible enough. It does not mean, as is sometimes said, "We don't know whether you have committed "this crime or not, but we will sentence you for another." What it comes to in effect is this:—"We are not satisfied "that the evidence convicts you of this crime; but we are "satisfied that your conduct is suspicious in the highest "degree. From such conduct it is as desirable to deter "people as from the demonstrable commission of crime, and "you must take the consequences of it."

It is pretty certain that HAROUN-AL-RASCHID (the HAROUN of fiction, and not he of uncomfortable history) would have taken a short way with this matter. He would have let Mrs. MAYBRICK off, and have satisfied justice by hanging several scores of the writers to the newspapers, the speakers at public meetings, and the gutter journalists, taking very particular care not to omit those who have attempted to defame the jury. This last crime (for no milder word can be used) is so abominable a one that, if there is no special hold of the law on those guilty of it, it would be well to arrange one at the first opportunity. Juries have not had altogether a happy time of it in our history. They used to be, in the rougher, but not perhaps the foolisher, days of it, sent to prison if they returned bad verdicts; they were long subjected to a kind of minor *peine forte et dure* to make them not plead, but deliver a verdict; they are still dragged away from their business, subjected to temporary penal servitude, and bored unspeakably. *Per contra*, they might at least be protected from the exercise of a disgusting and intolerable inquisition into their private history. It is almost impossible that such misconduct as this and as the attacks on Mr. Justice STEPHEN—who, we are glad to see, approves of the HOME SECRETARY's decision—should not have prejudiced Mr. MATTHEWS against the person so defended. Indeed, the number of persons who appear to have been able to keep their heads throughout the affair would seem to be very small. Those who said that it was a painful thing to hang Mrs. MAYBRICK, but that it must be done, because otherwise we shall discredit trial by jury, are certainly not among that small number. Trial by jury, we should have supposed, was made for man, and not man for trial by jury. Yet again, the charge against those who, disagreeing with the verdict, yet declined altogether to express conviction of Mrs. MAYBRICK's innocence, that they ask for "mathematical "demonstration," is absurd. To mention nothing else, it overlooks the fact that the principal doubt entertained by these rational doubters, as now by the HOME SECRETARY, was not on the question whether Mrs. MAYBRICK administered arsenic, but on the question whether arsenic was the cause of death. The law which in not its least moment of wisdom declares that you cannot steal from an empty pocket, is surely not outraged by the contention that you cannot poison by arsenic a man who did not die by arsenical poisoning. Yet it must be admitted that, though such arguments for the verdict were but of questionable force, they were half excusable in face of the fact that a great part of the agitation for reprieve has been an avowedly prevaricating agitation, got up by the opponents of capital punishment in general, under cover of protesting against capital punishment in particular. This consideration has been used as an argument against the extension of mercy, but it pretty clearly goes the other way. The strongest argument of those who, as we do, unhesitatingly and uncompromisingly adopt JOSEPH DE MAISTRE's view of the executioner as a pillar of society, is that the executioner shall only be called in, and is only called in, in cases of sufficient proof. Every case of reprieve on the ground that the proof is not sufficient strengthens, instead of weakening, the case for capital punishment when it is sufficient, and every case of execution on dubious evidence strengthens the agitation for that most mischievous abolition which has made murders in some countries of Europe nearly as numerous as assaults elsewhere. Even the juryman is likely to discharge his duty more rather than less fearlessly when he knows that any mistake of his will be corrected.

The controversy between, or, rather, represented on different sides by, Lord ESHER and Lord BRAMWELL respectively as to the institution and constitution of a Court of Criminal Appeal might be somewhat more profitably discussed. It matters very little whether, as has been kindly suggested, Lord ESHER has so good an opinion of

the judge who was once Sir BALIOL BRETT that he can conceive no better President of such a Court than the present MASTER of the ROLLS. It would be as superfluous to urge that the robust school of Liberalism to which Lord BRAMWELL belongs, many as are its merits, made up its bundle of prejudices pretty early, and that objection to a Court of Criminal Appeal was one of them. Both these considerations are extraneous, not to say irrelevant. But we do not think, with Lord BRAMWELL, that Mr. POLAND'S authority is decisive; nor do we, indeed, consider that authority in such questions as these depends at all on practice in the Courts, which is quite as likely to prejudice one way or other as it is to qualify. The thing is a case, as the philosopher would say, for the *phronimos* rather than for the *technikos*; and the advantage of referring it to a small body of practised judges is that, though judges are not infallible, they are perhaps as often *phronimoi* as any other men in the kingdom, if not oftener. But, as we pointed out last week, the practical difficulties of such a Court are those which require most discussion. A Court which simply referred the matter to another jury would be unsatisfactory in the extreme, for it would be almost necessary to have a third jury to give the casting vote. A Court which retried the whole case, hearing over again previously given evidence in public, would add one more nuisance to the present three of coroner's inquest, magistrate's inquiry, and trial. But a Court of judges which considered the already given evidence, with power to admit new or select from the old for re-examination, would enormously strengthen the hands of the Home Secretary, with whom the last words would still lie. Those who talk about diminishing the sense of responsibility in juries must have forgotten a certain case at Derby not a thousand years ago. But this and other matters are very well worthy of debate between rational folk as distinguished from "INDIGNANS," "F. R. S.," "A Clergy-"man," and the rest. Moreover, very fortunately they are subjects which are not very appetizing to "INDIGNANS." It is impossible not to be rather sorry that Lord BRAMWELL should have confined himself to a dozen lines in the *Times* and a compliment to Mr. POLAND.

THEATRICALS AT SEA.

THE navy is now well engaged in its third series of manœuvres, and we have some means of judging what their general value and what the particular value of this year's operations are likely to be. On the whole—and we say it with regret—the opinion which must be formed by those who consider them as serious business, and not as shows, cannot be by any means altogether favourable. If it is desirable to supply papers in the dull season with material for columns of correspondence, to enable the amateur of such literature to enjoy the sententious smugness of this "representative" and the candid amazement of that, then they are quite admirable. But this has not been recognized as one of the objects for which naval manœuvres are held. It is supposed that they are gone through yearly in order to test the qualities of the ships and give their officers and crews opportunities for practice. Nothing, therefore, ought to be done which does not serve these ends. It is even more obvious that whatever can be shown to be either useless for war, or superfluous, or impossible, ought to be avoided. As a matter of fact, a great deal is being done which serves no serious purpose; much which, if it ever was of value, has been done and need not be redone; much which it can be shown would never be attempted in real war. It is, of course, certain that you cannot keep a fleet at sea at all without affording opportunities for practice; but in the course of these manœuvres not a little is taking place which is mere private theatricals—excellent things in their place, but not in naval manœuvres. They are an absurd element in what should be serious work, and it is time that they were removed. On former occasions we have pointed out how much there was in the manœuvres which was pure show, and we had hoped that when the novelty of the childish part of the game had worn off officers would drop it. The contrary, however, is what seems likely to happen. It is the childish part which is becoming popular and is extending. For that reason, if for no other, it is time that a protest was made.

A better text could hardly be asked for than has been supplied by the acts and words of Admiral TRYON, whom we always knew to be an able officer, and now perceive to be endowed with that enviable and not too common faculty, a sense of humour. He has just addressed his squadron in these weighty terms:—"In considering the manœuvres, "officers will bear in mind that, as in a game of chess "the rules of chess prevail, so in mimic warfare the "rules alone are our guide; such and such a thing might "have been different in real war, but in a peace manœuvre "the rules, whatever they are, are our guide." Now this is an allegory which we interpret as follows. Whatever is not according to the rules is not chess. All practice for chess must observe the rules. Even so all effective practice for war must observe its rules. But the manœuvres do not. They include this and that thing which must not be done in war, and ought therefore to be performed in peace with a distinct understanding that they are manœuvres, and not practice for fighting. *Argal*, the manœuvres are not practice for war, but a game by themselves. This is the Admiral's theory. Now let us see how it has been illustrated in action. There, for instance, is the engagement with the detachment of Admiral BAIRD'S squadron the other day. We may stop to remark that, for our part, we decline to believe, on the report of a newspaper Correspondent, that Admiral BAIRD was guilty of the egregious scheme attributed to him—the plan of dividing his forces in front of the enemy, and making "dashes" which could only lead to the isolation of one part of his fleet from the rest. That sort of manœuvre could, of course, only be meant to show how it is possible to violate the most elementary principles of war by land or sea. But to return to our engagement. Three ships of Admiral BAIRD'S fleet were cut off and taken by greatly superior force after what was supposed to represent a long action. Well, of course, in real war some of the capturing vessels would have been damaged, and the three vessels taken would, we presume, have been knocked to pieces. In the old days of 18- and 24-pounders line-of-battle ships were scarcely ever taken in a serious action until they were dismasted and riddled with shot. In these days, when shot is weighed by the hundredweight, when ram and torpedo may be used, it is at least probable that any ironclad taken after prolonged resistance would be in need of a very thorough overhaul before she was fit to be used as a war-ship by her captors. This, however, is a consideration for war, and not for manœuvres. So Admiral TRYON made believe that after hours of fire his prizes were as good as new; so he annexed them, re-named them, and added them to his own force. Of course, in the real game, when a ship is taken her own crew become prisoners of war, who would be expected to help to save her in danger of wreck for their own lives' sake, but would certainly be asked in vain either to work her or fight her. It would have been a rather useful experiment for Admiral TRYON'S squadron to see how it would be possible in these days of big ships and small crews, of numerous complex engines and a minimum staff of engineers, skilled artificers, and trained stokers, to provide prize crews. If he had credited the *Camperdown*, say, with several shots on the water-line, damaged steering gear, and half-crippled engines—if he had then despatched her in charge of a lieutenant and a prize crew, with orders to get to Portsmouth as best they could, with a due regard for the defects of the captured ship, and proper precautions against the prisoners who were left on board, that would have been practice. But then it would have been playing at war, and not playing at manœuvres, which is the game Admiral TRYON is engaged on. So, as we said, the Admiral annexed the ships, and proceeded to add them to his own force. My Lords did, indeed, at this moment break in. They apparently thought that their humorous Admiral was allowing his quaint fancy to carry him too far. They have deprived him of those three ships, have sent them back to port, and have thereby upset all his little game. No doubt the Admiral is glad to see that the lesson he has been trying to teach, something after a fashion which would have been approved by FESTE the Jester, has not been wasted.

From the interference of the Admiralty we gather that it really does mean these manœuvres to be practice, and not only gambols such as HATCHWAY and PIPES might have organized for the amusement of Commodore TRUNNION. If so, the department might make their rebuke to Admiral TRYON the starting-point for a drastic and necessary overhaul of the manœuvres generally. Unless these things are to degenerate into a farce, the theatrical element should be severely weeded out of them. By all means

let us have all the serious practice we can get. Let us see how quickly and how thoroughly the fleet can be mobilized. If the Admiralty chooses next year to call out the Naval Reserve and concentrate the whole Coastguard—which is precisely what it would have to do in war—by all means let it be done. When the fleet is mobilized, let it practise every kind of manœuvre, make every kind of experiment it can put into a cruise from this to Halifax, or Cape Horn if that is preferred. If the Admiralty likes to try how a convoy could be conducted from the Channel to the Line, we shall think it does well. But all this, and indeed any amount of real practice, can be done without turning the manœuvres into a water frolic. The value of engines, the handiness of ships, the manœuvring skill of captains can be thoroughly tested without silly makebelieve. There is nothing in the way of serious practice the squadrons are now doing which could not be perfectly well done without any admixture of farce. All the world knows very well, and always has known, that an armed ship can bully or plunder an unarmed port or fishing village. These ridiculous "captures" are not wanted to prove the perfectly well known, and they do not help in the least towards showing whether in actual war, time and powder would be wasted on acts of barbarity which could produce no real damage, and would certainly provoke reprisals. In the meantime they do tend to make the manœuvres look absurd, and must tend to persuade the officers engaged in them that their first duty is to make a splash. It is quite unnecessary to spend stores and funds in giving such instruction as that.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

THE factions of which the Opposition is formed are many; but a knowledge of foreign affairs, continued interest in them, or any abiding sense of their importance and their intricacy, is not to be found in any one of them. Yet from time to time they break out into opinions absolutely positive and vehemently passionate; and these storms are most to be expected when they are likely to do most harm. If, as is by no means improbable, the new Radical party should gather strength, we may look for as much mischief in this region of affairs as any. Mr. LABOUCHERE has already made himself busy there, and to all appearance he means to take the department of Foreign Office criticism into his own hands. Lord ROSEBERY may not like it, but Lord ROSEBERY is in the House of Lords; he is regarded by most of the other Opposition leaders as suspiciously antiquated; and submission to his control is not to be expected of any of the more eager captains his colleagues in the House of Commons.

At this moment Mr. LABOUCHERE'S anxiety is to make out that the Government has pledged the country to participation in the Triple Alliance; that, in effect, this was done some time ago, when Lord SALISBURY induced Italy to join the Alliance by engaging to defend her seaboard in certain contingencies; and that a complete understanding with the German Powers was ratified at Osborne the other day. Further Mr. LABOUCHERE wants to make out that all this has been done in secret and that, while the secresy is treacherous to Parliament, the policy itself is dangerous and unwise. In considering this attack on the Foreign Office we must take some account of the motive of it. If in France two or three rival factions—Imperialist, Royalist, Boulangist—combine to overthrow the existing Government by way of clearing the ground for all, in this country we have an aggregation of sectional revolutionaries and faddists bent on a precisely similar business. To bring down the Government is the grand preliminary upon which they are agreed; and they would think much less of Mr. LABOUCHERE as a leader if Mr. LABOUCHERE were scrupulous enough to except any possible means of furthering the common end. This attack of his has no other purpose. But of course it does not necessarily follow that there is no truth in his assertions and no justice in his complaints; yet, when these are examined, it will be found that nothing in them redeems his motive from unworthiness.

Suppose it true that at some recent period the Italian Government did receive from HER MAJESTY'S Ministers a promise of defence if their seaboard were attacked by a destructive naval force. It is certain that no such promise could have been given unconditionally, or without regard to the very different circumstances under which such an attack might be provoked or delivered. No English Minister is conceivably mad enough to say to a foreign Power, "No matter "how you get into hot water, we engage to pull you out of "it." If Lord SALISBURY'S foreign policy is rightly understood, the considerations which would deter sanity in Downing Street from proffering any such engagement have largely determined him to stand out of the compact which is sometimes called the League of Peace. It weighs with him that the formal inclusion of England in the alliance might expose her to the risk of being dragged into conflicts of doubtful origination or contrivance; and it may be taken for granted, we apprehend, that, if any such promise to the Italian Government as Mr. LABOUCHERE talks of does exist, it is guarded against similar dangers. But, according to the member for Northampton, it was to encourage Italy to join the German alliance that Lord SALISBURY promised her the support of England's naval forces in case her coasts were attacked; and therefore the British Government became to all intents and purposes participators in the Central European compact. If so, it is evident that the German Powers do not share Mr. LABOUCHERE'S knowledge or his conclusions. *They* are not of opinion that England has practically placed her naval forces (about all that she could employ to much effect) at the disposal of the alliance. On Mr. LABOUCHERE'S statement of the pledge to Italy and the motive of it, that would obviously be the case. But yet we all know that the advantage which, according to him, the German Powers have virtually secured, is just what they have been craving for for years past; and another part of Mr. LABOUCHERE'S accusation is that it was granted or extorted a fortnight ago. Now, if he believes that, he must believe that the engagement to Italy (supposing it to have been made) was no satisfaction of German desires; and therefore it might have occurred to him that, considering our enormous interests in the Mediterranean, a firm understanding with Italy, providing for eventualities that might equally arise whether that nation did or did not join with the German Powers, might be thought useful.

But we are not warranted, perhaps, in expecting such subtleties of discrimination from Mr. LABOUCHERE in affairs of this kind; and it behoves us to come shortly to the fact that the whole body of his accusations and insinuations has been explicitly denied. The ground was completely covered when Sir JAMES FERGUSSON said, "The hon. gentleman had "asked," on a previous occasion, "whether certain state- "ments, alleging that HER MAJESTY'S Government had in "some way committed themselves to join the Triple Alli- "ance, or to give material assistance to Italy in certain "contingencies, were correct. At that time I gave a dis- "tinct reply, saying that there were no such engagements "and that HER MAJESTY'S Government preserved entire "freedom of action in future, in case of any eventuality." And then Sir JAMES went on to declare that this statement is "still literally correct. HER MAJESTY'S Government is "under no engagements to employ the military or naval "forces of this country except such as are known to the "House, and those engagements are entirely within and "consistent with the treaties known to the House." Mr. SMITH afterwards repeated this declaration with emphasis; and though neither Mr. LABOUCHERE, nor Mr. WADDY, nor Mr. PICTON were appeased by it, the answer was as full as the House has any right to demand. This we should say, even though there did exist some conditional, provisional understandings between the British Government and others which yet imported no engagement to employ the military or naval forces of this country.

Meanwhile, the more serious German newspapers continue to assure their readers that great things were done at Osborne by the EMPEROR. Only a few days ago, for example, the *National Zeitung* proclaimed that "in the best-informed "circles it is believed that an understanding was arrived at "assuring an identity of policy between the Powers forming "the Triple Alliance and England in European questions, "and making provision for all the consequences of this "policy." It is significantly added that it has now become the task of the Powers forming the Peace League "to "bring the relations resulting from this fresh combina- "tion into harmony with the explicit agreements already "existing between them; and this task will probably be "completed at Berlin by the diplomatic and military repre- "sentatives of the Powers concerned." This is a formidable saying, but there is more than one way of interpreting it, and, however official it may be, it must not be taken as contradictory of Sir JAMES FERGUSSON'S assurances. The German press is a diplomatic instrument, and is employed

for all the purposes, and with all the methods, that diplomacy justifies and morality condemns. It tells truth and untruth. It exaggerates, it extenuates, as expediency may suggest. It shows false lights, inculcates false beliefs, is not above the business of breeding bad blood (as between ourselves and France, for instance), and, when more serious business has no demands upon it, "flies kites." Kites are flown for countless purposes, small and great; and at present the German Government would very much like to know how the report of a complete understanding between the QUEEN'S Government and the three allied Powers would be taken by the English people. That should be remembered by all who read the flourishing paragraphs translated from official, semi-official, or demi-semi-official German newspapers into the English press. At present, belief in this country may be profitably confined to these things. The German Powers are recognized as the most "natural allies" of England, and will be dealt with as such. It is a matter of demonstration that the smashing of France would be no gain to this country, but much the reverse. No alliance that signifies the "effacement" of France will ever be joined by a British Government as long as a grain of common-sense exists to salt the counsels of the Crown's advisers. The maintenance of peace is another thing; resistance to aggression another thing; or any determined conspiracy to upset the balance of power, which only fools deride.

"UNEKAL."

IT should be unnecessary to explain, to any one who is worthy of receiving the explanation, what the arrangement was which was once characterized by the above adjective. But both the adjective itself and its original application will be admitted to fit most happily the arrangements of the Church of England Temperance Society, as revealed (of course *ex parte*, and subject to correction) by Mr. T. O. WETHERED in the *Times* of Wednesday. The inside of the outside sheet of that periodical is not perhaps the place where a literary man, anxious that his efforts should find a wide audience, would care to have them enshrined; but whosoever explores these recesses in quest of Mr. WETHERED'S epistle will find himself not unrewarded. Mr. WETHERED, a not unknown person, who quaintly but pleasingly describes himself as "a brewer, a county magistrate, and, I trust, a Christian gentleman" (Heaven send us all no worse designations!), was, it seems, some time ago asked to join the Society in question by its local Secretary. He has, as most of us have, "a desire to promote the cause of "true temperance," and though he may, perhaps, have been a little astonished that help should be sought *Graia ab urbe*, by teetotallers from brewers, he seems to have turned a not unfriendly ear to the application. Mr. WETHERED, however, is a cautious man; and apparently has no aversion to the writing of letters. While, like Sir THOMAS, in *Mansfield Park*, he "deliberated and pondered," it was hinted to him that the rule of the Society which ordains that its Committee shall represent its two sections—total abstainers and moderate drinkers—in "as nearly as possible equal "proportions" was not being observed with the straightforward simplicity dear to Mr. WELLER. Accordingly, Mr. WETHERED wrote to every member of the Committee, got answers from almost all, and found that it was very "unekal" indeed—that the water had it over the rum to the tune of three to one, or sixty to twenty out of eighty-six, the other six refusing or neglecting to give information. But, if some of them declined, others made up for it by volunteered matter. One of the total abstainers encouraged the catechumen by making observations about brewers and "blood-guiltiness"; while another supported the demand of the Secretary for Mr. WETHERED'S name and money by politely remarking that he was unable "to see "how any one financially interested in promoting drinking "habits among our people can consistently join a Society "for the prevention of intemperance." Therefore, Mr. WETHERED (whose letter, though excellent, is a little long) came to a conclusion not wholly different from that of his polite correspondent, and declined to join the Society.

We believe, and we have much pleasure in acknowledging, that the Church of England Temperance Society does, in a sort of way, endeavour to avoid the extravagance of some of its kindred bodies. But Mr. WETHERED'S letter shows very opportunely what indeed was well enough known before, that intolerance is of the essence of such Societies, and that the MUCKLEWRATHS and MACBRIARS of total abstinence can no more away with the POUNDTEXTS and the MORTONS of moderation than the prototypes of the one could endure the originals of the other. We know what generally happens in such unequal yokings, and which side gets the upper hand. We never, we confess, in such cases greatly pity the moderates, and in this case they are least to be pitied of all. No rational Christian man needs to belong to a Society in order to induce him to practise and recommend abstinence from excess. No irrational will-worshipper of total abstinence will be satisfied with such practice and recommendation. But meanwhile the well-intentioned moderates, though reviled and scorned by their associates, strengthen those associates' position, and might even help to bring about the temporary triumph (it could only be temporary) of the most irrational and unchristian form of folly that ever maintained itself for years in a home of "Christianity and "civilization." Mr. WETHERED, who is, as we have said, a cautious man, has looked before he leaped, and refrained from leaping; let now those who have leaped before looking profit by his investigations and leap back.

THE EAST-END STRIKE.

EXCEPT from the point of view of Mr. BURNS, the strike at the East-End is not a dispute in which the onlooker is bound to take sides or feel any especial sympathy for either party. The dock labourers have their labour to sell, and the Companies are bound to buy it on the best terms they can. The strike, like other strikes, is a dispute between buyer and seller, in which both parties have a perfect right to higgle for what they think satisfactory terms. No doubt it must affect the interests of London, as any other quarrel in which many thousands of Londoners are concerned must needs do; but that is only a reason for hoping that the labourers and the Companies will both keep their heads, and not allow anger or any other form of folly to blind them. The good order hitherto observed by the dock labourers supplies a most effective comment on the pretensions of the noisy and menacing mob which collected in Trafalgar Square to represent the London poor. Dock labourers have never been supposed to form the pick of the working class. They are now in a position which has always been found to be irritating, and has occasionally led to violence. Yet though the strikers have, as usual, put pressure on the men who were disposed to remain at work, there has been no talk about lead or bread; and they do not roam about the West-End, howling and smashing windows. If any further evidence were needed that the rabble collected in the West by Mr. BURNS and Mr. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM was a mere stage mob, it is supplied by the East-End strike.

As for the question whether the Companies or the labourers ought to yield, or what compromise they ought to make, it is one to be settled by purely business considerations. It is not the interest of either side to repeat the ruinous quarrel which drove the Thames shipbuilding industry to the Clyde. The labourers would have as much to lose by going to extremes as the Companies. It is equally clear that the Companies have everything to lose by whatever may tend to drive trade still more away from London. But these general considerations do not help much towards the discovery of an acceptable compromise; nor, indeed, is outside criticism likely to be of much value in such a case. The men complain that their pay is poor and their employment irregular. These are undoubtedly evils; but the question is just whether they are not inseparable from most work in the docks. Much of the labour done there requires no skill and hardly even any great strength. Therefore, all who have no resource but their arms and legs flock into it and keep wages down. The irregularity of the employment is equally inevitable, since no possible management can provide that docks shall be at all times equally full, and the weather as well as the movement of trade makes the work fluctuate. It may easily be believed that the Companies, which have been far from prosperous, would be glad to keep wages as low as possible, so as to increase their chance of earning good profits now that the revival of trade and agreement among themselves promise better times. They will be very foolish if they allow this natural wish to lead them too far. Still the fact remains that times have been hard with the Companies, and that they have struggled

along, making no profit or very little, but going on supplying employment which was better than none. They may not be able to give much better terms, and in that case, however hard the lot of the men may be, they, like other human beings, must be content to go without that which cannot be obtained. It is beside the question to say that the Companies have brought their troubles on themselves by excessive competition. Very likely they have, but that does not prove them to be in the possession of resources out of which better wages could be paid. Many dockyard labourers are reduced to this hard and untrustworthy form of employment because they had not the good sense, industry, and faculty to acquire a better trade; but these errors and defects of theirs supply no reason why they should put up with poorer wages than they can get by bargaining. The whole question is not one of what people ought to have, or what ought to be done in a really comfortable world, but of what they can get in the world as it is. From the fact that the Companies are offering a slight rise in wages, it appears that they are not indisposed to allow their labourers to share in the general improvement. Whether the rise offered is sufficient is a question which no man who is not intimately acquainted with the affairs of the Companies can possibly discuss with knowledge. But it is at least possible that the labourers may be acting against their own interest by refusing the offers made them. Their advisers, if they are honest, will be very careful not to persuade them to stand out unless they are very sure that better terms are to be obtained. Unfortunately, the fashion in which the strike is extending, and the appearance both of deliberation and aggression in the recent conduct of the men, lead to the conviction that it is not an honest attempt to raise the price of their work, but a labour conflict artificially encouraged by the leaders as an attack on the Companies.

THE GERMANS ABROAD.

THE cold water which the German official papers have been instructed to throw on the amateur fanatics of German colonization is, of course, a liquid not disagreeable to Englishmen, though it would be a very great mistake to overestimate its significance. Even the timidity of Mr. LABOUCHERE, who sees a bear in every bush and a profitable (and therefore hideous) alliance for England in every visitor, need not alarm itself at the prospect of great gain to Mr. LABOUCHERE'S country because the *North German Gazette* has snubbed those about Dr. PETERS. In the first place, it must be remembered that these free-lances of patriotism are not at all to the German official taste, and that the great Mr. WALKER of Derry would have run the chance of quite as severe remarks from any WILLIAM of Hohenzollern as he actually received from WILLIAM of Nassau. Germany is doing her own recognized work by her own recognized officer, in the person of Captain WISSMANN, with due support and countenance from England, and she naturally feels no particular enthusiasm when Dr. This and Dr. That call for the blood of Admiral FREEMANTLE, and spoil sport by urging their own little plans of self-advantage and self-advertisement. It is true that this douche of cool good sense about the difficulty of developing colonial acquisitions and the necessity of concentrating effort contrasts a little oddly with the tone taken not so many years, or even so very many months, ago, when avalanches of telegrams announced day after day that Germany was annexing here, there, and everywhere, and when, in the course of a season or thereabouts, a Power which had just before had not a foreign possession in the world, was found running up its flags in South-west Africa, in Equatorial Africa East and West, in Papua, in Oceania. It was pointed out at the time that Prince BISMARCK was, in all probability, humouring a national fad at the expense of a Power which, for the moment, was not disposed to make difficulties, or even, as in the case of Angra Pequeña, to take the least trouble about anything, rather than laying or pursuing a deep plan of policy. It may be pointed out now that he is probably recognizing facts much more than he is making magnanimous sacrifices to propitiate England and harrow up Mr. LABOUCHERE'S feelings.

All the same, it is not unsatisfactory to see that one observer of unsurpassed shrewdness, and some part at any rate of a nation which is practical enough when it is not utterly visionary, have discovered the truth about colonization. It is not a very recondite truth, but it is one which nations seem singularly slow to learn, and which we ourselves did not learn till after long and sometimes bitter experience. There is a story—too long and perhaps too well known to tell or re-tell—the point of which is the remark as explaining the failure in the world of a certain young couple:—"Oh, they began with the chicken!" the speaker being a typical French peasant, who had not promoted his own household from cabbage soup to the chicken till late in life. Almost all European nations—down to the latest instance, that of the Belgians on the Congo—have "begun "with the chicken," with paper annexations of vast territories, with governors, with constitutions, with Heaven knows what, instead of with making modest settlements, with getting command of trade, with fighting, if fighting be necessary, only with the nearest person who imperatively calls for chastisement, and so creeping on from small things to great. At the Camaroons, which is a very small station, and open to the use of naval force, the Germans have hitherto carried out their plan without any very decided rebuff. At Samoa a very decided rebuff, indeed, has met them. In Damara Land and at Zanzibar they have got themselves into notorious difficulties. Very little has been heard of what they have been doing in the part of New Guinea abandoned to them. A nation with such commercial aptitudes ought sooner or later to be able to colonize fairly well, though appearances hitherto certainly seem to indicate that the German aptitude is rather for trading under other rule than for governing as well as trading. But for the time the truth of old adages has been once more found to be fact, and the CHANCELLOR has had the sense to recognize it. A joyful and a pleasant thing it is when your governing man recognizes fact when he sees it, and perhaps it is a thing not so common as it is pleasant and joyful.

SUMMARY JURISDICTION.

THE famous maxim *Summum jus, summa injuria* has perhaps been wrongly translated. It may only mean, after all, that summary jurisdiction gives unusual opportunities for going wrong. The newspapers of last Wednesday afforded to those people who read the newspapers at this time of year a double opportunity of interpreting and applying the proverb for themselves. The *Saturday Review*, which is read all the year round, may perhaps usefully undertake the task of combining the incidents and pointing the moral. Captain CRAWFORD, whose case is the more serious, and shall therefore be taken first, was till lately chief British official in the district of Sulymah, on the western shores of Africa. The Sierra Leone coast is not a paradise for Europeans, and Captain CRAWFORD'S health appears to have suffered, like that of so many others, from the climate of this perilous region. We would fain hope that a shattered state of mind and nerves is the best, and the only, though the very inadequate, excuse for the terrible crime of which Captain CRAWFORD has been convicted. The charge against him was that he caused the death of a native servant by "excessive and inhuman flogging." English gentlemen, whatever their faults, are as seldom cruel as cowardly, and soldiers are less prone than civilians to be callous of pain inflicted upon others. The servant whose death Captain CRAWFORD caused had been guilty of theft, which he probably regarded in much the same light as an English housemaid would regard the fault of getting up late in the morning. But he has forfeited his life for it, and that under torture. Some notion of the treatment he must have received may be gathered from the simple fact that no less than seven policemen were indicted with Captain CRAWFORD. They were acquitted, because the Court held that they were only obeying the orders of their superior officer. At Freetown, perhaps naturally, they seem to think more of discipline than of law. But we presume that even there the policemen would not have been exonerated if they had actually hanged the nigger. Captain CRAWFORD has been sentenced to the very mild penalty of twelve months' imprisonment, and it is said that efforts are being made to reduce the term on account of his impaired constitution. It would, of course, be wrong to show as little concern for Captain CRAWFORD'S life as he showed for the native's. But it may be hoped that no ground will be afforded for the idea that Englishmen may do as they please at Sierra Leone.

The strange conduct of Lady MACARTNEY is not to be

taken too seriously, though we must say that, if Mr. De Rutzen had sent her to prison, instead of fining her, she would have had no right to complain. Lady Macartney, whose husband, Sir Halliday Macartney, is secretary to the Chinese Legation, is described by the cautious reporter as a person "of foreign extraction." She has, we believe, been extracted from France, a country which is not usually reckoned as beyond the pale of civilization. But that does not confer upon her the privilege, which she seems eccentric enough to value, of banging English girls about, and pulling down their back hair. She cannot plead, like Captain Crawford, that she is responsible to the Queen and to the mother-country for the maintenance of order in a place where order is very difficult to maintain. On the contrary, she lives in Harley Place, Marylebone, where she is free to engage any servants she pleases, and to dismiss them on proper notice. What she has no business to do is to turn them off without a month's warning or a month's wages, and to come to fisticuffs with them when they do not please her. This information she has now acquired at the cost of paying rather more than five guineas, and of seeing her proceedings described in the public press as follows. Annie Follett deposed that Lady Macartney "attacked her, caught her by the throat, and "a struggle took place, in the course of which witness "pulled Lady Macartney's hair down her back, and she "disarranged witness's. The struggle lasted for fifteen "minutes," &c. &c. All this was because Annie Follett had asked for the opportunity of finding a new situation, to which she was legally entitled. Annie Follett, and Jessie Davis, who was "knocked against the hat-stand," are, we trust, not permanently the worse for their little encounters, whereas the African victim is dead. We can easily imagine Captain Crawford's defence. Theft is very common in Sulymah, and this thief had been often caught before, and flogging is the only thing a nigger minds, and if you strike a native he dies to spite you. The moral effect upon human nature of its physical environment can scarcely be exaggerated.

"IRELAND EXPECTS ——"

IT is said, with some though not entire truth, that Ireland is a poor country, and a profane member of Parliament might remark that this is doubtless the reason why we have it always with us. The performances of the present week in reference to Ireland are only noticeable because of the extreme illustration they give of the utter absurdity and hollowness of Irish debates. Human nature—Irish human nature—would not be expected, we suppose, to refrain from debating Mr. Balfour's salary; so we may confine ourselves to the earlier part of the week. The important proceedings of the Session came to an end when the mismanagement of the Government and the unscrupulousness of the Opposition between them brought about the withdrawal of the Tithes Bill. There then remained nothing but matter in itself purely uncontentious or so little deserving serious contention as the Bill which, owing to Mr. Salt's well-meaning high-handedness in Grand Committee, was subjected to additional debate in the House. As to this all rational men are in agreement. Some Gladstonians triumphantly inform Unionists that not thus will Ireland be bribed. They might have spared their labour, for no Unionist, who is not a kind of lunatic, ever dreamt that it was otherwise. The Light Railways Bill and other Bills of the same kind have been brought in by the Government and supported by the Unionist party merely as part of the duty of endeavouring to govern Ireland for the best, and with the profoundest conviction that some Irishmen (using that word with the common, though rather unfair, connotation of Nationalist) will refuse the gift and be ungrateful, that others (the major part) will accept it and be ungrateful, but that figs are much more likely to be found on the national plant of Scotland than gratitude in a Nationalist. It was equally matter of common knowledge that the English Radicals who pretend to be Ireland's friends would oppose, partly because their friendship does not extend further than taking part in eviction picnics, and partly because the first and last thought of English Radical members in reference to a Tory Government measure is, "Is this a "bad Bill? Vote against it. Is it a good one? Vote "against it ten times harder." The really practical thing would have been for the Opposition to name the number of hours under which it would not let the Bill through, and then for the House to adjourn meanwhile. But we have not reached this state of wisdom, in which, indeed, a Gladstonian Opposition, as at present constituted, could hardly exist.

Monday's example was bettered by Tuesday, and it would be hard to enumerate the number of Irish subjects which received notice, from the delicate question whether the member for Camborne has been (which we should sincerely regret) appointed to a variety of the office created by a certain Oxford undergraduate, to Mr. Lea's wild outburst on the subject of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill. Mr. Shaw Lefevre and Mr. Macneill put their heads together in order to pave (with a well-known material) the way to a fresh discussion of the thrice and three hundred times discussed Clanricarde case, which comes, when all is said, to neither more nor less than this—that Lord Clanricarde is one of the unpleasant people who take and give nothing but what they are strictly entitled to take and formally bound to give. Mr. Healy, with a total disregard of the feelings of Sir George Trevelyan, referred to the French case, Sir George's connexion with which was so powerfully pointed out by Mr. Healy's gifted colleague, Mr. O'Brien. Mr. Fowler, who seems to be a kind of Home Rule Balaam, said the handsomest things of Mr. Balfour, but laid it down in so many words that "the attempt to "govern Ireland logically must be a failure." It is almost impossible to imagine a greater burlesque of Parliamentary proceedings than Mr. Harrington's grave complaint that the religion of telegraph clerks is not more exactly proportioned to the population of their place of service. But all such things do well enough for the purpose—the purpose of appeasing the wrath of the *Freeman's Journal* with the slackness of Irish members, and showing with what terrible earnestness the Hibernian legislator would legislate if he were only allowed.

CRETE AND ARMENIA.

SOME of the possibly well-intentioned, but certainly weak-minded, fanatics whose one idea of Continental politics seems to consist in hunting the Sultan and the Emperor of Austria out of their respective dominions, were at the end of last week and the beginning of this in a state of comparative happiness about Crete. Shakir Pasha would have to come back, the Turkish troops would have to be withdrawn, horrible atrocities would be committed (the atrocity is to this kind of person rather a means to a desirable end than anything else, and he is chiefly grieved when it does not occur or cannot be invented), and Crete would shortly be restored, as a consequence, to the Hellenic Kingdom. It is, of course, impossible to say that these things will not happen; and it is equally impossible to say whether the prophecy of them had anything to do with the curious little Russo-Greek intrigue said to have been attempted. But at present the prophecy seems to be accomplishing itself by contraries. Shakir Pasha has been well received, and has at once taken the most straightforward, as well as the most pacific, means of coming to an understanding with the insurgents; the Turkish troops are being strengthened to an extent really commensurate to the difficulty; atrocities, instead of increasing on this account, are diminishing, and the happy restoration of something that never existed would appear to be indefinitely postponed. In reference to this last point it may be observed that the Cretans themselves apparently do not share the ideas of our English Philhellenes and Turcophobes. But whether they do or not, it is pretty clear that the better aspect of affairs in Crete is due to two things. The first is the late, but not, it would seem, quite too late, awakening of the Porte to the necessity of acting vigorously. The second is the way in which the Powers have given M. Tricoupis a hint, which he has been sensible enough to take, that they do not recognize Greece as possessing any *locus standi* in the matter. To this may be added, if any one thinks proper, the fact—a pretty certain fact—that the insurrection is wholly unconnected with any Turkish "oppression" whatever, and that, so far as the matter has been one of religion against religion, the Mussulmans have not been the aggressors, and have suffered the most of the two.

The Asiatic centre of disturbance does not seem to be for the moment much more promising than the European, if, indeed, Crete can be called European. Our Turcophobes, failing to respond to the affectionate demand for a few proved facts, hug their Armenian Blue-book in the con-

fidence that few people will look to see what it really contains, talk glibly about "Nestorians" and "Armenians" as if they were the same thing, and produce with triumph a document, whether genuine or apocryphal matters little, in which the SULTAN recommends his officers to maintain the rights and privileges of the Kurds. We should have thought that persons who for the most part call themselves Liberals would have held it as the first principle of good government that everybody's rights and privileges should be maintained; but apparently Neo-Liberalism has changed in this as in so many other things, and Russia is openly implored to step in, that the rights and privileges of the Kurds may *not* be maintained. It may be hoped, indeed, that the tardy resipiscence which has exhibited itself in the dealings of the Porte with Crete will extend to Armenia also, and that, not content with abstaining from oppression—an abstinence which has been the rule for many years—the SULTAN'S Government will take care not to let things slide in the fashion which gives opportunity to agitators and atrocity-mongers. The experience of the last war showed that the value of the Kurds as irregular troops was very much overrated and their value as regular troops almost nil; while the Armenians, who, on the whole, still prefer the SULTAN to the CZAR, have made some of the best soldiers in the Russian army. It is almost impossible for well-wishers to the Turks to help them if they will not perceive simple facts of this kind; and the mulish obstinacy of not perceiving them does far more harm than "atroci-" ties," which nineteen times out of twenty do not exist, or religious differences, which need make little difference. For the present, however, the failure of the atrocity-mongers to prove their case is almost absolute, and that is something.

THE SCIENCE COLLECTION.

THE moral of the Report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the Science Collection at South Kensington is briefly this—that, if you have a national collection at all, it ought to be complete, and it ought to be properly housed. Most people will agree with the Committee. An incomplete collection is an eyesore. It is as bad as an incomplete edition. It is the glory of a collection to be complete. To be truly worthy of praise it ought to supply the inquirer so fully that he has no need to go elsewhere. If it does not—if some specimens are missing and journeys must be made to supply them—the scientific, literary, or artistic mind is very properly aggrieved. When the maker of the collection is the State, and when it is of a kind which can be made complete by mere outlay of money and care, grief is replaced by indignation at the discovery of empty places where links ought to be. That when your complete collection is formed, it ought to be properly housed is a self-evident proposition. The Treasury has been suspected of thinking the completion and adequate housing of the Science collection at South Kensington less important than the saving of money. To judge by the composition of the Committee the suspicion was unfounded. The accusation was probably based on nothing more solid than a general estimate of the view and character of the Treasury. In any case that meddlesome department will not be able to justify any future refusal of money by the report of its Committee. It has been recommended to supply 90,000 feet of exhibition space, together with "offices, warehouses, work-" shops, or other accessories," and that at an early date. Now the scientific world can begin the long and arduous task of persuading the Treasury to carry out the recommendation of its own Committee.

The department cannot complain that the gentlemen whose opinions it has asked have been exacting on behalf of science. On the contrary, they have shown every disposition to make space by weeding existing collections, or even by removing some bodily. They suggest, for instance, that fish-culture exhibits might be taken away to Plymouth, and are even ready if it were possible to remove the Naval Exhibition to Greenwich. In spite of a certain air of plausibility about the proposition that things appertaining to the sea should be near the sea, we are not sure that we agree with them. A collection, we say again, ought to be complete. South Kensington ought surely, therefore, to have its naval and fishery sections. If it is desirable to have a school for the study of fishery at Plymouth, it ought to be provided with models and specimens of its own. Besides, London is, after all, the head-quarters of study of all kinds, and the inconvenience which would be caused by the removal of the means of the study from it to a provincial town would more than counterbalance whatever gain there might be in the liberation of space for exhibition at South Kensington. We are, therefore, glad that various considerations, such as a strong public feeling and the refusal of the owners of handsome specimens to have them sent away from London, forbid the removal of the naval gallery. The Committee's expression of a willingness to sacrifice a part of the collection may be taken to be chiefly a proof of its disposition to consult that "regard to the "financial exigencies which must always be present to "those entrusted with the expenditure of public funds." In dealing with other parts of the collection, the Committee shows a real desire to do with the minimum of space and money. It is prepared to see the different sections severely weeded of superfluous specimens; it recommends the use of diagrams instead of models, wherever the drawing will serve the turn; and would retain only such examples of old forms of machines or instruments as are necessary for the purpose of illustrating historical developments. This, beyond all doubt, is the system on which a collection should be formed. With the other suggestions of the Committee—that the sections of the collection should be brought together, housed in a safe way, made accessible, and properly looked after—equally little fault can be found. We end as we began, by saying that a national collection should be complete, and should be supplied with an establishment in proportion to the national dignity. It is stupid, and wasteful too, to throw away money on half-finished things; and that is what is done when funds needed to carry to completion something which has been begun, and to make it safe, are refused.

AMONG THE CHACHĀNS.

THE Kurdish village of Kubur-ul-Beidh, "the Whited Sepulchres," marks the boundary of the Shammar country to the north. As the traveller emerges from the waterless tracts of the great Jazirah plain, he enters once more a land of rivers, and streams, and brooks, a fair and fertile land wasted under the heel of the feckless and reckless Osmanli. Here the Badu guide turns his back on the ploughed and harried soil that owns him not, and sets his face towards the virgin solitudes of his own beloved desert. Six hours' hot and weary ride over the rolling downs, waving fields of yellow wheat, to Nisibin; for supplies are exhausted, and it is not possible to wait to-day for friendly night to throw its cooling shade over our path. The noonday sun blazes on earth and sky—there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. A silent echoing void of flaming heat, so dazzling and brilliant that it weighs upon the aching eyeballs with a sense of blackness of darkness; for the senses seem all confounded, obliterated, under that flood of flame and fire. Nisibin, in Niebuhr's time a wretched village of one hundred and fifty houses, is still the same desolate shadow of what was once "the strong and ancient city of Nisibis, the firmest bulwark of the provinces of the East," until, some ten short years after it had repulsed with loss and ignominy the power of Sapor, it was basely surrendered by the unworthy successor of Julian, flying before the Persian barbarians, as part of the price of "that ignominious peace that has justly been considered as a memorable era in the decline and fall of the Roman Empire." After crossing "the little stream of the Mygdonius" the town, which need not detain us, is entered. It has nothing to show of the triple line of walls and lofty towers which once bid defiance to the hosts of the conquering Shahpur, and held watch and ward on the utmost limits of the Roman Empire. Hassan the muleteer found a brother here, and after many hugs and kisses in true Eastern fashion, the two men fell to deploring the evil fate in store for themselves from the hands of the Chachān robbers whose haunts they were about to enter. The brother was full of the ferocious villany of these Circassian bandits, and finally brought as testimony a number of wretched Kurdish peasants, members of a plundered caravan, who had barely escaped with their lives from the hands of these dreaded robbers. The end was that the muleteer declined to venture himself and his beasts any further into the deserts without an escort, which, he said, could be procured at Mardin, twelve hours' march from Nisibin. Here is a theme for the man who holds that the history and the fate of mighty empires point no moral, bring no wisdom to a foolish generation that prates of "a nineteenth century," as who would say, "Doubtless we are the people and wisdom will die with us!" Where, sixteen centuries ago, Diocletian and his Cæsar Galerius met the ambassador of the Great King, the Persian Narses, and decreed that the city of Nisibis stood inviolate under the shadow of Imperial Rome, a place of arms and of peaceful commerce on the furthest limits of the Empire, and strong in the strength and security of the Roman power in Asia, the land

enjoyed a profound and tranquil peace, now, "from beyond the Tigris and beyond the Euphrates, from the gates of Ctesiphon to those of Antioch," a feeble horde of ill-armed and plundering outlaws spreads terror and devastation through the land, and the ring of ruling pashas looks on helpless and indifferent. So much for the march of nineteen centuries of civilization in some of the fairest provinces of Asia.

Unlike Nisibin, the ruins of Dara, magnificent in decay, still remain to attest the former grandeur of that city, "founded by Anastasius and improved by the perseverance of Justinian." On the road, to the left and the right, there are the remains of old castles, blocks of massive masonry hurled in fragments to the ground. At noon the camp is at Dara, by a spring of pure and abundant water, bubbling out of the foot of Mount Masius. Across the valley and over the low, rocky hills run the solid foundations of that impregnable fortress, whose lofty walls and towers are described as monuments of strength and beauty. Within the line of the walls, and under the massive ruins that encumber the uneven ground, is a labyrinth of vaulted chambers and great cisterns, hewn out of the solid rock. It is a barren desert, abandoned to the Kurdish shepherds, who herd their flocks of goats among the ruins; and after nightfall no foot dare tread within the enchanted space, for it is guarded by jinns and horrid demons. Travellers came and drank at the spring and departed—small groups of Kurdish peasants, then a Turkish Zaptieh; but none would tarry longer than need be by the haunted ruins; and at last, yielding to Ali and the Mukāri, the travellers turned their backs regretfully on the ruins of Dara before the shades of night began to gather. Next morning's sun found them toiling up the steep mountain path to Mardin, a city set on a hill, towering aloft at the sheer height of two thousand feet over the level plain, which breaks like a boundless sea at the foot. The narrow streets rise like terraced battlements to the foot of the scarped, precipitous crown of the hill on which stands the ruined citadel. The magnificent gateway of the Masjid Sultan Isa, the most perfect example of Moorish architecture in Asia, lifts its richly sculptured arch aloft over the town, and from its massive terrace and galleries of hewn stone you gaze right down into infinite space, where the boundless desert is lost in the misty horizon. Descend again from that glorious, breezy height, a flight or two of worn steps, and you feel, but hardly see, the hubbub of busy life astir around you. Of all the places where men are wont to traffic and get gain, none, surely, so shuns the light of open day as the fitful, dim, obscure, and vaulted crypts that form the bazars of Mardin. Overhead are the open streets; down here the din of traffic seems to come obscurely muffled and deadened from the bowels of the mountain. "Behold, O Beg!" said the Mukāri's brother, "here are two Chachāns. Dogs and sons of dogs! If we meet them in the desert, our lives are poured out like water. Allah defend us from the filthy scoundrels!" The two Circassians, seated on a shopboard, even among that motley crowd of Asiatics, certainly bore the palm of conspicuous savagery. Their tanned countenances, under huge sheepskin caps, wore a yet more fierce and evil expression by reason of their fair complexions; and their patched and filthy garments spoke utter poverty, or utter recklessness, or both. The wildest Badu of the Jazirah deserts looks an honest man by comparison.

At the khan was a burly Englishman, travelling by the postal route to Samsun. He had been dancing attendance the whole of the previous day at the Serai, and had failed to prevail upon the Governor to give him an escort of a single Zaptieh. He went off railing at the evasive and dilatory Turk; but, as there was not the slightest necessity for giving him protection over a perfectly safe road, there was, perhaps, some excuse for the Turk. Then came another attempt on him. The Deputy-Governor, a capable and friendly Jacobite in frock-coat and fez, ordered in coffee and cigarettes, and said that an escort should be provided if the Mushir could spare the men; "although," he added, "a score of men will not avail you if the Chachāns choose to attack you; they fear neither God nor devil, much less the Osmanli." Presently the Mushir was ushered in with many salaams, and the company rose. His greeting was courteous and kindly, and he said at once that two Zaptiehs were at our disposal at any time we might demand them; and the interview was at an end. Half an hour had done the business for us over which the Englishman referred to had unsuccessfully spent a whole day; and the inference was that the fault, after all, was not with these courteous and kindly officials. Even English travellers in Turkey will find the absence of tact and civility somewhat a hindrance; but, as a rule, the majority of English travellers in the East are Christian gentlemen.

Instead of two Zaptiehs, one only made his appearance. The Mukāri was content, however; Sheikh Mir Chawish of Mardin carried a repeating carbine slung over his shoulder, a cavalry sabre slung at his side, and rode a splendid little Arab cob, his own property. He wore a dark-blue military uniform, a pair of enormous boots, and a gaudy silk kaffieh enveloped his head and shoulders. He was, moreover, a capital companion, full of Arab lore and legend, which he was nothing loth to impart. The party scrambled down the precipitous path in the early morning, and once more found themselves on the broad, rolling desert, with faces set towards the Euphrates. Across that silent plain they rode, a moving speck on the vast expanse, not a moving or living thing beside themselves to stir the solitudes. A ruined and deserted village lay in the path, where was a rough stone tank of excellent water; the inhabitants had died or fled no one knew when or why or how. Chawish said the name of it was Mashkuk, which means, in Arabic, "Shattered." The land is fair and fertile, with streams of running water. Two brawling torrents were crossed in a morning's march, the banks aglow with rhododendrons in bloom. On the second day the travellers turned aside to seek an encampment which Chawish declared to be in the neighbourhood. They found the low black tents spread among the boulders that strewed the foot of a rugged mound. The natives—wild, unkempt, and uncouth—turned out to stare, too stupid or too stupefied to reply to Chawish's cheery greeting. They were neither Arabs nor Kurds, as one might see at a glance; they were Yezidies, that strange race of semi-pagans who worship the Devil (so say the Moslems), and whose visible sign and symbol for their deity is a cock. The girls of the encampment came and sat on the boulders, twirling their little hand-spindles, whispering and giggling; finally, by dint of very cautious approaches, the travellers arrived at speaking terms, and when evening came on, and the men brought in their flocks, had a weird and fantastic gathering by the lurid fire in the headman's tent. Ali vowed that the Devil-worshippers were wizards and sorcerers whose neighbourhood was uncanny and unsafe. And even the bold Chawish did not attempt to disguise his disgust when it was decided to pass the night in such evil company. Dawn, however, found him and his companions unscathed and alive, wending their way to Wiránshahr, "the Desolate City," whose ruins are a marvel and a mystery.

The very name of the city is lost. The Persian name that it bears only describes the utter desolation that has fallen on its walls of hewn and polished stone, its beautiful palaces and temples; for those graceful shafts and vaulted foundations, the shattered blocks of sculptured masonry, all testify to the former beauty and grandeur of a city that has perished with the power that founded it. The remains are Roman; similar to, but not so massive as, those at Dara; and, like Dara and Nisibis, the city stood by the springs and streams of abundant water. Chawish, unheedful of these monuments of a fallen empire, proposed an immediate visit to the Turkish Mudir, and stipulated that he was to be allowed to conduct the negotiations for a change of Zaptiehs himself. He was to resign his charge here and return to Mardin. The "Serai" was found to consist of a range of half a dozen small and dirty rooms, overlooking the court of a vast enclosure of mud walls. In one of the rooms was the Mudir's brother, a sickly-looking young man, who bade his visitors go to the Bimbashi, in an adjoining apartment. Chawish beat upon the door with the pommel of his sword; and presently a sound of coughing and spitting was heard inside; the door was opened by a Turkish soldier, in a very dirty shirt, who admitted them to the presence of his colonel, still in bed, and then retired to his own couch again. A long conversation in Turkish ensued between Chawish and the Bimbashi; the former not the least abashed, assuming, indeed, rather a bullying tone. On coming out he began to congratulate himself on a good morning's work. "What did you say to the man?" "I said you were travelling on the high business of the English Elchi at Stamboul, and that the English Daulah would make trouble for the Sultan unless you were forthwith provided with a good and sufficient escort. Then the Bimbashi wanted to know why only one Zaptieh, meaning myself, had brought you so far across these deserts. I told him there were six of us, and that I had left the other five behind on the road, intending to rejoin them on my way back to Mardin." "Then you told the man a heap of shameless lies, and I will go back to him at once." "Take my advice, Beg, and leave well alone; you will not get a single Zaptieh here but by cunning and bribery. I know the man and you do not. Besides, would you blacken my face, who have served you faithfully out of the affection I have conceived for you?" And Chawish, not one whit abashed, set off forthwith on his return journey, lest by chance the Bimbashi should too soon discover the trick that had been played upon him.

In the afternoon the two Zaptiehs arrived, fully equipped for the journey. One was a tall, athletic Chachān, or Circassian; his companion, a talkative little Turk from Stamboul; they rode upon mules and carried old muzzle-loading rifles. "If we meet the Chachāns," explained the Turk, "my brother, who is a Chachān himself, and a valiant lion, will know how to deal with them." "And what will you do?" "Have no fears, Effendi; we will defend you or die." There was riding for many hours across a flat, dreary plain, rank with noxious weeds; the swarms of flies stung the poor brutes to madness. At dark a ravine was crossed, with a stream, or small river, the Turkish name of which means "Brook of the Lion." The road ascends over stony and desolate hills, until about midnight, on the summit of the plateau, a halting-place was reached, the name of it in Arabic Kharāba, which signifies "the Ruins." In the moonless midnight a desolate spot. Black against the western sky stood the nameless ruins; neither Mukāri nor Zaptieh would venture within the crumbling walls, the nightly haunt, they said, of ravenous beasts. By the light of the stars there could be distinguished prostrate pillars and ruinous heaps, vaulted crypts yawning, black and cavernous. An ominous hiss or growl coming out of the darkness gave a warning of some lurking foe, and it was safer to return to where the beasts were tethered and the men sitting by the blaze of a cheerful fire. The camping place was here because there was water. The water comes from the unknown depths of rock-hewn cisterns, each with its narrow orifice opening through the solid rock, and made to be closed by its sliding trap of stone, for the grooves were there yet.

It is on the track of Roman armies and Roman Emperors, and it is probable that the marching hosts of Rome used or hewed these cisterns that they might not perish of thirst in crossing this waterless plateau, which stretches from near Edessa to the Brook of the Lion, on its eastern boundary. Or they may be of yet greater antiquity. Suddenly the deep silence of night was broken by a cry, faint and distant, a human voice raised in a prolonged and continuous shout like the cry of a man startled by a sudden peril. The Zaptiehs rose to their feet grasping their muskets; the party sat up and listened intently, but the cry was not repeated, and silence reigned again on the dark and lonely hills.

This district is the ancient province of Osrhoëne, one of the transient conquests of Trajan in the first century. Not until two centuries later was it finally reduced to a Roman province, when Abgarus, the last of its kings, was sent to Rome in chains, and Edessa, his capital, dignified with the rank of colony. Southward of our route lies the track of the ill-fated expedition of Julian when he marched to defeat and death in the distant dominions of Sapor. From Hierapolis on the Euphrates the Roman hosts marched northwards to Carrhæ, which is Haran, where Abraham dwelt when he came from Ur of the Chaldees, and the Harran of the Arabs; then suddenly wheeled to the south, and reached on the third day the banks of the Euphrates again at Nicephorium, which is called by the Arabs Rakkah. Harran lies on the left behind the barren range of Jabal Taktak. But noon brings the summit of a rocky pass, and here are ruins of temple or castle, the former probably, for close by are two empty rock-hewn tombs. The huge blocks of hewn and polished stone are heaped up pell-mell as if an earthquake had shattered the building to its foundations. Beneath the smooth, shelving rock is a magnificent reservoir of water; the Mukāri was let down by a rope into its dark and rocky depths, and sent up bucket after bucket of icy-cold water, sweet but somewhat discoloured, until man and beast had drunk their fill. A road hewn smooth and deep out of the solid rock descends by an easy slope into the valley on the other side. If the testimony of all history did not agree that the famous Temple of the Moon stood at Carrhæ, one might well suppose that these gigantic ruins were the very remains of the old Sabæan shrine. Abraham, travelling slowly, like an Arab sheikh of the present day, may have halted here to water his flocks and herds and followers. He must have passed close by this spot when he departed out of Haran to go into the land of Canaan. The eldest servant of his house, when he came again to his native Mesopotamia with his camels to seek a wife for Isaac, found Rebecca at the well; "and she went down to the well and filled her pitcher and came up," and afterwards drew for the camels. Jacob, when he fled to Padan-Aram, the same home of his mother's father, "found a well in a field"; and "out of that well they watered the flocks, and a great stone was upon the well's mouth"—and the shepherds who came to water the sheep said, "of Haran are we." To one the traveller descends, like Rebecca, by a flight of worn steps, and it seemed, with the Bible records brought vividly to mind, to be no far-fetched conjecture that these might be the very wells which play so important a part in the history of the old patriarchs.

Then came the windings of a long, narrow valley. Solitude reigns supreme in that forsaken desert; not a moving thing is visible. The two Zaptiehs either rode far behind or far ahead, and seemed to have particular objections to riding in close proximity to the caravan. Perhaps wrong was done to the bold fellows by the suspicion that they thus preferred to hold themselves in readiness either for flight or for battle, whichever might seem most convenient, in case the Chachāns should suddenly fall upon the laden mules. At the entrance of a low valley, opening through the hills to the left, was another mass of débris, squared and massive blocks of stone, overwhelmed upon the ground, blocking up the entrance of the narrow defile. Hard by was a deep, oblong excavation in the hard rock, partly covered by slabs of stone laid neatly in their place side by side. The chamber was empty and dry, and the Zaptieh from Stamboul said it had held the gold and treasures of the Rumi long before the Osmanlis came into the country. Five hours later the descent from the stony plateau began. In the green and fertile plain beyond were the long lines of tents of the Syrian fellahin, for the travellers were now approaching the borders of Northern Syria. The swarthy Arab was behind in his native desert, and a fairer race, less free than himself, a patient race that has toiled and worn the yoke of many an oppressor, tilled the soil of the land. Even the tents, plain in the distance, spoke of the change. Many of the tents were white and some were striped, black and white, and no one ever found an Arab under a tent that was not blacker than his own swarthy countenance. The ill-shaped jackets and baggy trousers of the Syrian peasants were a veritable offence, and almost a personal grievance, after the loose and graceful *abba* of the Arab. And there was the khan, substantial brick and mortar, a visible sign and proof that the desert lay behind. Ali and the Zaptiehs held a noisy colloquy in Turkish with some women in the courtyard. The women were in permanent possession, but gave permission to occupy the gateway. For the first time for many a day the party slept under a roof that hid the shining stars.

The following day Urfa lay in front, extended white and shining under the morning rays, against its background of low hills. Urfa of the Turks, but far-famed Edessa of classic and Christian story; where the cross won its earliest triumphs, and the dark deities of paganism forsook their rival shrine at Carrhæ before the light diffused from her Christian school: where Arian factions strove with the apostate Emperor and felt the weight of the resentment of that oppressor of the Galilæans; and where, centuries later, Baldwin, Count of Flanders, raised the standard against a sterner foe of Christianity, which triumphed, or seemed to triumph, when the short-lived Christian principality fell before the prowess of the father of Saladin. At the gate of Edessa dangers, if not toils, were over. "Well, where were these terrible Chachāns all the time, whom we did not see?" The Turk from Stamboul said something to his Circassian comrade, who replied with brief words and many a fierce and expressive gesture. Then, said the Turk, speaking in bad Arabic, "Effendi, you did not see the Chachāns, nor did I, but my brother, who is a Chachān himself, and a valiant lion, did. They dogged our steps from the first night at Kharāba until we slept at peace within barred and bolted gates last night. *Al-hamd-ul-Illāh*, you are here in safety—for the dread of us was upon these godless prowlers of the desert."

MADAME PUZZI.

THE sense of loss which Mme. Puzzi's disappearance from the world of London—to say nothing of the wider world of music—brings to all who were privileged to call her friend, or even acquaintance, must not here be too much dwelt on, and, indeed, only those outside her family circle who knew her both as teacher and friend can rightly gauge it. Her knowledge of the world was like her knowledge of music, profound, but for all that had not in it one shade of cynicism. Proud with a just pride, without one touch of vanity, she made herself loved and respected, but never feared—as the word is commonly used—by all who were admitted to her friendship. She was the very soul of kindness; but it was a kindness on which none ever dreamed of presuming. Celebrated in Praed's "Good Night to the Season" as "the Toso, So very majestic and tall," herself a prima donna of extraordinary qualifications until she had lost her voice, she became the wife of Signor Puzzi, the greatest of horn-players (his only worthy successor having been M. Vivier), and also, it is believed, no mean diplomatist in a quiet way; and she became also the very first of professed teachers in England of the true Italian method of singing. A lesson from her, with her wide and penetrating knowledge of every detail of true musical and dramatic art, was a thing never to be forgotten. Nor was it less instructive to be in her company at any operatic performance. She had known well the giants of opera, in those old days of opera which Mr. Augustus Harris has lately done so much to revive; but her keen and kind judgment of new-comers was never affected by a desire to glorify the past at the expense of the present. It may be added that her patience, acquired rather than inborn, with faults both in public and private performances was almost inexhaustible. But then she was a great artist. And it is well known, to all who care for the knowledge, that a great artist is far more lenient in judgment than a passable, or even more than passable, amateur; the reason of which is not far to seek. Until within a comparatively short time she continued to take an unflagging and always kindly critical interest in all that was done or sung on the operatic stage or concert platform. "Mamma Puzzi"—one cannot help using the familiar phrase—was a storehouse of memories that extended far beyond the musical and dramatic world, and those memories she was always ready, with her own inimitable wit and humour, to unfold for her friends. In her was the very best of the Italian temperament schooled and controlled by a heart of gold and a will of steel: so that she might deserve a saying of which some will recognize the origin—"There was only one Mme. Puzzi."

Her death must suggest to all but the younger opera-goers the changed conditions of Italian opera and the many vicissitudes it has known during the past sixty years. As a singer, Mme. Puzzi's career began in 1827 at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, in the part of Agia in Rossini's *Pietro l'Eremita*. Mlle. Toso, to give her maiden name, was trained at that nursery of famous singers, the Milan Conservatorio. She was young, charming, and beautiful exceedingly when engaged by Signor Puzzi for the London season. This engagement led to another, and before the next season arrived Mlle. Toso became Mme. Puzzi, and the stage she was eminently qualified to adorn knew her no more. For a long period, however, she exercised a constant and beneficial influence on the course of Italian opera in England. Her artistic influence was acknowledged to be in the first rank of authority. Her career as a teacher, whose success was altogether extraordinary, and as a critic, to whom managers were wont to appeal when perplexed by the difficult and delicate task of deciding finally on the merits of young, untried vocalists, is one of the most remarkable in operatic history. A sound judgment in matters artistic is perhaps not wholly developed by education. Nature, probably, has a larger share in its formation than professors of art are willing to concede. Mme. Puzzi's natural gifts were happily matured in one of the best schools of musical training in Europe. Her "singing method," so productive of excellent artists, was based on principles of theory and practice which time has tested and all great singers have approved. The renown of Italian Conservatorios cannot be said to have waned with the waning of Italian opera, and Milan, always in the first rank of schools of music, may justly be proud of the fame acquired by Mme. Puzzi as a teacher. If at present the

Italian operatic stage in London is not mainly recruited from Italy, as it was in the flourishing days of Lumley, it is not because great singers are not raised in Italy, but because other countries are more canvassed by the impresario's agents. A very large proportion of foreign stage vocalists are educated finally in Italy. Many, indeed, have been preserved from the evil effects of defective training by a fortunate sojourn at Milan or Naples. What Mr. Sims Reeves has to say on this important question, in his entertaining "Jubilee" volume, is not less weighty now than in his own years of training. The accident of birth may endow a country with the exceptional singer; but it is to Italy, as a rule, that we owe the educating method that makes the singer exceptional.

When Mme. Puzzi made her *début* at the King's Theatre Italian opera was a great and popular institution. It was dominated by the genius of Rossini, who did more than any other composer to stay for the time the advance of those reforming theories of Gluck which were subsequently to be developed by Wagner and his followers beyond the aims of the composer of *Orfeo*. Italian opera was genuine Italian opera, "undebased," as old-fashioned people would now say, when the beautiful Mlle. Toso sang for a season in the works of Rossini, Mercadante, and others who were great composers for great singers. Then was the human voice, in a sense, glorified and accorded a significant prominence in the lyric scene. Italian opera itself had, however, recently experienced a mild and salutary revolution. Only some few years before that first appearance of Mlle. Toso in *Pietro l'Eremita*, Rossini had introduced in *Otello* that richer musical treatment of recitative which replaced the old *recitativo secco* characteristic of Italian opera before the prime of Rossini's brief and brilliant reign. The innovation was a prodigious advantage to trained singers and a powerful influence on the art of vocalization. There are still singers among us, and good judges of singing, who regret those old times. Mr. Sims Reeves is eloquent in praise of Italian opera as it then was, and would probably rejoice in the revival of the forgotten operas in which Mlle. Toso charmed the London world of 1827. To lament the loss of that which fascinated everybody sixty years since is appropriate and pathetic on this occasion; yet we cannot profess to be hopeful of the resuscitation of the old traditions. We must be thankful for the ever-delightful *William Tell*—though we might have it uncut, and gain thereby—and for the immortal *Barber*. The rest are probably as far from the possession of desire as the charming English operas that were contemporaneous with the Italian stage triumphs of Malibran and Pasta. Only the magnanimous amateur with an opera stage of his own, if such a person exists, can revive the "Ballad Operas" that delighted our fathers. Since those far-off days when Lumley ruled and controlled the fortunes of Italian opera, Mme. Puzzi had witnessed many fluctuations in its course, dark periods of decadence, threatened extinctions, and the promising revival and reconstruction of recent years under Mr. Augustus Harris. Her life has been throughout closely associated with the history of Italian opera in England—first as singer, and afterwards as teacher and critic. In all three capacities she achieved distinction, and in the last two her eminence was notable. That Mme. Puzzi was long regarded as a court of final appeal for bewildered impresarios is excellent testimony to her experience and gifts as a musician. Her advice was sought only to be followed, and her judgment was in most instances signally confirmed.

THE DEVONSHIRE ASSOCIATION.

THE Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science, Literature, and Art met at Tavistock on the 30th of July in this year. This Association, established on the lines of the British Association, meets each year in some town in Devonshire, in July or August, with a president for the year, appointed for his eminence or competence as a teacher of men. It was established in 1862, when it met at Exeter, with Sir John Bowring as president; and the last time that it met at Tavistock was in 1866, when the president was no less a person than Lord Russell. Among the presidents of the Devonshire Association may be mentioned such men as Charles Kingsley, Anthony Froude, William Froude—appointed president for 1878, when, in consequence of his deeply-lamented death, Sir Samuel Baker took his place at short notice—the Bishop of London, Lord Monkswell, Lord Coleridge, and other Devonshire men.

The president, on taking the chair on the first evening of the meeting, reads an address, which, by the rules of the Association, need not be on a subject relating to Devonshire, though the other papers read by members of the Association on the two following days must be devoted to the elucidation of Devonshire topics. The variety of matter dealt with in the presidents' addresses is as great as the variety in the endowments of the presidents' minds. Last year the Dean of Exeter, the Senior Wrangler of 1839, dwelt on astronomy and other sciences, and enlarged on literature. This year Mr. Huddlestone, the Secretary of the Geological Society, gave a geological address on the geology of the Tavistock district and Dartmoor, revealing to the world that geologists differ, and that there are burning questions arising on the evidence respecting the true history of the world's crust offered by the exploration of the rocks. Although there are numerous geologists amongst the members of the Devonshire Association, there has been no geological president, with a geological address, since 1867, when Mr. Pengelley, F.R.S., known to fame as the explorer and expounder of the remains of man and beast found in Kent's Cavern, Torquay, was president, at Torquay. It is not difficult to make the subject of geology obscure to the general public of men and women, members of the Devonshire Association, and when geologists differ, forming themselves into parties, not Whig and Tory exactly, but very human all the same, an outsider feels himself to be very much indeed outside the points of controversy.

The members read papers for two days after the address on exclusively Devonshire subjects. They are limited by the rules to twenty minutes in each case, and the length of papers, with a profusion of small details, notwithstanding this limit is astonishing. Details are strictly scientific, and large views can only rest on a secure foundation formed of such material duly verified. The mass of observers are always collecting facts, from which great minds draw inferences, sometimes of astounding importance. But discrimination in small details is a virtue which appears to be rare, and if facts of no value at all could be distinguished from facts of significance many wearisome hours might be spared to many members of many Associations.

The president's address and the papers read, or "taken as read," many of them being too long for the twenty minutes, are printed and published in a yearly volume of *Transactions*, and this library of twenty-seven volumes since 1862, some of them bulky enough, contains an extensive collection of Devonshire facts of all sorts, whether indiscriminate or of value some future searcher of records will, no doubt, judge. Antiquaries flourish in this and in kindred Societies who never weary of the smallest of facts raked up from the past, and their habit of gloating on a rough stone cross by the roadside, common enough, one would think, in Roman Catholic times, is an instance of what the human mind will condescend to. Etymology becomes a branch of archæology in these cases, and is quite consistent with a good deal of ignorance of every language except one, and even that but imperfectly known. The antiquarian spirit is certainly rife amongst the members of these Associations.

There was one paper, contributed by Mr. Radford, of Mount-Tavy—short, well written, and well read—raising a question of vast importance to Devonshire, and of not inferior interest in all cases of rivers and water-supply. A large quantity of rain falls on Dartmoor, which is held by the bogs as water is held by a sponge, and from them slowly drip, even in the driest seasons, the waters that form such rivers as the Teign, the Dart, the Plym, the Tavy, the Okements, and the Taw; in fact, the whole water-supply for more than half Devon, including the fleet and shipping in general at Plymouth. The Duchy of Cornwall, as owners of the Forest, so called, of Dartmoor, claim and have exercised the right to grant these bogs to Companies or other strangers for the purpose of converting them into portable fuel on a large scale. Happily, so far these adventures have proved complete failures, ending on occasion in the Bankruptcy Court. But, if they were to succeed, the sources of the water-supply would be cut off, and an incalculable injury inflicted on large, well-populated districts. If this cutting of fuel were only partially successful, the result would be dangerous floods in rainy seasons and scanty streams in dry seasons, the bogs being, judging from the quality of the water, one of the very best of reservoirs. The commoners of the Forest have exercised the right to cut fuel for centuries; but it has been done on such a small scale that no palpable harm has followed. The whole question of the water-supply of the kingdom and the pollution of rivers is a serious one, and must before very long demand more attention than it has as yet received. The rights of the Duchy of Cornwall and the management by the Duchy office of this property of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales were discussed pretty freely at Tavistock, where various claims were put forward inconsistent with the proceedings of the Duchy authorities and very well worth public attention.

Tavistock is a very attractive and pretty town. It is blest with a duke, the Duke of Bedford, who, with his predecessors, has built public buildings and improved the town immensely of late years. The public buildings, including the Bedford Hotel, were the home for the time being of the Devonshire Association; and after their final meeting on the 1st of August the members were entertained by the townspeople at a conversazione, where there was an exhibition of pictures, minerals, and curiosities. Here Devonshire songs, collected with much pains by Mr. Baring Gould, were sung by a troupe of his selection, including himself, and constituted good examples of Devonshire musical art combined with antiquarian research. Mr. Baring Gould has a theory that these songs have a peculiar Devonshire character; the words of some of them certainly have, and the airs and music in particular have, according to Mr. Baring Gould, a special significance, denoting a very old and primitive musical feeling in the people. On this we shall have more to say when the songs are published.

The Association dine and make speeches, the Association go to garden parties, and, after the serious business has been got through, the Association devote a day, by way of recovering from their labours, to excursions. They visited Devon Great Consols mine, one of the best conducted mines in the West of England, and Endsleigh Cottage, where the Duke of Bedford seeks retirement at times. They visited Brent Tor Church, Lydford gorge and waterfall, and Lydford Castle—where Lydford law was administered, under which prisoners were hanged first and tried afterwards. And they visited Dartmoor, where they inspected the

antiquities, Wistman's Wood, and the convict prisons at a respectful distance—not even an Association devoted to science, literature, and art being allowed inside.

The Devonshire Association, with many other similar Associations in the various counties, is doing a great deal of good work; collecting facts annually with most praiseworthy diligence from which may be sifted valuable materials for history by future historians, when the history of the present day can certainly be made more accurate than the history of past times can be made now.

MODERN CHURCH WINDOWS.

OF all the new, or renewed, arts which the great Gothic revival of fifty years ago called into action, none appeared so likely to prosper as the art of the glass-stainer. Two things mainly contributed to foster this hope. One was the more general recognition on the part of artists of the simpler rules of harmony in colour, a recognition chiefly brought about by the publications of M. Chevreul, and perhaps in a less degree by Mr. Redgrave's *Manual of Colour*. The other was the great improvement in the methods of the manufacture of coloured glass which took place shortly before the Exhibition of 1851, and enabled artists to calculate on the use of glass, not only of every conceivable hue, but in every size likely to be required. By one of those coincidences which make fact so much stranger than fiction, these two new circumstances were destined to injure the art they might have been expected to nourish. To the former of them we owe the preponderance of dark, heavy, almost opaque blue which prevails in the first windows put up in the revived style. We need only point to such prominent examples as may be seen in Canterbury Cathedral and in Westminster Abbey. To the second—namely, the large pieces of the finest ruby and other previously exiguous colours—we must attribute the loss of that great charm of what Winston called "Mosaic." The mediæval artist could find but little of the best glass. That little was expensive, and, moreover, came to the designer in all kinds of irregular shapes. Wishing, naturally, to use as much and waste as little of these precious fragments as he possibly could, he drew his design according to his glass. With us all this is changed. Any design can now be executed in the best colours. The leading has lost its meaning and principal use; whereas in the fourteenth century it was necessary both to conceal and to accentuate certain points in a design which chiefly depended for its success on the materials available and the artist's skill in using them. Now there is no limit, and the leading, as often as not, is a mere make-believe, and has little or no influence on the ultimate effect.

Three courses were now opened to the artists in stained glass. They could, by breaking up their glass into fragments, and then piecing them together, make something which would look a little like old work. Or they could, by the use of enamelling and other devices of their art, make shaded, coloured, and transparent pictures. Or, lastly, they might accept the situation as it stood, and, using the materials at their disposal, produce large, brilliant, and harmonious designs, in which form and shading would be subservient to colour and light. The second of these methods was only pursued in this country on a large scale at Glasgow Cathedral, where the long row of prophets and saints in the crypt might have had an enormous effect upon the future of glass-painting. We say "might have had," but one element was wanting to that consummation. If some very great artist had come forward, giving his whole mind and attention to the work, making the windows of St. Mungo a gallery of the highest art of which glass is capable, his influence would probably have turned the scale universally in favour of transparencies. But no such genius appeared. The windows vary between the depths of commonplace and the exaggerations of ignorance, although they have one thing in common—a constant and uneasy striving for pictorial success never achieved.

The vast majority of English stained-glass painters followed the first course. They attempted, in an innumerable number of cases, so to imitate the art of the old glaziers that their productions should suit the style of the restored edifices for which they were destined. Leading became an end, and no longer a means. The thin delicate lines were thickened, and in nine cases out of ten the artist did not care to inquire on which side of a church or other building his glass was to go. The most flagrant examples of this which we can call to mind are to be found in Westminster Abbey, where the windows to Stephenson and Locke the engineers, although full of the deepest shades of purple and blue, and absolutely without any relief from white glass, are nevertheless on the north side of the nave, while the equally darkened windows in the west aisle of the north transept are in a place where the sun can never have shone since the building of the Abbey. Examples of this sort have done much to bring the whole art of stained glass into disrepute. The designer in the style of which we are speaking makes no invidious distinctions as to the aspect of the window which he is commissioned to construct. In a small volume, *Designs of Stained Glass* (A. L. Moore & Co.), we are offered many compositions of this kind; but there is not a word to tell whether the glass is intended for the north, south, west, or east side. The result is in many churches a most unseemly and inconvenient darkness, especially about the chancel, necessitating the constant use of altar lights and the gas corona. It never seems to have struck the modern artist of this kind that even the mediæval stainer, of whose work he attempts to make an ostensible *pastiche*, remembered above all things that a window was intended to give light, that a window with a southerly aspect might be darker on account of sunshine than one looking north, and that in any case a suitable proportion of white glass, whether translucent or not, must enter into every composition of the kind. But the whole subject of what is so falsely called "restoration" is intimately connected with that of window-making, and the too frequent failure of the modern imitative Gothic artist to recover and renew the motives and aims of the mediæval designer cannot be better illustrated than by a survey of the windows in our restored cathedrals, and particularly in that which is nearest to many of us, Westminster Abbey.

Most visitors who are at all conversant with this art will agree with us that, with few exceptions, all the windows which have been placed in the Abbey during, let us say, the last fifty years, might be broken to pieces without the world having sustained much æsthetic loss. We have only to call attention to the Chaucer window, tame, dull, confused, inharmonious, and, above all, never designed for its place in the eastern wall; or to the deep blue windows in the north aisle with their tubular bridges and irrigation works in a north wall where nothing can elucidate the obscurity of their design; or, worse than all, the glass set up by a well-meaning American in the baptistery, to the memory of Herbert and Cowper, which serves to darken completely the few rays of light which ever penetrated this dark corner. There are many examples almost as bad as these, and against these there is hardly more than one window to set, that in the north aisle of the nave to the memory of Brunel. Here the designer has adopted with confidence the modern conditions. As becomes a north window, light is the chief thing sought for, and, apart altogether from the design, the first impression produced on the mind of the unprejudiced critic is that he has just seen a piece of beautiful jewelry in which gold, diamonds, and pearls were set off by an occasional ruby or sapphire. A closer examination shows that the window is not wholly in accordance with its surroundings. Although it exhibits certain Gothic details in pointed and cusped arches, in pillars and panels, the lead work nowhere interferes with the pictorial effect, each piece of glass employed is as large as was needful, and absolute numerical harmony has been obtained by the most sparing use of the brighter colours. The result is that this window entirely kills those about it, and is conspicuous in the Abbey as the only one that gives light. We cannot help thinking that the artist, with whose name we are unacquainted, might have brought his design a little more within the pale of Gothic feeling, and two or three examples might be adduced to show that this would have been possible. It is an invidious task to criticize, even gently, the one good window in the church; but we remember that similarly brilliant effects, with a much more mediæval tone and one better suited to a Gothic cathedral, have been attained in Christ Church at Oxford, where some delicately harmonious, but hardly shaded, drawings by Mr. Burne Jones have been used in the production of exquisite work in the style of which we are speaking—a style only possible under the altered conditions of glass manufacture to which we have adverted. To these may be added a north window in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, where the transmission of light has been a first object. The design is somewhat ascetic, little or no brilliant colouring being admitted; but the combination of tertiary colours is extremely happy and harmonious. Facing it, on the sunny side of the church, is a somewhat similar window; but here, light being sufficient, the artist has not only put in elaborate canopies and other details, but has also introduced a moderate allowance of primary colours. The best example of this particular style, in which, as we have said, the modern material conditions are utilized rather in a mediæval spirit than in a mediæval manner, may be seen in Street's very remarkable church of St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington. Here it would seem that, contrary to the usual and disastrous practice in vogue among architects and their coadjutors glass-stainers, some attempt has been made to combine the architectural features of the windows with the design of the glazing. The only fault we are disposed to find is that the artist, rendered timid by the monstrosities perpetrated by his neighbours, has been a little too sparing of bright colours.

Here and there, scattered far and wide over the surface of our country, are to be found a few windows of modern workmanship and design which the critic can unreservedly commend. But the pattern-book of Messrs. Moore and other volumes of the kind which have been before us at intervals show, not only what are the dominant faults of the window-glass of the day, but also what are the causes of those faults. Mr. Winston, quoting *Punch* so early in the movement as 1845, thus parodies the Gothic glass-stainer's advertisement:—"Head from a piece of broken window found under a brick-kiln by the Archæological Institute at Winchester . . . right hand from half a bishop picked up after the fire at York Minster; left ditto from the nineteenth figure (counting from the right) in the oriel window of St. Peter's at Rome . . . drapery from the deal boards in Westminster Abbey." Although this was in the earliest days of the Gothic revival, there is not much change. When, say, a country clergyman is offered a window by a parishioner, he has no choice but to write to one of the firms whose advertisements he has received. The question chiefly to be decided is one of cost. This style so much; that so

much more or less, as the case may be. "In order to obtain," say Messrs. Moore, "an exact estimate, it is only requisite to send a rough sketch of the window, giving the sizes of each opening." There is not a word about aspect or about the style of other possible windows or decorations in the building. There are no questions raised such as would come first into the mind of an expert on the subject. We order what will become a very permanent and perpetual picture, painted, at a very considerable price, with less care or discrimination than would be displayed by a party of fox-hunters ordering a portrait of their favourite Whip. The price at per square foot is probably the first and last consideration. We cannot throw all the blame upon the glass-stainers. If the public is content with cut-and-dried designs by artists who have not attempted to grasp any of the problems connected with glass-painting, those who carry them out are fully at liberty to reap the advantage. But the question remains, Why should we spend good money on bad art?

REPORTS FROM THE MOORS.

AMONG the curiosities of literature should be ranked the annual reports from the grouse moors in the newspapers. Patient, indeed, must be the reader who steadily wades through several columns of small print entirely composed of such items of information as the following:—"Glenhaggis. On the 12th, Mr. Lombard, Mr. J. M. Lombard, and Captain Raleigh, of the Hundredth Dragoon Guards, bagged 23½ brace of grouse, 2 snipe, and 1 hare. On the 13th the same party shot 17½ brace of grouse, 1 snipe, and 2 hares. Birds plentiful, but wild. No disease." Moreover, these reports are the less interesting because, elaborate as they appear at first sight, they do not contain any returns whatever from many of the most important shootings. Details are, so to speak, wanting where they are wanted, and superabundant where they are superfluous. We were not particularly interested by reading that a gentleman who only killed 8 brace on the 12th began to shoot punctually at 11 A.M., and ceased to do so precisely at 4 P.M.; that he saw "some good strong broods, but not so many on the ground as usual," and that the birds were very wild; or that another who killed 9½ brace on the 12th was "not out on the 13th," and that the aforesaid 9½ brace were "excellent birds"; or, again, that a sportsman who took his keeper, instead of a friend, to shoot with him, and secured a bag of 12 brace to the two guns, "will not shoot" a certain hill "till 20th." The reader begins to wish for any relief from the horrible monotony—that he could find a statement that somebody had shot a friend's favourite setter, or even "peppered" his host; that Mr. Black never hit a feather on the 12th, or that Mr. White was overcome by the heat and the whisky. The reports would be less tedious if we were even told how many cartridges each party fired off in obtaining their given number of birds. It is true that now and then we meet with a little mild variety. By contrast, it was quite an excitement to come upon the words "(Eton boy)" after one name among some shooters on the 12th, and we wept when we read that on the 13th he was "not out." After countless entries of the usual humdrum style it is almost startling to read —"after 2 P.M. it became dark and stormy, and the birds, which sat fairly in the morning, became exceedingly wild," and righteous indignation may be aroused by the fact that "on the 12th, 13th, and 14th"—three whole days' shooting—Mr. Something, of Something, "and party (two guns) killed 9 brace of grouse," and nine only, because "the birds were very scarce and wild, owing to driving on the neighbouring ground." Who can picture to his mind the shame and remorse of the wicked owner or lessee of "the neighbouring ground" on seeing his evil deeds, "in prunt, mon," or the first meeting between the two neighbours after the announcement had appeared? About the most interesting piece of information in the whole return is that on a certain moor "the dogs shot over were one pointer and one colley." A Highland "shootist" requires five lines to record the fact that he and two friends bagged 9½ brace of grouse on the 12th; but he is beaten by one who takes six lines to state that two guns on the same day killed no less than 7½ brace of grouse. There is moral courage in the two gentlemen who report (or possibly some one else may have reported for them) that their joint bag consisted of 3 brace of grouse. One of the briefest of all the returns is required to announce that on the 12th "about 800 brace were bagged" by Lord Ripon's party. Very wise are the makers of moderate bags who confine themselves to reporting that they had "good sport," that they are "entertaining a large party," or that they can send "favourable returns." That "capital bags were obtained" is all we are told as to the quantity of grouse which were killed on a moor than which "few are better preserved," lying within easy reach of a large manufacturing town. We should like to know the exact number in this instance; because, "besides the gunners, there was also a considerable number of onlookers." "There were also many carriages, breaks, gigs, &c., with smartly-attired occupants, some of them ladies." Details are wanting, again, as to the bags which have been made on "a certain moor in Yorkshire," which the *Field* hears "has been leased to a person who nets the grouse instead of shooting them." Accurate returns would also be welcome of the number of partridges which have already been shot, more or less accidentally, by grouse-shooters. We will guarantee that the quantity would prove to be, according to the stock phrase, "far larger than is generally supposed," in spite of the fact that the First of September is not yet.

To write with a seriousness more befitting the occasion, we may observe that there has been unquestionably a great deal of disease among the grouse in Scotland this year, and that, upon the whole, both public and private accounts show the season in the North to be a disappointing one, although excellent bags have been made in some districts. In Yorkshire, on the contrary, larger bags have been made than usual; and some very good ones, too, have been reported from Lancashire. Many of the Derbyshire moors were not shot over during the first week of the season; but the returns already sent in from that county have been, as a rule, unsatisfactory. In a vague sort of way, reports come from Wales of "heavy bags"; but we have reason for knowing that these are far from being universal in that principality. From all quarters of this island where grouse are found the news is received that the birds are very wild, and that in most cases they were so even on the 12th; yet on a large proportion of shootings there were a good many broods of little weakly grouse, too evidently the results of late second hatches, and either very early or very late birds have been the rule rather than the exception.

THE HARVEST.

JULY and August have, for the second time in succession, disappointed the hopes of wheat-growers. The seed-time and spring were highly favourable, May and June were all that the farmer could wish for, and at the beginning of July the year promised to be, taken altogether, the best that agriculturists have had in England for a long time past. But as July went on the hopes of farmers began to decline. Heavy rains and high winds lodged the growing corn in many localities, the low temperature checked ripening, and there were reports of the appearance of mildew here and there. August, so far, has not improved upon July, and now, we fear, it must be concluded that the wheat harvest, at any rate, will be far worse than it promised to be five or six weeks ago, and, even if up to the average in quantity, will be poor as regards quality and condition. The lodged corn has in many cases sprouted, and in other places it has not ripened. The high winds in exposed positions have scattered very much of the grain, and the frequent showers have not only delayed cutting, but have often prevented the farmer from gathering in the crop. In consequence the grain is in many instances too soft for milling purposes. The reports which, as usual, have been collected by the agricultural papers and the *Times* from all parts of the country were made either at the end of July or early in the present month. They are, therefore, we fear, too favourable, since additional damage has been done by the weather of the present month. It will be well, therefore, to deduct something from the estimates founded upon them. They agree more closely than usual that the crop, taken as a whole, is above the average in quantity, the most general estimate being that it will yield nearly thirty bushels to the acre. But more recent information seems to prove that this estimate is too high. It is admitted, indeed, even in the reports to which we are referring, that the crop is a very variable one, good in some places and bad in others. It is admitted, too, that the differences are not confined to localities, but that fields lying quite close to one another often vary greatly in yield, and even the same field sometimes presents remarkable differences. Then, again, the want of hot ripening weather, except for two or three days, throughout the whole of this month has made itself felt, and the area of lodged and twisted corn has been extended. Bearing all this in mind, there appears to be little doubt that the estimate of a yield of thirty bushels to the acre is too high. Further, it appears from the summary of the agricultural returns issued on Monday that the area under wheat is 114,648 acres less than last year, or 4·5 per cent. We must, therefore, deduct from the estimates hitherto published, not only because of the continued bad weather throughout August, but because of the unexpected decrease in the acreage. These estimates were that the total yield would be somewhat between 9¾ and 10 millions of quarters. Now the probability appears to be that it will be under 9½ millions of quarters, and possibly considerably under. Assuming that it is as much as 9½ millions of quarters, we have to allow a million of quarters for seed and stock-feeding on farms, leaving only 8½ millions of quarters, or probably less, for the home consumption of the people. The accepted estimate is, that in the new agricultural year beginning with September the total home consumption will be about 26½ millions of quarters. Consequently, we shall probably need to import from abroad about 18 millions of quarters. In quantity this year's production is larger than last year's, and in quality it is also better. But it is to be borne in mind that a large proportion will not be garnered in good condition, and much of it, it is to be feared, will be too soft for early milling. A long spell of hot weather would, no doubt, dry and harden it. Without such weather a large admixture of foreign grain will be necessary. In any case it seems probable that much of the wheat cannot be prepared for market for some time to come, and therefore our farmers will not be able largely to forestall the foreign supply.

The oat crop was saved by the rains of July. And if the weather soon improves, it will turn out to be a full average. But the barley crop, which suffered from the June drought, like oats,

and the heavier fields of which were badly laid by the July rains, is decidedly under an average. And in quality, too, it is bad, little, it is to be feared, being fit for malting. Peas and beans are likewise under the average, and potatoes, though abundant in quantity, are suffering from disease. If the rains continue, the disease is likely to spread very seriously, and in any case the quality has deteriorated. On the other hand, the root crops are luxuriant, and the hay crop in England this year is universally reported to be the finest ever remembered. In Scotland and Ireland, too, it was above the average. The second growths of clover and grass are said to be nearly as extraordinary as the first, and are now nearly ready for cutting. Lastly, the hop crop is abundant in quantity, but its character will greatly depend upon the weather. If we get a long spell of bright sunshine the crop will be good; if not it will be mouldy. Upon the whole, then, the present year is likely to prove a not unfavourable one for our farmers. Cattle-farming is a much larger and more important industry than corn-growing, and cattle-farmers have fared well. They have gathered in a splendid hay crop, and they have the promise of an exceedingly good second crop. Besides, all the root crops are good; and, therefore, they will have abundant feeding for their cattle. Even corn-growers are very much better off than they were twelve months ago. Oats and potatoes are decidedly better than last year, beans are about the same, wheat is very much better, and barley and peas alone are reported to be worse than in 1888. These statements refer mainly, no doubt, to the yield; but the quality of all the grains is likewise better than last year, for it will be recollected that the rains came earlier last year than this year, and that the fall was much heavier in July. Corn of all kinds, therefore, was laid earlier, and more of it sprouted or failed to ripen, while the quality of all was more seriously injured. Last year, of course, was an exceedingly bad one. It is cold comfort, therefore, to the farmers to tell them that this is a better season. It is somewhat more to the point to say that, taking all the crops together, it is, according to the various reports that have been laid before the public up to the present, better than either 1886 or 1887, and is probably as good as 1885. Even the wheat crop appears to have been exceeded in mere quantity only twice in the past nine years, while the hay crop has not been equalled for many years past, and the other crops, speaking generally, are quite up to the average of the past nine or ten years. But, as regards corn, potatoes, and hops, we must add that much even yet depends upon the weather. If there is not a speedy change for the better the damage done to the corn crops not yet cut or lying upon the ground will be increased, and the condition even of much that has been gathered in will deteriorate, as drying will not take place. Disease, too, will spread amongst potatoes, and so will mould in the hop plantations.

Taken altogether, the year promises to improve the position of our farmers. Cattle-farmers, in particular, may be congratulated. They have secured a magnificent hay crop, and they have the promise of a good second crop, and of abundant root crops and grass. They can reckon with reasonable certainty, then, upon having cheap and abundant food for their cattle throughout the winter. This of itself is favourable to higher prices. When feeding is scarce and dear many farmers are obliged to sell, and forced sales always cause lower prices. There need be no forced sales on account of the dearness of keep this year; and, therefore, the improvement in trade ought to lead to higher prices. The working classes have ample employment throughout the country, wages have already risen very generally, and are still tending upwards, and, consequently, the consumption of meat ought to increase. And the same applies to butter, cheese, milk, and the like. Cattle-farming, then, in all its varieties, ought to be profitable during the coming autumn and winter. Even corn-growers are better off than they were twelve months ago. Only two of the crops, as pointed out above, are worse than they were last year; and neither is very much worse, while some other crops are decidedly better—particularly there is a great increase in the yield of wheat compared with twelve months ago. The profitableness of tillage-farming, however, depends quite as much upon the condition as upon the quantity. For instance, while foreign wheat was decidedly dearer during the past twelve months than in the preceding twelve months, home-grown wheat was cheaper; and this was because the quality and condition of English wheat last year were exceedingly bad. So much of the grain was unfit for milling without a large admixture of foreign wheat, that millers were unwilling to buy except at very low prices. The quality this year appears to be decidedly better than it was last year, but respecting the condition it is too early to speak yet. Some samples that have been offered in the provincial markets were soft and unfit for milling, but others are spoken of very highly. Were the weather to improve immediately now, it is probable that the condition would be found to be very much better than twelve months ago; but a continuance of bad weather would make the condition worse and worse, and would very seriously injure the portion of the crops not yet cut, and also that still in the fields. Corn-growing, however, does not hold the place it once did, and the disappointment of the corn-growers is more than balanced by the abundance of the root crops that are promised.

HYACINTHS AND DAFFODILS.

THE *Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society* just issued contains three little articles upon the hyacinth, and as many upon the daffodil, which are very seasonable just now. Annuals are giving out earlier than usual this year, the bulb-sales have begun, and thousands of worthy people are debating—rather helplessly, for the most part—what varieties they shall buy. Information on that point, and on every other connected with the subject, will be found in this little book—history, culture, choice of bulbs, and so forth. Messrs. A. E. Baarnart and J. H. Kersten tell how they grow hyacinths in Holland; Mr. James Douglas, F.R.H.S., regards them "from an English point of view"; while Mr. J. G. Baker, F.R.S., F.L.S., of Kew, lays down the law with authority. Mr. F. W. Burbidge, M.A., F.L.S., M.R.I.A., treats of the narcissus; the Rev. G. H. Engleheart, M.A., F.R.H.S., of seedling daffodils; Mr. Alfred W. Tait, F.L.S., offers some observations on Portuguese narcissi; and the Rev. W. Wilks, Secretary R.H.S., gives his most valuable experience upon the kinds best adapted for general use.

It is commonly understood that the garden hyacinth was brought to Europe by æsthetic Crusaders. We are not compelled to disbelieve this pleasing legend, but there is no evidence. The very earliest mention of the bulb that has been discovered as yet occurs in the *Kreuterbuch* of Matthiolus, published 1563—the first mention, that is, which may be called specific. Every schoolboy knows that Greek and Roman poets constantly refer to Hyacinthus; but the profoundest scholar does not know what they mean. Probably, after the fashion of poets, they did not mean anything in particular. M. Fée went into the question thoroughly, and he concludes that Virgil, at least, referred to *Lilium Martagon*, our common "Turk's Head Lily." In the herbals of the middle ages, also, Hyacinthus figures, but they certainly include under that heading Muscari and Scilla—three genera and twenty species, at least. Matthiolus states that he received his bulbs from Jacobo Antonio Cortuso, of Padua, and that they came originally from Oriental lands. The plant seems to have found favour in Holland from the first; for in 1576 Matthias de Lobel mentions that six varieties were known, the best, *Hyacinthus brumalis*, "which, later on, got the name of *H. orientalis albus*." This, as many believe, was our "Roman hyacinth," which certainly has no connexion with Rome; but Mr. Baker feels assured that the latter is derived from one of five sub-species that grow wild in Provence. If so, the famous *Hyacinthus brumalis* cannot be identified with the Roman hyacinth, since it flowered in December, which no European species could, in Holland. The culture spread fast. In 1612 Swertius engraved six forms, distinct from those of *H. brumalis*, and we learn that there were many others. Mr. Kersten says that a white variety was raised from seed in 1582, but he does not name his authority. Doubtless both white and red would appear in the course of nature as soon as the bulbs were cultivated freely. There is no record of the introduction of the yellow varieties; we only know from a catalogue of 1767 that there were five single strains of that colour at the date, which had increased to thirty-eight single and eight double by 1788. But the first appearance of lilac has its little story. The Rev. Mr. Bockenhoven found one among a lot of the common red variety, and, recognizing the value of his prize, hung it from the ceiling in a birdcage, out of danger. He raised seedlings from it, and this strain is still one of our best, under the title of *L'Unique*. Dutch fanciers were long prejudiced against the double flower. Peter Voorhelm, an historic name among florists, always used to nip off the buds of such before they quite opened, until one day he came across a spike which had been overlooked—and was converted on the spot. This happened at the beginning of the last century, and he named his first good seedling Mary, his third, King of Great Britain. The latter sold for 100*l.* per bulb; but there are bigger prices on record; 200*l.* is the largest. In 1734 one large bulb and eight small ones of the *Neplus ultra*, double blue, fetched 133*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* So late as the beginning of this century M. de Faesch paid 83*l.* for a single *Rouge éblouissante*. England was not "out of it" in the earliest times. Gerard figures the Oriental hyacinth in his *History of Plants*; but it is a wretched little thing, with only three flowers on the spike. He was acquainted also with a double-blue, and he mentions that "there is come unto us from beyond the seas divers other sorts whose figures are not extant with us." In fact, Miller ventured to declare that the *H. brumalis*, already referred to, was derived from *H. anglicus*; and Peter Hondius remarked, casually, in 1621, that the best varieties came from the East, being far finer than those imported from England; but, of course, the latter also were Oriental. In those early days, however, our forefathers kept pace with the Dutch. Parkinson described eight varieties—white, blue, and red—in 1629, each containing half a dozen sub-titles.

We have not much to learn from the culture of hyacinths in Holland—that is to say, the secrets of value are all known. Neither skill nor care, nor any expense which a responsible being would incur, can make up for the advantages which the Dutch possess. Heer Baarnart says, with pleasant patronage:—"I do not deny, however, that they can be very well cultivated in England." Heer Kersten:—"The Dutch people do not fear competition in the cultivation of hyacinths, so sure are they of the many privileges which nature has given them in dealing with this particular industry." Mr. Douglas admits that it may be thought "unpatriotic" to say so, yet he has had English bulbs sent to

him for trial against those from Holland, "and the result, so far, has been to convince me that the Dutch-grown bulbs are much superior." Half the earth, at least, there is pure white sand, "so light that whole gardens would be blown away if precautions were not taken to prevent it." All we can do is to choose a deep soil, manure it well, and add sand; also, when planting, lay a little clean river sand under and over each bulb. But in the matter of forcing hyacinths it is admitted that "English nurserymen can very well give a lesson to the Dutch." The system of the latter is quite different, indeed, because a quite different result is sought. They like to see the bloom as dwarfish as it can be grown—that is, close to the pot, which seems a very odd taste to us. There are, at present, about five hundred and seventy acres under cultivation of hyacinths in Holland, which find employment for five thousand men, at least. The flowers used to be thrown away. But during a short time, as everybody noticed, the English markets were swamped with cut bloom. This novelty proved so disastrous to the bulb trade, that it was soon dropped. At length, however, chemists have discovered means to extract the perfume of hyacinths, and the flowers have recovered their value.

The daffodil gives no opportunity for historical excursions, unless we have courage to flounder among the classic poets in general. Many foreign species have been introduced of late, but the bulk of those innumerable varieties which fill page after page of the catalogues are lineal descendants of our own wild species, regenerated by careful gardeners. For this very reason, however, the daffodil, and its twin sister the narcissus, lend themselves especially to inquiries most interesting and important for science. Such an enthusiastic authority as Mr. Burbidge is prepared to trace them up and up to the extinct flower from which "Sternbergia, as Sternbergia, sprang, or to a very similar type." That they were green originally is not to be disputed; a richer soil has turned them yellow; by cultivation we have already induced orange; and red will follow, doubtless. A scarlet daffodil is confidently expected, one day, by Professor Max Leichtlin. The first person on record who made efforts to improve these flowers was Tradescant the elder. His "great Rose" daffodil may have been a sport, as was certainly the double form named after "Mr. Gerard," which that gentleman found in the garden of a cottage tenanted, once on a time, by "a cunning man." But Tradescant raised a double flower from seeds of the "Great Spanish Daffodil" in 1618. Vincent Sion, a Fleming, and "a worthy lover of faire flowers," as Parkinson says, introduced the fine variety which we now call *Telamonius plenus*. This was in 1620. John Evelyn loved daffodils. He recommended the practice of raising them from seed, because they often produce varieties. It is not to be denied, however, that these charming plants have but short and simple annals. Upon the other hand, there are such a multitude at this day that the amateur is apt to "flounder hopelessly," as the Rev. Mr. Wilks says, amidst the chaos of names. To such unfortunates he, Mr. Burbidge, and the Rev. G. H. Engleheart offer invaluable suggestions.

REVIEWS.

THE PLANTATION NEGRO AS A FREEMAN.*

THE United States have of late years been very naturally so busy in looking back on the remarkable prosperity of their past that little attention has been called to the dangers and difficulties which may be in wait for them in the future. Indeed, their position looks naturally so strong, they are so far away from any possible formidable enemy, and they have been so fortunate in the character of the internal dangers they have had to face, that their feeling of security is intelligible enough. The spectacle of this rather complacent prosperity is perhaps calculated to sharpen the desire of foreigners to point out those perils which Americans appear to underrate. As a matter of fact, however, America has little or no cause to complain of unfriendly foreign criticism. Its dangers, to judge from the little comment made on them, are even less obvious to the outsider than to the native observer. Observed or neglected, however, they are there. The labour question, the strain which will come as the territory fills up, the impossibility—for it will not be much less—of conducting the administrative affairs of a great nation on the haphazard method which has been good enough hitherto, the inevitable struggle with the lawless spirit which prevails in all the States, except a few of the older ones, are all problems which in turn or together press for settlement. More serious, and in all probability more immediate, than any of these will be the danger caused by the presence within the States of foreign nationalities which refuse to assimilate and persist in using the forms of the American Constitution for their own ends. The Irish in the North and the negroes in the South will assuredly compel the Union to deal with them some day.

Under the title of *The Plantation Negro as a Freeman*, Mr. Philip A. Bruce has written a treatise on the "Nigger Question" of the future. It is contributed to one of those series which seem to be as popular across the Atlantic as here, and it is really a solid piece of work. We think it well worthy of the attention both of those who are inclined to take the usual rose-coloured view of the prospects of the future of the United States, and to those humanitarians who believed, and, as they are beyond the reach of instruction by argument or fact, doubtless still believe, that the emancipation of the negro and his enfranchisement were all that were required to make him as useful a member of the body politic as the white citizen. Mr. Bruce, who writes from Richmond in Virginia, is plainly no admirer or advocate of slavery. He expressly says that his memory does not go back to the times before the war, and he speaks of the injustice of the peculiar institution like a man who has no wish to see it restored. In that respect he shares the view of the vast mass of Southerners. But Mr. Bruce has had the facts before him, and has the very necessary capacity for looking them in the face. He deals with the future of the free black in the South and his influence on the South itself with the thoroughness of a man whose view is not distorted by fanaticism of any kind, whether on the "lost cause" side or the humanitarian. He has the by no means common faculty of seeing that here are certain facts and of looking steadily at what they mean, unblinded by theories as to what they should mean or preferences for a particular meaning. His book would, we think, inspire confidence in any reader endowed with the critical faculty which can judge of the value of work from internal evidence. But it does not stand alone. It is supported by all that has been observed of the negro in a state of freedom elsewhere by competent observers. To put the results reached by Mr. Bruce in a nutshell, he has been led by his experience to much the convictions reached by Sir Spencer St. John after prolonged observation of the free blacks of Hayti. He does not put it in so many words, but it is manifestly his opinion that the freed negroes are steadily returning to a condition of barbarism. Of course the process is not so rapid as it has been in Hayti, and there is reason to believe that it will never be so complete; but it is going on none the less. Mr. Bruce sees the good qualities of the negro—his cheerfulness, his surface amiability, his obedience to a resolutely exercised authority, his kindness to the sick, his faculty for loyalty to a master who is at once just and considerate. These virtues are as obvious to Mr. Bruce, and, indeed, to all Southerners, as they are to any observer of the negro. But, like other witnesses who are not blinded by a preconceived notion, he sees the limitations of the black, which may be summed up in the phrase, incapacity to accept civilization. There is a fundamental ferocity in the negro, an immovable childishness, an incapacity to look before or after, which make him a hopeless pupil. He will not become a civilized being simply because he cannot. To take Mr. Herbert Spencer's illustration, he is a four-fingered glove, and the five-fingered hand will not go into him. It is precisely what any man who can look sanely at facts would expect to hear, though it must be rather shocking to some enthusiasts that the negroes born in freedom are distinctly inferior to those born in slavery. Servitude may have been an unjust discipline, and its faults may easily be pointed out. Still, it was a discipline. It enforced some regard for order, some coherence of conduct, and those trained by it are capable of an amount of regularity and an approach to sustained effort which it is idle to expect from the free-born. These are becoming savages, pure and simple, capable of work only under the pressure of necessity and by fits or starts. Their knowledge, gained in the schools, is mere words. Their religion is utterly without influence on conduct. It is purely emotional, a mere matter of dancing, howling, and nervous excitement, which is as directly produced by stimulants as any other form of intoxication, and is just as little likely to make men honest or women chaste. Indeed the unchastity of the negro women is enormous, and is not regarded as disgraceful by their own people. The young have taken to aimless wandering, and the whole race is standing aloof from the whites. The mulattos are being absorbed into the blacks, and as the pure colour gains ground so the old African character reappears—the character of a people who have no conception of any community except the herd; no regard for the fundamental moral virtues of civilized societies; no religion unless a profound belief in "trick doctors" and a tendency to hysterical yelling deserve the name—in short, all the combination of qualities and defects which have made the negro during the thousands of years in which he has been known, not only incapable of producing a civilization himself, but of standing to the civilization of others on any footing but that of enemy or drudge.

It would be futile to make of this incapacity an excuse for regarding the negro with hatred. He is what nature and history have made him; but what is to be thought of the wisdom of those who removed the restraints which kept him in control? and what must be the inevitable result of this formation in the very flesh of the union of a pure African barbarism? Thirty years ago those who pointed out the abuses of slavery—very obvious and often shocking they were, as none save those who cannot realize the folly of overstating their case will deny—had an easy game to play. When they were told that the alternatives were a modified slavery controlled by the State, which would be as difficult to work as double proprietorships usually are, or the formation of just such a barbarism as is forming to-day, they answered with certain well-known phrases about the ennobling influences of freedom and the elevating effect of responsibility. The facts have given a sufficient refutation of these fine words.

* *The Plantation Negro as a Freeman: Observations on his Character, Condition, and Prospects in Virginia.* By Philip A. Bruce. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889.

The black does not want to be ennobled. His idea of freedom is the liberty to revert to the condition of his African forefathers. As for the elevating influence of responsibility, in the use of a vote, for instance, it has been nil. Till the Democratic success in 1884 took place without menacing his freedom he voted for any scamp who called himself a Republican. Now that he feels no longer in danger he is ceasing to care to vote at all, and is, therefore, losing his last connexion with the civilization of the white race amid which he lives. The result of this separation of the races and the return of one of them to a barbarous ancestral type must be in the long run terrible for the weaker. With the abolition of slavery the necessary bond of union between master and slave was severed. The white now endures the black as a necessary evil, but with a very keen feeling that he is an evil and a burden. As the savagery of the coloured freemen increases the distrust of the white will grow too. Mr. Bruce throws terrible light on the relations of the two in a calmly-worded passage dealing with the negro's growing proneness to the crime of rape on white women. "This proneness of the negro," he says, "is so well understood that the white women of every class, from the highest to the lowest, are afraid to venture to any distance alone, or even to wander unprotected in the immediate vicinity of their homes, their appreciation of the danger being as keen, and their apprehension of corporal injury as vivid, as if the country were in arms." Already the whites defend the honour of their women by a Lynch law of dreadful stringency. Of all possible causes of race-hatred none is more effective than this. It must harden the whites into the frame of mind in which a stronger race massacres a weaker one off the face of the earth. As it becomes clearer that the black will not be a useful servant, and must be the essentially barbarous enemy of the civilized race before him, it will be borne in on the superior people that they must end the strain. Unless all human experience is at fault, a collision is inevitable. When it comes the struggle between organization, intelligence, and a valour which is not merely spasmodic or emotional, and mere number can have but one end. The pedants who, relying on phrases and the fatuous belief that "free institutions" are a cause, and not an effect, will have sent the black to slaughter. This, we gather, is Mr. Bruce's conviction at the bottom of his heart. He has no remedy to offer except better education, though he sees that all "education" of the common type has run off the negro without leaving a trace. It is his openly-expressed opinion that the plantation negro is a greater danger than any which threaten the societies of the Old World, and few who can look at facts will differ from him.

NOVELS.*

IT is a sad reflection that not one of the five books before us contains the slightest trace of humour, which even more than mercy blesses "him that gives and him that takes." Moreover, three out of the five would have been left unwritten had their authors possessed the tiniest atom of this greatest of gifts, and the critic would have been spared the unwelcome task of pointing out their shortcomings. But, to use the language of melodrama, it was not to be. Miss Atkinson, however, does not come under this censure. Her story, for the most part, deals with a kind of life from which humour is confessedly absent, and where pathos hardly claims a more conspicuous place—the life of the hard-working, well-to-do, lower-middle classes, in which work and money usurp a position they were never intended to fill, and gradually become the gods of men and women's lives. Peter Holgate, butterman, of Liverpool, was in this dreary condition when a little girl of thirteen appeared late one night in his shop, bearing a letter from her dying mother requesting Peter to forget the fact that she had jilted him, and to keep her friendless child. The struggle between old Peter's parsimony and the memory of the one soft spot in his life is indicated both truly and amusingly. The reader is shown his gradual awakening to a more gracious state than the one which he started from, when he thought that a girl could manage with one potato as vegetable to her meat, whereas for a full-grown man an extra half might be necessary, to the moment that he sends Peggy to school to be "made a lady of." Fortunately nature and paternal descent had done much for her in this respect, and seclusion with the two old people did yet more; so that Peggy is not so unfitted as many girls would have been to become the mistress of the country house which old Peter has bought as a place of retirement when business has ceased to charm, not knowing that death would forbid him to enter it. Peggy altogether is a singularly human and attractive young person, with faults and virtues very much what would naturally arise from her bringing up. Loyal and grateful to old Peter and his sister, constant to her friend and political teacher, the Radical and Socialist greengrocer, Thomas Greenwood, she has yet the sense not to mistake gratitude for love, and declines repeatedly to marry him. When, at the age of twenty-one, after her so-called uncle's death, she finds herself his heiress and ruling at Lyonwood, she proceeds to put Thomas's teaching into practice, to the fury of the county (at first disposed to take her up), and to the despair of her sympathetic but more practical land agent. She pets the poachers, shoots the foxes (or wishes to shoot them), destroys the covers, declines to preserve, and crowns her misdeeds by championing her old friend Thomas as a candidate against the brother of the local duke. Experience and the land agent do something for her, and when we take leave of Peggy she is turning her attention to less unpopular forms of philanthropy in the shape of convalescent homes and delicate girls under her own roof. Of course she marries the land-agent, John Lyon, son of the late owner of Lyonwood, and supposed by himself and his two brothers to be illegitimate. Equally of course he turns out, on the death of the baronet, to be nothing of the sort, although, by an improbable series of events, he is kept in ignorance of the fact for eighteen months by his next brother Gerald. This man, John Lyon, is a far less successful portrait than any of the rest. He is a prig, adding the colonial elements of priggishness induced by a long residence in Australia to those of the English variety. His lazy, unscrupulous brother Gerald, and Gerald's pretty, shallow wife, are infinitely more real; and so are the poor, long-descended, narrow-minded Goodwin family. The Greenwoods, too, are excellent specimens of their class; and there is an admirable scene in which the Duchess and Mrs. Goodwin go to call on Peggy while the female Greenwoods are visiting her. The Duchess is amused, Mrs. Goodwin (who is scheming to marry the heiress and her son) is annoyed, Mrs. Greenwood is proud and delighted, while her daughter thinks it the right thing to turn up her nose at the two ladies. Only Peggy takes the situation as a matter of course, and is quite at her ease. She is always unself-conscious, and ready to laugh at her own mistakes. It must be conceded that, considering all things, her solecisms are few; but perhaps Miss Atkinson intended "Leave go of my hand" to be one of the unavoidable reminiscences of her past life. Miss Atkinson's name is unknown to the public, but she has talent and simplicity, and a good style, and will probably go on and prosper; only we hope she will pause and reflect before she allows herself to be led away by the will o' the wisp of Socialism.

Novels with the scene laid in Italy are not usually found to contain very interesting matter, but Mrs. Woollaston White's *Romance of Posilipo* is better than its title would seem to warrant. To begin with, she knows well the life of the Bay of Naples and its surrounding towns; and her French and Italian scraps of conversation are invariably correct. This is a virtue that looms large in the eyes of the critic. Then her heroine, Christabel, is pleasant and plausible, and a lady, and her hero not more melodramatic than, perhaps, an Italian has a right to be. There are some pretty pictures of Italian life, especially among the peasantry and fisher-folk, whose existence looks so easy and graceful from the outside. The Contessa Marinetta and her son Basile are of rather a conventional type, and the reader cannot work himself into much interest as to their doings and misdeeds; but Marta, the fisher-girl, friend and swimming mistress of Christabel Burgoyne, Lello, her old duenna, and the coral-workers of the back quarters of Naples, are all drawn by one who has known and loved them.

Tales of a Tennis Party is such an astounding production that it is difficult to know where criticism should begin. However, it may be as well to mention that the title bears as little reference to the "Tales" as they for the most part do to the understanding. So far as there is any meaning in it at all, it is not Tales *about* a Tennis Party, but tales told by a set of people in a country house, who may occasionally amuse themselves by playing tennis. It is obvious that no one could be expected to know all that was implied by these five words. The tales themselves are of all kinds, and have only one characteristic in common—that it is usually difficult to gather what the narrator is driving at. Some are related in rhyme, some in blank verse. There is one prelude and many interludes, and every one is allowed to say his say:—

> There are leaders here—
> Our generous host; the *great* philosopher;
> The gallant Colonel, noble as he's brave;
> The traveller—he should know—and all the rest,

including

> The girls in graceful robes,
> Less graceful laced in steel to decorous sloth!

Who can parse and explain this last remark? It would beat even a Hindu or Japanese graduate of an English University. The stories are varied in subject. There is the "Colonel's," which tells of the death of Gordon—a subject that is better left untouched unless it can be adequately dealt with. The "Poet's," a remarkably brief and weak little tale of a labourer who leaves his wife and goes with his child to live with another woman; the child is ill, the woman nurses him, the man brings the child back, and the mother forgives him—these not very exciting incidents are told in the baldest language, and the reader wonders at *tant de fracas pour une omelette*. Then there is the "Queen's Tale," which is no tale at all, and the "Traveller's," which appears to be an attempt to tell the story of a picture exhibited in the Academy a few years ago; and, above all, there

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* *The Web of Life.* By Blanche Atkinson. London: George Allen. 1889.

A Romance of Posilipo. By Mrs. T. Woollaston White. London: Eglinton & Co.

Tales of a Tennis Party. By Blancor Dash. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Skill Wins Favour. By Mrs. George Elliott Kent. London: Roper & Drowley.

Minnie Hartford. By Mrs. von Kranichfeld-Gardner. London: Trübner & Co.

is the "Host's Tale." This gentleman seems to have taken an ungenerous advantage of his position, and his story occupies more than a third of the whole book. He is evidently unused to the narrative form, and his tale—one of the Arthurian legends—is told in such a confused manner that it is often quite impossible to discover who are the combatants engaged in a particular fight, or why they have apparently changed sides. He is fond of the word "sheery," too, which is one not in common use; "sheery rocks," "sheery the mountain rose." "Utter" is as much in request as in the letterpress to Mr. Dumaurier's pictures; "sooths" is employed as the diminutive for "soothsayers," with rather a curious effect. None of the tales would be easy to read out loud, for the metre is apt to be halting and the style flat. Take, for instance, these lines, chosen at random from p. 142:—

> 'Sdeath! with a boy; and in Diana's shrine!
> He paused—"O schemer! what is thy design?
> 'Tis false." And with swift hope he seized that thought.

And these from the page following:—

> The gods mock me.
> O great high-priest! the green and branching tree,
> The new shrine oped, the dream, the augury;
> Oh, well, well told, O fool! O mockery!

With these incoherent ejaculations we end our notice.

"Flat, stale, and unprofitable" is the quotation naturally suggested by Mrs. Kent's novel *Skill Wins Favour*. It is deadly commonplace throughout and though there is not a word of harm in it from the first page to the last, yet if "unprofitable" means all that does not tend to profit, the adjective is amply justified. There is a great deal of scheming and plotting, and one gentleman is so weak as to deny his wife and her son to be legitimate, though he is devotedly attached to both of them, because his sister bullies him when he is dying. The characters bear very elegant names; there are three Damian d'Avonmores, and one Damienne, besides a lady called Isadoré Zerlené. All the Damians, male and female, came in with William the Conqueror—a fact that the very retentive memory of the villagers could neither forget nor forgive. Their language is suitable to their lineage. They say "Blame me not" and "Peace, girl!" "Believe me or not as you list," and call a church a "sacred edifice." The chief offender in this way is the young Miss Damienne, who says to her mother "Ask the drooping floweret what the dew and rain are worth; the prisoner immured in a loathsome cell, what liberty is worth; the criminal doomed to an ignominious death, what life and honour are worth; and, if they all answer 'Nought,' then would I say that my Paul's love is worthless to me." Mrs. Kent has not looked closely enough to her dates, and gets confused in her explanation as to the births of Paul (the third Damian) and Damienne. The whole book is dull, and the title is without a meaning; for it was not as an artist that the hero won the heroine's hand, but as the first young man she had ever met.

Minnie Hartford is irreproachable as to morals, but not interesting in any other way. In England young people do not become engaged after one day's acquaintance, nor is it usual for well-to-do lawyers to resign their position for that of master of a workhouse. It seems a pity that any one should take up time in writing stories so wholly without value.

ENGLISHMEN IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

"NOT a single English book on the Revolution tells us who represented our own country in Cloots's deputation of the Human Race," complains Mr. Alger. As we are not sure that we have read all the English books on the Revolution (we have read a great many), we can neither confirm nor contradict him. Nor are we absolutely prepared to say that we care very greatly who was the particular British tomfool in this particular piece of tomfoolery. But these remarks are made in no spirit of depreciation. Mr. Alger's book, as was almost unavoidable, is desultory to the very last degree; and, though he tries to give it some book-unity by headings such as "Enthusiasts," "Outlaws," "The Guillotined," and so on, these are but cross-divisions at the best, and the book might almost as well, for purposes of reading, and much better for purposes of reference, have been arranged as a dictionary. But we are very glad to welcome it. The author is one of those persons to whom it appears to be a labour of love to get up all that is to be known about a particular subject, however destitute of philosophical unity that subject may be. Their work is constantly valuable to the writer, and by no means always uninteresting to the reader. Mr. Alger's work, in particular, is decidedly interesting, and, in great part, will be more or less novel to most people. Certain persons of English birth or nationality who had to do with the Revolution are, indeed, well enough known after a fashion, though even in respect to them Mr. Alger has been able to fill in, correct, and check the popular notions. He will not let us believe the picturesque legend of Tom Paine—drunken Tom, dirty Tom, deistical Tom, to whose credit it shall nevertheless be set that he was fond of playing at marbles, and voted stoutly against the execution of Louis XVI., to the no small peril of his own life—the legend which tells how Thomas escaped the guillotine by the accident of the door on which was the fatal mark being doubled back. But Tom Paine all men know, and Dr. Moore, and Arthur Young, and Helen Maria Williams, and Mary Wollstonecraft, and (later) Sydney Smith, with that victim of nearly the foulest of even Napoleon's crimes, Captain Wright. The heroic Nesham, or Needham, too, whose descendant so agreeably assured Mr. Carlyle that the sword was *not* rusted, has been made famous, not, it seems, with absolute correctness, by Mr. Carlyle himself. But there are many others, from the Bastile time to the peace of 1815, who are practically unknown, and of these Mr. Alger gives some curious details. There was Lord Massareene, whom the rioters freed from La Force after he had been imprisoned (for some kind of discreditable pecuniary affair) there and in Fort l'Evêque for eighteen years, living sumptuously on such of his rents as his steward did not embezzle, and marrying a fellow-prisoner's sister. The decrease of comfort in prisons of late is one of the most shocking instances of the increase of man's inhumanity to man. There was that odd person, William Playfair (great-uncle, if we mistake not, of Sir Lyon), who helped to take the Bastile at one time, and at another put "Pitt et Cobourg" on forging assignats. There was a curious company of Unitarians, of whom the above-mentioned Helen Maria was about the most respectable, though there was not an excessive amount of respectability to spare about her. There was Dr. Rigby, the most remarkable event of whose life (next to his hailing the dawn of the Revolution, and being, like the rest of the simple fools who did so, dreadfully shocked when pikes made their appearance with heads on them) was his singular good fortune in having a piece of plate voted him by the Norwich Corporation because his wife gave birth to four infants at once. The infants died; it is not recorded whether the Doctor gave back the piece of plate. There was Captain Macdonagh, who romantically espoused Miss Rose Plunket at a much earlier period and was, sad to say, renounced and *lettre-de-cachetted* by her when she had a mind to become Marquise de Carondelet. This faithless Rose is not to be confounded with Mary Plunket, Marquise de Chatellux, who also figures in the book. Here, too, shall you read of Gem, *alias* Ghym, Huskisson's uncle, who had the not wholly painful fate of being imprisoned for some months in the same room with the eminent Grace Dalrymple Elliott. He used to wake her at seven, but only with purpose to "try and argue her into materialism"—an instance of the *in*sufficient reason. There was Grace herself, no better than she should be, and much less veracious, but surely no disagreeable "chamber-dekyn" for a poor captive. Richer and odder than Gem (who was odd and rich) was Robert Pigott, who sold large estates because he thought England was on the brink of ruin, believed in vegetarianism and Graham of the Celestial Bed, considered hats anathema, foregathered with Cloots, and seems to have been as complete a lunatic as ever deserved to be shut up, and was not. Odd, too, if not lunatic, was Mrs. Freeman Shepherd (the French call her Theeman Shephen), who thus soundly "wigged" the sea-green incorruptible for a rather unusual cause:—

> "I do not like dissimulation," she said. "I never practise it on any occasion towards anybody, and I do not tolerate its being practised towards me. You have used it, sir, with me; you have deceived me. You made me believe that you accepted for public purposes a small offering, and you have not accepted it. The debtor and creditor account just transmitted to me by my banker, according to his usual custom, proves this."
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> Robespierre, it appears, had called on her and told her what he intended to do with the money.
>
> "Do not thus distrust the English; do not treat with this humiliating disparagement the stammering accents of good-will of an Englishwoman towards the common cause of all nations. The French were formerly famous for their politeness to the weaker sex, thereby the more sensitive to affront. Alas for us if the Revolution deprives us of this precious privilege. But I claim a juster right: do not to others as you would not be done by."

Space would fail us to mention the twentieth part of Mr. Alger's personages. The most utterly detestable is the Jacobin informer, Grieve, for whom Northumberland may blush, and, whose most notorious deed was the hunting to death of poor Mme. du Barry, the most amiable and guiltless of improper persons. This infamous scoundrel, who boasted that he had been the cause of seventeen guillotinings, escaped all punishment, and died at Brussels in 1809. Another ruffian of the same type, but still better known, was the municipal Arthur, who may have been of Irish extraction, but who, Mr. Alger thinks, did *not* eat the heart of a dead Swiss. If he did not literally do this, he "drank blood" enough in the figurative sense. Kavanagh, the Septembriseur, too, was only of Irish extraction, not of Irish or English birth. But the personage of whom the Emerald Isle has least to boast was John Baptist O'Sullivan, fencing-master, fratricide, and director of noyades:—

> Charles O'Sullivan, collector of stamp duties at St. Georges sur Loire, took part in the Vendée rising, and terrible to say, was given up by his brother, John Baptist, for the latter, when himself on trial at Paris, said: "As for my brother, he was with the rebels. He murdered patriots, and wanted to murder me. When he found there was no other hope for him, he came and threw himself into my arms; but he was my country's enemy, I performed a republican's duty and denounced him, and justice pronounced his fate." Charles was guillotined at Angers, December 31st, 1793. He was twenty-eight years of age.
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> Jean Baptist O'Sullivan was a fencing master like his presumptive grandfather. In 1791 he was sub-lieutenant in a company of volunteers at Nantes. At the end of 1793 the infamous Carrier made him adjutant of Nantes, and he took part in Carrier's atrocities. According to Madame de la Rochejaquelein, John owed his life to his brother, four years his junior, being saved by him when captured by the Vendeans. She adds that after Charles's death he was a prey to remorse, fancied himself pursued by his brother's ghost, and stupefied himself by committing fresh crimes. His wife, a handsome and virtuous woman, reproached him

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* *Englishmen in the French Revolution.* By John G. Alger. London: Sampson Low & Co.

with his baseness. Summoned to Paris as a witness against Carrier, he was himself placed in the dock. It was alleged that, dining with a party of men in a garden, he had boasted that when superintending the "noyades" he would distract a prisoner's attention by bidding him look at something on the shore, and when the man turned his head stuck a knife into his throat. This he denied, but he admitted that he might have said in a moment of indignation that if the "brigands" (royalists) were in his hands he would knife them. In a conversation on muscular strength he was alleged to have said that his brother was stronger than himself, so that the guillotine had to strike twice before his head fell. It was also said that he had boasted of having slaughtered men like sheep with his pocket-knife. Yet he is described as a handsome man, adored by women, and wonderfully dexterous with his sword. One of the forty survivors of a gallant band of 400 men who in June 1792 frustrated a night attack on Nantes, he was acquitted at Paris, like twenty-seven others, as not having acted with counter-revolutionary designs. They were not, however, released, were threatened with a second trial, and were transferred to Angers prison, but were ultimately liberated. O'Sullivan settled as schoolmaster at Buchesne, was highly esteemed there, was a republican to the last, and survived till 1841.

Like former inquirers into the same matter Mr. Alger is unable to give us very interesting information, or much information of any kind, about the prisoners interned at Verdun. The liberations from that unpleasant captivity were as capricious as its origin was, and must have added bitterness to those who could not make interest to obtain passports. The whole company would have been remarkable enough—Astley of Astley's and Lord Steyne, Sir Elijah Impey at the end of his life, and Sir Alexander Cockburn in his cradle. But many were let off, and some took French leave (it is to be feared, by breaking parole sometimes). Mr. Alger in his account of the captivity draws on various sources, but especially on Sturt, and also on another book by Lawrence, author of the once famous *Empire of the Nairs*. Except in cases of attempted escape, the prisoners seem to have suffered more from extortion than from hardship. "They had two clubs, and in 1807 invited the townspeople to a masked ball." But "their Satan," as the late Mr. Mark Pattison would have said, was a certain General Wirion:—

This pork-butcher's son levied blackmail on all indulgences, pleasures, and even vices. James Henry Lawrence, a Knight of Malta, who also escaped, and in the same year published anonymously a "Picture of Verdun," gave full particulars of Wirion's shameless extortions. Permission even to walk out of the town was tariffed, much more permission to live in a villa outside. Wirion would coolly ask himself to dinner with his wealthy prisoners. A Dr. Madan also made a handsome profit by certifying to the indisposition of sluggards who shirked answering the early morning roll-call. The captives were a motley band. Some had gone to France to retrench, some to educate their children, a few to study the artistic plunder at the Louvre, others to avoid their creditors or engage in smuggling, others again to establish manufactories. There was no little gambling, on which Wirion levied his commission, but as a set-off there were subscription schools for young sailors and children, and other forms of beneficence. Lawrence speaks of the brutality of his gaolers. A navy lieutenant, Leviscourt, after being on parole in the town for several years, was confined in the citadel. Thus relieved from his parole, he attempted to escape, but was recaptured, threatened with death, and by sentence of court-martial was dragged by gendarmes through the streets, a heavy cannon-ball chained to his leg.

These remarks and extracts, which, in the case of such a book, almost necessarily take the place of criticism, will show the interest of Mr. Alger's volume.

REICHENBACHIA.*

IT is understood that this superb series will be brought to a sudden close in consequence of Professor Reichenbach's death. Subscribers will not be astonished, probably, if the rumour prove true. Though the great botanist contributed little that came under the notice of unscientific readers, his lucid and admirable expositions, addressed to the learned, gave its unique value to the work. The Editors may well think it best to bring the issue to an end rather than choose a successor to the grand authority. In the body of the letterpress also, when need arose, Professor Reichenbach laid down the law in that quaint, elliptical manner which often reminds us of Carlyle. His remarks are brief, and scientific with a vengeance; but no one ever thought them dull. The vivacious individuality of the man gives a certain pungent character to his most abstruse remarks. Funny little quips, interjections, sarcasms which will not bear transplanting from their context, reveal the lively temper which deepest learning could not dim. It is a rule, universally accepted in theory, that the finished scholar knows something of every branch in the study he makes his own, and everything of one branch. Professor Reichenbach fulfilled this ideal condition. All the realm of botany he had conquered before setting up his throne among the orchids. No monarch more jealously guarded his dominion against unauthorized intruders; but the Professor's nature was too large for pedantry. Science admits no compromise; but he never lost sight of the fact that it, like other governments in this world, subsists by contributions from the vulgar, who resent abstruse legislation. Many good and learned men cannot bear this in mind. They would uphold the right though the sky threatened to fall. Professor Reichenbach was at least as zealous as any of them; but he kept rigid orthodoxy for the elect, and gave the public such doctrine as it can digest. There was no irony in the assertion, constantly repeated, under various forms, in this work, that it is folly to insist upon the letter of the law when that letter would irritate and discourage the taxpaying community, so to speak. "So long as the botanist has to serve garden interests he will have to study the ideas as well as the tastes of amateurs. That was Lindley's view, and it is mine." The rule has special application in the case of orchids. We may assert with absolute confidence that no public collection—though it were indefinitely grander than the most enthusiastic could dare imagine—will ever be independent of the amateur. This follows from the very nature of these interesting plants. But as matters stand now, the amateur—with whom we include "the trade" for this purpose—really commands the field. Unrivalled among institutions of the sort as is our own at Kew, particularly in this department, the reports and observations furnished from its own resources bear but a very small proportion to the mass which outsiders enable its authorities to contribute by forwarding specimens for scientific comment. Within the last few weeks a circular has been issued from Kew begging all persons concerned who have it in their power to send duplicates of the extraordinary orchids they despatched to Professor Reichenbach in time past, that his lost herbarium may be reconstituted, so far as is possible. Assuredly, therefore, the feelings of the outsider should be considered when the savant meditates an interference with the conventional order of things. However grand his discoveries, if they be too startling he should not obtrude them on comfortable and self-satisfied—and obliging—ignorance. The truth can afford to wait, being eternal. That is the "view" which Reichenbach, succeeding Lindley, maintained. "I have never endeavoured to force upon amateurs such undoubtedly necessary changes"—necessary for the student, that is—"as the merging the genus Cattleya into that of Epidendrum." All the hair of the genus amateur rises in bewildered dismay at the thought. But there is worse:—"Nor the genus Lælia and Schomburgkia into the genus Bletia." We put no note of exclamation. A line of them would not express the panic of an amiable and blameless class of our fellow-citizens who heard that doctrine gravely propounded. It would unsettle the whole scheme of animated nature for them. A dog with a peacock's tail, a horse with antlers, would enter the domain of the possible forthwith. Therefore do the wise and good reserve such truths for their esoteric disciples.

Doubtless this is the best book on orchids extant; let us still hope it may not be necessary to add, so far as it has gone. The Reichenbachia appeals to all through its wonderful drawings, as absolutely true as human means allow, and most admirable as works of art. Every one is familiar with the costly illustrations attached to several books upon this subject. Though practical students of orchidology may pronounce them false in colour, as a rule, and critics may deny their claim to art, those acquainted with the extreme difficulty of such work will admit them all to be excellent, more or less, under the circumstances. It is the best compliment to Mr. Moon, who executed these drawings, that they require no qualification. Lithography in colour has now been brought to the perfection which can reproduce every tone the artist entrusts to it—and these illustrations are pictures. It is a small class which takes interest in "diagnoses," but one, we venture to think, worthy of all possible regard. In this art—of composing a precise and unmistakable description of a flower in such terms that a student who has no access to the thing described may be able to class and compare it—Professor Reichenbach had no rival. Such a diagnosis is prefixed to the report of every plant figured, together with references to every source of information concerning it which the Professor's enormous erudition could supply. Finally, those special portions of the inflorescence which mark its distinction from kindred blooms are dissected and figured in a series of diagrams. For the letterpress itself no editor is named, but we presume that Mr. Sander takes the responsibility. It gives a brief sketch of the introduction of the plant to civilized mankind; such remarks as seem necessary to supplement the illustration, and a singularly clear statement of the culture. This portion may not seem to require a compliment, but amateurs who depend upon books for their knowledge of the treatment necessary in a given case may well think it the rarest of boons. No one, living or dead, not even the marvellous Roezl, is so well qualified as Mr. Sander to tell the story of the later introductions, since the bulk of our treasures won in recent years are due to his agents, who reported the circumstances to their employer, no doubt. Many will wish that these reports had been more freely quoted. We get no more than hints of stories that might well have been narrated at length. A *littérateur* who was also a student of orchidology might make a charming volume from the legends of the science. He would find a whole chapter of adventures and emotions, for instance, by tracing up and out the few words granted to the discovery of Cattleya Lawrenceana. It would open effectively, according to the best canons of sensation, in the Reading Room of the British Museum. Thence the scene would shift to untrodden forests of Guiana, where Indians, wild beasts, fevers, shipwrecks, and so forth, enliven a tale protracted over years and oceans, ending in blue fire of triumph at the last. But this romance is summarized so modestly that we quote it only for form's sake. "Some few years ago, while looking at the drawings of Sir Robert Schomburgk in the British Museum, we found a Cattleya that appeared quite strange to us—so beautiful, and so distinct from any we had seen, that our curiosity was excited." A hunt through Sir Robert's published travels followed. In his excursion to the Roraima he mentions the beauty of a certain "Cattleya Mossiæ"; and, after due pondering of evidence, it seemed likely that this was the plant sketched. "Knowing,

* *Reichenbachia.* St. Albans: Sander & Co. London: Sotheran & Co. Berlin: Paul Parey. Paris: O. Nilsson. New York: J. Forstermann.

however, that Cattleya Mossiæ has only been found in Venezuela, we doubted the probability of its occurrence in Guiana, and determined, if possible, to identify it." Thus the tale began. Mr. Siedl was despatched across the Atlantic forthwith to hunt up an incredible flower, upon the evidence of a highly improbable sketch in the British Museum. Month after month he clambered up and down the jungle-clad hills of Guiana, with plenty of adventures to keep him lively, but nothing of the San Graal could he find—that is, of an abnormal Cattleya. But Mr. Sander was not to be beaten. Again and again he packed off the gallant Siedl on a quest which stolid British growers generally regarded as the best joke of the trade. Nothing is told us here of the fine things sent home on these journeys, which comforted the employer under long disappointment, and cheered the wanderer's lonely course—among them, however, were Eucharis Mastersii, Eucharis Sanderiana, and Utricularia Campbelli. And at length perseverance found an ideal reward. Cattleya Lawrenceana offers the fairest possible proof that Sir Robert Schomburgk told the truth and painted it, so far as he knew—proves also that imagination and critical acumen are not always useless in business. In the Orchid-book of the future many such stories will be detailed, with Mr. Sander in the leading rôle generally. Professor Reichenbach paid him a just compliment, the full significance of which is caught only by those acquainted with all the circumstances :—

> Bearing in mind the many beautiful and entirely new orchids introduced by Mr. Sander, when we know the history of the re-introduction of Cypripedium Spicerianum, Odontoglossum Harryanum, Masdevallia tovarensis, Lælia harpophylla, Odontoglossum nævium, and many others, one cannot help admiring the wonderful energy, sagacity, and strength of character displayed in these undertakings.

In view of the Conferences upon "Orchid nomenclature" which have opened at length, after years of preliminary debate, it is interesting and *à propos* to mark Professor Reichenbach's despairing tone. Continually through these volumes he suggests, or allows it to be seen, that Science and "The Garden"—in his own phrase—can never be reconciled on the question of orchid names. The former may consent to hold her tongue, but she must not be challenged, or battle will surely ensue. To choose one passage from scores :—

> There has been a great deal of controversy respecting the nomenclature of orchids, both by those who are versed in the matter and those who are not. No one seems to be successful in formulating a plan worthy to be followed. Those who are able to perceive the difference between garden and botanical nomenclature will doubtless arrive at the conclusion that it is not possible to bring both into harmony.

The assertion is uncomfortably emphatic; but it will be so much the greater credit to those gentlemen about to make the essay, if they succeed—and a certain comfort if they fail.

FIFTY YEARS ON THE TRAIL.*

MR. JOHN NELSON may be styled the Casanova of the Trail. A more splendid natural ruffian, one more candid, cautious, daring, and diverting, it is impossible to desire. His memoirs are said on the title-page to be by Mr. Harrington O'Reilly, but they are taken from Mr. Nelson's confessions. He frankly remarks that his life has been misspent, and that he would rather say nothing about it. But any casual misdemeanours or excesses of which he may have been capable in the way of business are quite redeemed by his narrative. It is of extraordinary interest to all natural minds, and, we presume, will be found quite unreadable by the devotees of æsthetic pessimism. Mr. Nelson is no pessimist, but rather, like a rowdy Ulysses, has drunk all adventure to the lees, and liked it.

Charleston, Va., saw Mr. Nelson's birth on August 25—"saw" it, but never, we fancy, "went better." His father was overseer of salt-works, and had negroes under his charge. His word always was, "Never fight a nigger; but, if you do, lick him." One day he found John fighting with and being licked by a little black, so the paternal whip whacked John coincidently with the blows of the little negro, till John, finding a bit of old iron handy, nearly cut his opponent to ribbons with that instrument. Being freely and frequently corrected by a stern parent, John ran away. He was sent to school, and, like Amyas Leigh, knocked down the schoolmaster—in this case, for bullying a girl. His life became a series of Hegiras, till he joined a party of explorers on the plains, where the infinite spaces filled him with a mysterious delight. Mr. Nelson does not voluntarily drop into poetry, but his feelings in the unknown vastnesses and the solitude were distinctly poetical. The Indians, the original dwellers in these free spaces, were his natural allies. He thrust his company on them, declined to leave them, and married an Indian wench after a funny idyl of courtship. The shyness of the bride was purely conventional, and, as soon as Nelson left the camp for some time, she eloped with one of her red kin. Mr. Nelson took this in the philosophical spirit of the Persians. "It is the part of bad men to carry women off, and the part of wise men not to concern themselves about the matter." That he was phlegmatic was fortunate; for most of his successive brides ran away with Indian lovers—a thing discouraging to the vanity of a white. The oddest Indian wife was the lady who carried the ideas of her people too far. The Indians of old, as John Tanner also assures us, practised a frantic generosity. They were as eager to give property away as white folk are to acquire it. They also were great mourners for their dead—a truly savage performance, as any one may see. For are *we* not civilized? and is it not plain that, day by day, *les morts, les pauvres morts*, are increasingly neglected? The death of a sister or a mother is resented as a temporary interference with dress and frivolity. "The pace is too good" to linger about the graves of those who fall in the fray. The Indians have different notions. When Mr. Nelson made a new bride presents she gave them all away in an hour. When one of her relations died she went nearly mad, shrieked, gashed herself, and conferred all her husband's property on any one who came near her. She was, in fact, a violently conventional lady, after the manner of Indian conventions.

Mr. Nelson's descriptions of Indian ways and customs are excellent. They keep up the Spartan rite of voluntary cruelty practised on themselves. The Sioux fastened the flesh of their breasts to trees, round which they danced for three days without food or water. Readers of Catlin will remember the similar performances of the now extinct Mandans. No doubt these rites are, in idea, partly sacrificial, partly trials of courage, and rehearsals for the torture stake, to which any brave may be bound, if he falls into unfriendly hands.

One of Mr. Nelson's oddest adventures, as a very young man, was his encounter with a set of psalm-singing migratory Chadbands, whom he met in the plains. "They told me they were Latter-day Saints." One said he was "The Lion of the Lord." "I looked at him in astonishment, but did not say anything further, particularly as I was not in a position to deny his statement." He was Brigham Young! Mr. Nelson felt a kind of pity for these wandering wolves in sheep's clothing, and acted as their guide till they reached the lower end of Salt Lake, which Young decided was the Promised Land. He fancied that the Lake communicated with the Pacific; had there been such an outlet Brigham Young meant to have proclaimed himself King of Utah. Never was there a more romantic Chadband, nor a tub-thumper who did business on a larger scale. Mormonism was, indeed, a sort of caricature of Anglo-Saxonism, combining an unintelligent passion for the Bible with strict business principles and cold-blooded cruelty. Leaving the Mormons, Mr. Nelson's ingenious fancy led him to do a little scalp-hunting. On returning to his tribe he found himself again in the position of Menelaus, and now he married the frantically conventional squaw, whom he deserted when she gave everything he possessed away. He then dealt in furs for a while, and saw the first wars of White and Red in these western parts. He declares that "the whole of the officials were in the swindle from the Chief Commissioner downwards." The Red Men were treated with brutal dishonesty; they resented the conduct of the Yankees, arrows were shot, soldiers were sent, massacre and whisky did the business of the natives. Mr. Nelson took to trapping again, with a gentleman named Hal Gay, and they started a gambling and drinking hell, which they frankly named "The Robbers' Roost." "We built quite a big gambling saloon," says the Barry Lyndon of the West, "in which many a poor fellow lost not only his money but his life." It is fair to add that Mr. Nelson set very little store by either of these commodities, and when he ceased to be a partner in the bank he lost all he had over his own fraudulent euchre or poker. "The Provost-Marshal stood in with us, and would detain the caravans that we might skin the emigrants out of their money either by gambling or by drinking." This was the humour of it :—

> Hal would disguise himself, rubbing a lot of dirt in his hair, over his face and hands, and putting on some dirty ragged clothes. Then he went down to the caravan corral, talking to some of the men, and brought them up to the town. He then strolled along to the Robbers' Roost, and invited them in to have a drink. Once in, it was not long before he got them into the gambling saloon, where he began to play, and invariably won by an arrangement he had with the banker, who was in our employment.
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> Having won a pile, he stood more drinks, and as a result some of the strangers soon started in. He left off then, for the banker invariably gave him a dollar to go and have a drink, saying his luck was far too good, and if he kept on winning all the money, there would be none left for his pals to take away.
>
> I don't say there was any cheating done, but the bank invariably came off the winner.
>
> I attended to the bar whilst all this was going on. That was my department, and pretty busy I was too, for the more they gambled the more drinks I sold.
>
> Finally things became so warm and the shootings so frequent, I had a consultation with my partner, and suggested our clearing out before we got into trouble.

On the whole, this is the least creditable part of Mr. Nelson's confessions, though we may not wholly sympathize with him when he became a Mormon. He accompanied troops to the scene of the Mountain Meadow Massacre, and helped to bury the bodies of the victims. As a Mormon Mr. Nelson distinguished himself by the vivacity of his flirtations, which made it seem better for him to leave the holy community of Latter-day Saints. A good deal of shooting had to be done; and here is an anecdote of an English emigrant. It should be remarked that Slade was a peculiarly abominable kind of Western Bersark who kept the roads in terror by his cruelties :—

> An English emigrant drove up to the shanty whilst they were there, and as he was getting down from his waggon, Slade stepped up to the counter, and snatching up a four-pound weight which stood by the scales, heaved it through the window at the emigrant's head, just missing it.

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* *Fifty Years on the Trail.* By Harrington O'Reilly. London: Chatto & Windus. 1889.

This was too much for the Britisher, who was as brave a chap as ever stepped. He turned round, and seeing there were about eight of them, he stretched out his arm, dragged his rifle out of the waggon, stepped into the shanty, cocked it, and presenting it at Slade's head, said:

"You heaved that weight at me. What did you do it for?"

Slade said it was only done in fun, and the others, trying to make peace, apologized for him, and begged the Englishman not to notice it.

He said that if Slade undertook not to bother him again it was all right. This was promised, and I took the opportunity of putting the Britisher in the kitchen with his wife, who was with him.

Mr. Nelson now took service in an unofficial way with the American forces, where he met "a scout named Bill Cody," better known as "Buffalo Bill." One day, on the plains, he distinctly heard a voice telling him that he would be shot, and shot he was presently. He then married a squaw with Christian rites, and may be regarded as quite a domestic character ever since. His best adventure after this was in a prairie fire; the anecdote is as good as Mayne Reid, and true. In fact, the whole book is manifestly veracious, a page out of a volume now closed, at least in America. In Africa, perhaps, there is still verge and space enough for the Nelsons of this world. Mr. Nelson came to London in the "Wild West" show, but he says nothing about his urban adventures in his very diverting memoirs. This, perhaps, is a pity.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

DR. LIDDON'S reputation as a preacher and theologian needs no gilding, and it is hardly necessary to do more than notice the appearance of his Advent and Christmas Sermons. There is, however, one thought that will strike many readers of these volumes which we may venture to anticipate. Those who have listened to Dr. Liddon under the great dome of St. Paul's or in the University Church of St. Mary's, where he is even more at home, usually go away with the impression that they have been listening to a consummate rhetorician. Yet those who read these Sermons will find that there is in them no rhetoric at all, in the common sense of the word. There are no questions, no ejaculations, no anecdotes, no *mots* or quotations, no gorgeous adjectives. Even when the scene lends itself to, almost demands, what is known as word-painting, the opportunity is used with the severest self-restraint. Let any one compare, for instance, the sermon on the Last Judgment (Vol. I. of the Advent Sermons) with those of Jeremy Taylor on the same subject (Vol. IV. of his Collected Works), and he cannot fail to notice the extraordinary difference between the two preachers. Taylor goes to work like a painter designing a fresco for a Campo Santo. A thousand terrible or harrowing details are there. His principle is that what we see vividly we believe intensely, and he strikes at the intelligence through the senses. Dr. Liddon addresses himself entirely to the reason; not, it is true, to the eighteenth-century common sense, but to the disciplined reason—reason which has put itself into the proper attitude for this particular subject of thought. Taylor swells over all his banks, like the Nile in flood, and hardly exhausts what he has to say in three long discourses; Dr. Liddon makes his mark in sixteen not large pages. Each topic is handled differently. Why must we believe in a Judgment? Because, says Taylor, it is the great redressing of all wrongs. "It is but reasonable, for the interests of virtue and the necessities of the world, that the private should be judged, and virtue should be tied upon the spirit, and the poor should be relieved, and the oppressed should appeal, and the noise of widows should be heard, and the saints should stand upright, and the cause that was ill judged should be judged over again, and tyrants should be called to account, and our thoughts should be examined, and our secret actions viewed on all sides, and the infinite number of sins which escape here should not escape finally." "If," says Dr. Liddon, "the reason is convinced, first, of the possibility of miracles—and this possibility cannot be denied by a serious believer in a living and moral God—and, secondly, of the truth of the historical fact that Jesus Christ did really rise again from the dead—and St. Paul will tell him that, while the fact was in his lifetime a matter of widespread notoriety, it could not be denied without breaking altogether with anything that could be called Christianity—if, I say, reason be thus convinced that such a miracle as the Resurrection of Christ is historically true, he ought to have no serious difficulty, on the score of reason, in believing the Last Judgment." Here two long arguments are packed into a few lines, and Taylor's whole reasoning appears in the one word "moral." Again, Taylor dwells at great length upon the actual scene of the dread Assize, the terrors that usher it in, the audience, the Judge. In Dr. Liddon's sermon there is scarcely anything of this. The soul even in that awful concourse of all peoples is alone with God, and feels rather than hears its doom. But the tale is told in the plainest language and with great brevity. The difference between the two preachers is immense, and to account for it would need a long treatise on the taste, the mental and moral atmosphere, of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries. But in what does Dr. Liddon's rhetoric consist? or, in other words, what is the secret of his popularity? for rhetoric is the art of popularity. Partly, no doubt, it is to be found in the style. Partly in voice and manner. Partly in intellectual power. But intellectual power is apt to be fatiguing. What redeems Dr. Liddon—and this is a most important reflection for all clever people who want to do good work in the pulpit—is his grip and practicality. Not a thought is introduced without an immediate bearing on the audience. There is no parade. Everything is real and important; and, so long as this is the case, the preacher does not seem to care how tersely his reasoning may be put or what demands it may make on the hearers' intelligence. He feels sure that they want to understand, and that if what he says is luminously expressed they will understand it. Again, it will be observed in these sermons that intellectual method is never carried too far. The treatment is never exhaustive; a few leading points are selected and driven home. Thus the attention is stimulated and never wearied. Lastly, the secret consists in that which is, after all, the secret of all great oratory—the *ethos* of the speaker. The light is never dry. Every word is steeped in emotion, all the more pungent from the self-restraint that husbands it. The reader feels, to use Horace's phrase, that "he is walking upon fire." And the emotion is marked by that austerity which, whether in nature, in art, or in human character, men accept as the seal of the highest excellence, though they may themselves be easygoing enough. Austerity is the blending of tenderness with severity, two qualities so antagonistic that their harmonious interaction is always marvellous. Hence it has a high value in persuasion, the rarity of the character reflecting light upon the rarity of the faith by which the character is moulded. Every quack is driven by the necessity of his trade to imitate this character; but it is the special property of Christianity, the only creed that can teach how joy, sorrow, and wrath spring from the same fountain.

Canon Scott Holland's volume is another noteworthy specimen of the teaching that draws people to St. Paul's. From a literary point of view a perhaps not too fastidious critic might find a good deal to dislike in these sermons. The author's rule is never to use one word when five will do as well. A whole page is sometimes filled up with the mere statement of the point to be discussed. The style is spasmodic, and always "on the go." Even in sermons there are passages where the utterance is not naturally choked with sobs; and it is precisely when he is, or should be, on the matter-of-fact level—for instance, in the sermon on the Gospel Witness—that Canon Scott Holland does least justice to his powers. For he has great powers. The sermons on the Resurrection, in which he deals with the two schools of "criticism," one of which regards Christianity as built upon a beautiful human life, rounded off by a great lie, while the other regards it as built, or rather suspended like a vapour, upon the lie itself,

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* *Advent in St. Paul's.* By H. P. Liddon, D.D., D.C.L., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's. 2 vols. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

Christmastide in St. Paul's. By H. P. Liddon, D.D., D.C.L., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

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The Mystic Vine: a Meditation on the Passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Translated from the Latin of an unknown Author and Edited by G. J. Eales, D.C.L. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1889.

Is not this the Christ? By the Rev. C. J. Ridgeway, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. London: Skeffington & Son. 1889.

Blankthorpe Parochial Papers on Church Life and Church Work. Edited by the Rev. C. R. Ball, M.A., Vicar-designate of All Saints, Peterborough. London: S. P. C. K. 1889.

The Influence of Christianity on War. By J. F. Bethune-Baker, M.A., Pembroke Coll., Camb. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes.

A Catechism on the Church of England: its Constitution, Discipline, and Doctrine. By Dawson F. Chapman, M.A., Vicar of St. Peter's, Preston. London: S. P. C. K.

Eastertide Thoughts on the Passion and Resurrection of our Lord. By W. Hay M. H. Aitken, M.A. London: Shaw & Co.

Introduction to the Sacred Scriptures. By Rev. John MacDevitt, D.D., Professor of the Introd. to Scripture, Eccles. Hist., &c., All Hallows Foreign Missionary Coll., Dublin. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, & Walker. 1889.

Das alte Testament und die christliche Sittenlehre. Von Ernst Fischer, Pastor zu Bessingen. Gotha: F. A. Perthes. 1889.

Biblische Psychologie, Biologie und Pädagogik als die Grundlagen christlicher Erziehung und Selbstzucht. Von Prof. Dr. Karl Fischer, Königl. preuss. Gymnasialdirektor. Gotha: F. A. Perthes. 1889.

are very striking. Canon Scott Holland has a clear perception of the intellectual difficulties of the day, and a distressing sense of the way in which doubts and denials strip life of its beauty and happiness. It is on this side that he makes his attack on the negative scientific attitude. Agnosticism, in his view, is a big name which covers no deep philosophical position. "It only means the mental temper and attitude of an honest and cheerful Englishman, to whom and for whom these burning questions do not practically or vitally exist." Only, it should be added by way of caution, the preacher is not here thinking of those too cheerful agnostics of the luncheon-bar of whom the Bishop of Peterborough spoke some little time ago.

Socrates and Christ is primarily a protest against the tendency manifested by a certain school of writers to elevate the martyr-philosopher into something like an equality with the founder of Christianity. Mr. Wenley begins by taking exception to the statement of M. Havet that "le Christianisme est sorti presque tout entier de l'antiquité hellénique," and to that of Mr. R. W. Mackay that "Christianity added little or nothing to the truths already uttered in the Athenian prison." A great part of the book is occupied in showing how Greek philosophy required to be modified by the infusion of Hebrew ideas, that is by Alexandrinism, before it could become, what Eusebius called it, "a preparation for the Gospel." But the most interesting portion of the work is the conclusion, where Mr. Wenley dwells upon the originality, permanence, and distinctive character of the Saviour's work. He appears to belong to that modern school who regard the person of Christ with great awe and veneration, while treating "preconceived theological opinions" as things that may be set upon one side. It is significant that he speaks of the Saviour as "Christ," not always as "Jesus," regards Him, that is to say, as possessing in some real sense a Divine commission. He goes so far as to say that "Jesus was divine by His clear vision of His own divinity." His special work was that He "set forth in His own person that pattern humanity which, in earlier ages, had only such reality as dreams are made of"; that He "objectified an ideal career," and so on. This is much, for there are those who do not admit it. But, unless Mr. Wenley is content to regard Christianity as a remarkable phenomenon, from the calm indifference of a library chair, he will find himself obliged to go forward or to go back. For what is a perfect life but a Miracle? And what is the good of saying that "our demonstrable knowledge of God must be very specially through the life of Christ" if it must be admitted that "Criticism may—the probability is that it does—reduce direct accurate knowledge of Him to a minimum"? Instead of writing Criticism with a big C, and falling down before it as a sort of divine Omphe, let us write it with a smaller letter, and qualify it as Baur's criticism or Hitzig's criticism. The change is slight, but it will be found to make a great difference. Mr. Wenley's book is one that cannot be read without sympathy and respect. We can only trust that he will not spend his life in "beating about the bush with profound emotion and never starting the hare."

The translation of Dr. Bernhard Weiss's *Manual of Introduction to the New Testament*, now completed by the issue of the second volume, will be found exceedingly useful by all serious students, and exceedingly embarrassing by all that too numerous crew of facile writers who like to season their graver labours by a little dash of theology. The work is an admirable specimen of the method which German scholars have settled upon as best fitted for the "discipline" of introduction, and gives an elaborate account of the extraordinary vacillations of opinion that have characterized New Testament criticism. Dr. Weiss is perfectly free and outspoken, but his judgment is wise and cautious and his guidance can be trusted. Mr. Davidson has done his work as translator upon the whole very well; but still there are occasional sentences that are obscure and misleading until one turns to the original German. Thus (p. 259) the words "Clement of Alexandria confesses in the most naïve way that he had never heard of such a work" may be taken by a hasty reader to mean that Clement had never heard of St. Mark's Gospel, and the note upon this passage is not well rendered, for "gebeten" does not mean "interrogated." The usefulness of the book would have been vastly increased by the addition of an index.

Bernardine a Piconio, or Henri Bernardine de Picquigny, was a French priest of the Capuchin Order, who lived in the latter half of the seventeenth century. His *Exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul* (Romans and 1 Corinthians) is a good specimen of the peculiar grace that attaches to French works of devotion. The author does not dwell on grammatical subtleties and passes over many a hard knot. He was well read in the fashion of his age, knew Greek, Latin, and Syriac, and quotes the Fathers with perfect freedom. But all that does not tend to edification is to him as sawdust; his book opens with a very striking prayer, and neither Greek particles nor heresies are suffered to jar the tone of devout meditation that reigns throughout. The work is that of a staunch Romanist, *bien entendu*; but in these brawling days there are many who will thank Mr. Prichard for making them acquainted with a spirit so lucid and serene.

Other translations on our list are the *Prophecies of Isaiah*, by Orelli, and the second volume of Delitzsch's *New Commentary on Genesis*. Far be it from us to find captious fault with works so learned; but if Orelli's book were a commentary on Æschylus no one would tolerate such a translation as this:—"For every boot of the booted ones with turmoil and mantle rolled in blood, this is for burning, for fuel of fire," which might surely just as well have been left in the original Hebrew. The note on this passage is "the verb refers not directly to the noise caused by boots, but to the turmoil of battle, where there is tramping about in boots." We should have more confidence in the Hebraists if they were not quite so heavily "booted," and did not "tramp about" so clumsily on all the tender little humanities that we are weakly attached to. There is always a suspicion that those who cannot render an author's style cannot really understand his meaning. Surely Isaiah had a style. We are not to suppose that the Authorized Version invented one for him.

The Writings of Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland form a volume, tiny in size, but full of interest. The editing appears to have been done with care, the genuine remains are separated from the doubtful, the Scripture quotations have been compared with the Vulgate and the Itala, and the critical and historical notes seem to be scholarly and sufficient. The text adopted is that of Dr. Whitley Stokes and the late Mr. Hennessy, with occasional verifications by the present editor, Dr. Wright. The addition of a short Life of the Saint would have been an improvement, but if the reader is induced by this omission to take up Miss Cusack's *Life of St. Patrick*, or consult Dr. G. T. Stokes's article in the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, or, still better, *Ireland and the Celtic Church* by the same accomplished author, he will have nothing to regret. Two complaints we may venture to make. The one piece of Greek that Dr. Wright gives us is surely wrong. The original of Patrick's "Curie lession" (p. 80) ought to be Κύριε ἐλέησον not Κύριε ἐλέεισον. And, if Dr. Wright desired his work to be read by all classes, he should not have trailed his Protestant coat-tails quite so defiantly. The note on the "power of binding and loosing" (p. 124) may or may not be correct, but it was quite uncalled for, and will give offence. Readers of this delightful little book should be allowed to forget the Romanist controversy, and all the absurd legends of a too credulous after-age, and just listen to the Saint himself. His very existence has been doubted by over-ingenious critics, but he has the rare gift of making us see and hear through all the mists of fifteen centuries. Let the sceptic hear and be convinced. "I, Patrick, a sinner, the rudest and the least of all the faithful, and most contemptible to very many, had for my father Calpornius, a deacon, a son of Potitus, a presbyter, who dwelt in the village of Bannavem Taberniæ (Dumbarton?), for he had a small farm hard by the place where I was taken captive. I was then nearly sixteen years of age. I did not know the true God; and I was taken to Ireland in captivity with so many thousand men, in accordance with our deserts." Six years he worked as a slave. But one night a voice cried to him in his sleep, "Behold, thy ship is ready." "After this I took flight . . . and I came in the strength of the Lord, who directed my way for good; and I feared nothing till I arrived at that ship. And on the same day on which I arrived, the ship moved out of its place, and I asked them that I might go away, and sail with them. And it displeased the captain, and he answered sharply with indignation, 'Do not by any means seek to go with us.' And when I heard this, I separated myself from them in order to go to the hut where I lodged. And on the way I began to pray. And before I had ended my prayer I heard one of them, and he was calling loudly after me 'Come quickly, for these men are calling you.' . . . And we sailed immediately." Some years after this escape Patrick had his famous vision "in the Britains with his parents." He heard in his mind the voice of those who dwell near the wood of Foclut (in Mayo), which is close by the Western Sea. "And they cried out thus, as if with one voice, 'We entreat thee, holy youth, that thou come and henceforth walk among us.'" Yet he did not obey the call for many years, till he was "almost worn out." This is as real and vivid as anything in history. We trust these extracts may tempt our readers to desire better acquaintance with a famous but little-known saint.

We have also received *By-paths of English Church History*, an interesting but rather too fragmentary series of sketches of the great Anglo-Saxon missionaries, with some useful notes on the rise of the parochial system, by the Rev. Charles Hole; *Golden Words* (fourth edition), translated and adapted from the *De Imitatione* by Mr. Hamilton; *Guild Addresses*, by the Rev. W. F. Shaw; a modest volume of addresses on the Life of David, by the Rev. H. E. Stone, of Nottingham; *The Mystic Vine*, a translation, or rather adaptation, of a devotional treatise that has sometimes been printed among the works of St. Bernard of Clairvaux; *Is not this the Christ?* by the Rev. C. J. Ridgeway; *Blankthorpe Parochial Papers*, a useful and suggestive little collection of essays on parish management, edited by the Rev. C. R. Ball; *The Influence of Christianity on War*, by Mr. J. F. Bethune-Baker; *A Catechism on the Church of England*, by the Rev. D. F. Chapman; *Eastertide*, a volume of Sermons by the Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken; *Introduction to the Sacred Scriptures*, a popular Roman Catholic Manual of the subject, by Rev. John McDevitt, D.D.; and two little German books by Ernst and Karl Fischer, the first of which deals with the morality of the Old Testament, while the second insists upon the adaptation of revelation to the spiritual nature of man. The authors write with a full appreciation of the bearing of modern science upon Christian ethics, and find much to commend in Mr. Drummond's work. Their German is clear and easy, and English readers will find much to interest and instruct them.

THE RUTLAND MSS.*

BELVOIR CASTLE has, as was expected, proved singularly rich in historical manuscripts; and this volume, which we owe to the kindness of its late and its present owner, and to the industry and skill of Mr. Maxwell Lyte, the Deputy-Keeper of the Records, and of those who have worked at it under his direction, is full of delightful matter. The preface affords a notable example of the good results which often arise from the visit of an expert in manuscript work to the seat of one of our historic families. Mr. Lyte tells us how he discovered a large collection of valuable documents lying half forgotten in a lumber-room, and how he was led to make a visit to the stables of the castle, and there found a loft the floor of which was covered with old papers lying in confusion and piled to a height of three or four feet. As he came upon three manuscripts of special interest—one a holograph letter of Lord Burghley, and another a letter of Charles James Fox—in about half an hour, he saw that the contents of the loft were worth overhauling, and they now form the principal part of the materials noted in the *Calendar*, of which the first instalment is given to us here. All the papers in this *Calendar* will for the future be safe from rats and other enemies, for the Duke of Rutland has had them treated with all possible care and respect. It would be difficult to improve on Mr. Lyte's introduction to this volume. Short as it is, no one can want a better guide to the choicest bits in the text. At the same time, the reader should work through the *Calendar* for himself if he wishes to enjoy it to the full.

The *Calendar* begins with some letters relating to the Vernons, whose estates in Derbyshire passed to the Manners family. Several of these letters are from the Duke of Clarence, the brother of Edward IV., and refer to the war of 1471. On March 30 Clarence wrote to Henry Vernon urging him, as he had done in previous letters, to join him against Edward, the "late King," and a few days before the Earl of Warwick also sent him a letter to the same effect. Warwick's letter is given in facsimile; it presents us with the only extant specimen of his writing, for though the body of the letter is in another hand, the signature is his, and so also is the postscript—"Henry I pray you ffayle not now as ever I may do ffor yow." Clarence, who changed sides early in April, wrote from Tewkesbury on May 6, two days after the battle, bidding Vernon join him in King Edward's name, and announcing that Edward, "late called Prince," was among those "slayn in playn bataill," which is strong evidence against the story current in the next century that the Prince of Wales was assassinated after the battle by Clarence and Gloucester. In 1485 Henry VII. commands Vernon to join in putting down the rebels in the North, who with "Robyn of Riddisdale, Jak St . . . , Thomolyn at Lath, and Maister Mendall for their capteyns," were confederate with the Scots. This letter, which is of nearly the same date with one on the same matter from the Duke of Suffolk to John Paston, throws a curious light on the popular movements in the North. Vernon, by that time a Knight and Controller of the Household of the Prince of Wales, received a request from the King in 1492, when war with France was imminent, that he would "lene unto us the somme of C^{li}," secured on the "half quinzame payable at Martilmas next commyng." The papers relating to the Field of the Cloth of Gold and other matters which have already been printed by the Camden Society (*Rutland Papers*) are briefly noticed, and references are given to the Society's volume. Two or three documents are concerned with the suppression of the monasteries. One contains the valuation of the priory of Warter, in Yorkshire, granted to Thomas, first Earl of Rutland, the representative of the founder. This valuation, which is not in the *Monasticon*, gives some particulars about the church and other buildings of the house. A letter from Thomas Cromwell speaks of a friar, who used the "deceitful art of magic and astronomy." The superstition of a later generation is illustrated by the depositions with respect to an accusation brought in 1591 against a surgeon of Burton-on-Trent of bewitching one of his neighbours by means of a wax-figure "of a mayde with a garlande on her hedde and a flower in her hande." Henry, the second earl, was Lieutenant in the North in 1549, and we have the lists which were drawn up for him of the towns on the Scottish frontier occupied by troops, and of the beacons in the county of Northumberland. Complaints occur of the evil doings of the foreign mercenaries employed by the Ministers of Edward VI. At Morpeth the Italians killed Lord Dacre's deer, and were otherwise so troublesome that "thinhabitantes do rather mynde to leave the towne and seak other dwellinges then to susteigne such intollerable unquietnes and misordre." Affairs in Germany at the time of the Peace of Passau are well described in a paper addressed to "Your Grace." Among the few notices of public events in Queen Mary's reign is a curious proof of the lawlessness of the North. The Earl of Westmorland relates how "the Rokesbyes, the Bowssies, the Wicliffes," with their adherents to the number of three hundred or more, set on him at a horse-race—"on thors rynninge day"—on Gaterley Moor, intending to "trap" him to please the Duke of Northumberland. In 1563 the Earl of Rutland received a long letter from Randolph, describing how the Queen of Scots opened her Parliament, attended by "the four virgins, maydes, Maries, damoyselles of honor, or the Quen's mignions, cawle them as please your honour, but a fayerrer syghte was never seen." At this time, Randolph says, Elizabeth and Mary were on familiar terms, and letters, "wrytten in whole sheetes of paper with their owne handes," constantly passed between them. Several letters are full of gossip about Elizabeth's Court. The marriage of the Earl of Oxford with Anne Cecil "caused great wypping, waling, and sorrowful chere" among the young ladies "that hoped to have hade that golden daye." In a letter of 1576 the Court is said to be "as full of malice and spite as when" the Earl of Rutland left it. The Queen had been angry with Mary Shelton for her wish to marry, and had "telt liberall bothe with bloes and yevill wordes." Sir Philip Sidney, writing in December 1583, shortly after the discovery of Throgmorton's plot, describes Elizabeth as "troubled with suspicions which aryse of some illmynded subiectes towards her."

The fourth Earl of Rutland died in 1588, only a year after his succession to the earldom, and left his wife and children badly off. His son and successor, Roger, was at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and his tutor, John Jegon, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, reported well of him in a letter to his mother. In this letter Jegon asks for more bedding for the Earl's attendants: "We have but one bed besides his lordship's, and we have now four daily waiters to lodge." The young Earl's sister, Lady Bridget, was appointed one of the Queen's maids of honour, and for a time gave her royal mistress much satisfaction; but she got into a sad scrape by marrying a Mr. Tyrwhit, and was for a short space committed to the custody of the Countess of Bedford, while her husband was put in prison. We have a bright account, written by Robert Cecil, of how the Armada sailed up the Channel, and Drake captured the galleon of Don Pedro de "Lulaghe" (Valdez); he speaks of the "great magnanimytie of the Queen, who was not a whit dismayed." The next paper is a "Briefe Declaration" of the Spanish disasters up to 28th July. Earl Roger was involved in the rebellion of Essex, but not being "any of the complotters," and "lyke a lamb drawen in among them," got off with a short imprisonment and a fine. There are several notices of persecutions suffered by the Roman Catholics. Among these is a pamphlet on the life and death of Thomas Colwell of Feversham, which contains a curious and highly probable story about the reconciliation of Henry VIII. to the Princess Mary, and the behaviour of the little Lady Elizabeth. The execution of a priest named Barkworth in 1601 is told with horrible details; others suffered with him, one of them a woman. A letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to his brother, dated 5th November, 1605, gives a circumstantial narrative of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, and the arrest of "one Johnson," as Guy Fawkes called himself. In 1609 there was a general opinion that "a milder course would be held" with Roman Catholics; and we are told that James was not displeased with Cardinal Bellarmine's answer to his book. This, no doubt, refers to the King's *Premonition to all the Most Mighty Monarchs*, which was written in answer to Bellarmine's reply to the *Apology for the Oath of Allegiance*. A short report of the debates in the Commons, in November 1610, on the proposed Contract is of some value. Under 1621 we have a schedule of wages of "artificers, handy-craftsmen, labourers, and servants," in Lincolnshire, assessed by the Justices of the Peace. By far the most important of the papers relating to the reign of Charles I. in this volume is the Diary of George, seventh Earl of Rutland, during the King's expedition against the Scots in 1639. He gives a minute account of the refusal of Lords Say and Brooke to take the military oath proposed by the King, and makes it evident that the nobles generally disliked Charles's proceedings. Rutland considered the oath ambiguous, and desired that the King would interpret it, and he made a decidedly chilling answer to the request that the lords would pledge themselves to contribute each a certain force to the army. The lack of discipline among the King's troops is illustrated by the conduct of the Earl of Northumberland, who, when displeased at being ordered to march in the rear, bade his "Cornett and Trumpett to plucke of their cullers." The second Scotch war was regarded with general dislike, and Sir Francis Fane records how the Devon troops rioted, and how, while the Court of Sewers was sitting at Wisbeach, some two hundred soldiers, thinking that the Bishop of Ely was in the court, beset the doors, crying out "Give us Wren, that damned Bishop Ely; wee will have him, or else fyer the towne and cutt the troats of all the Commissioners." The present volume goes down to May 1641, and the Report will occupy two volumes more.

* *Historical MSS. Commission. Twelfth Report, Appendix, Part IV. The Manuscripts of His Grace the Duke of Rutland, preserved at Belvoir Castle.* Vol. I. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

CLASSIC TALES.*

THE publishers of this series have given no account whatever of the source from which it is reprinted, and it has not been without some little difficulty that we have traced the origin of these *Classic Tales*. The introductory papers, which are prefixed to the work of each novelist represented, were contributed by Leigh Hunt to the *Monthly Repository of Theology and General Literature* in the course of 1806, and reprinted in five little volumes in

* *Classic Tales, Serious and Lively.* Collected by Leigh Hunt. 5 vols. London and Edinburgh: William Paterson.

the next year. As far as we are aware, they have remained almost unknown for the last eighty years; and they form one of the most obscure sections of Leigh Hunt's work. They were scarcely worth reprinting, we must confess. Leigh Hunt was only two-and-twenty when they were published, and, though his style was already fluent, his knowledge was extremely limited, and his taste immature. Although he does not seem to have thought it worth while to make even an allusion to *Classic Tales* when he was composing his *Autobiography*, we may trace, towards the end of the first volume of that entertaining memoir, indications of the line of reading which produced the essays. We may even trace, in the manner of the latter, the influence of the *Connoisseur* of Bonnell Thornton and Colman, which, in 1806, was giving Leigh Hunt "all the transports of a first love." He tells us also of the very great impression made upon him at this time by Voltaire; and it is interesting to compare the little essay here called "Thoughts on some of Voltaire's Romances" with the eloquent pages on the same subject which Hunt published in 1850. In 1806 Leigh Hunt was not able to read French, and it was doubtless in the translation which is here reproduced that he studied both Voltaire and Marmontel. If he had been acquainted with the original he would have noticed that the version of Marmontel, although written in graceful English, was full of extraordinary blunders. The present publishers might, we think, have subjected their reprint in this matter to some revision. The Voltaire is much better done, and is, we fancy, that translation to which Franklin put his name, and which Smollett is reported to have supervised.

The Voltaire volume contains *Zadig*, *Micromegas*, *The Huron*, and five or six of the smaller stories. Hunt's prefatory essay is not profound, but it is sympathetic and just. At a time when it was certainly not the fashion in England to deal generously or even fairly with Voltaire, the young publicist, who was nothing if not independent, does not scruple to place the Frenchman at the head of all modern wits. Curiously enough, he is more sparing in giving praise to *L'Ingénu* than to any of the other tales, condemning the character of the Huron as inconsistently drawn, and as essentially untrue to life. This is the more odd because of the extraordinary personal interest which Leigh Hunt was, a little later on, to take in this character, which he came to consider, as readers of the *Autobiography* will recollect, an almost inspired prophetic portrait of himself. But in his analysis of *Zadig*, which he describes as the most perfect romance of its kind in Europe, Leigh Hunt falls into a strange species of commendation. "Voltaire," he says, "never falls into the common error of novelists, who, in their eagerness to amuse, forget the proper season for instruction; his characters are always happy or miserable as they are virtuous or vicious." This last clause is an astounding comment on the attitude of the author of *Candide* towards human vicissitude, and it might have occurred to any one less optimistic than Hunt that even in his favourite *Zadig* the personages were not always happy or miserable according as they were virtuous or vicious.

The second of these little volumes gives, of Johnson, the whole of *Rasselas* and some episodes from the *Rambler*; of Henry Mackenzie, *Louisa Venoni* and *La Roche*; and of Sterne the conventional fragments of Le Fevre, Maria, and Yorick. The essay on Johnson as a novelist is not a happy effort. In the first place, to say that *Rasselas* is "filled with a black and useless melancholy" is so exaggerated as to be practically incorrect; and the only passage in the essay which is worthy of preservation is the following, which, although the sentiments are trite enough, is expressed with remarkable grace, and in a spirit highly characteristic of its author:—

> They who are generally at ease with life feel every little grief an enormous burden, which they must endeavour to lighten by complaint; they, on the contrary, who are continually unfortunate will be less willing to talk of what is at the same time so common to themselves and so disagreeable of communication to others. The deepest sorrow, like the deepest stream, is the most silent: little cares, like brooks made by sudden rain, are alike noisy, shallow, and fugitive.

In 1806 it was the fashion to express enthusiasm for the mild and unassuming Mackenzie, whose talents had just been rewarded by Government with a lucrative post. Yet, when Leigh Hunt tells us that he knows no two little narratives so interesting as *La Roche* and *Louisa Venoni*, he seems to carry too far the prevailing weakness for the softest of the disciples of Sterne. At the same time, it may easily be admitted that the elegance, the gentlemanly sensibility of Mackenzie are in this day underrated, as they were soon, when Leigh Hunt wrote, to be eclipsed by the truth of Jane Austen and the romantic vigour of Walter Scott. When the reader opens *Louisa Venoni*, and finds that afflicted object resigned to the torpor of melancholy, from which she is only to be aroused by a hand-organ, "of remarkably sweet tone," playing Swiss airs in the street, when she flings herself on to the pavement to embrace the remarkably unpleasant organ-grinder, who "throws off a tattered coat and a black patch," and is her own implacable papa, who has selected this extraordinary disguise and profession in order to soften the pangs of his paternal resentment, then that reader is inclined to say that all this may be pretty, but that it is hardly natural or "unaffected." Mackenzie, if he is read at all, should be studied on the broader canvas of *The Man of Feeling*. Hunt's essay on Sterne is the best of those here reprinted. It enters with acumen into the antagonistic qualities of Sterne's work, and distributes blame and approval in a judicious degree. It is to the *Sentimental Journey* rather than to *Tristram Shandy* that Leigh Hunt, with a prescience of modern opinion, is inclined to give the preference. It is very odd that he is able to see the faults which disfigure the writings of this great man, and yet has nothing that is not polite to say of the infinitely inferior but analogous Mackenzie. But, perhaps, the reason of this is to be found in the fact that when the essay was published Sterne had long been dead, while the sensitive Man of Feeling was still alive.

One whole volume is dedicated to Marmontel and a selection of eight of his once celebrated *Contes Moraux*. The modern reader may be amazed at the tone in which Leigh Hunt speaks of these productions, until he recollects that in 1806 Marmontel was but recently dead, and still at the height of his reputation. It cannot be said that *Contes Moraux* are unfairly represented in the specimens given. A critic who desired to indicate the most favourable instance possible of Marmontel would probably invite the student to a perusal of "The Shepherdess of the Alps." If he desired to exemplify the Oriental manner of the writer, he would point to "Soliman II."; and each of these tales occurs in the selection before us. In his comparison of Goldsmith with Marmontel—a comparison which is intended, on the whole, to redound to the glory of the French writer—Leigh Hunt is singularly blinded by prejudice or by the fashion of the moment. When he mentions, as the peculiar excellence of Marmontel, his exact fidelity to life and his accurate imitation of nature, he shows himself curiously at fault. The stories of Marmontel have graces of their own. The characters are like groups of pale Dresden china come to life, and they pursue their balanced avocations with an elegant suavity which it is, in some moods, agreeable to observe. As pieces of writing the tales are delicate, well balanced, and refined. But they and the figures which move in them are of the extreme order of artificiality. Take "The Shepherdess of the Alps," for instance, which we shall not attempt to deny is a pleasing specimen of literary artifice. What could show less fidelity to life, less imitation of nature, than the mode in which this exquisite creature of noble birth is discovered by the Marquis and his lady, or the extraordinary avocation which she selects, or the peculiar transports of the son of the Marquis (founded on the mediæval tradition of sudden love at the sight of a picture), or than the pastoral manner of their wooing? Mr. Ruskin, it is true, with that occasional acuteness which makes his elusive expressions of literary opinion so tantalizingly valuable, has said that the sayings and thoughts of Marmontel's personages "deserve extreme attention, for in their fine tremulous way, like the blossoming heads of grass in May, they are perfect." This is, in a measure, true; but to appreciate the fine tremulousness we have to admit the purely artificial atmosphere in which such strange winds of emotion blow. The imitation of his predecessors, too, can generally be traced in Marmontel. His "tremulous" characters in their delicacy are coy and cold descendants of Crébillon, and most of the great sentimental story-tellers of the preceding half-century added something to his style. "Friendship put to the Test" owes not a little to the *Ingénu* of Voltaire, and we may see how Marmontel used ideas created by greater men, if we compare the character of Coraly, the sentimental East Indian *ingénue*, with that of the Huron. The great fault of Marmontel is, that he is cold. Among the principal French novel-writers of the eighteenth century he is the most chilly, the least impassioned. The story of "Lauretta" appears to us to be the best of the *Contes Moraux*, than which no book ever boasted a more absurd name. If there be an author who is neither moral nor immoral, and in whom the idea of morality in its didactic form produces neither approval nor distaste, but only simple indifference, it is Marmontel. A sublimated politeness is the highest virtue known to him, and this, balanced by the artificial instinct of honour, will be found to form his universal inspiration.

What Leigh Hunt liked in Marmontel he seems to have liked still more in Hawkesworth, who, nevertheless, we must confess to thinking a much less important writer. His essay on Hawkesworth is one of the worst in this whole collection, from the critical point of view. We simply know not what Leigh Hunt meant, even at the age of twenty-two, when he congratulated Hawkesworth on purifying English taste of the "empty pomposity and fantastic bombast" produced by the influence of *Rasselas*, or when he praised him for substituting his "own characteristic manner" for styles previously in vogue. Hawkesworth, a genial man and a careful writer, was a mere satellite of Johnson, and it would have surprised and scandalized him to have seen what Leigh Hunt writes about him. Those who like to consider Hawkesworth's claim to the lofty position here suggested for him may read *Almoran and Hamet* before they consent to place its author above Johnson, or even on a rank with Brooke or Mackenzie.

The mention of Brooke reminds us that he shares with Goldsmith one volume of this series of *Classic Tales*. It is not necessary, however, to enter into detailed criticism of the very slight essays prefixed to these selections. On the whole, we cannot think that the present reprint was a judicious one. To Leigh Hunt, at any rate, it is manifestly unfair to bring forward juvenile and undigested essays written before he became a critic, and of which there is some reason to believe that he was ashamed.

ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR THE MILLION.*

ELECTRIC-LIGHTING has now reached a point at which it has become important that a general, and as far as possible untechnical, knowledge of its mode of production, of its cost, and of its appliance should be possessed by the public. In all writings on scientific subjects there are words which at first are apt to frighten the uninitiated. And for those minds which soar to the regions of belief on a dogma such as "Electricity is life," it may be hard to descend to the hard-and-fast rules and facts of rigid science. Yet when these persons are about to receive electricity in their houses, turned thereinto by a tap, and measured (and paid for) by a meter, it is at least desirable that they should know as much about it as about water or gas. We all in our youth learnt by heart some horrible tables called Weights and Measures. Most of us know still in a vague sort of way what a gallon is; all of us probably the meaning of a cubic foot. Even the most stupid housewife has a notion of what a pound avoirdupois comes to in beef or mutton. The number who can understand the relations between these measures is smaller; but they can always refer to their pocket-books for their facts. Still fewer, however, know that the uncouth words which they meet with in electrical writings are only the corresponding measurements for that so-called fluid. *Watts, volts,* and *ampères* are words which convey naturally no meaning to the mind; and yet, for all practical purposes, they can be understood as easily as pounds and gallons. Mr. Guy has unfortunately only given the bare statement of the relationship between the three, and has confined himself to saying that "pressure is expressed in *volts*" and "quantity in *ampères*." To those unfamiliar with the subject these definitions are absolutely unintelligible, and will probably only serve to confuse. And yet, if any reasonable man is anxious to have an installation in his house, they are words which he ought to understand, for how else can he read intelligently the engineer's report?

It is an astonishing fact that there are many people of education who do not grasp the principle of conservation of energy. It is not to the unfortunate seekers after perpetual motion and finders of quarters in lunatic asylums that we refer. It is to the gentleman of parts and learning, the scholar and man of business, who is prepared to blunder headlong into the most extreme absurdities. If an ore contained only twenty per cent. of metal, the man who believed that he could invent a process by which he could extract twenty-five per cent. from the same ore would be regarded as scarcely fit to manage his own concerns. And yet we have seen intelligent men make the same blunder over questions of energy. A gentleman who had taken a not unimportant part in the government of this country was anxious not long ago to install electric light into a country house which he was then completing. He sent for an expert, with a view to obtaining an estimate of the cost of erection and working, mentioning the fact that he had water-power close by. To his amusement, rather than to his astonishment, the expert found that the water-power consisted of a small trickling stream, with a slight fall, capable of giving in the twenty-four hours about a tenth part of the energy required for the proposed number of lights. "But," said the owner, "can we not dam it up?" For a long time he could not be brought to see his blunder. At last the expert hit upon an analogy. "Suppose," he said, "you had an income of 12,000*l.* a year, and you were to spend nothing for eleven months, would that enable you to live at the rate of 144,000*l.* a year?" The worthy owner saw that this would not be so. "How then," continued the expert, "can you expect a stream of water to behave differently to a stream of gold?" The landlord was dimly convinced of the truth of this reasoning, when a brilliant idea flashed across his mind. "I know," he said hurriedly, lest his invention should occur to the mind of the expert, "a way to get over that difficulty. There is a much greater supply of water in the well than we need. Why should we not have a larger pumping engine, and pump the water up here, so as to have sufficient for what you require for electricity?" After that the expert gave it up.

What the author of the book before us has not realized is the essential ignorance of educated mankind on electrical matters. Many of his explanations go either too far or not far enough. To the "uninitiated," for whom they are intended, they will give no greater satisfaction than a conjurer gives to his audience when he explains one piece of sleight-of-hand by another. To the initiated they are useless. Thus there is a description of a dynamo which would be absolutely meaningless to the ordinary individual. What could he understand of the following? "The *armature* is an iron core, also wound with wire, and is keyed on to a spindle and rotated between the poles of the field magnets, which are fashioned to a curve concentric with that of the armature; in rotating the armature wires are made to cut through the magnetic lines of force which stream across the gap between the poles." This is not even very scientifically worded. But putting this aside, it would put the intelligent "uninitiated" into a hopeless fog, and this quite unnecessarily. It would not have been difficult to give a description of the action of a dynamo, and of why it produces an electric current, which would have given a fairly clear idea to any ordinary man—as clear an idea, at any rate, as he has on the subject of a steam-engine—and this without talking about magnetic lines of force at all.

But, while we cannot congratulate Mr. Guy on his success as a popular explainer of scientific phenomena, we are glad to be able to say that the portions of his little book which refer to the statistics of cost are carefully collected, and will prove useful to all who are weighing in their minds the introduction into their premises of electricity for lighting. Strangely enough the use of electricity as a motive power is not touched upon, which lessens the completeness of the book considerably. For this branch of the subject will in the future be as inextricably bound up with the other as the use of gas for cooking is bound up with its use for lighting. The specially interesting calculation to many consumers will be that as to the choice, for a private installation, of a steam-engine or a gas-engine as a motive power for the generation of electricity. The author's view is that for quantities over forty-horse power—*i.e.* for a larger number than four hundred sixteen-candlepower incandescent lamps—it would pay to use a steam-engine, and for a smaller number a gas-engine. This conclusion would, of course, vary somewhat according to the relative local prices of coal, gas, and labour.

The author gives fuller statistics on the subject of arc than of incandescent lighting, which seems scarcely to be in accordance with the professed aim of the work. For it is certain that ninety-nine out of every hundred consumers will use incandescent lamps only. An arc light in an ordinary town house gives one a fizzing sensation even to think of. Nor is he to be specially complimented either on the amplitude or the accuracy of his facts as to central station lighting. It is difficult, of course, to lay down definite figures. But he certainly ought to have given some very wide margins for contingencies. Coals for most central stations in London will cost much more than sixteen shillings a ton, and five per cent. is a most absurdly small allowance for rent, taxes, and depreciation on property, the bulk of which is machinery. It would be very interesting to know, too, where it would be possible to procure two fifty-horse power boilers and three engines with fittings, foundations, and the buildings to hold them complete for 1,150*l.* However, in spite of many faults, this little book will be of use to many inquirers. And we can recommend the many masters of houses who are hesitating in their minds what to do on this question to invest sixpence in its purchase.

* *Electric Light for the Million: a Handbook for the Uninitiated of Concise Practical Information on Electric Lighting and its Cost.* By Arthur Frederick Guy, Associate-Member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1889.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.*

THIS brochure consists of a series of short sketches which originally appeared in the pages of *Punch*, and which relate divers incidents in the career of a hypothetical briefless barrister. They are for the most part marked by quaintness and originality, with touches of satire as delicate as it is inoffensive; and, except that some good points may perhaps be missed by those happy ones who have had no personal experience of either law courts or chambers, they cannot fail to win the heartiest appreciation. Occasionally, however, possibility is overstrained, as in "The Suspicious Brief Bag," where Mr. Briefless, not once, but repeatedly, mistakes his own clerk for a detective, whom he imagines to be dogging his steps out of doors. This is not only like the immortal gruel "thin," but, as the gruel was not, "too thin." Such imperfections are, however, few and far between, and the majority of the sketches exhibit no small humour and imagination.

Perhaps the best of the series is "My First Appearance in a Diabolical Character," in which Mr. Briefless recounts his ecstatic emotion on being asked to "devil" for an absent friend. The idea of rehearsing his forensic eloquence before his own family may not be very original; but certainly that of bringing up all his sons as solicitors, in order that they may supply him with briefs later on, may fairly claim that credit. The incidents in Court, the solicitor's precocious junior clerk who, "in spite of his budding youth, had more law in his little finger than I possessed in my whole body," the "unearthly howl" which conflicting emotions caused him to emit when addressing the Court for the first time in his life, and the humiliating collapse of his maiden attempt, are all touched in with the hand of an artist.

* *Papers from Pump-handle Court.* By Arthur A'Beckett. London: Bradbury & Co.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

A NEW volume of stories by Ludwig Anzengruber is a noteworthy event for all German-speaking people. It is not necessary—indeed it is perhaps not possible—to attempt, within the space at our disposal, an adequate definition of this complex genius, and of the charm lent by the comfortable Southern dialect discoursed by his personages to the crisp and vigorous style of the foremost living "Volksdichter" of the Fatherland. Anzengruber's inspiration comes direct from the fount, and glows with richness of local colour. So deep has he drunk of the source nearest to him, that we may well content ourselves with what he has found there—truth as old as the world and as young as the day. These village tales (1), like those which were pub-

(1) *Wolken und Sunn'schein, gesammelte Dorfgeschichten.* Von L. Anzengruber. Berlin und Stuttgart: Verlag von W. Spemann.

dished in 1885, like the powerful dramas which have long been popular in Vienna, the *Pfarrer von Hirschfeld*, the *Meineidbauer*, the *Kreuzelschreiber*, the *Tochter des Wucherers*, and others, in which he has not hesitated to tackle many a religious and social problem, are written with a purpose. That this is so without detriment to their literary form is a merit peculiar to their author. Perhaps because the purpose is more apparent than it used to be, we find in none of these latter ones a humour quite so subtle as that of the *Gottüberlegener Jacob* of 1885, nor a problem to solve so grim as the one which puzzled *der alte Hubner* (of the same series), although *Gottverloren*, with which this new book opens, runs the latter close. Meanwhile it interests us none the less for being half solved by the genial Pfarrer, with his amused pity for those who believe that "the Lord God drags Satan about by a chain to frighten people and worry all living things," and his conviction that "Christianity will soon be in as bad case as that sick hack Medicine, if unwilling folks are to be escorted to church by the beadle . . . there are plenty of hypocrites going, and no need to drill any more." This excellent parish priest is but one among the innumerable characters of a book which abounds with living creations. Those who turn its last page part regretfully from Fritz-Poldl, the returned convict, in the *Heimkehr;* the braggart Zirmkofer, in the *Schatzgrüber*, who holds his breath in admiration of the imaginary landscape where his imaginary encounter with the Evil One happened; the stern young peasant Veit, of *Bösen Sprichwörtern*, who would hobnob with none but the little hunchback tailor, and who delighted in the latter's nightly fiddle-playing—"for what matters an occasional slip of the bow if the whole is honestly meant?"—the happy little maid Sannerl and the Hermit in the delicately humorous *Märchen*; the ill-fated little wife Pauli in *Wissen macht Herzweh*; and from Krautschneiderjokl and Simmerlsephin in *Nit gehn than that's*. All these people stand out in relief from a crowd not less real than themselves, and from a narrative that is as admirable in form as in conception.

The Eastern travels of Frau Buchholz (2), in the interest of the stocking trade in particular and of civilization in general, are hardly on a par with her previous exploits. It is beginning to dawn upon us, by the light of this fifth volume, that Frau Wilhelmine, like many other domestic favourites, is very well in her proper place. Away from Berlin her occupation is gone. Not even our pleasure in such plums of wisdom as her views on fatalism, her adaptation of Darwin's theory to the future of the Egyptian "buffalo," and her discovery, through the use of Bädeker's Arabic, "that you can never be too careful with foreign languages," can blind us to the lamentable fact that her patriotism is maudlin in Egypt, and her bathos intolerable in Jerusalem. It is quite a relief to leave her at the end of her journal no further away from home than Vienna, even if the return journey be accomplished in such leaps as land her (from Constantinople) at the Castle of Pelesch.

The *Berliner Novellen* comprised in *Moderne Stoffe* (3) are of the grimy and depressing order to be gleaned on the pavement, or rather in the gutter, of every large city by any writing person so uncomfortably minded. It is not our province to dispute an author's choice of subject, we are only concerned with his treatment of it. Mr. "John Henry Mackay" avers that to the hero of *Existenzen* he owes his own capacity for reading the "Truth of Life" athwart what he vaguely defines as the "Veil of Fine Words." We decline to strive for a glimpse of this much maligned Truth through the spectacles of so illogical and good-for-nothing a *poseur* as Mr. Paul Jordens, the aforesaid hero. We neither find in his lucubrations nor in the discovery of Marl Braun (in *Nur eine Kellnerin*)—that "Hate is the only true instinct of the human heart"—any justification, in form or matter, for the dedication of the first story to "All Idealists," and of the second to "All Realists."

"The art of the ancient historians is still unsurpassed; every imitation of them must lack the magic fragrance of their primordial originality." We quote from the opening chapter of Herr Welzhofer's accurate, lucid, and concise "History of the Greeks till the Time of Solon" (4). The writer is at his best in passages treating of prehistoric Aryan nomadism, philological conjecture, and the simple statement of authenticated historic facts. He is less happy when he endeavours to point a moral. The schoolboy of our youth and of all time, the schoolgirl of the period, will scarce suppress a smile at sight of the Teuton Clio, with Herr Welzhofer for her prophet, drawing starched skirts around her on the approach of long-robed Helen. "Eine befremdende Erscheinung." Well, perhaps; but that is not the way Greek genius has taught us to look upon her.

Professor Kuno Meyer's "Syntax" (5) (Parallel Grammar Series), intended rather to supplement than to supplant the teacher, shares with other works of the same edition the advantage of presenting, in as brief a space as possible, the chief features of the language to which it is a guide.

(2) *Frau Buchholz im Orient.* Berlin: Freund & Zeckel.

(3) *Moderne Stoffe. Zwei Berliner Novellen.* Von John Henry Mackay. Leipzig: Baumert & Ronge.

(4) *Geschichte des griechischen Volkes bis zur Zeit Solons.* Von Heinrich Welzhofer. Gotha: Friedrich Andreas Perthes.

(5) *A German Grammar for Schools.* Part II. Syntax. By Kuno Meyer, Ph.D. Parallel Grammar Series. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

NEW MUSIC.

MESSRS. ORSBORN & TUCKWOOD send us Book 22 of the "Vesper Voluntaries" for the organ, harmonium, or American organ, by D'Auvergne Barnard. It is a good collection of easy and taking pieces for general use, evidently written for moderate instruments and performers; but, to suit these entirely, ought there not to be some indication of the stops to be used? The marches and sustained melodies are the most successful in the work. The "Minster Echoes," Book 13, is also a series of voluntaries for the organ alone, is edited by King Hall, and is for more advanced players. It is quite satisfactory in all ways, there being nothing to complain of in the full directions given about the stops, swell, &c. "Musical Fragments," Book 31, is a Waltz Album, with many enjoyable but not very original valses. They would all be pleasant to dance to, but D. Pecorini's "Mine for ever" shows the most inventive power. "Danse Majesticale," by E. Boggetti, reminds us of an old-fashioned gavotte adapted to the modern style, and pleases us much. The "Imps' Revel," danse caractéristique, by Theo Bonheur, is singularly unequal in merit. The first subject is capital, quaint and characteristic; but the second subject, or kind of trio, is very tame and commonplace. "Old Nobility," by Allan Glyn, a "Graceful Danse," answers to its description; but something more is wanted to render it a little less monotonous. Henry Pontet's humorous song, "To-morrow will do," has decided elements of popularity, without being vulgar. "When shall we meet?" by Oscar Verne, is a taking song, well worked up; and "The Trooper's Vision," by Edward St. Quentin, is a very spirited song of the patriotic type, well suited for Primrose meetings and popular entertainments. M. Piccolomini's "Salva nos, Domine" is a religious song of the conventional type; it has, however, decided merit, and appeals to the pathetic side of human nature.

Messrs. Reid Brothers send us a long list of music, amongst others a "Method" for the pianoforte edited and fingered by James Robinson. We regret to say that we do not think it a good method; beyond a page or two of the most elementary instruction and a few finger exercises, it is only a collection of commonplace tunes well known to all barrel-organs, set in the poorest and baldest way, suited neither to give technical knowledge nor to promote good taste in music. We had hoped that the revival of good musical instruction so much helped by the College and Academy of Music and many other institutions of the kind, had inspired a desire for a more thorough grounding in elementary music elsewhere. Six duets for ladies' voices, also by James Robinson, leave much to be desired; they are only suited to those brought up on the "Method." His cantata for young voices called "The Secret" is a happier effort; it is necessarily very slight, but bright and sparkling. "Little Red Riding Hood" is ditto. It is an operetta for juveniles. There is nothing very original in either; but they contain pleasing tunes in swinging, easily caught rhythm, suitable for quite young people. A march by H. Hawkins, called "Amphion," is disappointing. The first subject is decidedly good, with an old-fashioned ring about it—alas! the second subject, or trio, is trite and uninteresting. "The Lyric," by the same composer, is nothing very remarkable, but is decidedly pretty. "Salamanca," a Spanish valse by William Bettridge, has a certain national flavour about it which makes it more original than a great many valses sent to us. Mr. Gerard F. Cobb's music to "Look before you leap" is charming—so simple, and yet out of the common. He is more at home in this song than in "Mary Queen of Scots," a more dramatic attempt. "A Hundred Fathoms Deep," by W. H. Jude, might be effective for a singer who has rich deep notes, and "Come to me," by Walter Wadham, although suitable enough to the words, is monotonous.

We have received from the London Music Publishing Company the "Royal Persian March and National Hymn," by Churchill Sibley; the March is poor, but there is some character in the Hymn. "The Queen of Beauty," waltz, by R. L. Sevenoaks, is bright and good for dancing, as likewise is "Ma Chérie," by Percy M. Hewitt.

"The East Indian," by Jaques Haakman, published by Charles Woolhouse, is a pretty simple song, with a nice flowing accompaniment.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WHETHER it is wise to open a book of essays, most of which are devoted to what may be called permanent subjects, with a preface occupied in great part with General Boulanger we rather doubt; but the Duke de Broglie (1) ought to know his own mind by this time, and has right enough to declare it. Perhaps it is possible to discover both in this preface and in the concluding article of the volume—the address delivered at a dinner of the Union Monarchique two years ago—some evidences of that want of practical spirit and of ability to discover where the nail will go and where it is no use driving it which have so long excluded from politics one of the ablest public men of France. Certainly if these two documents speak the Duke's real mind, it is impossible not to wish that he had seen it more clearly and worked for it harder and more decisively between 1870 and 1877. The musty old truth *Post est occasio calva*

(1) *Histoire et diplomatie.* Par le Duc de Broglie. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

never applied with more fatal force to any political party, or bundle of parties, than to the Monarchists of France during that period, hampered as they undoubtedly were by their chiefs. Another purely political paper is the letter to the *Moniteur* on annual and permanent budgets, which is somewhat more than a year old. On the other hand, there are numerous pieces of all dates from 1870 to the other day (the Duke holds that 1870 marked so great a gulf in the thought of Frenchmen that what came before and after it should be kept apart) which have a less temporary bearing. There are, to begin with, two long papers dealing with the Duke's special subject—the diplomacy of the last century, notably in reference to the Seven Years' War—there are some reviews, such as one on M. d'Avenel's book on Richelieu, and another on M. Duruy's view of Constantine; there are divers addresses to Societies, from the great Academy itself down to a body with the terrible title *Société générale d'émulation* (the Devil-take-the-hindmost Club, may we translate it?) All, it is needless to say, have M. de Broglie's note—a note which must rejoice the very soul of Captain Galton—of clear, narrow doctrinairism in thought—a doctrinairism capitally fitted for slipping along in the calm administration of a stable Government, but not helpful to a pilot in extremity. And all also have his note of form—a form of very considerable excellence.

We have nothing very remarkable to chronicle in the way of novels this week. M. Gabriel Ferry (2) has written, not uninstructively, about two great novelists—Balzac and Dumas—but in this case the driving of fat oxen doth not necessarily confer fatness. Indeed, in so far as we remember his own previous novel, *Les deux maris de Marthe*, *Les exploits de César* is not an improvement. César is a kind of minor Numa Roumestan, who is a *cabotin* by profession as well as by nature. His neglected wife has a friend (at first in all honour), who is himself a sculptor of neglected genius. The rest who knows not? But M. Ferry has lost what chances he had by making the virtuous Raymonde become unvirtuous at last in an apathetic and uninteresting kind of way, and "suiciding" the sculptor as a final solution of the knot. This is the art of a schoolboy. There is much more pathos in M. Paul Meurice's *Songe de l'amour* (3), as well as much better writing. But here, too, we have an unnecessary tragedy of termination. The supposition that because a "curtain" is necessary in drama it is necessary in the novel is natural but delusive. The time of the book is thrown some forty years back, which admits an agreeable freedom from present mannerisms of style, and the opening sketch of the critic George Giroux, "G. G.," is vivid, and recognizable with no great difficulty. *Les fiancés de Radegonde* (4) avoids the fault of these two books, and contains some fair studies of character, but is perhaps a little lacking in interest of story.

Among the educational books we have before us a *Théâtre de la jeunesse*, by Mrs. Hugh Bell (Longmans), a collection of very well written little dramatic sketches, the only objection to which is that the tone of their satire is rather over children's heads, or at least ought to be so. Another reading-book (for we suppose Mrs. Bell's plays are meant to be read as well as acted) is a fresh collection of About's stories—the "Jumeaux de l'hôtel Corneille" of course leading off—by M. A. P. Huguenet. The notes constantly intrude on the province of the dictionary, and that not too happily. It may be true—though the statement has difficulties—that "the French heraldic vocabulary was brought to England by the Normands [*sic*] and is still used, the spelling of some words having been slightly altered"; but, though a "Normand" may know what "you bear quarterly or-gules" means, we don't think an English herald would, and "green" in English heraldry is (at least regularly and usually) "vert" rather than "sinople." Two books which may be useful are Dr. Thum's and Mr. Whitfield's *Grammar of the French Language of Business* and *Concise French Commercial Reader* (Hachette). But we do not care for the Hamiltonian arrangement of the first, and Dr. Thum's argument that the verb is an inferior part of speech, because long telegrams often contain not a single verb, is an alarming, though amusing, hint as to the language of the future. The books are printed in Germany, with the result of some inconveniences. We write "domicile," not "domicil," in English.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SIXTEEN years have passed since Miss Amelia B. Edwards wrote that pleasant record of a ramble in the Dolomite country, *Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys* (Routledge), and now, in a second edition, the accomplished author finds there is little to modify in her narrative, and nothing to add except a few notes for the tourist and climber of to-day. The peaks are more familiar, and those that do not absolutely defy the climber are more trodden; the valleys are decidedly more frequented by tourists than when Miss Edwards visited the district, in some sort as a pioneer, and received the honours of a first ascent by reaching the summit of the Sasso Bianco of Monte Pezza. There are now roads where there were rough bridle-tracks; new inns, or improved, replace many of the old hostelries; new railroads make Cortina of easy access from Venice by way of Conegliano, and branch lines connect Belluno, Feltra, and Bassano with the trunk line from Verona and Venice. By the Austrian survey the heights of many of the Dolomite peaks are now accurately determined. All these changes are duly recorded in the foot-notes of the new edition and the improved routes marked on the excellent map. The means of locomotion are also greatly extended, and on several roads diligences are regularly run. Whether the traveller enters the marvellous land, so graphically depicted by pen and picture in this volume, by way of Venice, or Botzen, or Brunecken, he will find the rough routes of old made tolerably easy now. And, with the certainty of better food and accommodation than were attainable in 1873, he will find, as Miss Edwards says, no change in the primitive people and country. Here and there the "improver" has been at work. At Pieve di Cadore, for instance, the curious fountain with the statue of St. Tiziano sketched by Miss Edwards no longer stands on the little grassy plateau in front of the birthplace of Titian. But there is little more of the kind that calls for notice. And, like the country, the book remains what it was, both in narrative and incidents. We have re-read it with all the old pleasure it gave us when it was new.

It might well be considered superfluous to write a book "to prove and illustrate the statement that marriage and divorce in the United States are in an unsatisfactory condition." This is a mild expression of a notorious fact. It is the object, however, of a remarkable volume—*Marriage and Divorce in the United States* (Philadelphia: Lippincott)—written by the Rev. D. Convers. The extraordinary diversity of the marriage law in the United States has given rise to an extensive literature. Not long since the subject was exhaustively illustrated, and the plea for a uniform inter-State law powerfully urged in a book by Mr. and Mrs. Thwing entitled *The Family*. Mr. Convers follows similar lines in illustrating by facts and figures drawn from the law reports and statistics of the States the extreme variability and laxity of the law, and the evils that spring therefrom. "Confusion worse confounded" is the result of this system. Lax in one matter, strict in another, is the rule; Maryland alone requires a religious ceremony to make marriage valid, though any one with a "conscientious scruple" has only to travel from that State to Washington to appease his conscience. South Carolina, again, is the only State that absolutely prohibits divorce. Elsewhere the law varies from the comparative strictness of New York to every conceivable degree of laxity in the remaining States and Territories. The scandalous enactments of Utah, and the "omnibus clause" of Connecticut and some other States, have, it is true, been repealed in recent years; yet more than enough remains in the conflicting statutes still in force to be a prolific source of confusion and evil. This, at least, must be admitted, even by those who do not entirely sympathize with the views of the writer of this able little book.

The poems of Mr. Francis Lucas, *Sketches of Rural Life* (Macmillan & Co.), suggest two distinct manners of poetical treatment. In one the poet recalls the poetry of English rural life represented by Bloomfield and Clare. He continues the tradition, as it were, and enlarges the meaning of Keats's verse "The poetry of earth is never dead." In the other he falls into artifices, admires the Muse like any Augustan, and sings of "Scarborough, bright Hygeia's loved abode." His "Woodman" and "Ploughman" are racy and individual. "Hedger and Ditcher" is a not less vigorous sketch of one of the humbler description of agricultural labourers. There may not be much poetry in laying field-drains, but Mr. Lucas vivifies the scene and dignifies the occupation by many a happy touch. He makes the picture live by his effective realism:—

> And now, from the black north again,
> The blast comes howling by,
> About the stackyards in the lane
> The flocking small birds fly,
> And the wintry day is waning wan
> Along the western sky.

The influence of Longfellow is more than suggested in Mr. Arthur Wentworth Eaton's *Acadian Legends and Lyrics* (New York and London: White & Allen), though it is not, as might be surmised, discernible in Mr. Eaton's ballads of the early French settlements in America. We are reminded of the author of *Evangeline* by poems that celebrate nothing Acadian, by the pretty stanzas, "The Angel Sleep," for instance:—

> When the day is done and the shadows fall
> Over the earth like a dusky pall,
> Then from the unknown, silent deep
> Rises the beautiful Angel Sleep.

In "Foundry Fires," again, we feel that Longfellow has a true disciple in Mr. Eaton when, after a striking description of a forge in full blast, he calls upon the "forgemen of the nations" to "keep the world's great fires alight," till stars fade, and faith and knowledge widen, and so forth.

The Year Book of Commerce (Cassell & Co.), edited by Kenric B. Murray, is a new statistical book of reference for business men, compiled under the authority of the London Chamber of Commerce, and a development of the "Statistical Section" of their Annual Report. The work, contributed by many well-known writers, English and foreign, supplies in convenient form a general survey of the world's trade, based on the most recent official data available. The relative position of the great commercial countries is clearly indicated, the course of any one trade in any part of the

(2) *Les exploits de César.* Par Gabriel Ferry. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(3) *Le songe de l'amour.* Par Paul Meurice. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(4) *Les fiancés de Radegonde.* Par Adrien Chabot. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

world is easily mastered, and the method of tabulation, combined as it is with a good index and an excellent introductory survey, is admirably succinct and sound. Altogether, the new venture will be valued by all who consult it.

Mr. George L. Mélio has compiled an illustrated *Manual of Swedish Drill* (Sampson Low & Co.), based on the system of the late Petter Henrik Ling, poet, fencing-master, and physiologist, who founded the Royal Gymnastic Institute of Stockholm, and reaped many honours during a life of much wandering and many vicissitudes. His system of physical training seems to be tolerably well known in England, for it is practised at Newnham College, the London Board schools, and by the Young Women's Christian Association. Mr. Mélio's diagrams suggest a pretty severe series of exercises. If the School Board teachers, in fact, put their pupils through all the stages of the ten lessons here illustrated, those philanthropic souls who cry aloud for more recreation are somewhat hard to please. Drill, after lessons, though not so good as play, is yet a form of play, and decidedly beneficial.

The photographer being much abroad at this season will doubtless read and profit by the excellent remarks of Mr. H. P. Robinson on "Instantaneous Photography" appended to the second edition of *Picture-making by Photography* (Hazell, Watson, & Viney). "Very quick exposures" have their use, as Mr. Robinson admits, but the instantaneous process is far more generally abused and is of little value in artistic photography.

We have received the *County Councillor's Directory* for England and Wales ("Contract Journal" Company, Limited); *The A B C of a Healthy House*, a useful little handbook of sanitation, by Mr. R. W. Boyd (Boyd & Son); and a sixpenny edition of *Sheridan's Plays* (Dicks)—all the plays, it may be noted—in readable type, with illustrations and Leigh Hunt's essay.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS *intended for the* SATURDAY REVIEW *should be addressed to the* MANAGER *of the* ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, *at the* OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. *A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.*

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW *Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any Newsagent in Town or Country on application to the Publisher.*

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OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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New Books and Reprints.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GRAND and NOVEL FIREWORKS, on Saturday, August 24, at 8.45, by C. T. Brock & Co. The Great Fiery Sea Serpent; Neptune rising from the Ocean, drawn by Sea Horses; the Niagara of Fire; Aerial Bouquet of Violets and Ferns; Pyrotechnic Bicycle Race; Screen of Diamond Sparks; Salvo of Signal Rockets; Volleys of Great Shells; Aerial Mélange of Fiery Scorpions, Cobras, and Snakes, &c.—One Shilling Day.

TOUR in the MEDITERRANEAN.—The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their large full-powered steamship "CHIMBORAZO," 3,847 tons register, 3,000 horse-power, from London on the 25th of September, for a Thirty-eight Days' Cruise, visiting Lisbon, Gibraltar, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, Nice, Malaga, and Cadiz.
The "CHIMBORAZO" is fitted with the electric light, hot and cold baths, &c.
Cuisine of the highest order.
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For terms and further particulars apply to the latter firm, or to the West-End Agents, Grindlay & Co., 55 Parliament Street, S.W.

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ISSUE of £371,320.
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No sum less than £50 of Stock will be allotted, and any amount in excess of that sum must be a multiple of £10.
Under the Trust Investment Act, 1889, recently passed, this Stock is an available investment for every Trustee who is not expressly forbidden by the instrument creating his trust to invest in Corporation Stock.
Forms of Prospectus, &c., and all information required, will be supplied by
Borough Accountant's Office, Bridge Street, Sheffield, August 16, 1889.
W. FISHER TASKER, *Registrar.*

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GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA.
This Old-established Article retains its position as "the finest Cocoa in the market." It is unequalled in purity and flavour, bears the strictest Chemical test, and keeps in all Climates.
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EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will commence on October 1. Introductory Lecture at Four P.M. by Mr. R. J. GODLEE, M.S., B.A., F.R.C.S.

The Examinations for the Entrance Exhibitions will commence on September 24. Scholarships. Exhibitions, and Prizes of the value of £800 are awarded annually.

In University College Hospital about 3,000 In-Patients and 35,000 Out-Patients are treated during the year. Thirty-six Appointments, eighteen being resident, as House-Surgeon, House-Physician, Obstetric Assistant, &c. are filled up by competition during the year, and these as well as all Clerkships and Dresserships are open to Students of the Hospital without extra fee.

Prospectuses, with full information as to Classes, Prizes, &c. may be obtained from the College, Gower Street, W.C.

JOHN WILLIAMS, M.D., *Dean.*
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The school year is divided into three terms; each term consists of about thirteen weeks.

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For further information, apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

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A. B. CATTY, M.A., Christ's Coll., Camb.
WALTER LAWRENCE, M.A., St. John's, Oxon.

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SANDHURST FURTHER EXAM., August 1889.
Alexander R. C. Rew..... 7539.

Mr. LAWRENCE in London: Oakley Lodge, Fulham, S.W.

THE MASON COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.

SESSION 1889-90.
FACULTIES OF ARTS AND SCIENCE.

The NEXT SESSION COMMENCES on Tuesday, October 1, 1889.

A Syllabus, containing full information as to the various Courses of Instruction, lecture days, and hours, fees, scholarships, &c., is published by Messrs. CORNISH, New Street, Birmingham, price 6d.; by post, 7½d.

Further particulars may be obtained on application to the SECRETARY, at the College.

GEO. H. MORLEY, *Secretary.*

PROFESSORSHIP of MODERN LITERATURE and ENGLISH LANGUAGE at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL, VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

CANDIDATES for the Chair are requested to send in applications (with testimonials) on or before October 5.

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For particulars apply to REGISTRAR, University College, Liverpool.

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THE LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Tuesday, October 1.

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Luncheons or dinners, at moderate charges, can be obtained at the Students' Club.

The London Hospital is now in direct communication with all parts of the Metropolis. The Metropolitan, District, and other Railways have stations within a minute's walk of the Hospital and College.

For further information apply personally, or by letter, to
Mile End, E. MUNRO SCOTT, *Warden.*

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The HEAD-MASTERSHIP will become VACANT at Christmas next by the retirement of THOMAS BEACH, Esq.

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His emolument will be derived from three sources.

(1). A Fixed Stipend of £200 a year.

(2). Capitation Fees at the rate of £3 a year for each boy in the senior department, and £1 a year in the junior department.

(3). From Boarders. The school buildings provide a house for the Head-Master, in which he will be required to reside, and accommodation, including fitting and furniture, is also provided in the house for thirty boarders or thereabouts.

There are three Exhibitions of £60 a year from the school to the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge, each tenable for three years. The school has been highly successful for many years past.

Candidates for the appointment are invited to send their applications, with testimonials, to Messrs. NEVE & CRESSWELL, Solicitors, Wolverhampton, on or before the 17th day of September next.

The Election will be made on the 1st day of October next.

The Head-Master will be required to enter upon his duties at the close of the Christmas holidays.

It is particularly requested that no personal application be made to the Governors.

All letters may be addressed to the above-mentioned Clerks, marked W. G. S., from whom Copies of the Scheme for the Management of the School may be obtained for seven stamps.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, ALBERT EMBANKMENT, LONDON, S.E.

The WINTER SESSION of 1889-90 will OPEN on Tuesday, October 1, with an Introductory Address, at 3 P.M., by Mr. WILLIAM ANDERSON, F.R.C.S.

TWO ENTRANCE SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of 125 guineas and £60 respectively, open to all first-year Students, will be offered for competition. The Examination will be held on September 25, 26, and 27, and the subjects will be Chemistry and Physics, with either Botany or Zoology, at the option of Candidates.

Scholarships and Money Prizes of considerable value are awarded at the Sessional Examinations, as also several Medals.

Special Classes are held throughout the year for the "PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC" and "INTERMEDIATE M.B." Examinations of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON.

All Hospital Appointments are open to Students without extra charge.

The fees may be paid in one sum or by instalments. Entries may be made separately to Lectures or to Hospital Practice, and special arrangements are made for Students entering in their second or subsequent years; also for Dental Students and for Qualified Practitioners.

A Register of approved Lodgings is kept by the Medical Secretary, who also has a list of local Medical Practitioners, Clergymen, and others who receive students into their houses.

Prospectuses and all particulars may be obtained from the Medical Secretary, Mr. GEORGE RENDLE.

E. NETTLESHIP, *Dean.*

CRONDALL SCHOOL, FARNHAM, Surrey.—Invigorating country life, healthiest in England (see Registrar's Report). Preparation for Public Schools, Royal Navy, &c.; French and German guaranteed; school farm, cricket and football fields, tennis, carpenter's shop, riding ponies.—Address, PRINCIPAL.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, PADDINGTON, W.

The WINTER SESSION begins on October 1, with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Dr. MAGUIRE, at 4 P.M.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, one of £105, and FIVE of 50 guineas, of which two are specially open to Students from Oxford and Cambridge, will be awarded by Examination on September 26 and 27 at 10 A.M.

The Hospital has 231 beds, with well-appointed special departments for Diseases of Children and of the Eye, Ear, Skin, and Throat. Eight resident appointments in it are open to students without expense or charge.

The School is replete with all the requisite laboratories and appliances for the study of Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry, Pathology, Bacteriology, and Hygiene, and the course of teaching both in the hospital and the school provides complete preparation for every examination and degree.

The RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE is under the care of the Warden, Dr. LUFF.

The Prospectus, to be obtained by application to the School Secretary, contains full information as to the Scholarship Examinations, as to the Annual Prizes and School Scholarships, the course of study, and the Special Classes for the higher University degrees.

HERBERT W. PAGE, M.A., M.C., Cantab., *Dean.*

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THE HIGHEST EDUCATION IN ART, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.
For LADIES: I. The School. II. Junior Section. Opens September 30.
GENTLEMEN: SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ENGINEERING.
NEXT TERM September 9.
I. Mechanical Course. II. Civil Engineering Division. III. Colonial Section.
SCHOOL FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF ESTATES. September 1.
Prospectuses in the Library, Byzantine Court, Crystal Palace.
F. K. J. SHENTON, F.R.Hist.S.
Superintendent Educational Department.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, HYDE PARK CORNER, S.W.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Tuesday, October 1, when an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by Dr. T. CLIFFORD ALLBUTT, F.R.S., at 4 P.M.

The following ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will be offered for competition in October:—

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,766, Vol. 68. August 31, 1889. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

THE STRIKE.

IT is necessary in reviewing both the strike of this week and the very considerable mass of matter written about it to distinguish between the real and the sham. The second will be found on examination to bear a respectable proportion to the first. It is tolerably clear that no small part of this "immense strike," this "unprecedented move-"ment," or whatever else it may be called by reporters well stocked with adjectives, is neither more immense nor more unprecedented than many sudden popular emotions. There is about it a large element of the revivalist meeting or of those apparently unaccountable popularities earned by theatrical performances or financial speculations which do not, to the unaffected spectator, appear in the least better or worse than scores of others which passed almost unobserved. Turning out on principle has been very much of a fashion for a week. The thing has become big because accident and puffing, combined with summer weather and comparatively slack times, have set going one of those imitative manias to which human nature has been observed to be liable during some six thousand years. As a matter of course the papers have lent their aid. Profiting by the goodness of Providence to the press in the silly season, they have made the most of such excellent material for copy. Deep has answered to deep, tub-orator to newspaper reporter, and there has been a loud reverberation of noise about the greatness, the novelty, the serious significance of the strike. Naturally the strikers on principle have heard all this roared by the tub-orator and duly echoed by the press, with the sense that they are doing something very novel and deserving of the attention of Europe. It is a pleasing excitement to hear of London threatened by famine or darkness—better than naval manœuvres by far; for, after all, the striker on principle is taking part in the show. There is, perhaps, less excuse for the newspapers which repeat this nonsense, and the so-called friends of the people who listen to it, without pointing out that the first to suffer by famine will be the poorest, and that the loss of gas will be most grievous to those who can least afford to pay for candles. As it is, the East-End shops which sell in small parcels are sending up their prices. Coal has more than doubled, to the injury, in the first place, of those who buy it by the "hundred," and not of those who buy it by the ton. The stopping of deliveries of Australian meat and of flour are already producing exactly similar consequences on the food supply of the poor.

It would, of course, be the extreme of folly to deny that there is much in the strike which is serious enough. At this moment the dock labourers and their case make the least part of it. These men are undoubtedly entitled to make the best terms for themselves they can, and to refuse to work except on conditions satisfactory to themselves. Nobody denies this—but the right of the Companies to work on terms satisfactory to themselves is equally clear; and if the men do not choose to take the best terms they can get by free bargaining, they ought to be expected to look out for more acceptable work elsewhere. Of course their right to starve if they choose is beyond all question. If they will not do this, then they must do the work they can get. They must not expect to have work provided for them on their own terms, in defiance of the state of the market and the nature of things. In our mealy-mouthed times this may seem to some a brutal way of stating the case; but it is the fact, and in the long run no good comes to anybody or anything, to humanitarians and philanthropy no more than to others, by blindness to facts. What, however, constitutes the exaggerated, but still real, gravity of the strike is, that means, active and passive, are being used to put pressure on the Dock Companies, in order to make them grant terms not made necessary by the nature of things and the state of the market. We do not speak of the picketing and intimidation of workmen, though in spite of Mr. MATTHEWS's wire-drawn distinction they have gone on. Such things are more or less common to all strikes, and have been worse in other cases than in this. What is better worth noting here is, that the pressure is largely exercised indirectly—which everybody knows—and, what nobody seems to care to say, is being made effective by the weakness, cowardice, and selfishness of other men of business who do not or will not see that their interests are bound up with those of the Dock Companies. Among them there is a marked inclination to get out of the immediate difficulty by weak concession and, what is worse, a mean disposition to throw the whole blame on the Dock Companies, and to call upon them to make concessions at their own expense for the general good. No great industry ever cut a more undignified figure than the shipowners of London do at this moment, with their combination of whining complaint that the Companies will not pay the men and quiet them, their nervous assertion that they cannot support any increase in the dock charges, and their threat to make a dock for themselves just after they have filled the papers with their condemnation of the excessive combination of existing Dock Companies. Yet if the Companies cannot pay more and are compelled to do it, one of two things must happen—either they will become bankrupt, or they will increase their charges. The shipowners have, to be sure, a third suggestion—namely, that they should be allowed to run the docks for their own benefit—which is, we take it, a very pretty example of the readiness of some hawks to seize the moment when other hawks are in a net for the purpose of picking out their eyes. Perhaps the most characteristic incident of the strike occurred on Wednesday, when "about a thousand men marched *viâ* Woolwich, Plum-"stead, Abbey Wood, and Belvedere to Erith, in order "to bring out the coal-porters" of a firm engaged in business there. In this case the men employed were contented, quite ready to go on working, and even apparently full of fight. It was the employers who yielded. After a long wrangle they "agreed that no more unloading of coal "should take place in their wharves until the dispute was "settled," and they gave "10*s*. for the men to drink their "health, and 5*l*. towards the funds." This, too, be it observed, was after the loyalty of their men had stood firm against cajolery and threats of a visitation from Mr. BURNS and thirty thousand more, and of ducking in the river. If this is how intimidation is met, is it wonderful that intimidation takes place?

What it has all come to mean is made sufficiently clear by the conspicuous activity of Mr. BURNS and by his language. Whatever movement he joins becomes at once Socialistic, if it was not so before—and he has been very busy, he and Mr. H. H. CHAMPION, speech-making, letter-writing, negotiating, and, as we observe with pleasure, running to and fro "in a brougham," grand as CUFFY. Whither Mr. BURNS would guide the movement, if he has a chance, he has frankly explained. When they had got what they wanted, he said on Wednesday, "then they would consider "other movements." In fact, there is to be a general movement, for which the dock labourers have only supplied the excuse, and to which they may very conceivably be sacrificed. Unions have before now prolonged strikes at the expense of starvation to poorer fellow-workmen for their own selfish ends. The accounts given by eye-witnesses at the end of the week of the growing misery of the dock labourers themselves and the obstinacy of the Union men convey the impression that this situation has been almost reached already. On all hands it is becoming clearer that the strikers on principle are now, whatever may have been their

intention at the beginning, making demands on their own account, and will stand out for them. It is idle to tell the dock labourers that they ought to have this or the other of their demands. They will get what they can get, and no more. If the Dock Companies do stand out, which they have quite as good a right to do as the workmen, and are much better able to do, and if that tendency to return to work which is noted already is hastened by downright starvation, of which there are already signs, no small part of the blame for the misery endured will rest on the cheap philanthropists who have prated during the week about what the men "ought" to have. Mr. BURNS's words may well be weighed by those employers who feel disposed to use the Dock Companies as the traditional tub to the whale. They also deserve the attention of those who are asked to show active sympathy with the dock labourers in the present phase of their struggle, which is not by fair bargaining to secure better terms from the Companies—for they have been conceded—but to dictate terms by violence. Such a movement deserves no patronage, whether it takes the form of leading articles or of Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON's subscription for the women and children. It was the duty of the men to support their wives and families themselves by honest work. They should not have struck without providing for the necessity, and whoever helps to relieve them of the burden interferes to prolong unduly a cessation of work which has ceased to be excusable, and has become a nuisance and, to some extent, a danger to the community.

ARMENIAN ATROCITIES.

THE Duke DE BROGLIE told the world some years ago how a French King amused himself by maintaining an elaborate secret diplomacy quite independent of, and sometimes not by any means working in harmony with, the recognized representatives of France. The system has not seldom commended itself to monarchs as well as to their Ministers; but we do not remember a much more curious instance of its results than the letter which Mr. GLADSTONE sent to the *Daily News* of Tuesday last concerning the alleged "atrocities" in Armenia. Parliament was still sitting, and it might be thought that, if Mr. GLADSTONE, a member of Parliament, had to bring before the Government and the public something which, as he seems to think, authorizes a demand according to treaty for the suppression of outrages and the condign punishment of villains, his place in the House would be the fit place for making the statement. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, sends that statement instead to the *Daily News*, with a complimentary reference to the way in which that journal engineered the atrocities in Bulgaria thirteen years ago, and with the very curious guarantee that "it is furnished with particulars "of times and persons and proceeds from a source which "has every presumption of trustworthiness." That is to say, it is a "piece," both in the common and the diplomatic sense, of the secret diplomacy of Mr. GLADSTONE, and is brought forward to strengthen the vague and weak charges which, after many months, the same journal has just received from its Correspondent in Tiflis. It may be observed, in passing, that Mr. GLADSTONE'S news, such as it is, is not very new, that if there is one place from which true accounts of events in Armenia are not likely to be received, that place is Tiflis, and that the late Mr. MCGAHAN—who, whatever may be thought of the use made of his inquiries by Mr. GLADSTONE and others, was a bold and faithful inquirer—did not effect his "discoveries" at a Russian town, under the comfortable patronage of the nation which had to gain by a general belief in what he "discovered."

It is part of the "wicked charm" (to use the phrase of a historian about a not dissimilar matter) of this atrocity-mongering that it is impossible to bring criticism to bear on its facts and fictions without being accused of callous indifference to suffering on the one hand and crime on the other. The attempt to disprove a charge is represented as an attempt to palliate the crime charged, and the prisoner's advocate is represented as the criminal's apologist. But to be frightened off by this would argue as little discretion as valour. We must take the liberty of repeating, for the tenth time at least even on this occasion, that mere lists of crimes, however handsomely they may be furnished with names and dates, are not things on which any reasonable charge can be based. The *omnium gatherum* of atrocities which the *Daily News*' Correspondent has had sent to him at Tiflis, and which he sends on without even such a vague voucher for its genuineness as Mr. GLADSTONE's, consists of accusations, in part extremely weak, and always unproved. An Armenian travelling from Alashgerd to Erzeroum with his nephew disappeared. Their bodies were found, and nobody has been punished. Something not wholly unlike this occurred in the peaceful Isle of Arran the other day; but we do not know that the SULTAN has been advised to make representations to Queen VICTORIA. Elsewhere a Bey "compelled his "servant woman to turn Mussulman that he might marry "her." Does even Mr. BRYCE think that we ought to move earth and heaven about this? There are worse things in the *réquisitoire* than this, no doubt; but almost all, if not all, little exceed the ordinary incidents of frontier brigandage in a wild and imperfectly policed country. Mr. GLADSTONE'S cases are fewer but heavier, and more elaborately described. By far the longest story is, but for one ugly detail, not too credibly related (we do not think it is in accordance with Mahommedan etiquette for a brother to outrage the girl he is carrying off to be the other brother's wife), almost exactly identical with, and not worse than, the rough abductions which were once so common in the Highlands of Scotland and in Ireland, and the most notorious of which is the famous case of ROBIN OIG. This and the other crimes, in all of which MOUSSA Bey is concerned, are undoubtedly matters for an inquiry, in order that they may be authenticated in some less perfunctory manner than Mr. GLADSTONE'S, who indeed seems to touch the whole matter gingerly, like a man who has made one tremendous *coup* with a card, and half fears to play it again. But it may just be observed in passing that there is not a word about bride-boiling in them.

We so far agree with Mr. GLADSTONE—an agreement so rare that we always like to make the most of it when it exists—that we have great regard in discussing these matters to the treaty rights which England possesses in reference to them. Reference to these rights in Mr. GLADSTONE'S mouth is, perhaps, a little bold. The instruments by which they are chiefly conferred are instruments which Mr. GLADSTONE and his party condemned unsparingly, which they hastened to make a dead letter when soon after their conclusion they came into power, and the full carrying out of which they affected, and still affect, to regard with horror. But this matters little. We are well aware that, with persons so slippery as atrocity-mongers, inquiry is a difficult game. If MOUSSA Bey were to produce the clearest alibi in all the cases against him, they would be certain that, if it was not MOUSSA Bey, it was somebody else; that, if it was not on the 10th of July, it was on the 9th of June, and that, if it was not at the "village of "Dabavank," it was at "the village of Vabadank." The spirit of him who saw beansacks as men hanging is always with the atrocity-monger, and to convince him is as impossible as to attempt it is futile. But it is all but certain that these things are being regularly got up as an excuse—not necessarily or immediately to be used, but ready for use if necessary—for the intervention of Russia; and it is therefore extremely desirable that every means should be taken to find out the truth. Nor do we perceive what harm can be done by the inquiry. If the charges are false, they will, no doubt, continue to be falsely urged; but the lie can be driven down the throat that utters it each time of utterance. If they are true, to anything like their full extent, no harm can come of proving them true which would not also come from their inevitable effect in estranging the population from Turkey and throwing it into the arms of Russia.

Probably most people who possess a somewhat wider knowledge and a somewhat better judgment than the amiable fanatics who believe these things, as well as a sense of decency superior to that of the (we trust, few) scoundrels who echo and propagate without believing them, would expect to find that, as a whole, they are neither true nor false. "Some truth there is, but dashed and brewed with "lies." The manners of the Kurds are unlikely to have softened very materially since the time when Sir HENRY LAYARD, a good way to the south of Bitlis, nearly broke his neck in catching sight of a certain mountain platform, paved with Nestorian, not Armenian, bones. And at all times and in all places blackmail, robbery, and abduction, with too frequent murder and outrage, have resulted from the juxtaposition of fierce and warlike highlanders with more pacific races, even if there are no religious differences to exasperate the enmity. But it is impossible to see what interest the SULTAN can have in protecting MOUSSA

and his like, and it is quite certain that it is his interest to protect the Armenians. The talk of the Atrocitarians (they are all but a regular sect, and may as well have a regularly formed name) about "a systematic policy, having "for its object the expatriation of the Armenians," is an instance of the frantic silliness of the true believer in all such fictions. It is the kind of thing to commend itself to a rather dull member of a Home Reading Circle who had been reading about the expulsion of the Moriscoes. To begin with, there are about a million Armenians in Armenia, and at least half as many in other parts of the Turkish dominions. You cannot easily "expatriate" a million and a half people in these days, even if they happen to be your best-paying, most industrious, and most generally useful subjects. But, now that the Porte has been effectually waked up to governing in Crete, it is very desirable that it should have a little jogging in the Armenian direction. When the Atrocitarian is set going, he is perfectly unscrupulous and sometimes rather dangerous: and Mr. GLADSTONE has set him going now.

THE FUTURE OF PARTIES.

IT is still a great country this, and we have a vast deal to be proud of. But from the natural mutation of things there are variations in what we boast of most, and at the present moment our Parliamentary institutions are less frequently chosen for celebration than they used to be. Contrary to recent expectation, the House of Lords is no less glorious to the general view; but as for the House of Commons, to which the other was related as a kind of moon —this, the central sun of our Parliamentary system, has waned, and is waning very much indeed. Proud of it we were immeasurably, and there was hardly an intelligent foreigner anywhere who did not contemplate it with a like feeling to that which afflicts our American visitors when they gaze on Windsor Castle or the Abbey church of Westminster. But the foreigner may envy us less now; and it is to be feared that the present temper of the English people is such that they do not care if he does. They have lost their own pride in an assembly once truly named august—look up to it less, look down upon it more, and take only an occasional superior interest in its proceedings. Possibly this is not a lasting change. A day may come when the House of Commons will regain the attention and respect which it has certainly lost, even within the time of this generation; but, if so, there must be a return to it of the greater minds that strove together in its walls when men like Sir GEORGE LEWIS were accounted second-rate, and also a return of the courtesy and dignity by which HEALYS and TANNERS were chastened into decency and stifled into silence. The cant against the customary laudation of old times will still be repeated; but it does not avail to show us either the existence or the prospect of any such set of men in the House of Commons as were diminishing on both benches at the date of Mr. DISRAELI'S last leadership and the beginnings of Mr. GLADSTONE'S transformation. A glance at the composition of Cabinets nowadays suffices to reveal at once the whole extent of the change; and when the House of Commons is scanned for new men rising behind the ranks of dwindling competency, how many do we see? and what is their promise?

The question has been asked a hundred times, but never with more point than at this moment. We have just come to the end of a Session which in one particular, and that of the highest importance, is more remarkable than any other since the Peelite party was formed, and far beyond that in point of significance. It has, indeed, come to an end but little regarded, though that end has not only been peace, but peace with the honour of an exceedingly flattering, and yet not at all untruthful, QUEEN'S Speech. And yet, unless we misread the signs of the times, before many months are out this Session will be looked upon as marking the date of a distinct and momentous change in the currents of party politics. Because Mr. LABOUCHERE is Mr. LABOUCHERE, the muster of a New Radical party behind him loses much of the significance that properly belongs to it. But what it portends is better understood when we observe that this party was not formed for a special occasion or a temporary purpose. Some appearance of that kind it had for a little while, but never to the eyes of the two or three who had been regarded as Mr. GLADSTONE'S heirs. They, who had been long exercised as to the future guidance of the Opposition Radicals—as to whose hands it should fall into, the line to be taken, and so forth—perceived at once that a determinate settlement of those questions was intended by the mutiny. Their own idea had been that nothing could be done while Mr. GLADSTONE remained at the head of the party; but these others—these others did not choose to wait. Suspicious of what seemed to them the weakness and hesitancy of Mr. GLADSTONE'S nearer colleagues, they pushed to the front, in virtue of a fine discrimination and a courage accordant therewith. They saw that the time had come when Mr. GLADSTONE himself might be put aside by any set of men who insisted on the immediate embodiment of the New Radicalism; and this they determined to attempt offhand. Mr. GLADSTONE obviously understood the full meaning of the move at once; the very remarkable conduct of Mr. MORLEY at the time, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S "attitude" then and since, show that they were equally aware of its significance. It is too soon to say that Mr. GLADSTONE has succumbed to the unexpected intimations of his Radical following in the House of Commons when the Royal Grants Bill came up, and the complete acquiescence of the whole body of Advanced Radicalism in the country. But, to all appearance, Mr. GLADSTONE is strongly disposed to retire. Meanwhile, he may endeavour to renew the glories of his celebrated Bulgarian campaign; but he will soon learn that they cannot be repeated. By the time Parliament meets again, preparation for the next general election will have commenced, and then his choice must be made. He will either compete with Mr. LABOUCHERE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in the denunciations and the promises of an organized New Radicalism, or he will seek the retirement already pointed out to him. In either case, in any case, we have not to wait for Mr. GLADSTONE'S disappearance to witness the beginning of what was always expected to follow upon that event. The New Radical party, Socialist in its principles, revolutionary in its aims, has been definitely formed; and as soon as the programmes for the general election are formulated it will be seen in full swing, probably with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Mr. MORLEY, and other hesitants at its head.

If we are right, the consequence will necessarily be the reformation of what is now the Ministerial party on a broader basis and in closer array. That certainty leaves little to be feared; but yet something depends on the men on either side. When this point is considered, it is obvious at once that the advantage is all one way. In the face of such an opposition as might be organized, and probably will be organized, on out-and-out Radical-Socialist principles, we may expect that the party now called Unionist will become more closely fused; it will be strange if it loses any of its vigour, and nobody doubts that there is far more character, more weight, more sheer political capacity in its ranks than Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. LABOUCHERE can muster between them. If at the close of the Session we look down the ranks of the combatants, it is easy to see who have been the losers. Clearly, the heart is out of the Irish party; and, if they have cost the Gladstonian Liberals much, they have rendered nothing back, not even a debater, generally useful—though that may be remedied in future. Of Mr. GLADSTONE'S English captains, not one has gained ground this Session. Indeed, it may be said that all have slipped lower, with the sole exception of Mr. LABOUCHERE, whose advancement is made at the expense of men who never dreamed of coming into competition with him. At the end of another Session nobody thinks better of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S political character, or his competence, than at the beginning of it—neither of Mr. MORLEY'S; worse rather. The TREVELYANS and MUNDELLAS are but fading forms. The new men of that side are persons like Mr. STOREY; and, though Mr. ASQUITH has not put himself forward much, in him the Radicals have a stronger man than some that are better known. On the other side no such decadence appears anywhere; for, of course, we are not to reckon Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. The well-earned authority of the Unionist leaders remains unimpaired, if it has received no fresh illustration; and, while it certainly seems as if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had drawn further from friendship with revolutionary doctrine, the one "new man" of real importance in the House of Commons shines on the Conservative benches.

This being so, we may await without much misgiving the opening of that new and stirring chapter in English politics which will probably start with the preparations for the next general election. According to this calculation, once more we shall have two parties in the State—two new parties as strongly opposed as any that have been seen in

this century; and, if so, the House of Commons will again become extremely interesting before long. Possibly the animations of the conflict may draw out a variety of "talent" on either side of which there is no present promise; and that at least will be well.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

THE great name and the illuminating ideas of Dr. IBSEN are now public property. The magazines have been full of his name and his fame; the vision of *The Doll's House* has not been wasted. Many a once-happy wife and many a not ill-contented husband have been induced to reflect on their condition. Had they any right to be so tranquil? have they not been ingloriously sacrificing themselves to each other and to their children? Dr. IBSEN'S heroine made a fuss, and fled from her domicile because she had been too indulgently treated, lapped in cotton-wool, as it were, and cradled into ignominious comfort. Here is one of woman's wrongs, quite a new wrong, and a very common sort of misery. Thousands of women, awaking from their stupor, have brooded over this and left their homes. True, they are expected to return after the holidays, but mortal expectations are frequently deceived. The discomforts of seaside lodgings, the disgusts of travel, may remind them of all that they endure at home in the way of petting and pleasure. They may be braced to follow NORA HELMER'S example, and not only to shut the door after them, but to slam it. This, of course, is all as it should be, and as thoughtful women would wish to have it. But what of men?—of married men? According to an ancient saw, what is sauce for the goose (like Dr. IBSEN'S heroine) is sauce for the male bird also. Husbands, too, may desire to develop themselves, apart from the trammels of the family. Many a husband has long felt that he is treated as a mere doll or toy, a mere child and plaything. He has allowed himself to be called by endearing but puerile nicknames, much as the suffering NORA was named a "lark," a "squirrel," and so forth. If this be ruinous to feminine development, it is also destructive to masculine dignity and nobility of spirit. Some day or other a husband's heart will burn at being styled "BOBS" (his name is ROBERT) or "TOMMY," whereas he was christened ALEXANDER. Then he will reflect that he is positively dandled and coshered like a babe in arms. The pages of his new books are not for him, as if he, forsooth, were not fit to be trusted at large with a paper-knife. He has been permitted to smoke in the drawing-room—a practice that saps the Spartan virtues at the foundation. When he has mislaid a book or paper, he has been allowed to sit and grumble till somebody found it, just as if he were a spoiled infant. When he has been sulky, soft answers have been returned to him. His wife has pretended not to like oysters, that he, the pampered and enslaved minion, may have these costly delicacies more abundantly. With hateful cruelty breakfast has been brought to him in bed when he was tired. The respected aunts of his wife have been estranged and neglected because, forsooth, they bored him. The children have been prevented from shouting all over the house that he might dwell in the quiet of an Oriental harem. His intellect has been enfeebled for lack of the bracing atmosphere of eternal contradiction. He has never been disciplined by the ceaseless remark, "Don't do this," or "Don't do that," whatever he may happen to be doing. His brain has been narrowed to the ideas of a clique, because his friends, and nobody else, have been welcomed to the house. He has not been taught to suffer and be strong, nor been compelled to take the most dismal dowager of his guests down to dinner. His wife has not chosen her women friends for their uncompromising plainness (as more earnest ladies do), her intimates have not been all over thirty years and twelve stone avoirdupois. The demoralizing partner of his existence has had jolly young ladies for friends. She has allowed him to read his letters in peace, not interrupting him with intelligence about people in whom he is not interested. She has not expected him to know all about the BROWNS and SMITHS of her virginity. She has not scolded him for being extravagant, nor bothered him for money, nor made him go to evening parties, nor to social entertainments between four and seven. He has actually been kept ignorant of what goes on in his own house when knowledge would be irritating and useless. In fact, he has been kept in cotton-wool. His wife has not regarded marriage as a stern and bracing discipline, as a true woman should. She has stifled his unselfishness and pampered his indolence.

After a course of IBSEN in the magazines, after Mr. ARCHER, Mr. SYMONS, Mr. LORD, Mrs. AVELING, many, many a husband must awake to a knowledge of his lost estate. *He* has been in a "Doll's House"; he has been the chief Doll. That husband has only one course before him, if the partisans of Mrs. NORA HELMER are right. We do not say that he must exhibit his new stockings to his lady friends, as Mrs. HELMER did to the gentlemen of *her* acquaintance. Such close imitation might be servile. But he must, he really must, sit down and scold his wife in good set terms, call her a stranger, denounce her system of pampering him, rush out of the house, and never come back any more. The law may call this Desertion. A fig for the law! What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

And yet it may be doubted whether, with all her provocations, man will imitate woman as she is in the gospel of IBSEN. It is hard "to kiss and clip him till he run "away."

THE QUEEN IN WALES.

IN ordinary circumstances it would not be necessary to take much notice of HER MAJESTY'S visit to North Wales. It is not the first by hundreds, and it may be hoped that it is far from being the last, of such visits to different parts of her dominions—visits which have been, and we trust will be always, the occasion of a genuine display of welcome from the inhabitants. The Royal progress of olden times, despite its burdensomeness, was pretty generally popular; and the Royal progress of modern times, which is not burdensome at all, is more popular still. To private persons a holiday spent in the presence of indefinite thousands would not be a very delightful thing. But those who have to say *C'est mon métier à moi d'être roi* get accustomed to it, and perhaps like it. It is certain that those whose business for their part is to be subjects seem to like their share in the amusement very well. Perhaps the only thing to be regretted in the whole matter is that the improvement in the weather, which began on Monday, did not come in time for the proceedings at Wrexham and elsewhere.

One little matter, however, differentiates this visit of the QUEEN'S from most—perhaps from all—of recent years. Since the Chartist times, at any rate, there has been no whisper of disloyalty on any such occasion within the three seas (it is not easy to make out the traditional fourth in the case of a triangular island) which bound Great Britain. The recent visit to Wales will have two distinctions in history. It was remarkable for the fact of such whispers being raised—which was unfortunate. It was also—which was fortunate—remarkable for the complete rebuff given to the silly discourtesy of the agitator who took upon himself to dictate to his fellow-countrymen. Because some of the neighbours of a certain Mr. GEE, of Denbigh, are expected by the law to carry to others of Mr. GEE'S neighbours money which has been entrusted to them by a third set of Mr. GEE'S neighbours for that purpose, and because Mr. GEE does not like the occupation of the persons thus entitled to the money, he suggested to his Nonconformist brethren that they should dissociate themselves from the welcome to the Sovereign, and is even said to have hinted that HER MAJESTY might think herself lucky if she were not hissed—a suggestion which, on the parallel of Pump's Case, a lawyer of the old school would have no great difficulty in construing into treason. We do not take things so seriously now, and the chapter of modern accident has visited the self-appointed Public Orator of Little Bethel with a punishment perhaps more annoying, if less physically painful, than lash and branding-iron, gallows and hangman's knife. Little Bethel, though too often an unluckily narrow and ill-informed place, is not such a bad place after all; and it had not the slightest intention of being rude to a lady, disloyal to a Queen, and ridiculous to a nation by obeying Mr. GEE'S directions. We must wait till some one takes the trouble to translate the *Baner's* next issue before we know what the "King of Wales" (vice Sir WATKIN dethroned, we suppose), as the flatterers of an obscure provincial journalist with a certain gift of the gab term him sometimes, has to say to this. But there are certainly few occasions more annoying for a leader or would-be leader of men than when he says Go, and they go not, Come, and they come not, Do this, and they do it not.

Let it be sincerely hoped that this is not the last snub which awaits the pinchbeck particularists of this kind who have been stirred up by Mr. GLADSTONE'S attempt to burn the national house in order to roast his own pig. And it will very much conduce to this happy result if a little more attention is paid to the harmless, as distinguished from the harmful, fancies of Welshmen and other local aggregations. The people who, in the words of that man of undoubted loyalty, Sir AMYAS LEIGH, would "die for the least hair of the "QUEEN'S royal head, GOD bless it, but could live very well till "Doomsday without ever setting eyes thereon," may laugh at those of a contrary way of thinking. But it takes all sorts of men to make a kingdom as well as a world. And the art of kingcraft depends upon nothing so much as upon consulting, within proper limits, the tastes of all these sorts.

HAYTI.

"EST-ce que vous prenez ces gens au sérieux?" was the question put by a French diplomatist to Sir SPENCER ST. JOHN, after some solemn function in Hayti. Sir SPENCER seems to have found the question difficult to answer in the affirmative. It is very hard, in fact, to take Hayti seriously. The revolutions of that remarkable State always seem to suggest the performance of the Badians who got into trouble at a certain Dignity ball with Lieutenant TERENCE O'BRIEN. There are, to be sure, reasons why this view should be a trifle inadequate. White races have given instances of revolutions not more intelligible than those which periodically convulse what was once a great French colony. Then these obscure shindies have some gravity for the foreign traders who have business to conduct and property to lose in the midst of the black apes of white follies. English, French, and American war-ships have a good deal of work thrown on them by the strife of Count MARMALADE with Baron LEMONADE, or of the successors of the nobles who gathered round the throne of His Majesty FAUSTIN I. For such reasons we cannot afford to treat these chronic rows with entire indifference. If they could be considered in themselves they would be altogether comic. There is about them an air, as it were, of niggers out for a holiday—gibbering, dancing, grimacing, or butting one another, when spluttering drunk, with their woolly heads. Such things would be purely laughable, whenever they did not get bestial enough to become disgusting, if it were not, as we have already said, that the interests of a few civilized human beings were concerned in them.

The last uproar, which has ended in inflicting the society of General LÉGITIME on the officers of a French man-of-war, is as unintelligible as its forerunners. What were he and General HIPPOLYTE fighting for? Probably for the control of the spigot of such taxation as there is in Hayti. One savage in a flashy French uniform has got the better of another, and that is all as far as they are concerned. But there are other people concerned more or less closely, and as regards their share something is to be said. What are the white civilizations immediately around it to do with this resurrection in the New World of the lowest kind of African savagery? It is not a clean martial manly barbarism, such as we have had to shatter in Zululand—the best the black man has ever done for himself. It is a dirty, cowardly, and withal bestially ferocious barbarism of the Lower Congo kind. There is Voodooism, the worship of the serpent, cannibalism, and filthy cruelty in abundance among it, and a foul, squalid satisfaction with idle barbarism. A more amusing spectacle to the disinterested onlooker who has been sickened by "jaw" about the ennobling influences of freedom could not have been imagined by the most cynical satirist. Here are a people who have been slaves and who are free, who have acquired as much of a European language as enables them to chatter the formulas of European speculators to all lengths and breadths. At the end of it all they have almost completely reverted to the condition of their naked ancestors who were marched on board the slave ships by those other ancestors of theirs who were clothed in a flint-lock musket, a cocked hat, and a bottle of rum. Whatever there is in them which is not Congo savage is what was flogged into them by the French planters, the most ferocious slave-masters ever seen. The only use they have made of their freedom has been to return to their starting-point—and to return a little spoilt. It would be absurd to compare what they have done in their seventy years of freedom with the history, say, of the kingdom of Uganda. In Uganda, at least, there has been some kind of stability, a code of laws of a sort, an established dynasty, some approach to coherence and order. In Hayti there has been nothing but endless butting matches between Count MARMALADE and Baron LEMONADE, General LÉGITIME and General HIPPOLYTE. The end of it all will be curious to see, for the question we put above must be answered some day—not at once, perhaps, but sooner or later. To England and France it does not perhaps much matter. All they can have to do is to send a punitive expedition under the provocation of some particularly outrageous piece of robbery. But for the United States it has a peculiar interest. Hayti is the finished and full-blown example of what emancipation accompanied with enfranchisement has prepared for the Southern States. The Ku-Klux and the known readiness of the Southerners to shoot have hitherto assisted the ennobling influences of freedom; but even they, though they may keep General LÉGITIME and General HIPPOLYTE at their proper work of cane-cutting, cotton-picking, and tobacco-drying, cannot make them civilizable beings. How this is to be done, and what will be the consequences of, first, not doing it, and, secondly, not removing the unteachable savage whom they have armed with a vote, are problems which the United States may consider. In the meantime they may fix a thoughtful eye on the Republic of Hayti.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

IT would scarcely be fair to quarrel with Mr. BRADLAUGH for repeating the old and, in a way, sound commonplace about the lateness and scantiness of the attention which the House of Commons gives to the chief recognized discussion of Indian affairs. As in the case of other commonplaces, there is a great deal to be said on both sides. If the measure of time and attention were taken as the measure of the importance, according to the best part of the opinion of the House, of the subject; if it were taken as the deliberate judgment of that House that Mr. O'BRIEN'S breeches, or Mr. CONYBEARE'S entomological experiences, or the ineffable brutality of Mr. BALFOUR deserved days of talk, while the Empire of India deserves minutes, then things would certainly be very wrong indeed. But this is notoriously not the case. And, on the other hand, it is the case that matters, especially matters affecting colonies and dependencies, have not invariably gone the better in proportion as the House of Commons, and especially the House of Commons as it has been latterly constituted, has spent more time on them. There are other occasions on which the affairs of India can come and do come under cognizance; the details of this particular statement are always known long before to any one who cares to inquire about them; and few things can be imagined at once more lugubrious and less profitable than a field-night occupied by the regular Indian bore and the regular Radical faddist. It should be remembered that it was a discussion in the House of Commons which not many months ago resulted in immensely increasing the number of men in the Indian army laid up with loathsome diseases.

There was and could be little that is new in the jeremiads of Mr. BRADLAUGH, of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, and of that latest scourge of the House of Commons, Mr. MACNEILL, and there could not be much more novelty in the apologetics of Sir JOHN GORST and Sir RICHARD TEMPLE and the rest. When Mr. MACNEILL talked about India being "administered for the benefit of English middle-"class families" (it used to be the English aristocracy, and the one was as true as the other) he talked nonsense, which ought to earn him high promotion in the Parnellite party. But Mr. MACNEILL is an honest kind of nonsense-maker (this, it is true, might interfere with the promotion we have suggested), and, as in the case of all honest nonsense-makers, there lay behind the falsehood which his folly taught him a modicum of truth. The yearly history of the financial state of India is the most signal example known, or ever likely to be known, to man of a stupendous and almost, if not quite, successful wrestling with the facts of the universe. No Oriental people is nowadays rich enough to afford the kind of administration which Western notions think necessary. Some European nations attempt the problem, and meet with endless deficits; some boldly or indolently decline to attempt it, and rub along in a kind of compromise between native and European methods, or

(in perhaps the single instance of the Dutch) try native methods almost purely, and make a handsome profit. We, with endless groanings and the expenditure of all our experience and wits, just manage it, as a rule, and only just. Until quite recently we neglected everything else to do it. Luckily of late, indeed of the latest, years the first need of India, that of defence against invaders, has for the first time been cared for. But this has necessarily thrown heavy expenses on her, the arrangements of our Constitution unfortunately not allowing the expense to be put, according to the ingenious suggestion of one of Mr. Bradlaugh's colleagues in another matter, upon the statesmen who might have anticipated the danger and did not. But the need has been or is being met, and India is not crushed. If the taxation seems to bear hardly on articles which European custom exempts, it must be remembered that there is little else to tax. And perhaps unexpected comfort may be received from the perusal of Sir George Campbell, who is not generally regarded as a comfortable man. If so determined a grumbler and one so intimately acquainted with his subject can find nothing worse to complain of than Sir George found, things cannot be so very bad after all.

THE LAST OF THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

It seems to have been the desire of the Admiralty that the Naval Manœuvres should end in perfecting whatever has been most absurd about them. If that was the intention of my Lords, it was most effectually carried out by Lord George Hamilton's answer to Sir G. Campbell last Tuesday. The First Lord was asked whether naval officers were to be encouraged to revive "the old practice of laying "towns in ashes," and whether he would not consider "the "expediency of introducing into modern warfare the more "merciful rules that prevail in land warfare." To this Lord George replied that he had heard of indemnities being demanded under threats, and thought it a practice which ought to be given up. It appears, then, that seaports are to be visited, and surrender or indemnities demanded without the threats—which would be precisely the perfection of absurdity. Saving the reverence of Sir G. Campbell, indemnities are demanded in land war with threats, as the First Lord told him. If they were not, they most assuredly would not be paid. One does not pay indemnities for love of the enemy's *beaux yeux*, but for fear of worse. But they are demanded by a force which has won all along the line, and is in no fear of retaliation. Their absurdity in the manœuvres lies in this, that no Power would scatter its ships along an enemy's coast, where they might be crushed, for no more sane purpose than to provoke reprisals by proceedings imitated apparently from the illustrious Morgan. War is not made, except among savages who cannot reason, by burning outlying villages and looting small towns. Civilized peoples know the danger of being caught when scattered by a united enemy a great deal too well, and they begin by breaking up the enemy's fighting forces and capturing his arsenals. Then they levy indemnities at their leisure. In our manœuvres, however, the rule seems to be to begin where the real thing leaves off.

The other lessons of these manœuvres are more valuable than the demonstration of the great truth that, if you have to deal with a people as defenceless as the Spaniards were in Central America, you can do what the buccaneers did at Panama. The greatest, the most fruitful, and withal the most exasperating, of the truths they have served to enforce is the unhappy state of officers and men doomed to fight in and with instruments invented by the scientific mind, which remembers everything except human nature. When all is said and done, ships are meant to be guided across the sea and guns to be used in action by men. If officers and crews cannot live with something like the security and comfort of a convict, they break down. If guns cannot be moved by the arms of gunners when their machinery gets out of gear, then they are no more use than so many quakers. Now it seems to have been the cherished aim of shipbuilders to construct vessels, big and little, which are absolutely uninhabitable in bad weather. We hear of battle-ships which are all awash whenever they get into a capful of wind, so that the men have to be kept down below till they choke in the fetid air, and of little ships in which you can neither sit nor stand, walk or lie down, eat or sleep, till on the third day madness seems imminent. Scientifically they are beautiful; only unfortunately a special superhuman race, combining the qualities of the skilled artificer, the fish, the bat, and the dormouse, are required to handle them. The breakdown of the *Anson's* electrical firing gear shows what might be the fate of men dependent at a crisis on machinery. When she took Aberdeen, as they call it, she could not have fired so much as a blank cartridge out of her great guns. Thanks to Mr. William Caius Crutchley, Lieutenant R.N.R. and master of the s.s. *Kaikoura*, we have also had an opportunity of seeing what capture of a merchant steamer means in manœuvres. The *Kaikoura* sighted the *Arethusa* eight miles off, and bore down to have a look at her. When she was a mile off she was told she was captured, and thereupon steamed off at moderate speed, followed by the *Arethusa*, which did not gain a yard. On the very reasonable grounds that in wartime he would not be quite fool enough to bear down on a war-ship till he knew she was a friend, and that, if the *Arethusa* was to have taken him she should have done it on her own merits, Captain Caius Crutchley refused to consider himself captured. We hold him to have been thoroughly right in his view—but, then, what is the value of all these captures of merchant ships by the A fleet and the B fleet? What, indeed, has been the strategical and tactical value of the manœuvres at all? Unless they are to become as idle as ever can have been the drillground practice of troops on shore, it is time that this question was thoroughly thought out. Admiral Baird's very instructive order containing his late plan of campaign would supply the text.

LORD ADDINGTON.

One more of a rapidly diminishing class of public men has been added to the majority in the person of Lord Addington, or (for, as in the case of other new-made peers, it seems more natural to call him so) Mr. Hubbard. To his private friends the loss will be very considerable, though a man who had reached the age of eighty-four hardly has many left of those friends who feel such a loss most acutely. But even to those who did not know Mr. Hubbard personally, and who may never have thought of him as a very important politician, his death should be the occasion of a somewhat special regret. For he was, as has been said, a member, and in a way a representative member, of a class which, as its members die off, is by no means being filled up in the same proportion with new men. No one, probably, would have selected Mr. Hubbard during any part of the long period when he still bore that name as a politician of very extraordinary ability. He did not even enter Parliament very early, and he meddled comparatively little with what are specially called politics, though he was a staunch Conservative. Nor did he, as some men do when they get into Parliament, take up some crotchet which has nothing to do with their own knowledge and experience. The subjects with which Mr. Hubbard's name was generally connected were mostly subjects with which he was almost as professionally qualified to deal as a lawyer with legal matters; and subjects on which, it may be added, his professional knowledge did not pass—as professional knowledge often does—into professional prejudice. His views on the Corn Laws were not those which prevailed; but he did not enter Parliament till the question had been settled for some years. His views on the currency were less crotchety than those of most persons who venture upon that proverbially dangerous subject, and may be said to have proceeded from the soundest possible standpoint—the standpoint that, whatever you may choose to say, you never can make fifteen shillings worth a sovereign, or buy a sovereign for fifteen shillings. He was one of the staunchest lay supporters of the Church of England and of religious education—indeed, there was in these respects no more prominent member of the House of Commons during the last thirty years, except the late Mr. Beresford Hope. But the subject with which Mr. Hubbard's name was most closely connected—the Income-tax—illustrated best of all the value of his services and of the services of men like him. He did not get his way; and the best and most impartial opinion has always been divided on the question whether it would be well that his scheme, or something like it, should be adopted. But it was and is noticeable, in the first place, that that scheme was as far as possible from being the scheme of a rich man who wants riches to escape taxation, and, in the second, that it was the scheme of a man practically acquainted with business and finance.

It must be admitted that the prospects of new men of this kind appearing in the House of Commons are not very good. That the best class of men of business are as impartial, as cool-headed, as ready to devote their talents, if not their genius, to the service of the State as ever is a comfortable belief which we should be sorry to discourage. Let those who hold that the standard of general morality and public spirit "in the City," at least the highest part of the City, has not improved of late be regarded if anybody pleases as merely specimens of the usual croaker. But, whether there are or are not men of this kind ready for the constituencies, it is, unfortunately, but too certain that the constituencies are less ready than they were for such men. It may be that this is only another instance of the general law of change; but that does not make it less a fact. "We never know the value of a thing till we are "going to lose it in six weeks," said somebody. And it may be very much feared that the class of politician of which Lord ADDINGTON was a sterling, if not a brilliant, example is in danger of such a tardy realization of its merits.

THE REVOLVER AT HOME AND ABROAD.

LAST month the House of Lords ordered a return to be prepared of the laws and regulations in European countries with regard to the carrying of arms by private persons in populous places. Lord SALISBURY at once addressed a Circular to HER MAJESTY'S representatives on the Continent, and their replies have now been published in the form of a Parliamentary Paper, which shows that we enjoy a proud pre-eminence, at least on this side of the Atlantic, in the privilege of bearing weapons without serving in the wars. The history of legislation on the subject in France is curious and amusing. It seems that in 1885 the manufacture and sale of arms, not being of the regulation pattern for the army and navy, was made free. Thereupon it was assumed by a nation of duellists that they might go with pistols in their pockets as much as they pleased. But in so reasoning our Gallic fire-eaters reckoned without their Courts of Appeal. These tribunals, first at Paris and afterwards at Nîmes, held that a Frenchman may indeed now make arms, and sell them, and buy them, and keep them as much as he likes, but that he has no more right to appear with them in public than he had before. Accordingly, he is remitted to a variety of prohibitory enactments, of which the foundation is a decree issued by LOUIS XV. in 1728. In this document the King of France and Navarre strictly forbade the use of "daggers, "knives in form of daggers, whether pocket-knives or "knives attached to guns, bayonets, pocket-pistols, sword-"sticks, loaded canes, with the exception of those which "are merely bound with iron at the end, and other weapons "of offence, concealed and secret." The first NAPOLEON in 1806, LOUIS PHILIPPE in 1834 and 1837, and the third NAPOLEON in 1859, substantially confirmed the ordinance of the Well-beloved. It was not Lord LYTTON'S business to inquire how far the law is enforced by the Republic. But the judgments to which we have already referred show that it is not a dead letter. In Germany there appears to be a good deal more freedom in procuring and employing means of offence. No one in Prussia may appear armed at a meeting, with the thoroughly German exception of the police. But the ordinary law is now contained in the Imperial statute of 1878, which was passed after NOBILING'S attempt upon the life of the late Emperor WILLIAM, and which enables the Federal Council to punish even the possession of arms "when the movements of the Social "Democrats are attended with danger to the public peace."

In Russia they do things with a sweet simplicity which may well be the envy of surrounding nations. The sceptical philosophers who doubt whether the caprice of a despot can be regarded as law may be invited to study and to dissect the following sentence from Consul MICHELL'S Report:— "According to the laws of the Russian Empire, the carry-"ing of weapons of every description in populous places by "all unauthorized persons is unconditionally prohibited." Of course the CZAR may authorize anybody to do anything, and there perhaps lies the blot which a disciple of AUSTIN would hit. But in Russia they would at least make short work of the fools who brandish revolvers in the streets, and of the respectable tradesmen who sell pistols to schoolboys at the rate of five shillings apiece. Even in Turkey the law is strict, and indeed comprehensive, in its terms. But Sir WILLIAM WHITE feels himself compelled to add that "the regulations are not carried out in their entirety, "though many police officers are fairly vigilant in the "matter." The newer and less settled States of Europe occupy, of course, a peculiar position. In Bulgaria, indeed, "every one who wishes to travel armed must have a permit." But in Montenegro things are very different. That little Principality is, as Mr. WALTER BARING says, a nation of soldiers. Every man goes armed to the teeth, and any one to whom a rifle has been served out must carry it i he wanders more than a short specified distance from his home. Mr. BARING does not take a gloomy view of this free military display. He cannot say that it "really tends to inconvenience." "If," he cheerfully observes, "a Montenegrin has a six-barrelled revolver in "his belt, he knows that his neighbour is similarly pro-"vided. Consequently, it may be said that all start fair." Even in Montenegro, however, there is not absolutely free shooting. "Of late years restrictions have been placed on "the indiscriminate firing of pistols in towns at certain "seasons, but the rules are not very strictly observed." It only remains to add that licences for carrying arms are required in Italy, Greece, and Spain.

TECHNICAL OBSTRUCTION.

THE third reading of the Technical Instruction Bill in the House of Commons was only achieved on Thursday morning, after repeated attempts on the part of an exceedingly small section of Radical members to impede the passing of a measure supported by a very large majority; and, if the House of Lords had not shown its usual good sense, a very useful measure might have been delayed. Technical instruction may be dear to Mr. PICTON and Mr. CHANNING, but technical obstruction appears to be something dearer. As amended Sir W. HART DYKE'S Bill embodies an admirable settlement of the chief source of contention between the adherents of the Voluntary system and the Board schools. It invests the "local authority," a body necessarily representative of all parties, with the power of levying rates for purposes of technical education. On the second reading of the Bill this compromise was accepted by the majority of both sides of the House, and was further strengthened by the adoption of Mr. MATHER'S amendment by the Government. The "conscience clause" introduced is far-reaching enough to satisfy what are somewhat ironically called the religious scruples of everybody not entirely enslaved by the narrowest sectarian jealousy. But this was not enough for Mr. CHANNING or Mr. PICTON, or the dozen other friends of education, who for "local authority" in the first clause of the Bill would substitute "School Board." The injustice of Mr. CHANNING'S amendment is almost transcended by its absurdity, and it is satisfactory to see that it was defeated by eighty votes to twenty-six. The aims of the opponents to the measure were only too clearly revealed all through the three nights' debate. It was, as Mr. A. O'CONNOR said, a "School-Board Opposition." Mr. CHANNING struck at the sound representative character of the Bill by an amendment that would give the School Boards the monopoly of providing technical education. There is no ground whatever, as members of their own party assured them, for the fears expressed by Mr. CHANNING and his friends, that the Bill favoured unduly any one educational party. Their opposition was one of the worst examples of obstruction the Session has yielded, and the record of it will make the country sick as well as sorry—as Mr. GOSCHEN suggested when referring to the tactics of Mr. PICTON. At the very beginning of proceedings on Monday this ardent advocate of technical education moved to report progress, and was supported on a division by only eighteen to ninety. It was in vain that Mr. PICTON was appealed to by his own party not to waste the time of the House, and to accept the good a wicked Tory Government had provided. The member for Leicester was incorrigible, and he remained so to the end. Five pages of amendments, not one-third of which affected the spirit of the Bill, and the prospect, subsequently completely realized, of numerous motions for the insertion of new clauses, could not deter Mr. PICTON. Time was precious, and the opportunity for wasting it not less precious. Naturally enough the example was contagious. After two divisions on amendments, Sir WILFRID LAWSON again moved to report progress, and was defeated by ninety-two to twenty-one, and the discussion of Clause 1 dragged

heavily till extinguished by the 12 o'clock rule. On Tuesday it again occurred to Mr. PICTON, after a manly and forcible appeal by Mr. GOSCHEN to common sense and common decency, that the best thing he could do, as a friend of education, was to report progress. On this occasion his following was reduced to fifteen, and the subsequent musters of the Opposition, dividing on amendments either frivolous or notoriously obstructive, were equally insignificant. The success of the Government, thoroughly deserved, no doubt, was largely due to the tact and firmness shown by Mr. GOSCHEN and Sir W. HART DYKE, and the extremely scant support accorded to the leading obstructionists by their own party.

Possibly, also, the majority of Liberal and Nonconformist members felt they would risk too much by opposing legislation which they knew to be both popular and opportune. They were little likely to be misled by the testimonials in the form of School Board resolutions from Leeds and Spalding, from Manchester and Bradford, in condemnation of the Bill, which certain members considered weighty enough to justify tactics however paltry and opposition however fanatical. Perhaps even the Opposition, excepting always Mr. PICTON, firm seated in the affections of enlightened Leicester, may have been somewhat shaken by Mr. MCLAREN'S opinion that the existing Parliament would not pass a better Bill. It is also likely enough that they may have been visited with uncomfortable visions of unfriendly constituencies. School Board resolutions, after all, have little meaning, however strongly they be worded. They may readily be unmade at the next election by a disgusted constituency. There is an excellent prospect, indeed, considering the widespread and genuine demand for technical education in the country, that the attempt to wreck a measure which received the assent of so large a majority of all classes of politicians will not be forgotten by true and enlightened friends of education. Everything was done in the way of legitimate concession by the Government to facilitate the passing of the Bill. It may even be thought by many that, in their laudable anxiety to carry the measures, they went a little too far in conceding one or two points. On the whole, however, the Government are to be congratulated on the Bill. Some years have elapsed since the House resolved that a national scheme of Technical Instruction was desirable, and a great impulse was thus given to the endowment and building of Technical Institutes in various parts of the country. The success of schools of manual training in America and elsewhere has stimulated similar enterprises in England. If it had not been for the obstacles created by the bitter opponents of the "Voluntary" system, who magnify the "religious difficulties" that beset the question of rate-aided education, a measure of Technical Instruction might have become law before now. Sir W. HART DYKE'S is the third Bill dealing with this important subject framed during the present Session. Like many useful Acts, it is based on compromise, which, though it cannot cause "educationists" to cease from rage and from imagining many vain things, is substantially sound and well considered. Another merit of the Bill is the broad and comprehensive definition of Technical Instruction comprised in its fifth clause, by which all descriptions of industrial workers, not excluding agricultural labourers, are included in the benefits it is hoped will ensue from its operation.

THE LATEST MARE'S-NEST.

THE last Irish debates of the Session have had some interest, though not quite so much as some newspapers —with the MAYBRICK case gone, the naval manœuvres over, and the strike (as the great American language would say) "weakening"—endeavour to make out. Mr. SHALOONY and Mr. MCSHEENY—we beg pardon, Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. GILHOOLY—have gone to BALFOUR'S Bastille, after protesting that no living advocate should represent them, and then being represented by Mr. HARRINGTON, after blustering in the usual manner, and after failing to excite any interest abroad or much at home. The head tyrant of the Bastille has observed, in his ambiguous manner, that there can be no fear of Mr. O'BRIEN'S little weaknesses not being attended to, because the gaol doctors are so thoroughly acquainted with his constitution—a harmless remark, but one not ill suited to madden an Irishman who has a dim idea of its bearing. Mr. SEXTON, upon whom Mr. BALFOUR has also bestowed compliments, has distinguished himself by complaining—as, perhaps, no mortal being but an Irish member of Parliament or a Parisian municipal would complain—that Archbishop WHATELY is allowed from his grave to corrupt Irish youth and distort the true principles of "rint" by teaching that, if a landlord retains his property, but is not allowed to let it freely, he will cultivate it himself. But the event of the week—some would have us believe of the Session—has undoubtedly been the CHIEF SECRETARY'S half promise of something like concurrent endowment to a Roman Catholic University in Ireland—a half promise which was received with smiles by the Parnellites, with shrieks by the Radicals, with solemn head-shakings by some wiseacres, and with cries of "Tory "Home Rule" by others.

The incident and its consequences are not uninstructive; but their instruction goes in a different direction from that in which the shriekers look. There is nothing terrible in such an endowment as appears to be proposed or foreshadowed here either to Toryism or to reason; and assuredly there is nothing that savours less of Home Rule. On the contrary, the measure is exactly the sort of thing which a strong central Government, and a strong central Government only, can give to a country where the jealousy of parties is so keen that neither is likely to concede it to the other. It is not a good thing, no doubt, that those who are imbibing the highest education of a country should be penned off into little sects and divisions, each with its feeding-bottle, instead of sucking the kindly breasts of one Alma Mater in company and in peace. But they will not do this in Ireland, and there's an end of it. For this being impossible, the only other alternative—the alternative which the English Radicals prefer—is the system of rigid secular education which is leading to the same disastrous and iniquitous results in Victoria and in Paris—the system which degrades toleration into the most odious intolerance; and under the name of comprehension excludes with the rigour of the *Index*. There will be much to say when the details of any Government proposal of the kind are known. For the present the vague outlines of that proposal are not in themselves matter either for congratulation or for censure. But what is really interesting, of course, is not the proposal itself, but the prospect of a new split in the Gladstonian-Parnellite party. Mr. WALLACE and Mr. ROBERTSON, who threatened this, are not very important persons; but there is a considerable fraction of the Radical party which really cares nothing at all for Home Rule, while it cares very much for its own pet aversions to such things as "denominational education." It has again and again been observed by all competent critics of politics that there is no real union between the Parnellites and the Gladstonians, and it evidently needs but little to bring this out more fully. Meanwhile, the taunt about governing Ireland by Irish ideas is even sillier than most such taunts. So long as the Irish ideas are unobjectionable in themselves, and so long as it is the Government of Great Britain and Ireland, and not a party in Ireland itself, which governs by them, no one that we know of, except the English Radicals, wants to govern Ireland by any others. The supposition that Irish ideas necessarily include, and hardly extend further than, the abrogation of the sixth, eighth, ninth, and tenth Commandments, and the establishment of an impracticable Dualism, may be left to those English friends of Ireland who choose to entertain it.

THE SESSION.

THE Session, which has ended later than was hoped this week, has been mainly complained of because, unlike most of those of recent years, it has approximated to what a Session ought to be—businesslike, and free from disturbance. In this as in some other cases virtue has been found to be dull. The training of the last nine years has apparently formed a strong taste for political stimulants, and there are many palates which do not feel at all unless they are supplied with exceedingly pungent food. To these critics, who prove the truth of Sir Henry Maine's theory that constitutional government is largely valued because it is the most amusing of all methods of conducting national business, the Session has given but little gratification. What excitement there was at the beginning—and it was but little—was supplied by one of those Irish debates which are becoming stale beyond the power of words to describe to everybody except Irish members, and somewhat tiresome even to them, to judge by their general languor during the last six months. At the end some stir was caused, first, by the ferment set going in the Opposition against the vote for the Prince of Wales's children; then by a very gratuitous

check which the Ministry brought upon itself, and then by the spasmodic exertions of the Irish members, stirred into activity by a whip applied by the Nationalist press. Even this triple alarm failed to rouse the Opposition to complete wakefulness. The central bulk of the Session, devoted to a National Defence Bill which was too popular to be safely opposed with energy, and Scotch Bills which were wisely left to Scotch members, had sunk them too deeply into slumber.

One memorable event of Parliamentary history has, however, been contemporary with the Session—the death on the 27th of March of Mr. John Bright. Since Mr. Bright did his last and his greatest service to his country by throwing his powerful moral influence on to the Unionist side he had taken little active part in political life. His health made it impossible for him to exercise his unrivalled oratorical faculty as he would certainly have wished to have done. When he intervened it had lately been by means of those letters of inimitable laconic force which are in form the most valuable, and in substance not the least valuable, part of the Unionist controversy. While he lived, however, his reputation, his influence in the country, and his personality weighed heavily on the House of Commons. By his death it was made the poorer by the loss of the name of one who had formed a unique place for himself among Englishmen. The House did itself honour by recording its loss in a manner worthy of the most generous traditions of Parliamentary warfare. Men of all parties spoke as they should have done of a member who, though closely limited, was within his limitations a statesman of commanding ability, of stainless sincerity, and the possessor, in a degree to which none of his contemporaries did more than approach, of that oratorical faculty which is such a magnificent instrument of power in a country governed largely by discussion. For that one night of the Session at least the House of Commons was all the most severe judge could have asked it to be.

The Queen's Speech, with which the Ministry met Parliament on the 21st of February, did not indicate any intention to attempt to carry a large list of measures. A Bill to provide for making a serious addition to the navy during a series of years, Scotch Local Government and Irish Industrial Bills, Bills to facilitate land transfer and the collection of tithes, and a Bill to effect a recoinage of gold, made up a list of measures which it was not unreasonably hoped an industrious Parliament might carry in a normal Session. Experience has shown that the hope was too complimentary to the Houses, and some of these Bills have been lost, or have not even struggled far enough to secure the distinction of being killed in a regular way. The Session began very well. The debate on the Queen's Speech was not dragged to more than twice the necessary length. Mr. John Morley did indeed move an amendment on the 25th of February condemning in the well-known way the whole administration of Ireland, but though the incident of the Pigott letters, then fresh and now as good as forgotten, seemed to be in his favour, the debate fell flat. Mr. Morley's speech was notable, first, for his obvious belief that the discovery of one Irishman's forgery and clumsy mendacity was an argument in favour of other Irishmen once his friends and patrons; and, secondly, for his assertion of the doctrine that the bad management which led to the murder of Inspector Martin at the arrest of Father McFadden entailed on the Government a moral complicity in the murder. The theory would seem to be that whoever does not sufficiently guard the Irish against their unfortunate tendency to brutal murder is a sharer in their guilt. After lingering till the 1st of March, the debate ended in a majority of 79 for the Ministry. The Pigott letters and their remarkable history belong to the Special Commission, with which we have happily nothing to do here; but they led to one Parliamentary scene which is too typical to be omitted. On the 22nd of March the Separatist Opposition thought fit to make an attack on Sir Richard Webster for his conduct as counsel for the *Times*. This attack was made in a manner for which Sir Richard had some reason to feel thankful. The question whether he had not remembered too much that he is a lawyer and too little that, as Attorney-General, he is also a politician and a man of the world, was entirely overlaid by acrid personalities and attacks on his professional conduct. Sir Richard Webster defended himself against the first, and the unanimous verdict of his profession has defended him against the second. A comic element was introduced into the debate by the perplexity of the Separatist lawyers, who found themselves between the devil of the Caucus and the deep sea of professional loyalty. Their efforts to escape, either by logic-chopping, for which they were laughed at, or by running away, for which they were soundly trounced by their employers, brought a large element of farce into an episode which would otherwise only have been vulgar in a stupid way.

In spite of delays of this kind the Session began fairly well. In March, it is true, we were threatened with great solemnity. Those Radicals who have uneasy qualms when they look forward to the day when Mr. Gladstone will no longer be there to cover their natural exiguity with his umbrella, formed a party, with tellers and everything handsome about it, and with Mr. Henry Labouchere as leader. They announced, with the vehemence of a fiend in a pantomime, that they were going to torture the Ministry in a very dreadful manner. Everything was to be stopped by debate and the resources of obstruction till a Cabinet which had forfeited all right to confidence had been driven to surrender to the fifty odd Radical members who were quite sure they had the country in their pockets. All this terrible parade was followed by an almost nervous anxiety to keep the peace; and, when the new Radical party did take its coat off, it was for the purpose of wrestling a throw with its own late revered leader Mr. Gladstone. In the meantime the Ministry attended to business.

Lord George Hamilton's Naval Defence Bill was introduced on the 7th of March. He asked Parliament for 21,500,000*l.*, to be spent in seven years. During this time the Admiralty, being in this way made sure of its grants and able to look ahead, will undertake, in addition to the rearming, refitting, and adapting to modern conditions of older vessels, the construction of seventy new ones. This addition to the existing fleet is to consist of seventy vessels—eight first-class and two second-class battleships, and sixty cruisers, ranging from powerful boats of 7,300 tons to torpedo gunboats of 735 tons. Though this proposed increase of the navy is hardly a fourth of what experts had repeatedly declared to be the necessary minimum, it was received by them and by the country as sufficient. Admirals who had publicly declared that at least forty battle-ships and two hundred cruisers would be required to enable the navy even to approximate to the adequate discharge of its duties in war, expressed themselves satisfied with the scheme of the First Lord of the Admiralty, and hastened to say so in the most emphatic manner. The country was not more exacting than its admirals; and the House of Commons was satisfied with what pleased the country. It was from the first clear that Lord George Hamilton's demand for 21,500,000*l.* in seven years would be granted. If there was any doubt whether the money would be spent exactly as he promised, or produce just that number of ships—and for different reasons there was, and is, doubt on both these points—it was at least certain that the grant would lead to a necessary and material addition to the navy. The resistance to the Bill on the part of the regular Opposition was never more than half-hearted. The merely fanatical or obstructive opposition represented by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Illingworth, or Mr. Henry Labouchere was energetic enough. These politicians employed a good deal of time in explaining that the surest way of avoiding fighting is to be unarmed, and to run away—that the nation's money is too sacred to be spent on the nation's business—or that a powerful fleet would probably be used by Tory peers to oppress the cause of human freedom. In addition to mere chatter of this kind—the folly which the House of Commons endures as the price to be paid for the security that no opinion shall be suppressed—there was no serious opposition to the Bill. Some politicians, among whom Lord Randolph Churchill found himself in the course of his devious movements, affected great fear lest the House of Commons, by voting—as it had often done before—a sum of money for a term of years, should be thought to have weakened its control over the national expenditure. To say that these fears were removed by the arguments or assurances of the Government would be absurd—for the sufficient reason that they were only assumed for purposes of business, and neither force nor logic can remove that which does not exist. If, however, there were any persons in the country who seriously thought that Parliament could part with its control over the national expenditure, could bind itself in future Sessions, or could bind its successors at any time, their fears should have been removed by Mr. Goschen. That the time of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and of the House should have been wasted in demonstrating a self-evident proposition is a sufficient indication of the character of the opposition to the Naval Defence Bill. A great many words, and not a little time, had to be wasted in assuring the House of Commons that it could not cease to be the House of Commons. Nobody except the fanatics denied that the navy required to be strengthened or asserted that the First Lord of the Admiralty was asking for too much. The Bill might have been dismissed in a week. As a matter of fact, however, it was only read for the second time by a majority of 141 in a house of 413 on the 7th of May. After that its progress was rapid.

The Scotch Local Government and University Bills, which with the Naval Defence Bill represent the substantial work of the Session, were introduced early in April by the Lord Advocate. An attempt, in which there was more than one element of absurdity, was made to discount the Government's measures by Dr. Clark, who moved that the alleged neglect of Scotch business could only be corrected by Scotch Home Rule. This effort to turn the House from the discussion of practical benefits for Scotland to the consideration of a revolutionary measure, which could only have stopped all other legislation, was not well received by the Scotch members themselves, and was rebuked by Mr. Gladstone, who found it premature. Mr. Robertson, the Lord Advocate, was allowed to continue the work of giving Scotland that control over purely local affairs which Dr. Clark held to be impossible without a disruption of the national unity. The Local Government Bills were three in number—one main one and two subordinates. The first establishes County Councils, which will possess the powers and do the work of the old Commissioners of Supply (the body corresponding to English Quarter Sessions), and which will be elected by the ratepayers for three years. This body will contain no members answering to the aldermen of English Councils, and its *ex-officio* members will be the Lord Lieutenant, the Sheriff, and the Convener of the Commissioners of Supply. The country gentlemen are protected from injustice in the imposition of rates, and the police are left where they are at present, according to the very efficient Scotch system, under the control of the Sheriff. The subsidiary Bills provided for the reorganization of the Parochial Boards—a matter which not even a Scotchman can understand without laborious

previous training—and the formation of special Committees, to consist of one Scotch judge and two assessors, to whom all private Bills for Scotland shall be referred after the second reading in the House of Commons, and at whose recommendation they are to be read for the third time. The Local Government Bill ran its prosperous course during the latter part of June, after the withdrawal of the Sugar Convention Bill, and in the course of July, when the rapidity and ease with which business advanced in the House aroused a feeling of pleased surprise after so many years' experience of a very different state of things. The explanation of this novelty was simple. It was felt that when Scotchmen applied themselves to their own business, they would stick to business, and there was little temptation or desire on the part of members representing other portions of the kingdom to interfere in what interested Scotchmen and what Scotchmen were alone able to discuss adequately. The University Bill ran its course by the side of the Local Government Bill. It establishes Courts in each University and a Scotch University Committee of Privy Council to which the government of these bodies will belong. In two respects the Government has not satisfied all critics in Scotland. It has not entirely abolished tests, but has only appointed a Committee to inquire into and report on their complete abolition, and it has not shown as much generosity in the matter of grants of money as was thought desirable.

An infinitely greater amount of feeling was aroused by the Royal Grants Bill. The announcement, towards the end of June, that the Queen and the Prince of Wales had approved of the engagement of the Princess Louise of Wales to the Earl (now Duke) of Fife at once stirred up the unmannerly opposition which is always made to any grants to the members of the Royal Family. It was certain that a vote would be asked for the Princess, and equally certain that it would be given; but it was also only too certain that an ungracious opposition would be offered. The Ministry was becomingly anxious to avoid a vulgar wrangle to the utmost of its power, and endeavoured to disarm all that part of the Opposition which could be induced to show some regard for the character of the House of Commons. It was not wholly unsuccessful. When, on the 2nd of July, Mr. Smith moved for leave to introduce the Grant Bill to provide for the eldest son and daughter of the Prince of Wales, he was met by the demand on the part of the Opposition for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the whole question of Royal grants. It is undeniable that this Committee had been promised by both parties on previous occasions. This was, however, neither a seemly nor a convenient opportunity for its appointment. But, as the Opposition was resolute, and the subsection of the Opposition organized by Mr. Labouchere suddenly shook off the torpor of months, and threatened obstruction, the Ministry yielded. This concession satisfied Mr. Gladstone, who very properly took occasion to point out that, at no period in the history of the present dynasty, when the Royal Family was large, has the Civil List been as low as it is now. This might, indeed, have appeared a good reason for voting the grant now asked for, and leaving the discussion of the Civil List to a period when it must needs be considered as a whole. The Ministry did, however, well to be contented with what it could get. On this occasion was the first sign of that split in the Opposition which has been the liveliest incident of the Session. The parasitical organism (we hope this scientific language is appropriate to the times) which counts Mr. Labouchere as its chief was not satisfied. It grumbled, and put up Mr. Bradlaugh to move for an instruction to the Committee which would have authorized a singularly insolent intrusion into the Queen's private affairs. Mr. Bradlaugh's motion was defeated by 313 to 125. When, on the 9th July, Mr. Smith presented the list of the Committee, which had been drawn up in agreement with Mr. Gladstone, the Radicals revolted altogether. They objected to the list because they did not know enough about it, and then because they knew too much about some of its members—as, for instance, that Sir A. Campbell was not a sufficiently good Scotchman, and that Mr. Chamberlain was a Tory. Mr. Labouchere made Mr. Bradlaugh's motion over again; and at one period of the evening 136 Radicals found themselves voting against Mr. Gladstone. The Ministry finally carried its list. On the recommendation of the Committee the Ministry decided not to ask for a special grant for the children of the Prince, but for an allowance to himself of 36,000*l.* a year, out of which he is to provide for his children. The sum had originally been 40,000*l.*, but was reduced at Mr. Gladstone's instigation. It was also the opinion of the Committee that the Houses should recognize the Queen's claim for grants for her grandchildren, and acknowledge that Her Majesty by not pressing her right had withdrawn a demand she was justified in making. On this point there was a division in the Committee, and then a somewhat curious subdivision in the Opposition. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley opposed the recognition of the Queen's claim, and drew an alternative clause to the effect that the precedents did not show clearly what the claim really was. When this was rejected by the majority Mr. Gladstone decided to support the Ministry. Mr. Morley, not uninfluenced, perhaps, by voices from Newcastle, elected to join Mr. Labouchere in a general resistance to the grant. On the 26th July the Bill was read a second time. A majority of 282 rejected Mr. Labouchere's motion against going into Committee, which received, however, the support of a discreditably large minority (116). On Monday Mr. Morley, who had not directly supported Mr. Labouchere on the Friday, brought forward an amendment of his own which nobody but himself has been able to distinguish in meaning from the other, and was supported by a minority of 134 votes, from which it appears that his personal following consists of seventeen. The Government, which was vigorously supported by Mr. Gladstone and a majority of the Parnellites, had an immense superiority in argument and debating power, but the minority was unexpectedly large. The meaning of this increase in the number of those who think that rebellious flunkeyism and zeal for liberty are synonymous is not obscure. It is obvious that a large section of the Radicals, if not all, are rapidly approximating to the Continental type, and it is not to be denied that the Opposition is in a process of ferment. The resistance to the Royal Grants Bill had, as it was conducted, much the air of one of those internal struggles by which an American Convention, or a Conclave, decides which of its members is to be candidate for the Presidency, or to be Pope. If that was its meaning, the result must be unpleasantly surprising to some members of the party, for the figures in the divisions would seem to show that, if Mr. Gladstone is not deposed already in favour of Mr. Labouchere, the reversion of his office is set apart for that politician.

In the very last days of the Session the Ministry carried a Technical Instruction Bill, which was fiercely opposed by a section of the Opposition because it seemed, in their opinion, to trench on the supremacy of the School Board, but was forced through with the consent of an overpowering majority of the House. This same section of the Opposition has experienced a yet more severe shock by Mr. Balfour's announcement of the Ministry's intention to consent to the establishment of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland.

The Ministry has been far from equally fortunate, and, it may be added, has not always deserved equal fortune with its smaller measures. With them it has suffered a succession of checks not individually of much importance, but such as taken together do something to weaken the authority of a Cabinet. In addition to measures which were crowded out, one Bill was thrown out in the House in which a Unionist Government is strongest, one was withdrawn in consequence of unpopularity in the country, and one was wrecked by sheer mismanagement in the House of Commons. It was Lord Halsbury's Land Transfer Bill which was slain by the House of Lords. This was one of those measures to facilitate the transfer of land of which all men and most lawyers speak well, and for which, to judge by the little effective interest they inspire and the trifling practical effect they produce, nobody really cares. It was introduced in the Lords and reached the third reading, and appeared safe so far, when its rejection was moved by the Duke of Beaufort on the 24th of June, and only avoided by a majority of nine in a very full House. This check was soon turned into a defeat, and the Lords threw the Bill out altogether. If their action was tardy, it was intelligible, for the measure threatened changes in the method of transfer of land which were not acceptable to those who transact the business at present, and it proposed to assimilate real to personal property in a way which could not be pleasing to the great landed proprietors. The defeat of the measure was unpleasing to those who think the Lords have no right to take an independent course in a matter in which they are particularly interested; but if the Upper House did an unpopular thing, it was justified by the indifference of the country. The nation, which is supposed to be anxious to promote the transfer of land, and to be quite eager to abolish "primogeniture," heard of the loss of the Bill with serene indifference. The fate of the Sugar Convention Bill was also in its way an illustration of the hollowness of some popular demands for legislation. The Cabinet would certainly seem to have been justified in the belief that there was a strong demand in the country both for the arrangement made with foreign Powers for the abolition of Sugar Bounties and for legislation to carry that arrangement into effect. But when the Bill was brought in, and a belief, very ill founded on fact, arose that it would raise the price of sugar, it became at once the object of clamour, by which the Opposition, hitherto utterly languid on the subject, hastened to profit. Those at whose request the Cabinet had acted became apparently entirely indifferent to their desired measure. At least they made no sign, and the Government, finding it had to deal with the certainty of vehement opposition, and could not rely on any general support in the country, withdrew the Bill in the middle of June. It could do this without discredit, since the measure would not have taken effect for two years. If, therefore, the popular demand for the Sugar Convention Bill is as solid as it is vehement in expression, it may be reintroduced next Session.

The third Ministerial check, the loss of the Tithes Bill, was more manifestly the result of bad management. A general measure to make the recovery of tithes a less laborious and less irritating process had been drafted by the Cabinet before Parliament met. It was promised in the Queen's Speech, but nothing was heard of it for months. At last when August was begun, and the end of the Session seemed not unlikely to fall after many years on the traditional Twelfth, Mr. Smith announced that the Cabinet had decided to carry a measure dealing with the so-called Tithe War in Wales, as preliminary to a wider Tithe Bill to be carried next Session. This Bill was to have replaced distraint as the sole means of recovery of tithe by summary process in the County Court, and it left the obligation for the payment on the farmers. Two classes of opponents were at once aroused by the Bill. The partisans of Welsh Dis-

establishment were, as they impudently confessed, annoyed at the prospect of the loss of a "lever" which they found useful, and were therefore committed to resist a measure which would reduce the opportunities for dramatic scenes. Another and a more respectable form of opposition was to be expected from those members of the House, among whom were not a few Conservatives, who wished to see the burden of the tithe laid directly, and not as it is at present, indirectly, on the landlord; a rule which the Ministry had itself accepted in the draft of an earlier Bill. It was from them that the destruction of the Bill came. On the 12th of August an amendment to this effect was moved by Mr. Grey, a Conservative member, and only defeated by a very narrow majority (145 to 141). The Government then amended its Bill to satisfy this opposition. When, however, the amendment was moved the Speaker ruled that the change was so great as to constitute a new measure; that it could not therefore, according to precedent, be allowed; and that the Government must begin again. On the 16th of August this was clearly impossible. The Bill was withdrawn, and the Ministry will now have to see that the Welsh clergy are properly supported in the use of the one means they possess for the recovery of their dues. It has been punished for its ill-management by having to submit to the penance of receiving the compassionate patronage of Sir William Harcourt, to whom the leadership of the Opposition fell for that unlucky week. At the same time a Superannuation Bill—a large measure dealing with the Civil Service, which certainly deserved discussion, and had been introduced when it could not be discussed—was withdrawn.

The share of Ireland in the Session is, when compared with that of recent years, insignificant. The Irish members have secured a field night or two—as when, for instance, Mr. O'Brien called the attention of the House to a matter of importance, which turned out to be the outrageous conduct of the police, who would not allow Mr. O'Brien to be taken out of their hands by a noisy mob. On this and a few other occasions they have repeated their general charges of brutality, and such of their particular accusations of misconduct as had not been quite worn to rags by overhandling. It was noticed, however, that these traditional methods of patriotic warfare were used during the greater part of the Session with unwonted sobriety, and even ceased to be used at all during the latter part of June and the whole of July. The conduct of Irish members began, in fact, to approximate quite closely to a decent standard of manners. At the close of the Session there has been, under the stimulus of inquiries in the Nationalist press whether the Irish members had forgotten the purpose for which they were brought into Parliament, a temporary revival of their old style. Mr. Harrington, among others, has displayed himself in the usual taproom manner; but even this was only a temporary flicker. It lasted just long enough to remind the House that the Irish are there, and are the same sort of persons they always were, and then died down. The Irish Drainage and Light Railways Bills have been mainly opposed in the Grand Committee on Trade by a section of the English Radicals, who professed dislike to them on economic grounds, and a very minute minority of Irish members, who chose to display an austere disinclination to accept English money. Heterodox the Bills are from the economic point of view; but all parties have agreed to give up orthodoxy in Irish affairs. It is agreed by everybody, except Radicals when a Unionist Ministry is in office, that in Ireland, at least, public money must be advanced to start and support what we should expect in England to be the work of private enterprise. The end of the Light Railways Bill was enlivened by the wrath of Mr. Storey. He had been somewhat summarily silenced in the Grand Committee on Trade by the Chairman, Mr. Salt, and appealed to the Speaker. Mr. Peel was of opinion that the amendment which Mr. Storey had not been allowed to introduce in Committee was legitimate; but he could not interfere with the authority of the Chairman. Mr. Storey was therefore compelled to wait for the reappearance of the Bill on report and take his revenge then. He did so, and contrived to make the third reading of the Bill one of the fighting nights of the Session; but it passed. At the close of the Session the Government passed with little difficulty a Bill making the notification of cases of infectious disease by medical men, which has hitherto been enforced by private Act in many large towns, compulsory in London at once, and compulsory in other towns at the discretion of the local authorities.

The Budget was introduced by Mr. Goschen on the 15th of April. It showed a surplus of 2,798,000*l.* available for the extinction of debt, and was in most respects acceptable. The necessity of providing for the Naval Defence expenditure threw a burden on the Consolidated Fund which did not allow the Chancellor of the Exchequer to remit taxes. On the contrary, this charge, and the effects of the transfer of Excise dues to local revenue, compelled him to find more money. This he did by imposing a new tax of 1 per cent. on all estates, real or personal, of over 10,000*l.* left by will—the most easy to pay of all taxes—by an additional Beer-duty, and by the transfer of 1,000,000*l.* of the money saved by redemption of Debt. Mr. Goschen made a very effective defence of his financial policy, and the Opposition had no more telling charge to bring against him than took the form of ironical and unfounded praise for the introduction of the principle of graduated taxation of property.

A private Bill which was very excellent in intention, but might have done some unkindness to the poor of London unless it had been amended, was the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Bill, brought in by Mr. Mundella. Along with many excellent provisions for the protection of children against cruel or careless parents, it contained one clause, largely dictated by ignorance or prejudice, which prohibited their employment in theatres while under ten years of age. This clause actually passed both Houses, but was on report amended by the proviso that the Lord Chamberlain should have authority to license certain theatres. It was generally recognized that in this form the Bill gave theatre children all necessary protection.

But Private Bills which have come to nothing have been rather exceptionally common during this Session. In March the Lords had to extinguish the well-meant Black Sheep Bill of Lord Carnarvon. This measure, which was apparently designed to silence those critics of the House of Lords who do not attack it because it is a House of Lords, and may therefore be passed over with indifference, by giving the House power to expel the few members of the body whose lives are discreditable, was rejected by the Lords, who saw that a privilege of peerage dependent on the goodwill of other peers would be something very different from the right by which they sit at present. Some two months later their Lordships performed with more than the decision they have occasionally displayed their yearly duty of rejecting the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. In May Mr. Labouchere illustrated the futility of such Bills as Lord Carnarvon's by moving the abolition of the Lords altogether. He amused the House of Commons, and was defeated by a majority of 201 to 160. The only serious thing about the debate was the evidence it afforded that there are 160 members of the House of Commons who are light-hearted enough to think of producing a revolution by a casual vote. In May also Mr. Milvain found the support of a majority of 68 (194 to 126) members of the Commons for a more rational proposal to inflict the deterrent punishment of flogging on some classes of violent criminals who are at present safe from any but the less feared sentence of imprisonment. The vote remained as a sign of the distinct, though not yet very powerful, reaction against the excessive humanitarianism of the last generation. In the same month Mr. Dillwyn moved the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, and Mr. E. Robertson the Disenfranchisement of the Universities. Mr. Dillwyn, though defeated in the House by a majority of 53 (284 to 231), secured the adhesion of Mr. Gladstone, who was consequently suspected by some old friends of accepting Disestablishment as a sop to keep Wales quiet on the Home Rule question until its agitation for that boon would be more convenient than it could be now. Mr. E. Robertson secured the support of that Radical hundred and twenty or thirty who can be relied on to vote for anything which will diminish the power of education and property. After May the Government inroads on the time of private members put a stop to all individual attempts at legislation.

Foreign and Colonial affairs have not received any great share of the attention of Parliament. Lord Carnarvon, indeed, gave rise to a debate on Egypt in the Lords which ended, and could only end, in leaving things where it found them. We remain in Egypt till a stable Government is established; no stable Government can be established except by us, and we will not take the measures required to make Egypt safe from attack from the South. Even if we did, it might still be necessary for us to remain to keep it safe; and in the meantime we must needs stay there to prevent things from getting worse—a compromise which, if it arouses the fury of foreign critics who cannot see that half measures due to sheer unwillingness to appear aggressive have often served England well in her own despite, has the merit of leaving our hold on the road to India secure. The Western Australia Government Bill, which has excited no little opposition by handing over the possession of a considerable part of a great continent to a handful of colonists, has occupied the Lords, but was withdrawn in the Lower House. The peremptory measures by which the Portuguese Government has put a stop to work by an English Company on the Delagoa railway have necessarily been noted in Parliament, but as yet the question has not taken a form which makes discussion in either House effective. The only debate on foreign affairs—if it can be called a debate on foreign affairs—in the House of Commons was moved by Mr. E. Robertson during the license of May. This active Scotch member, fresh from his efforts to disfranchise the Universities, moved a vote of censure on the Government for not sending a representative to those French celebrations of the Revolution of 1789, which were attended by no representative of the European monarchies. Whatever importance the discussion had was due to the intervention of Mr. Gladstone, who, after severely snubbing Mr. Robertson and acknowledging that the Ministry had taken the line which his own was prepared to take, pleased the students of his always interesting character by proceeding to argue that what would have been becoming neutrality in him was disrespect to the French Republic in a "Tory" Ministry. The vote of censure was defeated by 283 votes to 199, and the minority, reinforced by one other member, made themselves ridiculous by sending a protest to the President of the French Republic, which he had the good sense not to receive.

The usual tardy reading of the Indian Budget, accompanied by the usual complaints that Parliament had not been asked earlier to attend to matters which it does not profess to understand, and would in any case not discuss, ended that part of the business of the Session which was not almost purely formal. Parliament rose

with the knowledge that a very fair amount of work had been done, that the Opposition had not only begun to split, but goes off carrying in it a wedge, dexterously inserted by Mr. Balfour, which will in all probability split it yet further.

GROUSE-HAWKING.

"A FALCON towering in her pride of place" is the proper creature wherewith to kill a grouse. Shooting-men, no doubt, experience a thrill of delight when their first victim of the "Twelfth," whirring up in front of their favourite setter, drops dead on the heather forty yards from their gun-muzzle. There is pride and joy when the driven pack, speeding down wind at express pace, is decimated by the crack of your breechloader as you wait in ambush for the decisive moment. But what are these gratifications to the triumph of the falconer, when his own hawk, waiting in the clouds above, following his signals at that immense height, comes down like a thunderbolt upon the fast-flying covey, and with a stroke like lightning dashes one of them headlong to the ground? If you measure the merits of a sport by the difficulties which it overcomes, assuredly you will give the palm to this ancient branch of it. The very fact that so few men now are found to indulge in it attests, like a score of other signs, the truth of the explanation given by James I., that for lazy men hawking is too arduous and vexatious a business. In order to succeed in any department of it, and much more in game-hawking on the moors, you must have the very best dogs, the very best horses, the best hawks, and, one may add, the best men. Given all these, and the scene is as pretty as the mind can well devise. A broad expanse of nearly flat moorland. In the background a line of horsemen, one with a hooded hawk on his gauntleted left fist. In the foreground, three or four hundred yards ahead, a trusty pointer or setter quartering the ground. Presently his pace slackens, his gaiety tones down into seriousness, his body from nose to tail becomes more rigid at each step, and at last he stands stiff and motionless, as if petrified, at the dead point. Meanwhile the line of cavalry has drawn bridle, and the bearer of the hawk has put down his head as if in act to kiss the plumed hood. This is only to slacken one tie-band of it, while his right-hand fingers pull the other. As the dog comes to his dead point, off goes the hood, and from the fist held aloft the falcon springs into the air. As she mounts steadily upwards with lusty strokes of her broad wings, she is the only moving thing in the silent scene. The motionless pointer forms the centre of an irregular circle round which she works in her upward journey, now taking a long swing down wind, and again breasting the air with quick, resolute beats of her pointed wings. Every man's eye is upon her, and the only sound heard is the low voice of the falconer begging you "not to hurry her." Up she goes till the streaked bars of her breast and under-plumage become black in one uniform shade; up again till the fine outline of her shape is lost, and only by the buoyancy of her movement and the regular strength of her soaring curves can she be known from lark or swallow. Round and round now like a black speck in the sky she swings with hardly moving wings. She has got to her "pitch"; she is in her "pride of place." Now is the time. Bits and bridles jingle; the heath gives out a hollow thunder as the horsemen dash in, and with a loud shout from them the covey starts up fifty yards from the dog's nose. Now look up. The speck above no longer circles round. It grows blacker and harder to the eye as it glances sideways for a space like a shooting star. A flash comes from it as the sun catches the tip of one wing; and then, in one long oblique line of descent, is seen that marvellous *coup*, the swiftest movement of any living creature, the "stoop" of the true falcon. The accumulated impulse of a fall from a thousand feet brings the pursuing peregrine down within a few yards of the ground, twenty or thirty paces behind the escaping covey. With that tremendous impulse upon her she is going four times as fast as they, although grouse never fly faster than when the falcon is behind. In another second she will rush past them with the whizzing sound of a dozen arrows all together. In one convulsive effort each grouse swerves from the blow. But peregrines can swerve too, and as the pursuer dashes past often a fluff of feathers marks the place of the fatal stroke, and a victim with broken wing or broken back topples headlong over and rolls dead or senseless on to the heather beneath. Sometimes, of course, the "shift" of the grouse is successful, and the baffled peregrine, speeding by without striking her sharp talons into the intended victim, has to shoot up aloft again, raising herself with the momentum, still unexpended, of her first stoop. It will be half a minute or more before she has got to her "pitch" again; and by that time the grouse, with their full pace on them, will be near half a mile away. A second stoop may be more successful, or a third may yet be needed; but, if this fails, the quarry will be pretty sure to have gained a place of safety—the steep side of a burn perhaps, the shelter of tall gorse bushes, or anything that will hide its head from the view of the destroyer. Meanwhile horses gallop, and riders are thrown on the rough ground. The trained hawk, angry but thirsty for blood, gets up again to a new pitch. Beaters are improvised, and every effort is made to turn out the grouse from his retreat. A second flight may again occur, with equally doubtful result; but of all stoops the most dangerous is usually the first, and the main efforts of the experienced falconer are directed to ensuring its success.

To accomplish this what an infinity of pains and patience is needed! Such a falcon as that which has just been described is the product of many weeks of almost incessant care. Her obedience and docility must be combined with boldness and high courage; her keenness for the quarry must be made consistent with that exuberant strength which comes only from high feeding. She must be hungry without being thin, bloodthirsty without being savage, tame without being mean-spirited. A thousand dangers and mischances menace and impede the falconer who ventures on the moors. Ill-conditioned falcons, instead of mounting aloft, will hang about near the ground, at a height from which it is impossible for them to get up with their fast-flying quarry. Others will go aloft indeed, but not in the right place, and will be soaring about at a good height a quarter of a mile to leeward when the grouse get up and, skimming rapidly up-wind, fairly outstrip the best efforts of their enemy. Then comes the whole tribe of troublesome hawks, which "check" at unlawful quarry—which, being sent aloft to "wait on" over the dog, catch sight of a stray rook or wood-pigeon a long way off, and, without more ado, set off in pursuit—only to be recovered, perhaps, by a two-mile ride at full gallop, or by a two-hours' search, or even by a weary trail after them on foot, at daybreak next day. Some peregrines which have made excellent practice at rooks won't take any notice of game, and even refuse to eat a grouse when offered them for dinner. Then you have the youngsters, which are ready enough to fly at game if they could only catch them, but which, by bad luck or stupidity, always have their heads turned the wrong way when the grouse get up, or which don't like the wind or the rain, and, having failed to catch at their first three or four chances, become ill-tempered and wild, and are put by their owners on the list of ne'er-do-weels. Grouse may not be the most intelligent of birds; but they are, at all events, pretty well aware what are their best tactics when a hawk is in the air above them. If this hawk is a wild one, they are usually safe enough; for all they have to do is to sit still and wait till the broad circling sweeps of his easy flight take him far over the horizon. The only chance which a wild hawk has of taking game birds is when some shepherd, or tourist, or sportsman puts them up under him; for, until almost trod upon by some human being, no grouse or partridge in his senses will ever rise of his own accord. With the trained hawk, of course, it is quite another thing. The very object of her "waiting on" over the heads of the men and dog is that they may do for her the important work of flushing the quarry. And even then nature or instinct teaches the youngest grouse his best and most skilful tactics. There is always a time when the falcon, in circling round, has her head turned down wind, and away from the dog. Then is the time to make a bolt for it. And, with a sagacity surprising to see, the golden moment is seized, and a dash is made at best speed for the nearest place of shelter. It is the habit of the grouse when walked up to head down wind, as by this means he gets quicker away. But if a hawk is above, this rule is reversed. Just as the hare has a better chance when going uphill, so the grouse or partridge knows full well that he can go faster up wind as compared with his foe than if he makes to leeward. Consequently the object of the falconer is to make his falcon wait on to windward, and drive the grouse down wind—difficult things to accomplish, unless your pointer is first-rate, and also used to the business.

That hawks should still be trained to kill grouse regularly is thus some credit to their owners, who, in the abundance of shot guns, and in the host of enemies whose hand is against them, find obstacles innumerable, from which their ancestors were free. And the success attained to in late years has been remarkable. There are at least two trained peregrines now alive which have killed over fifty grouse in a single season. These two are both, curiously enough, "eyesses," and not "haggards"—that is to say, they were taken as nestlings from the eyrie, and not captured in the adult state after they had learnt to prey for themselves. Probably there are half a dozen "haggards" or "passage-hawks" which have slain for their masters over thirty in a season. The killing capacity of each kind of hawk—"eyess" or "passage"—depends mainly on the height of the "pitch"; and as, from the spectator's point of view, the beauty of the chase depends on the speed of the stoop, your high-mounting falcon is not only the most deadly, but affords the finest sight. By-the-bye, the "tiercel," or male peregrine, as distinguished from his much larger sister the "falcon," makes no good figure on a moor. Though he, too, can tower in as proud a place as she, neither the weight of his body nor the strength of his talons is sufficient to strike down or clutch so robust and heavy a bird as an old grouse. Clutching, indeed, or, in falconer's phrase, "binding to," the quarry, which is the proper mode of attack against a heron, rook, or kite, is by no means an artistic manœuvre on the moorside. The speed of the flight is so great, and the stroke so sudden and violent, that an attempt to hold on to the victim when struck would almost dislocate the leg of the striker, or at least throw her headlong forward over her prey. Accordingly the disabling blow is usually dealt in passing, with the strong hind talon, which is so trenchant as to break wing, ribs, or back, and even occasionally to decapitate the sufferer. The body of an old grouse, cut over by the falcon's stoop as he went down wind, has been known to strike the heather and bound forty-five feet from it on to the place where the *coup de grâce* was administered by the

victor. Game hawks are rewarded for their exertions, when successful, by being allowed to demolish the head and neck of their quarry; and if by any chance you should happen to dine with a falconer on his moor, you will be edified by seeing his grouse come headless to the table.

THE NATIONAL ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION.

THE Volunteer Artillery do not succeed in attracting the same public attention as their comrades in arms, the Rifle Volunteers; chiefly, perhaps, owing to the fact that they are necessarily smaller in numbers. But the importance of their rôle in case of invasion is, man for man, much greater. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we note that, in spite of the most adverse conditions of weather, the shooting this year has been, on the whole, better than that of previous competitions. The exact value of artillery in modern war has been a subject of controversy of a peculiarly ardent nature during the last few years. And in this particular case this controversy has been embittered, not only by the abolition of some batteries of the Horse Artillery, but also by recent acrimonious discussions, both in the public prints and in the sacred walls of the Royal United Service Institution, between soldiers and sailors. These wrangles, although they may serve an ultimate purpose, and may help to thrash out the problems of complete defence, meanwhile cripple the action of willing Governments. For they produce, first of all, a feeling of doubt in the public mind whether the money, which they are asked to give, will be wisely or uselessly spent. Every one who has ever been connected with the management of any business depending upon engineering skill for its success has been brought face to face with the necessity for deciding on the relative merits of schemes submitted by independent and equally brilliant experts. They are all honestly anxious to further the interests of the concern. They all know their subject within limits. They all wish to do their best by their employers. And yet they tell opposite stories, give opposite opinions, attribute the meanest motives to those who differ from them; in fact, do their best (unconsciously and honestly) to bewilder the judgments of those whom they wish to serve. This sort of thing is bad enough when the decision lies with half a dozen educated men. But, unfortunately, in the case of our defensive armaments it lies, indirectly at least, in the hands of some millions of half-educated men. And it is upon the enthusiasm of the best of these that the existence of our Volunteer force depends.

At the present moment there is a very distinct danger to be feared that the public will indulge in a false security owing to the increase in the navy. The English cannot, as a rule, look all round a subject and form a calm judgment. Whatever side has been presented with ability last forces itself upon our national attention, to the exclusion of other and equally important considerations. The prolonged discussions which arose out of the Naval Defence Bill, the inspection of the fleet by the German Emperor, and the interest excited by the Naval Manœuvres have given colour to the idea that, if we only spend a little more on our fleet, we shall have no need for any other defences at all. And, unfortunately, this idea has been fostered by ill-considered speeches and letters made and written by men who apparently stand in the position of authorities in naval matters. The effect of much that has been said during the last few months must be very discouraging to all Volunteers, and especially to those who belong to the Artillery branch of that service. In fact the only logical conclusion to be drawn is in favour of the absolute disbanding of the whole force. The argument, roughly stated, is that, if we had a perfect fleet, we could never be attacked successfully, and that, therefore, the money spent in land fortification, including garrisons, &c., ought to be spent on ships. The fallacy is ingenious. For no one can deny that, if you live on an island and have an unassailable fleet there, you will not be assailed. But when are we likely to have this perfect fleet? If every penny spent on the army were to be handed over for the next ten years to the navy, should we be nearer the result of a perfect fleet? Is such a thing as an invincible fleet a possibility? It is so on one condition only—that no foreign nations have any ships of war.

That, unless our fleets were either in the Pacific Ocean or beaten, invasion would be a risky game to play, no one can deny, as things stand at present. But the risk would be enormously reduced by the abolition of the Volunteers. It is their existence, in fact, which would enable the fleet to have a comparatively free action. For were they not there, a strong navy would, in time of war, be forced to hang about for purely defensive purposes. It is certain that, at whatever value the Volunteers may be put, they would prevent an enemy taking the first train to Charing Cross, and bivouacking that night in the House of Commons. In other words, the certainty that resistance of an organized character would be offered by a large body of men more or less trained in the use of arms of various kinds, and to a considerable extent accustomed to discipline, would prevent the landing of any but a strong expeditionary force. The difficulties of landing and the dangers of discovery are thus in the first place enormously increased. The progress inland, even if not checked by defeat, would be rendered slow. And meanwhile either by improvising such methods as our vast naval resources suggest, or by recalling distant ships, the local command of the sea might be recovered, and the enemy's line of communications severed.

But, without going further into the detail of this much-vexed question, the point of encouragement for the Volunteer Artillery is this. The organization which they possess, the guns which are now by slow degrees being issued to them, the forts which are being erected for their occupation—all these things are not the work of faddists. Admiral Colomb may write epigrammatic and popular appeals to have the money now being spent on fortifications, guns, and garrisons spent on ships. His statements and his arguments, being plausible, may catch the ear of unthinking persons. But the money is spent on works and men, on a scheme which has the joint sanction of the best naval and military experts in this country, after careful joint consideration. In the opinion of the Admiralty and War Office alike, the Volunteers, or some paid substitute for them, are a necessary part of any national scheme of defence founded on a careful survey of all the political and physical conditions likely to enter into any possible scheme of invasion. Had the plans, as at present worked out, been due only to the Military Intelligence Department, there would have been good reason for attaching great importance to any protest against them from the sailor's point of view. But it is absurd to suppose that the Naval Intelligence Department was so unlike the rest of humanity as not to be slightly biased in favour of its own branch of the services. It would not, therefore, naturally lean in favour of an expensive system of land defence. And yet the training of Volunteer artillery and infantry, the provision of arms, and the construction of forts are part of their scheme. Let Admiral Colomb, if he chooses, raise technical discussions in the proper places. But it is a distinctly unpatriotic action to throw cold water on the enthusiasm of those who are sacrificing time and money to fit themselves for their place in that plan of defence approved by the authorities of his own branch of the service.

It is, therefore, strongly our advice to those artillerymen who earned so thoroughly the praise given by Colonel Nicholson last week not to allow their belief in the importance of their work, and in the necessity for their careful training, to be affected by the careless generalizations of one-sided writers. They may rest assured that their value is fully recognized by those whose responsibility forces them to weigh with minute care all the elements of the problem. And they may be sure that every step forward in the skill which they can only acquire by constant and assiduous training is making them better citizens and more useful soldiers, in view of an actual possibility.

THE RISE IN THE BANK RATE.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount to 4 per cent., and very wisely, for the position was becoming dangerous. The influences acting upon the money market this year have raised the value of money in London earlier than usual, and they are likely to gain strength as the weeks go on. First among those influences is the improvement in trade, which, by augmenting the volume of business being done all over the country, and by raising wages and prices, renders necessary a larger coin circulation throughout the United Kingdom than at times when trade is less active. Holiday-making and harvesting are still further just now drawing upon the supply of money in London, and by-and-bye the usual autumnal demands for the English provinces and for Ireland and Scotland will make themselves felt, and they are likely to be much larger this year than for several years past. In all these ways it may reasonably be assumed that the outflow of coin and notes from London will be so large as very greatly to reduce the reserve of the Bank of England. But that reserve is already so low that a considerable further reduction would raise apprehension in the money market. As we have been explaining, the improvement in trade has drawn very considerably upon the supply of loanable capital in London. And over and above this there has recently been a large export of gold to Paris. If, therefore, the home demand for gold should be increased by a foreign demand, it is feared in the City that the effect upon the money market might be so great as to check the improvement in trade. There are regular demands of various kinds for foreign countries that usually come upon us in the autumn, and of course they will come upon us this year as in the past. They, however, could be met without serious inconvenience, were it not for the danger that special large demands may spring up. On Wednesday gold amounting to 400,000*l.* was withdrawn from the Bank of England for Brazil, and it is reported that more is to follow. Then, again, there is the fear that a large amount may be required by the Argentine Republic. The paper currency is there so greatly depreciated that the Government has for some time past been doing all in its power to attract gold. The Finance Minister has failed, and, in consequence, has resigned office. But his successor, we may be sure, will try new methods, and it is possible that he may be more successful. More serious still is the danger of a large gold drain to New York. Quite recently a considerable amount of gold was sent from New York to London and Paris, and at the same time, owing to a revival in trade throughout the Union, there has been a considerable outflow of coin and notes for the interior. Within the past couple of weeks

harvesting operations have increased greatly this outflow; and, as harvesting becomes general and the crops are being sent to market, the demand for more coin and notes will become more imperative. In consequence of all this the surplus reserve of the New York Associated Banks has fallen below half a million sterling. If the surplus reserve should disappear altogether, the Associated Banks would have to stop lending and discounting. Rates of interest and discount might, in consequence, rise so high in New York that a large demand for gold might spring up in Europe. This week, it is true, the Secretary of the Treasury has been buying bonds very freely. His purchases, it is estimated, will transfer from the Treasury to the market over two millions sterling, and it is to be presumed that he will go on buying as long as the danger of stringency exists. His purchases may so relieve the market as not to render necessary gold imports from Europe. But, on the other hand, they may not be sufficient, and all who are engaged in the London money market must keep this possibility before their minds.

Fortunately there is not at present that over-eager competition in the outside market in London which so often aggravates the danger of such a situation as just now exists. The outflow of coin and notes from London to the provinces which has been going on all through the year has been mainly at the expense of the outside market. Bankers all over the United Kingdom usually keep employed in London the surplus balances which they cannot use profitably in their own districts. When, however, trade becomes more active in their own districts, they immediately order their agents in London to send back to them a portion of these surplus balances. Thus, though the coin is taken out of the Bank of England, it is really taken from the deposits of the outside market. In this way the funds at the disposal of the outside market have been greatly reduced, and they have been still further reduced by the completion of the conversion of Consols. As New Consols are under par, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has not been able to complete conversion by increasing the issue of Two and three-quarters per Cents. He has paid off the Unconverted Three per Cents partly by borrowing from the Bank of England, but very largely by the issue of Treasury Bills and Exchequer Bonds, which have been taken nearly altogether by the outside market. At the present moment the Treasury Bills actually in circulation exceed those in circulation at this time last year by nearly 8½ millions sterling, and a new issue already announced will raise the excess to about 8¾ millions sterling. As we have said, the additional Treasury Bills are being taken chiefly by the outside market, and the money paid for them, therefore, has been transferred from the outside market to the Bank of England. Owing to this and to the drain upon its resources due to the improvement in trade, the outside market is not nearly so well supplied with loanable capital as it usually is, and, therefore, it has not been able to continue the over-keen competition which often defeats the efforts of the Bank of England to raise the value of money in London. On the contrary, the outside market almost immediately followed the lead of the Bank of England when the latter raised its rate of discount from 2½ per cent. to 3 per cent. And in the early part of this week the rate of discount in the outside market was actually higher than the published official minimum rate of the Bank of England. In the expectation that the Bank Directors would on Thursday raise their rate, bill-brokers and discount-houses on the three preceding days had been taking bills either at 3¼ per cent., or sometimes even at as much as 3½ per cent., or else at 3 per cent., coupled with the condition that, if the Bank rate were raised, there would be an additional charge made. This greatly simplifies the task of the Bank of England, for it makes it reasonably certain that the advance of the Bank rate on Thursday will be promptly followed by an advance of the rate in the outside market. In other words, it gives the control of the whole London money market to the Bank of England, and enables the Directors of that institution, therefore, to take whatever measures may be necessary to protect their reserve, by warding off large demands for gold. The only effectual measures which they can adopt are such as will raise the value of money in London high enough to make it profitable for capitalists of every nationality who have money already in London to continue to employ it here, and also to make it profitable for capitalists to bring money from other countries where it is cheaper to London, where it is thus made dearer. And in the present condition of the outside market it is reasonably certain that the Directors of the Bank of England can do this if they act promptly and energetically.

The task of the Bank of England is by no means easy. It has to make the value of money high enough to prevent a large foreign drain of gold, and at the same time not so high as to disturb trade at home. Whether it can do this obviously depends upon the strength of the foreign demand, and the possibility of diverting that demand to some other market. For example, it is possible that, if there were to be a serious crisis either in Buenos Ayres or in New York, gold might be taken from London, if it could not be obtained anywhere else, even though the Bank of England rate were 5 per cent. As regards Buenos Ayres, he would be a bold man who would venture a very confident opinion as to what may happen. But respecting New York there seems little danger of a serious crisis. The United States' Treasurer, who speaks with exceptional authority, is reported to have said on Tuesday that a crisis is not to be apprehended, that the banks everywhere outside New York are stronger than usual, and have fewer bad and doubtful debts. In New York, it is true, the banks' reserves are very low; but then the Secretary of the Treasury can increase their funds very largely. Even after paying out a couple of millions sterling for the bonds bought this week, he ought to have about 2½ millions sterling still at his disposal, and presumably he can increase that sum by the issue of silver certificates. The transfer of four or five millions sterling from the Treasury to the market may not be sufficient to prevent high rates of interest and discount, or to prevent a demand for European gold. But it ought to be sufficient to prevent a crisis. Turning now to the second point, the possibility of obtaining gold elsewhere than in London, we would observe that the Bank of France holds more than 50 millions sterling of the metal, over 9 millions sterling more than it held at this time last year. Obviously it could part with several of those millions without inconvenience to itself or danger to any French interest. The foreign demand, then, may be diverted from London to Paris by prompt and efficient action on the part of the Directors of the Bank of England. There would still, of course, remain the home demand, which is expected to be very large this year. That demand, however, being prompted by trade requirements, will not inconvenience trade, and it is to be recollected that the stoppage of the issue of new half-sovereigns, and the increased issue of silver coins, will tend to some extent at least to diminish the pressure upon the London market. If the 4 per cent. rate is made at once effective, and if it attracts much gold from Paris, it may not be necessary to do more till October. But if gold does not come from abroad, and the danger of foreign demands continues, measures ought at once to be taken to strengthen the Reserve. Any hesitation now will make the difficulty greater by-and-bye.

MUSKETRY INSTRUCTION IN INDIA.

THE retention of fire-control over sections and groups of men, even when advancing to the attack, is the great unsolved question of modern battle tactics. Fire-discipline is becoming more and more the military problem of the day. And, so far, we fear that but little progress is being made in England towards its solution. True, the Hythe musketry regulations have been simplified and improved of late years, and a really excellent chapter on Tactics as influenced by fire has been transcribed from the works of Captain Mayne into the new infantry drill-book; but this is not enough, and, as far as practical results are concerned, we appear to remain very much at a standstill. For at an Aldershot field-day do we not continue to see battalions going through the form of an attack, although no definite objective has been pointed out to them by their commanding officers, whilst company and section leaders aggravate the evil by giving their men the most varied and scattered marks on which to fire? Do we not still perceive the men themselves entering into the general unreal spirit of the proceedings, and not only failing to adjust their sights carefully to the named distances, but too often contenting themselves with the delivery of those ragged volleys which, in so far as injury to the enemy is concerned, are merely so much ammunition thrown away?

But there is balm in Gilead. Our military advisers are, when released from the petrifying influences of Hythe, quite capable of developing a real originality in matters of musketry instruction. Captain C. B. Mayne, R.E., a second edition of whose valuable work on Infantry Fire-tactics we recently reviewed at some length, has given us an admirable *résumé* of the work of others in this field; and, although he has not gone beyond general principles in his own deductions, and has refrained from formulating any precise recommendations for our guidance, he has yet shown us, all too conclusively, how much we have to learn. And now, in the latest Indian papers, there appears an order by Sir Frederick Roberts, sanctioning a really original departure, whereby the annual musketry course of the native army, hitherto modelled upon that of the British soldier, is modified with an object, or rather with a series of objects, which we cannot do better than quote:—

I. To afford increased opportunities of practice to officers and all subordinate section-leaders in the control and intelligent direction of fire.

II. To train the men, as a body, to deliver with precision and effect rapid collective fire, with as small a sacrifice of proficiency in individual marksmanship as possible.

III. A closer assimilation between practices executed by the soldier in peace-time and the actual conditions of field service.

IV. Reduction of the range work now executed by officers' of the native army.

V. Simplification of musketry returns and consequent diminution of clerical labour.

Such objects are certainly well worth striving for, and we believe that the revised musketry course in question has in a great measure secured them to the native army of India. The great feature of the scheme lies in the increased importance which it gives to collective or battle practices, together with their entire separation from practices intended merely for instruction in individual marksmanship. If we compare the revised Indian course with the present English system, we shall see that the rock upon which Hythe has split is its weak compromise between exercises for drill and for actual battle, as a consequence of which drill practices are much less instructive than they might be; whilst

battle practices are limited to a certain number of the field practices only. Instruction should be as simple as possible, and nothing beyond a lesson in straight shooting under favourable circumstances should, as a rule, be attempted. Therefore the target should be large and conspicuously marked with a black bull's-eye, in order that the recruit or soldier may see exactly the point he must endeavour to hit, and exactly the amount and direction of his error. The Indian target is of the Wimbledon pattern, and is excellently adapted to this purpose. On the other hand, the target introduced by Hythe purports to represent a human being, which gives the soldier no definite point to distinguish, so that, as it is impossible for him to aim at the precise centre of the object, it becomes extremely difficult for him to trace the exact cause of his deviation therefrom. It has already been noted that the home army has no battle practices beyond certain of the field practices which are common to both the British and native army, in so far as the smaller amount of ammunition granted to the latter permits them to practise. But it is the introduction by the Indian authorities of the new collective battle practices as a part of the regular course carried out on the rifle range which constitutes the great difference between the two systems. This portion of the training of the native army is to have special importance attached to it, and it consists of section volleys, rapid section volleys, and rapid independent practices, which begin at 800 yards and terminate at 200 yards. The target represents a parapet or shelter-trench covered with smoke, and is painted khaki or dust colour, a narrow band being left white at the top to serve the double purpose of making the object clearly distinguishable and causing the men to aim low. For, as hits upon the white count nothing, the orders that aim must be taken with a full sight at the bottom of the target will necessarily be obeyed. The practice is, in fact, thoroughly realistic, and its results count in the figure of merit by which the position of a regiment as regards proficiency in shooting is to be determined. An important point much insisted upon by Sir Frederick Roberts is that the method of aiming until now alone recognized is thoroughly unsuited for purposes of collective fire. It is pointed out that exercises of this description require a quick aim, retention of aim, and instantaneous action on the word "Fire!" the reason given being that "it is outside the power of the individual to determine at what uncertain moment he may be called upon to release the trigger. For if, at the word 'Fire!' he has not yet settled his aim, or, having settled it, has lost it; or if, through force of habit, he has pulled the trigger without orders on first acquiring aim, a loss of power and effect will be the inevitable consequence. The last error is especially pernicious, as it has been conclusively proved in practice that the premature fire of one man will vitiate the general results in a degree altogether out of proportion to his own good or bad shooting. In fact, individual accuracy cannot compensate for a 'ragged' volley, and in those collective practices, the importance of which is now being insisted on, exactitude of aim must always be subservient to punctuality in obedience to the word of command." Fire-discipline, on the other hand, demands all this on the part of the men, combined with a complete decentralization of command on behalf of the subordinate leaders; and we are not sure that the very best part of the course now under review does not lie in the fact that it provides practice in peace-time for those native officers—havildars and naiks—who alone, and it may almost be said unaided, must perforce carry out the work of fire-control in the last and decisive phase of the actual battle.

Considerable as have been the advances recently made in England, they do not include anything of this sort. Here we are still groping away at individual marksmanship, with its precise, pottering aim, and very slow, gradual pressure of the trigger, not seeing that such methods are inapplicable to collective fire and absolutely antagonistic to that fire-discipline which we all profess to have so much at heart. Hythe may succeed in training a large proportion of soldiers to fire accurately at the black coffin on a background of snow which passes for a "figure target"; but it is doing nothing to increase the fire-discipline of the army. This, it may be added, will never be learnt upon ordinary field-days, when blank ammunition gives no opportunity whereby section commanders may judge of the practical results of their directions and commands. Besides this great variation in the principle upon which the revised course is to be conducted, there are several minor modifications introduced therein which we are inclined to consider useful and practical. One of these is the substitution of percentages for averages as a gauge of merit. The advantage is obvious, for at a glance any one can tell the shooting value of a practice if it is put down as a percentage, whereas under the existing system this can only be ascertained by a comparison between the average and the highest possible score, a piece of information not always available.

Judging distance has also been remodelled upon a more reasonable basis, and only section commanders, men likely shortly to rise to that position, and a few private soldiers who have shown a special aptitude for this part of their training, are henceforth to be exercised. The time thus economized may, it seems, be profitably devoted to making the small number attending the drill actually, instead of partially, efficient; and whatever our system of fire-discipline may be, it is certain that henceforth the bulk of a regiment will have no occasion to judge distances for themselves, except at those final phases when a fixed sight covers all the intervening ground. Space does not admit of our taking up any of the other points raised in these important instructions, but we are sure enough has here been said to induce those who are interested in fire-discipline and musketry to study the matter for themselves.

AMONG THE DUST OF EMPIRES.

He who on the dawn of a brilliant day in May finds himself on the summit of the great upland plains which roll their sweeping slopes of green towards the valley of the Tigris will see at Samarra the bourne of such pilgrims as may have been left sleeping in the Khan at the little town of Beled. In the dim morning hours such a traveller will have passed many a crumbling ruin of the good old times of the Beni Abbas, rising ghostly and silent on the desolate hills. Soon he arrives at the massive arches of the beautiful bridge Harba, with its inscription in old Kufic cut in high relief across the line of arches on each face of the bridge. There are not many remains of Abbaside magnificence left in this war-trodden region; and none which speaks so eloquently of the golden prime of Islam as the bridge which survives in solitary beauty in the midst of the desert. The glorious, undulating plain is traversed by the ruins of old canals, straight and endless lines reaching from one horizon to the other. Their waters came from the Tigris in its deep valley below the plateau, and they testify to an astonishing amount of engineering skill and expenditure of labour in their construction. Across the plateau runs the line of the old Median wall, which extends almost due south from the Tigris above the ruins of Opis, and rests at its southern extremity upon the great canal of Saklāwiyeh, at the ruins of the sacred Babylonian city of Sipphara, a length of just fifty miles from river to river. The Arabs call it Sad-un-Nimrud, or Nimrod's embankment. He is the father of all that is great, or strange, or ancient in this country unto this day. The broad, forsaken plains lie bare and burning under the blazing sun. The heated air grows tremulous, and the refracted rays have lifted the far horizon between earth and sky so that a vast and shining sea seems spread between. Far down the slope to the north a distant tower stands lonely, and lofty, and prominent. Turn aside to explore, and you find an ancient and solitary Masjid perched on the very crown of the bluffs facing the deep valley of the Tigris. What a place of prayer on that lonely height when the cry went sounding over the depths, *La Illāh ill-Allāh!* No call to prayer is heard now, for there is none to heed it. The stupendous excavation of an ancient canal, cleft deep and clean through the rocky hills, shows the painful labour of toiling human hands. But where is the race that once filled these barren deserts with the hum of busy life? The wanderers rejoin their lagging beasts at the entrance of a great ruined city. For the greater part of an hour one may ride through the broad central street from one gate to another. The walls lie four-square, flanked by frequent bastions; the bricks have weathered to solid masses of clay as hard as stone; and nothing is left above ground by which the hasty traveller might hazard a conjecture as to name or date of that great silent city. It is known among the Arabs by the name of Istabilāt, and lies on the verge of the plateau. Away in the distance the Tigris shone like a thread of silver laid on the misty plain, and the golden domes and minarets of Samarra rose glittering through the mellow haze on the further shore. Down on the river bank, where one rests in a peasant's hut, a struggling and vociferating troop of Persian pilgrims crowd into the boats until the gunwale is level with the rushing stream, and the brawny Arab boatmen with much strenuous effort bring their living freight safely to shore at a point half a mile lower down the river.

Samarra is the spot (according to Shiah tradition) where the twelfth Imām rests securely in his secret place until the time when he shall appear as the conquering Mahdi and lead the hosts of Islam to victory and dominion. To Gentiles it has a deeper interest as being the place where, fifteen centuries ago, the Emperor Julian fell mortally wounded by a Persian arrow. Six centuries later it was the capital of the Beni Abbas Khalifs of Baghdad, and the great Moorish gateway to the north of the town is about all that is left of the Palace of Motassam Billāh, the eighth despot of that dynasty. Three years before the visit we are describing our travellers had ridden for hours through the vast extent of ruins which line the Tigris bank, and had wondered at the utter desolation that had come to pass where the Arabs have named the land *Sarrá man rá*, Samarra, or, "the heart of him rejoiced that beheld it." The riders rested with the dull and kindly peasants. They knew nothing of, and cared nothing for, the forgotten glories of their race and name, and but dimly felt or hoped a way out of present toil and trouble. Meanwhile the stranger's gifts were tangible and certain, and he was therefore welcome.

On the morrow the travellers rode due north, and passed in the grey dawn the crumbling ruins of the Abbaside Palace of Ashik, or "Love's Abode." They came down to the Tigris bank again, where was an encampment of Dthalem Arabs, and spent the burning mid-day hours under the black tents. Opposite on the further shore was the white dome of Imām Dura, the tomb of some old Moslem saint—an ancient place, for Polybius tells us of the fortified town of Dura as playing a part in the wars of Antiochus against the Medes and Persians. Somewhere about here Jovian brought the broken and harassed remnant of the

Roman army across the river, on the fifth day after the death of Julian. And it must have been hard by that the ten thousand Greeks, abandoned and betrayed a thousand miles from their native shore, set out with such dauntless courage on that march which lives for ever in the pages of Xenophon. Some have told us that this was the spot where Nebuchadnezzar raised the golden image which he "set up in the plain of Dura in the province of Babylon." It may be so; names often cling for ever in these countries, where Arabic succeeded Babylonian, sister tongues of one family. What bygone ages live in this tract of desert, where a few nomads pitch their tents! The Arabs will give you of what they have to give—sour milk, a little butter and cheese; but the great busy world of to-day comes not near them, or touches them hardly closer than the remote ages among the dust of which they dwell. That evening the old town of Takrit lay before the party, perched on the steep and rugged bank of the old river. Darkness was closing over the lonely and silent desert, and the town seemed dark and silent as the grave. The Arab hostess of three years before rose up hastily, with wondering ejaculations of welcome, and let her guests enter the courtyard, where they rested with great content under the open sky. Nothing was changed. It is here that "changes never come," and if that be an element of bliss this country ought to be blessed. Takrit is the birthplace of Saladin, and had a bishop of the Christian Church of the East for long ages, whose throne was set up in the church the ruins of which still stand on the border of the rocky ravines just outside the town. The party arrived, worn and weary, at close of day, to ride out again into the stony desert at dead of night.

And now the first breath of the refreshing *khamsin* was wafted across the path from the north; at first a breath, steady and persistent, stirring the heated air; then a breeze, which blew with strong and steady force across the face of the desert, driving the dust in long, low-lying clouds and yellow columns, which went scudding and whirling over the bare mounds and along the winding valleys. The sonorous Arabic of the poet's satire rose to the mind as the storm-driven desert dust lashed spitefully at faces and eyes:—

> Sad remnant of a race are we, and wear
> Upon our brows the marks of cruel fate,
> Outworn with toil, with feeble feet we fare,
> Like men who at the wine do tarry late.
> Shelter we sought within a place of prayer,
> The tempest drave us forth with angry gust,
> And all around us, whirled from everywhere,
> Spread blackest pall of desert sand and dust.
> No place, my friends, for such as we to stay,
> So pack the beasts and start while yet 'tis day;
> Nor wonder that the winds are rude, for they
> But give the greeting every guest receives that comes by
> Siwār's way!

Siwār was a Persian, and Mutanabbi had cause to remember the churlishness of the race. Down on the river-side meadows of Karnina the Jabburs gave the travellers the more hospitable Arab welcome whereon they made themselves at home in the Sheikh's tent, and for the remainder of the day sat on the ground in the centre of a great crowd of Arabs. These simple folk respond readily enough to the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Next day the Sheikh rode with the party, who turned their backs on the Tigris and began again to ascend the desolate plateau. To the left a rolling plain, on the right the rugged precipices and gorges of the Mākhul range, a continuation of the Hamrin range on the other side of the river which foams and roars in the rocky channel between. From the summit of the white and burning rocks that overhang the little oasis of Belalidj one looked for the distant towers of Al Hathr westward across the desert, and could just distinguish the faintest outline of the ruined walls. But the summer heat was too advanced to risk the long detour through a waterless desert to reach the solitary and mysterious ruins of the old Parthian city. Then came the crossing of the mouth of the Valley of Hell, Wadi Jahannam named of the Arabs, and there was haste to escape from the glare and heat of the naked glittering rocks in that ill-omened gorge. The Jabbur Sheikh led the way through precipitous ravines to the bed of the Tigris valley. But the mules were lost to view, and, after long scanning the horizon from the summit of a rocky pinnacle, one saw them like specks in the distance wending their own way to Sherghat, and who knows what prowling bands of Badawin may be lying in wait among the solitary mounds? "To Sherghat, O Sheikh, as hard as you can go; look out for Shammars, and intercept that fool of a muleteer if there be danger!" Away dashed the Sheikh down rock and ravine. Soon he stood out in relief against the sky on the top of the great mound and waved his spear, his signal that the coast was clear, then disappeared on his way to meet the mules. The others followed, and rested under the shadow of the wall of Sheikh Fartan's fort awaiting the caravan. Utter silence and solitude brooded over thirty centuries of desolation.

The great mound rises in massive terraces of brick above the Tigris, a hoary monument of almost fabulous antiquity and the days when Nimrod went forth into Asshur and builded Nineveh. The ruins may be those of Asshur (Gen. x. 11, margin), or possibly of Calah; the Arabic name of Kalaah Sherghāt may be a distant echo of either name. The mound slopes towards the Tigris; and behind, fronting the plain, the walls of brick rise up sheer, enormous, Titanic—huge square bricks, each one a load for a man. High up on the summit of the mound is a tower, in which a dark, narrow, vaulted passage has been uncovered; and all round the tower are huge heaps and excrescences that cover who knows what secret chambers and treasure-houses of primeval lore and legend in sculptured stone and graven marble. The party camped in the shadow of the mountain of brick, and realized, more than among the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, the vast resources of naked human strength at command of these giant builders of old and the daring might of that towering ambition the tragic story of which is so briefly told. "Go to, let us make brick and burn them throughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar. And they said Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven: and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." That night a soaking, drizzling rain covered the surface of the desert with a sodden, sticky coating of mud. It seemed best to creep into a thicket of low bushes, and clear a space for a fire. But the dripping brushwood would not burn, and there was nothing for it but to sit shivering in wet rugs and waiting for day. At an Arab encampment further on, a halting-place during a frightful downpour of rain, there was a sudden alarm of prowling Shammars, and every man rose up from his place with gun or spear; there was a rush to horse, and away went the Arabs at headlong speed in the direction of the grazing camels. They returned across the plain, driving the camels before them with whoop and yell and waving of spears, wheeling and circling on their sure-footed little steeds. They drew up at last at the Sheikh's tent, which soon held the usual idle, gossiping, curious, coffee-drinking crowd. The Sheikh, a fine, stalwart young Arab, rode in company through the lovely slopes and hollows of the Wādi Kasab, or Valley of Reeds. The air was heavy with the sulphurous odour of the "slime pits," deep hollows in the desert filled with pitchy black bitumen.

Crossing the rugged verge of the plateau again, where from the crest of the ridge the broad Assyrian plains rolled away beneath, and in the background beyond the river the mountains of Assyria rose in terraced masses, our party gets down to the Tigris Valley once more. Across the river the great mound of Nimrud rises out of the level, one more of the buried cities of that old world whose beginnings were at Babel; the crumbling ruins of whose pride and magnificence have yielded their long-buried lore, to tell those of our own day what sort of men they were who raised these gigantic structures, how great, relentless, fierce, and proud, and bloody, until God's wrath fell upon them, and scattered them and their pride with the desert dust that is blown about their forgotten graves. The rude hovels of Hammām Ali, clustered at the foot of another great mound that hangs sheer over the river, were haunted by a wretched company, whom misery and disease and poverty had brought to the hot sulphur baths, in hope of relief or of alms. Later on, when the autumn heat has scorched the white streets of Mosul until they flame and glow with the breath of a fiery furnace, the jaded townsfolk will gather here to the cooler air of the desert and open river, and bathe themselves in the black and steaming waters of the hot springs, just as, doubtless, the old Ninevites used to come in the far-off centuries. One can picture the curled and jewelled Assyrians of the city, their brawny limbs relaxed and languid from the steaming bath, lounging on those breezy terraces that overhang the broad reach of their noble river. To-day a guard of half a dozen ill-clad and unpaid Turkish soldiers exact a grudging tribute on behalf of their Government from all who come to try the healing virtue of the hot springs.

At last, on the morrow, one looks down on a scene which might well repay the weary traveller for days and nights of desert toil. There lie the great mounds of Nineveh, and there is Mosul shut up within its encircling walls. Between the desolate mounds of the Assyrian city and the walls and minarets of the Moslem town the Tigris rolls its rapid flood, unchanged, unceasing, as it rolled in the dawn of history, when the sons of Noah began to get themselves a name upon the earth. Eastward across the scene the rocky range of the Jabal Maklub, with its Syrian convent of Mār Mati, shuts in the Assyrian plains, and eastward and northward the higher range of the Kurdistan mountains rises up peak beyond peak against the heaven of blue. Of Nineveh, buried and wellnigh forgotten, these huge mounds bear not a record on their crumbling surface. The bowels of them have yielded their treasures; but to read the tale they have to tell you must seek the sculptured record on the walls of modern galleries by the distant Thames. Ruin lies piled upon ruin in this land at every step. The dust of crumbling empires is blown about by every breeze; the sadness of desolation is in the air and weighs upon the spirits; one can almost hear "the wild beasts cry in their desolate houses and dragons in their pleasant palaces." One might say that even "the common law of Asiatic dynasties, the unceasing round of valour, greatness, discord, degeneracy, and decay," was at last played out, and that the sterile soil, unfit to nourish a valiant race, bore only the encumbering growth of humanity run to seed. This was the spot whence the great Zenghi, his greater son Nur-ud-din, and Salāh-ud-din, probably of the same great race, went forth to retrieve the fortunes of Islam, and shed a lustre even over the brood of the Osmānli which seven centuries have not dimmed. Nineveh, it seems, was yet the mother of heroes. Twelve hundred years ago, too, what a stirring and awakening among the old Assyrian heaps when Heraclius met the Persian hordes of Chosroes, and long before that brief December day had closed the Persian host fell shattered to pieces before the might of Rome, and the name of Nineveh flashed out

once more from the darkness of forgotten ages! But desolation is in her thresholds. Only the strong hand of an imperial race, determined to make and to hold a peaceful empire secure from plunder and oppression among the shattered wreck and ruin of plundered Asia, can restore peace and plenty to wasted lands such as these. The highway to India lies through these regions; who holds Western Asia holds a gate to conquest or to power in lands in which, if she is wise, England will suffer no meddling with her destiny.

AN ILL-ADVISED GOVERNOR.

A SOMEWHAT elaborate review of the whole subject by Lord Herschell, and a statement by Lord Cross in the Upper House, on Wednesday, mark the termination of a protracted scandal in Bombay, which will certainly not enhance the reputation of the Governor of that Presidency. Lord Cross, indeed, was obliged to qualify his official commendation of the Governor's general administration by admitting that he had been ill advised in one particular course. Ill advised was, perhaps, a more felicitous expression than the speaker intended; for Lord Reay seems to have had some evil genius at his elbow to whisper perverse counsels to him at every turn. The history of the whole business is a good example of how a Governor, even if he is actuated by the highest motives, ought not to do things. And Lord Reay undoubtedly displayed considerable moral courage and independence in attacking Mr. Crawford—a high official who enjoyed great prestige and popularity. After a preliminary blunder as to the mode of procedure to be directed against Mr. Crawford, a strong Commission was appointed by the Government of India to inquire into the case. The report of the Commission fully justified Lord Reay in having moved in the matter. It disclosed a state of things existing round Mr. Crawford which could not have grown up but for his reckless impecuniosity, and Mr. Crawford was removed from the service—a decision which no one has questioned. But the Commission exonerated Mr. Crawford from the charge of personal corruption. And the Government of Bombay had got it into their heads that somehow or other Mr. Crawford was blacker than he was painted and personally corrupt. Instead, therefore, of accepting the Commission's Report, the very ill-advised Governor immediately proceeded to retry the finding in an academical armchair manner; a measure which not only revolted the ordinary British dislike of seeing a man trampled on when he is down, and exposed Lord Reay to an unfortunate suspicion of vindictiveness against Mr. Crawford, but also argued little respect for the Commission, or for the superior authority which he had solicited to appoint it. However, the Bombay Government had in the end to learn the impropriety of exceeding their functions, but not until a good deal of bad blood had been excited.

Naturally, therefore, the outcry was all the louder when it dawned upon people that, in order to secure evidence against Mr. Crawford, the Government had entered into some very questionable engagements. Native officials had been induced to come forward and acknowledge the giving of bribes to one Hanmatrao, who represented himself as Mr. Crawford's agent in selling official patronage, by a promise of immunity from the results of their disclosures. And it appeared that this immunity did not mean pecuniary compensation or guarantee against a criminal prosecution, but the actual retention of the offices which in certain cases they confessed to have obtained by corruption. It was obvious that the continued enjoyment of office by these discreet gentlemen was entirely opposed to every principle and maxim of English policy. Their removal was at once demanded; but Lord Reay either could not or would not see the justice of the demand. There was no knowing where things would have drifted to, when, just at this juncture, as an Elizabethan dramatist or Mr. Browning might have said, "in steps me Law." Legal proceedings being instituted against one of the peccant native officials, a judge of the High Court, Mr. Jardine, was obliged to remind the Bombay Government that a well-known statute of George III., which had been specially extended to India, absolutely prohibited the continuance in office of any official convicted of corrupt trafficking. The reminder must have been unpleasant for an ill-advised Governor, who presumably must have entirely overlooked the statute in question. Indeed, the Bombay Government appear to have stoutly contested the evident applicability of the statute to India; but we gather from Lord Cross's statement that the Home Government can have had no doubts on the matter. Here, then, was an awkward position. The Government of Bombay had pledged itself to keep certain officials in their places, and the said officials were disabled by statute from remaining in employment.

If, then, the Bombay Government were not to be entirely thrown over, and it must exercise a very bad effect for any Government in India to break its pledges, some expedient had to be devised to reconcile its undertakings as far as possible with the statute. The Indian Secretary accordingly announced to the House that he means to steer a middle course. Those officials in the Crawford case who confessed to gross and palpable bribery are to go. There is no help for it. But those who did—and, as Lord Herschell pointed out, a large number undoubtedly did—pay bribes under extreme pressure, in order to avoid the supersession or degradation with which they were menaced or fancied they were menaced, are to be more leniently treated. They are to be declared not to come within the scope of the statute at all. The arrangement is not altogether a satisfactory one, and involves a certain straining of the law. But it is the only way of getting over the difficulty, and must be thankfully accepted as closing a disagreeable incident.

REVIEWS.

A REVIVED POET.*

IN one of his novels Mr. Walter Besant draws a poet who tried, and failed, some time in the Fifties, and who lingers on, not trying in public any more. Somebody, to please this poet, intercalates a sham page of laudatory notice in a copy of the *Saturday Review*, and the good-natured trick is successful. Mr. Gerald Massey tried, as a poet, some time ago, and perhaps it would not be unfair to say that he succeeded about as much as the other minor poets—that is, not very much. But now he is revived, and in two neat pocket volumes of his "Lyrical Life." We sincerely wish that we could praise him as heartily as the sham *Saturday Review* praised Mr. Besant's minstrel. But we are compelled to admit that Mr. Massey's two volumes leave us with the most profound esteem for his heart, but not with a very high opinion of the distinction of his genius. It might be unfair or unkind to say that Mr. Massey reminds us of an inoffensive and amiable Mr. Robert Buchanan. There is, however, the same fluency, the same mastery of the manifest, the same ease in the obvious, the same sort of creditable approach to success. But it is all infinitely more amiable and suave and kindly, so that we really like Mr. Massey's Muse, and are confident that she often brings pleasure and consolation.

Mr. Massey innocently furnishes the critic with a prose preface about himself and his works and ideas. Fun might be made of this preface with its artless complacency. But this industry of fun-making is really too easy work. Mr. Massey informs the world and the ages that he is English to the heart core, which is true, and that he was a Home Ruler (like Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and the rest) thirty years ago. He also explains that "his faith in future life is based on facts in nature," by which we understand him to mean spiritual manifestations. He "has ample testimony that his poems have done welcome work, if only in helping to destroy the tyranny of death." This is a large triumph, and we congratulate Mr. Massey. He adds that, in spite of this really remarkable achievement, "I see myself referred to at times as a poet who has not fulfilled the promise of his early work!" (The note of exclamation is Mr. Massey's.) How unkind! and who has been thus referring to Mr. Massey? It cannot have been the *Saturday Review*, which is quoted as a journal that praises Mr. Massey's "rising strength and indomitable vigour." Mr. Massey cannot say *we* did it. With a certain genial indiscretion Mr. Massey publishes an extract, which we are rather sorry to read, from a private letter of Mr. Matthew Arnold's. Mr. Massey might leave that form of advertisement to another class of artists; the letter was probably not meant for publication. However, we are lingering too fondly over Mr. Massey's advertisements and his preface, in which he speaks of Woman's Suffrage and kindred matters.

As to Mr. Massey's verse, it is almost anything that is good; but, as a rule, is not often poetry. Why it is not poetry most critical readers will feel, and it might be a useful exercise to put the feeling into explicit words. Take *Babe Christabel*, in the metre of *In Memoriam*: it is full of pretty things. For instance, the mother of the child is written about in this way:—

> How she had throbbed with hopes and fears,
> And strained her inner eyes till dim,
> To see the expected glory swim
> Through the rich mist of happy tears.

This is pleasingly stated; but the swimming glory and the rich mist of happy tears are Tennyson at second hand.

> All night, beneath the cottage eaves,
> A lonely light, with tremulous Arc,
> Surged back a space the sea of dark,
> And glanced among the shimmering leaves.

Pastiche! But the original owner of rich mists of happy tears would scarcely have said

> They never saw a wee white shroud,
> Nor guessed how flowers will mask the grave.

The "wee" shroud is a wrong note, and the flowers masking the grave are an example of the most ordinary commonplace. And so it is throughout. The sentiments are excellent and kindly; the versification is fair and fluent, but the metaphors are a little mixed; the ideas are outworn, "common is the commonplace." Yet it is highly probable that verse on this level does charm and console people whom higher poetry can hardly reach; and, so far, the work deserves esteem, and from its admirers gratitude. "Cousin Winnie," as it is more familiar, and does not aim so high and has not a manifest original, is really a better piece. Mr. Massey's allegorical strains, such as "The Youth and the Angel," with the lady who was "lip-luscious," are not all devoid of platitude of the honest Teutonic variety. An angel took a walk with

* *Gerald Massey's Poems.* London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

a young man, the youth's taste was offended by a dead dog, and the angel's by the lady who was lip-luscious, and had delicate tinkling feet.

Turning from domestic sentiment (in which, we think, he is most at home) Mr. Massey writes about ancient Egypt, a topic which he has also treated with more energy, we think, than judgment or scholarship in prose:—

> Strike the Ap-Ap monster breathless, break his bones, in pieces hew
> The coils he rings them with who voyage to the Aah-en-Ru.

Old Egypt, like new Egypt, brings us little luck in poetry as in politics. In one honest song of kindly feeling Mr. Massey shows very much better than in his unprovoked assault on the Ap-Ap monster:—

> We just shake hands at meeting
> With many that come nigh;
> We nod the head in greeting
> To many that go by,—
> But welcome through the gateway
> Our few old friends and true;
> Then hearts leap up, and straightway
> There's open house for you.
> Old Friends,
> There's open house for you!

Indeed, the less ambitious Mr. Massey is; the more he speaks from the heart, not the head, and the more briefly he speaks the more he attains true, though not lofty, poetry. There are echoes of more sweet and powerful verses here and there, as in this:—

> Ay, 'tis a tale of olden
> Time, long long ago;
> When the world was in its golden
> Prime, and love was lord below.
>
> [*Banners, yellow, glorious, golden*
> *On its roof did float and flow;*
> *This, all this was in the olden*
> *Time, long ago.*
>
> Mr. Massey is beholden,—
> Much,—to Edgar Allan Poe!]

But Poe would never, in a song entitled "My Love," have observed that the lady was

> Just a wee bit sly.

This is just a wee bit wanting in taste, not to speak of dignity. In fact, Mr. Massey is too fond of wee shrouds, wee bits, wee graves, wee wifies, and other phrases endearing in the sacred intimacies of home, but unworthy of the Muse. He is no Tahureau, and even Tahureau abused diminutives.

Mr. Massey has a national note in his lyre. He appears to have been at Sydney when the Australians volunteered for service in the Soudan. It was not their fault that they had little or no chance of proving their mettle. They have, of course, been denounced as "Jingoes" by people who hold some of Mr. Massey's political opinions. His own heart, as usual, is in the right place:—

> The life-streams of the Mother
> Through all her youngsters run,
> And brother stands by brother,
> To die with one another,
> All ready and all one!

Mr. Massey says with perfect truth that he is true English, and he has written some stirring songs for England:—

> In words she wasteth not her breath,
> But be the trumpet blown,
> And in the Battle's dance of death
> She'll dance the bravest down.

So may it be; but it is hardly correct to say that "in words she wasteth not her breath." Mr. Massey's "Poems for Christie" contain, among many pleasant domestic pieces, a curious visionary tale, "The Nabob's Double," too long to quote, but well worth reading. Many of his brief pieces have a happy concentration, as this on the "Souls of Animals":—

> Such look of an immortal likeness, springs
> At times into the eyes of dear dumb things,
> As if Hereafter we must recognize
> The Unknown Life that knew us in their eyes.

He sees not only the soul in animals, but the good in Tom Sayers, and he recognized in Mr. Thackeray the man

> Large-hearted, brave, sincere, compassionate.

In fact, Mr. Massey has a thousand claims on our sympathy, even if we cannot believe in the sublime of his long poems, such as his "Tale of Eternity." On his political poems it is as well not to write, for politics will colour criticism of poems political. Mr. Massey has a piece called "A Reviewer Reviewed," in which he declares himself "quite content with critical half and half." It is a modest frame of mind, and almost unexampled among poets. They usually want nothing but nectar "or ambrosial dew." Critical half and half, in the native pewter, is not at all beyond what Mr. Massey deserves, and it may even be trusted that he will sometimes be refreshed with some richer and rarer beverage. At all events, he does not seem to be a water-drinking bard. In a piece on the death of Mr. Russell, the editor of the *Scotsman*, he says:—

> Walhalla! rise and welcome him
> Across the Braga-beaker's rim;
> And, that his glory may be full,
> Brim high some water-drinker's skull.

NOVELS.*

THE MILROYS ought to have come out in a ladies' journal; for the descriptions of how the different characters are "gowned" would be a valuable addition to the columns on dress. Woman's work is not depicted on a very formidable scale; it is the work done by three charming young ladies, one of whom rejoices in a "swelte" figure, and it consists of decorative painting and novel-writing. Their poverty (for they work for their bread) is of the picturesque kind, and means wearing tea-gowns and "Liberty-blue wrappers," and being waited on by a devoted retainer, who hands round afternoon tea in livery. They settle down in a village which is of the Cranford type, as it might seem in a nightmare, where they shock some of the inhabitants and dazzle others by their ways. The Vicar is much pleased with them, and pronounces that "they are ladies every one; no need to look for the hall-mark." Mr. Besant, in his letter accepting the dedication of the book, hopes that "it may be a work of education and help." We fear it will not be either the one or the other; for, though a great many platitudes are aired about women working for themselves and "adopting one special line—it matters not what the line may be, whether house decoration, journalism, or plain sewing, provided it is the best of its kind"—the young ladies with the hall-mark, who are supposed to exemplify this truth, are all of the highly ornamental type, and their chief work in life is selecting husbands from among their numerous suitors. The youngest girl, who is always called Baby, even refuses a lord. It is true he talks more like a chemist's assistant; but he is the owner of broad acres. If the style and taste, not to speak of the matter, of the book leave much to be desired, we can heartily recommend it for the number of quotations from Shakspeare. There are at least three at the beginning of each chapter; and, though their connexion with the subject in hand is not very clear, one is much too grateful for their sustaining presence to cavil at this.

Off with the Old Love is a very good-humoured book, rattled off by the author with such evident faith in human nature, and in novel-readers in especial, that it disarms criticism. It is chiefly composed of rapid interchange of ideas between the characters in the smartest style and choicest slang. The story is very much after the manner of Miss Broughton; but the author evidently gets frightened of her plot and runs away from it in the middle. The scene is Menaggio, where two American beauties with their timid mother and a nursery party to supply the comic element are disporting themselves with three young men. Captain Stopford, the most desirable of them, is supposed to be in the toils of a fascinating Lady Lawlor, "with warm, dark, dissipated eyes, which seemed to reflect back strange scenes they had looked upon," who is also of the party with her elderly husband. Stopford, however, reveals in as tender language as his familiarity with slang will allow that Lessie Leigh, the liveliest of the two girls, is the real object of his affections. When this makes itself clear Lady Lawlor, in whose train Stopford has been travelling through Italy, becomes dangerous, and declares that she will make use of a dark episode in her early life when, as a forlorn governess, she had flung herself on the mercy of Stopford and very nearly made him marry her. He had written her name as his wife in the hotel-book, and Lady Lawlor, fired by a case in New York which just then appeared in the papers of a woman trying to claim a married man as her husband because they had been registered as man and wife in an hotel, threatens to take the same course and throw her wealthy baronet to the winds in order to clutch Stopford. Thus a little pretence is made to cast difficulties in the lovers' path, which might otherwise be too crudely jovial. There is a handsome dying Frenchman, whose prominence on the scene is never accounted for, and an extravaganza American aunt, who plays antics in the background. People obliged to stay at home will find the book an excellent substitute for a week in a second-rate hotel abroad, the society of which it exactly portrays.

The Secret of Fontaine-la-Croix may be safely recommended to young people recovering from brain-fever or in any condition when the use of the mind is forbidden. It is true that there are elements which might be exciting, and that Mme. St. Hilaire, whose face alone revealed some awful tragedy, kept her husband's corpse embalmed in a mysterious room of her château; but the whole tone of the book is mild, missish, and unreal. It is a gentle story of French life, rather nicely told, though the attempt to create "atmosphere" by writing in a kind of translated French is tiresome. The theme is the inexhaustible one of an English girl who takes up her abode in a French family, where she finds a thrilling young Count engaged to the butterfly daughter of the house. One knows from the first what is bound to take place in this kind of school-room novel between the interesting young visitor and the fiery Count—mysterious aversion on her part melting into tender passion, self-suppression on both sides, inevitable revelation of sentiments (in this case under the tusks of a wild boar), heroic renunciation and retirement of the heroine into obscure life, while the hero marries out of duty. As this

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* *The Milroys: a Tale of Woman's Work.* By Nomad. 1 vol. London: Mayson Beeton. 1889.

Off with the Old Love. By N. F. B. 2 vols. London: F. V. White. 1889.

The Secret of Fontaine-la-Croix. By Margaret Field. 1 vol. London: F. V. White. 1889.

Sant' Ilario. By Marion Crawford. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

happens in the middle of the volume, one feels sure that much is still in store for the heroine, and after five years' interval we find her re-established in the château, keeping guard over the giddy young wife, while the husband is away at Martinique on business. An insurrection in the village, excited by sinister rumours about the embalmed body, the burning of the château, and anxiety about her husband, who is now taking part in the French and German war, do their work on the poor little butterfly, so the path is now clear for the heroine, who acts the guardian angel without swerving, as indeed we all should with such opportunities. We fear that those no longer in their teens will not have sufficient imagination to think that the characters exist anywhere beyond the school-room threshold, and will have had too much experience of young men to believe without overwhelming proof in a lover who thinks nothing of carrying a young lady for half a league.

Sant' Ilario is a continuation of *Saracinesca*, and so much enamoured is Mr. Crawford of his subject that he holds out a hope to his readers that there is more, much more, to come. After all it does not much matter what Mr. Crawford takes for his theme, so long as he continues his present method of writing by the inch, or rather by the yard, without even a standard of what Sydney Smith calls "decent debility." In these days of mania for drawing life ugly, and drawing it mean, there is something refreshing in an author who never deviates from producing stories on a grand scale and giving us operatic performances where the scene shifts from brilliant moonlight to dungeon darkness. There are no fine shades which require attention, and there is a holiday sense of unlimited romance. It is not surprising that his present subject is dear to him, for shadowy Roman palaces, and the vague outlines of the princes and princesses with which he peoples them, suit him exactly. Sant' Ilario is the title of Prince Saracinesca's eldest son, and begins where *Saracinesca* ended, with Giovanni and Corona in a state of boundless wedded bliss. In spite, however, of the Prince's adoration for his glorious wife, he has only to see a pin which belongs to her, and a love-letter written in a feigned hand on paper with her crest, on the dressing-table of a young Zouave, to be convinced of her unfaithfulness. Thus the happiness of the pair is conveniently destroyed, and material for a three-volume novel provided. The suspicious letter was really written by San Giacinto, Saracinesca's cousin, though it purported to be from a lovely young Princess Faustina with a "fatal" countenance. San Giacinto wrote it because he discovered that Faustina, whose sister he was going to marry, was in love with the Zouave, and in order to prevent her compromising the family honour he took upon himself to concoct this letter postponing a concerted meeting. From this conduct, and from the description of his sinister appearance, one would expect him to be the villain of the book; but this is not the case. He is an excellent person, by birth the head of the Saracinesca family, though all his rights to that position were legally renounced by a former generation in favour of Sant' Ilario's father. Having made a modest fortune as an innkeeper, he proposes to marry the daughter of the grasping Prince Montevarchi. The latter conceives a plan to restore to his son-in-law the position and possessions he had been deprived of by adding a sentence to the document. He finds a forger of the first-water ready for the task in the person of his librarian, who agrees to do the work for a large sum. The paper is forged, the Saracinesca ousted, and a series of startling events is the result. The wicked old Prince is murdered; Faustina is accused of the murder on no other ground than that she had high words with her father about the Zouave; her friend, the injured Corona, calls on her husband to effect Faustina's release; Giovanni is so unhappy at his wife's loss of love for him after his unworthy suspicions that he gladly declares himself the murderer and is locked up by the bewildered Cardinal. Rome makes a prominent and picturesque background to all these wild proceedings, especially as the date is 1867, so that there are opportunities for the Pope's soldiers and Garibaldi's volunteers to march across the stage and make a stir. Though the characters might belong to any nation under the sun, their surroundings and the external details are described with evident knowledge and easy fluency.

PROFESSOR THOROLD ROGERS'S LECTURES ON ECONOMIC HISTORY.*

WHATEVER be the other merits or defects of Professor Rogers's latest contribution to economic science, it is at least eminently characteristic of the author. The volume is composed of a course or courses of lectures on the economic interpretation of history, delivered before the University of Oxford. The lectures were, as the Professor informs us, "very numerously attended." The contents are of the most miscellaneous character—autobiographical details, personal reminiscences of "great men and greater deeds," political insinuations, and economic deductions jostle each other in pleasing variety; while the University itself, distinguished opponents and no less distinguished friends, are the impartial objects of that delicate and discriminating satire for which Mr. Rogers is so justly famous. The references to the University are, considering the person and the place, peculiarly becoming. We learn, for example, the reasons why the University was for so long a period deprived of the services of one of its most distinguished scholars. "I have been restored," writes the Professor in his preface, "to an office of which I was deprived because I traced certain social mischiefs to their origin twenty years ago." The Professor deserves the thanks of the world of letters for thus authoritatively settling a matter over which future biographers might otherwise have been tempted to dispute. Again, in reference to the history of rent, Mr. Rogers expresses himself with equal modesty and consideration for the feelings of his inferior colleagues. "More than twenty years ago," he says, "I pointed out the nature of the problem and its inevitable solution. I suffered the ordinary fate of those who are more far-sighted than the people among whom they live—no great feat here." In another equally characteristic allusion he says, "I should like to know a little of the statistics of the unemployed. They are not yet forthcoming, except in so far as I obtained a Parliamentary return of the Oxford and Cambridge professors." Somewhat later he seems to insinuate even graver charges against his University. The effect of a warm eulogium on the House of Commons is thus materially enhanced. "People may, if they please, criticize the conduct of the House of Commons. . . . But no critic can charge it with being corrupt, with its members being influenced by personal advantage in their political action, with any motive more ignoble than ambition. In this it can be contrasted to its honour with every other Parliament, with every other British institution, even with the University of Oxford." We are equally unconcerned to attack the purity of the House of Commons, in which the attainment of emolument by political action is unknown, and to defend the corruption of Mr. Rogers's University, in which the refusal of profitable offices because a man differs with those who have them in their gift is universal. If the task is pressing, it will, we doubt not, enlist the services of champions more worthy of Mr. Rogers's steel.

From topics which may be assumed to have little more than local or academic interest we may follow Mr. Rogers to others of more general concern. For many reasons these Economic Lectures will amply repay an attentive perusal. "My reader will find that I occasionally refer to the experiences which I gained when I was in the House of Commons." For once the Professor greatly understates the facts. Never until we read this volume had we realized, to our shame be it confessed, how great were the political services which Mr. Rogers had bestowed upon an ungrateful country, nor how bright was the promise of the career so unkindly interrupted by an unthinking metropolitan constituency. We are now enabled to see those services in their true perspective; to understand the distress of the Radical party at losing so distinguished a colleague, and to realize, as we never realized before, the terrible weight of responsibility which lies upon the heedless electors of Bermondsey. We would gladly do tardy justice to Mr. Rogers by collecting from this volume all the instances of fearless advocacy of the cause of the poor and friendless, of well-timed rebuke addressed to a backsliding Legislature, of economical acumen and of political foresight to which Mr. Rogers refers with so much pardonable pride. But one or two instances must suffice. "About twenty-five years ago Mr. Goldwin Smith and myself called public attention to the cost of the British Colonies," says our author. What was the result? The public, as so often happens, were blind to their own interests and heedless of their best friends. "Mr. Goldwin Smith and I were credited with a design of breaking up the unity of the British Empire, and had to pay the usual penalties for premature wisdom." The defenders of the principle of Imperial Unity may indeed take courage. To have encountered such perils, even though unconsciously, and to have survived them, must assuredly fill the hearts of Imperialists with an easy confidence for the future. At least they know the worst. But Mr. Rogers's political efforts were not confined to Colonial questions. It appears from his lecture on the Protectionist Movement (though the relevancy of the information is not immediately apparent) that Mr. Howard Vincent before he became a member of the House of Commons induced the Home Office to propound a Bill which would have made every pawnbroker a *primâ facie* criminal. But there was in the House of Commons at least one vigilant defender of the rights of the threatened interest. So long as Southwark was loyal to its chosen representative there could never be wanting a champion of the oppressed. That obnoxious Bill "I," says the Professor, "effectually extinguished."

In the whole range of practical finance there is no question more confessedly intricate and bewildering than the proper incidence of local taxation. To the discussion of this question Mr. Rogers devotes one of the most luminous chapters in the book. From this we learn that the principles on which local taxation should be based are far less disputable than we had supposed. Indeed the path of future Chancellors is rendered perfectly clear by "The Motion of March 23, 1886." We regretfully confess that this historic pronouncement had slipped our memory. Mr. Rogers is good enough to refresh it. "With these views and on these grounds," so he concludes the lecture to which we refer, "I made my motion in the House of Commons on March 23, 1886, when I proposed that for the future local taxation should, as in Scotland and Ireland, be divided into moieties of which the owner should contribute one part, the occupier another; power being given to the occupier to deduct the owner's moiety from his rent. This motion I carried by a majority of forty after a prolonged debate. In less than three months the decision of the

* *The Economic Interpretation of History.* By James E. Thorold Rogers, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

House of Commons was followed by a political cataclysm. *But I have no doubt* (the italics are our own) as to what the solution of the question will hereafter be, and that the precedent of 1886 will be followed in the settlement of a system which is still exciting increasingly grave discontents." We have culled at random three instances of Mr. Rogers's political action as recorded in this volume. But we have quoted enough, we trust, to convince the most careless reader of the important part played in English politics by the Oxford Professor during the last quarter of a century; enough to give fresh emphasis to the ancient reflection that the unheeding world knows little even of its greatest men.

We turn from the political and autobiographical portion of the work to that which is more specially expository and economical. We should be the last to dispute the fact that Professor Rogers has given to the world a voluminous work on economic statistics, or that on many portions of social history he is entitled to speak as "one who has special knowledge." But is it quite necessary that Mr. Rogers should constantly reiterate his own special qualification? Is it not enough that the qualification has been substantially recognized in the proper quarter? In truth, much of the best work which this volume contains (and it contains much that is excellent) is marred by this pretentious self-assertion. In the opening of the chapter on Rent, for example, Mr. Rogers declares, perhaps with more truth than taste (we have ventured to italicize the first personal pronoun):—

> In dealing with this controversy . . . *I* can claim some special advantages. *I* am the only person who has examined rents historically. *I* have studied the history of the same estates in some cases for more than six centuries. . . . *I* can state with perfect certainty what this land produced in corn six centuries ago, and *I* can also state what it produced at different periods between that remote starting-point and the present time. *I* know that, while the value of its corn produce has risen in money units or symbols about eight times since my investigation began, the rent in the same units or symbols has risen eighty times. *I* may believe a great deal in "the indestructible powers of the soil," though *I* should be very credulous if *I* held that the fertility of any soil was indestructible, as *I* think every practical agriculturist would be too. But *I* am sure, &c.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to point out that, were Mr. Rogers's modest claim literally admitted, criticism would be at once superfluous and impertinent. But at least it may be permissible to point out that Mr. Rogers is not always consistent with himself. In an interesting lecture on the distribution of wealth in England at different epochs the lecturer takes occasion to point out that the population of England and Wales from the beginning of recorded economical history to the end of the sixteenth century was "never in excess of two and a half millions, and was often less." According to a subsequent calculation the population had reached this maximum at the end of the reign of Edward III. (1377). The calculation will be found on p. 157. As to its substantial accuracy we have no doubt. But in a later lecture (p. 263) Mr. Rogers asserts that the Great Plague of 1349 had destroyed a third of the people. This estimate is probably below the mark; but, assuming its substantial accuracy, what becomes of the original assertion that *at no time* did the population exceed two millions and a half? Mr. Seebohm, in a well-known article, has suggested strong grounds for the supposition that the population of England before the Plague was nearly five millions, and that the Plague itself swept off at least half the population. This estimate entirely agrees with Mr. Rogers's estimate for 1377, but both surely are strikingly at variance with the original proposition. Again, there would seem to be something of inconsistency in the illustration with which Mr. Rogers elucidates his argument against preferential duties. It is doubtless true, as the lecturer observes, that the economical disadvantages of slavery outweigh any economical profit which can be gotten from it. But if this be so, how came it, as the Professor alleges, that "some of the loudest humanitarians in Jamaica and Barbadoes had been in the habit of importing slave-grown sugar from Brazil and Cuba, and exporting it to England as genuine free-soil produce"?

Professor Rogers is a great stickler for historical accuracy, and frequently speaks with unmeasured scorn of certain other contemporary historians scarcely less distinguished than himself. But even Professor Rogers is not quite immaculate on this score. If Mr. Froude has unduly exalted the virtues of the "Patriot King," Henry VIII., has not Mr. Rogers somewhat unfairly exaggerated the vices of the first Lord Salisbury and Mr. Pitt? Mr. Rogers is, perhaps, not over-partial to the House of Cecil. In two several lectures he reiterates the opinion that the first Lord Salisbury "instigated the war between King and Parliament; the next was a regicide in fact" (p. 136). Again, "I know nothing in the irony of history more striking than the fact that the son of the first Lord Salisbury of the House of Cecil took part, as he virtually did by sitting among the Lords on the memorable 30th of January, in the execution of the son of that King whom the first Lord Salisbury instigated to quarrel with his Parliament by doing what that Parliament conceived to be illegal, and constantly resented." We cannot conceive what induced the learned Professor to go out of his way to reiterate an historical calumny so gross and so gratuitous. It would be difficult to invent an accusation more entirely groundless or more conspicuously refutable by facts within the knowledge of the most careless reader of English history. On such a matter we make no apology for preferring the careful and responsible statements of Mr. Gardiner to the *obiter dictum* of Mr. Rogers. And Mr. Gardiner has proved to demonstration that no man laboured more assiduously to avert the coming conflict between Crown and Parliament, and to remove by a reasonable and timely settlement the most conspicuous cause of financial irritation, than did the first Lord Salisbury. Mr. Rogers's scathing sarcasm falls no less heavily on Mr. Pitt. "His contemporaries, especially those whom he favoured, called him a heaven-born Minister. I am afraid that I must assign his place of origin to a lower region, for it would be a strange heaven in which his policy would be acceptable." Among minor delinquencies, that great statesman is accused of having "hired the European monarchs in succession," and making "very unsuccessful bargains." But it is his financial administration that Mr. Rogers with characteristic temerity particularly impugns. "It is paraded of this personage," says the Professor, "that he was a disciple of Adam Smith. There have been many disciples, from Gehazi and Judas onwards, who have misused the instruction which they have received. Pitt's finance was a disastrous reversal of Adam Smith's maxims, even during nine years of peace. It was to become worse and worse during the twenty-two years of the war into which he plunged the country." The "eminent friend" of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Cobden seems to have forgotten the financial achievements of one of the greatest of their predecessors. He has forgotten surely the policy of Pitt in reducing the Import-duties on articles generally consumed, and at that time hardly less generally smuggled; the proposals which would have conferred on Ireland, fifteen years before the Act of Union, the commercial advantages which were eventually secured to her by that Act; the accomplishment of a commercial treaty with France which was the prototype of the famous treaty negotiated by the efforts of Mr. Cobden. These trifling achievements seem to have slipped the Professor's memory.

Even the "unemployed" professors of a "corrupt" University have, we suppose, the right to political opinions, and perhaps even the right of giving expression to them—in the proper place. Of course something more of latitude must be permitted to a Professor who has played a distinguished part on the political stage; but we respectfully suggest that even he would be wiser to keep the two characters somewhat more distinct. It is possible that in the "very numerous" class which attended these lectures there might be one or two benighted beings to whom such a passage as the following would appear gratuitously offensive. It occurs in a lecture on Labour legislation. "They (*i.e.* the mediæval legislators) never, to be sure, when they made the machinery of their discipline, and what they called law and order, more searching and more severe, declared that they had created no new crime, when their principal and successful effort was to render it impossible by studiously demoralizing the agents of law to distinguish between innocence and guilt." It would seem, too, somewhat lacking in dignity to interlard a lecture on the Protectionist movement with sarcastic allusions to the calling in which Mr. Howard Vincent served before his entrance into the House of Commons. We could well spare such irrelevant insinuations as the following:—"I presume that Mr. Howard Vincent does not want to merely increase taxes. In my opinion the distribution of the taxes already levied might well be put under the view of a financial director of criminal investigation with considerable advantage to public morality and to the taxpayer's pocket." Such gibes as this are admirably calculated to tickle the ears of the groundlings at obscure political assemblies; they are something less than decorous as the *ex cathedrâ* utterances of a University Professor.

It is necessary to speak thus plainly about the vulgarity and inordinate pretension which disfigure a work which is not without value in an economical sense. Mr. Rogers is a great, though not perhaps the only, authority on economic history—a fact which, were he not his own most inveterate enemy, would be more generally recognized than it is. And many of these lectures may be of great utility to the student of economics. The lecture on the Social Effect of Religious Movements; that on the Guild System; and that on the Estate of the Crown and the Doctrine of Resumption are especially interesting and suggestive. Some of the best lectures, however, or at least those which promise best, are the most disappointing by reason of the apparently incurable discursiveness of the lecturer. Not infrequently Mr. Rogers seems conscious of his failing, though seeking to justify the particular manifestation of it. The lectures on the "Origin of English Pauperism" and on "Domestic Manufactures" are instances of the Professor's inability to obey this first law of lecturing—a strict adherence to the matter in hand. With much that he says as to the value of the historical method in opposition to the older and more barren metaphysical economics we are in complete accord.

But alike for those who agree and for those who disagree with Professor Rogers; for those who are blind to the value of his political services in the past; for those who can but inadequately appreciate his economic labours in the present, there is something of consolation. For as he himself, in reference to an episode in his own career, observes with no less elegance than truth, "To a sensible man convinced that he has no prejudices, but only facts before him which he is bound to interpret, obloquy, especially from a daily or weekly paper, is cackle."

LAW BOOKS.*

IT has long been admitted that every natural-born American citizen has the faculty of making a speech whenever he chooses, upon any subject that may arise, and for as long as may seem convenient. It is also known to many that large numbers of American citizens, natural-born or not, can go on writing novels about anything or nothing until their publishers cry, "Hold! enough." It would seem that in respect of topics more substantial than fictitious philandering a not less remarkable fluency distinguishes our Transatlantic cousins. Here is Dr. J. I. Clark Hare publishing two massive volumes, each nobly bound in calf, containing between them no fewer than 1,400 pages of disquisitions on American law, besides lxxxi other pages designed to assist the reader in the use of the 1,400. It seems that Dr. Clark Hare gives lectures at the University of Pennsylvania, and, having given fifty-nine lectures on the constitutional law of his interesting country, he has printed them all at full length, with the result already stated. Now, it "humbly appears," as Scotch judges say, to us, and we respectfully submit, that giving lectures is one thing and writing books another. Lectures ought to be—and generally are—diffuse, full of repetition, and comparatively rambling. Books, and particularly books about constitutional law, ought to be concise, methodically arranged, and sternly coherent. It is quite true that all the world could not, if it wanted to ever so much, be privileged to assist personally at the lectures of Dr. Clark Hare. But does any one really suppose that that part of it which has not been so privileged is going to sit down and read in cold blood what Dr. Clark Hare said to his class, now republished "with such additions and modifications as are made requisite by the current of decision [*sic*] and events"? For our part we utterly decline to do anything of the sort. His lectures were devised in order that clever or industrious lads should be incited by hearing them to go and study divers printed books, reports, judgments, and so on, and give themselves a thorough acquaintance and familiarity with that branch of the law of the United States which is mainly made and administered in the Supreme Court; and, further, that the stupid or idle lads who heard him should by dint of repetition, and the persuasiveness of the human tongue, get so much of the rudiments of the subject dinned into their heads as would enable them to face the examiner without disaster. They were not made in order that either philosophers engaged in the study of comparative jurisprudence, or lawyers desiring for personal reasons to acquaint themselves with the law of the American Constitution in its application to particular cases, should profit by what was said. There is a good deal about English constitutional law and the English Constitution in Dr. Hare's lectures, and this is rather good reading for Englishmen who care to see that particular aspect of ourselves as an industrious and intelligent gentleman in Pennsylvania sees it. Dr. Hare's view is in some respects novel. For instance, he observes that, though the judges have for some time been practically independent and safe in their offices, yet, if the House of Commons were to lose its temper, the removal of a judge might turn out to be a simpler task than the judges are apt to think. Naturally enough Dr. Hare fails to realize the sort of opinion an average Englishman has of a judge of the High Court and the sort of opinion he has of the House of Commons, and it is also likely that he hardly knows how completely the House of Commons is the slave of some sorts of public opinion.

It has seemed to Mr. W. F. Webster that that part of the law of conveyancing which relates to the vendor's particulars and the conditions of sale when land is sold is sufficiently distinct and extensive to deserve a book to itself. As a mere matter of artistic book-making this proposition can hardly be denied; but, for purposes of practice, so long as you know what you want to look for and where you may expect to find it, it does not really matter so very much whether it is in a big book or a little one. As the existing books on Vendor and Purchaser cover Mr. Webster's ground along with much more, the probable usefulness of his appears to depend chiefly on whether he has said what he has to say better than it is said elsewhere. It can hardly be said that Mr. Webster's work presents any striking features of improvement upon that of his predecessors. It is fairly well arranged, and particularly well got up physically. The references are embodied in the text, as all references in law-books should be. The stock of precedents is not particularly copious. The recent decision of the House of Lords in Peek *v.* Derry makes considerable havoc in Mr. Webster's chapter on Fraud.

Lord Justice Cotton once permitted himself to say that few people understood the meaning of the word goodwill. That or some other circumstance inspired Mr. C. E. Allan to prepare a monograph on the subject, and so far as we are aware there is no other volume, on this topic only, available for professional use. Mr. Allan's chapters deal with the definition and meaning of goodwill, with the rights it includes, the goodwill of solicitors' or doctors' practices, the involuntary or voluntary alienation of goodwill, goodwill affecting the value of land, and a discussion of agreements the validity of which has been questioned on the suggestion that they were sufficiently in restraint of trade to be against public policy. These topics are reasonably well handled, though perhaps here and there Mr. Allan's treatment is a trifle perfunctory. On the ground that the law of goodwill is "practically the same" in Scotland as in England, Mr. Allan has given particular attention to Scotch cases, and hopes his work may be useful to Scotch lawyers. We hope it may, but do not feel called upon to estimate the probability of that event. The author has also "referred to a number of American cases, when he has considered that they illustrated or developed the principles laid down in the English Courts." That is very proper, but he would do well, when he states a proposition for which his authority is only American, to mention the fact specifically in the text, instead of leaving his readers to find it out for themselves by observing the uncouth appearance of the reference in the foot-note.

We have received a new edition, the eighth, of Wharton's *Law Lexicon*. Like its predecessor, published six years ago, it is the work of Mr. J. M. Lely, who is perhaps best known as the editor of the current edition of *Chitty's Statutes*. This is a sufficient guarantee that the *Law Lexicon* now presents whatever advantages such a work is capable of attaining by being edited with industry, learning, and judgment. As the editions since the second have followed each other at pretty regular intervals of about five years, it seems that the work is practically useful.

A small stock of Messrs. Wilson's shilling handbooks on different branches of the law lies before us. That on Income-tax is the sixth edition, is, like its predecessors, the work of Mr. Alfred Chapman, and conveys much useful information about the recovery of money improperly extorted for Income-tax. It contains a statement that during the two or three years' existence of the "Income-tax Repayment Agency" there has been recovered by private individuals, either through the Agency or through their own efforts consequent on perusing Mr. Chapman's work, no less a sum than 90,000*l.* This is serious. In a country which can afford to dower the children of the Heir-Apparent to the amount of 36,000*l.* a year, but not to the amount of 40,000*l.*, it is clear that the disgorging of 30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.* annually must be a subject of much concern at Somerset House. If the calculation is accurate, it shows the value of Mr. Goschen's protests that no special or improper pressure has lately been put upon payers of Income-tax. It is safe to say that, if 90,000*l.* has been paid out of Somerset House in three years, a very much larger sum has been unlawfully collected and paid in. Nor does it mend matters in the least that many persons undoubtedly defraud the revenue of large sums due for Income-tax. The whole objection to the present system is that, while the wicked laugh at Income-tax, the lowly and meek are defrauded by officials. Both things are evils, and they do not in the least counterbalance each other. Mr. Chapman also contributes to the series the handbook on Inhabited House Duty, which is subject to the same observations as Income-tax in a rather less degree. The topic of trustees is not much suited to this form of publication. As a general rule a trustee is able to procure advice much more trustworthy than can be put into a shilling crib. However, any book about trustees may be of use, because it is impossible to read any such book without seeing that the position is one to be sedulously avoided. Mr. De Morgan's opuscule on "House-owners, Householders, and Lodgers" looks rather dangerous, because it conveys a little knowledge. There is not room in its pages for much. There is, however, some information about votes which can do no one any harm; because, even if a man fails to get his name put on the register, he is no worse off than he was before. Without any disparagement to Mr. Stewart, it must be said that his pamphlet on Wills is dangerous, as any "Practical Handbook for Testators and Executors" must be. The layman about to make a will has only two sensible courses open to him. One is to take the best advice he can get. The other is to make his will by the light of nature, subject to this most important proviso, that he must carefully refrain from using any word that he thinks he has heard before in connexion with legal documents. Mr. Stewart's handbook is a middle course, and *in medio* there is no safety.

* *American Constitutional Law.* By J. I. Clark Hare, LL.D. Boston (U.S.A.): Little, Brown, & Co. 1889.

The Law relating to Particulars and Conditions of Sale on a Sale of Land. By William Frederick Webster, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1889.

The Law relating to Goodwill. By Charles E. Allan, M.A. (Edin.), LL.B., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1889.

Wharton's Law Lexicon. Eighth edition. With Notices of the Statutes up to the end of 1888. By J. M. Lely, Esq., M.A., Barrister-at-Law, Editor of "Chitty's Statutes" &c. London: Stevens & Sons. 1889.

Wilson's Useful Handy Books—Income-tax, and How to get it Refunded. By Alfred Chapman, Esq. Sixth and revised edition. *Inhabited House Duty: How and When to Appeal.* By Alfred Chapman, Esq. *Law of Trustees.* By R. Denny Urlin, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. New and revised edition. *House-owners, Householders, and Lodgers.* By Joscelyn Augustus De Morgan, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. *The Law of Wills.* By C. E. Stewart, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: Effingham Wilson & Co.

WORDS ON WELLINGTON.*

SIR WILLIAM FRASER has thrown together—we can hardly say written or even compiled—what a man might call a Moliériste book. He has a hero, and a very good one; and he has

* *Words on Wellington: The Duke—Waterloo—The Ball.* By Sir William Fraser, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford. London: John C. Nimmo. 1889.

hunted up all kinds of minute points in his life. What dress the Duke wore; what sword he had on in this scene or in that; the exact place in which the Duchess of Richmond's famous ball was held, and other similar details has Sir W. Fraser studiously investigated. In this volume he tumbles out the results of his studies. No more dignified form of expression can be used, for the book is emphatically a disorderly one. It consists of independent paragraphs; and if they were printed on separate pieces, tossed in a hat, and printed as they turned out, they would be quite as coherent as Sir W. Fraser has made them. One result of the manner in which he has elected to work is that his book suffers somewhat from repetition. The same statement turns up again and again—in almost, or quite, the same words more than once. In one case this method of just putting a thing down as it came into his head has caused Sir W. Fraser—as he frankly confesses—to repeat a silly story where he might have told a good one. On page 80 we are told that the "great American President and warrior," General Grant, when dining at Apsley House with the second Duke, said, "My lord, I have heard that your father was a military man. Was that the case?" Now, the intelligent reader sees that this was impossible. On p. 171 we get the real and much superior version:—

> In an earlier part of this work I told the story of President Grant dining at Apsley House. I regret that I asked the second Duke what really took place. However, as the reader has had the full enjoyment of the story, I must now, in the interests of truth, state what the Duke told me happened. He said that during dinner General Grant kept trying to get him to say what was the greatest number of men that his father had commanded in the field. The Duke added, "I saw what he was at; if I had said forty or fifty thousand he would have replied, 'Well, I commanded a hundred thousand,' so I was determined not to answer his questions as to this; and I succeeded."

The second Duke seems to have inherited something of the character, as well as the personal appearance, of the first. At times Sir W. Fraser's phrases themselves show want of pruning, as when he says:—"And here I trust no reader will commit the social shibboleth of even thinking of any troops but the Foot Guards when the term 'Guards' is used." How does a man commit a "social shibboleth"? Again, it was not De Foe who wrote the Life of Jonathan Wild the Great.

Sir William Fraser's book will always have a certain value among Wellingtoniana. It is not so much that the stories told are new, for we seem to meet most of them as old friends, or that those which are new in print are very characteristic. What the author has done is less to tell new things about Wellington than to record the impression which Wellington made. From him one learns how profoundly the Duke was admired, and how sincerely he was imitated by the generation which grew up in his old age. A more wholesome admiration we cannot conceive of as existing in the heart of any man. It was admiration for one in whom there was emphatically no weakness and no cant. The Duke's devotion to duty is a theme worn somewhat threadbare by much usage; but it will stand handling still. When, indeed, Sir W. Fraser tells us that Wellington kept the promise of marriage he had made before leaving for India, under circumstances in which a baser man might have withdrawn, because he felt that he must set a good example to other officers, we feel that he must be mistaken. There would have been a self-conscious priggery in the thought of which Wellington was incapable. But it is characteristic of the impression he made that his one prevailing motive should have been always supposed to be regard for duty. The absolute truth and absolute sanity of Wellington's character are illustrated here—as, indeed, in all that has been written about him with any knowledge. He was, in truth, the most finished type of all that was best and strongest in the England of the eighteenth century.

The last section of Sir W. Fraser's volume is devoted to the history and defence of his discovery of the room in which the Duchess of Richmond gave the famous dance. We think, on a review of the evidence, that he is right in holding that the corn-dealer's store in the Rue de la Blanchisserie is the "high hall" in which George Osborne was sobered by Dobbin's news, and to which Mrs. Major O'Dowd was not invited. Its position and shape agree with the description given by good contemporary authorities, and all the evidence against it is based on the ill-proved assertion that the "sort of old barn at the back of behind," as Lord William Lennox called it, turned into a ball-room on that famous night, had been pulled down. Things of more moment have been held proved by weaker evidence.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.*

MR. ALEXANDER IRELAND, who is already well known by his biographical and bibliographical dealings with Carlyle, Emerson, and others, has done a further good deed by arranging a liberal selection (five hundred closely but not obscurely printed pages) from Hazlitt's work, and prefacing it with some seventy more of biography and criticism. Such a book was very much wanted. There is no complete edition of Hazlitt. Mr. Ireland, who has given much attention to bibliography, cautiously puts his published volumes at "about" thirty-five. But some, at least, of them are abstracts or editions of other men's works; while, on the other hand, Hazlitt, who, though not an extremely rapid writer, was constantly employed at a kind of journalism for nearly a quarter of a century, certainly produced some things, and probably not a few which he did not himself collect, and which were not even collected for him after his death. The reprinted edition of Messrs. Bell in Bohn's Library is very good as far as it goes, especially if, as Mr. Ireland advises, it be supplemented by a volume of his art criticism, published by Messrs. Reeves & Turner. But everybody will not read half a dozen volumes, and not to mention that some excellent things, notably the immortal "Fight" (Mr. Ireland tells us that some wiseacres advised *him* not to print it, but as the youthful translator of French said, he "fished himself of them, and found himself of it well"), are not there, there is there an amount of surplusage and repetition natural in the only kind of writing which Hazlitt's circumstances permitted him, but sometimes not attractive. Mr. Ireland has selected with a liberal hand, and though we hope that his book will send many readers to Messrs. Bell's edition, or to the originals, it is so done that it may very fairly suffice many more. We miss exceedingly few pieces that we should ourselves have given; Mr. Ireland has wisely given whole essays wherever he can (and a very large number of Hazlitt's pieces are so short that there is little difficulty in this); he has in most cases prefixed brief but sufficient notes; and he has given some extracts from the *Napoleon*. Even for the sake of the "Fight" the book would be worth buying and cheap at the price. There is but one thing that would have improved it, and that would be unfair—at the price—to ask. It is an index. Few writers are so indexless in all editions as Hazlitt, and few are more in need of indexing. We have ourselves hunted for hours after passages which we knew perfectly well, but which we could not at the moment "place." And the mere titles of essays or papers give very little help, for Hazlitt is often nearly as independent of his titles as Montaigne. But, on the other hand, Mr. Ireland has given some additional information of the biographical kind—for instance, he records a pilgrimage to Winterslow which we have ourselves long intended to make—and he has added a remarkable portrait of Hazlitt different from that generally known. It is said to be derived from a touched-up copy by another hand made on the same occasion, if not at the same time, as the usual portrait, and is spoken of by persons who knew Hazlitt as a better likeness. We can readily believe it, though it can hardly be said to be as flattering as the other. It is much more the Ishmael-Hazlitt we imagine.

In dealing with his subject's life Mr. Ireland has not erred on the side of severity. Perhaps this is excusable, for Hazlitt had abominably hard measure in his lifetime, and has not been overburdened with soft measure since his death. But when Mr. Ireland says that Hazlitt "never carried poisoned arrows into political conflict," he must surely forget the long passage of frenzied abuse of Scott in the *Spirit of the Age*, and the constant detraction of the Duke of Wellington, to name no other instances. Mr. Ireland actually finds Hazlitt "chivalrous"; and here, again, we cannot help thinking that he has forgotten (he does not, that we have noticed, anywhere refer to it) the episode of the "Z" quarrel and the Scott-Christie duel. Yet, again, Mr. Ireland calls the Sarah Walker business "a frenzy of *platonic* devotion." This reminds us, though not quite in the same sense, of the passage in *Venetia* where (we quote from memory) Herbert smiles at Lord Cadurcis's use of the same word. We have been told, on pretty good authority, that *Liber Amoris* was slightly bowdlerized before publication; but, even as it is, we should have thought that the most charitable reader must see how little the devotion was, at least in the ordinary sense, "platonic," though we admit that a "lady critic," quoted by Mr. Ireland, declares that "no sensual man could have fallen into such fascination." If that be so, Restif de la Bretonne runs Hazlitt hard for the prize of freedom from "sensuality." The truth, of course, is that Hazlitt is our chief English example of the peculiar sensuality *des cérébraux*, as Mlle. Alice Ozy has it. Lastly, it is surely a mistake to put down the enduring underestimate and misestimate of Hazlitt to the fact of his being on the popular or unpopular side in politics. Had his failure to gain the public ear been merely due to this, the triumph of his principles just after his death must have brought triumph for him with it. The truth is that Hazlitt was not so much a Tory, or a Radical, or a Whig (there *were* even Tory fibres in him) as an Ishmaelite—a fact which his most judicious and best friends saw and acknowledged. He could not resist the "'arf-brick," and would throw it at anybody and everybody if they came in his way and the fancy seized him. That he was a man to be strongly sympathized with is true, for he was emphatically one of those "melancholics" who, as the philosopher says, require strong delights to draw them from their black imaginings. But to credit him with especial "rectitude," "honesty," "tenderness of heart," "chivalry," is, we think, a mistake.

A difference of personal opinion, however, like this matters very little, less than ever when, as we have already hinted, the subject received, during his lifetime, far more than his share of the evil things of detraction and obloquy. The chief and principal thing is that Mr. Ireland has here provided a very excellent selection of very interesting work.

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* *William Hazlitt, Essayist and Critic: Selections from his Writings.* By Alexander Ireland. London and New York: Warne & Co. 1889.

SIOOT.*

THERE are few fairer valleys in Egypt than that of which Sioot, or as Mr. Griffith, no doubt more correctly, writes it, Siût, is the chief town. The traveller who arrives by the daily train from Cairo, two hundred and thirty miles distant, finds himself near the river-bank, and some little distance from the city, the domes and minarets of which look white and cold against the afterglow in the western sky, and the deep purple of the hills which bound the valley on the south. The wide alluvial plain, brilliantly green a few minutes ago, turns intensely dark, and as the warmth fades out of the sky night comes on with a rapidity to which we are unaccustomed in the North. It is not till the morning lights up the scene from the Eastern horizon that the visitor perceives the peculiarity of the great grey hills which looked so distant and so blue the night before. They are now seen to be honeycombed with vast caverns, and in the clear daylight the forms of square-headed tombs may easily be made out. A little to the right—that is, to the westward—some dots of whitewash and a low dome or two betoken the existence of a modern Mohammedan burial-place; and we can reflect on the curious fact that for a period of time which must be reckoned at nearly four thousand years the dead of Sioot have been buried in this mountain. The first tombs date from the reign of the Twelfth Dynasty, at least 2000 B.C. Mariette, indeed, dated its beginning at 3064 B.C.; but the earliest tombs at Sioot probably belong to the end of the period. Thence in unbroken succession we have the burial-places of the "Middle Kingdom," the "New Kingdom," the Copts, and, finally, the Arabs, down to our own day. The further or southern slope of the mountain is equally full of tombs, and Mr. Griffith reports upon those of Dayr Reefa ("Dêr Rîfeh," he calls it) and Dayr Dronkeh, all in the same range. In fact, the two wide valleys north and south of the limestone hills must have always been a very important, if not the most important, district of Upper Egypt, with at all times a very large, industrious, and comparatively wealthy population. Sioot, the S-se-oo-t of the hieroglyphs, the Asyoot or Al Syût of the modern Arab, is the largest and best built city on the Nile south of Cairo, and has grown immensely in population and importance since the opening of the railway and since it became the terminus of the postal service on the river. Previously it was the great rendezvous of caravans from beyond Dongola, and a centre of the slave-trade, scarcely yet, perhaps, wholly suppressed. Here it is reported, both in Christian and Moslem tradition, the Holy Family abode after the flight into Egypt. Much older than Cairo as an Arab city, it possesses some very characteristic ancient remains, including magnificent Roman columns; and the bazaar is the most extensive and orderly on the Upper Nile.

But the attractions of the city were nothing to Mr. Griffith. At his two visits, described but too briefly in the volume before us, he devoted himself to obtaining correct readings of the inscriptions in the tombs. Though Sir Gardner Wilkinson described them in the old days before Egyptian chronology and hieroglyphics had been studied intelligently, and although Dr. Brugsch reported on them more than thirty years ago, they had never been systematically copied, and in the meantime much had perished. Much, indeed, has perished even since Mr. Griffith's first visit in January 1887. The best known of these tombs are numbered by Mr. Griffith as "I." and "III." The first of these belonged to a mighty man under the Twelfth Dynasty, whose name was Hap-zefa, or, as Mr. Griffith, adhering to the scheme of transliteration adopted as a compromise by the Oriental Congress, spells it, "Hap-t'efa," who seems to have been governor of Sioot. The inscriptions, although known to be very instructive on account of the early references they contain to the calendar of the Egyptians of that remote period, have never been fully copied before, and Mr. Griffith rightly devotes nine of his plates to them. Hap-zefa makes no mention of any contemporary Egyptian monarch, and may have been a more or less independent prince, but on Plate 4 we have a "palimpsest" cartouche of Usertesen I. of the Twelfth Dynasty. Hap-zefa repeatedly calls himself the priest of Ap-heru, "the lord of S-se-oo-t," the wolf-headed deity who was reckoned the "guardian of roads," and who gave the city its later Greek name of Lycopolis. Another king's name occurs in the fourth tomb, that of another great man, whose name was Kheti. He mentions King Ra-Kamer, or Mer Kara, of the thirteenth dynasty, whose history is exceedingly obscure. Of Kheti, however, we read that under him S-soot was prosperous, free from famine and pestilence, and that the people had rest in peace and security. This, if true, was a proud boast in the unsettled times which followed the extinction of the Twelfth Dynasty. But, as in another, and probably contemporary, tomb (No. III.), the decorations and writings are incomplete, and the peace on which Kheti prided himself must have been rudely broken.

The only fault we have to find with Mr. Griffith's volume is that his text is so meagre. He might, with very little additional trouble, have given us a few translated examples of the numerous inscriptions he has so laboriously copied. It is to be hoped, however, that now we have the hieroglyphics there is a sufficient number of English students capable of using them to throw light on one of the most interesting and most obscure periods of Egyptian history—that, namely, which intervened between the marvellous civilization which prevailed under the Amenemhats and Usertesens of the Twelfth Dynasty and the barbarism which overshadowed the country before the rise of the Eighteenth. It is possible that some writing in the granite quarries at Assouan, which is of this period, may help the future historian, and it is understood that all the names on these mysterious rocks have now been copied by Mr. Petrie and his predecessors and companions. There are still, if we mistake not, some uncopied inscriptions of uncertain, but probably early, date at the opposite side of the Nile from Sioot; but all explorers there have been fascinated by the wonders of Beni Hassan, a few miles only to the north.

* *The Inscriptions of Siût and Dêr Rîfeh.* By F. L. Griffith. London: Trübner & Co. 1889.

WINES IN ENGLISH CELLARS.*

M. MOURAILLE has put forth the little work under notice with the statement, which we believe to be true, that there exists no English text-book on the treatment and management of wines, so that the expert has invariably to turn to French scientific treatises on the subject. Having held the position for seventeen years of Maître-de-chai to Messrs. Spiers & Pond, our author is, no doubt, entitled to speak with considerable experience, for a vast quantity of wine must have passed through his hands. Yet we fear that his work will not adequately fill up the gap in our literature. In trying to account for the taste for extra dry champagne in England in preference to the sweeter kinds, M. Mouraille exclaims, "great is the virtue of advertisement!" and we think we are not judging him harshly when we say that his admiration for this principle is apparent in the pages of his book. It contains many sensible instructions relative to the racking and fining of wines, and directions as to the treatment of faulty ones; but no wine-merchant worthy of the name should be ignorant of the elementary details here set forth, and every such merchant should have quite as much experience as M. Mouraille's at his command to guide him in the subtler difficulties which frequently arise, and for meeting which no fixed rules can be given. As regards the cellarman, for whose use the book is also written, if his master does not see that he understands his duties, and takes care that he performs them, he is hardly likely to turn to these pages for guidance; while there is much from which the connoisseur will dissent. It is here stated, for instance, that

> Bordeaux wines improve with age during from four to six years. To keep its condition beyond six years a wine must be very strong in tannin and alcohol. As a rule, wine ten years old, say three or four years in wood and six in bottle, has reached its highest state of perfection; after that period it begins to deteriorate. Nevertheless, there are a few wines which tend to improve even after ten years. Such, for instance, are certain growths of Côte d'Or (Burgundies), Roussillon, Hérault, and Gard.

The above is true, no doubt, of the lower growths of Bordeaux, which probably the writer had in his mind, though he does not say so, and of all growths of weaker vintages; but the exceptions of recent years have been too numerous to mention. Who would say that the '64's began to deteriorate in 1874, or (leaving out the '70's) that the '74's or '78's had yet reached their prime? With the remarks on buying at public sales we cordially agree:—

> The mere fact of purchasing wines in places offering no guarantee or security to the buyer is a great risk in itself. No risk need be incurred by procuring wines direct from responsible wine-merchants or importers, either in wood or bottled.

We believe that the practice is only to be accounted for by the love of a bargain inherent in many people; it pleases them to "pick up" wine of a high-sounding name at a lower price than it can be bought of a wine-merchant, totally oblivious of the relative merits of the same alleged wine. If they would only test their bargain when it comes home by a little comparative tasting, the illusion would soon vanish. M. Mouraille has patented many ingenious inventions, which are duly described and illustrated in his book. We regret to learn that he has hitherto found no machine for washing bottles which he can recommend; though we have seen more than one in high-class establishments doing their work with admirable efficiency, and causing a great saving in labour. No doubt this will be amended before long, and a "Mouraille's bottle-washer" will be invented to supersede all others. Among the recipes which "ladies perhaps will be pleased to have" we find the following one for "Iced wine for Balls and Soirées":—

> Put a block of ice weighing five or six pounds in a porcelain or glass vessel, with a lemon cut in thin slices. Pour in ONE bottle of good vin ordinaire, two bottles of effervescent lemonade, and half a pound of loaf sugar. Stir the mixture, and serve. The beverage may be made in any quantity.

But we fancy the ladies will find the above quite sufficient, as far as their male guests are concerned.

* *Wines in English Cellars.* By L. P. Mouraille. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

PALLAS'S SAND-GROUSE IN SCOTLAND.*

THIS is an important contribution to the history of British ornithology. Few zoological incidents of late years have presented such an adventurous novelty or have caused so much excitement as the invasion of our archipelago by the Tartar hordes of Pallas's sand-grouse (*Syrrhaptes paradoxus*) last spring. These strange little birds had but once been seen in Europe before. They were exotic in the most exclusive sense; they came to us from the untraversed recesses of Central Mongolia. Suddenly the whole of Western Europe, from the arctic circle in Sweden to the Straits of Gibraltar, was occupied by vast flights of these alien birds; and, almost before naturalists had found time to observe them, they were gone again. The pamphlet before us is not designed as a history of this invasion, a work which Professor Newton has taken into his particular charge, but as a collection of facts regarding Scotland alone. It contains notes of all the data obtained in various parts of North Britain by a great variety of persons, sifted and examined on the spot before observation had time to decline into invention or rumour to take rank as history. The immigration was so sudden, and made at so many different points at once, that it was a labour of no light kind to collect and scientifically to arrange this mass of desultory notes. The result, however, is one which is of very considerable value to science.

As is well known, one previous invasion of Pallas's sand-grouse had been recorded. There was a flight westward of *Syrrhaptes* in 1863, and the particulars of this are by no means so exactly recorded as we should wish them to be. It is, however, estimated by Mr. Macpherson and others that the invading army of 1888 was not less than twenty times as large in numbers as that of 1863. The geographical distribution of the birds in the latter year was not less widely extended than in 1888, but it was much more thinly dispersed. About twenty-five birds were seen on the shores of the Forth, eight or nine in Forfarshire, and fifteen in Kincardine. But one was noticed in the Moray Firth, a flock of ten or twelve in Caithness, and two or three in Shetland. The whole west of Scotland produced only eight specimens, one of which had flown so far as to Benbecula in the Outer Hebrides. There is no evidence of the arrival in Scotland in 1863 of more than eighty specimens in all, but these were scattered over the country from Unst to Dumfries. The visitation of 1888 was dispersed equally widely, but it was enormously larger in numbers, and can scarcely have consisted of less than two thousand birds. The distribution was curiously even. In the Outer Hebrides, where but a single bird was seen on Benbecula in 1863, there were flocks in 1888 on Benbecula, South Uist, and the Lews; while a very remarkable immigration and settlement took place on Tiree. The existence of these birds in large numbers on the very brink of the Atlantic makes us wonder what is the nature of the instinct which leads these little creatures westward, and what is its limit. When the sand-grouse find themselves in Jutland and Southern Scandinavia, they resign themselves blindly to the long flight over the German Ocean. Once arriving at the estuary of the Forth, their faith is rewarded; but still they fly westward. They pass the Clyde; they reach the sea again; they gather on the sands of Tiree and Oronsay. What leads them still to push westward, and to visit the remotest frontier of Europe—the barren chain of the Long Island? And when they stand on Benbecula, and the unbroken Atlantic is before them, do they still push on westward till they faint with weariness and sink in the vast profound, or is their instinct cunning enough to teach them that this is the end at last? These are questions which are, we believe, still unanswered. We are not aware at least that any one has stood on the western shore of any of the Hebrides, and has seen the sand-grouse take flight still further onward in search of fabulous Hesperides.

The scouts of the main force appeared, in 1888, about the middle of May, and the entire invasion was completed by the second week of June. For the next two months they were endeavouring to make themselves at home in Scotland, and they were being resolutely attacked by their animal and human enemies. On the whole, Mr. Macpherson is able to report that the sand-grouse received "handsome consideration from the Scottish public." Nevertheless, the Wild Birds Act proved quite insufficient, in all but a few places, adequately to protect them. There were, however, many intelligent efforts made to induce the birds to nest, and several reports were circulated to the effect that these were successful. It is in sifting evidence on such a point as this that labours such as those of Mr. Harvie Brown and Mr. Macpherson are particularly valuable. In most cases the wish was found to be father to the thought. At Tentsmuir, where great care had been taken not to disturb a likely flock, it was confidently reported that they bred, but there was no real proof of it. At St. Fergus, where a settlement of no less than two hundred birds settled, there is found to be the belief of a keeper that "he *saw* a pair of young birds, with down on them, roaming about with an old sand-grouse near them." Young birds were said to have been shot at St. Fergus; but when they were examined they were not found to be tender juveniles, but regular tough old seniors. The same failure attended an examination of suggested nesting in Gareloch. But on the Culbin Sands, near Forres, there is evidence of a formal kind that the sand-grouse did breed. As this solitary instance is of considerable importance, we may quote the words of Mr. Salvage, the well-known collector:—

> I certainly saw a clutch of eggs of the Pallas sand-grouse on the Culbin Sands last season. I should have taken them, of course, but for a keeper who was near at the time. My shouting to him a fine day or something of the kind frightened the old bird off the nest, or rather an apology for a nest. There cannot have been any mistake, for she got up quite close to me, and I saw 3 (or 4) eggs. There might have been more, as I did not care to examine closely with the keeper looking on. I, however, marked the spot sufficiently, as I thought, by breaking the twigs of some stunted birches growing near, to enable me to find the nest again. I, however, was not careful enough, and, although I searched the vicinity that evening, and for days afterwards, I failed to find it again. . . . I may add that the Pallas was common on the Culbin Sands last season; I must have seen hundreds. I also saw a few on the Findhorn Sands. . . . I need hardly mention that I was much vexed at missing the clutch of eggs, for I was quite aware of their value, and such a discovery is worth recording.

Mr. Salvage's discovery is borne out, unknown to him, by the fact that sand-grouse chicks were actually captured on the same ground by a keeper of the name of Alexander Scott. He happened to know the peculiarity of the foot of *Syrrhaptes*, and at once examined the feet of the chicks. He found the three small toes with the pad underneath, and was certain of his bird. This evidence, confirming that of Mr. Salvage, was considered of such unique importance that, after consultation with Professor Newton at Cambridge, Mr. Macpherson went up to Forres and subjected Alexander Scott to a cross-examination. The result was entirely satisfactory, and it is, therefore, accepted that one indubitable case of breeding occurred in Scotland in 1888.

* *The Visitation of Pallas's Sand-Grouse to Scotland in* 1888. Prepared, chiefly from information collected by Professor Newton and J. A. Harvie Brown, by Rev. H. A. Macpherson. London: R. H. Porter. 1889.

FALLOW AND FODDER CROPS.*

AS Mr. Wrightson truly says, book-farming is not popular with agriculturists, but the rising generation of farmers will have to condescend to the reading of books to hold their own in these scientific days, when the practical man, once the lord of the creation, is held of little account by the man of science. "Practice with Science" is the motto of the Royal Agricultural Society; and this book, written by a scientific man, insists on verification of theory by practice at every step. It certainly does not encourage mere book-farming, but gives ample warning that the same crop, with the same manure, will not afford the same results under different conditions of soil and climate. "The term fallow is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *fealewe*, and seems to indicate the colour of the bare or unploughed land; and is apparently the same word as is applied to fallow deer, in accordance with their earth-like colour" (p. 7). It is an old word in farming, used to indicate land let alone to recover after the exhaustion of producing a crop, and has crept into English as a metaphor for neglect, or want of care:—

> A thousand hearts lie fallow in these Halls.—TENNYSON.

In modern farming, however, every care is taken of the fallow, in preparation for the crops to come, and even the fallow crops may be the most important in a rotation. Bare fallows are explained in the first chapter, which are now almost entirely superseded by fallow crops. Mr. Wrightson reminds us that "the earliest allusions to fallowing are found in Leviticus, when the Israelites were ordered to give the land complete rest every seventh year" (p. 8). The old three-field course was generally followed in our early history, when one-third of the arable land was under fallow, the course being—first, wheat; second, spring corn—oats, barley, or beans; and the third, fallow, let alone to rest from cultivation, but grazed by cattle. Bare fallow, in a modern farming sense, is by no means letting alone; it is a complicated process of cleaning land from weed, taking a year to complete, and if followed by wheat, which used to be the case, nearly two years elapse without a return to the farmer. Bare fallowing required no less than five ploughings, with harrowings, draggings, and rollings to match, thoroughly cleaning the land of weed for the all-important wheat crop. Mr. Wrightson devotes the first chapter to explain what fallows are, and the system of bare fallowing as a preparation for succeeding crops. And, in the remaining chapters, he treats fully of fallow crops; in other words, the cultivation of great varieties of fodder—turnips of many sorts, mangel, cabbage, &c.—to clean and prepare the land for the corn crops. The fodder crops are renovating crops, simply because they are consumed on the land, and are returned to it in some shape or other, in distinction from the corn crops that are sold off the land. In earlier days the corn crop was by far the most important, as affording the principal food of the people. Then sheep were very unpopular, because land was thrown out of corn cultivation to become sheep pastures. Now that corn is cheap, and meat more generally used as food, the fallow crops demand the best attention of the farmer.

Mr. Wrightson gives a full description of every sort of fodder crop, the methods of cultivation, and the manures suitable both for the particular plant, the soil, and the climate, whether in the North or South of England, with their value as feeding stuff for bullocks, sheep, or horses. The results of Sir John Lawes's experiments at Rothamsted on this particular subject, extending over many years, are given in tables; and on this all good farming in

* *Fallow and Fodder Crops.* By John Wrightson, M.R.A.C., F.C.S. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

the future must be based, with a practical knowledge of the peculiarities of every farm, or of every field for that matter, as a superstructure. The results of experiments tried at Cirencester by members of the Chamber of Agriculture on the cultivation of swede turnips are also given in full detail in treating of that very valuable crop. The Agricultural Colleges at Cirencester and Downton are doing good work, and an interesting experiment made by Dr. Fream of Downton is described. Rye-grass being used as a fallow crop, a question arose respecting its presence in permanent pastures. Dr. Fream obtained twenty-five pieces of turf, each 2 ft. long, 1 ft. broad, and 9 ins. deep, cut from pastures in twenty-five various parts of the United Kingdom, and planted them in the botanical garden at Downton. There he examined every species of grass growing on them, and ascertained that in the vast majority of these turfs rye-grass and white clover predominated, thus setting at rest the question of rye-grass as permanent pasture. This is an example of a useful experiment, and tables are given in this book—p. 230—of the various grasses that grew to maturity on the turfs taken from places so far apart as Derbyshire, Kent, Devonshire, Tipperary, and other counties. There are tables with the results of scientific experiments throughout the work, and pains have been taken to state the cost of every crop, and the value of the crop as food. A horse costs just as much a day as a labourer, each of which Mr. Wrightson puts down at 2*s.* 6*d.* a day; and, as two horses and a man will plough an acre a day, an acre will thus cost 7*s.* 6*d.* to plough. The rotation of crops is also explained—the Norfolk four years' rotation and the Wiltshire eight years' rotation. The Norfolk four years is considered the best farming, by which one crop of wheat is taken on the fourth year. In the Wiltshire eight years' course two crops of wheat are taken, the first on the third year and the second on the eighth year.

Mr. Wrightson, in the last chapter—chapter xi.—treats of ensilage, and explains the term, quoting from Mr. Henry Rew, as derived from the Greek σιρὸς, a pit, changed to the Spanish and French *silos*. By this it appears that it was a very old practice to preserve grass by putting it into a pit, recently revived and practised in England in the well-known form now attracting so much attention. He describes the various methods by which ensilage may be made, and the crops most suitable for the purpose. And in an appendix he criticizes Mr. Eckerling's calculations of the value of ensilage on a farm, arriving at a much lower estimate of the net returns from it.

This book can be strongly recommended as a good authority on the subject of *Fallow and Fodder Crops*, of which it treats. The details of experiments are very carefully given, and the caution is insisted on that every farmer must experiment for himself—that is to say, he should take the facts supplied to him by scientific inquirers and find out for himself how and to what extent they are applicable to his particular farm. The man of science can give him invaluable rules and ascertained facts, and he must vary their application in accordance with his own experience. This is particularly the case with manures, and hardly less so with the various plants that form the crops. Botanical, chemical, and other scientific terms are avoided, though the botanical name is given with the common name of each plant. The motto of the Royal Agricultural Society—"Practice with Science"—is certainly the moral taught by this compact, business-like, useful volume.

WAY'S ILIAD (XIII.—XXIV.)*

MR. WAY'S translation of the Iliad is completed by the issue of this second volume. Three years ago we expressed our opinion of its qualities, and we do not find anything new or different that ought to be said now. Mr. Way at his best continues to be very good—so good that, if he were always at his best, the problem of Homeric translation would perhaps be settled for our time. But he continues also to be, at his worst, not only inadequate but perverse. We thought for a time that we could perceive an abatement in the neo-Scandinavian violence of his adjectives and compounds. Conventional epithets like δουρικλυτός, κορυθαίολος, are still brought into undue prominence by a bewildering variety of equivalents, but there is a tendency to moderation in the quality of them; and so far it is well. Unfortunately there are new outbreaks in other directions. In XVI. 479, 480, in the combat between Patroclus and Sarpedon, we read:—

ὁ δ' ὕστερος ὦρνυτο χαλκῷ
Πάτροκλος · τοῦ δ' οὐχ ἅλιον βέλος ἔκφυγε χειρός.

This is the plainest language of Homeric narrative. There is no effort, no ornament, no word that is in any way more catching than another. It is a necessary part of the facts, told with all swiftness and simplicity. "After him Patroclus set on with his weapon; from *his* hand the missile flew not in vain." What has Mr. Way made of it?—

> Patroclus thereafter his javelin swung on high,
> And nowise in vain from his hand did the murder-lightning fly.

We could forgive "swung on high," though there is nothing about swinging in the Greek, and the phrase is barely appropriate for the action of throwing a spear. Something must be allowed even to the most diligent and close of translators for the exigencies of metre. But we see no ground of excuse for "murder-lightning." It has nothing to do with the Greek, it is not like anything anywhere in Homeric Greek, and it is not good English. Chapman's amplifications may be worse in themselves, but this is a plainer sinning against light, and Chapman seldom amplifies in the middle of plain and direct narrative. In this place he says (and it would be hard to better him):—

> But no such speedless flight
> Patroclus let his spear perform, that on the breast did light
> Of his brave foe.

We formerly remarked on Mr. Way's unfortunate predilection for thunder and lightning. If it is invincible, he should find other means of satisfying it. Homer did not call a spade a thundering shovel, or a spear murder-lightning; and a version which makes him do so is unfaithful in a material point. It would be better to take the risk of baldness than to make Homer picturesque at this cost. Mr. Lang and his companions do not profess to give us all the poetry that is in Homer; but at any rate the English reader knows that Mr. Butcher, or Mr. Lang, or Mr. Leaf, or Mr. Myers, as the case may be, will give him good English prose, and will not give him anything that is not in Homer. We are bound to say that this "murder-lightning" is the very worst thing we have found. It is an extreme case of Mr. Way's besetting fault, but a typical one in kind.

Apart from these wilful extravagances, Mr. Way's scholarship may be trusted to warrant the accuracy of his version (which is a good deal more than can be said for Chapman), and those who are not content with a prose translation may find it a good companion to the original, or, if the Greek is beyond them, as good a substitute as they are likely to get. It has life and motion, and these will cover many faults. If Mr. Way puts into his teaching as a head-master the same spirit which he shows as a translator, the boys who read Homer with him are fortunate.

A larger proportion of double rhymes appears, or has caught our notice, in these latter books. We do not think Mr. Way's metre is one for which double endings are well suited; and we adhere to our opinion that the form of English verse which shall be truly analogous to the Homeric hexameter still waits for its inventor.

* *The Iliad of Homer done into English Verse.* By Arthur S. Way, M.A., Head-master of Wesley College, Melbourne, Australia. Vol. II. Books XIII.—XXIV. London: Sampson Low & Co.

SIX NEW SONGS.

FROM Mr. Joseph Williams we have an album of six songs by Lady Ramsay, of Bamff, to poems by Mr. Herbert Gardner, dedicated to the King of Sweden and Norway, the music of which is varied in style, of well-marked character, and for the most part well within the means of the amateur soprano or mezzo-soprano voice. Mr. Gardner has supplied the composer with poetic material that is far superior to the "song words" with which most of our song-composers are willing or compelled to be content. "What is Love?" and "Flos Florum" are, indeed, poems that every lover of poetry may accept with pleasure; and, as the poems are printed in full apart from the music, the singer may judge how agreeable it is to have music and sweet poetry agree, instead of the too common incongruity of twaddling commonplace, if not sheer nonsense, associated with taking melodies. Lady Ramsay's melodies have decided freshness, and are truly responsive to the poems. In this last important quality—sympathy with the metrical theme—these songs are remarkable, and the merit is sufficiently rare to call for praise. The first song, "With the Spring," is sure to be a favourite. It is the simplest in character of the series, is extremely pretty, and does not tax the vocalist's power. "Between the Green Corn and the Gold" and "Love's Kingdom" are more difficult. The first of these is in the key of F, passing to the tonic minor and reverting to the original key; the second is a spritely melody in C, varied by an episode in the minor. In these songs the somewhat abrupt changes of key (pp. 9, 10, and 13) may perhaps surprise the ear charmed by an intimate acquaintance with old English song. The modern composer is generally addicted to this practice, and the key-changes so frequently indulged in by song-composers of the day are not always duly anticipated by preparation and modulation. Mr. Gardner's most striking poem, "What is Love?" is wedded to the most characteristic setting of the series. This is a lively strain in Bolero form in F minor, with an accompaniment more difficult than the others, and with sound execution should prove very effective. Another attractive number is "The Spinning-Wheel," a romantic ballad of the lady singing in her castle, as she sits at her spinning-wheel, set to an engaging melody accompanied by arpeggios that admirably suit it. The last song, "Flos Florum," is mournful in character, with a simple and expressive accompaniment. Like other songs composed by Lady Ramsay, this pathetic example possesses the uncommon property of strengthening its appeal, as good things will, by repetition.

SOME MORE GUIDE-BOOKS.

AMONG the later, but not too late, guide-books of the year may be noted a new edition of Murray's *The Lakes* (London: Murray), arranged on the new and immensely improved system on which we commented favourably in the case of the *Holland and Belgium*. In no case, perhaps, was an immersion in the Fontaine de Jouvence more necessary to "Murray" than in this handbook, which had been for years far behind the excellent

local work of Mr. Jenkinson, and still further behind the opening volume of Messrs. Baddeley and Ward's "Thorough" Series. A very great deal has now been done to catch up these forerunners; the most noteworthy of many improvements being the enlargement and multiplication of the maps. In a copy of Murray's *Lakes* which lies before us and beside this, a copy bought not ten years ago, there is only a single map, on such a scale as to be practically useless. Here there are two good maps in pockets on each cover, and four other sectional coloured maps at intervals, interleaved with the text, and on the half-inch scale. This is as it should be, and means business.

A new edition (the fifth) of Mr. Baddeley's just-mentioned work (Dulau & Co.) is also before us; but here we must show something like the apparent injustice which made the Prodigal Son's elder brother so angry. There is less to commend here because there never was much, if anything, to blame. We observe, however, that there are between forty and fifty pages more matter than in the first edition—a good evidence of the continual pains which is taken with these really admirable little books. Another new edition in the same series is the third of *South Devon and South Cornwall*, also revised and enlarged, and also deserving of the same praise. We are glad to see that a volume for *Hampshire and the Isle of Wight* is advertised, and we could wish for others. But Messrs. Baddeley and Ward seem to have adopted the sound plan of never "devilling" their work; and the amount of time required thoroughly to survey the ground, and then to arrange one of these books, must be considerable, even if (which can hardly be the case) the authors did nothing else.

Baedeker's *Switzerland* (Dulau & Co.) is far too well known to need extended comment here; and we need hardly say more than that the thirteenth edition has appeared. It is now so portly a book that subdivision would be something of an advantage. Twice blessed is the guide which will go comfortably into the pocket.

A perhaps excusable desire to take the goods the gods provide in the way of advertisement has induced Mr. Ralph Darlington to print "The Queen's Visit to North Wales" on the cover of his *Vale of Llangollen* (Llangollen: Darlington; London: Adams). The volume is a specimen, and a very fair specimen, of those local guides which wise travellers who are not desperately afraid of the banging of a saxpence or two always add when they can to the publications of the haughty metropolis. The illustrations of such books are not invariably beautiful, nor is their style always classic, but they constantly have bits of local information, not least in their advertisements, which, as they would themselves say, "repay perusal." And this, as we have said, is good of its kind. *Rhodes's Steamship Guide* (London and Liverpool: Philip) is not a new book, but it is better; it is a book which has weathered two annual issues and found it worth its while to appear a third time. Mr. Rhodes begins with a fervent panegyric of Mr. Ismay and the White Star Line. This panegyric, we doubt not, is fully deserved, though, having a possibly churlish dislike to the mixing up of personal matters with general information, we could have spared it. Then he talks about engines for some time, and then devotes himself to "The Passenger." This section, though its style is a little of the order which has been unkindly described as "Guidebook Thorn-crackling," contains much useful information. Everybody knows, though few people remember, how very much the comfort of a journey depends upon thinking of little things beforehand, and Mr. Rhodes will be a useful prompter. His medical advice seems sensible, though he perhaps recommends rather too many drugs. After this there is a series of articles devoted to the principal ocean lines and voyages, anecdotic, "informational" (as the people say who call good English bad and use jargon as if it were English), and otherwise. Altogether there is a good deal in Mr. Rhodes's book, though it be but a little one; and, while it has every appearance of being a useful practical companion on real voyages, it is not a bad one for a short one in an armchair. There are, of course, one or two blunders. The "Bishop" light is not "near the Lizard," but near Scilly; and this mistake, put into practice, has brought more than one good ship on the Lizard itself.

The *Official Guide to the South-Eastern Railway* (Cassell) is a wide-ranging publication; for it goes from Berlin to Tunbridge Wells and from Margate to Como. The nasty-minded carper may object that in much the same sense the line of Sir Edward Watkin conducts to Jerusalem and Madagascar and the British fleet at anchor, whether in the Downs or at Petro-Paulovsk. But far be such remarks from us, who have never in our whole history been censorious. To tell the truth, as we have told it more than once before, the improvement in these "official guides" of late years is very remarkable.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Evans, the original author of the *Rustic Walking Routes* near London (London: Philip), which we have more than once praised, is dead. But his work lives after him, and is now continued by Mr. S. Sharpe to a "West-by-South" district, ranging from Wandsworth to the Surrey Cobham and from Southall to Kenley. The suburban builder has cut up this district more than either of the northern sections with which Mr. Evans began; but there are still many of the famous Surrey commons and other places to go to. The walks are, as before, carefully planned, excellently described, and cleverly diagrammed.

Algerian Hints for Tourists, by C. Flower (London: Stanford), honestly presents itself as a kind of guide-book appendix rather than a guide-book, and as such deserves recommendation. *Pollock's Picturesque Dictionary of the Clyde* (Glasgow: Menzies) we have praised before, and can praise again. *Strathpeffer Spa*, by F. Fox, M.D. (London: Lewis), is a chiefly medical guide to that healthful, if hyperborean, watering-place; and we have received the second edition of Mr. Oliver Baker's *Ludlow* (London: Simpkin & Marshall), published last year as a subscription book.

CALENDAR OF TREASURY PAPERS—1720-1728.*

REFERENCES to a vast number of subjects of more or less interest will be found in these "Abstracts" of Treasury papers. The editor, Mr. Redington, has noticed a good many of them in his Preface, and has showed considerable judgment in his treatment of the documents themselves. The Irish Commissioners of Revenue report that the uneasiness of people of all ranks about the patent granted to Wood for coining halfpence is "greater than can be imagined by any that are not on the spot," and suggest that, "as far the greatest part of the current money in this kingdom is clandestinely exported from other countries," means should be taken to prevent Wood from introducing more than the 40,000*l.* worth of copper coin allowed by his patent, and to keep out counterfeits of equal value with his coins "from Holland and other places." In a rather obscurely-worded petition against the Malt-tax of 1725, the Edinburgh brewers argue that the Act of Sederunt requiring them to brew was an infringement of the Claim of Right, inasmuch as it imposed a bond without the authority of Parliament. Only one brewer complied with the orders of the Lords of Session, and he was "branded with the name of traitor to his country." Before long, however, the Commissioners of Excise were able to report that, "by the prudent management of the Lord Hay, the Lord Advocate, and others, the concert of the Brewers is now broke." In the Orkneys the maltsters persevered in their opposition, and were so violent that the Commissioners wrote to General Wade for a detachment of troops for the protection of their officers. Glasgow was fined 6,080*l.* damages for a riot raised against this tax, and the magistrates declared that the Corporation was hardly able to pay such a sum. An Address to the King from the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland sets forth that Popery and Jacobitism were widely prevalent in the Highlands and Islands, that parishes of from thirty to forty miles in length had only one minister and one school, and that in some of them "for every Protestant teacher there were six Popish traffickers practising incessantly." Another Address from the Presbytery of Abertarf states that in the area under their inspection, which was about 150 miles in circumference, and contained five parishes, there were "no legal schools save what are settled by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge," and that in consequence the people became "an easy prey to popish priests, jesuits, emissaries from Rome, and other disaffected persons." Among several documents referring to smuggling is a letter from the Bristol distillers about "the running of French brandy," in which it is remarked that "we have no settled commerce with France, and probably never may." The smugglers "concerned in the murder of Purchase" were in such force at Shaftesbury in 1724 that the magistrates could not execute the warrants against them without the help of a military force. Many claims were made for rewards for apprehending criminals; one of them was from persons concerned with the late Jonathan Wild in apprehending a highwayman. Other claims were for information, and among these one Samuel Slatford of Oxford set forth in 1720 that he had "detected many dangerous practices carried on there during the late Rebellion, and had discovered a great quantity of arms designed for the use of the Pretender." For his zeal he had to "quit his habitation and livelihood," and therefore prayed for some provision. Robert Dalyell, "late Earl of Carnwath," who had been condemned for his share in the Rebellion and had been respited, petitioned the Crown for a grant, as he had lost all his property by his attainder. He received a bounty of 600*l.* The wife of John Walkinshaw, of Burrowfield, whose husband had lost his estate by forfeiture, also obtained relief on account of her poverty and her large family of children. Parliament had granted a sum to encourage attempts to find out a satisfactory method of ascertaining the longitude at sea, and Peter Laurans asked for a grant on the ground that he had invented a "machine" for that purpose, and had "thereby throw'd himself in low circumstances," so that he could not bring it to perfection, but "my Lords" declined giving him any money until his machine had been produced and approved. A sum of 100*l.* was given to the Rev. William Whiston, sometime Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, for his method of finding longitude "by means of a dipping needle" and to enable him to complete his "discover." A letter from Sir James Thornhill, the King's Painter, complains that some improper person had been employed to do the gilding on the wainscot in the Gallery of Kensington Palace, which was, he says, a great encroachment on his office. The keeper of the wild beasts at Kensington in 1727 demanded an increase of pay because the two new tigers were so unruly. Each tiger cost 16*d.* a day to feed, and each civet cat 4*d.*

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* *Calendar of Treasury Papers*, 1720-1728, *preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office*. Prepared by Joseph Redington, Esq., one of the Assistant-Keepers of the Public Records. London: printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1889.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE have, at the due intervals, faithfully chronicled the successive volumes of the *Livre d'or du Salon*. To these volumes M. Georges Lafenestre has for the last decade contributed criticisms of the year's art in France, which have been singularly free from the usual bias and weaknesses of art criticism; while M. Jouaust has accommodated them with all possible glories of print and paper, and the best etchers of the day have given what reproduction—in black and white and in little—is possible of colour and form. It would, in any case, have been a good idea to sift these siftings yet further at intervals. But the present "Ten Year Book" (1) has this further appositeness, that the majority of the examples selected for it appear in the Fine Arts section of the Exhibition. M. Lafenestre's introductions figure in full; the catalogue is, of course, limited to the selected examples—three for each year in painting, one in sculpture. Among them (not without confessing to something of the usual feeling of surprise at the flight of time) we notice the "Saison d'Octobre" (Bastien-Lepage) of ten years ago, where the cataloguer, though he means it for praise, is surely unnecessarily violent in calling the types "bestial." This has two blooming companions, not by any means withered, the "Allée abandonnée" (Bernier), and "Laghouat" (Guillaumet). Among later examples, M. Bonnat's "Job" does not suit black and white, M. Heilbuth's "Beau temps" has too many of our own Academy prettinesses about it; and we at least did not want to see M. Rochegrosse's butcher's-shop "Andromache" again. But the double art of the Flameng family is excellently illustrated in "Les vainqueurs de la Bastille"; that wicked model which haunts M. Chaplin's imagination is welcome again in the more than ever appropriately named "Souvenirs"; and so are the very different "Communiantes" (Jules Breton), and, in sculpture, M. Paul Dubois's admirable "Connétable Anne de Montmorency," and M. Turcan's "Blind Man and Paralytic." Altogether the collection is an exceedingly interesting one, as representing in a more exact sense than usual the cream of the cream of ten years' art in that country of Europe where, if art is not highest, it is at any rate most practised.

It is amusing to pass from serious to comic art at all times, and seldom can there be a more amusing transition than from the book last mentioned to M. Caran d'Ache's (2) summer album. It is not so elaborate as *Les Courses*, but it is simply screaming fun. The opening subject, "Chasse au tigre," is like and unlike a charming English fantasy, the history of the lamented Tippoo; but there is only fun here and no pathos. The incidents of the "Fusil-à-répétition" are Struwelpeter turned Gallic. We fear—we greatly fear—that "Question et réponse" and "Un drame au désert" are intended to be sarcastic on the great British nation, as the "Mariage d'un jockey" certainly is. But all three are delightful, and the great British nation can afford it. Are there not places where camels ("Question et réponse") and elephants ("Un drame au désert") are bestridden by sons of Albion now and where sons of France would fain bestride them? As for "Highlanders," "Grenadiers," Horse Guards and Life Guards, they also are not unknown to France. "La plus belle conquête de l'homme" is Caran d'Ache *in excelsis*, and is perhaps, taken all round, the best thing in the book. There are plenty of jokes at "Dumanet" (=Tommy Atkins in his ridiculous stage), including not a few at his weakness for the gentle *bonne* and hers for him. But these are rather old and "stock." The elaborate Consulate romance of "Le plus heureux des trois," and the still more melodramatic piece of the "Récit du capitaine," are excellent, but more in the nature of illustrations to letterpress. At the same time, the various attitudes of the strait-vested and classically-coifed lady in the first-named are not easily to be paid for. The "Cheval moderne," good as it is, would be better if there were a *leetle* less of it. Our own favourites (this does not contradict what has been said above) are "Métropolitain Oriental," a wonderful triumph of half a dozen lines, and "Appareil à duel," a perfectly lovely satire. This last is all good, but the gem of it is the doctor with his *trousse*. For many years he has reigned in the letterpress of French novels; but here he is in the flesh, or as near flesh as outline will allow. His strictly professional air at first; his disgust at the "duel sans issue fatale," and his beaming smile as he turns up his sleeves when the combatants, having calculated imprudently (the *appareil* is a sort of double swing), meet and skewer each other in mid-air, are all incomparable. But it is hardly possible to go wrong in this delightful volume, and the chief result which we expect from this review is that we shall receive scores of indignant letters accusing us of having left out the best pieces of all (for there are plenty more) out of malice prepense.

(1) *Dix années du Salon de peinture et de sculpture*, 1879-1888. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(2) *Album Caran d'Ache*. Paris: Plon.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE annotated edition of *The Legend of Good Women* (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press) follows closely upon Professor Skeat's edition of the *Minor Poems* of Chaucer, gratifies a similar want, and will be not less welcome to students of the poet. Fortunately materials for a good text of the *Legend* abound, and Dr. Skeat has produced one that is indisputably excellent by collating the best MSS. and giving the two forms of the Prologue on the same page, the more recent in full, the older—the Cambridge MS.—with the omission of some verses that are repeated verbatim in the second. A comparison of the two texts of the Prologue fully establishes the claims of the older to be printed, though it exists only in one MS. The various MSS. of the poem are divided into two classes by Dr. Skeat, and his conclusion, after collation, is that those of the first class have been "practically neglected altogether." And much the same is his judgment of the twenty previous editions of *The Legend*. Dr. Skeat finds that they are all incomplete; some through imperfect collation of MSS., and some, in addition to this common defect, because they are mainly reprints of older editions. As the immediate precursor of the *Canterbury Tales*, *The Legend of Good Women* holds a position of peculiar importance in Chaucer's works. The Prologue, for all its allegorical form, possesses interest in the delightful picture of the poet allured from his books to the observance of May and the praise of the daisy, and in the list of writings he had produced previous to 1385. In this confession of authorship we find the only existing reference to a translation of the treatise *De Miseria Conditionis Humanæ* of Pope Innocent III.—

> the Wreched Engendring of Mankynde
> As man may in pope Innocent y-fynde.

There is also the implied admission that Chaucer had translated the *Romaunt of the Rose*, though Dr. Skeat refuses to accept the existing translation as his. His comment on the passage is interesting. "Chaucer," he says, "here certainly seems to imply that he translated the whole of the Romaunce of the Rose, or at any rate, that portion of it which is specially directed against women." But Dr. Skeat can admit no more than this natural conclusion. He proceeds to point out that the translation does not contain "such passages as the God of Love would most have objected to," though, later, in the Prologue to the Wyf of Bath's *Tale* some of them are reproduced. Then again, Dr. Skeat urges that when Chaucer does introduce passages from the *Romaunt* in his poems, they "usually lie outside" the English translation, and when they do not, Chaucer's wording differs. Thus, in the *Book of the Duchess* we find:—

> And every tree stood by himselve
> Fro other wel ten foot or twelve,
> So grete trees, so huge of strengthe.

In the *Romaunt* translation the passage runs:—

> Those trees were set, that I devyse,
> One from another in assyse,
> Five fadom or six, I trowe so,
> But they were highe and grete also.

Dr. Skeat makes much of the difference between "ten foot or twelve," and "five fadom or six," the original being *cinq toises, ou de sis*. But is it inconceivable that the poet should permit himself greater freedom when merely adapting a passage than when expressly engaged on a translation? This, however, is but one among the many interesting points discussed in the seventy pages of notes and the suggestive introductory matter of the present volume. Dr. Skeat's examination of the metre of the *Legend*—the earliest example of the heroic couplet shaped by a master poet—is searching, and full of instruction. His reconstruction of the text is also invariably sound. Words are restored to truncated lines, either as necessary for scansion or as useful for the sense; and those words occur originally in some or all of the MSS. the editor classes in the first rank. It is obvious, indeed, that until now Chaucer has been terribly "mis-metred" by editors, and *The Legend of Good Women* has suffered rather more than the other poems in this matter. A good glossary and full indices supply the remaining satisfactory features of Dr. Skeat's excellent work.

Mr. William McCormick's *Three Lectures on Literature* (Alexander Gardner) treat of "English Literature and University Education," the poetry of Wordsworth and of Mr. Robert Browning. The first is a reply to an article by Professor Freeman, which somewhat roughly handled the claims of literature as a subject of study in the Universities. Mr. McCormick tilts with a light, though rather belated, hand in this encounter, and, it is fair to add, deals Mr. Freeman some shrewd strokes. We sympathize with Mr. McCormick's dislike and distrust of pedantry, whether it be ground small from mills in high places, or blatant in less authoritative quarters. Of the remaining lectures, that on Mr. Browning will better repay the youthful reader. It is encouraging in tone; and this is always a pleasant characteristic with the studious young.

Mr. Robert Marr's *Music for the People* (Edinburgh: Menzies) includes an interesting sketch of the rise and progress of choral Societies in Scotland, with special reference to the various musical Societies, organists, bands, pipers, and others who performed at the Glasgow Exhibition of 1888. Good music and cheap is undoubtedly a popular demand of the day, and in Scotland it is met with efficiency and in abundance. Every town has its choirs, some of which have been long established and are deservedly celebrated. The Glasgow Choral Union, one of the oldest and most important, has long exercised a highly beneficial influence as an excellent model for the many aspiring musical Societies that have sprung into existence recently in all parts of the country. Mr. Marr's review of the subject shows that music is in a very thriving condition in Scotland.

Poems, by "Antæus" (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), is the

merest booklet of verse, yet not altogether without individuality. It is made up of a drama that is little but a sketch for a play, and of songs that have on occasion a spritely daring all their own. In "Spring" and "Egoism," two little trills of song, there is something of the promise that justifies the poet's farewell to the reader:—

> The winter chaffinch and this little book
> Record the promise of a singing age.
> Scorn not the weakest bird-note. Rather look
> For summer song, long light, and a fuller page.

"Antæus" may well have something more considerable in reserve.

Mr. Montgomery's *Leading Facts of French History* (Boston: Ginn) possesses decided advantages, as an elementary school-book, in the arrangement of the historical material, the useful maps, and the appendix of genealogical tables. Less happy is the attempt to give phonetic equivalents to French names. Boys and girls are not advanced by being instructed that Poitiers is "almost Pwi'-te-a," Saint Pierre (San Pee-ar'), Jacques Bonhomme (Zhäk-Bon-om'), and so forth.

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THE STRIKE.

THE immense amount of speaking and writing which has been set going by the talk and the idleness of "labour" during this last week, contains very little which is creditable to that somewhat hazy personification. There is among it not a little personality of the meanest kind, still more idle repetition of what had been sufficiently said, and, what commonly goes with these errors, a plentiful lack of the faculty of looking facts in the face. Against these things may be set off a certain amount of common sense shown by the members of the Trades-Union Congress at Dundee, and the abstinence of the London strikers from actual riot. We do not know, however, that it is any particular credit to any body of persons that they should be only able to show a little practice of the most elementary virtues as the set-off to a great deal of folly or worse. The temperate tone of the speech made by Mr. RITCHIE, the President of the Dundee Congress, does not quite counterbalance the spiteful attack made on Mr. BROADHURST, still less the somewhat vulgar personalities with which Mr. BROADHURST retaliated for the attack made on himself. As for the merits of that attack, there was nothing new in them. It is an old story that the priest must live by the altar, and that some of the faithful are apt to suspect him of living too well. A position of instructor and representative brings authority, and that has been noted to bring money, and then there will be found envious spirits in the congregation to assert that the money was the object, and not the defence of the principles. It has been the fate of many to undergo these charges, and therein Mr. BROADHURST'S fate is not singular. His defence we accept as complete. That he was entitled to invest his savings as he pleased—and much to be envied, firstly, for the possession of savings, and then for the good fortune, so rare in these days, which enabled him to find a safe investment which brings him in the very tidy figure of 25 per cent.—we hold to be as certain as that Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE was justified in evicting the tenants who would not or could not pay their rent. Only we venture to point out that this bold assertion of the rights of the capitalist has a somewhat comic sound from Mr. BROADHURST'S mouth. We have heard denunciations of the doctrine from that quarter before the case was altered.

Even on this occasion it came very shortly after a passage in the speech of Mr. RITCHIE with which it did somewhat jar. The President asked what might not be accomplished "with Unionist parochial managers, Unionist Town "Councillors, Unionist magistrates, and Unionist members "of the Legislature"; and he answered himself with confidence that, when the Unions have everything their own way, "the unjust employer and the 'sweater' would be "hurried out of existence. Railway Companies which pay "8 per cent. [not quite 25, you see] of a dividend, and work "their employés sixteen to eighteen hours a day, would "become an impossibility. Labour, even of the lowest and "humblest description, would be sympathetically dealt with." This and more to the same effect Mr. RITCHIE said, and we repeat that we do not see how it squares with Mr. BROADHURST'S uncompromising assertion of the orthodox doctrine that the capitalist is entitled to obtain all he can for his money. The President's language was, though we imagine he would shrink from confessing it, Socialism—or, if not that, it was wordy platitude. What is an unjust employer except one who gets the utmost he can for his money? What is a sweater except a term of abuse for a contractor who buys his labour as cheap as he can? Why should not a railway Company pay a man for working eighteen hours if he likes to work for that length of time? What is sympathetic treatment of labour if it is not the payment of more than its market value? The speech of Mr. RITCHIE, and the greater part of what has been said about the London strike, prove how hopelessly incapable most people are of understanding that in dealing with labour you have two courses to choose from, and that you must needs take one. Either you leave buyer and seller free to higgle in the market, or you adopt some form of Socialism by which you propose to regulate their relations according to some standard of "justice." The two systems are not compatible, for the slightest admixture of the second vitiates the first. If the regulating system is taken, it must be universally applied if the burden and the benefit are not to be unfairly apportioned, which would defeat its own purpose. It would appear, however, that there are many thousands of persons in London, some merely silly, some interested for their own ends, who think that a combination of the two might be profitably applied to the Dock strike. Shipowners and labourers would by this compromise be left free to higgle, while the Dock Companies would be required for the general good to treat the humblest and lowest description of labour in a sympathetic way. The view of the holders of this opinion is neatly put in the sentimentality of Mr. PUNCH'S cartoon, and was admirably illustrated by Cardinal MANNING'S inquiry of the Dock Committee whether they did not think it better to sacrifice a problematical dividend in order to end the present painful crisis. Even the desire to gain a cheap advertisement as a friend of the people ought hardly to have misled an educated man into the stupidity of asking men of business whether they did not think it better to give up all hope of obtaining a profit on their capital at once, in order that a strike, by which they are not the only or the greatest sufferers, might be ended at their expense for the benefit of other people. The course of the shipowners is intelligible enough. It might suit them very well to acquire the docks as the property of a bankrupt. It is natural, if not magnanimous, in them to try what they can extract from the Companies. As men of business, however, they are doing themselves little credit, since they ought to see that, if the Dock Companies cannot afford to give the extra penny, the strikers cannot get it, and that, if they will not allow themselves to be bullied, they cannot be coerced.

One of the commonest platitudes talked about the strike takes the form of a lament that the Dock Companies should, by their obstinacy in standing out, inflict such a terrible loss on London. The loss is obvious, but why is the blame to be thrown exclusively on the Dock Companies? There are several other parties to the quarrel who might facilitate a compromise by surrender. The shipowners might agree to pay a higher dock rate, for instance, which would enable the Companies to pay better wages. If a general rise in freights and prices followed, the public would then have an opportunity of showing its sympathy with the strikers more effectually than by sentimental twaddle. Then, again, the leaders of the men might advise them to be content with what they have got—or they might, while advising those who chose to do so to stand out, withdraw their 10,000 or 12,000 men on picket duty, and allow the labourers who are ready to work to do so. This last measure would, it is plain, settle the strike at once. As it is, work is gradually increasing in the docks, and if the pressure put on by the adventurers who have seized the control of the strike were taken off, thousands would rush in at once. For this, if for no other reason, it is desirable that the Dock Companies should win. They are no doubt fighting for their own hand like everybody else in the scrimmage, but for the moment their interests happen to coincide more than those of anybody else with the general interests of the community.

The strike has, through the ignorance and sheeplike docility of the labourers, been turned into a dangerous semi-socialist movement. It is, therefore, highly desirable that it should end in the defeat of the strikers. The more complete that defeat is the less chance will there be that Mr. Burns, Mr. H. H. Champion, and the handful of screeching spouters who have shared the stump with them will be allowed to mislead more men. The signs are encouraging for the Companies. The total failure of the Manifesto of last week, the gradual return of men to work, and the enlightenment of the public as to the real aims of Messrs. Burns and Co., more than counterbalance the subscriptions which have been received by the Committee and the fussy activity of Mr. Lafone, whose action and that of the few wharfingers who go with him is perfectly natural. The nature of their business enables them to recoup themselves for the cost of higher wages by charging higher rates. They can, therefore, afford to accept the terms of the men. That is not the case of the Dock Companies.

A HOLIDAY DEPUTATION.

An irreverent person once observed that the phrase "Annual Meeting of the British Association for the "Advancement of Science" appeared to him a needlessly cumbrous and circuitous substitute for the simpler locution "picnic." Such an objection would not lie with quite equal force against the words "Deputation of English Home "Rulers to Ireland," which is some four words shorter; but still it must be admitted to be rather a roundabout way of describing an Irish holiday tour. The ladies and gentlemen, however, who have lately landed at Dublin—and the ladies, significantly enough, from the holiday-making point of view, figure very prominently in the report of the visit—may be allowed, in these desperately serious days, to flatter themselves that they have gone to Ireland primarily on a serious mission, and only secondarily to enjoy themselves. Some people like to be humbugs even in their pleasures; and, moreover, there is undeniably an element of "business" about the transaction which may well take the place of, and is perhaps in the minds of the deputation actually mistaken for, genuine political enthusiasm. The list of the members of the deputation is a very instructive catalogue of names. They are, for the most part, those of men who have either failed or ceased to make that mark in English public life which they desire to make, and who feel the necessity of putting themselves in evidence at a moment when the competition in self-advertisement has a little slackened. They are politicians, if they will not be offended at our saying so, who do not mind "speaking "during the dinner-hour." They are actors who do not object to appearing at matinées in the dead season, when the stars are away for their holiday in the Engadine. Mr. Summers, Mr. Schwann, Mr. H. J. Wilson, are typical specimens of the class of what may be called "vacation performers." Mr. Carvell Williams and Mr. W. H. Wills are gentlemen actually "out of an engagement"; they have lost their seats in Parliament, and are anxious again to attract the attention of some discerning constituency. And at the head of them all was Mr. Stansfeld, who stands in exactly the same relation to his more prominent and successful colleagues on the Front Opposition Bench as the Schwanns and Summerses do to the Ellises and Pickersgills on the benches behind.

Mr. Stansfeld's own account of the matter, given in a speech "of some length," appears to show a somewhat needless anxiety to justify his visit. Its motive is perfectly well understood, we can assure him. The explanation above given of it will be readily accepted by all who are acquainted with the inner working of politics; and, having regard to the very uncertain outlook which lies before Mr. Gladstone's lieutenants in general, it will, we believe, be regarded as no less adequate from a moral than from a political point of view. At a time when the struggle for succession to Mr. Gladstone appears to be "anybody's game," it is impossible to blame anybody who, as Mr. Sexton proudly said of Mr. Stansfeld, "had been in the Imperial Cabinet, and he ventured "to say would be again," for trying to keep as well up in the running as possible. This account of the matter is, at any rate, a more satisfactory one than that given by the leader of the deputation himself. He had asked himself, he said, "what justification he could offer for "coming over to Ireland to discuss a question which was "primarily an Irish one, and he had come to the conclusion "that it was his right as a citizen of a kingdom which was "united, and was determined to remain united, to take an "interest in any question which affected even the remotest "part of it." But this justification is so instantaneously obvious that one is at a loss to understand how any reflective process should have been necessary to arrive at it at all. One would have thought that the answer to Mr. Stansfeld's self-interrogation would have arisen simultaneously with the question. When was it that the momentary hitch took place? Did it only occur to Mr. Stansfeld after more or less prolonged meditation on this "primarily Irish question" that Ireland was a portion of the United Kingdom? Or did the fact that he himself is a citizen of that United Kingdom only dawn by degrees upon his mind? Or, finally, did he spend some time in contemplating these two facts "in their quiddity" before he was visited by the brilliant *aperçu* that the citizen of a kingdom has "a "right to take an interest in any question which affects "even the remotest part of it"? Upon any view of his meaning, his attempt to pose as a Unionist is one of a most maladroit description, eminently characteristic of all the efforts of Gladstonians when they endeavour to fit the language of Unionism to their unaccustomed lips. All that Mr. Stansfeld has succeeded in proving is that the unity of the United Kingdom is not with him a truth of instinctive consciousness, but an information of reasoning. No genuine Unionist could possibly have asked himself "what "justification he could offer for coming over to Ireland to "discuss a question which is primarily an Irish one"; and Mr. Stansfeld's success in replying to his own interrogation does not by any means atone for the political *gaucherie* of having framed it.

Nor was Mr. Stansfeld much happier in his subsequent criticisms on what he professes to regard as the self-contradictory views of the Unionist party. "The opponents of "the Irish people on this question," he said, "held incon-"sistent opinions. They seemed to think that the cry for "Home Rule was fictitious. In the same breath they "pointed," as no doubt they do, if people can be said to point with their lungs, "to the deep-rooted desire of the "Irish for self-government; a desire so antagonistic in "spirit to Great Britain that, if self-government were "granted, it would be used against the interests of the "United Kingdom, and lead to separation." So far, however, from these two opinions being intellectually inconsistent, one is only the natural and logical corollary of the other. It is the very same persons who are attempting to pass off a "fictitious cry" for a particular political change as a genuine national demand for that change—it is these very persons who, if they obtained what they are clamouring for, would turn the concession to the purposes which Unionists foresee and deprecate, and which Mr. Stansfeld sees no reason to fear. Surely the position of those who hold this view of the grant of Home Rule and its probable consequences is a perfectly plain and intelligible one. What they believe is simply this—that the Irish people, as such, have not, and never had, any definite or reasoned desire for separate legislative institutions; but that agitators have succeeded in persuading them that the satisfaction of the vague discontent, itself in a great measure the product of agitation, with which they are filled is only to be obtained under the system of self-government known as Home Rule; and, further, that the very disappointment, the inevitable disappointment, which upon the concession this visionary hope is destined to encounter, would in its turn supply the agitators with the strongest possible leverage for a movement in favour of complete separation. Nor should it be necessary to point out how potent an ally they would have found in Mr. Gladstone's Bill if that most mischievous measure, bristling with irritating and humiliating restrictions on the exercise of the privileges which it professed to confer, had become law. When Mr. Stansfeld talks lightly about the people of Ireland "de-"siring a system of self-government only in the interest of "their own country, and in accordance with and subordi-"nate to the necessities of the union with Great Britain "in one United Kingdom," he coolly assumes the successful solution of the very problem which has to be solved, and which the agitators would obviously find their account in representing as insoluble. At every check which the legislative policy of an Irish Parliament might undergo from the restraints of the constitutional statute there would be an immediate outcry against its provisions, and a ready complaint

that the interests of Ireland were being sacrificed to the real or pretended "necessities of the union with Great Britain in "one United Kingdom"; and if this outcry and complaint were not attended to, it would at once become the business of the agitators, as it would be in their power under the latest development of the Gladstonian Home Rule Scheme, to compel a hearing for their demands by paralysing the action of the Imperial Parliament. We do not say that it is theoretically impossible to work a local Legislature having powers defined and limited by the terms of a constitutional statute; but we do say that, without complete good faith and goodwill on both sides, the practical impossibility of this achievement is complete. And to postulate good faith and goodwill on the part of those by whom the local Legislature would be worked is to make an assumption which is not only destitute of antecedent probability, but which these men have themselves negatived by a whole catena of declarations, and by a course of policy persisted in by them with unbroken uniformity down to the date of Mr. GLADSTONE's capitulation to them three years ago.

EAST AFRICA.

THE new concession to the British East African Company is good news in itself, and comes conveniently for the Company at a time when it is endeavouring to increase its capital by offering shares to the general public. This extension puts at English disposal the whole northern coast of what is recognized as Zanzibar territory, with the exception of the unlucky little *enclave* of Vitu, which, however, is not likely by itself to be of much value to its possessors. It brings once more under what is practically English rule a considerable number of Banian or British-Indian traders, whose interests, as unfortunate experience has shown too well of late, are not likely to be looked after by any but their own fellow-subjects. And it more than restores (because the restoration is effected in a manner likely to be stable and solid) the predominance of England which was broken by the unfortunate refusal to accept the protectorship of the Sultanate, and which seemed menaced with something like utter extinction shortly afterwards. It was, of course, certain to be received with groans and growls by the German "colonial men," despite the severe lesson which they have recently received; and it is possible that the irrepressible Dr. PETERS may make some trouble on the spot, for it seems that the trouble which he has already made for himself has not been terminated, as seemed at one time likely, by that process which the French soldier describes, or used to describe, as "lead-wash for the head." But this person and his backers at home have had too recent and too unmistakable a lesson from Prince BISMARCK for their grumblings to be of much danger or importance, and the more sensible part of the German press has already admitted that there are no valid German claims on the Somali coast.

The really satisfactory thing about the matter is, of course, that the British East African Company does not gain a mere paper concession—a sort of general license to catch-who-catch-can and catch-what-caught-can-be. A solid basis of trade has been established at Lamu already, and at the other ports, it is believed, there are also the foundations of commercial enterprise. Politically the acquisition tends to strengthen the hold of England on the "shoulder" of Africa, and it is also of not inconsiderable importance as supplying an additional basis for communication with the Upper Nile and the Lakes. That this communication can ever be satisfactorily effected by the Congo, Mr. STANLEY, the most enthusiastic defender of the Congo route, may be said to have disproved himself by his own exploit on the Aruwhimi. But it does not seem by any means impossible that, if EMIN Pasha, as is likely, sticks to his post, routes of traffic may be opened or reopened from the Lakes to the East Coast, routes which must sooner or later be reconnected with the recovered waterway of the Nile. There may be no vision of "Africa and golden joys" in such prospects, but they are prospects of solid advantage, of the opening up of not inconsiderable markets whereof English producers stand in great need and of not inconsiderable spheres of work for Englishmen—all being conducted on the good old principle of making sure of one thing before you go on to another. This new success of the East African Company should be an encouragement to those who are trying to start a somewhat similar enterprise to the north of the Zambesi, and to the horror of Sir JOHN SWINBURNE. For it would seem that Sir JOHN, unlike Mr. VERDANT GREEN's bed-maker, "has had concessions himself, sir," but "can *not* enter into their feelings." We have before wished well to these adventurers, who may be able to build up a flourishing business to the south of the Congo State and the German "sphere"; while the British East African Company is doing the same on the north. Only let them remember to pursue as far as possible the same course that the elder Company has pursued—the course of here a little and there a little, and not the course of making great paper schemes which end in nothing, or in worse than nothing. Intelligence of what is being done on Lake Nyassa is conflicting and rather vague; but if, as it seems, there has been a Congo-State-like capitulation to the "Arabs," that also is not the way to go.

READING BOOKS AND BUYING BOOKS.

TWO articles in the magazines, in *Murray's* and the *Fortnightly Review*, are devoted, oddly enough, to books. The first, by Lord BRABOURNE, is about the books which people buy and do not read; the next, by Mr. GATTIE, is about the books they read and do not buy. Both critics go into statistics, which, by way of exception, really seem to prove something. Mr. GATTIE examines the returns of provincial lending libraries, and by "provincial" you shall understand that the libraries of large towns are intended. Books are divided into eight classes. Theology and philosophy come first. But why not theology and fiction? The most popular theology is played off in novels, and the most popular fiction plays freely round theology. Philosophy is much in the same case. M. PAUL BOURGET'S *Le Disciple* is likely to prove a favourite novel. It is "Greats work" mixed up with GABORIAU, or BOISGOBEY seasoned with Greats work. Here we read of Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, of RIBOT, of the *juge d'instruction*, of "cold pison," of SCHOPENHAUER, of revolvers, and ROUSSEAU. Now is it not unfair of Mr. GATTIE to take philosophy and theology together in one category when he should take romance and realism and religion, brigands and biblical criticism, all in one agreeable lump? Dividing a hundred marks among his eight classes of books, Mr. GATTIE finds poor old theology and philosophy much neglected. Liverpool takes nearly, and Exeter quite, three per cent. of this kind of thing; but Rochdale will have none of it, nor will Derby, Stafford, Plymouth, Norwich, and Great Yarmouth. Yet these cities may take in plenty of theology and philosophy through the pores, as it were, in the shape of fiction. Fiction is absorbed at from seventy to eighty per cent. of the whole hundred, and fiction is now almost always philosophical and theological. Mr. GATTIE complains that Miss BROUGHTON, Miss BRADDON, and the unfortunate Mr. RIDER HAGGARD are very popular. It must be admitted that Miss BRADDON is not so philosophical as M. PAUL BOURGET, nor Miss BROUGHTON quite so keen on theology as the author of *Robert Ward, Preacher*; but, then, surely *Cleopatra* is a fair summary of MASPERO, RENOUF, MARIETTE, BRUGSCH, NAVILLE, WILKINSON, CHABAS, REVILLOUT, and Egyptological research in general. So Mr. GATTIE must not despair of serious studies. They are admitted in the disguise of novels. Poetry, except at Bristol (six per cent.), is nowhere. Why is poetry popular at Bristol? The shade of AMOS COTTLE might reply. Labourers and bricklayers do not read—do not read books—any more than literary men or baronets. The readers are milliners and clerks and boys, and even metal-workers, who may be interested in Mr. SYMONDS's *Benvenuto Cellini*. Potters, like poets, read very little. Portsmouth is the most bookish place of them all. At Aberdeen, oddly enough, poetry is not popular, only at 1·44 per cent. A book called *The Best Match* was plunged on by the women of Aberdeen, as *The Virgin Widow* was long ago by another class of readers. But *The Best Match* turned out to be a devotional work, and, like Sir HENRY TAYLOR'S poem, not what had been expected from the title.

Some profane persons will hear with enthusiasm that *Vanity Fair* and *Pickwick*—ay, and *Esmond* and *David Copperfield*—are very much more liked than *Middlemarch*. This is not bad news; the literary heart of England is still in the right place. Mr. GATTIE explains this by GEORGE ELIOT's dealing with exploded feudalism, as if *Esmond* was not as "feudal" as *Daniel Deronda*. That the public occasionally knows what is good seems as plausible a theory. THACKERAY is said to be twice as popular as

Scott. We doubt this. You can buy Scott for next to nothing; Thackeray, till a very short time since, was, of course, more expensive, and had to be got from libraries. Charles Reade is said to be out of vogue. Fielding and Sterne, as might be expected, are little asked for. They are as antiquated now as Sidney's *Arcadia*. Mr. Gattie seems astonished that popular novels in three volumes are sold by the libraries at a shilling a volume. In his opinion this proves them to be temporary trash. He may forget that you can buy them new in one handy volume, as cheap as in three thumbed volumes. *Treasure Island*, from the libraries, is said to sell better than other favourites. This may apply to the first edition; there be enthusiasts who collect Mr. Stevenson's first editions. Nay, there are poor authors whose first editions go for ten times the original price, while nobody buys their second editions at all. This may be an honourable, but is assuredly an unenviable, kind of popularity. It is not Miss Braddon's or Miss Broughton's kind. Some modern novels keep their vogue; a few of Mr. Besant's and *Lorna Doone* and *East Lynne*. Mrs. Gaskell is out of fashion, which speaks poorly of public taste; and even *Lost Sir Massingberd* finds few to hunt for him, Mr. Gattie says. Yet the search will repay the adventurous. Miss Edna Lyall is in great demand. She is so ideal. The public that neglects Mrs. Gaskell for Miss Edna Lyall and her "clearly defined purpose" is not a public to be reasoned with, but, were it worth while, to be prayed for. There is a continuous demand for *The Story of an African Farm*, and of the young woman who would not marry the baby's father, and the young man who dressed like a woman, and nursed her when she (apparently) had gout—but it may have been some other affection of the feet. One person in every thirty-five has bought a shilling novel, and *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* has rivalled *Called Back*. Mr. Gattie seems to think that all shilling novels are "shockers," all or most; but there may be some very nice, reflective, psychological novels—analytic, too—among the "bob'svorths." No English novelists have enough "genius "and hold upon the public to enable them to drive out the "rabble of trash-mongers." What, not even Miss Edna Lyall? M. Guy de Maupassant, the inevitable Tolstoi, M. Paul Bourget, and other evangelical foreign authors are our best hope. We may (as we understand) expect much service to really sound letters from—O Gyp, hear it! O M. Jules Lemaître, listen to this—from M. Georges Ohnet! But perhaps Mr. Gattie does not include M. Ohnet among the authors of "the best foreign novels."

As a rule, all these works are rather read on loan from libraries than bought. But who would read the books that Lord Brabourne writes about, the books which people "soon parted from their money" buy? Probably none but enthusiasts of topography, and they soon find out that the price of a dear book is a fluctuating value, and depends on "condition," binding, margin, and the casual competition of the sale. It needed not Lord Brabourne to tell us this, which he does with some spice of anecdote. These things are not mysteries—that about 400,000 owners of a shilling should give it for *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* is the mystery which neither Mr. Gattie nor any other philosopher can dispel. If a man knew how to create such a demand, he would create it and hold his tongue.

"BE MY VISITOR OR I WILL——"

FOR six months or more the newspaper Correspondents at Berlin have been employed upon a "visit of the "Czar," which remains to this day an unsettled thing. It might have been supposed that the Emperor William and his *entourage* would studiously affect, if they did not actually feel, a proud, polite indifference as to whether the Czar would or would not return the call of his German cousin. Anxiety on the subject is hardly intelligible; display of anxiety amongst the most improbable of things; and yet the daily repetition by the Berlin news-writers of reports that the Czar is coming; that for some dark Olympian reason he is not coming; that, after all, the visit is merely postponed; that it will only be a "How d'ye do?" *en route*; that it actually will be made at Berlin; that the Czar will not hear of Berlin, but does not mind meeting the Emperor at some border place while he is on a more direct errand—all these reports, over and over repeated in every tone of satisfaction and apprehension, testify to a perturbation for which it is hard to account. But, as for that matter, nervousness and restlessness have strongly marked the whole course of German politics since the present Emperor came to the throne. They appear at all points, in all that is said and done.

One thing is evident enough. If the Germans think so much of this visit of the Czar as they seem to think, they have tried very strange methods of bringing it about. According to all belief, the young Emperor's meeting with the Russian potentate was rather forced. It did not please the Czar, who had a mind to put it off; and, if it was so, all the more tact was needed to procure the return visit. How much may have been employed in private it is, of course, impossible to say; but whatever the amount, and whatever its quality, enough was done in public to counteract it altogether. With the modest Minister of a phlegmatic country like England it may pass very well to seek good understandings through alternate buffetings and embracings. Neither the one nor the other are regarded much, the question being decided upon a review of much larger matters. But a Czar of All the Russias is a very different person to deal with; and within the memory of man no such personage has been less amenable to handling of that sort than the present owner of the Russian Empire. The wonder is that any such handling should have been attempted by a Government with Prince Bismarck at its head; and the surprise becomes yet greater when we reflect that the whole thought, the whole endeavour of the Emperor's servants are addressed to the maintenance of peace. To be sure, there be those, in France and elsewhere, who deny that that is the ultimate purpose of the German arrangements and combinations—seeing or pretending to see in them a plan for forming a great alliance, which, when it is complete and well bound together, shall be drawn into a conflict that cannot be long postponed without risk to the German Empire. But, at the same time, even these suspicious critics assert, and it is part of their case to assert, that Prince Bismarck is taking the utmost pains to foist on the world a belief in his pretended longings for peace. From these accounts of the matter it appears, then, that the Germans are really working for peace, or else that they are extremely anxious to appear so. But the truth is that, meanwhile, they are giving the Czar ample material for awkward questioning on either point. If he was not so loftily indifferent to what the world says or thinks, if he, too, had adopted the system of diplomatizing through the press, a dozen inspired writers might be primed with observations on this very question of the visit which all the ingenuity of the Wilhelmstrasse would be overtaxed to answer. As thus:—The Czar is expected to go to Berlin on a visit of courtesy. The courtesy is demanded as something that can hardly be withheld, while from time to time proclamation is made that its accordance will signify that the Czar is on the best of terms with his cousin, and relies on the wisdom of his policy. At any rate, the Czar is bound to present himself in the Prussian capital, there to do its master honour. Should he neglect so plain an obligation, it will be clear that he is a foe to Germany and peace; and that the League, and its costly responsibilites, are justified by his evident determination to make war. That is the ceaseless refrain of the German press. But what happens meantime? While the Czar is still pressed to go to Berlin with fraternal embraces for the Emperor, the utmost pains are taken to make a public show of an alliance which, according to one account, has been formed to crush the Muscovite, and, according to another, to muzzle him. And this last is not an unauthorized or merely speculative account either. It is official. The Italian King goes to Berlin to parade the alliance—with what necessity, and for what peaceful purpose? There are grand military junketings—all for the Czar to view. When they are over, there is a meeting of the Austrian and German sovereigns to renew them; and on all occasions when glasses are raised and Royal and Imperial allies toast each other Europe is called in to hear that the confederation thus paraded is meant to force peace upon the Czar. This is what we mean by the muzzle—a restraint to which, in itself, we have no objection.

Now His Majesty of Russia might well ask how all this is to be interpreted, and how he in particular is expected to take it. But, without appeal or suggestion from St. Petersburg, two considerations must arise in the mind of every one who wishes to understand the true state of affairs and who does not shut his eyes to facts that may displease or disturb him. It is obvious, in the first place, that the

junketings and banquetings aforementioned, with all that is said and done at them, might be regarded as something like intentional insult by a potentate far less high and mighty than the Emperor of Russia. A much humbler prince, with a tithe of Alexander's pride and not so many soldiers by a quarter of a million, might be expected to refrain from courtesy visits to a foreign capital where demonstrations of this kind are got up repeatedly and ostentatiously. If, then, the Czar hesitates to return the visit of his cousin of Germany, we need not seek an explanation beyond the reasons provided by those who yet appear so very desirous of seeing him at Berlin. Other reasons he may have, of course. These, however, are enough—more than enough; and it is mere superfluity of investigation to inquire any further. But there is another consideration. The natural effect of these proceedings on his mind who is specially solicited to mark them must be as well known at Berlin as everywhere else. How, then, are they to be accounted for? Is there any commanding necessity for them? Would the alliance of the three Powers be less firm without these public meetings, these reviews of troops, these banquets of advertisement, and high dramatic toastings? We know that none of these things are needed to ratify an alliance which two out of the three populations concerned believe to be a matter of life and death, while the third sees in it a promise of safety with considerable profits. As for the Czar himself, is evidence of this sort necessary to convince him that such a confederation exists? The question is absurd. He has his own means of ascertaining the relations of his neighbours, which in this case have never been a secret; and there could have been no difficulty in acquainting him with the reality of the alliance in a quiet way. But a very different way has been chosen; and the question how peace can be served by these rufflings and girdings and biting of thumbs in the public street is not easily answerable. If, on the other hand, the intention were to hasten conflict by flouting an extremely proud, resentful, autocratic sovereign in the presence of his people, one difficulty would disappear at once; and there it is that the awkwardness comes in. Who can assert that the paradings at Berlin are necessary, or deny that they are provoking? And yet the allies do mean nothing but peace. It is to avert war and its frightful calamities that they are banded together. We must suppose, then, that there is some disturbing element of injudiciousness at work; and perhaps we know where to look for something of the kind. But whatever may be the explanation of so curious a state of things, we are bound to take account of all the facts of the case, and to shirk none.

THE FRENCH PRETENDERS.

THAT pretenders as a class and French pretenders in particular, that candidates all over the world and French candidates more than any others, are incapable of being taught by experience are facts known to the most superficial observer. The various addresses which have been published to the electors of France during the last ten days or so are not, therefore, to be taken as proving anything new. They are all of them full of prophecies of the millennium if only the country will take the pill for preventing the earthquake which each vendor has to offer. The Count of Paris, his able supporter M. Hervé, and Prince Victor Bonaparte agree on that point. Each of them is sure that universal suffrage will so pronounce that incontinently he, or his King in M. Hervé's case, will be put at the head of affairs, and then the chief of the State will cease to be a nullity. Ministers will cease to be suspected of tripotage, the finances will be admirably managed, the army will experience some ill-defined but immense benefit, the foreign policy of France will become a model of peaceful and imposing dignity. There is in all these respects nothing to choose between them, and the country may with equal safety decide for either Royalists or Bonapartists. In the meantime the General is engaged in calling the attention of the country and the Government to the fact that, after all, the sentence of the High Court may not be a bar to his candidature, since it is only the Chamber which is entitled to decide on the validity of any given election.

It is just possible that the authors of these magnificent promises do not, in their private, unofficial capacity, believe every word of them. But, if this scepticism seems to defend them to some extent from the charge of credulity, it is only to give them over to it in another way. They must, one supposes, expect the country to believe them, and believing them to act on them. A more remarkable proof of that incapacity to learn by experience which distinguishes the race of pretenders could hardly be given. France has done many things in the course of a hundred years of revolution, but what she has not done has been to vote spontaneously in favour of any party or body of principles, or for anybody or anything, except a strong Government in actual possession of power. The election which upset the administration of Marshal MacMahon was only an apparent exception to the rule, but not a real one. In that case the Republic was the nominal Government, and was threatened in some ill-understood way which caused uneasiness by some alternative which inspired no enthusiasm. The country was indifferent to the Marshal and detested his Ministers. Moreover, the popularity of the dead Thiers and the living Gambetta was great and the Republicans were temporarily united. No such conditions will exist at the approaching struggle. It is possible that in this case, also, the result of the election may be something of a surprise; but of what kind it will be no one even pretends to guess—no one, that is, who is not a candidate, and, therefore, naturally or officially cocksure. The Government has shown that it can hit, and will certainly use all the machinery at its disposal for purposes of coercion. It has a strong Radical and Moderate Conservative following; with that, and the support of the timid who fear all changes, it may secure a majority. On the other hand, the Oppositions are less well placed than the Republicans who upset Marshal MacMahon. They are not nearly so well united, and they possess no leader so popular as Gambetta; they have no name to use which even remotely approaches that of Thiers. A few months ago, in the palmy days of the General's popularity, the want of a leader who could serve the turn seemed likely to be made good. But it is tolerably certain that the General's popularity is not what it was before his flight. If it has really very seriously diminished (it is always advisable to use the "if" freely in discussing General Boulanger), then the chance of the Oppositions may be considered to have sunk very notably. The Count of Paris, with that readiness to make arrows out of all wood which is so truly Orleanist, recommends his followers to support all enemies of the Republic, including the Boulangists as certainly as the Bonapartists. Prince Victor speaks in a prouder strain, but his party will doubtless be no more scrupulous than the Royalists. This alliance may serve to put the Oppositions in a position to scramble over the spoils of France; but it has one defect. It aims openly at making the Boulangists Royalist or Bonapartist tools. Now, as the Boulangists have always noisily asserted themselves to be Republicans, this patronage may possibly do them no good with some of their followers. This possibility is one of the many which make the result of the coming election so doubtful, and, since they balance one another so evenly, make it seem not wholly improbable that, when the voting is over, the parties may stand much as they do at present.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

YEARLY, at this season, is the plaint of the tourist heard in the land, and provokes the harmless and unnecessary newspaper correspondence and comment. For the sea-serpent and the gooseberry we may wait in unperturbed confidence, finding in Mr. A. J. Butler's letter on the wrongs of tourists a sufficient sign of the season, and a precursor of greater woes and wonders. Mr. Butler has lifted up his voice in the remote wilds of Surrey, to proclaim the scandalous charges made and, we suppose, paid for board and lodgment at a certain hostelry in that pleasant county. This suffering traveller found that the round sum of 1*l.* daily did hardly suffice for his bare board and lodging in the Surrey hotel. In the Tyrol, however, he declared they "did him" in a far superior style for the modest outlay of five shillings a day—a sum which is, indeed, too suggestive of the "bare board" of which he writes. Why should this discrepancy be? No wonder is it that Mr. Butler prefers Meran to the Surrey hills. His indictment of the Surrey hotel is a formidable bill of wrongs. There

was the fabulous charge of six shillings and sixpence for a double-bedded room, exclusive of "tubs," Mr. BUTLER indignantly adds, as if tubs were common objects in Continental hotels. Then he grieves sorely for the three shillings and sixpence expended on half a mile's service of the "local fly." The hardened traveller will smile at these proofs of extortion. He will justly compassionate the guilelessness of Mr. BUTLER, and trust that his home experiences may be salutary. The angry reference to the "local "fly" betrays a sensibility that has miraculously survived the rigours of foreign travel, or it may be a last protest wrung from the still-vext recollection of an ill-cooked dinner. Mr. BUTLER had been better employed if he had said something of another kind of local fly which is intolerably active in foreign hotels, and in many ways far more costly. Of course these grievances have called forth support or remonstrance from tourists and from innkeepers, to the intelligent gratification of the numerous readers of newspapers always eager to hear "some airgument betwixt ony tway." Brief is the season, and the opportunity comes but once a year. Those who back Mr. BUTLER in his great wrath are emulative with a good will, knowing they have but a short time. "L.," who has been doing the southern cathedrals and the wild hills of Surrey, cites the inconsiderable items of his hotel bills and sighs for the first-class economies of Nuremberg. It is the old story again. Five shillings at Nuremberg go further than twenty at Exeter or Guildford. To hear the other side is quite sufficient to convict the grumblers of futility and unreason. Mr. BUTLER infers, in his haste, that all Surrey hotels are like that of his late bondage, where tubs were extras and the local fly a deadly impost. Mr. MOBERLY BELL, having travelled over the same district, easily refutes the errors of Mr. BUTLER; and Mr. JOHN BRAYE informs a distracted public of his extremely satisfactory travels in Dorsetshire. It is really surprising that Mr. BRAYE is not apologetic when confessing that he was supplied, for the paltry consideration of four shillings, with a substantial tea, the use of a coffee-room, good-sized drawing-room, and clean bedroom, and a breakfast of ham and eggs. By abjuring the local fly Mr. BRAYE was enabled to travel six or seven miles in a mail-contractor's van, with an entertaining driver, in the company of an old lady, the sister of a London banker, for a sum under one shilling. What better fortune could the traveller desire? We hope that the visitors' book was relieved of its burden of dull impertinence by the record of Mr. BRAYE's gratitude.

There is a sort of tourists foredevote to mischance. There is no possibility of pleasing them. The voyager's art is altogether beyond their attainment. *On va, mais on ne voyage pas.* Experience teaches them nothing, as they go from place to place, irritably sensitive to the disadvantages of their present halting stage. It is always some remote town or health resort that, in the matter of prices or scenery, is glorified to their discontent when compared with the abode of to-day. They travel perpetually in the odour of comparisons. For such the best and biggest hotel, though thick-sown through all the picturesque countries of the globe, proves less satisfactory than the worst inn's worst room is to the wise traveller. Without occasional discomfort travel would be more wearisome, because more monotonous, than it is. It is grossly inconsistent to complain in one breath of over-charges and uncivilized accommodation. In the barbarous old days before steam and hotels, when the poet GRAY and the Rev. WILLIAM GILPIN set the fashion of picturesque tours, there was some justification of the traveller's complaint of discomfort. No sensible persons expected to find "home from home" in the roadside inns of a century ago, though many of these were exceedingly comfortable and inspiring. Overcharge was somewhat more unusual in the inns on the coach roads of old, and is at once one of the proofs and fruits of civilization. Travelling, on the other hand, was more expensive and tedious than it is now, and in this cheapening of the process and extension of the locomotive range lies the modern tourist's compensation for the more expensive and less substantial accommodation of our country hotels. It would be interesting to know something of the dietary of the Meran Hotel commended by Mr. BUTLER. Was it well varied, or all quail and thin soup? It can hardly have been what our rude fathers called generous, whatever its constituents, and, without something less vague than Mr. BUTLER's comparative estimate, the Surrey hotel can scarcely be said to be disgraced. Cheapness is, after all, a much-abused word. Some travellers would "quarrel with mince-pies," and others would thrive on the "tough billygoat and turpentine" which sorely troubled Lord BYRON's English valet in Greece and Albania. The expensive hotel is not necessarily the most costly, and the dearest dinner is that which disagrees with you.

MUNICIPAL POLITICIANS.

IT is not necessary to make much personal comment on the early and melancholy death of Mr. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH, just as he had attained what may be supposed to have been nearly the summit of his ambition—the important and not unremunerative post of Deputy-Chairman of the London County Council. On every conceivable point of politics or connected with politics Mr. FIRTH's opinions were opinions which we think mistaken, if not also mischievous; while the manner in which he defended those opinions was not likely to reconcile those who objected to their matter. On the other hand, it is not merely conventional respect for the dead which indisposes us to speak harshly of a man who was, at any rate, consistent, vigorous, and no doubt true to his own idea of what was politically and socially desirable. Mr. FIRTH's decease will give another opportunity of repairing the *laches*, on the part of Londoners, which unfortunately placed their municipal affairs in the hands of a majority distinctly opposed in all ways to the feelings and opinions of London. But the majority is still too great for there to be any hope of seating a representative of these feelings and opinions in the important and well-paid post also vacated. The majority have it in their power, of course, to reward one of their own extremists if they choose; they have it also in their power, if they can induce some really good man, not wholly out of harmony with the views of the more moderate and respectable of them, to clear the Council in part from the heavy reproach it has hitherto incurred. But it may be at once granted that such a person may not be very easy to find.

The now unfashionable believers in the necessary connexion of supply and demand must be rather exercised between hope and fear on the subject of the Municipal Politician. The establishment of County Councils has created a very great demand indeed. It cannot be said that the chief recent precedent, the history of School Boards, is encouraging on the subject of supply. When School Boards were started, as when County Councils were started, a few men of real eminence were ready to take place in them; but they were soon disgusted, and, despite occasional elections of a better type, the average School Board politician is not of a very high class. In the case of the County Councils better things were hoped for; and better men did, as a fact, stand, for the reason that, on the analogy of the French Councils-General, the seats were supposed to be likely to form steps to higher things. In the country this hope seems to some extent to be realized. But the London County Council—owing, no doubt, in great part to the indolent indifference of Londoners—was a grievous disappointment. Even the victorious party could not be very proud of the *personnel*, with some few exceptions, of their representatives; and, though the minority is, no doubt, individually of better quality, even there the average is not extremely high. Nor is it very difficult to see why this is the case. The examples of men working their way through town-corporation work to Parliament are not numerous, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN being almost the only one of much distinction; and there is no particular reason why the County Council road should be any smoother or more certain. Yet it will be a serious thing if the municipal politician of a better kind than has yet presented himself does not appear. The London County Council, when it has not been merely ridiculous, has up to the present time been, like the School Board, chiefly extravagant; extravagance, even when there is no suspicion of personal corruption, being the natural result of inexperience and want of practical ability. Whether Mr. FIRTH's shoes, comfortably lined as they are, will be sufficiently attractive to secure a really good man is a less immediate question than the question whether the really good man is there to fill them, a question to which the answer is not readily forthcoming. The sacred principle of popular election would, of course, be outraged by the suggestion that the paid "deputy" of a County Council should be appointed by the Local Government Board and be irremovable during good behaviour; but this arrangement would have many advantages.

LESSONS OF THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

AS a matter of course the lessons of the naval manœuvres are being set forth on all hands, with equal promptitude and confidence. Lessons bad and lessons good are to be found in abundance. We need hardly say at this time of day that among the bad lessons we include those which profess to be strategical or tactical. Thus, for instance, a Correspondent of the *Times* points out how the fight off Ushant illustrates the influence of luck in naval warfare. Luck is great in all human affairs; but, with Admiral BAIRD's order of last week before us, we must differ from the *Times'* Correspondent as to its share in this case. On the contrary, as little was left to fortune as human ingenuity could leave. The Admiral's plan was complete. He divided his fleet into two bodies, putting the quicker ships into one and the slower into the other. He then sent off the quicker squadron in the hope that it would somehow slip through the enemy, that the enemy would follow up Channel, and that he would follow the enemy to see what he could pick up. How could an admiral have more carefully provided that a part of his fleet should fall in with the bulk of the other side and be crushed? Accordingly this is what happened, and in all these things, as the Athenian General observed, fortune had no part. Then, of course, we are asked to remember that even Sir GEORGE TRYON's victory did not prevent the raids on coast towns, and the deduction is that the same thing would happen in war, and that Frenchmen would be greatly rejoiced at the destruction of an English town. We dare say they would, but their joy would be sensibly cooled when the bombardment of Edinburgh was followed by the bombardment of Havre, Honfleur, Dieppe, St. Malo, Nantes, Rochelle, and Marseilles. It also appears to us doubtful whether a couple of ironclads, not manned from Charenton, would run into the Frith of Forth, till they were quite sure that there was not a squadron capable of smashing them in the trap waiting off St. Abb's Head. It is one thing to play these games in manœuvres, when no harm can follow; another thing to do them in war, when death or capture would be the consequence. We are perfectly conscious that we have said this a hundred times; but, then, the nonsense we protest against has been repeated many thousands, and we can but endeavour to redress the balance.

No doubt, however, the manœuvres have taught lessons such as can be—and, indeed, must be—learnt wherever ships keep the sea. It is not a new lesson, or one which we alone have had to learn. On the contrary, it is rather old as things go in this time of change; and the French have had to learn it as well as ourselves, and lament, as we do, the accursed purblind pedantry of science which will not look at facts. It is briefly this—that, since Admiralties took to forgetting that a ship is, after all, a hollow structure meant to prove habitable at sea in all weathers, for more or less prolonged periods of time, they have turned out things which are not ships at all, though they may be called so by courtesy. Big and little, they will be half useless in war because human beings, who are made of flesh, bones, and blood, who have lungs and stomachs and spinal cords, who must eat occasionally and sleep from time to time, cannot live in them. This, also, we have said before; and the French have said it, and it must be said till it is hammered into the heads of Ministries and dockyard authorities. A third thing which has been said again and again, which the French have said often, and which the naval manœuvres have given occasion to say again, is this—that the fighting power of many of our warships has been sacrificed to speed, and that, as a just punishment, the speed has not been retained, even when it was attained on the measured mile. Warships cannot be built merely to go and to carry cargo like an ocean packet. They must supply a platform for guns and be solid. If the first thing thought of is speed, the platform and the solidity are sacrificed, but not discarded. The result is a compromise which, like other compromises, means a bundle of second-rate qualities. Our swift cruisers are apt, in fact, to be half-swift and half-strong. Meanwhile, the old *Hercules*, built when the tradition that a ship is a ship was not yet forgotten, keeps her sound and sufficient qualities after some twenty years of service, in spite of her accident at the beginning of the manœuvres. These are some of the lessons of the manœuvres, and others of the same stamp are to be obtained from them.

MORE UNEKALITY.

WE were half afraid or—for there is nothing in these days like a little hypocrisy—let us say, we charitably hoped that the body which mystically calls itself the "C. E. T. S."—that is to say, the Church of England Temperance Society—was going to sit down under the correction that Mr. THOMAS WETHERED administered to it some weeks ago. Such conduct would not only have been Christian (and though there is nothing Christian in Total Abstinence, Temperance is undoubtedly a Christian virtue), it would also have been discreet; for Mr. WETHERED had got the Society so thoroughly in Chancery that, in the way of fair fighting, it could do nothing. But some considerable experience in the ways of this particular sect of will-worshippers made us pretty certain that Christianity and discretion (by the way, "Christianity and Discretion Dissuading the C. E. T. S. from "Attacking Mr. WETHERED" would be a simply unsurpassable subject for an allegorical ceiling in the old style) would not get the better of the Temperance man's usual intemperance, and that the Society, in Chancery though it be, would probably try to kick Mr. WETHERED's shins. And so it was. Although Mr. WETHERED was in error (the *Times* having held back for a time the "official" documents in question) in supposing in a further letter of his own that the C. E. T. S. was not going to give him an official answer, that well-intentioned victim of monomania, its Chairman, Canon ELLISON, and a polite London Diocesan Secretary, had already endeavoured to reply. And a publication which appears to be a kind of organ of the Society, and which is called the *Temperance Chronicle*, has also rushed to the rescue. All three give illustrations of temperance ways which are very instructive and edifying, and with which Mr. WETHERED ought to be well pleased.

A vain people may need reminding that Mr. WETHERED had been asked to contribute, he a brewer and unashamed, to the funds of the Society; the consistency of his doing so being urged upon him by the information that its fundamental principle was union on perfectly equal terms and partnership in government in, as far as possible, equal proportions between total abstainers and moderates. Mr. WETHERED, a much-inquiring man, found out on inquiry that the equal proportions were three teetotallers to one Laodicean, and that the samples of the equal terms vouchsafed him consisted, in part at least, of abuse of his trade, and scarcely veiled requests to know how he could have the impudence to meddle with the Society at all. Canon ELLISON's answer is, as might be expected from him, decent in form. It shirks, indeed, the plain question asked by Mr. WETHERED; and, instead of giving an answer, practically admits the charge. But it pleads that, though perhaps the advanced section may come to the front because they are greater busybodies than their fellows, "loyalty to the dual basis has, in practice, come to "be the determining qualification for membership." Disloyalty to the dual basis (that is to say, the absolute equality of teetotallers and moderate men in the august and all-seeing eye of the C. E. T. S.) would be felt to be "a disqualification either for membership or for "any office in the Society, paid or unpaid." Poor Canon ELLISON! While he thus wrote, or soon afterwards, "the "London Diocesan Secretary, C. E. T. S.," an official who, we suppose, is either paid or unpaid, was writing to the effect that Mr. WETHERED "was a striking example of "the old saying that 'he who drinks beer thinks beer.'" The great Basis lays it down that "a man may drink and not be "drunk," and the paid or unpaid officials of the Society ask beer-drinkers and beer-brewers to subscribe to their funds. This Diocesan Secretary informs Mr. WETHERED that it is "no part of the Society's scheme to foster the liquor trade "by affording help to the manufacturers." It was part of its scheme however, it appears, to ask them for subscriptions and call them names afterwards. Also Mr. WETHERED (who did not ask, but was asked, to join the Society) is informed that it "does not desire to admit those who aid and abet the "drinking habits of the country." What a wobbly basis! What a wonderfully unanimous Society! One Diocesan Secretary asks a brewer who, we suppose, is a "manufac-"turer" of liquor and a "trader" in it, and an "aider and "abettor of drinking habits," to give his noble honour's name and his noble honour's worship's money to the Society; another addresses to him the compliments we have just quoted and several others. Also the organ (which, by the way, is under the wholly erroneous impression that the elder Mr. WELLER was "a boozing pub-

"lican") rebuffs Mr. WETHERED with sarcastic references to a time when people "will ask lawyers to improve law off "the face of the earth, and wait till the hangman agitates "for the abolition of capital punishment." Unfortunately for the organ, that appears to be precisely what the Oxford Branch of the Society it represents did. Mr. WETHERED did not come to the Society; the Society went to Mr. WETHERED. It asked him for his money, the accursed thing derived from aiding and abetting the sale of drink; it asked him for his name, his hideous "entire" name; it put before him its rules. And when the poor man took the rules seriously and thought the Society meant what it said, lo! it calls him a "disappointed brewer," who "appears "to have fancied that the C.E.T.S. had no special wish to "prevent drinking." Well he might, since the fundamental basis of the Society is that it does not endeavour to prevent drinking, but only to prevent excessive drinking.

In other words, these communications, both anonymous and signed, contain, if not a very well-mannered or amiable, a very ingenuous, confession that every word Mr. WETHERED has said is true. If the vile body of the moderate drinker chooses to join the Society, it may do so; if the vile purse of the moderate drinker will strengthen the sinews of war of the Society, let it by all means; for is it not well to spoil the Egyptians? Even if the abominable liquor-trader, the aider and abettor, the manufacturer, can be got at, let him be got at, and let us all relieve our souls by abusing him afterwards. The Reverend (we suppose he is Reverend) DENNIS HIRD is not a polished corner of the Temple; but, in his avowal that "he cannot answer for 'gentlemen,'" he is certainly an honest corner enough. He talks about the "undisguised misery which our present drinking laws "and customs allow to prevail." What in the name of common sense is a drinking law? An enactment obliging all the lieges to go drunk to bed, to drink down to their peg at stated times? If the phrase had any meaning, that is what it would mean. Mr. DENNIS HIRD, of course, means by his absurdity the laws which regulate the sale of drink. And, according to him, every Christian must make strenuous efforts to "alter the existing evil" in these. Now observe that there is at the present moment, even in the Reverend Mr. HIRD's illegitimate sense of the word, no "drinking law" which facilitates the sale of drink. There are laws which (as some people think, not too wisely) restrain, hamper, and impede it. It is impossible to alter these (except in a sense which would set the Reverend DENNIS HIRD weeping and howling) without depriving the moderate drinker or the strictly temperate person (who is, we are told, at least equal in the eye of the C.E.T.S. with the Reverend DAWSON BURNS himself, if not superior) of his Christian liberty.

In fact, this C.E.T.S. appears to be an almost ideal example of a house divided against itself; and if it has stood hitherto, it can only be because one party of the inhabitants, with a meekness certainly Christian enough, has allowed itself to have practically nothing to do with the house except paying its expenses. Even Canon ELLISON, who has vestiges of sweet reasonableness, admits, with a delightful unconsciousness that he has swept his own legs from under him, that, though the Society's "basis" is a division of the executive into as far as possible equal proportions of moderates and abstainers, it "does not know, "and has no right to ask, to which section the nominee "belongs." To promise that you will have equal proportions of two unknown quantities, of two quantities which you "have no right to know," is a little rash surely. As for Mr. HIRD and the newspaper writer, the hoof of the teetotaller has stamped well through the "basis" in their case and is visibly protruding. We speak ourselves as quite impartial persons, who think a drunkard nearly as great a fool and nuisance, socially and intellectually, as a teetotaller, and (except when you come to the most acrid variety of those who put abstinence from alcohol in the place of the Deity), no doubt, a worse offender against religion and morality. To teach drunkards moderation, self-restraint, self-respect, and regard for others, is as good a work as to teach teetotallers charity, common sense, and thankfulness for the good gifts of GOD; and though we do not greatly love Societies for any purpose (the two Societies to which every born member of the Church and State of England belongs being enough for us), a Society for this double work would not be a bad thing. But this we do not gather that the C.E.T.S. is, even if its basis was as level as Mr. WETHERED has proved it to be unlevel.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT BIRMINGHAM.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S address to the Grand Committee of the Birmingham Liberal-Unionist Association—the 2,500 members of his "family," if we must humour Gladstonian witlings by adopting their little joke—was in some respects even more calculated to irritate his opponents than are his deliverances in the House of Commons. He was not, it is true, quite so actively aggressive as he is in his place in Parliament, and rather rallied than denounced the "New Radicals" of his former party. It was not, however, his brief and contemptuous references to the STOREYS and LABOUCHERES of the Opposition, and to the fact that such men alone have been the gainers by Mr. GLADSTONE's destruction of the Liberal party—it was not these passages in his speech which Gladstonians must have read with the greatest annoyance and disgust. His practical suggestions of policy, his tactical recommendations to the Government, are likely to have caused them much more agitation and concern than the fiercest invective or the most elaborate taunt that he could have flung at them. And in particular must these emotions have been excited by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposal for the treatment of the Irish land question in the next Session of Parliament. Such questions, says Mr. CHAMBERLAIN very truly, ought, as far as possible, to be treated as questions of national importance and raised above the level of mere party politics, and he accordingly suggests that the Government, "instead of in- "troducing a Bill upon which they must stake their exist- "ence, and by which they must stand or fall, should submit "their proposals to Parliament in the shape of resolutions, "and invite upon them a free and frank discussion and a "full criticism from all quarters of the House, enlightened "by which they might afterwards proceed to embody in a "Bill the general Parliamentary opinions which such debate "had elicited."

Now we do not say that this advice of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S either will in fact, or even ought as a matter of policy to, be adopted. Wise Governments have other things to think of than merely embarrassing their opponents; and it is not always, or perhaps often, that the path of national duty, in respect of great political questions, is also the way to party advantage. But there can at least be no manner of doubt that the method of "procedure by resolution," in dealing with unsettled Irish problems, leads straight and surely to the latter of these goals, whatever may be the case as regards the former, and that no tactics so certain to confound and paralyse the Gladstonians could possibly be adopted. Their leader's stock argument against "abstract resolutions" would be unavailable in this case—first, because the resolutions would be voted upon with a view to immediate legislative action; secondly, because his own previous failure as a legislator on this very matter can be shown to have been largely due to his own ignorance of the general drift of Parliamentary and public opinion on the "principle of the thing"; and, thirdly, and most importantly of all, because Mr. GLADSTONE himself has created the aptest of all precedents for the proposed course by the way in which he dealt with the question of the Established Church of Ireland. To be compelled, in short, to treat the Irish land question as one raised above the level of party politics is exactly the last kind of compulsion which the Opposition and its leader would like to see laid upon them. Hence the feelings with which they will regard the author of the proposal to put them in this position will be of an even more impassioned nature than ever. The New Radicals, and especially the Scotch members, will feel that he is additionally endeared to them by the triple-barbed sarcasm which he cast at them as scandalized objectors to the idea of endowing Roman Catholic education in Ireland. But that project is still more or less in the air. They do not know—indeed, nobody does—exactly how much or how little the Government mean by their declaration on the subject. But the Irish land question comes nearer and nearer to actuality every year; and to find Mr. CHAMBERLAIN already to the fore with a plan for checkmating them with respect to it must be exasperating indeed.

AGRICULTURE AND TECHNICAL INSTRUCTION.

IT is not often that an appointment of such universally recognized fitness as that of Mr. CHAPLIN to the Presidency of the Board of Agriculture is announced to the public. Mr. CHAPLIN is a hard Parliamentary hitter, and

would be the last man likely to escape the criticism of his opponents in this or any other connexion, if such criticism could with any show of reason be directed against him; but none such is forthcoming. Both in point of general capacity and special qualification—and the former is in these days the claim most likely to be overlooked—he is unmistakably designated for the post; and probably even his worst Radical enemy will be forced to content himself with the sneering observation that, if Mr. CHAPLIN seems made for the office, it would be equally plausible to say that the office was made for Mr. CHAPLIN. Assuming, however, that the experiment of creating it is a hopeful one, or, at any rate, one worth trying, the public will not regard it with any less favour for its affording the means of utilizing the best *expertise* which Parliament can furnish for the purpose of conducting it. It is not to be denied that, if a Board of Agriculture is capable of doing anything more for agricultural interests than the State has been able to do under the somewhat haphazard administrative system which has previously existed, it is more likely to effect this under the presidency of Mr. CHAPLIN than of any other politician who could be named. The extent and thoroughness of his practical knowledge of his subject is undisputed; and those who have impartially watched his political career will agree, moreover, that he brings to his new office an amount of general intellectual vigour and special Parliamentary ability which has not yet obtained the adequate appreciation of the public.

On one circumstance, at any rate, Mr. CHAPLIN is to be congratulated, and that is, that no very exaggerated anticipations have been formed or are likely to be formed of the beneficial potency of the Act which he has to administer. In this respect it, perhaps, differs from another chapter in the Statute Book of last Session—the Technical Instruction Act. We suspect that there are more people who think that technical education will powerfully assist British industry than who believe that a Board of Agriculture will revive the prosperity of the farmer; and to the former class of persons Lord CROSS had some very salutary words of advice to give at the Cutlers' Feast the other night. Let us by all means, he said, establish the schools which the Act has given us the power to establish. In them we can train up our workmen, as the German, and the Austrian, and the Belgian and other nations are training theirs. It will be our own fault if in future it can be said that their artisans are better trained. But "do not think for one moment," Lord CROSS added, "that you can teach them in school what ought to "be taught in the workshop. If you think that by teach-"ing in school you can do away with the workshop, you "will commit the most fatal mistake that ever was made." The technical school, as Lord CROSS truly says, is useful only as a preparation for the workshop, and must only be so used. We trust that so only it will be used; but we are quite sure that the warning which the SECRETARY for INDIA has just uttered was not unneeded, and we are even inclined to fear that it will need many and many a repetition yet. Parliament having been at the pains to provide for the establishment of technical schools, and the great multitude of bookish talkers and writers with whom we are blessed in these days having preached, after their not very wise manner, the wonderful efficacy of these institutions, it is inevitable that many persons should regard them as substitutes for the workshop, and should spend months, or perhaps years, in them which would be much better spent in the workshop itself. This possible mischief of our latest piece of paternal legislation is one which all sensible men should do their utmost to obviate.

CURIOUS CURIOS.

THE cry about *savait* and *pouvait* comes home to an old traveller who has roamed the world in youth, with no purpose beyond diversion. It is only a man of brains and fancy who sets forth to explore the universe so soon as he becomes his own master, and perseveres till he has seen the better part. Such a one, in after years—when the beard is whitening and the joints grow stiff—must needs take up some pursuit, or, at least, a hobby. Whatever it be—scientific, artistic, or anthropological—he will bemoan his wasted opportunities. He must read in dull and vague analysis the inner meaning of sights and scenes he has himself beheld. He will perceive that facts which passed before his eyes scarcely noticed held secrets of high value. He will find that in idle wandering he crossed the track of mysteries all important now, skirted round them perhaps, with a blind indifference that seems wilful even to himself. It was in his power, perhaps, to decide questions of weight, earnestly and warmly discussed by the learned. Bitterest of all, he may see his own careless observations of the time quoted and balanced when the incident itself has almost slipped his memory. Then the despairing old lament rises fresh to his mind every hour.

We have not been quite so reckless as other travellers of this class in omitting to note down and preserve odd memorials; but by comparison with our opportunities what we have done is pitiable. Our list of curious curios may properly open in Stamboul, for it is not worth while to speak of Europe proper, There are interesting arts and examples in the Russian Empire. but they fall under the influence of the East, so far as we recollect them. They say that the Bezestan is quite ransacked, all its stores empty, and even its supplies exhausted—saving the perennial fountains of Birmingham and Paris. It is very likely. In our time there were foreigners who kept the whole area under constant survey, and bought indiscriminately everything which was strange. For years now the same process has been carried on wholesale. Foremost in the catalogue of our plunder we set two little pieces of earthenware, such as collectors term *écuelles*, of a manufacture which no expert of our acquaintance has identified. They are exceedingly light, very dark grey in colour, the ground closely strewn with spiculæ of a shining white metal, upon which stands out a bold and graceful pattern of ornament, jet black. In form and decoration these little things are as beautiful as striking. The merchant attributed them to Broussa; but that is his custom when at a loss. Very charming, also, are the Dervish crutches of high class—those that belonged to fashionable anchorites. We have seen them of ivory, inlaid with silver; but more common are those of ebony, inlaid with gold flowers of daintiest workmanship—perhaps we should speak of such things in the past tense. The official posture of the Dervish—as one may say—is recumbent. His crutch measures some eight inches in length, and he rests it beneath his left shoulder, while with his right hand he brandishes an article essential to his comfort and his business—the scratcher. We have seen specimens of this, also, very costly and tasteful—the finest, of ivory and gold. They always represent a hand at the extremity of a slender shaft, one to two feet long. Sometimes the fingers are clenched, the index and thumb extended. Our example—to which a tragic story is attached—shows a hand half-closed upon a snake, which curls and twists in such a manner that it would scratch with a vengeance, the belly being roughened. This implement is of large size, made from very heavy wood, in two pieces only; its shaft, near an inch in diameter, is carved *à jour* at the base, very boldly and accurately, in the fashion of chain-work, with a loose ring cut out of the solid. Some one, perhaps the Dervish himself, must have occupied the best part of a lifetime in shaping this object. With it he drummed upon his alms-box—a cocoa-nut sculptured and polished, one of the double ones from the Seychelles for choice—and scratched his back, and occasionally administered a smart tap to the uncharitable. He tapped too hard once, being drunk, they say, and fractured the skull of a child, outside the door of Alla-oodeen Bey, an Albanian chief, and a finished gentleman, who was abused like a pickpocket in certain English papers just before the war.

We have a great liking for the Albanians, and an intense admiration for all their work—of the peaceful kind. Among the peoples to whom wide travel has introduced us there is not one that shows the sense of beauty and fitness, which combined form taste, in a degree to be compared with these gallant savages. They stand among modern races as Hellenes stood among the ancient; but, of course, their opportunities are very, very few and narrow. Yet, if it can be said that all they do is striking and beautiful, no higher praise may be given to man. In every collection of curios examples of their favourite decoration—gold or silver and coral—may be found. The great majority of these are imitation, but so fine is the idea that they must needs be effective. A "set" of weapons, really good, such as used to be common in the Bezestan, but uncommonly dear, is to our mind a joy for ever. One may study it from every point of view—form, grace, and colour—and it delights. The most superb piece of embroidery we ever saw, in Court, or *Trésor*, or museum, is a fringed handkerchief bought from the head of an Albanian girl. It has nothing of our "patterns." Upon a dull, dun ground, profusely shaded with embroidery of a somewhat paler hue, stand shapeless devices in black outline filled with brilliant scarlet, but touched here and there with sky-blue—such a study of colour as our experience of art cannot parallel. And assuredly it was no chance success, for we have seen many of the same order, though none so grand. Whether the superb maiden from whom it was bought at Antivari was herself the genius who made that design could not be ascertained; but it is probable. There are goldsmiths and artificers, of course, in Albania; but every man seems to be prepared to take a pan of charcoal, a blowpipe, and any sort of tool that comes to hand, and shape a pretty thing in metal "out of his own head"; it is so probably with the women in their department. Sailing once along those shores we observed a Ghegghe warrior, with stomach armoured in handsome weapons, who wore around his neck a chain of twisted silver wire, from which hung two long cordons, both beautiful, but one supreme in its ingenious and complicated grace.

A Ghegghe is as proud a man as can be found—so proud and so conscious of his worth, that one may say to him without offence what feebler souls would regard as insulting—but only with extremest courtesy!—if that be omitted it is safer to address a Pathan Ghazi. So, after due formalities, we asked this fine fellow if he would sell his chain. "Two lire," said he quite calmly, and put it into our hands. In explanation of the low price he stated that it was his own work—and doubtless he had looted the silver. In the Far East we shall have to mention such amateur artificers again, if we live to tell the curios of that interesting region; Turkey is not nearly exhausted yet. Among Circassians, also, many warriors execute their own jewelry and so forth, and that, too, in the lovely enamel called "Tulla," from the name of the Russian town where Catherine established a colony of these artists. But the Tulla work of commerce, admired by inexperience, is a grotesque caricature of the native manufacture. Very many Russian officers have their sword-hilts so adorned. When we once expressed rapture unfeigned over a beautiful specimen worn by the Grand Duke Nicolas Nicolaivitch, he mentioned that it was wrought by a private in his Guard, a Terek Cossack—that is, Circassian—and assured us that the same man would make a facsimile for three Imperials. The finest examples of Tulla enamel which can be obtained in open market—sometimes—are those drinking cups used by ladies at the bath in harems of the rich. The material is *beshlik* silver—obtained by melting the debased coinage, usually gilt, and finely granulated on the outer surface. Devices large and bold, jet-black in the shadows, so to speak, blurred to an inky brown in the lights, stand forth grandly on this background of rough gold. They have no particular shape, though symmetrically repeated, and linked by festooned scrolls after the manner of garlands. There is perhaps a vague suggestion of spears and swords and flags arranged in a trophy, but nothing definite. Such art rises above form and method. We possess, however, a very ancient example of Tulla work, from which the enamel is almost smoothed away. Upon this box two figures, distinctly Persian in character, are spurring, with lances poised, towards a castle surrounded with trees. Nothing of the sort is produced nowadays in Circassia or elsewhere. If the art was originally Persian, it has been vastly improved.

Sheik 'Mtier, that supreme ruffian who betrayed and put to death poor Palmer and his comrades, introduced us to a style of embroidery hitherto unfamiliar. The fancy could not conceive a more striking type than his—tall, lean, majestic, always still in attitude, but watching—watching without a blink—his eyes strangely shadeless, keen and round as a vulture's, turning from one person to another unwearied, hour after hour, during those long conferences. We have seen many Bedouins, but never one who showed so clearly in his face the consciousness that all men's hands are raised against his people, and the assurance also that he himself could well hold his own. The Sheikh's grand figure was always enveloped in a black burnoos, but under the tasselled rope which bound his head he wore a scarf gorgeously worked in gold over the whole surface. That was the finishing touch to a superb picture—not undesigned. The savage chief knew well what he was doing, assuredly, when he crowned the wide and stately folds of his black cloak with a golden glory, and surrounded his dark, terrible face with sheeny silk. It would never have done to propose "trade" to a Bedouin of this legendary type, but with some hesitation Professor Palmer asked whence came his remarkable scarf. "Mecca," 'Mtier replied in his brief way, looking at us the while with a gaze of such intense and concentrated scrutiny, that if we had really thought of stealing the Kaaba we should have felt very uncomfortable. Specimens of this manufacture are not easily found, but they repay much trouble in the search. It would seem that there are two classes of scarf known as Mecca embroidery—the one narrow, adorned at each end with gold work disposed in long triangles, after the fashion so oddly prevalent from Montenegro to Samarcand among the less artistic peoples. The other class is much larger, and covered with gold in a very intricate design, while the ends are decorated with those same triangles, two to three feet long. Merchants of Cairo do not know how these things are made. The grandest piece of gold cloth that ever came before our notice is probably from Mecca—it was the State napkin of Sultan Mahmoud's Caffajee, which that official wore over his left hand and arm when presenting the tray. This glorious object is cream-white silk, closely woven with gold stars on one face, with gold squares on the other. The border has a charming pattern in flowers of gold on pale blue ground, which is reversed on the other side. One might form very erroneous notions of the taste and beauty displayed in old Turkish dress from objects like this. The contrast of its graceful and costly magnificence with the threadbare tail-coat and ill-arranged white tie of the Caffajee now officiating at Yildiz, is too grotesquely sad. But it is the one utility of that Museum called "of the Janissaries," beside the Hippodrome, that it removes any feeling of the sort. A tail-coat may be vulgar and sordid, but it is not offensive, like the phenomenon of ugliness and bad taste there on view—the authentic livery whereof this charming scarf was a detail. But the greatest of Mecca work is a singularly bold, loose style of embroidery upon cloth of black camel's-hair. The stitches rise high in stiff little loops of extremely brilliant colour, and the effect thus produced is but ill described by the word gorgeous. No skilled workwoman of our acquaintance has been able as yet to copy this stitch, and we cannot consent to pull our noble cloth to pieces. Smaller examples might be found, however.

From Stamboul and Egypt and Arabia we may conveniently pass to India—but not to-day. It was our intention to exhaust the world of curious curios when we sat down; we have only touched a corner of it.

THE PHILANTHROPY OF MR. TUPMAN.

A BUSINESS like that of the dockers' strike is always fertile in studies for the anthropologist, and it is only to be regretted that some of its aspects almost necessarily engross attention to the neglect of the others. We treat elsewhere the general and important aspect as well as some of the minor ones—such as that eminent piece of human nature, the evidence given by the shipowners of their sense of the great truth that the dockowners' difficulty is as much the shipowners' opportunity as ever England's difficulty was the opportunity of what Shakspeare, with a most improper and unusual, but no doubt purely dramatic, illiberality, calls "the weasel Scot." We may or we may not double upon some things; we must omit or pass lightly over some. Such, for instance, is the curious pertinacity with which at such times what may be called the *Household Words* style of journalism is revived. It is not, we think, very effective now, for it has long ago been surpassed by the still more palpitating actuality of the journals of the gutter. Even the reader most guiltless of the knowledge of "Satan's Invisible World Displayed" must by this time have more than an inkling of the way in which it is done, and of the fact that any person at all skilled in the craft can write a paper of the kind just as well comfortably sitting in his room and never having stirred out of it as after a weary perambulation to Limehouse and Shadwell. But it still goes on, and the "gaunt docker" with "wan, stern smiles," and his children with "pinched countenances," and his wife with a "dazed look," and all the rest of it, continue to be served out exactly as if they were hot and hot, and not the veriest Jacks of Dover that had ever been warmed up out of a penny-a-liner's own head a hundred times over. God forbid that we should jeer at gauntness, or at anything of the kind, if it were a reality! But the things to which we refer are to any one who has the faintest power of telling true metal from false mere shams in themselves, whether or no there be somewhere at the same time, owing to the folly of some folk and the scoundrelism of others, realities of which the shams are pitiful counterfeits.

For the present, however, we intend pretty much to confine ourselves to a single and definite subject—the truly mirifical and stupendous exhibition which has been made in the last week or two of that peculiar virtue, the philanthropy of the vicarious and Tupmannic kind which refers deserving objects to other persons for relief in money and in kind. It has been a commonplace of newspapers to talk of the "sympathy" shown to the strikers. At first, we believe, there was a not inconsiderable amount of sympathy, which was quite respectable, genuine, and of such a kind that a rational man need not have blushed to share it. The dock labourers were commonly reported, if not exactly known, to be paid on scales considerably lower (all things taken into consideration) than, let us say, the scales of remuneration of a political agitator, or a newspaper proprietor who runs down the Court, and fills his columns with Court tittle-tattle, or a minister of any denomination who lives on pew-rents, and is popular. The most elaborate and solemn assurances were given that the strike was to be conducted on the strictest principles of abstinence from intimidation. A very few days showed that all this was mere bosh. It was not to be a fair battle between men who (as they had a perfect right to do) chose to withhold their labour and take the consequences and men who (as they had an equal right to do) tried to supply their want of that labour as best they could. The strike leaders tried to paralyse all the industries of London, and partly succeeded. They bid for a general collapse of trade, and only sulkily withdrew the bid. Thousands of their pickets threatened and maltreated poor wretches whose only crime was the offering of honest labour at the price it would fetch. This very soon altered the views of people of common sense. But it did not alter the views of Mr. Tupman. He continued, from under a Cardinal's hat, from out of a curate's cassock, from every conceivable garb—even, we regret deeply to say, from within the venerable form of our friend Mr. Punch (who may, perhaps, be not "all there," to judge from the festive contents of part of his week's number)—to implore other people to relieve distress, to scold other people because they did not relieve distress, to preach sermons of a high and melancholy morality as to the gross selfishness of those dock directors who would not give up to the dockers the possible dividend due, not merely to themselves, but to their trustors the shareholders. He, Mr. Tupman, was quite willing to give up other people's money; why should the directors boggle? And the miraculous thing is that there are some people who have taken Mr. Tupman's advice. Some of these we understand. Cardinal Manning is naturally as prodigal of the goods of dock shareholders as his brethren Archbishops Walsh and Croke of the goods of landlords. Eminent politicians, through the safe channels of their wives and sons-in-law, can cast bread upon the waters with a tolerable certainty of finding it after days more or fewer. Less eminent politicians understand the virtues of "ground-baiting" seats. "One Whose Blood Boils at Tyranny" or "Anthropophilus Theoblasphemon Snooks" may

cheaply purchase the sight of these designations in print by sending one-and-sevenpence-halfpenny to *The Nightman* or *The Farthing Candle*. But there would seem to be a certain number of the public—the genuine, good, stupid public—who have obeyed Mr. Tupman and subscribed, without the least appreciation of the rod that they are putting in pickle for their own backs to suffer and for Mr. John Burns to wield.

The state of mind of the people who do this—who subscribe money to feed the idle unemployed into a condition of health strong enough to "bash" industrious blacklegs into mummies—is exceedingly well illustrated by a coroner's juror at Poplar on Tuesday. The case was one of those too common cases—each of which is, in effect, a case of manslaughter by the strikers—in which an unskilled workman, put on to do work which Cardinal Manning's and Mr. Tupman's protégés refuse to do, fell down a hold and was killed. Cardinal Manning's and Mr. Tupman's protégés might not improbably have given him not less hard measure if he had not fallen down the hold; but that may be passed. Hear the words of the sapient juror:—"If the Company had employed experienced workmen the accident would, in all probability, never have happened. At the present time the Companies advertise and take on anybody, and I think it is scandalous." When one reads words like this one is, as old authors say, "filled with admiration and deep muse," after indulging which for some time many things become clear to the mind. This juror can hardly have been an acknowledged lunatic; he must, from the allusions in his remarks, have been aware that there is a strike on, that the Companies desire nothing so much as to "employ experienced workmen," and that the experienced workmen prefer to listen to Mr. Burns, to take strike pay, to do nothing except bash a blackleg now and then. But he thought it scandalous, not of the men, but of the Companies.

This kind of person no doubt it is who, in different ranks of life, supplies what may be called the genuine subscription to the strike funds. He has been told by agitators, by sentimentalists, by interested politicians, by interested clerics, by newspapers, that the men "don't get their rights." It never occurs to him that, if at the present moment the Companies adopted the utmost principle of liberality according to Mr. Tupman and handed over their whole net earnings to Mr. Burns's lambs, it would hardly give the labourer what he demands, certainly not what he would demand later. Still less, of course, does it occur to him that capital will hardly care in future to start and maintain enterprises the profits of which are to depend on Manning-Tupman philanthropy; or that, as not only theory, but bitter experience shows, nothing in the world is easier than to quarrel with your bread and scrape till you may cry in vain even for dry bread because the trade which gave it you had gone elsewhere. No! He has been told to "sympathize with the docker," and he "sympathizes" at the bidding of Mr. Tupman.

But is Mr. Tupman himself sincere? Very often, no doubt, he is not; but probably he sometimes, and even not seldom, is. When we get good Mr. Broadhurst getting up and plaintively asking in full Trades-Union Congress whether he may not do what he likes with his own and buy shares in such and such a Company, another glare of light bursts on the mind. The general Trade-Union theory, the plea for relief for these strikers, looks, in the light of Mr. Broadhurst's plea for his possession of shares which pay twenty-five per cent. (we wish we had some), very much as the Poplar juror's theory of the scandalousness of the Companies who won't employ experienced workmen looks in face of the fact that the experienced workmen decline to be employed; and as Cardinal Manning's generosity at the expense of A, who is trustee for B, looks in the light, let us say, of the story of Saint Martin and the Cloak. Ah, what a foolish man Saint Martin was, and how the princes and saints of what calls itself his Church have improved since his day! If the saint had only had some of Cardinal Manning's lights, he would have cut somebody else's cloak for the beggar, and preached (with universal approval) a sermon of reprobation in case the hardened offender had objected. But they were benighted persons in those days. In fact, if Saint Martin, who was a military man, had come upon pickets employed in "turning a man round till his clothes came off him" (the words of a friendly reporter), and so forth, we really do fear that, instead of drawing his sword to cut his cloak, Saint Martin would have drawn it to administer a little correction, perhaps with the flat, perhaps with the edge, to the heroic pickets who are supported by the charity which Mr. Tupman tells other people to give.

RACING.

TEN thousand pounds are said to have been offered and refused, two or three years ago, for The Baron, who won the Brighton Cup, and six thousand are understood to have been given not long ago for Vasistas, who ran second for it. The Baron is what is called a disappointing horse, and with good reason; yet, like many horses thus described, he has paid his way, having won more than 5,000*l.* in stakes, and with his good looks and good breeding he ought to make a valuable stallion. That such a moderate horse, however, as he has turned out should have beaten the winner of this year's Grand Prix de Paris says little for the field that ran in the latter race, although The Baron himself had run second for a Grand Prix in his day. It cannot be said that Vasistas pleased the British critics, who called him a narrow, mean-looking plater. He was beaten again for another race at Brighton by Whistle Jacket, whose price of 3,600 guineas seemed quite small in comparison with his own; but he was meeting him at a disadvantage of a stone at weight for age. Those who went to the Northern Meetings during the week after Goodwood saw some curious examples of in-and-out running. On the Monday, at Ripon, Mr. C. J. Cunningham's Blair Hope was last in a very moderate field of four horses, after starting at the long price of 12 to 1; on the Thursday he was backed at half those odds, and was barely beaten a neck by Warlaby, after a very close race. For the Claro Plate for two-year-olds, at Ripon, 9 to 2 was laid on Lockhart, who had won all the four races for which he had started, having beaten, among others, Prince of Tyre, a winner of eight races; yet, wonderful to relate, he was now beaten a length and a half by Mr. T. Holmes's Dauntless, who had been unplaced to him on only 2 lbs. worse terms twelve days earlier. We may anticipate here by saying that at Stockton he was beaten a length by Mr. McGregor, and that last week, at York, Mr. McGregor was unplaced to him when he won the Gimcrack Stakes, although they were meeting at almost the same weights. It is but fair to mention the fact that the race at Stockton was run in a heavy storm, and that the course was boggy in one part, and under such conditions some excuse must be made for apparently inconsistent running.

At Lewes none of the more brilliant two-year-old performers of the season ran for the Astley Stakes, and the favourite was Mr. Maple's Biondina, the winner of the Corporation Stakes at Brighton on the previous Tuesday. Garter was second favourite, and Bena, Cushat, and Spring Cup were backed next at the same odds; but Porter, the trainer, won the race with Sanfoin, an outsider at 8 to 1 that had never run in public before. As he was receiving 10 lbs. from the remarkably good-looking, but rather moderate, performer, Garter, who ran second, he has not yet become entitled to be considered of the first class, especially if the rumour be true that Garter was interfered with by Spring Cup near the distance. With Stockwell within the third degree on each of the extreme sides of his pedigree, and four strains of Birdcatcher and two of Touchstone in the course of it, Sanfoin's blood is excellent. He has plenty of length, rather high quarters, and grand shoulders. Altogether, this handsome chestnut colt ought to turn out a capital bargain on his yearling price of 550 guineas; indeed, it is said that 3,000*l.* was offered for him within a day or two of his victory. Unfortunately, although he is entered for the Derby, St. Leger, and several other important races of next year, he was, at the time of the Lewes Meeting, without any further engagements for this season, and, worse still, he is reported to be a sufferer from rheumatism.

A still more illustrious rheumatic patient appeared, after a long absence from public racecourses, at the Redcar Second Summer Meeting. This was Mr. C. Perkins's Chitabob, whom many people had considered the best two-year-old of last season. The Tenth Great National Breeder's Foal Stakes was his first race of the year, and, with much extra weight on his back, he won with the greatest ease from a very second-rate field. It was a dull race enough, nor was it one of large monetary value; nevertheless, it aroused a great deal of interest and excitement, as it had the effect of establishing a strong second favourite for the St. Leger, and not a few good judges asked whether this grand, powerful, bright-chestnut son of Robert the Devil might not yet turn out to be the best colt of the year. Two days later, Chevalier Ginistrelli's Signorina, by winning the Berkshire Plate for two-year-olds at Windsor, brought up her gains in stakes to 8,071*l.* This was her sixth unbroken victory, and thus far she was the largest two-year-old winner of the season. Another brilliant two-year-old, Lord Zetland's Margarine, won the Wynyard Plate of 750*l.* at Stockton, giving weight to everything in the race. She is by Petrarch out of a mare by the Duke, out of a Melbourne mare, and her depth of girth, good shoulders, square quarters, and excellent limbs delighted the critics. On the following day, Lord Zetland won the Hardwicke Stakes at the same meeting with another two-year-old, his grey colt Fontainebleau, who now won his first victory. He is a well-topped colt; but some authorities on horseflesh object to his feet, and judging from his previous form, as well as from his subsequent defeat at York, he must be very moderate. Lord Zetland won the Great Northern St. Leger on the same afternoon with Pinzon, who gave Workington 3 lbs. and beat him by a head, while the winner of the Oaks finished half a dozen lengths behind them. On this form Mr. E. Lascelles's Nunthorpe, who had beaten Workington easily by three-quarters of a length at even weights at Redcar, appeared to be at least as good, and possibly even better, than Pinzon, who could only just beat Workington when giving him 3 lbs.; but, as we shall show presently, this did not prove to be the case. Although he has lost a great many races, Pinzon has won 3,000*l.* in stakes, and in this he must be considered lucky, for had not Gulliver fallen lame in the race for the Midland Derby of 1,379*l.*, it is unlikely that Pinzon would have beaten him by half a length, even when receiving 4 lbs. On the first day of the Stockton Meeting, a so-called "good thing" proved a failure for the Stockton Handicap. As soon as the betting opened 3 to 1 was taken about Mr. C. Perkins's St. Martin, a four-year-old that had never won a race; and more and more money was

invested on him until he reached a fraction less than 2 to 1. Why he should have been so heavily backed public form does not tell us. He now beat everything except Mr. R. Osborne's Countess Lilian, an outsider who started at 14 to 1, and diverted the intended gains of St. Martins's backers into other channels.

There was a good day's racing on the Tuesday of the York Meeting. Mr. Maple's ill-tempered colt, Hugo, disappointed the army of backers that made him first favourite by refusing to make even a pretence of racing for the Lonsdale Plate, while Colonel Forester's rather lightly-made Stone Cross, who started at 10 to 1, won by a neck after a capital race with an even greater outsider. The odds of 2 to 1 which were laid on Mr. H. Milner's Antibes for the Yorkshire Oaks were hardly justified; for it was all that she could do to beat Minthe, who was giving her 3 lbs., by a neck, and, at the weights, one filly may be said to have run about as well as the other. For the One Thousand Antibes had been unplaced to Minthe, a fact which may give some idea of the improvement made by the former filly between the spring and the autumn. Mr. C. J. Blake's Killowen, a good-looking chestnut colt by Arbitrator, that had never run in public before, was made favourite for the Great Breeder's Convivial Produce Stakes; but he only ran third, the race being won by Mr. W. Low's Right Away, an own brother to Veracity that had cost 1,150 guineas as a yearling. Among the unplaced horses were Fontainebleau, the winner of the already mentioned Hardwicke Stakes at Stockton, and L'Abbé Morin, another winner. Right Away's success did honour to Le Nord, who had given him 5 lbs. and a beating by a length at Goodwood. For the second time in a couple of hours a race was won by a 10 to 1 outsider, when Mr. J. Bibby's St. Kentigern won the Bradgate Park Stakes; and the last race of the day fell to almost as great an outsider, in Zeno, who started at 8 to 1, and won by eight lengths. Lord Penrhyn's Far Niente, a well-shaped two-year-old colt, with plenty of bone, by Galliard, won his first race, after six failures, in the Badminton Plate.

On the second day, at the York Meeting, the Duke of Westminster's Blue Green was made a better favourite than Lord Zetland's Margarine in a field of sixteen for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, because he was to receive 12 lbs. from that filly. As soon as he had arrived at the post he began to show temper, and eventually he became almost unmanageable. When the flag fell he was the last to get off, yet he gradually overhauled the leading horses, and ran Margarine to half a length; so it is reasonable to suppose that he would have won if he had had a fair start, not that there would have been much credit in beating Margarine at the weights. Backers showed great discrimination in their betting on the Great Ebor Handicap, as the first, second, and third favourites ran first, second, and third in the race. These three horses were carrying the heaviest weights in the handicap, and their relative positions were in proportion to their weights—the heaviest being borne by the winner. It was undoubtedly a good performance on the part of Mr. J. Lowther's King Monmouth to win by a length and a half under 8 st. 12 lbs.; and the Australian horse Ringmaster ran well under his 7 st. 13 lbs.; while Mr. Maple's Peeler was a bad third. King Monmouth has now been racing for six years, and he has won about 11,000*l.* in stakes. Mr. J. Lowther had the further good fortune of winning the last race of the day, the Ebor St. Leger, with Workington, who gave Mr. H. Hall's Quartus, a colt that had been backed for the Doncaster St. Leger, 4 lbs. and a beating by a length and a half. As will be inferred from races which we have already described, this running represented Quartus inferior to Pinzon, and apparently even more so to Nunthorpe.

It would be no exaggeration to say that the Great Yorkshire Stakes, which was worth the comparatively small sum, for these days, of 655*l.*, was one of the most interesting races run since the Derby in relation to the St. Leger. There were rumours that Chitabob was a non-stayer, and he was now to be tried over a mile and three-quarters with the St. Leger colts, Pinzon, Nunthorpe, and Scottish Fusilier. Odds were laid upon Chitabob, and he won; but this was not all; for, as soon as Fagan allowed him to go to the front, he had his three opponents completely at his mercy; and although, through his jockey's easing him at the distance—rather too liberally in the opinion of some racing critics—Pinzon was enabled to finish at his girths, it was obvious that he could have won by several lengths if he had been allowed to do so. As we said above, recent running had pointed to Nunthorpe as being at least as good as Pinzon, yet Pinzon now beat Nunthorpe with the greatest ease. The race for the Great Yorkshire Stakes effected a revolution in the betting on the St. Leger; but we must, for the present, leave the question of its special bearing upon that event to the adventurous army of racing prophets; this much, however, we may say, that it revived an interest in what had threatened to be a singularly dull St. Leger.

This week, at Derby, Captain Machell's fine, lengthy Hermit filly, Heresy, beat a field of fourteen for the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes, giving 8 lbs. and a beating by three-quarters of a length to Mr. De la Rue's Dearest, who had cost 1,700 guineas as a yearling. As much as 12 to 1 was laid against the winner. Signorina added 800*l.* to her winnings by cantering in before a good second-rate field for the Harrington Stakes; and on the same day St. Peter, by Peter, achieved his first victory in a field of eighteen for the Devonshire Nursery Handicap, winning by a neck from Mr. W. Low's Gold Wing, who had cost her owner 2,600 guineas last season. Mr. J. Lowther's Workington won the Breeders' St. Leger "hands down by a length" from Antibes, and, indirectly, his victory increased the confidence of the backers of Chitabob for the St. Leger.

THE CAMBRIANS IN BRITTANY.

IT was a happy thought, in the best sense of that much-abused term, that the antiquarians of Wales should have their annual campaign in Brittany this year. For Brittany is one of the most fascinating countries in Europe for antiquarians, whatever their nationality may be, and to educated Welshmen it could hardly help being doubly so. Leaving aside, however, the Breton language, which tickles the Welshman's ear with a sort of quaint mockery of his own, one of the first things to strike him is the old-fashioned ways of the people, as compared with what he has seen in Wales or met with in England. Here he notices a method of threshing which greatly exercises him, there he comes across a plough which he cannot understand, and he constantly witnesses the prevalence of a creed which he somewhat promiscuously associates with the dark ages. For the visible symbols of Latin Christianity meet him at every point, and frequently in very crude forms. The other day we passed a roadside cross of so primitive an appearance that in one respect it reminded us of some Irish figures of the eighth or ninth century, and altogether it gave us the idea of its being very old; but, on mentioning it to an authority on Breton matters and a native of the district, he assured us that, so far from the cross being some nine or ten centuries old, its maker was still living at a neighbouring town and thriving on the profits of his pursuit of the fine arts. This crucifier of lapidary monsters had discovered, beyond all doubt, a short cut to one goal of the sculptor's ambition, the great art of concealing art. So one has to be cautioned continually against the error of regarding mere crudity as a mark of age in Brittany.

The first day of the excursion on the French side of the Channel was spent in travelling to Vannes, and a pretty long day it was, thanks to the slowness of French trains. With the next day began the real business of the Association, the inspection of the contents of the museum. There everybody naturally expects to find the archæological spoils of the district; but few who have not been at Vannes can form any adequate idea of the wealth of prehistoric and Galloroman treasures to be seen in the museum; at any rate, that is decidedly our impression, when we call to mind, for the purposes of comparison, the contents, for example, of the barrows explored by Canon Greenwell in England. Some of the celts are unsurpassable, to say nothing of the necklaces of callaïs, the Galloroman torques, and other objects of value. The museum owes a great part of its present wealth to finds made since the year 1850, and the whole is arranged in three departments. The first of these is devoted to prehistoric objects, which are grouped, to some extent, with reference to the localities in which they were found. The next department is devoted to the bronzes and various things of Galloroman origin; while the third consists of objects belonging to the middle ages. In one respect the Cambrians were unfortunate—the finest prehistoric objects from Tumiac had been lent to the Paris Exhibition. On the other hand, they were allowed access to private collections, such as that of M. de Limur. And that contained in a house dating from about the middle of the seventeenth century, representing unchanged the dwellings of provincial gentlemen anterior to the French Revolution, and reminding one to some extent of the palaces of Florence; you missed only the powder and the elaborate dress of the period to complete the picture such as it was in the eighteenth century. Brittany is slow of change even when pushed from beyond by revolutions on the banks of the Seine.

At Vannes the visitors were successful in enlisting the able and disinterested services of a well-known Breton archæologist, Dr. de Closmadeuc, President of the Société Polymathique, under whose auspices most of the works of search in the Morbihan were conducted. By his advice, a steamboat was secured for the excursion of the following day, which enabled the party to reach the points of interest in a most comfortable fashion. As the vessel paddled about in the gulf of the Morbihan the view changed every minute, and Dr. de Closmadeuc plied his fellow Brythons at every point with the place-names, which were in most cases such as the Kymry were at once able to equate or compare with the same or similar names in the Principality. This was by way of amusement accompanied by an indication of the spots where the Doctor and his friends had found the objects which the party examined at Vannes. Presently some of the spots themselves were visited, and many a covered alley carefully scanned, candle in hand. The first and far the most curious of its kind was that in Gavr Inis, where the stones of the building are more elaborately and completely covered with ornamentation than any others visited in the district. Here the archæologists wise in lapidary matters had a little discussion whether the carving had been done before or after the stones had been fixed in their places; but some tree-like ornamentation in a recess was discovered to make for the former view. Its advocates seemed also, later in the day, to score a point when one of the supports of a dolmen at Locmariaker covered a portion of the carved under-surface of the capstone. As the party included in its

number several sceptical spirits, one missed the airing of wild theories usual on occasions of the kind, and even the great menhirs failed to elicit a single expression of genuine belief in phallic worship. However, the Doctor had a theory which we must not pass over in silence. Besides the dolmens and menhirs visited, a cromlech was shown on an islet called Er Lanic, opposite Gavr Inis. A part only of this cromlech is now visible, the rest being under water; nor is that all, for hard by lies another cromlech which is wholly covered by the sea. On these facts, for such they seem to be, the Breton archæologist builds an important theory. Before, however, we make any further reference to it, we must explain that a cromlech in the language of French archæology means a circle of large stones, while what is called in Wales a cromlech is in Brittany a dolmen, the latter word being interpreted to mean a stone table, in reference to the capstone supported by upright stones. The word is somewhat incorrectly formed from real Breton words of the Vannes dialect—namely *tol*, "*a* table" (with the article it becomes *an dol*, "the table"), and *men*, "a stone"; but those of the party who were word-wise failed to find any peasant in the habit of calling the dolmen near his dwelling *ann dol men*. The same applies to the word cromlech, the use of which may, for anything we know, be confined to archæologists. In any case the question forces itself upon us, how the word cromlech came to differ so much in meaning in Wales and Brittany. Now, from the submerged cromlechs of Er Lanic, Dr. de Closmadeuc argues that, since the time when the stones were set up, the island, or rather the whole neighbourhood, has subsided very considerably. In fact, he goes so far as to think that the whole archipelago of the Morbihan Gulf was then a part of the mainland, traversed by a single river and its tributaries. Thus Gavr Inis and the other islands would have no existence as such at that time, and this theory has been accepted by such authorities as Desjardins, who would apply it to Galloroman times. But the Breton doctor refuses to have the date of the building of the cromlechs brought down to the Galloroman period, as he would rather suppose them set up an indefinite length of time anterior to Cæsar's destruction of the power of the Veneti and the Armoric league. It is but right, however, to add that he not only admits that the subsidence is still going on, but that he has himself adduced facts serving to mark the more recent stages in its progress. On the other hand, the formation of the Gulf of the Morbihan since Cæsar's time serves him as an explanation of the impossibility at the present day of discovering the towns and ports alluded to in Cæsar's passages referring to the Veneti.

This day spent in the Morbihan was a long and busy one, which was ended by the return of the party to Auray, where a Cambrian deeply impressed with the belief in the permanence of ancient habits and customs found the prehistoric hatchet pictured on the dolmens still in use for splitting wood for fuel. We are here tempted to leave the business of the excursion for a moment in order to notice one of the other pleasures of the day, that of beholding beautiful scenery. Auray is very well situated, and the view on both sides of the river as you come up the stream is very fine. Here and there it reminded some of the party of the prettiest bits of the Menai Straits, and to its natural charms of sheets of water, green fields, and groves it added the interest attaching to antiquity, in the form of the remains of a Roman aqueduct which once crossed the river; in Wales the footprints of ancient Rome are far fewer and much harder to trace. But what one misses most in Breton scenery is mountains, and this deficiency prepares one to find the Vannetais word *mané*, "mountain," brought down to mean a mount in the sense in which that word was used by Pennant and others of his time for what is now more usually called a *mound* or tumulus. It is needless to say that the guide-books industriously mix up *mané* with *men*, "a stone," and that the reader would do well to make it a rule to skip the etymologies with which they are abundantly adorned.

The next day was spent in visiting Plouharnel and Carnac, together with many other places of interest on the way. The museum at Plouharnel was inspected, and the still richer one formed by James Miln at Carnac; but the new feature of the day's work was the walk to the lines of standing stones characteristic of the district. The mystery of the origin of these alignements, as they are called, is perhaps more inscrutable than that of the dolmens and cromlechs; but otherwise they are, to our thinking, far less interesting. The day after was devoted to Erdeven, Courconno, and other places rich in the same attractions as those of the two previous days. Then came Sunday, with its much-needed rest; but some of the party, so far from resting, exerted themselves to find a church where a Breton sermon might be heard; not, as they learned, an easy matter in the month of August. Monday was spent in travelling from Auray to Morlaix, but with stoppages which admitted of one's visiting the chief points of interest at Quimper and some other places of note in Brittany. Morlaix now became the headquarters for two or three days, and from that town excursions were made to the Cathedral at St.-Pol de Léon, with its remarkable architecture and other objects of curiosity and legend; nor was Roscoff, with its enormous fig-tree, left out of the programme. The last day at Morlaix was spent in visiting the seventeenth-century church of St. Thégonnec, Guimiliau, and other points of attraction. In the Morbihan the prehistoric work of man figured so largely in the foreground that the Cambrians, while there, were comparatively little attracted by the specimens of Christian art to be found in the district; but from the moment they came to Morlaix it was otherwise, and their attention was fully directed to the architecture, the calvaries, the relics, and other things associated with the churches and shrines of the diocese.

The last working day of the Association began with the inspection of the church of Brelevenez at Lannion, of which we may briefly say that the various interests attaching to it are far greater than any one could gather from what the guide-books known to us choose to tell their readers. From Lannion the excursionists drove in the direction of Perros Guirec to a house called Ros-map-Amon. It was, however, not to see a stupendous dolmen or menhir, it was not to scan the successive styles of architecture in the structure of an ancient church; it was to see and hear the most famous of living Bretons. For in this pleasant retreat M. Renan loves to pass his summers in comfort and hard work. The books he requires are few, but one of them is thumbed out of all shape. In the last extremity he could spare even that, as he knows its contents by heart—it is the Bible. After he had received the party with his usual politeness and good humour, he gave them a speech of the kind which is so well known as an essential element at the Celtic dinners in Paris; but, alas! there was no reporter from Paris present. It turned partly on the nature of the objects to be inspected in the course of the afternoon, partly on the general character of the ancient saints of Brittany. Here he dwelt on the fact that Rome never thoroughly liked Celtic saints, and he related an anecdote showing how a priest in this district recently managed to get rid of the statue of an honest old Breton saint in order to set up in its place that of the Virgin of Lourdes.

Then the excursionists proceeded, led by Mme. Renan and her husband, to the old church of Perros. M. Renan himself was, however, more interested in a church reached a little later—namely, that of Notre Dame de la Clarté, which is remarkable both in itself and in its conspicuous position. Thence he led the party towards the seashore, to feast their eyes on objects more ancient than the church, more ancient even than any prehistoric work of man to be seen in Brittany, or elsewhere—we mean the quaint and stupendous erections fringing the coast, the cheese-wrings and rocking-stones left in position by the giant forces of nature when she had nothing else for their idle hands to do. In the distance he directed our attention to Enez Aval, or the Apple Island. The makers of guide-books sometimes call it the Isle of Agalon or Avalon, which enables them to put Arthur to sleep there in security; but the Breton peasant knows nothing of his presence there, and the whole story looks suspiciously like a borrowed one suggested by the name of the island. One may be allowed to observe in this context that the stories about Arthur in Brittany have but a very precarious existence. It is true that we have known a Breton scholar to argue seriously for St.-Michel-en-Grève, a low and level site in this district, as the scene of Arthur's despatching the giant Dinabuc, and not Mont St.-Michel in Normandy. We have never succeeded, however, in discovering much in the way of place-names commemorative of Arthur in Brittany, such as frequently occur in Wales and the North-country as far as the river Forth.

On the return of the party from the cliffs they came across a little sandy cove with a quaint shrine. This proved to contain the wooden statue of St. Guirec, and the presence of M. Renan was most fortunate, as he is never happier than when discussing a question of what we may perhaps term Christian anthropology. For St. Guirec is the object of a curious practice on the part of the maidens of the neighbourhood. Those who wish to be married pay stealthy visits to the shrine, and stick pins in the poor saint's person—that is supposed to ensure their being mated within the year. The continuance of the belief in the efficacy of the pins is attested by an artist who had the curiosity the other day to lie concealed, watching the visit of a spinster to the shrine. Little is known of the life of the saint, nor are we clear as to the psychology of the pins. A local philosopher would have it that, as pins are used by the fair sex in fastening their clothing, pins must be to women the most appropriate symbols of union possible; but this clearly failed to account for the pins being thrust into the saint's body. M. Renan was inclined to favour a more material explanation, suggested of old by a Hebrew prophet, for St. Guirec might, like Baal, happen to be abroad, or napping, or otherwise better engaged. After bidding the Renans good-bye, the party went its way, and brought to a close that evening the most pleasant and instructive excursion of the Society since the days when Longueville Jones and Barnwell, Parker and Babington, Westwood and Freeman, were wont to take the field.

THE EXPERIMENTAL MATINÉE.

I.

THE rage for the experimental matinée has shown no abatement during the theatrical season which is now closed; on the contrary, these performances, which in previous years have rarely been given later than the month of May, have this year been frequent during both June and July. It may be worth while, now that we have a brief respite from the "morning performance," to consider some of the uses and abuses of this trying form of dramatic exhibition and its bearings on the present condition of the stage.

The matinée is an institution of comparatively very recent growth, first started to enable children to go to pantomimes

without the disadvantage of keeping abnormally late hours, and is now so universally adopted that a large percentage of the London playhouses open their doors at least one afternoon in the week for the performance of their ordinary evening's entertainment. It is not, however, with these supplements of the regular week's work that we now wish to deal, but with those programmes, specially prepared to extort the applause or ridicule of a single audience, to which we have applied the name of experimental matinée.

The end to which these performances are the means is always either the exploitation of a particular play or of an individual actor or actress, the latter being in a large numerical majority. The afternoon is the time big with the fate of budding (nay, sometimes of overblown) Julias and Juliets, of those stars of the Theatre Royal Back Drawing-room and of the Assembly Rooms of Little Peddlington, who regard all the recognized leaders of our own stage as very overrated personages; though, acting probably on the principle of "omne ignotum pro magnifico," they may compassionately except from their strictures the efforts of a Bernhardt or a Salvini.

The afternoon performance is the opportunity of the unappreciated. No one would hazard the fate of a play or of a player, under the risky conditions which appear inseparable from the matinée, could he secure a hearing at a regular evening performance. But, notwithstanding the increased, and apparently still increasing, number of the London theatres, the chances of actors and of dramatic authors have by no means kept pace with that increase. Out of the sum total of London houses a large percentage are devoted to musical entertainments which cannot be said to afford occupation to dramatist or to actor, unless we allow great width and laxity to those terms. Of the rest, many present but one play, which, if even only moderately successful, will keep the stage some five, or even ten, times as long as the best pieces of a generation back. The dramatists of to-day are not a numerous band; those whose work is in anything like demand among London managers may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The desire on the part of any author to add his own name to that select band is natural and intelligible. On the one hand, successful stage-work is paid for at a rate for which writers in other literary fields may sigh in vain, and on the other, there is a fascination and glamour about the stage, its professors, and even its inanimate adjuncts, of which few have not felt the effects. One of the best and most popular of the novelists of to-day, who has attained the highest success in his own line of authorship, has placed on record the delight that he would experience in listening to the successful performance by gifted actors of a play from his own pen; and if we find a writer second to none in his own branch of literature longing for fresh triumphs across the footlights, what wonder that others, less accustomed than he to well-earned praise, should share his theatrical aspirations; and that writers of novels, of "novelettes," of "shilling-shockers," and the rest, nay more, that those who have never written at all, should crowd the slippery path which leads to dramatic fame, or the reverse. Then we have the mass of matinée-givers who burn to distinguish themselves as Claude or as Pauline, as Charles Surface or as Lady Teazle. These come from many sources, from the great Sahara of amateurdom, from the stony places of the provincial stage, and from the more pleasant pastures of London; they offer themselves for the amusement or boredom of that somewhat special gathering, a matinée audience. Many and diverse may be the motives which urge the giver of a matinée. The Society beauty—who comes perchance from Grosvenor Square or Slocum Pogis, perchance from Maida Vale or "South Belgravia," and whose claims on "Society" may be as shadowy as her pretensions to beauty—burns to emulate the few who have at one step passed successfully from the drawing-room to the stage, and finds to her cost that she has fondly confused the rule with its exception. The ambitious actor, of some experience may be in town or country, who sighs for better parts and more remunerative salaries, and who reviles the lack of appreciation with which managers regard him, too often discovers, after he has sunk his hard-earned savings to enable him for one brief afternoon to play a part worthy of his talents, that the managerial estimate of his powers, and not his own, was the correct one; and so likewise the dramatist learns, by the bitter experience of three hours of purgatory or worse, that those who have for months been declining, with or without thanks, his precious manuscript were not such fools as he has been wont to declare them.

For, as the matinée is in the vast majority of cases the protest of the rejected, so also is it, in the long run, the justification of the rejector. Much of the work that sees the light under those conditions is, indeed, of so hopeless a quality that one is struck with honest surprise that it should ever have seen the light, and wonders if the race of "damned good-natured friends" is now extinct, who might have spoken in time the word of friendly warning.

On considering the mass of the work submitted at experimental matinées to the judgment of the critic and of the general public (who are—theoretically, at any rate—supposed to be present on such occasions), the preponderance of the bad over the good, of the chaff over the wheat, is something almost appalling. At rare intervals, it is true, one encounters a play or a player of sterling merit, hitherto neglected by those in authority, whose chance, long waited for, comes at last at some afternoon performance; but such are the black swans of matinées, rare upon the earth; indeed, so inferior is the general quality of matinées acknowledged to be, as compared with the standard required of the ordinary evening's performance, that managers have not unfrequently ere now discovered to their cost that a piece hailed at a matinée as a triumphant success may, when transferred to the night's playbill, prove little better than a failure. The ordinary matinée-goer has by bitter experience grown to be thankful for small mercies, and welcomes with enthusiasm anything a bit better than his customary fare; but caterers must be wary of placing that fare before the epicurean customers who frequent the theatre at more fashionable hours.

> Fired that the town reject it: "Faith, I'll print it,
> And shame the rogues."

Such, the exclamation of the unsuccessful dramatist of a previous generation, is the spirit of the matinée-giver of to-day. "If managers are such fools as to refuse my play, or to decline to engage me as an actor, I'll give a matinée." And he does—with what result? A month or so of anxiety and worry, the expenditure of not less than 120*l.*, perhaps as much as 200*l.*, an afternoon of wild excitement; and after? perhaps success, but more likely ——.

Well, even if so, he has done some good. He has given employment to authors, actors, actresses, and dramatic critics, though it is to be feared the critics do not view their connexion with matinées very complacently; he may even, though this is unlikely, learn by experience to alter his estimate of his own abilities. As regards the hardships entailed on the dramatic critic by the frequency of the experimental matinée—on which topic the bitter cry of one well-known authority is never weary of making itself heard—the grievance is far more fancied than real. It requires but little knowledge of the theatrical world to classify beforehand the forthcoming performances. Their relative importance is to be judged by the name of the author, by the cast of the actors engaged, by the theatre selected for the purpose. Slight, indeed, must be the experience of the critic who could not from these and similar details determine if a promised entertainment is likely to prove worth the waste of an afternoon.

BUDA-PESTH.

THERE is an inscription on an old bridge in Hungary to the honour and glory of the Sultan who erected it, in which the Caliph is styled "Emperor of Teheran, Constantinople, and Pesth." Nowadays it is difficult to carry the imagination back to the time when the Moslem hordes possessed what has become the finest capital of perhaps the most fruitful land in Europe. In everything except actual size Pesth is probably the superior to-day of either Paris or Vienna. To those who knew the city twenty years ago the transformation is little short of magical. Amongst a network of magnificent streets the Radialstrasse runs its majestic miles from the heart of the town out to the Stadtsfeldschen, or People's Park—a very model of municipal architecture, with well-proportioned houses, each one fit for a ducal residence, lining the broad roadway for half its length. Then, as the business centres are left behind, the villas of the wealthy take their places, leading gradually out to the green grass and trees of the country. But if the Radialstrasse can claim without much hesitation the distinction of being the best-built boulevard of the nineteenth century, it is run very close in the beauty of its shops and houses by several of the secondary streets, and the new Museum Ring, now in course of construction, bids fair to outdo all its predecessors. The price of land in Pesth has risen some five hundred per cent. lately, and the restless energy of its inhabitants, urged on by their pride in the capital, opens out a prospect of further extension, at present without limits.

The universal air of prosperity and content which stamps the Magyars at home is one of the features which must strike the visitor most forcibly. To judge by the merry life of Pesth and the smiling faces of everybody one meets, it would almost seem as if an elixir of gaiety was distilled in the atmosphere. A well-known proverb tells us that the Portuguese are always gay, but to match Pesth with Lisbon one would have to allow a very liberal handicap to the latter. Even their business seems a pleasure to the people of Pesth, and is not attended with any of the usual symptoms of worry, but is despatched leisurely and comfortably in luxurious offices, or behind well-served counters, with such courtesy and politeness that the stranger cannot fail to admire the contrast between Pesth and the slovenly slipshod ways of the countries to the East, or the distracting bustle and wear and tear of the greater Western centres. Whilst we generally make a business of pleasure, and sometimes manage to make believe to combine the two, the Magyar absolutely converts his business into an enjoyment both for himself and others. This is probably the secret of the careless, happy faces of the people, beginning from the peasants in the market-places up to the highest in social and commercial ranks. Whether the inner life corresponds to the outer show it would be impertinent to inquire. The mask, if mask it be, is too cleverly assumed and too enjoyable to contemplate for us to wish to tear it off.

In many respects the Hungarian character resembles the British, especially in its love for sport and for water. The bath is a great institution in Pesth, and some of the larger establishments are quite palatial. The Bruck-Bad and the Ofen-Bad are

old Turkish *hamâms*, greatly enlarged and gorgeously refitted, but with the old pillars still standing, and the original cupolas letting in the sunlight dimly through eyelets of painted glass, in coloured shafts, which flicker through the steam of the hot mineral springs which feed the basins. A morning spent at Bruck is not only a fit preparation for the day after a long railway journey, but a thing to be remembered with joy for ever. Besides the closed-in hot and cold baths, there are open swimming-baths on the Danube, largely patronized by the ladies, many of whom are fearless divers and swimmers; and altogether the vigour with which the population takes to the water leaves a comforting impression that at least one is surrounded by well-washed neighbours. Horse-racing is becoming as national a sport in Hungary as in England; and the racecourse outside the town is always in capital order, in spite of the difficulties in keeping the ground soft enough. The riders are all English—as are the few bookmakers in the Ring. Most of the betting, however, is carried on through the Pari-Mutuel, which is managed with the utmost regularity and precision. The enthusiasm over a close finish or at the victory of a popular favourite almost takes one back to the Yorkshire moor. The return home when the day is over is the people's opportunity, and for miles the road is lined with those whose occupations have prevented them from being on the course. There is little of our Derby-day dust, and none of its drunkenness or rowdiness; but the drags and pretty costumes are there, and the long parade is well worth seeing.

The Stadtsfeldschen is an incalculable boon to the people of Pesth—a sort of Kensington Gardens, where, however, all sorts of amusements are provided, and a perpetual fair goes on all summer-time. First, there is a switchback railway, much patronized by country cousins, but despised of the townfolk. Of course we have the usual shooting-galleries and merry-go-rounds, photographs on tin for sixpence, the King of the Cannibal Islands, the Fat Man, and *hoc genus omne*. Furthermore, a large circus—reserved seats a franc—and anybody who likes can look on from outside without paying at all, unless his spirit is moved by the periodical visit of the clown or the leading lady with the hat. Those who do not care for these excitements sprawl about under the trees, and the grass is literally covered with picnic parties, children, nursemaids, and their followers. In the evening gipsy stringed bands are always playing at the principal hotels and restaurants; and, though the Hungarian music has a great sameness and disagreeable jerkiness about it to the uninitiated, it is a source of never-failing delight, rising to frantic enthusiasm at times, to those of whom it is understanded. There is also a little gem of an Opera House, where the performance has to be good to please the critics; a German theatre, always in possession of an excellent troupe; and numberless minor entertainments, the most popular of which is the Orpheum, much resembling "the Oxford." Here there is generally to be found a sprinkling of English artistes, one or two French, and the latest wonders of the nondescript stage, such as the Man-Serpent, the Japanese Jugglers, the champion Unicycle Rider, and similar first-class performers. The Orpheum is lit with electric light, and both the accommodation and the company are good. In fact, there is no kind of public amusement, either indoor or outdoor, to which a daughter might not take her mother in Pesth; for, though the ladies of Hungary enjoy, or at least possess, a world-wide reputation for the lightness and grace with which they toss their caps over the mills, the behaviour of all classes in the streets and everyday resorts of the capital is a model of decency.

Beyond their practical arrangements for best solving the problem of how to make life best worth living, the inhabitants of Pesth have not much to offer to the visiting sightseer. He must content himself with the ever-changing panorama along the stately quays, the mighty roll of the Danube under its three great bridges, the busy hurrying of the steamers on the river, and the well-dressed crowds on land, the pretty drives, and the fashionable consumption of ices at "Kügler's," and beer at the "Ungaria" or "Queen of England." The guide-books will tell him the stock programme of what he must see, in order properly "to do" Pesth; but the real interest of the place is the growth of a new people in a new city, and its chief attraction is the care which is taken to well grease the rails along which the hours slip smoothly away. The National Gallery of Pictures is, however, one of the shows not to be missed. There are one or two Rembrandts, and an excellent portrait by Godfrey Kneller. The Spanish School is well represented, and, altogether, an hour or two may be profitably and pleasantly spent in the galleries. A trip up the Danube to the Margaretten-insel will also repay the stranger. This delightful little eyot is thickly wooded down to the water's edge with wild-growing forest trees, whilst the centre is laid out in spacious lawns and flower-beds like the grounds of an English country-house. Nominally it is "a bath"; but, since taking the baths has nowadays become little more than an excuse for change of air and scene and meeting new people, the Margaret Baths are not very largely favoured by the citizens, who, as far as comfort and the quality of the springs are concerned, might, and do, go much further from home and fare worse. On the days when the best military bands play there, though, the steamers are crowded, and if the colossal bathing establishment does not net its fair share of profits, the hotel and the cafés drive a compensating trade.

The last effort of the Magyars to attract visitors to their capital has been the establishment of the famous Zone Tariff on their railways. Taking Pesth as a centre, the system is divided into thirteen zones, with a uniform charge between each, irrespective of distance. The general effect is a reduction of about twenty-five per cent., and at present the maximum first-class fare from any part of the dominions to headquarters is eight florins. The scheme was vehemently attacked and characterized as absurd; but as far as the experiment has gone it has proved a success, even on the railways, without taking into account the attainment of the main object, an enormously increased swarm of spending travellers. The audacity of the plan is only another proof of the progressive energy of the Government and of their steady purpose to push Pesth more into public notice, and to enable it to take a leading position amongst the great capitals. The city is somewhat unfavourably situated on the main Oriental route from coming so soon after Vienna. The tourist who stops at all between London and Constantinople generally confines himself to a day or two at Paris and Vienna, going straight through Pesth, Belgrade, and Sofia, unless curiosity prompts him to halt a few hours to see with his own eyes the atrocious Bulgarian or the recalcitrant Serb. Not one in a hundred ever dreams of breaking the journey at Pesth, which is usually considered as a kind of second-rate Vienna. This is a mistake which, once found out, is seldom repeated. The pity is that life, especially a traveller's life, is made up of mistakes.

SHORT TIME IN THE COTTON TRADE.

LAST month the price of American raw cotton in Liverpool rose higher than it had been at any time previously since the effects of the American Civil War ceased to be felt in that market. The average price for the whole twelve months ended last Saturday night was also higher, and, further, the fluctuations in the price were wider than at any time since the close of the Civil War. From $5\frac{3}{8}d.$ per pound in December it rose to $6\frac{5}{8}d.$ in August—a variation of $1\frac{1}{4}d.$ per pound. In the preceding year the variation was only $\frac{7}{8}d.$ The average price of the twelve months was nearly $5\frac{7}{8}d.$ per pound, against $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ in the preceding twelve months. Lastly, the highest price in the past twelve months was $6\frac{5}{8}d.$, and in the preceding twelve months only $6d.$ From all this it would seem to follow that the supply of raw cotton is falling short of the demand of manufacturers, and the inference is strengthened by two circumstances. Firstly, that every year, when the old crop has been nearly absorbed and the new crop has not yet begun to reach the market, there is a scarcity of supply leading to a sharp advance in price. This year the squeeze has been greater than for a considerable time past; but it differs from recent years only in the greater intensity of the demand. Secondly, it seems to be established that what is called the visible supply—that is to say, the quantity of raw cotton known to be in existence in the producing and manufacturing countries alike—is rather smaller just now than for some years past. Members of the trade however are hardly prepared to admit that the demand for raw cotton is outrunning the supply, and they attribute the scarcity felt towards the close of the cotton year to the manipulation of speculators rather than to any real deficiency of supply. No doubt speculation does help to create the difficulty; but speculators would not be able to "corner" the market if there was an abundant supply. They succeed in their operations because they find that manufacturers have not sufficiently supplied themselves with raw material, and the stock they have to manipulate is small enough to allow of success. Early in the year it was believed that the last American crop was considerably larger than it has proved to be. In consequence, manufacturers in this country did not buy largely. They hoped that the price would decline rather than rise as the summer advanced. Speculators discovering this, and ascertaining that the crop was smaller than had been estimated, bought up the supplies offering in the market, and thus aggravated the scarcity which in any case would have existed. Manufacturers object that, at all events in this country, there has not been that excessive construction of new mills which has often hitherto taken place, and therefore they contend that the demand of manufacturers cannot have increased so much as it must have done if it be really true that supply is falling short of demand. But we may point out, in reply, that it is the American supply which is deficient; that, although there has not been a very large increase in the number of factories in this country, there has been some increase, and that improved machinery has enabled the old factories to work up larger quantities than they formerly did. And, further, there appears to be no doubt that there has been during the past couple of years a considerable increase in the number of cotton mills in the United States, and there likewise has been some increase in Continental factories.

While the price of the raw material rose thus rapidly, there was very little advance in the price of the manufactured article, with the result that profits began very seriously to diminish. In consequence, an attempt was made in May last to induce cotton-spinners throughout the North of England to diminish production; but it failed. In July, however, the state of affairs became so bad that the great majority of spinners agreed to work short time during the month of August. But, in spite of the consequent falling off in the demand, the price of the raw

material continued to rise. And now an earnest attempt is being made to induce weavers as well as spinners to work short time during the present month. Next month the new crop will begin to arrive, and it is hoped then that the price will fall so much as to enable full time to be again resumed. The course of events during the past five or six weeks seems to confirm the inference that the supply is not sufficient for the present demand of manufacturers. It is objected in many quarters, however, that neither American nor Continental manufacturers have been obliged to adopt short time; and, therefore, it is argued that the difficulties of this country must be due to Liverpool speculation. But we may point out that American and Continental manufacturers produce for the home market, in which they secure a practical monopoly by protective tariffs, whereas English manufacturers produce for all the world, and more particularly for the more backward countries of the world. For several years past the exports of cotton manufactures from this country to the Far East have been very large. Apparently, the markets of the Far East are now glutted in consequence, and, further, it would seem that the purchasing power of the Indian and Chinese populations has been reduced by drought and famine. We may add that the competition of the Bombay mills is being keenly felt by Lancashire manufacturers, not only in India, but in China. It would appear, indeed, that the Bombay cotton spinners are able to undersell Lancashire in the Chinese market. Owing to this combination of circumstances, it is found impossible to raise prices in the Far East very much. Cotton manufacturers and cotton operators, however, persist in laying the principal blame upon speculators, and a cry has arisen for Parliamentary action to put down speculation in cotton. It is by no means certain that if this were done the condition of the trade would be improved. If, as the facts seem to us to prove, the cotton industry is growing too rapidly for the purchasing power of our customers, it is surely not detrimental to the trade that the fact should be brought home to those engaged in it promptly and so strikingly that all must recognize it. But, whether speculation be good or bad as regards the trade, it is certain that Parliament cannot put it down. If it prohibits one form of speculation another form will be invented. Our manufacturers, therefore, must learn to rely upon themselves alone. And there are several ways in which they can take precautions against these annual recurring "corners." One precaution naturally suggests itself—to buy largely when the new crop is being sent to market in large quantities. The Continental spinners do this, and that is one reason why attempts are not made to "corner" the Continental markets as is done habitually in Liverpool. No doubt buying largely in advance of requirements is costly; but it is still more costly to allow expensive machinery to remain wholly or partially idle for weeks, or it may be months, together. Another plan would be to use other kinds of cotton than American more largely than is done at present. The fact that American is so much used proves unquestionably that at present American is the most suitable. But it surely cannot be beyond the ability of the trade to encourage production of better cotton in India and Egypt. And other methods might be suggested.

At the same time, it is clear that an effective remedy can be found only by opening up new markets. As the more advanced countries of the world grow in wealth and intelligence they learn to manufacture for themselves more and more completely. Therefore, we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that, as the years pass over, we shall lose more and more of the advanced markets of the world. For this reason it becomes all the more incumbent to find and open up new markets. The cotton industry is at present mainly dependent upon the Far East, and as it happens the Far East is not able just now to buy from us in such quantities and at such prices as would relieve our difficulties. If we could find new markets our embarrassments would disappear. Until this is done, it is to be feared that periodical "corners" will continue to be experienced. The high prices of the past twelve months will, no doubt, encourage American planters to increase the acreage under cotton, and in that way the mere scarcity of supply will cure itself. But that will be followed inevitably by a further growth of the cotton manufacture, and after a little while the present difficulty will reappear, unless in the meantime new and important markets can be opened up. As regards the immediate future, it is probable that the price of the raw material will fall somewhat next month. The acreage under cotton in the United States this year is considerably larger than last year, and the reports concerning the crop are very favourable. The present estimate is, that the yield will be about $7\frac{1}{4}$ millions of bales, or about a quarter of a million of bales more than twelve months ago. That is not a very large increase, it is true, but there will be a strong inducement to send raw cotton to market as early as possible because of the high prices now ruling, and therefore a fall in the market is probable. But a very considerable fall is hardly likely. The old stocks appear to be smaller than they were at this time last year, and the new crop does not very greatly exceed last year's crop. Therefore the expectation of most thoughtful observers is that the demand will nearly, if not quite, equal the supply, and that planters will hardly be willing, therefore, to sell at much reduction of price. Still the fall will probably be sufficient to enable spinners and manufacturers to resume full time next month.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

THE meeting of the Three Choirs which takes place at Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester in succession, and of which this year Gloucester was the scene, possesses at once a musical, a religious, and a social character. All who take an interest in the matter know that the Festival had its origin in the coming together for the first time, just one hundred and sixty-six years ago, of the choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester Cathedrals. The object of these meetings was at once combined practice, the performance of works which, for due effect, required a much more numerous choir than either of the three cathedrals separately could boast, and, finally, the relief of the widows and orphans of clergymen of the three dioceses who had died without being able to make provision for their families. Music is such a modern art, that to go back a little more than a century and a half is to plunge, so far as music is concerned, at once into archaic times—to a period when Handel's oratorios, which now, notwithstanding their imperishable majesty and beauty, have an antiquated character, had not yet come into being. In due time, however, Handel's sacred works were performed in England wherever there were soloists and choirs to sing them; and what more suitable choirs could be found than those of the three great cathedral cities where the study and practice of choral music was already a tradition? For something like a century Handel's oratorios were, more than any others, and indeed almost exclusively, laid under contribution by the directors of the Three Choirs; and it was not until 1846 (the year of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*) that any oratorios but those of Handel were recognized in England. Mendelssohn's masterpiece in the sacred style was, however, at once adopted at our cathedral festivals, as at English musical festivals generally, especially those of the great manufacturing cities, such as Leeds and Birmingham, for the latter of which the *Elijah* is known to have been specially composed. But the history of the Three Choirs need not be traced from the time when they had no orchestra, but depended for accompaniment on the local organist alone, to the present day, when the singing of the most eminent vocalists is supported by the best orchestral players that London can furnish. Works, too, of the most modern, the most recent, kind are now produced at the meetings of the Three Choirs; and, in addition to the obligatory *Messiah*, and the almost equally indispensable *Elijah*, the programme of the Festival which closed yesterday contained Spohr's *Last Judgment*, the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* and *Golden Legend*, Dr. Hubert Parry's *Judith*, and two entirely new works—one by Miss Ellicott, the other by Mr. Lee Williams, organist of the Gloucester Cathedral.

It has been said that the Festival possesses a musical, a religious, and a social character; and, as regards the last point, it need only be mentioned that open house, or something very like it, is kept during the Festival week by the Bishop, the Dean, the Mayor, and the cathedral organist, who this year acted as conductor of the Festival, and further aided its success by contributing to it a work of remarkable beauty. Of course, visitors flow in from various parts of Gloucestershire and of the two neighbouring counties which, like Gloucester, have a cathedral city for chief town; and some of these visitors seem almost as much bent on conviviality as on the enjoyment of a kind of music which may often be of too elevated a character to be in strict harmony with their tastes. Nevertheless, lovers of good music are numerous enough in Gloucester as well as in the cities musically allied to it; and when, as this year, the programme of the Festival is unusually interesting, enthusiastic amateurs are attracted from all parts of the country. So full, moreover, is England just now of tourists, that some of those who went to Gloucester this week with the intention of "doing" the city were far from pleased at finding that, by reason of the Festival, the cathedral was, in a certain measure, closed to them. "Why can we not see it?" one party, seemingly of Transatlantic origin, exclaimed. "If music is being performed, that is no reason why we should not go in. We must see Gloucester Cathedral, and if we cannot do so without paying fifteen shillings a head, the fifteen shillings must of course be paid, though the terms seem high."

Most musical festivals present in their programmes some traces of local influence, and the chorus, with soprano solo, by Miss Ellicott, daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester, was more in place at the Gloucester Festival than it might have been considered at Birmingham or at Leeds. It would be hard for a clever, aspiring young lady like Miss Ellicott not to have an opportunity of presenting a composition which, without the least pretentiousness, is not ungraceful, in a city and on an occasion with which she is so honourably connected. This was the only novelty at the Festival, with the exception of Mr. Lee Williams's *Last Night at Bethany*, which, composed by the cathedral organist, might be regarded beforehand as a local product worthy at most of being treated by the hospitably-received stranger with politeness and forbearance. *The Last Night at Bethany* can be dismissed, however, in no such fashion. It is the work of a composer who, if he does not possess the rare gift of genius, is at least endowed with talent of a delicate and refined character. From a cathedral organist performing habitually an organist's functions, and no other, one expects simply church music. But Mr. Lee Williams has in *The Last Night at Bethany* given us music which is not merely ecclesiastical, but in a wide sense religious. One can only convey an idea of

absolutely new music by comparing it with music which is old and familiar; and the composer of whom one is chiefly reminded by Mr. Lee Williams's flowing, melodious strains is Gounod. The solo passages had the advantage of being perfectly sung, especially those assigned to Mme. Albani and Mr. Edward Lloyd. But the choral numbers are, on the whole, the most effective, and some of these possess a tuneful charm which, in the eyes of those critics who can applaud nothing in music which is not harsh and crabbed, should alone suffice to condemn them. Everything in the work is nicely balanced and in the best taste, except, perhaps, the final number, which does not merely contrast with the rest, but clashes with it. The verses of Mr. Joseph Bennett's libretto are marked by feeling and power, and it may be that their spirit and sentiment are reproduced by the composer throughout. The concluding piece possesses, in any case, the fault which is so conspicuous in that boisterous, almost bacchanalian, Song of the Apostles which brings Gounod's *Redemption* to a close. Distant anticipations of the divine joy to which the pathetic incidents of *The Last Night at Bethany* are to lead must be expressed, of course, in joyful music, but surely not in music of so robust a character.

Dr. Hubert Parry is, like Mr. Lee Williams and Miss Ellicott, of Gloucester, or nearly so. But his *Judith*, which formed one of the features of the Festival just concluded, is known to have been composed for Birmingham, where it was produced with striking success at the festival of last year; and, whether Dr. Hubert Parry had belonged to the North, East, or South of England, his *Judith* must, as one of the most successful oratorios of the day, have found its place in the programme of the Gloucester Festival. One is inclined to ask now, as when the work was first produced, why it is called *Judith* rather than *Manasseh*, and why, above all, the author and composer (for Dr. Hubert Parry is his own librettist) has taken such pains to purge the story of Judith of all the drama which belongs to it? "The exploit of Judith is too terrible for artistic presentation," he argues. But the incidents of an oratorio are never, thanks to the very nature of the oratorio form, so vividly presented as to inspire either much pity or much terror; and, apart from that, the sacrifice of Manasseh's innocent children is far more horrible than the slaying of the not altogether innocent Holophernes. Possibly the rivalry and the passion by which the slaying of Holophernes is accompanied struck Dr. Parry as unfit for treatment in a work of religious character.

Another comparative novelty in the Gloucester programme was Dr. Mackenzie's *Dream of Jubal*, in which there is much to admire, though the plan of the work may be dismissed as utterly objectionable. The effect of the speaking voice in combination with orchestral music of the most varied kind is simply irritating. One feels inclined to call upon the speaker, narrator, reciter, whatever his proper designation may be, to cease from interrupting so much beautiful music; unless, indeed, the ironical idea should be preferred of begging the conductor to stop the music, so that the deep-mouthed utterances of his quite unnecessary interpreter may not be disturbed.

The two finest works in the Festival programme were the *Elijah* of Mendelssohn and the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini. The former has always been accepted as a masterpiece. The latter, violently decried on its first production nearly half a century ago, has survived all hostile criticism, as, strangely enough, it has survived nearly all the operas of the melodious composer, whom it was at one time the fashion to regard as too operatic for the Church. The most attractive day, judging practically by the number of persons drawn to the cathedral in the morning and to the Shire Hall in the evening, was Thursday, when *The Prodigal Son* and *The Golden Legend* of Sir Arthur Sullivan were performed. The success of this composer's oratorios has been greatly influenced by that of his operettas. Yet *The Prodigal Son*, which belongs to the period before *The Sorcerer* and the *Pinafore*, contains as much beautiful music as *The Golden Legend* itself.

WRONG AGAIN!

[Mr. O'Brien will partake of no food which is not shared by his fellow-prisoners; mutton chops and white bread are discarded, and brown bread and skilly are demanded. . . . Mr. O'Brien is, however, willing to compromise matters with those who, as he complains, persecute him by forcing dainty viands upon a hungry man, by consenting to partake of them provided Dr. Kenny, M.P., is allowed to visit him, and certify that such victuals are necessary to his health and comfort.]

BESIDE the untasted chop he sat,
With eye averse and visage stern
('Twas delicately rimmed with fat,
And done—he knew it—to a turn.
But vainly lured its savoury whiff;
His patriot nostril scorned to sniff).

A manchet of the finest flour
Gleamed purely white beside his plate
(And this was near the dinner-hour,
When sulks and hunger most debate);
But vainly, too, did this invite
That prisoner's stoic appetite.

The very warder shrank in awe
Beneath his lightning-glance of pride,
When that foul minion of the law
His rude persuasions would have tried,
Though timidly he ventured still
To tempt the martyr with the grill.

"Come, sir," he said, "take heart and eat;
'Tis no neck-chop, but from the loin"—
But, heedless of the smoking meat,
Still sat, with far-off look, O'Broin,
Gazing as though he read in dream
His counthry's future through its steam.

"Nay, pick a bit," the warder urged,
"No other prisoner fares like you."
But there the hero's wrath up-surged,
And fiercely forth his protest flew.
"Villain!" he cried in tones of pain,
"It is of *that* that I complain.

"How dared that thrice-accursed brood,
That execrable Castle set,
Insult me with superior food
To what the other prisoners get?
Their insolence at nothing stops—
How dared they give me mutton chops?

"And when as Irish unicorn
I with the British Lion close,
Know that my bitterest hate and scorn,
My malediction waits on those
Who, while I'm fighting with the Crown,
Give me white bread instead of brown."

The warder stared, and, puzzled sore,
Began to mutter words like these—
"Political" and "Tullamore,"
And "prison dress" and "sandwiches";
Whereat—for saints are still but flesh—
The martyr's anger blazed afresh.

"Dull tool of my dull tyrants thou!
Dost thou," he wildly cried, "not know
That what was then my right is now
The vilest wrong I undergo?
I claim, and they concede me not,
The common malefactor's lot.

"Take, then, that loaf and chop away,
And place brown bread and skilly there;
Unless, indeed—as p'r'aps he may—
My doctor orders better fare;
Out of his learning's well-known wealth
He may prescribe it for my health.

"'Tis Dr. Kenny, he alone
Who, I have vowed, shall doctor me;
And even now, so time has flown,
He may be here—go, slave, and see!
But stay a moment; while you're gone—
Yes—you may put the cover on."

REVIEWS.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.*

THIS collection of translations from the Anthology is a pleasant and interesting one, the value of which must not be judged from its appearance in a cheap series. It is ushered by an editor who (if we may be forgiven for saying so) does not seem to know very much about the matter, but who indulges in some pretty paganism and pretty writing out of, or after, "St. Beuve" (*sic*), Paul de Saint Victor, Mr. Symonds, and some other well-known hands. About this introduction, which is enthusiastic and amiable, we wish to say as little as possible. It is, we fear, an illustration of a new reversal of an old adage—of the rushing in of angels (we believe that "Graham R. Tomson" is a lady) where manly fools would fear to tread, unless they were very sure of their feet and facts. Meleager is one of the most charming poets of his own particular class in any age or country, and "the wise ones, the grave and the precise ones," who grumble at his morals may go hang. But we may be quite certain that, when an English lady observes "sometimes his treatment of his theme was *un peu legèr*" (we don't blame Graham R. Tomson for that extraordinary accent), she no more knows the original of such an epigram as that which ends (observe our cunning: we give a "light" to scholars, and none to the prurient who may run to indices of first lines) with the words Ῥωμαϊκὴν λοπάδα than she knows what name Achilles bore when he was dressed as a girl. Again, it does Graham R. Tomson much credit to speak so handsomely as she does of the great edition of Jacobs, "a new edition in five volumes, with very valuable tables, and,

* *The Canterbury Poets—The Greek Anthology.* Edited by Graham R. Tomson. London: Walter Scott. 1889.

above all, with a commentary which is a marvel of exegesis, filling thirteen volumes." Unluckily the commentary that is a marvel of exegesis fills *three*, and still more unluckily the whole edition (these three being divided into eight parts) does with the five volumes of text and indices make thirteen nominal volumes. It is a small matter, but it shows that Graham R. Tomson can never have even looked at the marvel of exegesis she describes. Nor is there any reason why she should; but why make as though she had? Why write "Curiart F. Jacobs"? Why say that "Fanie" is "the Greek equivalent for a little flame," which it certainly is not, though it may perhaps be the French equivalent for "Phanion"? Anybody may if they like hold that the "fixed period" of Ceos, the custom of old men and women meeting and pledging each other in cups of poisoned wine, "shows a true sense of dignity and self-respect, the very essence of the fitness of things." Epictetus, by the way, would have thought as differently as any Christian, but thought is free. Thought is not free to make those little mistakes about volumes and the letter F when there was no need to say anything about them at all.

But peace with Graham R. Tomson, who is not the only person who has thought it desirable to write about the classics on the strength of a knowledge of "St. Beuve." We say peace in no sarcastic sense, for we are really obliged to her, and her introduction, if it had been stripped of its frippery, is really pretty. She has got together, as we have said, so fair a herd of translators, that we forgive her this, and more. A very large contingent in prose and verse comes from Mr. Lang; another from Miss Alma Strettell, who has, perhaps, gone nearest of all translators to the unattainable goal, a translation of Heine. Not a little is signed by Mr. Garnett, whose learning and literature are alike unimpeachable. Mr. Gosse has sent a few. Among professors or ex-professors the worthy signatures of Messrs. Lewis Campbell and Goldwin Smith occur; and though the majority of the items are thus modern, the older names of Wellesley and Cowper and Moore and Bland appear. Indeed, at all times the Anthology has been a temptation alike to scholars and to non-scholars. Its endless variety, the exquisite poetry of the best things in it, and, above all, its singular modernness, have attracted every person with a taste for literature who has read it in the original and a good many who have read it only in translations. From the major classical writers we are separated by a great gulf, a gulf the width and depth of which are felt the more the more familiar the explorer is with the originals. The majority of the writers of the Anthology are quite near to us, despite the difference of faith, morals, and public opinion. Even such a dirty scoundrel as Strato is more germane in manner, if not in subject, to modern thought than Sophocles, who might not have thought Strato a dirty scoundrel. No occasional verse in the world, with the exception of some pieces written by English poets between 1590 and 1650, or thereabouts, has the "notes" of the best Anthology poetry, which may range, putting the earliest and latest examples aside, over at least as many centuries as Ben, and the tribe of Ben, covered decades. Beside its exquisite concinnity Horace is awkward, and the French masterpieces mannered and thin; beside its range and its curious note of passion we can only place the best English and German poetry of anything like the same kind. Indeed, though Heine matches and betters it, we can hardly, in the very same kind, match and better it in English without going back to the seventeenth century. No wonder, then, that it is beloved of the lovers of poetry.

The lovers of poetry, however, as exemplified in the present volume, take, like other lovers, some liberties with the objects of their passion. For instance, this of Mr. Lang's is a charming poem:—

> Ah, Golden Eyes, to win you yet,
> I bring mine April coronet;
> The lovely blossoms of the spring,
> For you I weave, to you I bring:
> These roses with the lilies wet,
> The dewy dark-eyed violet,
> Narcissus, and the wind-flower wet,
> Wilt thou disdain mine offering,
> Ah, Golden Eyes?
> Crowned with thy lover's flowers, forget
> The pride wherein thy heart is set,
> For thou, like these or anything,
> Hast but thine hour of blossoming,
> Thy spring, and then—the long regret,
> Ah, Golden Eyes!

But the original, unless we mistake its identity (and, by the way, it would have been convenient if there had been exact references to the originals), runs simply, "I send thee, Rhodoclea, this garland, having myself woven it with my own hand, of beautiful flowers. There is the lily, the rosy calyx, the moist anemone, the wet narcissus, and the dark-blue gleaming violet. Crowning thyself with these, cease to be proud-boasting. Thou and the wreath both blossom and fade." *Unde* "Golden Eyes"? (Rufinus *had* a golden-eyed mistress (Ep. 36), and very pretty golden eyes are; but was it Rhodoclea? This poem does not say so.) *Unde* "April"? *Unde* "spring"? *Unde* lines 8, 9, and a good deal of 10, 11, 12? *Unde* "And then—the long regret, ah, Golden Eyes"? Vile, doubtless, is he who looks such a gift-jennet in the mouth. But the restraint and elegance of the best Anthology verse are so much of its essence that amplification seems specially out of place. Mr. Lang, it is needless to say, can be much closer than this when he chooses, while he is seldom less elegant; even his *belles infidèles* are so pretty that, as in other cases, we shut our eyes to their slight and venial infidelity. But here is one which is almost faithful:—

> Believe me, love, it is not good
> To hoard a mortal maidenhood;
> In Hades thou wilt never find,
> Maiden, a lover to thy mind;
> Love's for the living! presently
> Ashes and dust in death are we!

It is true that this is not absolutely exact. Baldly rendered—and we can be very bald when we choose—it runs thus:—"Thou hoardest thy virginity; and what is the good of that? for coming to Hades thou shalt not find a lover, O damsel! Among the living are the joys of Cypris; but in Acheron we shall lie, O maid, bones and ash." But what of this? Herrick and Herrick's master would have smiled on the version, which is certainly one of the best in the book. It has the terseness, which is the first thing, and is thus distinguished, for instance, from this of Miss Alma Strettell:—

> Unnumbered were the ages past, O man,
> Before thy day began.
> Unnumbered, too, the ages yet shall be,
> That Hades hath for thee.
>
> What store of life, then, doth to thee remain?
> Scarce as it were a grain!
> Scanty thy life and short—nor mayest thou
> Even enjoy it now;
> For it is hateful, and its poisoned breath
> More dire than loathèd death.
>
> Then scorn this stormy life of thine and shun—
> As I indeed have done,
> I, Pheido, son of Krita—and like me,
> Seek the still haven of tranquillity,
> The haven of dark Hades' silent sea.

Now the original has eight lines only, and in any case it would have been a mistake to render these by nearly double the number. But this is done by quite unnecessary surplusage. χὠ λοιπὸς μυρίος εἰς Ἀΐδην, says Leonidas in his lapidary fashion; Miss Strettell upholsters it into a couplet. And then the poet says:—

ἢ ὅσον ὅσσον
στιγμὴ, καὶ στιγμῆς εἴ τι χαμηλότερον.

The double ὅσον, the "a point, and if there be anything more diminutive than a point," may be hard to render poetically; but it is surely something of a *rifiuto* to make it "scarce as it were a grain." "Scanty" but scantily renders τεθλιμμένη, though there is, perhaps, no single word that does much better. But why run out into nearly four lines ("Nor—death") the simple "for neither is it sweet, but more hateful than death, the enemy"? And why weaken the end by inserting "still," "tranquillity," the second "haven," "dark," "silent," and "sea"? "Go to the Haven, to Hades," says pure art, Greek art, and impure art, English art, cannot render it without three extra adjectives and three extra nouns. Yet Miss Strettell is an excellent translator in her way. So is Mr. Garnett; but is his freedom a wholly nobil thing? —

> Stern Cynicus doth war austerely wage
> With endive, lentils, chicory, and sage;
> Which shouldst thou thoughtless proffer, "Wretch," saith he,
> "Wouldst thou corrupt my life's simplicity?"
> Yet is not his simplicity so great
> But that he can digest a pomegranate;
> And peaches, he esteems, right well agree
> With Spartan fare and sound philosophy.

Now for our baldness. "We saw at the banquet the great wisdom of the beard-cherishing and with-bludgeon-begging Cynic. For at first he abstained from lupines and radishes, saying that virtue must not be a slave to the stomach. But when he saw before his eyes a plump and snow-white sow's belly, it promptly stole away [or perhaps 'he promptly juggled off'] his discretion. Contrary to expectation, he asked for some, he ate it, and no mistake, and he said that a sow's belly never did any harm to virtue." We admit a dispute of readings; but, though Mr. Garnett's is a good epigram, it is surely an unnecessary paraphrase.

Nevertheless, there is much interesting and some excellent work in the book; nor should we have made the strictures we have if we were not, as it happens, in the most excellent charity with the authors perstringed. Also we admit that, in this case of all cases, to break a stone is not to make a stone. But in this poetical *bijouterie* you cannot play the game too strictly. Mr. Lang's Advice to the Maidens above cited may be above the reach of some translators in elegance, but they can at least make the amount of unfaithfulness it allows itself their limit.

NOVELS.*

SNOW in harvest is much less rare than a lively novel in the dead season, and the critic feels perhaps unduly grateful to the joint authors of *An Irish Cousin* for having deprived his task of some of its terrors. The book is brisk and easy throughout;

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* *An Irish Cousin.* By Geilles Herring and Martin Ross. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1889.

In the Wire-Grass. By Louis Pendleton. New York: Appleton & Co. 1889.

In Sinful Paths. By S. Gibb Holmes. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1889.

the narrative never drags, and even the first person singular, in which the story is told, ceases to be what it so often is, unnatural or obtrusive. The Irish Cousin in question is not the heroine and teller of the tale, but a young man, Willy Sarsfield by name, who is capitally drawn and thoroughly human. His attitude towards his father's niece, Theodora Sarsfield, whose Scotch mother had emigrated to California and had there married Owen Sarsfield, the Irishman, is very attractive. He tries in every way to make her feel happy and at home when she comes from America to visit him and his unpleasant old father in county Cork, attending to her little wants and personal comforts with the consideration which goes further in touching a woman's heart than all the great sacrifices that can be made for her. The little touches by which the reader is made to distinguish between Willy's native susceptibility, his genuine kindness of heart, and his real love for his cousin are delicately given. For a long while he is nothing but a boy, an excellent comrade, always ready to play, to take huff and be appeased, but unselfish and kindly even at the moment of the deepest wounds to his vanity. There is nothing mawkish or sentimental about Willy Sarsfield, and the woman that married him would have held her happiness in her own hands. He makes a mess of his life, partly owing to his good qualities themselves; but, in spite of her social inferiority, his wife's great love for him was certain to gain his affections in the long run. The other young man who finally captivates Miss Sarsfield is of a more shadowy and conventional type; but his two sisters are well-studied specimens of the ordinary young lady. Willy's father somehow suggests the immortal figure of Uncle Silas, and his property and house form a congenial home of mystery. The old gentleman shuts himself up for hours in his study drinking more than is good for him, and only emerging at meal-times, to embarrass his niece with clumsy compliments or clumsier chaff. The house is old, ill furnished, much provided with doors; while outside is a handy bog, containing a bottomless pool. Over and above these valuable accessories is a dumb woman, who lives ostensibly at the Lodge, but glides about the hall all night, or is seen executing an Irish jig in the moonlight under Miss Sarsfield's window. Nay, she even goes further, and on one occasion approaches the young lady with a pillow, and an evident intention of plagiarizing from Othello, when the damsel's defiant mien awes her into retreat. Surely Catherine Morland herself could have asked nothing better. People living in such surroundings *must* commit murder, whether they like it or not; and we are not surprised to learn that Mr. Owen Sarsfield's bones, instead of reposing at Cork, where he was taken ill on landing from America, had been secretly laid by his younger brother Dominick and the dumb woman in the deepest recesses of the Poul-na-coppal in the bog. It may be as well to explain that the object of this falsehood and possible murder was that, by antedating the death of Owen, the property, on the father's decease, a few days later, passed to Dominick. The joint authors likewise deserve praise in the matter of their heroine. Every one knows by heart the young autobiographer who, while insisting on her snub nose, red hair, and abnormally large mouth, is always hinting at the contrary opinion held by the admirers whom she reckons by legions. When the reader further learns at the very opening of the story that the maiden has left America only six days before, on her first visit to Europe, he knows that three proposals a day is the least he can expect. How great, then, will be his relief when he finds that Miss Sarsfield frankly ascribes to herself the ordinary amount of good looks, and insinuates nothing more; and that the scalps of her victims only number two—the susceptible Willy and Nugent O'Neill. Miss Sarsfield's grammar and style of narration leave something to be desired; but she is lively and pleasant and a lady—and always, as she is careful to remind her acquaintances, an *Irish* lady. The little incidents of her first run, which she refrains, with great reticence, from describing at length, are very amusingly told; and in this, as in other instances, Miss Sarsfield has no false shame about laughing at her own mistakes and discomfiture. Altogether the joint authors of *An Irish Cousin* may be congratulated on what seems to be their first novel.

Apostrophes play almost as large a part in the two hundred and fifty pages of *In the Wire-Grass* as the capital *I* did in the tale of one's childhood. Stories written in some dialects are perplexing, even exasperating, to read, and require as severe an application of the intellect as the perusal of Mr. George Meredith or the study of Dante. Properly to grasp the author's meaning, and to do justice to his conscientious struggle to convey the local intonation, the student should read the conversations out loud; but this limits his hours of enjoyment to his moments of solitude, as the nuisance would not be tolerated in the family circle. How often have we toiled after Mr. Cable and the Prophet of the Smoky Mountains, and have at last come sadly to the conclusion that, in the effort to obtain verbal understanding, much of eloquence and subtle beauty had passed over our heads. So it is with Mr. Louis Pendleton's tale of *In the Wire-Grass*, the scene of which is laid in Southern Georgia. It is clever in description, and has much about it that is interesting; but between the clipped and transmogrified talk of some admirably-drawn negroes and the bewildering drawl of a gentleman back from Texas, the reader feels that he has missed several of the most telling points. It is a pity that the author could not invent a better ending to his novel. The story of Hilda's marriage and her repudiation is absurd; and absurder still is the notion that her father never took the trouble to ascertain if the gentleman pointed out to him as Linton Markham was really his guilty son-in-law or not, but strangled him promptly before any one could interfere. One would think that it was both a penal and an unheard-of thing for cousins to bear the same name, from the use made of this incident in novels. Stranger demands are yet made on our credulity. Miss Rachel Hall, aunt of the heroine Audrey, leaves a written statement to the following effect. Her father had gone yachting for an indefinite time with a friend, and for months letters never reached him. Meanwhile his daughter Hilda met and married Linton Markham, and, though *her* friends knew of the marriage and were present at the ceremony, *his* family were kept in the dark, in order to propitiate a rich aunt who had already her eye on a wife for him. Even when Hilda's reputation suffered, Mr. Markham made no effort to put things straight, and Hilda left him, went home, and died. We gather by implication that at some time during this period she must have given birth to her daughter Audrey; but no direct reference is made to the fact. Soon after the widowed Mr. Markham married his aunt's candidate, and had the son who twenty years after unknowingly fell in love with Audrey, his half-sister, *four years his junior!* At least this is what Miss Rachel believes and states, without troubling herself to inquire into possibilities, though, of course, the reader is aware that this very unpleasant notion is untrue, and that the conquering hero is the son of the Linton Markham who was murdered by mistake. Mr. Pendleton is always hazy on the subject of ages, and makes the Captain Brooke who, when Audrey was ten, was talked of in the countryside as a suitable husband for her aunt, aged thirty-five, be proposed six years later as a desirable *parti* for Audrey herself, he being "now past thirty" (p. 98). Still, with all these faults and drawbacks, there is a great deal of life and vigour about the book. There is a quotation from a charming poem invented by a "cracker boy" or "mean white trash" beginning

> Nigger an' a monkey
> Settin' on a rail;
> Only diffunce I kin see,
> Nigger got no tail!

Likewise an interesting description of a swamp in the heart of the forest, where the escaped murderer, Miss Rachel's father, lived for three years and was visited by his daughter and her old nurse Maum Chloe. Further on is a capital account of a fox-hunt, which is a very different affair from what takes place in the Shires. "In Southern Georgia the fox is of a grey color, and therefore a different species from the ordinary red American fox. The animal feeds at night, and is usually hunted during the hours preceding midnight; it may, however, be 'jumped' before dawn, and chased through the early morning hours. This was the plan in the present instance. Half-past four had been proposed as the proper time, but the start was made an hour earlier." No wonder American ladies are rarely to be seen in the field!

It is charitable to suppose—indeed, we have the express statement of the author to warrant the supposition—that such books as *In Sinful Paths* are written with a good purpose. It is, however, far more difficult to imagine what use they can be to any mortal. *In Sinful Paths* purports to be a realistic picture of a girl who is tempted and falls, and of her subsequent life; but it is wholly untrue to nature. The language, while professing to be studiously calm and businesslike, is prone to exaggeration, and altogether the book is neither interesting nor edifying.

MONK.*

ONE advantage of what the forerunners of the press of the future call "serieses" is that they supply opportunities for studies of men who might otherwise wait long for a biographer. Mr. Corbett's *Monk* is an instance of this good that there is in a class of books of which some are apt to speak with unwarranted contempt. "The blockhead Albemarle," as Pepys—who, by-the-bye, thought *Hudibras* stupid—called him, is not an historical personage who was likely to attract the biographer independently; though, as we see, it was easy enough to find a man who loved him well enough to write about him when invited thereto. There is abundant interest in his life certainly, and he would be an admirable hero if he were only treated with that poetic sympathy which is so necessary for the biographer and is also so different from that undiscerning admiration to which Lord Macaulay gave a Latin name. Monk needs to be loved for himself and for what he was, and not loved first and then compelled to conform to some recognized standard of merit. If a man were in search of a phrase with which to ticket Monk, he might do worse than describe him as that Englishman of all Englishmen who most clearly illustrated the amazing luck of England. It may be that such luck comes only to peoples who deserve good fortune. We are the more inclined to accept this proposition because of a surety the luck of this country has been unspeakable. Never was it more conspicuous than in the presence of George Monk at the head of the army of Scotland in 1660. In his own very different way he was as distinctly the man for the situation as ever Cromwell had been. The Protector, whatever else we may think

* *English Men of Action—Monk.* By Julian Corbett. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

of him, was at least admirably fitted to so rule England in the general crash of revolution as to save all that could be saved from destruction. Fanatic and revolutionist enough he was to understand fanatics and revolutionists, to gain the support of some and see through the others, and yet in all the foundation of his character a solid English country gentleman of an almost Tory stamp. As he was also a born ruler and master man, he could seize the revolutionized nation and hold it quiet till the paroxysms of its passion had settled down. It would be absurd to assert that Monk could have done such a feat of lion-taming. He could do no other than be swept along with the currents between 1645 and 1650. But ten years later the time had come when the nations could again fall into the old roads, and when they were longing for an end to makeshifts and unrest. Then there was another work to be done—something less amazing than Cromwell's, something in which the doer looked less overpoweringly superior to his kind, and yet a great thing, and a necessary and a beneficent. It could not put him who did it into a position of lonely grandeur; but it could, and did, enable him to earn the sincere, if not enthusiastic, gratitude of his country. This work Monk did; and, therefore, he deserves to rank among those Englishmen who have made modern England.

It would scarcely be a paradox to assert that he succeeded because he was a strictly limited, even rather stupid, man of the ordinary Low-Country-officer stamp. From time to time this seems to be the view of Mr. Corbett himself. We find him describing Monk as a dull man; and in the account of the great crisis acknowledging that the General of the army of Scotland was carried on by the forces behind him in a way he did not himself clearly understand. At times, again, it seems to strike Mr. Corbett that this is not the way to write about a hero, and then he feels bound to show that Monk was really a very superior person. Hence a certain want of coherence in the portrait. If Mr. Corbett had acknowledged at once that Monk was a solid military gentleman, with military ideas and military morality, strengthened by a very earthy shrewdness of his own, he would have given a more acceptable picture of his man. At times, indeed, he speaks as if he saw as much clearly; but then, again, at others he digresses into interpretations which are in point of ingenuity, though not of absurdity, on a level with that apology for Jezebel with which, under the scarcely sufficiently recognized inspiration of M. Ernest Renan, he has so lately diverted the reader of magazines. Hence, as we say, a certain incoherence in the portraiture. Mr. Corbett, indeed, gives you the real man and the interpretation in the manner of M. Renan within a few pages of one another. On page 11, for instance, he mentions Monk's appointment as captain-lieutenant in Vere's regiment, and proceeds to explain with what moral superiority he performed his duties:—

> He [Monk] had no idea of young gentlemen playing at soldiers and disgracing the name by using it only as an excuse for every kind of license. Soldiering under Captain Monk was found to be a very serious thing. The wildest blades were soon tamed by the impassive stare and rough speech of the captain-lieutenant, young as he still was, and many there were who lived to thank him long afterwards for the severity of the lessons he taught.

Here is a sketch of something other than the usual military gentleman who kept military order in his company. Turn we to p. 14, and what do we find:—

> In the following year [the year after the siege of Breda], as he lay in winter quarters at Dort, the burghers took deep offence at some disturbance of which his young reprobates had been guilty, and claimed to try them for the offence. No one had a higher sense of his duty to his employers than Monk, and no one stood up more stoutly for the rights of the men under his command. He insisted on settling the matter by court-martial. The burghers appealed to the States. Such cases were not unknown, and had always been decided in favour of the military. But Dort was an important town, and not to be offended lightly. The States-General decided in favour of the burgomaster, and the Prince had to order Monk and his troops into quarters which were by no means a change for the better. Monk was highly offended. He considered the honour of the army was outraged in his person. Unable to support the indignity, and disgusted at the want of consideration shown to a man of his services, he resigned his commission, and resolved to place his sword and experience at the service of his own country.

How did Mr. Corbett get past this story without making that quotation which comes so naturally to one's mind?—

> "Oh! my Lord," said the soldier in a sort of enthusiasm, "their behaviour on pay-day might be a pattern to all Europe—no borrowings, no lendings, no offsets, no arrears, all balanced and paid like a banker's book. The quarters, too, are excellent, and the allowances unchallengeable; but then, sir, they are a preceese, scrupulous people, and will allow nothing for peccadilloes. So that if a boor complains of a broken head, or a beer-seller of a broken can, or a daft wench does but squeak loud enough to be heard above her breath, a soldier of honour shall be dragged, not before his own court-martial, who can best judge of and punish his demerits, but before a base mechanical burgomaster, who shall menace him with the rath-house, the cord, and what not, as if he were one of their own mean, amphibious, twenty-breeched boors. So not being able to dwell longer among these ungrateful plebeians, who, although unable to defend themselves by their own proper strength, will nevertheless allow the noble foreign cavalier who engages with them nothing beyond his dry wages, which no honourable spirit will put in competition with a liberal license and honourable countenance, I resolved to leave the service of the mynheers. And hearing at this time, to my exceeding satisfaction, that there is something to be doing this summer in my way in this, my dear native country, I am come hither, as they say, like a beggar to a bridal, in order to give my loving countrymen the advantage of that experience which I have acquired in foreign parts."

"Le maître a parlé," said Sainte-Beuve, after quoting Sir Walter on Le Sage. There is no more to be said.

Perhaps Mr. Corbett did not quote this inimitable passage because it would have clashed with one of the conflicting views he takes of his man. We could wish he had read it and stuck to it; for the facts he quotes prove that Monk was very much the soldier of fortune who looked steadily to his pay and booty, and yet was not forgetful of the honour of a cavalier and the needful points of commanded duty. Mr. Corbett speaks of Monk's genius as a general and other intellectual things; but the facts prove that when Cromwell was there Monk saw brilliant things done, when Cromwell was absent brilliant things did not happen. What took their place was good, stout, competent soldiering, and the loyal doing of work according to the contract. Because he was a solid trustworthy man the Council of State put him over the fleet and the Protector put Scotland in his hands. When the Protector was gone his chance came. If Richard Cromwell had been true to himself, Monk would have been true to him. He had his "whole stift of Dunkel-spiel on the Lower Rhine," and his chance, which in an honourable way he did not neglect, of licking his fingers like a good cook; and what more should he want? But Richard was a poor creature. Anarchy came, and then Monk, the one strictly professional sane man with a trustworthy force at his back, mowed the meadow. Had he been touched with imaginative ambition the temptation to rule for himself would have been too much. He would have done what some half-dozen Frenchmen in a somewhat similar position have done. But to walk on the edge of the sword with the scaffold on one hand and the assassin on the other was no temptation to George Monk. He had neither the brilliant nor the weak qualities which lead a man to run that dreadful course. He saw that to the fanatics themselves the monarchy was the second best thing—to the mass of the nations, English, Scotch, and Irish, it was the one certain alternative to insecurity. He took his course, not hastily, not by a brilliant stroke, but slowly, solidly, and not altogether selfishly. A duchy, thirty thousand a year, and security, could be got with the good will of the nation. Once more in his life, pay, booty, and the honour of a cavalier went together. He turned from the chance of personal power, and clung to what was safe with the good firm grip of a brave man. It was, indeed, happy for England that such a man should have been where he was. Solid and absolutely sane bravery was the note of the man, whether in the breach at Breda, in the miserable Irish welter, in the Highlands, or at Whitehall during the Restoration or during the Plague. Such were the men whose bones were made in England, and therefore we did not fall from Cromwell to unknown depths, as France has fallen from Napoleon to——well, to what we see.

USEFUL NATIVE PLANTS OF AUSTRALIA.*

THE Technological, Industrial, and Sanitary Museum of New South Wales, which was founded in 1880, is an enormous permanent exhibition already containing more than 25,000 specimens, intended to be for Sydney what South Kensington and Bethnal Green, &c., are for London. Animal and vegetable products of all kinds, "waste products," and their utilization, foodstuffs, pottery, &c., metals, agricultural requisites, and numerous other exhibits are provided for, and are evidently accumulating, and such things need cataloguing in due course. Hence the present book—a well-got-up volume of nearly 700 pages, literally crammed with information about plants and their uses. At first sight a catalogue can rarely attract the general reader, but the amount of interesting information scattered through these paragraphs of Mr. Maiden's will amply repay the attention of any one who cares to learn something about the uses of the many curious plants of Australia.

In the first place, the work is carefully and systematically done, and provided with copious indices. Whether the various subdivisions are the best possible is of less importance than whether they are maintained consistently and intelligently; and, in our opinion, the author has adopted a simple plan, and carried it through with credit. In the second place, the information is, in most cases, full and to the point; and it seems much more important that useful information should be given under each heading than that the catalogue should be small and "handy." It is true this plan entails numerous cross-references and some repetitions; but, so far as we have tested the book, these evils appear to be well kept down.

The most surprising fact to us, however, is, that a book of this kind can be made so interesting, while although we see traces of "padding" here and there, there is an air of honesty about the paragraphs which compels attention. Of course, Australia is a world of plant-wonders in itself, and it would be difficult to avoid saying something interesting about the huge "Gum-trees," or the queer "Grass-trees," or the "Bottle-brushes," "Wattles," and other well-known marvels; but the author has in most cases succeeded in saying something interesting under headings of far less promising nature, and giving us the authority for it into the bargain.

The material thus industriously worked up is enormous and must be rapidly growing. More than six hundred timber trees alone are treated of, many of them in some detail, while foods,

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* *Useful Native Plants of Australia.* By J. H. Maiden, F.L.S., F.C.S., &c., Curator of the Technological Museum of New South Wales. London: Trübner & Co. Sydney: Turner & Henderson. 1889.

forage-plants, drugs, perfumes, gums, &c., oils, dyes, fibres, and so on, all receive attention.

It is, of course, impossible to mention many details here. Most readers will be interested in the accounts of the natives' method of obtaining water from the roots of trees; of the aborigines' only hereditary property—the Bunyabunya (*Araucaria Bidwillii*)—of the queer She-oaks (*Casuarina*), Gum-trees (*Eucalyptus*), &c. Every one has heard of the giant trees of California, belonging to the Coniferous genus Wellingtonia, and some of which have been known to reach 400-450 feet in height; but it may not be so generally known that the Australians here beat the Americans by several feet, for a specimen of the Giant Gum (*Eucalyptus amygdalina*) is quoted as being 471 feet in height.

Much information is accumulating with reference to the numerous and valuable timbers of Australia, and the author has used discretion in his extracts; but the very excellence of this catalogue is one of the best proofs how much has still to be done. And the same may be said for the other departments. Drugs and poisonous plants are always difficult to get accurate information about, and those of Australia may well be particularly so; for, as the author remarks, there is no well-tried and ancient (however superstitious) native faculty to appeal to, as there is in India and other Asiatic countries, and the "tamed" aborigine is very ready to give information when he sees it is wanted, and will reply only too willingly to leading questions.

More than one old friend is to be met with in these distant climes, and it seems strange to find our common little *Cardamine hirsuta* (which, by the way, is erroneously called "Lady's Smock," a name given to its close ally, *C. pratensis*) scattered "throughout the colonies," and to learn that the Bracken Fern occurs in all the colonies of Australia.

In conclusion, we must heartily agree with the author in his repeated deprecation of the practice of sending wrong information to various centres of dissemination; but we might add that the practice is so common because good observers are so rare. When our colonists take more trouble to learn something about nature and how to observe properly, we shall have less of the chaff that now flies about from one source to another, and curators of museums will not be the only people who benefit from the change.

BONHAM'S INDUSTRIAL LIBERTY.*

A LARGE amount of valuable work in the field of social and economic science has been coming to us from America in the last few years. This activity in a specific domain is in itself not without significance. But more significant still is the prevailing tendency and bias of recent economic work. Mr. Bonham, like many of his fellow-writers, is an ardent disciple of Mr. Herbert Spencer, an inexorable and unbending individualist. Putting on one side his desire to promote certain specific social and financial reforms, his main purpose in the work before us is to arouse the attention of Americans to a danger which seems likely not merely to postpone indefinitely the hope of a more perfect liberty in industrial matters, but even to threaten the existence of their much-vaunted political freedom. In Mr. Bonham's view political liberty is being slowly smothered beneath industrial slavery. Vast corporations are being gradually consolidated—corporations dangerous to individual freedom, and inconsistent with the spirit of the American Constitution, forgetful of their obligations towards the State which endowed them with life, and careless of the interests of the mass of the shareholders whose rights they were appointed to safeguard; powerful for the accumulation of individual fortunes, but directly antagonistic to the healthy development of legitimate industries. Politically these monsters daily increase in strength; they strike swiftly, and in secret; the net which they spread is ever widening, until it threatens at no distant date to envelop the whole fabric of political liberty in the United States. Such is the alarming picture which Mr. Bonham draws of the industrial and political situation in America at the present time. If it be correct, its character has certainly been imperfectly apprehended up to the present in this country, and Mr. Bonham deserves gratitude for enabling us to realize it more vividly.

He approaches his subject with much circumspection. His method is sternly logical, and his style at times almost severely abstract. He has, indeed, aimed at keeping in view "principles rather than statistics," and so, having made "an analysis of the salient political and industrial evils of our time," he has been enabled to "measure by fundamental rules the departure in some of our governmental and industrial methods from these principles." He, therefore, begins by tracing the development of the idea of liberty in England. Correct views upon English constitutional history are not perhaps essential to the soundness of his main argument; but, since he alludes to the matter, it were as well he should do it accurately. It may be quite true, as Mr. Bonham points out, that the importance of Magna Charta has been overrated; but it is not true, as he implies, that its provisions were framed with an exclusive regard to the interests of the baronial classes. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable in that remarkable document than the breadth of view it exhibits as to the relations of class and class. Nor is it strictly true to say, as Mr. Bonham says, that "Simon de Montfort called into being the House of Commons." The importance of the Bill of Rights, too, must in future be discounted; it was, as we learn from Mr. Bonham, "really a Bill of particulars." Indeed, the ideas of liberty entertained by even the best of Englishmen in the past were hopelessly limited and perverted. It remained for the framers of the American Constitution, for men "acquainted with the ancient republics," men who had "eminent legal ability, the sagacity and patriotism of the statesman, and the wisdom of the political philosopher," to proclaim to the world the true meaning of political and individual liberty! It is handsomely acknowledged that America owed "a great debt to England"; but Mr. Bonham cannot overlook the fact that in England we have bowed the knee to kings and have permitted ourselves to be trampled on by an hereditary aristocracy. We do not complain that Mr. Bonham should think the existence of a monarchy incompatible with liberty; we do not complain that he should hold in light esteem those constitutional documents which are sometimes grandiloquently called "the monuments of English freedom"; but, though we forgive him this, is it not a trifle unreasoning—a little unphilosophic—to resent the fact that political liberty in the particular sense in which it is understood by Mr. Bonham and the authors of the *Federalist* should not have been born into the world centuries ago, full grown and completely equipped? He professes great admiration for the work of Montesquieu, but he complains that, "measured by the standards of to-day," parts of it are very defective. But who, judged by such lights, may escape condemnation? Who, measured by the standard of the American Constitution, may hope to approach perfection? Mr. Bonham expects too much. Not in this case only, but to a great extent throughout the book, his argument is vitiated by an entire and irritating absence of all sense of historical perspective. He manifests it here, and he manifests it still more clearly in a later chapter on "Political Government." He does justice to the spirit which animated the mediæval Churchmen. But, because the enlightened citizen of the Great Republic has now reached a stage when he can dispense with the ministrations which the Catholic Church offered and the sanctions it proclaimed, is it wise or is it philosophical to conclude that the aims of the mediæval Church were false or that the means employed "weakened and degraded" the political condition of mankind?

We have indicated a flaw in Mr. Bonham's philosophic method which we take to be fundamental; but, though it vitiates his history, it affects far less seriously his examination of the political and industrial problems of to-day. His conclusion is that the existence of industrial liberty, and through it of political liberty, is grievously threatened, chiefly by the growth of parasitic developments which could not be foreseen at the time when the American Constitution was framed. In his view, "industrial liberty consists in the freedom of each individual citizen, guarded by such delegated authority, contributed by each, as is necessary to preserve their individual freedom equally to each; and this liberty includes the freedom of each individual citizen to contract and the sanctity of contract." Accepting this definition, for the time, as both adequate and true, we ask by what dangers is this liberty assailed? To answer this question is the purpose of the work before us. Mr. Bonham shows, in the first place, that the vast industrial revolution effected by the application of steam to the manufacture and carriage of goods has been, on the whole, adverse to the growth of liberty. The enormous impulse it has given to the *creation* of wealth is, of course, unquestioned; the improvements it has effected in its *distribution* are less obvious. But Mr. Bonham's great point is that it has tended, and is tending more and more, to give a dangerous supremacy to the *industrial Corporation*—a supremacy which is already perverting industrial liberty, and which may extinguish political liberty as well. It is impossible to follow in detail Mr. Bonham's searching analysis of the operations of these industrial Corporations. We are fairly well accustomed to hear of the dishonesty of railway management in the United States, but never, we may make bold to say, has such a lurid light been thrown upon its systematic and ever-widening corruption as by the pen of Mr. Bonham. Assuming the correctness of his facts (and there seems, indeed, no room for question), there cannot be a shadow of doubt that railway management in America is even more hopelessly corrupt than English investors have realized; that it is not merely unmindful of its responsibility to the public, but grossly unfaithful to the trust reposed in it by the proprietors. The main source of the evil appears to be in the relations which have been built up between the railway managers—acting as private individuals—and the "parasite Corporations" which have come into existence in connexion with the great railway Companies. By the assiduous development of these relations the railway managers have succeeded in giving such preferential advantages to these "Parasites" as to create for them a practical monopoly in certain industries. More than this, the system had been immensely extended and elaborated by the creation of vast "Trusts." The projectors of the "Standard Oil Trust," for example, "erected a structure by which they coupled all of the secret interests of the managers of the several trunk-lines, so far as their interests referred to the shipment of petroleum. They thus made a basis for division of the profits of this product between one great parasite and the managers of the different railways. By this device all competition which formerly existed between the parasites of the different trunk-lines was

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* *Industrial Liberty.* By John M. Bonham. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

overcome through consolidation. . . . Thus a whole industry was seized. This 'Trust' standing between the producer and the consumer, and through alliance with the railway managers controlling the only means of communication, proceeded to extract from both producer and consumer the largest possible margin, and to hold the industry in its grasp." Such is the system by which legitimate profits have been diverted, and the vast fortunes of a few "manipulators" have been built up.

Among many interesting questions raised by Mr. Bonham in connexion with this subject, two seem to us of special interest. There can be no doubt that our author is right in insisting upon the close connexion between these notorious but hard-to-be-detected railway and Trust malversations, and the growth of the Socialistic temper which has lately made itself dangerously manifest in America in such organizations as the "Knights of Labour." No one defends either the objects or the methods of these organizations, but it is impossible to deny that they are, in America, in some sort a natural growth. As Mr. Bonham truly says:—

> Whilst the laborer may not reason accurately upon all the details, he cannot fail to feel instinctively the salient consequences which lie all around him; he cannot fail to see that the greatest of the fortunes that have been heaped up within the last twenty years owe their being, not to the creation of industry, but to a species of legerdemain, through which the fruits of other ownership held in trust have been transferred to these custodians. If men placed in charge of property under what ought to be held as the sacred obligations of custody appropriate that property to themselves, why may not the laborer who has no such nice obligation disregard the law of ownership in a less degree?

Mr. Bonham is not specially complimentary to the American "laborer," but he is not, perhaps, far out in his estimate of average human nature. There is another aspect of the matter which is of even more interest to ourselves than the connexion between Socialism and financial "manipulation." It is the relation between the existence of these consolidated "Trusts" and the maintenance of the Protective Tariff in the United States. We have never held that the removal of their trade restrictions would prove an unmixed advantage to our own traders; but none the less is it interesting, from the point of view of abstract economics, to understand the reasons which have so long delayed their return to the path of financial sanity. Among these reasons the development of the "Trust" system is certainly not the least potent. It is shown by Mr. Bonham ingeniously, but at the same time conclusively, how these "Trusts" are able to appropriate the premium which is afforded by the Protective tariff to certain industries, and, further, how the operations of the "Trusts" tend exactly to neutralize the benefits which the Protectionists claim for their own system:—

> The Protectionists [he says truly] cry for protection because they assume that it encourages industry; but their "Trust" flatly contradicts the assumption. They seek to prohibit foreign competition by a tariff, and then repress home industry by a "Trust." Thus the salt, steel, lead, rubber, and other similar "Trusts" methodically and rigorously aim to keep from growing the several industries which the tariff is to foster, in order that the organizers of a "Trust" may profit by the repression of those industries, and then, by the reduction of wages and the increase of price, appropriate the Government's bounty.

We have not lately seen any clearer or more caustic *reductio ad absurdum* of the system which all the best American economists have now combined to deprecate. Needless to say that the "Trust" system has developed in many other directions, which Mr. Bonham explores in considerable detail, but whither we have no time to follow him. The obvious question which occurs to an English reader is, How comes it, since the methods pursued by the "manipulators" appear to be so accurately known, that no means have been taken to put a stop to a system which is so palpably injurious to the common weal? Mr. Bonham in part supplies the answer. The obstacles in the way of reform are neither few nor unimportant. In the first place, the existing judicial tribunals are entirely inadequate to deal with the evil. The abuse did not exist at the time the Constitution was originally framed, and consequently no remedies were provided even by its all but omniscient framers. Here we have an illustration of the disadvantages attendant on the immobility of the American Constitution—that element which in the judgment of the late Sir Henry Maine was one of its most salient advantages. Even Mr. Bonham has been fain to confess with Bacon that his country has not been sufficiently apt "in devising remedies as fast as time breedeth mischiefs." The appointment of the Inter-State Commerce Commission was, indeed, an indication of a dawning perception that existing tribunals were insufficient to meet existing dangers; but neither that Commission nor the Pacific Railway Commission have succeeded in thoroughly unearthing all the secret machinations of the "foul conspirators" against the commonwealth. But it is not merely of the insufficiency of judicial tribunals that Mr. Bonham complains. He realizes clearly that the most formidable obstacle to reform consists in the immense political influence which the "Corporations" can exert, and in the "Corporations" lies the root of the evil. No thorough reform can be looked for from "statesmen who have direct or indirect alliances with the railway interest." Their corporate interests, as Mr. Bonham says, "stand in perpetual conflict with their duties as representatives of the people. . . . . Some of these representatives have been placed in their seats through the direct influence of the corporate power for the purpose of furthering it by legislation. Having been successfully engaged in supplanting economic and natural laws by processes which seem to them of a more practical kind, it is not to be supposed that such representatives will examine the force of those economic laws with which they stand in conflict." But perhaps the most disheartening feature of the whole situation, to the eye of the ardent reformer, is the comparative apathy with which the public at large regards the matter. This apathy can without difficulty be explained. In the first instance, the American people were possessed by an absorbing anxiety for railway development; they were careless as to the evils which the system established by themselves might generate. Then came a reaction; the people were alarmed at the power of the monster they had created; retaliatory legislation was hastily promoted; the intervention of the Courts was invoked; the railways were found, as a rule, to be within the forms of law; the excitement quickly aroused, as quickly cooled, and public opinion was once again lulled into acquiescent apathy. Meanwhile the magnitude of the evil, so far from diminishing, is steadily increasing, and every year the "railway interest," by the consolidation of its connexions, is making itself more and more impregnable. Firmly as he deprecates the acquisition of railways by the State, Mr. Bonham clearly recognizes that nothing can be done in the direction of reform until the relations of the railway and the State are put upon a sounder basis, until the former acknowledge a "specific trust." At present the railway interest has got somewhat out of hand, and, as our author pertinently observes, "all human experience shows that no artificial organization whose motive is private gain can safely be endowed with political influence or regulation of industry except under continuous and specific governmental control."

We have already alluded incidentally to the close connexion between the "Trust" system which Mr. Bonham so vigorously assails and the maintenance of the Protective tariff; but the chapter on "Protection" (chapter viii.) is well worth reading apart from all reference to the main thesis which the author is seeking to support. It really seems impossible to believe that the vast, though scattered, agricultural interests of the West will submit to be crippled in their industry for the sake of the manufacturing "Ring" in the Eastern States, when once they clearly realize the true bearing of the matter. From the consideration of the Protective system and its glaring absurdities, Mr. Bonham passes naturally to the more general aspects of paternal government. He is, as we have said, a stern individualist, and nowhere does this come out more strongly than in his treatment of the education question. To his thinking it is no part of the function of the State to attempt to neutralize nature's law of diversity of faculty. He is roundly opposed to compulsory education, and still more so to making that education gratuitous, maintaining that the common-school system and the policy on which it rests must "in the sum of its consequences deteriorate the freedom and well-being of the race." Nay, he would even go so far as to contend that the future of American civilization is threatened by this adventitious aid to the already prevailing tendency towards uniformity. In this country we have hardly had time to realize the full effects of the "Revolution of 1870"; opposition to the School Board, if not silenced, is generally stifled; but there are more people, we suspect, who would concur in the following sentiments than would care to avow it:—"It is an assumption, and not a right, by which a majority does the initial wrong of reaching into the pocket of one citizen and taking part of the fruits of his industry in order to accomplish the second wrong of thrusting the arm of the Government into the family of another, to lift from his shoulders the paternal duty; and then to do the third wrong of attempting to substitute for that paternal duty the process of making the minds of children uniform."

Much of Mr. Bonham's tirade against *paternalism* is tolerably familiar to readers of Mr. Herbert Spencer; but, for all that, there is a freshness of treatment and a vigour of argument in the disciple which cannot fail to render his work more than acceptable. The problems with which he deals are to a large extent *local* problems; but the principles which he enunciates, and with not a little force maintains, are capable of wider application. He occasionally lapses into extravagance and bombast, as when he declares that the town meeting and the Corporation stand in the same antagonism now as when "Arminius smote Varus, shattered and drove back the Roman legions from the country of the Rhine"; but, on the whole, his style is dignified and restrained, and apt for the illustration of principles which, though not popular, are sound.

TWO BOOKS OF EASTERN TRAVEL.*

IN *The Land of the Dragon* Mr. Percival begins by endeavouring to dispel the idea which he found current among his friends in England during a well-earned furlough, that Shanghai was situated in a dismal swamp, and that the houses are "perched on piles," the ground not being sufficiently dry to admit of the people "occupying tents or log huts." Shanghai, as we thought most people knew, is the model European city of the East. The success of its municipal system is guaranteed by the

* *The Land of the Dragon; My Boating and Shooting Excursions to the Gorges of the Upper Yang-tze.* By W. Spencer Percival, H.B.M.'s Civil Service, China. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1889.

A Suburb of Yedo. By (the late) Theobald A. Purcell, Surgeon-Major, A.M.D., and (by permission) Principal Medical Officer to the Japanese Government. With Illustrations. London: Chapman & Hall. 1889.

fact of the Town Council being composed of the leading merchants and bankers, who take a pride in their city, and have made its cleanliness, its drainage, its supply of water, gas, and electric light an example which might well be followed by some communities nearer home. The "dismal swamp" of forty years ago has been transformed into a bright and beautiful abode, whose fine public gardens, yacht club, cricket club, Fine Arts Society, Amateur Dramatic Company, &c., enable the residents to enjoy life most thoroughly, except during the hot season. It is curious to read that "many young and wealthy Chinese from all parts of the interior look upon Shanghai as Europeans look upon Paris or London. Most of them come here with plenty of riches, and a large credit; but the majority return—*i.e.* if they return at all—very much after the fashion of the Prodigal." Yet in spite of all these attractions, and of a double-columned list of local Societies which occupies nearly the whole of one of Mr. Percival's pages, Shanghai has one drawback besides the heat of summer—you can go nowhere, and do nothing, without a boat. Round Shanghai foreigners have, with much difficulty, obtained from the Chinese authorities "permission to make a very few miles of road outside the boundary of the foreign concession; but five miles east and five miles west is the limit. You must go and return by the same road. Day after day the same weary drive is all the carriage exercise to be had, which in a short time becomes monotonous in the extreme." In Mr. Percival's case, however, this necessity for making his vacation tours in a house-boat seems not to have been unwelcome; and, when jaded by work, his habit is to start with his wife and daughter on a series of adventures such as few single men would care to face. All three were once attacked and overpowered by a furious mob of villagers and imprisoned in a "Joss-house," whence they escaped by cutting a hole in the bamboo walls; their boat was almost wrecked in a heavy gale on Lake Taihu, and leaked so badly that a dry dock had to be improvised for her repair; yet, in spite of battle and tempest, when the writer came to leave the lake which had treated him so roughly, "we were all rather sorry. I had been sent there as an invalid to recover a little health, and, when I came to review the treatment, I thought it had been rather a severe one for a sick man. But it had agreed with me, for I was perfectly well and strong." The country round about Shanghai was the scene of the great Tae-ping rebellion twenty-five years ago. One of the most curious results of this great struggle was that within a few years in the more remote districts round Shanghai it was

> not unusual to meet an American or a European in Chinese attire, who had married a native woman and adopted the Chinese language to the almost utter forgetfulness of his mother tongue. I have met with one or two of these men myself. They are mostly, if not all of them, waifs and strays, who served, some in the rebel, some in the Imperial army, during the fifteen years of the rebellion. Those that I have seen are comfortably settled, with Chinese wives and families, living in Chinese communities exactly as though they were natives of the land. Indeed, I have often fancied that the marked character of the Caucasian features have partly changed into the almond, cat-like eyes, and the stumpy nose of the Chinese.

A propos of this, Mr. Percival extracts from the leading Shanghai paper a delicious yarn of a belated shooting-party, who applied to a native farmer for hospitality. Their host treated them well, was a bit of a sportsman, and a very pleasant evening was spent, when suddenly the "native" electrified his guests by rising and saying to them in English, "Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you to my wife!" We cannot resist quoting Mr. Percival's account of his visit to an "opium-den," said to be the largest place of the sort in all China, which he found to be

> a luxurious establishment, where, in the "first class," the woodwork of the couches is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, jade, and ivory. The couches and pillows are richly covered, some with embroidered satin, some with crimson velvet. The building is in the form of a quadrangle, open in the centre for light and air. This centre court is a garden, containing a variety of rare plants and shrubs, interspersed with a quantity of miniature rock-work. The ceiling throughout the interior is beautifully carved, and in places richly gilt, with many grotesque designs, thoroughly Chinese, and at regular intervals along the walls are let in large slabs of curious variegated marble. . . . I lingered about the place for more than two hours, occasionally sitting and talking to one of the smokers . . . . but always watching for the vacant, silly gaze of which I had heard so much. . . . I admit I felt uncomfortable, and not a little disillusioned. Like a stranger in a West-End club staring at members in the smoking-room, whom he had been led to expect to find inebriated and rolling about the floor, but who, on the contrary, gaze calmly and curiously at the audacious intruder, I felt baffled and confounded, for, like many of my fellow-countrymen, I had pictured to myself this greatest opium resort in the whole of China as a perfect den—an epitome of vice and misery—and fully expected the reality to exceed my mental creation; and now, after as thorough an investigation as two hours admitted of, I had to confess that this establishment, instead of proving the haunt of unspeakable misery and iniquity, presented, in elegance, order, sobriety, decorum, and courtesy to the guests, a not unfavourable comparison with the majority of cigar-divans and coffee-houses in many of the large cities of Europe.

The most important part of Mr. Percival's book is his description of the journey to Ichang. The gorges of the Yangtze Kiang have already been well described in Mr. Little's book; and he, after his adventurous voyage through them, determined to run a trading steamer up the river. The steamer has been built; but the difficulties to be overcome before she could make a trip have been enough to dishearten any man.

> All the natives of the two provinces of Szechuen and Hupeh appeared to dislike the advent of steam navigation. They thought, and very naturally so too, that, if one steamer is successful, it will only be a very short time before there is a regular line of steamers running between Ichang and Chunking. The Mandarins objected because they feared the result of any closer intimacy with the outside barbarian. The governing authorities objected because they feared a row. The merchants objected because they feared that foreign traders would soon learn the price of Szechuen produce, and so cut down their profits. The boat-owners objected because they feared that steamers would take away their occupation, and the trackers and coolies objected because they feared that, if the boat traffic disappeared, their means of livelihood would disappear also. In the face of so much opposition and so many difficulties, I fear Mr. Little had rather a rough and anxious time.

Indeed, we fear that he cannot even yet be congratulated upon having brought his enterprise to a successful issue. Nevertheless the introduction of railways and steamers into the interior of the Chinese Empire is merely a question of time, and of a very short time also. A complete revolution has taken place in Chinese ideas since the Woosung railway plant was bought up and dropped into the sea. There is already a railway 81 miles in length in actual working, and the telegraph, which was bitterly opposed at first, now extends for 3,000 miles. In spite of the opposition of the literati, whose training renders them intensely patriotic and opposed to foreigners as foreigners, and who "breathe the spirit of the Emperor Yung-Ching, who, addressing a deputation, declared:—'China will want for nothing when you cease to live in it, and your absence will not cause it any loss,'" in spite of the ill-will of nearly all classes in China, its Government seems to see that, as the admission of steamers and railways is inevitable, all it can now stipulate for is that the management of them shall be retained in Chinese hands. On Friday, June 21st, 1889, the Shanghai Correspondent of the *Standard* telegraphed:—"Li Hung Chang has written a memorial, accepting the control of the railways in the north of China, and recommending Chang Chi Tung for the corresponding position in the south. It is stated that tenders are to be received for the building of a railway from Peking to Hankow. There seems no doubt that the Government at last really mean business in this matter."

A Suburb of Yedo forms a complete contrast to Mr. Percival's book. The one describes China from the outside, the other describes Japan from the inside. Emerson, we are told, once prophesied there would grow up in England an irresistible taste for Orientalism. Thus far it has taken the form of admiring and imitating the furniture and fabrics, rather than the literature, of the East; but nevertheless, at a time when all countries in Europe and America seem to be fast being ground down into mere repetitions of one commonplace pattern, we cannot wonder if the two nations of China and Japan, whose arts and letters have grown up independently of our own, should have a strange fascination for us. These idyllic little sketches of Japanese life are distinctly unprogressive; we hear nothing about the railway and the steamship, and the thoughts which shake so many of mankind in the East just now. The book, while modestly professing to describe "Our Suburb," is really a storehouse of deliciously quaint old-world Japanese gossip, most sympathetically told, and evidently keenly enjoyed by the narrator. The real native illustrations, capitally executed, add immensely to the local colour; and the descriptions of "the barber," "the doctor," "the blind priest" and his winsome "little maid," the "story-teller," and the poor old bellringer who perished in the fire with the beloved bell which he could not save, are all alike freshly and pleasantly written. We grieve to learn from the title-page that one who could write so well will write no more. He appears to have thoroughly entered into the life of the people among whom his lot was cast, and we imagine that most readers will be sorry that his book contains so very few pages and surprised at the clearness of the pictures of old Japan which they contain.

AN ANALYSIS.*

A VOLUME now before us declares itself a part of the *Short History of the English People*, by the late J. R. Green. It is not so, for it is really a part of Mrs. Green's revised edition. We have already expressed our opinion as to the propriety of the course adopted in preparing this edition; the book is a famous one, and there should have been no tampering with the text of the deceased author. When the revised edition was first published it contained a warning that the book was not as Green had left it; this volume gives no such warning, and the purchaser who believes that he has bought the famous *Short History*, or rather a portion of it, will have just cause of complaint. A comparison of the first few pages with the corresponding pages of the original will afford a fair crop of examples of the method pursued by the reviser. An Analysis is appended, compiled by Mr. Tait. If, as we imagine, it is intended to represent the contents of part of either of the editions of the *Short History*, it should have given references to pages. It contains several statements which we have failed to find in the book itself. Nevertheless, it is possible that they may be there in one form or another; for it is not by any means always easy to hunt up a given statement of fact in the *Short History*. As an independent analysis of English history from the death of Thomas Cromwell to the Revolution—

* *A Short History of the English People*. By John Richard Green, Hon. Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. With Maps, Tables, and an Analysis by C. W. A. Tait, Assistant-Master in Clifton College. Part III. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

the period covered by this volume—it strikes us as a careful and intelligent piece of work. For many reasons Green's book, brilliant as it is, is not a good school history; but the teacher who will accept the help which Mr. Tait offers him may use it with a fair chance of profit to his scholars.

THE SCIENTIFIC PAPERS OF SIR WILLIAM SIEMENS.*

DR. POLE'S Life of Siemens has been appropriately followed up by a reprint of the great inventor's papers and addresses upon scientific subjects. To most people it will be matter of surprise that one who was essentially a man of action rather than of speech has furnished so considerable an amount of material for reprinting. Siemens was by no means an inarticulate engineer; but he left so large a legacy of accomplished work, in the way of invention and construction, that one did not look for evidence of a very active pen. Nevertheless, Mr. Bamber has collected enough to fill three substantial volumes, and we could point to papers which he has omitted—perhaps because their subject-matter was sufficiently covered by other papers which are included in the collection. Indeed, the editor might very properly have given this principle a greatly extended application. As things are there is a great deal of repetition, much of which is needless. It was inevitable that, when Siemens was describing one of his inventions—say, for instance, his regenerative gas furnace—to one and another of the learned or semi-learned Societies, he should handle much the same matter, and dress it in much the same form. In such cases space would have been saved, a larger circle of readers might have been secured, and at least as much honour would have been done to the author's memory, if only the most representative paper had been selected for publication *in extenso*, and the others had been given in short abstract, with quotations of any passages in which substantial novelties were to be found. The same principle might have led to the excision or abbreviation of a good many of the numerous short speeches which fill a considerable part of these volumes, remarks made by way of compliment on or criticism of papers read by others at the Institution of Civil or Mechanical Engineers or Naval Architects, or at the Iron and Steel Institute. Those remarks cannot in the nature of the case have been meant by the speaker to form any part of his abiding work, and such interest or value as they have is of course much lessened when they appear, as they do here, apart from the papers they referred to and from the discussions in which they took their place. Even in the matter of illustrations the editor might have lightened the ship without loss or serious inconvenience to his readers. Several of the plates in vols. i. and iii. are identical or practically identical, and this happens because there is substantial repetition of the subject-matter which the plates were drawn to illustrate. In one or two instances papers are included which we should not have looked for, such as a letter written to the *Times* in 1878, when a telegram from New York announced that Edison had solved the problem of what was then called the division of the electric light. There was a terrible flutter among holders of gas shares, and Siemens wrote to allay the panic. The panic was absurd; but Siemens wrote under a complete misconception of what Edison's invention consisted in, and his letter has now turned out to be a curious (and, for him, a quite rare) instance of the futility of scientific prophecy. It marks an episode that is worth remembering in the history of electric lighting, but it is scarcely in its right galley in a permanent collection of scientific papers. In all other respects the editor appears to have done his work extremely well; our only complaint is that he has perhaps given us a little too much.

But, speaking generally, if there is too much, it is too much of an exceedingly good thing. These papers and lectures by Siemens are not only of great scientific and historical value, besides that they are models of technical exposition. As to style, it would be difficult to find better examples of simplicity, clearness, directness, and sustained relevancy; as to substance, most of them have the interest which naturally attaches to any narrative of successful invention told (and here the story is always most modestly told) by the inventor himself, and almost any one of them might be cited as showing the happy results which follow when an engineer who has a firm grasp of the practical side of a question is able to take an equally firm grasp of its scientific side. This was, perhaps, the strongest of Siemens's many strong points. He was not great as a theorist, nor ever made any pretension to that kind of greatness. Only once did he attempt an ambitious flight in the region of scientific speculation (in his theory of the Conservation of Solar Energy), and on that occasion he is generally considered to have ventured too near the sun. But he was the very reverse of an empiric. His whole work was directed by his appreciation of scientific principles. He looked on these as a sailor looks on his guiding lights. They interested him not, or at least not mainly, as parts of a philosophic scheme, but rather in their relation to his conduct as an engineer. He saw them with an intensely clear vision, and strained his eyes to trace their bearing on industrial practice; and no sooner did the connexion become apparent than he hastened to put his ideas to the trial. Nothing was more characteristic of the man than his quick pursuit of thought by action. And the pursuit, if begun without delay, was kept up without flagging. To the quality of fervour he joined the rarer power of patient insistence, which would seek again and again for a new application of an idea when the first had failed, or repeat the trial under altered conditions till failure turned to success. Take, for instance, a part of his work in the industrial application of heat. At a time when comparatively few even among professed physicists had accepted the conclusions of Joule as to the conservation of energy and the dynamical theory of heat, and fewer still had begun to realize their practical significance, Siemens's paper "On the Conversion of Heat into Mechanical Effect" showed that he had taken firm hold of the new doctrines, and was hard at work turning them to account in the improvement of heat-engines. As early as 1816 an ingenious Scotch "minister," the Rev. Robert Stirling of Dundee, had invented a remarkable form of air-engine, the chief novel feature of which was a part called the "regenerator," which acted like the respirator worn over the mouth and nose of a consumptive patient, taking heat from warm air when that passed through it in one direction, storing the heat up, and giving it back to cold air that passed through it in the other direction. Stirling's notions about the action of his engine had been crude, and in one important respect erroneous. Siemens, attacking the subject from the standpoint of the new philosophy, pointed out the true function of the regenerator, and suggested its application to steam-engines for the purpose of increasing what is now called the efficiency—that is to say, the proportion which the work done by the engine bears to the heat which is supplied. His ideas were sound; but, after many years of trial, again and again renewed, they failed of being directly realized. But Siemens held to his faith in the regenerator as a heat-saving appliance, and before long a suggestion made by his brother Frederick opened up an immensely wide field for its application. This was the proposal to use the regenerator as an adjunct to ordinary furnaces, as a means of extracting heat from the waste gases before allowing them to escape up the chimney, and returning this heat to the furnace by giving it up to the stream of fresh air which goes in to support the combustion of the fuel. The furnace regenerator consists of two chambers stacked with bricks, fitted with connecting flues and valves so that the hot gases from the furnace may pass out through either chamber, while the cold air enters through the other. After the hot gases have been passing through one of the chambers for a time, so that the bricks in it are heated up, the valves are switched over, and the stream of fresh air now enters through the heated chamber, while the hot current of waste gases escapes through the other and heats it up. From time to time the valves are changed, at regular intervals which depend upon the capacity of the bricks for storing heat. The advantage of the regenerator is twofold. In the first place, it leads to a very great economy of fuel, by recovering heat which would otherwise go to waste; in the second place, it allows a far higher furnace temperature to be attained than would otherwise be possible even with the most lavish expenditure of fuel. The invention of the regenerative furnace dates from 1857; it was rapidly matured by Siemens and adapted to iron-puddling, glass-making, and other processes. There is now scarcely an application of heat on the large scale in which the regenerative principle does not play an important part. Its greatest application—namely, to steel-making—which Siemens had in view from the first, was not achieved without further invention and patient effort, extending over several years. Siemens was not long in seeing that the regenerative action was incomplete so long as the air which entered the furnace was the only vehicle by which heat was restored. He wished to make the fuel itself take part in the action, and for that purpose the fuel must be supplied in the gaseous state. The Siemens gas-producer, invented in 1861, made this practicable. By a process consisting partly of semi-combustion and partly of distillation, it extracted the combustible constituents of coal in the form of a gas which is passed through a separate regenerative chamber and is thereby heated, just as the air supply is heated, to a temperature of 3,000° or so of Fahrenheit's scale before it is delivered to the furnace hearth. After the invention of the gas-producer the regenerative furnace was ready to be applied to the direct production of steel from the ore and from cast-iron, and Siemens attacked this problem with characteristic energy in 1862, just as the rival and quite distinct process of Bessemer was being brought to commercial success. Bessemer's long struggle was ending when Siemens was beginning his. Disappointed, as he says, by the indifference of manufacturers and the antagonism of their workmen, he resolved in 1865 to erect sample steel-works of his own at Birmingham, and it was there that the process was matured which will always be associated with his name. One has only to turn to the high-pressure boiler of a modern steam-ship or to such a structure as the Forth Bridge to realize what has been made possible by Siemens's steel.

Papers on Heat and Metallurgy fill one of the three volumes. Another deals with Electricity, in the modern development of which, as everybody knows, Siemens played an important part. The third consists of miscellaneous Lectures and Addresses, and not the least valuable of the reprinted papers are some of those which it contains treating of technical education. Everything Siemens wrote or spoke on that vexed question bears the stamp

* *The Scientific Works of C. William Siemens, Kt., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., Civil Engineer: a Collection of Papers and Discussions.* Edited by E. F. Bamber, C.E. Vol. I.—*Heat and Metallurgy.* Vol. II.—*Electricity and Miscellaneous.* Vol. III.—*Addresses, Lectures, &c.* London: John Murray. 1889.

of strong common sense, and comes with peculiar authority from a man with his sound knowledge of the functions of science and wide experience of the needs of industry. He advised the maintenance of the apprenticeship system, reducing it to three years or so, beginning it later than is now usual, and supplementing it by a course of training in theory at a technical college or school. It is, however, doing injustice to his views to attempt a brief summary of them, and the addresses themselves well deserve careful reading. This, indeed, is true of the whole contents of these volumes. They are instructive, for they are the authentic story of what a really great man did and failed to do, and they are interesting, for every chapter of the story is exceedingly well told. One rises from them with the feeling that Siemens achieved what he did because he set to work in the right way and kept at it. He did great things intelligibly and legitimately, and no one will class him as one of those successful people whose success must be as great a puzzle to themselves in their reflective moments as it is at all times to their friends.

CLASSICAL EDITIONS AND SCHOOLBOOKS.*

MR. HADLEY'S edition of the *Hippolytus* deserves notice, although as a commentary for the use of learners, which appears to be its main purpose, it leaves something to be desired. The text of the play has always offered a tempting field for conjectural emendation, and Mr. Hadley's suggestions are not all unhappy. For instance, at ll. 715-16 the MSS. reading is :—

ἓν δὲ προστρέπουσ' ἐγὼ
εὕρημα δή τι κ.τ.λ.

Mr. Hadley suggests

ἓν δὲ πρόσθ' εἰποῦσ' ἐρῶ,
εὕρημα δή τι κ.τ.λ.

Of course the emendation is not convincing; perhaps here none could be; but it involves little alteration; it gives very fair sense; and it makes the passage refer back to Phædra's suggestion of suicide at l. 400. Other conjectures of Mr. Hadley's will be found at ll. 383 *sq.*, and again at ll. 441 and 491. They are as plausible as most that have been made by previous editors, and this is probably as much merit as Mr. Hadley himself would claim for them. On the whole, Mr. Hadley is conservative with regard to the text. He even retains and suggests a rendering of the awkward MSS. reading at ll. 78 *sq.* His version is "And Aidôs the gardener doth tend it with water from the rill, that it may furnish garlands for all those in whom is no taught goodness; but at their birth a wise sobriety in everything alike took them for her own." The clumsy translation of δρέπεσθαι may be passed over as a matter of detail; the point is, can εἵληχεν have the meaning here given to it, and is τὸ σωφρονεῖν the subject? For our part we are inclined to agree with Mr. Hadley. It is a pity in a play where so much turns upon disputed readings that the chief variants and emendations are not given at the foot of each page for convenience of reference. Regarded as a school edition, Mr. Hadley's work has many good points. He knows his Greek tragedians well, and quotes them aptly, and he is thoroughly sound on points of grammar and scholarship. Especially valuable to students are the numerous short notes on the use of various forms and compounds by the tragedians, such as those on ξενοῦσθαι and ἀποξενοῦσθαι (l. 1085), on the future of φεύγω, though his view on this matter is opposed to Dr. Rutherford's expressed in the *New Phrynichus*, a work to which we have not observed any reference in Mr. Hadley's notes, and on ἔκρυφθεν (l. 1247). As compared with most editors of the present day, Mr. Hadley is sparing of help. We are rather pleased to note the absence of an analysis of the plot of the play. Sixth-form boys and undergraduates reading for honours can dispense with such assistance. We should have liked to see a scheme of the choral metres, and the absence of a list of dramatis personæ is probably due to an oversight. The working out of the plot is occasionally illustrated by comparisons with the tragedies of Seneca and Racine on the same subject.

Mr. Sanderson's edition of *Metamm. XI.* is described on the cover as a volume of the Oxford "Latin texts with short notes." As there are some sixty-five pages of notes to twenty-four of text, this description is, of course, ironical. The notes are for the most part sound enough; but they give far too much help, and contain a good deal of matter which boys should hunt up in books of reference. If an editor of Ovid sets to work to explain every mythological reference; to give, as Mr. Sanderson does, accounts of Phœbus, Hermes, Nereus, the Erinyes, and the Satyrs, and to tell the myth of Phrixus and Helle, and the legend of Orpheus, instead of sending his reader to the classical dictionary, his commentary must needs grow to an inordinate length. In other matters, too, Mr. Sanderson gives far too much help. A boy who is fit to read Ovid does not need to be told that *Laomedonta, Danaen, Hesperidas* are Greek accusatives, or that "*petisset* (l. 105) is for *petivisset*." Are not these things written in the Latin grammar? Why, again, should a boy be informed that *obsita* (l. 234) comes from *obsero*? For what purpose has he a dictionary if it is not to find out such matters as these? A still greater encouragement to indolence is given in parsing *fallare* (l. 84); the problem of discovering its mood and tense is surely not insoluble, especially as the verb *putes*, which is coupled with *fallare*, gives the necessary clue. If this line needs any note at all, it is on the use of *et non*, to which Mr. Sanderson does not refer. He thinks it necessary at l. 50 to explain that *caput* is the head of Orpheus, which is perfectly obvious, yet he makes no mention of some points which may well puzzle beginners in hexameter verse, such as the scansion of *Bacchæi ululatus* (l. 17). Superfluous as much of Mr. Sanderson's information is, it is for the most part correct; but there is one surprising exception in a note on l. 133. Midas prays to Bacchus, "Miserere, precor, speciosoque eripe damno." Mr. Sanderson writes:—"It was a *showy*, or *brilliant*, *harm* that had befallen him, because if he died, as seemed likely, of starvation he could cut a shining figure in death." Of course, there is no reference here to the possible death of Midas, *specioso damno* only means "a fair-seeming but baneful gift." Mr. Sanderson has evidently been misled by the phrase *splendida brachia* two lines earlier. The introduction contains a short account of the poet himself and of the most important MSS. and editions of the *Metamorphoses*. The text is expurgated for school use, and some of the chief variants and emendations are given at the foot of each page.

Mr. Dimsdale, whose edition of Livy, Book XXI., has been well received, now gives us a very good school edition of Book XXII. There are two short introductory chapters, the first dealing with the sources of Livy's narrative, and roughly indicating what parts of the book seem to be derived from Polybius, what from Roman annalists, while the second treats of the style and grammar of Livy. Mr. Dimsdale is particularly sound and instructive on Livy's use of the subjunctive. The notes, both historical and grammatical, are good and useful, and any one who has worked carefully through the book with their aid ought to know the history well, and to have a very clear notion of the distinctive features of Livy's style. Four appendices discuss disputed points about Hannibal's movements, and the events of the war. We can only indicate some of Mr. Dimsdale's conclusions. He holds that Livy's account of the battle of Trasimene is more probable than that of Polybius, and places the battlefield in the plain on the north shore of the lake. With regard to Hannibal's entrance and escape from Campania, he follows Polybius; and he maintains about Cannæ what we hold to be undoubtedly the correct view—that the battle was fought on the right bank of the Aufidus.

Mr. Dowdall's edition of *Hellenics*, Book II., contains a very full analysis of the subject-matter, and an exhaustive commentary, whose chief fault is that it is much too long. Nearly ninety pages of notes to thirty of text, and of rather easy text, is an undue proportion. The length of the notes arises in some measure from an attempt to cater at once for the student of history and tolerably advanced scholar, and also for that rather exacting person the "junior student." For those who read to learn Greek this edition will, we fancy, be found more useful than Mr. Underhill's, which we have recently noticed, but to the historical student we should recommend Mr. Underhill's.

Those teachers who wish to have a good and well-printed text at a cheap rate, who are glad of a few—perhaps rather too few—sound notes, and who do not particularly object to a vocabulary at the end of the book, have probably found out by this time that they can get what they want in Rivington's "Greek and Latin Texts." It is, therefore, enough to say that the sixth book of the *Anabasis* has appeared in this series. Perhaps it ought to be added that the vocabulary is honourably distinguished from other abominations of the kind in that poetical and Ionic words used by Xenophon are marked with an asterisk as a warning to the unwary.

Not much more is needed than mention of the fact that Book I. of Mr. George Long's edition of Cæsar and Book I. of the Æneid, with Conington's notes as abridged by Dr. Sheppard, have been published singly; each, we are sorry to say, with a

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* *The Hippolytus of Euripides; with Introduction and Notes.* By W. S. Hadley, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

Ovidii Metamorphoseon liber undecimus. Edited, with Notes, by Rev. Edgar Sanderson, late Scholar of Clare College, Cambridge. Oxford: Parker & Co.

Livy. Book XXII. Edited by Marcus S. Dimsdale, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

Xenophon's Hellenica. Book II. With Analysis and Notes by Rev. L. D. Dowdall, B.D. Oxon. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.

Xenophon's Anabasis. Book VI. With Notes and Vocabulary. London: Rivingtons.

Cæsar's Commentaries. Book I. With English Notes and Argument by George Long, M.A., and Vocabulary by W. F. R. Shilleto, M.A., late Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge. London: George Bell & Sons.

Virgil's Æneid. Book I. With English Notes and Argument, abridged from Professor Conington's edition by the late Rev. J. G. Sheppard, D.C.L. With Vocabulary by W. F. R. Shilleto, M.A. London: George Bell & Sons.

Exercises in Latin Verse of Various Kinds. By Rev. George Preston, M.A., Head-Master of the King's School, Chester. London: Macmillan & Co.

Key to the Same. By Rev. George Preston, M.A., Head-Master of the King's School, Chester. London: Macmillan & Co.

Faciliora: a Book of easily Graduated Latin Exercises for Beginners. Compiled by Rev. J. L. Seager, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. London: George Bell & Sons.

Crustula; or, Unseen Passages for Lower Forms. Edited by E. A. Wells, M.A., Assistant-Master in Durham School. London: Rivingtons.

Selections from the best Latin Authors. By the Rev. Edmund Fowle and the Rev. W. Whitaker, B.A., late Scholar of B.N.C., Oxford. London: Relfe Brothers.

vocabulary appended. These volumes belong to a series called the "Lower Form Series." It, therefore, seems a mistake to place the notes at the foot of each page, but they are printed in such very small type that the lower-form boy who has omitted to prepare his translation lesson will do ill to trust to being able to "get something out of the notes" on the spur of the moment.

The only fault we have to find with Mr. Preston's Latin verse book is that there is not enough of it. The whole range of Latin verse-composition is included, and there are only fourteen passages to be turned into lyrics and seven for hendecasyllables and iambics. There are some thirty pieces for elegiacs and twenty for hexameters, and it would, we fancy, have been more useful to enlarge this part of the work somewhat, and to keep lyrics for a separate volume. However, what we have is so good that we must not grumble at the quantity; the little volume will serve admirably as a supplement to larger works. The passages are well chosen; perhaps some of them are scarcely good enough in themselves to be worth the trouble of putting into Latin, but these for the most part require some exercise of ingenuity which renders them excellent practice. It was a happy idea to give the well-known passage about woman's influence from *Esmond* for hexameters in Juvenal's manner, and the fair copy given in the *Key* is full of vigour. The attempt to turn into elegiacs an announcement in the *Standard* is ingenious, but not quite so happy as Dr. Kennedy's now famous version of a notice of a committee-meeting.

Mr. Seager's *Faciliora* is a first Latin exercise-book. For the first twenty pages no verbs are introduced. At p. 41 the direct object is first introduced. Yet by the time p. 73 is reached we find sentences of this type:—"It is certain that, if my sword is broken, I shall buy another"; "He said that he was being carried, as his leg was broken." Probably the sub-oblique clauses are intended to be rendered by the ablative absolute, as no explanation of sub-oblique construction has been given; but we have not ourselves been fortunate enough to meet with boys who could progress at this rate, any more than we are acquainted with a young Newton who understands a proposition of Euclid as soon as he hears the enunciation. However, Mr. Seager says that his exercises were originally compiled for the use of his own pupils, so we can but congratulate him on the aptitude for the learned languages which those young gentlemen possess. To any teachers who have not yet realized that analysis of sentences is a valuable method of teaching a language Mr. Seager's book may be useful. It might also suit the needs of learners beginning Latin late in life; but it proceeds far too rapidly for young boys.

Mr. Wells's little volume may be found useful not only in the lower forms of public but also in the higher classes of preparatory schools. His passages are, on the whole, easy and well chosen; and he has been wise in drawing largely upon authors not generally read by schoolboys—such as Curtius and the elder and younger Pliny. There are two features of the book to both of which we should decidedly object if it were intended for older boys—namely, headings indicating the subject-matter of each passage and short foot-notes. The latter, however, rarely do more than give the English of some word which a young boy is not likely to have met with, and the insertion of such aids has enabled Mr. Wells to set several good passages which otherwise could hardly have been included. There seems, therefore, to be quite as much to be said for as against the practice. The headings we dislike even for young boys. One of the uses of practice in unseen translation is to enable boys to gather the sense of a passage without aid from the context; and, if such aid is supplied in a still simpler way, it would be more useful for them every now and then to translate without dictionary a chapter of the book which they are reading in form than to take a passage elsewhere. But, in spite of this drawback, Mr. Wells's book is not a bad one; its worst feature is a ridiculous introduction intended to show "how to make sense." No one who is fit to read Latin or Greek at all, much more to do unseen translation, needs to be told that he must first find the subject of a sentence, then the verb; that verbs often vary in meaning, that prepositions, or "pointers," as Mr. Wells absurdly adds, are never followed by a nominative, and so forth. But the judicious teacher will not call his pupils' attention to this monument of grandmotherly solicitude, and they certainly will not trouble themselves to read it of their own accord.

Messrs. Fowle and Whitaker have compiled a book of a sort which is happily not often used in schools nowadays. Odds and ends from various writers are of little use except for unseen translation, and the plentiful notes forbid us to suppose that this is the purpose of the volume. Little need be said of the notes themselves. They consist largely of translations of words and phrases which for the most part could easily be made out by the student without such assistance. We have noticed some blunders and misprints in the text. For instance, in Horace, Od. II. xvi. the *i* in *citus* is marked long, and in the ode which here follows it (I. vii) we find *fugerit* printed instead of *fugeret*, to the ruin of both sense and metre. Altogether we seldom meet with a more useless piece of book-making than this.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF A FAMILY LIVING.*

"WE'LL to Sutton-Colfield to-night," says Falstaff, when on the march with his ragged regiment, or "to Sutton-Cop-hill," as is said to be the original reading. With this most people's knowledge of the history of Sutton Coldfield begins and ends. From the present work they may increase their stock of information on the subject. The author, indeed, does not quote Falstaff, or enter into the question of Cophill *versus* Coldfield; though in a preliminary chapter he gives the early history of the living in the days before the Riland family's connexion with Sutton began. The parish church of Sutton was first built, at some time subsequent to the Norman Conquest, by the Earls of Warwick, "who found in the 'Cold-field'—the wind-swept, pebbly waste where stood the town next on the south to Lichfield—a suitable place for a hunting-seat, and there made provision for the spiritual wants of their retainers and dependents." From the Beauchamp and Nevil Earls of Warwick the right of presentation to the living was handed on to the King-maker's grandson, Edward Plantagenet, the Duke of Clarence's son by Isabel Nevil. When this last hapless Plantagenet was attainted and beheaded, his possessions escheated to the Crown, which, more than half a century later, put the advowson of Sutton up to sale. After passing to two purchasers in succession, it was bought in 1586 by John Shilton, of Birmingham, mercer; and from that time to this the patronage has been exercised by his descendants. The Shilton family appear to have been Puritanically inclined; and the author conjectures that in purchasing the advowson they were actuated, like the Simeon Trustees of later days, by the desire to secure an important benefice for a minister of their own opinions. Two of the Shiltons' nominees, John and Anthony Burges, were men of sufficient theological and literary note to find a place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Anthony Burges (who was no relation to his predecessor of the same name) was in great request as a preacher; and his "funeral discourse at the burial of Mr. Thomas Blake, at Tamworth, became so celebrated that it was difficult to procure a copy. It was published in 1658, with the title of 'Paul's Last Farewell.'" After the Restoration Anthony Burges conscientiously resigned his benefice and retired to Tamworth, where he was buried in 1664. He was succeeded at Sutton Coldfield by Dr. William Watson, who held the benefice for twenty-seven years until his death in 1689, when the Rev. John Riland, who had married the patron's daughter, was presented to the living, and eventually bought the advowson from the now impoverished Shiltons, who seem to have brought themselves to grief by "land hunger" and an injudicious marriage. John Riland was the son of a Royalist clergyman who had suffered during the Civil Wars, and was himself a High Churchman. This would do him no harm at Sutton Coldfield, where the general feeling had veered from Puritanism to Toryism and Jacobitism. The country gentlemen drank Jacobite toasts at their club at Coleshill, and they did not lack sympathizers among the townsmen of Birmingham, whence over two hundred Jacobites came to Sutton to hear the great High Church champion, Dr. Sacheverell, preach on the Sunday before the coronation of George I. "The consequence of it," says the historian Tindal, "appeared a day or two after" in the form of a riot and an attack upon Dissenting places of worship. Dr. Sacheverell had some connexion with the district, his cousin Valens Sacheverell being the occupant of New Hall, near Sutton, where the Doctor himself spent the greater part of the years during which he was suspended from preaching. The tendencies of the Rilands are shown not only by the Rector lending his pulpit to the renowned Doctor, but by marginal MS. notes which remain in one of the books in the Rectory library, and which might have been seriously compromising if they had come under unfriendly eyes. In the next generation the Rilands' Jacobitism had no doubt become what the French call platonic. When rumour averred that the rebels of '45 had advanced to Lichfield, the Rilands, instead of hastening to offer their family plate to the rightful King, sank it in the ornamental canal in Sutton Park. This alarm seems to have been the only disturbance of the peaceful days of the Rev. Richard Riland, who was born at Sutton, succeeded his father in the living in 1720, and there ruled till 1757. Several of his letters are given, beginning with the one in which in 1730 he made his offer of marriage to Miss Bisse, a Somerset young lady whom he had met at Bath. His love-letter is of the practical order, and there is no denying that it comes to the point at once:—

> Madam,—I intimated to you in my Last that I had an Offer of some considerable Importance to make, which I once intended to have mention'd sooner. Without any further Introduction, it is that of a Husband; if you are not better provided, I am at your Service.

The letter continues in the same style through a long paragraph; then the suitor remarks:—

> If this offer be not agreeable I doubt not I shall soon be told so—if it be, I can see no Reason why That may not be told too with equal Freedom, & with[t] Scruple or Reserve; but whether it be Agreeable or not, I hope no offence is giv'n by making it.

"No offence" was given, for two months later a marriage licence was granted for Mr. Riland and Miss Bisse. They apparently "lived happily ever after," as the fairy tales put it, and had two sons, Richard and John, who in due time were sent

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* *Three Hundred Years of a Family Living; being a History of the Rilands of Sutton Coldfield.* By the Rev. W. R. Riland Bedford, M.A. Birmingham: Cornish Brothers. 1889.

to Queen's College, Oxford. Several of the father and mother's letters to them appear. "Pray Dick save your money," writes the mother in 1750, "for it costs us a good deal in our last journey to see you, and we shall be very short this winter." Nevertheless in 1753 they were not too "short" to be able to allow themselves some amusement, for the Rector writes from London:—

> Yr Mother & I have been 2 successive nights at the Playhouse, on Tuesday night we saw the Harlequin Sorcerer, which I think superior to every thing I have ever seen at a Playhouse, especially the Ostrich and the Horse, & on Wednesday night we heard the oratorio of Jephtha, perform'd by near 100 hands. Music so full, so grand, so fine I never heard before; but yr Mother thought there was too much of it.

In 1755 they were again in London, and went to Sadler's Wells and to "Cuper's Gardens"—

> Vauxhall we have not yet seen. Yr mother and I are very well, having lost our disorders which each of us bro't hither. On the 20th or 21st inst. there will be a play at Drury Lane. I have lost many a good Anthem, St. Paul's being shut up, & will not be opened till ye 31st. We have dined every day, but one, on Beef, either roasted, or stakes; chiefly the latter. . . . It is said here, particularly among the merchants on 'Change, that there will be no War between England & France. The Dog Act will certainly take effect next session of Parliament, so that Chlo & Rover must either be annually paid for, or Demolished—*utrum horum*?

Richard Riland bequeathed the advowson to his elder son, Richard Bisse Riland, of whose gifts and graces we have a glowing account from an old parishioner. He had "no ostentatious pride," was "free from asperity, religious without Puritanism, superstition, or enthusiasm, a true defender of the Established Church of these realms and of its discipline, without wavering or turning to the right hand or the left." Also, "he was a fine, tall, straight, handsome man, wore a large full wig, like unto a Bishop's wig, and stood six feet one or two in height; very rarely that we see such another man; he was both an ornament and an honour to the Clerical Profession."

This ecclesiastical ornament had a daughter, Lydia, who married a young Birmingham attorney of the name of Bedford, and their son, William Riland Bedford, was presented to the living on the death of his uncle John Riland in 1822. Into the fortunes of the living and of its incumbents we need not enter further, having given sufficient specimens. The book is avowedly a family history; and it may perhaps be said without offence that it will be more interesting to connexions of the Rilands than to the general public. At the same time, there is a great deal of Corporation and parish history which will be of local value; and no historical student will despise a domestic or parochial chronicle, which often gives better insight into the life of the past than can be obtained from more ambitious works.

THE THEORY OF CREDIT.*

IN this volume Mr. Macleod makes a valuable contribution to economic literature. A jurist as well as an economist, he brings beside a vast store of varied information to illustrate and explain points that have puzzled some eminent thinkers. If we were disposed to be critical we might indeed complain of his too frequent repetitions, but probably he would answer that only by iteration and reiteration can he hope to bring home to the mind of the general reader the conclusions he desires to establish. We might also object to his method, and more especially to his introduction of algebraic signs and symbols, which, if generally adopted, would still further divorce Political Economy from observation, by the light of which alone it can be fruitfully studied. But fortunately the subject which he treats suffers less than almost any other from the exclusive adoption of the deductive method, since very largely at least it is a matter of analysis. And in analysis Mr. Macleod is subtle and searching. At first sight it may seem that the question with which he deals is hardly worthy of the time and labour bestowed upon it. It may be said that whether credit is or is not wealth depends upon what we mean by the latter word. If we give it one definition then credit undoubtedly is wealth, whereas if we give it another it clearly is not wealth. But this, we venture to think, is a superficial view of the matter. The function of credit cannot be thoroughly understood without a full and accurate conception of its nature. To arrive at this we must, of course, determine what credit really is. Mr. Macleod shows that the purchasing power of credit was clearly appreciated by the early Greek philosophers, by the Romans, and by the first economists. The Ricardian school, however, denied that it was wealth, and some of them even went the length of asserting that it was as absurd to call it so as to say that a thing can be in two places at the same time. Credit, in the sense in which it is used in economic discussion, is nearly synonymous with debt. To buy upon credit, for example, is to incur debt; and, similarly, an instrument of credit is an evidence of debt. It does undoubtedly appear absurd to say that debt can add to the wealth of the world; but, if we admit that whatever increases the purchasing power of the world adds to its wealth, then experience proves that credit is wealth. We shall see by-and-bye how Mr. Macleod accounts for the mistake of those thinkers who deny that credit does add to the purchasing power of the world. In the meantime let us, by an appeal to the every-day facts of the business life around us, inquire whether it is or is not true that credit does add to the purchasing power of the world.

During the great Civil War in America the Federal Government defrayed a considerable part of its expenses by an issue of Treasury Notes—Greenbacks as they came to be popularly called—which were neither more nor less than promises to pay; in other words, evidences of debt. So, again, in its last struggle with Turkey, the Russian Government paid a large part of its expenses by an issue of notes of the Imperial Bank of Russia. Here at home, to take the most conspicuous example, our joint-stock and private banks derive by far the largest part of their resources from their deposits, which consist really of money borrowed from the public. Lastly, when a trader buys goods, and gives in payment a bill, he really buys upon credit. In all these cases we see that credit does add to the purchasing power of the borrower. It may be replied that no competent thinker denies that, but that the credit given to the borrower is transferred to him by the lender, and that in consequence the lender's purchasing power is so much diminished. Is this true? A merchant buys goods from a manufacturer, and gives him in payment a bill. The credit, it is admitted, has increased the merchant's purchasing power, but does it diminish the purchasing power of the manufacturer? He takes the merchant's bill; but, if he chooses, he can discount it with his banker, and with the proceeds he can buy anything that he pleases. So far it is evident that the purchasing power of the manufacturer—that is to say, of the creditor, has not diminished any more than the purchasing power of the merchant. But how is it with the banker who has purchased from the manufacturer the merchant's bill? The manufacturer, having discounted the bill with his own banker, let us suppose for the sake of clearness, has standing to his credit the price of the bill. If he does not draw upon the account, of course it is a deposit like any other, and can be freely used by the banker in lending and discounting. But let us now suppose that the merchant does draw to the full amount of the proceeds of the bill. Then the banker's immediate resources are diminished by exactly the same amount if he keeps the bill in his portfolio, which, by the hypothesis, we suppose him to do. But he believes that the manufacturer is solvent, and will meet the bill when it falls due, otherwise he would not have discounted it. Then he obviously can draw a bill himself to mature at the same date as the bill he has discounted, and by means of the repayment of the latter he can withdraw his own bill. In that way his purchasing power is not lessened any more than that of the merchant or the manufacturer. But it may be objected that this is only carrying the process of borrowing a little further, and that whoever discounts the banker's bill will have his purchasing power diminished. Let us, then, assume that the banker keeps the discounted bill in his portfolio, and does not draw a bill himself. And let us inquire whether in that case his purchasing power is lessened. Surely it is not. For as he knows that the bill will mature on a certain day, and as he believes that it will then be met, he can make purchases, and so arrange that the payments will not fall due until the bill is paid off. It seems clear, then, that a credit operation is not a mere transfer of purchasing power from the lender to the borrower, but that it is an acquisition of purchasing power on the part of the latter. And now we are in a position to see that the true function of credit cannot be thoroughly understood until we have arrived at an accurate conception of its nature.

Mr. Macleod's theory, then, briefly stated, is that a loan is the exchange of the present value of wealth expected to come into existence in the future for actually existing wealth; that it is, therefore, a real sale; and that it is analogous to the sale of land. When a piece of land is sold, it is not merely the land as it stands at the moment, with all that is over it and under it, which is purchased, but also its capacity of producing wealth in the future. The sale of land, therefore, is the sale of the present value of future wealth as well as of the value of existing wealth. In the case of a loan, however, it is only the present value of the future expected wealth which is exchanged by the borrower for the actually existing wealth given to him by the lender. When, for example, a manufacturer sells goods to a trader, and takes a bill in payment, both the manufacturer and the trader expect that the goods will be sold by the latter before the bill falls due, and will be sold with a profit. It is out of the profit that the discount is paid to which the bill is subjected. And so in all cases the borrower represents that at a future date he will have money out of which he will be able to repay the debt, and the lender believes the representation. That this is the true explanation of the transaction appears from the fact that in a true loan the thing lent, whether it be money or goods, or anything else, becomes the property of the borrower. When a banker, for example, lends 100*l.* to a customer, the money becomes the absolute property of the customer; so much so that the banker is not justified in refusing to cash the customer's cheque drawn upon the money, though the cheque may amount to every penny which stands to the credit of the customer. And it is to the ambiguous meaning of the word loan in English that Mr. Macleod traces the error of those who have contended that credit does not add to the purchasing power or the wealth of the world. A man is said to lend a horse or a watch to a friend, although he retains the full property in the horse or the watch, and only parts with the temporary use of it to his friend. This is known as a bailment in English law. But a man is also said to lend money to a person,

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* *The Theory of Credit.* By Henry Dunning Macleod, M.A. 2 vols. Vol. I. London and New York: Longmans & Co. 1889.

although in so doing he parts with the entire property in the money, and takes in return a contract to be repaid the amount, generally with interest, on a future day. This is a loan proper. The borrower does not engage to return the identical pieces of money which he has borrowed; he only undertakes to repay the same amount, and he has the full right to pay away the money in any manner that he pleases. He may waste it if he chooses, and the lender has no cause of complaint—has no right even to remonstrate with him. The only right he has is to claim repayment when repayment becomes due, and to enforce his claim by process of law if the debtor does not fulfil his part of the contract. It is this circumstance, that in a loan proper the property as well as the possession of the thing lent passes from the creditor to the debtor, which constitutes the transaction an exchange in the economic sense of the word, and enables credit to increase the purchasing power of the world.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR CRANE (1), of Cornell University, who has already done not a little good work in French literature, has, we think, produced the most useful book in reference to a certain period of that literature that has recently appeared in English. Mr. Crane is not an ideal literary critic, and his conscientious and excellently erudite centos of other people's opinions might, perhaps, be advantageously exchanged for a somewhat more original first-hand method. "Never quote or paraphrase from your authorities without acknowledgment" is an excellent rule, and so apparently elementary that, if it were not for the frequent breaches of it, it might seem to go without saying. "Never neglect your predecessors" is one which, perhaps, needs more enforcement, for human laziness is immense, and human vanity not too easily measurable. But "Deal with your predecessors as a free man, and not as a slave, without insolence, without dishonesty, and without servility," is *the* counsel of perfection, and few there be who seem to attain to it. Mr. Crane has not quite attained; and the extraordinary fulness and honesty of his references and citations, difficult as it is to quarrel with them, obscure to some extent, and perhaps have even to some extent prevented him from acquiring, the full grasp, as of his own hand, which is so desirable, if so rarely met, in literary dealings.

The book, however, is a very good one. Its subject—which, put in other words, is the literature of the attempt made historical under the names of Mme. de Rambouillet and the Précieuses to introduce refinement of manners into French society—has always been an interesting one, and has always, by its connexion with certain literary work of the first importance, attracted a considerable amount of attention. The most important—certainly the most bulky—store of information about it, the "heroic" novels of "Sapho" and her friends, after being long quoted without too much knowledge by Moliéristes and others, have been quite recently made the subject of a genuinely German monograph by Herr Körting. The more miscellaneous literature has been more abundantly dealt with, and altogether Mr. Crane has got together a mighty bibliography and a very useful one.

But the merit of the book does not lie in this, nor even in the capital body of notes which the Cornell Professor has subjoined to his selections. The really excellent thing is that Mr. Crane has read the original books, and has got out of them a very large and excellent collection of original matter. Whether the book will be a good school and college reading-book (which seems to be its object) we are not so sure. Both practice and theory seem to us to show that, for such purposes, either entire special works or else selections from a wide range of authors and subjects are superior to extracts which either require for their full appreciation more knowledge than the "student" is likely to have or else confine him too much in the acquisition of that knowledge to a particular period. But in itself it is an excellent book. It has as frontispiece a full-sized reproduction of the *Carte de Tendre*, not "stinted of its sizings," as is too often the case. It has abundant "portraits," both direct and slightly travestied in the romances. It has *historiettes* (proper ones, of course; Mr. Crane is even a little reminiscent of piano-trousers in his remarks on Tallemant) from the Sieur des Réaux, poems and letters from Voiture (whom Mr. Crane does not admire quite enough), extracts from *Clélie* and from *Artamène*, from Sorel (whom Mr. Crane admires quite enough), from Saint-Evremond, from Chapelle and Bachaumont, from Fléchier. It has, lastly, a curious and interesting appendix from the etiquette treatises which resulted from the vogue of "Precious" manners. In short, it is a really excellent collection of texts, excellently commented, and furnished with good critical and bibliographical apparatus.

Mr. Crane has not attempted—has, indeed, distinctly disclaimed attempting—any general literary study of his tempting subject. We own that we feel towards him the same puzzled respect with which Dr. Folliott regarded Captain Fitzchrome's abstinence from classical quotations. Much as has been written on the subject, there is still room not merely in English, but in French, for an essay in moderate compass showing how this curious movement, assisted by the political coincidences of the time, introduced in French literature the artificial decency which forms so strange a contrast with what had gone before and with what was to follow; how it started the wave of "sensibility"; how it helped to make Paris what it certainly had not been before, the centre of Europe, not for thought, but for manners and fashions; how, less beneficently in any sense, it contributed to that estrangement of the French nobility from all serious pursuits, and even, to some extent, from all manly exercises, except duels and war, which gradually ousted them from their place as a true aristocracy. But we have no just cause of quarrel with Professor Crane for not writing what he did not feel himself called upon to write; and we have a just cause of gratitude to him for doing, and doing very well, what he was thoroughly qualified as well as minded to do.

(1) *La société française au dix-septième siècle.* By T. F. Crane. New York and London: Putnam's Sons.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE admiration expressed by the late Mr. Matthew Arnold of one of the poems in Mr. Joseph Truman's slim volume, *Afterthoughts* (Macmillan & Co.), is not merely in itself perfectly intelligible, as the testimonials of poets are wont to be, but suggests the key to what is the chief distinction of Mr. Truman's poetry. "Elleray," the poem in question, may be said to be Christopher North's poetic epitaph. Wandering in the "wood shadows" at Elleray, the thought of Wilson visited the author, naturally enough, and naturally does he refer to

> The image of a man magnificent,
> A theme for human love and wonderment,
> Grand in his sadness and his merriment.

A dozen lines brings us to the epitaph:—

> Better for us, had that potential mind
> Been somewhat more to deathless feats addrest;
> Alas for mental splendours unexprest!
> A few pale poems and some worthier prose
> Make up the meagre sum which the world knows
> Of what was working in that brain and breast;
> The vague eternal kingdoms have the rest.

Here we feel at once what is the critical quality in these lines that induced Arnold to write of the poem "I have not often read anything more true and more happily expressed, and I wish all who know Wilson could see it." Most people who never knew Wilson, and some, we are sure, who did, are profoundly grateful for the pale poems and worthier prose, and leave such criticism of life as is here implied for the superior few who are capable of it. After all, though contentment is an unheroic virtue, what more would you have of Christopher North? "Deathless feats" are very fine things, no doubt, though somewhat hard to define, and altogether an elusive standard for the measure of men. Mr. Truman shows both the fervour and conviction of a disciple in such poems as "The Village Sermon," "The Broadest Church," and "Many Ways Open," where the inspiration and style proclaim the influence of Arnold, and the influence is not less agreeable than striking. Grace, refinement, a chastened melancholy, and pathos that is deep or placid, and never superficial, are to be noted as characteristic of Mr. Truman's poetry.

In *Heart to Heart*, by Mr. Ivan Hues (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), we have more poetry offered to a prosaic world, with the friendly word of a poet who has much that is kind to say of it and the popularity that may usefully enforce his commendation. Mr. Hues sings a romantic epic of "gallant little Wales," which, it appears, has "much and favourably impressed" Mr. Lewis Morris, who thinks the lyrics "show a good ear," and "the case of the rhymes, many of them double rhymes, very remarkable." Perhaps "case" is a misprint for "ease"; but, whether it be so or not, the principal feature of the poet's verse is unquestionably its unvaried and monotonous fluency. If the bards sang as they sing in *Heart to Heart*, we should become very tolerant of modern bards and rejoice in the mystic charms of an Eisteddfod. What is chiefly admirable in Mr. Hues is the unquenchable patriotism displayed by Childe Awen, the hero of his poem, whose rapturous praise of the land of the Waal, "proud Walian land," is like the pedigree of Headlong Ap-Breakneck Ap-Pistyll, for continuity of eloquence. Only Awen is somewhat ill-named. His fluency is decidedly modern, and his song seldom betrays the bardic abstraction known as *awen* proper to the singer of so lofty a theme.

Stories from Carleton, with a brief and well-considered preface by Mr. W. B. Yeats (Walter Scott), is the latest addition to the "Camelot series," and an excellent selection from the shorter stories and sketches of the admirable Irish novelist. The book includes such excellent examples of Carleton's impressive and picturesque style as "The Poor Scholar," "Shane Fadh's Wedding," the delightful and exquisitely humorous description of the "Hedge School," as it was when Carleton was himself being trained as a "poor scholar," and the charming and characteristic story "Tubber Derg." The "clay-cold melancholy" which Mr. Yeats finds in the longer stories is almost absent from this well-selected book, while the humour, the graphic power, and the dramatic art of Carleton are fully represented. Altogether, as a popular introduction of a great writer, nothing could be better.

What to Do? (Walter Scott), the new volume of the translation of Count Tolstoï's works, belongs to the autobiographical section of the novelist's writings, and comprises, with a good deal of Socialistic political economy, a curiously naïf account of

the author's "slumming" experiences in Moscow, which is better worth reading than the prolix and contradictory speculations on society and history that fill the greater part of the volume.

Dr. George Herschel, in *Health Troubles of City Life* (Bristol: Wright & Co.), offers some useful advice on the "break-down" in health to which men of business are liable. The causes that lead to the sudden collapse of active men are, the author thinks, often extremely trivial when first discernible, and only from neglect produce serious results. Strong tea and cigarettes are potent sources of ill, Dr. Herschel well observes; and to these he adds overwork, irregular meals, want of exercise, worry, and other more generally recognized causes of nerve exhaustion and dyspepsia. The author writes with much good sense of the best means to lessen the effects of strenuous business life in an age of keen competition. He is no fanatical foe to alcohol and tobacco; but he urges business men to smoke and drink, as they should eat, at stated times. And this is precisely what many men cannot arrive at, even with the strongest recommendations of the family doctor.

Perhaps the *Complete Prose Works of Emerson* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), the new volume of the "Minerva Library," edited by Mr. G. T. Bettany, cannot with due regard to accuracy be considered as one of the "famous books of unquestioned value and popularity" which the series was designed to embrace. The volume is made up of several books, the *Essays*, *English Traits*, and others, all, indeed, valuable, yet scarcely at present popular or famous. The reprint, however, ought effectually to remedy the neglect of Emerson among those for whom cheap literature is now so abundantly provided. The print is clear, though necessarily small, and the editor's introduction is brief and satisfactory.

Nonsense Drolleries, by Edward Lear, illustrated by William Foster (Warne & Co.), is a re-issue of "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" and "The Duck and the Kangaroo," with drawings of excellent spirit and humour, by an artist who shows a really delightful sympathy with the poet's frolicsome moods.

A Manual of Home Nursing, by Louisa Emily Dobrée (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), is a sound, sensible, and comprehensive little handbook on the art of tending the sick. Miss Dobrée is nothing but practical when treating of the duties of the nurse and her relation to the patient and the doctor.

The wanderer among the East-Anglian water-ways may be provided with a capital and cheering companion in *Summer in Broadland* (Jarrold & Sons), an illustrated narrative of a gipsying tour on the Norfolk Broads by the author of *Friesland Meres*. Such pleasant reading ought to send many to Norfolk and Suffolk to reap the like good fortune that fell to the author.

The Swoop of the Eagles (Ward & Downey) is the "latest born," though decidedly not "the loveliest far," of all the numerous progeny of the *Battle of Dorking*. It is, in truth, a dull, tedious fable of the partition of the British Empire in circumstances that are not only incredible, but altogether free from the saving grace of humorous presentment.

We have received new editions of *The Two Sides of the Shield* and *Nuttie's Father*, by Miss Yonge, and Charles Kingsley's *Prose Idylls* (Macmillan & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will commence on October 1. Introductory Lecture at Four P.M. by Mr. R. J. GODLEE, M.S., B.A., F.R.C.S.

The Examinations for the Entrance Exhibitions will commence on September 24. Scholarships, Exhibitions, and Prizes of the value of £800 are awarded annually.

In University College Hospital about 3,000 In-Patients and 35,000 Out-Patients are treated during the year. Thirty-six Appointments, eighteen being resident, as House-Surgeon, House-Physician, Obstetric Assistant, &c. are filled up by competition during the year, and these as well as all Clerkships and Dresserships are open to Students of the Hospital without extra fee.

Prospectuses, with full information as to Classes, Prizes, &c. may be obtained from the College, Gower Street, W.C.

JOHN WILLIAMS, M.D., *Dean.*
J. M. HORSBURGH, M.A., *Secretary.*

OWENS COLLEGE, VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, MANCHESTER.

PROSPECTUSES for the SESSION 1889-90 are NOW READY.

I.—DEPARTMENT OF ARTS, SCIENCE, AND LAW.
II.—DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE.
III.—DENTAL DEPARTMENT.
IV.—DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN.
V.—DEPARTMENT OF THE EVENING CLASSES.
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Apply to Mr. CORNISH, 33 Piccadilly, Manchester; or at the College.

HENRY WM. HOLDER, M.A., *Registrar.*

ST. CLARE COLLEGE, WALMER, KENT.

Head-Master—The Rev. E. D'AUQUIER, M.A. Clare College, Camb.
One of the Examiners to the Irish Board of Intermediate Education, late Head-Master of South-Eastern College, Ramsgate, with a staff of Assistant Masters (Graduates).

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The school year is divided into three terms; each term consists of about thirteen weeks.

Inclusive fees, Eighty Guineas per annum. Exhibitions and Scholarships, of £10, £15, and £21, are annually thrown open for competition.

For further information, apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

THE MASON COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.

SESSION 1889-90.
FACULTIES OF ARTS AND SCIENCE.

The NEXT SESSION COMMENCES on Tuesday, October 1, 1889.

A Syllabus, containing full information as to the various Courses of Instruction, lecture days, and hours, fees, scholarships, &c., is published by Messrs. CORNISH, New Street, Birmingham, price 6d.; by post, 7½d.

Further particulars may be obtained on application to the SECRETARY, at the College.

GEO. H. MORLEY, *Secretary.*

HEIDELBERG COLLEGE, Heidelberg.

Principals.
Dr. A. HOLZBERG, Ph.D., M.A. Heidelberg.
A. B. CATTY, M.A., Christ's Coll., Camb.
WALTER LAWRENCE, M.A., St. John's, Oxon.

At the recent Exam. for the I.C.S. a Pupil of Heidelberg College obtained THE HIGHEST MARKS IN GERMAN of all the Candidates.

SANDHURST FURTHER EXAM., August 1889.
Alexander R. C. Rew..... 7539.

Mr. CATTY in London, 5 Riversdale Road, Twickenham, Middlesex.

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THE LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Tuesday, October 1.

The Hospital, which is the largest general Hospital in the kingdom, contains nearly 800 beds, all in constant use. There are wards for Accidents, Surgical and Medical cases, Diseases of Women and Children, and Ophthalmic cases. Special departments for Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat, Skin and Teeth, and for Cancer, Tumours, Diseases of the Bladder, Piles, and Fistula. Number of in-patients last year, 8,873; out-patients, 101,548; accidents, 7,456. Surgical operations daily.

APPOINTMENTS—Resident Accoucheur, House Physicians, House Surgeons. Forty of these appointments are made annually. Numerous Dressers, Clinical Clerks, Post-mortem Clerks, and Maternity Assistants are appointed every three months. All appointments are free. Holders of resident appointments are also provided free board. The New College Buildings are now complete, and afford more than double the former accommodation.

Two Entrance Science Scholarships, value £60 and £40, and two Buxton Scholarships, value £30 and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Sixteen other Scholarships and Prizes are given annually.

Luncheons or dinners, at moderate charges, can be obtained at the Students' Club.

The London Hospital is now in direct communication with all parts of the Metropolis. The Metropolitan, District, and other Railways have stations within a minute's walk of the Hospital and College.

For further information apply personally, or by letter, to
Mile End, E. MUNRO SCOTT, *Warden.*

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, HYDE PARK CORNER, S.W.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Tuesday, October 1, when an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by Dr. T. CLIFFORD ALLBUTT, F.R.S., at 4 P.M.

The following ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will be offered for competition in October:—

1. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £125, for the sons of Medical men who have entered the School as *bonâ fide* first-year students during the current year.

2. TWO SCHOLARSHIPS, each of £50, open to all students commencing their studies.

3. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £90, open to all students who have entered the school during the current year, and who have passed the Cambridge 1st M.B. since October 1888.

4. A SCHOLARSHIP, value £65, for students who, having been signed up for or previously passed the Oxford 1st M.B. or the Cambridge 2nd M.B., have entered the School during the current year.

The following Exhibitions and Prizes are also open to students:—

The William Brown £100 Exhibition; the William Brown £40 Exhibition; the Brackenbury Prize in Medicine, value £32; the Brackenbury Prize in Surgery, value £32; the Pollock Prize in Physiology, value £18; the Johnson Prize in Anatomy, value £10 10s.; the Treasurer's Prize, value £10 10s.; General Proficiency Prizes for first, second, and third year students, of £10 10s. each; the Brodie Prize in Surgery; the Acland Prize in Medicine; the Thompson Medal, and Sir Charles Clarke's Prize.

All Hospital appointments, including the two House Physicianships and two House Surgeonships, are awarded as the result of competition, and are open to the students without additional expense of any kind.

Clerkships and Dresserships, and all the minor appointments, are given without extra fees. Several paid appointments, including that of Obstetric Assistant, with a salary of £100 and board and lodging, are awarded yearly upon the recommendation of the Medical School Committee.

The new Physiological Laboratories and Class Rooms are now open.

Prospectuses and fuller details may be obtained by application to

THOMAS WHIPHAM, M.B., *Dean.*

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, ALBERT EMBANKMENT, LONDON, S.E.

The WINTER SESSION of 1889-90 will OPEN on Tuesday, October 1, with an Introductory Address, at 3 P.M., by Mr. WILLIAM ANDERSON, F.R.C.S.

TWO ENTRANCE SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of 125 guineas and £60 respectively, open to all first-year Students, will be offered for competition. The Examination will be held on September 25, 26, and 27, and the subjects will be Chemistry and Physics, with either Botany or Zoology, at the option of Candidates.

Scholarships and Money Prizes of considerable value are awarded at the Sessional Examinations, as also several Medals.

Special Classes are held throughout the year for the "PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC" and "INTERMEDIATE M.B." Examinations of the UNIVERSITY of LONDON.

All Hospital Appointments are open to Students without extra charge.

The fees may be paid in one sum or by instalments. Entries may be made separately to Lectures or to Hospital Practice, and special arrangements are made for Students entering in their second or subsequent years; also for Dental Students and for Qualified Practitioners.

A Register of approved Lodgings is kept by the Medical Secretary, who also has a list of local Medical Practitioners, Clergymen, and others who receive students into their houses.

Prospectuses and all particulars may be obtained from the Medical Secretary, Mr. GEORGE RENDLE.

E. NETTLESHIP, *Dean.*

GUY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The WINTER SESSION commences on Tuesday, October 1.

The Hospital contains 695 beds, of which 500 are in constant occupation. Special Classes are held for Students preparing for the Examinations of the University of London, and other Higher Examinations.

APPOINTMENTS.—All Hospital Appointments are made strictly in accordance with the merits of the Candidates, and without extra payment.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS.—Two Open Scholarships in Arts, one of the value of 100 Guineas, open to Candidates under twenty years of age; and one of 50 Guineas, open to Candidates under twenty-five years of age. Two Open Scholarships in Science, one of the value of 125 Guineas, and another of 50 Guineas, open to Candidates under twenty-five years of age.

PRIZES are awarded to Students in their various years amounting in the aggregate to more than £300.

DENTAL SCHOOL.—A Dental School is attached to the Hospital, which affords to Students all the instruction required for a Licence in Dental Surgery.

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BOYCOTTING AND PICKETTING.

THOUGH the strike is not yet settled, there is a fair prospect that an arrangement will have been made before we go to press. It is idle to speculate on the terms of a settlement we have not seen. We can only hope that the courage of the Companies had not failed them, and made them forget the many encouraging signs of the week—the increasing number of men who were got to work, the diminishing efficacy of the pickets, and the depression among the strikers. It is also, we may add—remembering the signal bad faith shown by the strike leaders last Sunday—early to conclude that the last compromise will have better fortune than the first. The failure of the LORD MAYOR'S negotiations has been naturally the text for a great deal of angry contradiction, but the leading facts of the incident are known with tolerable certainty. The Bishop of LONDON, the LORD MAYOR, and Cardinal MANNING met the leaders of the strike last Saturday, and proposed to them a compromise, by which many of the demands of the men were conceded; but, on the other hand, it was stipulated that the dock labourers should return to work at the 5*d*. an hour rate till the 1st of January, and that the men who had been taken on during the strike should not be molested. The scheme, which the Dock Companies had agreed to accept in spite of the resistance of Sir HENRY LE MARCHANT, was actually received by Mr. BURNS and his fellow-managers in a way which convinced the LORD MAYOR and his assessors that they thought it reasonable. Mr. BURNS did, indeed, represent that he must leave the ultimate decision to the Strike Committee, but it might naturally be thought that a popular leader of so much influence, and one who, by way of illustrating the dignity of labour no doubt, deals with opposition by putting himself in a fighting attitude and threatening to smash jaws, would have no great difficulty in persuading this authority to see reason. It was, therefore, a surprise to the zealous peace-makers at the Mansion House when the compromise was not only rejected, but rejected in the rudest way, and was made an excuse for assuring the strikers that the Companies were yielding, and that they had only to hold out to secure all their demands at once. No result could have justified Sir HENRY LE MARCHANT more thoroughly, or have inflicted a better-deserved snub on the busybodies who intruded into the dispute. The Bishop and the LORD MAYOR appear to have taken their lesson. The persistence of Cardinal MANNING in offering his services to the mob leaders who use him as a tool is, however, intelligible enough. If you will play the part of friend of the people when the people does not want you, a certain amount of toad-eating is unavoidable. In the meantime Mr. BURNS, "poor little BEN TILLETT," and the others have, by their own showing, insisted through the week on terms greatly in excess of what they were prepared last Saturday to recommend to their Committee as reasonable.

In the meantime, too, the resources by which the strike is prolonged have become even less mysterious than before. Enough money has been sent from Australia to keep some thousands of men, accustomed at all times to small wages and casual work—accustomed also to be largely supported by their wives, who, it may be observed, are not in a position to conjugate the active voice of the verb to strike—in a condition of idleness refreshed by beer. In spite of the sturdy begging of Mr. BURNS, and his rather amusing shame for the American workmen who will not tip him, less money has been subscribed than would have been acceptable. Still, enough has come in to serve the turn. It is distributed by Mr. BURNS "in a fighting attitude." As long as it holds out and the distribution confers a position of dignity on the distributor, it is not to be supposed that the human nature of your leader will willingly consent to put a stop to a state of things which keeps the person who enjoys all its advantages, and suffers none of its inconveniences, in a situation so conspicuous. To be at once the friend, the champion, and the master of "the people" is a pleasure given to few. If Sir HENRY LE MARCHANT, now, or Mr. NORWOOD were to threaten to cane a workman, and were not to be knocked down for their bullying, what would the "Liberal" press say? In the admirable strike leader the language is appropriate, and passes unnoted by the friends of the people. What could not be done by doles was done by intimidation. It is true, no doubt, thanks in great part to the resolution of the East-End magistrates, that downright riot has been largely, if not altogether, avoided. The strange story of the lime, which happened to be quite promiscuous-like in somebody's hands, and happened most unaccountably in the flurry of the moment to get into somebody's eyes, requires investigation and explanation. What, however, is very clear is that there was lime about, and that it hurt somebody. This is certainly not what was to have been expected from such orderly people as the strikers. It is very obvious, too, that this lime was only the outward and visible sign of a great deal of intimidation which has proved effective. Mr. MATTHEWS has not, as far as we know, modified his opinion that there has been no organized intimidation, and Mr. MONRO would seem to agree with the HOME SECRETARY. It is highly desirable, if this is a tenable view, that we should shortly obtain a definition of organized intimidation by a competent authority. If the sympathizers with the unlamented LIPSKI had waited for Mr. MATTHEWS at his going out and his coming in, if they had crowded round him on the pavement between the carriage and the house, if they had yelled at him, asked him whether he was not ashamed of himself, called him a weak man who was determined to make good his bungling in the CASS case by hanging one whom he knew to be innocent in defiance of the evidence, if, finally, they had hustled him, would or would not this conduct on their part have been held to amount to assault and intimidation? We are strongly of opinion that it would, and very properly too. But for that very reason we, for our part, are convinced that there has been organized intimidation in the East End. Mr. MATTHEWS may read for himself of the mobbing of "blacklegs" in Fenchurch Street and at the dock gates, of sailors turned back by violence on their way to their ships, of crowds which block the road and howl abuse at men going to the work they have every right to take. This is certainly not picketting as it has been defined by the judges. It is intimidation conducted by bodies of persons banded to prevent others from doing what they have a lawful right to do, and that, though no lime is thrown, no blows struck, and no weapon used, is conspiracy to intimidate. For the rest, does or does not Mr. MATTHEWS think that to tell any one that he will be a marked man if he does this or the other lawful thing, is a threat? It is notorious that this language is freely used, and if it is not threatening and intimidation, a new definition of those terms is greatly needed.

There is abundance of evidence to show how this intimidation works, and by whom it is worked. It is at least highly probable that the rejection of the LORD MAYOR'S compromise was partly, if not wholly, due to the clause stipulating for the security of the men taken on by the Companies. If this had been accepted, the strike leaders would have deprived themselves in future of a very useful instrument of coercion. It would never do to confess that they could not carry out their threats. To this same desire to show their power may be attributed the refusal to allow poor Mr. LAFONE, after all his virtuous but cheap exertions,

to unload one of the vessels at his wharf. Another freak of the same kind is the compulsory stopping of work by men who were earning 40*s.* to 50*s.* a week in the Surrey Docks in unloading timber ships. This work, be it remembered, ends when the ice closes the Baltic, and, therefore, these men will have so much the less to live on during the coming winter. But it is clear that the interest of any class of workers has become a very secondary matter in a strike which was maintained by the Committee, on funds from Australia, and by the obstinacy of one or two Unions which are well off, and can afford to stand out. The declaration of the lightermen, a privileged body, that they will stand out—even if the labourers yield—till the terms first demanded are conceded, and that they will stop the traffic on the river, is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the strike; but it ought to show mildly sentimental people what the movement has really become.

THE WICKED TURK.

THE troubles, and rumours of troubles, which beset the Porte at most times, and not least at this season—when there is little to do and much must be made to talk about by those whose business is to talk—have recently quieted down a little. The rather inexplicable bickerings between Servia and Bulgaria seem to have shown no symptoms of reaching a more active stage than that in which the weapons are ink and breath—as good harmless instruments, when they do not set others going, as can be found. Any actual quarrel between these Powers or powerlets could only end to the disadvantage of the SULTAN, who in all such cases is made to pay the expenses of his neighbours' and subjects' amusements. In a small way the distress in the Black Mountain is bad news for Turkey. It has been ingeniously pointed out, as was noticed only the other day, by the representative of England in that hilly and heroic district that Montenegro is a very peaceful place, for the reason that every Montenegrin carries, and knows that every other Montenegrin carries, a six-chambered revolver and a knife or two. This securing of peace by preparation of war, however, does not extend to the state of things when men thus armed are hungry and see provisions in neighbouring districts. Here, too, the Turk would have to pay for all; and more here than anywhere else, thanks to the still more closely drawn relations between Russia and Montenegro. But there is little doubt that no trouble will arise here or anywhere except at the instigation of Russia. It is still completely unknown what exact effect vexations, political and other, have had on the CZAR'S mind, and on the working of that mind all depends. The new developments of Panslavist agitation which have resulted in the drawing up of paper schemes of Balkan States, rearranged at the expense of Turkey and Austria, and with armies undisguisedly at the disposal of the CZAR, will be paper schemes merely or dangerous instruments of European disturbance exactly as the personal temper of the CZAR determines—unless, indeed, his hand be forced by a new and alarming manifestation of the Nihilist spirit, of which something has already been heard.

The ill-temper of those curious monomaniacs who see all things in Turkish wickedness, and who imagine that those whose eyes are clearer see all things in Turkish virtue, continues to be a favourable sign. These persons are very much dissatisfied with the state of things both in Armenia and in Crete; nor do they lack good reason for their dissatisfaction. It is once more asserted, and there is no reason to doubt it, that the Armenians, as a nation, have by no means that desire to fling themselves into the arms of Russia, and so lose their nationality altogether, which their English sympathizers think they ought to feel. The Armenian, like the members of many other subject races, is a very curious mixture of qualities. He has the tendency to intrigue, the apparent pusillanimity capable under favourable circumstances of showing fight admirably, the proneness to grumble and whine, the habit of preferring above all things to load himself if he can with the thick clay. But he is really patriotic, extremely shrewd, not seldom very well informed, and not at all of an impulsive nature. These latter qualities would of themselves disincline Armenians to submit themselves to an Empire which swallows all nationalities, and which if not, except in wartime, particularly oppressive to the lowest class of the population, is the least favourable ruling Power in Europe, or perhaps in the world, to the prosperous commercial person, which every Armenian desires to be. It is also the fact that the alleged sufferings of Armenians touch only a very small part of the nation, and that this part is much better able to defend itself, if it chooses, than is pretended. Some of the latest news tells how certain villagers, plucking up their courage, did repulse and defeat the fire-breathing brother of the great MOUSSA himself, and there is no doubt that this might be done much oftener. The Porte cannot afford, and its provincial subjects would by no means wish to afford, the cumbrous and costly machinery by which alone the security of life and property, as it is understood in Western countries, can be attained. What it can do is to "see fair" and to interfere with the strong hand in cases of decided oppression. And it may be freely granted that, though this is actually done to a considerable extent in the Turkish dominions, it is not done as universally and, above all, as ostentatiously as the wisdom of the serpent would direct. The Turk, though not a fool, is terribly ignorant of Western ways; Russia understands them very well. While Russia and Russophils direct a whole reptile press and never cease to advertise or invent, or both, atrocities and what not, the Turk reposes in a supine and childish belief that *magna est veritas*. At the same time, it would appear, unless the Russophils lie more than is even their wont, that the treatment of MOUSSA at Constantinople has not been wholly judicious. It would have been much wiser to show him a stern countenance first, even with a deliberate purpose of acquitting or pardoning him afterwards, than to furnish the newspapers of Europe with opportunities of paragraphs about his good reception at Constantinople. But there seems little doubt that the inquiry, though delayed and injudiciously prepared, will be a real inquiry, and that is the important thing.

It is, however, Crete which seems to be giving the greatest grief to the SULTAN'S enemies. In so far as can be judged (though it is never safe to hurry judgment in such cases), SHAKIR Pasha has gone to work with that turbulent island in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. Even the busy brains and shameless fronts of Russian and Greek agents have not been able to report or invent any "atrocities." The district in revolt is admitted to have shrunk to much smaller dimensions, important strongholds of the insurgents have been occupied, and the whole process has been accompanied by that form of conciliation which is the only reasonable form of that much-abused word and thing. The spurious conciliation which our Radical agitators cry up consists in approaching a mutineer cap-in-hand and saying, "Sir, I am dreadfully afraid of you. I am ready "to concede everything I possibly can; be merciful, and "do not put your heel upon my neck harder than in "your merciful wisdom you think necessary." The other conciliator comes to his man with matches burning, edges him out of this position and that, at once as gently and forcibly as he can; and, if there is a sign of resistance, says, "You had better take what I offer you; for, if you don't, "the sword will decide it, and a pretty sharp sword too." Even in minor details SHAKIR Pasha's despatches, which appear to be confirmed from Athens and from local sources, contain plenty of reasons for chagrin and no comfort for the atrocitymongers. The first concern of this brutal Turk appears to have been in every case to secure quiet living to both sides; to dissuade both, and not only the Christians, from carrying arms; to parley, where parley was possible, with the local leaders, one by one, and get each to quiet the place where he himself has influence; to pay no attention to idle rumours; and, while making an ample show of force, to abstain from anything like needless violence, and, indeed, from violence at all. The most atrocious act yet charged against him is the sentence on a Cretan agitator of ten years' deportation from the island he has tried to throw into anarchy—a very terrible and unheard-of punishment, no doubt. If SHAKIR Pasha goes on in this way, he will run Mr. BALFOUR hard for the prize of Gladstonian detestation, and, good luck helping him, he will pacify Crete. It is to be hoped that the SULTAN will determine and will be able to keep, as reported, a much larger force in the island for the future than has been kept there for some time past. There is no oppression of any sort there, but there is a most virulent party feeling between Christians and Mussulmans and between different Christian parties. And as all these parties, Mussulman and Christian alike, have a generous determination not to be "put upon" by the others, as there are generally ill-conditioned persons about, who, for their own purposes, are only too glad to

make bate between them, it is absolutely necessary that there should be a strong force at the disposal of the central authority. Crete is not the end of the world, and the SULTAN may as well keep his troops there as anywhere else —unless he is obliged by unfriendly proceedings on his neighbours' part to mass them in Armenia or Macedonia.

THE NATIONAL PARTY AGAIN.

WE now know that in Lord HARTINGTON'S opinion, as well as that of many other persons less qualified to judge, the time is not far off when there will be a complete and definite change in the array of parties. At present the political world is still divided up into half a dozen sections, all loose, all uncertain and disorderly except one, which, through their divisions and uncertainties, is far stronger than any of the rest. That is unquestionably the case, although the Conservatives have not taken advantage of their own strength and the comparative feebleness of other Parliamentary factions. But, though we may have less reason than some others to complain of a state of things which gives preponderance (or its potentialities) to the soberest party in the nation, it is not well that England should be perpetually vexed, as France is, by four or five contentious factions; and, if otherwise the prospect is a troubled one, there will be some satisfaction in escaping from the petty confusions of the day, and in getting back to the convenient old two-great-party system of political warfare. Everything seems to show that this will happen before long. Although in one part of his recent address Lord HARTINGTON spoke of the Liberals as if they were still linked in some shadowy way with the Opposition; and, though he and his Liberal colleagues remain indisposed to merge themselves in a Government called Conservative, he had a pregnant word to this effect:—"All that is taking place from day to day, "the common labours in which we are engaged, the com- "mon interests which we are learning to uphold and defend, "are laying the foundation at some not very distant time "of the formation of a still greater National party"; which party, Lord HARTINGTON went on to say, would be bound together by devotion to Imperial interests, and by "common effort to raise and elevate the condition of our "countrymen all over the United Kingdom."

Lord HARTINGTON is probably right in thinking it judicious to keep himself and his friends out of a closer connexion with the Cabinet for yet a while. For that would mean a formal reconstruction of the Ministry by certain extrusions and certain admissions; and we must remember —as no doubt Lord HARTINGTON himself does—that this might displease some Conservative voters as much as some Liberals. It is not so easy to agree with him (a matter of small importance, however) if he believes that the Liberalism of which he is spokesman does not already form a distinct party opposed to the whole spirit of modern Radicalism. Further it might be said that his description of the "still greater National party," of which he foresees the birth, is wanting in distinctiveness; for there is not a single political faction in this or any other land which does not mark itself off in precisely the same terms. Imperialist, Royalist, Republican, Boulangist in France; Conservative, Liberal, Gladstonian, Laboucherian in England—we are all devoted to Imperial interests (rightly considered), and all enlisted in a "common effort to raise and elevate our fellow- "countrymen" throughout the length and breadth of the land. But we know what is meant. The party called Radical has taken to itself a variety of doctrine which was totally unknown in English politics till recently. On the ground of this doctrine, with its own peculiar "efforts to "raise and elevate our fellow-countrymen," a party is rapidly forming which promises to become very solid and very formidable, since it is likely to include all the various kinds of faddists and to seduce the whole mass of enfranchised ignorance and hunger. To the leaders of this portentous body of experimental revolutionists, a Whig is as hateful as any Tory. The repugnance is mutual; and when we perceive that the next general election is not far off, we also perceive that the time is at hand when the common sense of Whig and Tory, Liberal and old-school Radical, will bring all under one flag against the organized forces of anarchy and excess. Evidently that is what Lord HARTINGTON means, and, in company with many others, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we agreed with him before he spoke.

From some other passages in his address, however, it would appear that he puts the general election first, the formation of the party which is to be called National afterwards. Doubtful of what may happen when the next electoral struggle comes on, he even seems to think that a Radical victory at the polls may possibly precede the reconstruction of parties. If that is to be the order of events, so much the worse for the friends of order, no matter what their denomination. But must it be so? Can nothing be done to form up the national party at once, in preparation for the elections which will certainly put the other side together, and possibly—as Lord HARTINGTON says—give them the victory? Their chance will certainly be reduced if they are promptly met by the combination which their triumph would precipitate, and which will surely have to face them sooner or later. It is true, no doubt, that in the House of Lords we have a constitutional authority which could and would throw out their Home Rule Bills and their other grand measures of subversion and revolution. This safeguard against hasty changes of the first magnitude the Liberal leader insisted upon at great length; arguing for the propriety of putting it to use in a remarkably energetic way. But much is gained whenever resort to the veto of the Peers is avoided; and the prospect of forming a great national party amidst the ravings and riotings of a "conflict with the House of "Lords" is not half so pleasant as the hope of a similar operation to avert misfortunes of which that conflict would be only a part. For ourselves, we can but think that it would not be the wisest course to put off the combination which Lord HARTINGTON looks to till after the Radicals have had their fling at the next general election. That is to say, it would not be wise to do so if anything can be done to oppose them on that occasion with all the forces that good sense and moderation can bring together. And something can be done, even though the Liberal-Unionists and the Liberals generally still stand aside as an independent party—allied with the Conservatives, whose counsels they share and whose policies they modify, but declining as yet to come into the same organization. What this patriotic and influential body of men can do is to make no bones of declaring themselves in arms against the new party of Revolutionary Radicalism—not on Home Rule grounds alone. Something else they can do. They can make it clear, for the satisfaction of their allies, and beyond all doubt for the good of the State, that, though they still mean to do their utmost to raise and elevate the condition of their fellow-countrymen all over the United Kingdom, they have no idea of attempting that business with pieces of policy broken from the revolutionary and Socialistic methods of Laboucherian Radicalism, and necessarily swarming with the life thereof. Liberal principles forbid that kind of medicining as sternly as any body of political principles in existence; while, so far as the experiment has been tried (and it has been tried more than a little), nothing but failure, and the punishment of failure, has been the consequence in the long run. With the older Radicalism much could be done in the way of concession and conciliation. With the new Radicalism all such dealing would be as absurd as concession to smallpox (which, indeed, is the demand of one of its tribes); and, if it is to be successfully opposed, it must be opposed from the beginning on that understanding.

STILL MORE CHATTER.

NO, they will never have done. There is always somebody who wants to "chatter about HARRIET" and SHELLEY. Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, in his diverting review of Professor DOWDEN'S magazine of chatter about HARRIET, might have been supposed to settle the affair once for all. But Mr. H. S. SALT, whose contempt for the middle classes may prove him to be a haughty Eupatrid, returns to HARRIET and to SHELLEY in the *International Review*. With much that Mr. SALT has to say about Mr. ARNOLD'S criticisms of SHELLEY'S poetry it were superfluous to express agreement. Everybody agrees. When Mr. ARNOLD spoke as if SHELLEY'S prose might survive his poetry we may presume that this was "merely his fun," though the humour be rather subterranean. Mr. SALT tries to show that Mr. ARNOLD'S ideas were not so very different from SHELLEY'S, though his dislike of SHELLEY'S ideas may have helped to prevent him from appreciating his poetry. It was, perhaps, more the manner than the matter that Mr. ARNOLD disliked. Say what you will, the *Revolt of Islam* is full of the most boyish absurdities, of incidents before which MAYNE

Reid sinks into common sense and constructive art. All the windy "Voices," all the reforms which were to take the shape of weaving buds and beams, all the futile optimisms of Shelley, may well have discontented Mr. Arnold. For this, or for some other reason, it is true that he did not appreciate this "meteoric poet"—the more is the pity. But this, perhaps, vexes Mr. Salt much less than Mr. Arnold's very plain, blunt, and accurate criticism of Shelley as a young man, and of the detestable set in which he lived.

Shelley, to tell the truth, was always a boy, and a boy with a great deal of the schoolgirl in him. Of the boy he had that grave unconscious absurdity which Mr. George Meredith very happily describes in the characters of Ripton Thompson and Richard Feverel. He believed in certain ideas which, to our mind, the whole course of human history demonstrates to be false. That, however, is not the question. The important thing is that, when it suited him, Shelley "lived up to" these ideas with an owl-like solemnity truly boyish. Of the schoolgirl he had the *engouement* and the caprice; he fell in love with men and women right and left, called them angels and demigods, and then lost conceit of them, and named them Brown Demons, and whistled them down the wind of his contempt. We do not see how any grown man can read Shelley's biography and not admit these defects; errors not astonishing in a miss of sixteen, but amazing in a man, however young, in a husband, a father, and a poet.

Mr. Arnold, of course, saw all this, and he thought it necessary, though perhaps it was superfluous, to tell the truth about these aspects of Shelley's character. Mr. Salt, therefore, accuses him of embracing Bumble, the representative of that poor middle class which Mr. Salt looks down on from some far pinnacle of birth and culture. But it really is not a question of the middle classes. No duke, no "docker," nobody, no man civilized or savage, would have or could have behaved with Shelley's serene absurdity of callousness and cruelty. Let it be granted, for the sake of argument, that Shelley's ideas about marriage were correct. Of course he only acted on them when it suited him. He got himself as securely wedded by orthodox forms as he possibly could. He accepted the ordinary legal situation when it suited him and Mary and Godwin. He played the regular game, which, as a disbeliever in "the long "rubber of connubial life," of course he should not have done. Then when it suited him he broke the rules of the game, in accordance with his well-known principles. He should, of course, have done one thing or the other. If marriage was a vain thing foolishly devised by kings and priests, then he should not have married, first Harriet, and then Mary. But, having married, he was just as much bound to Harriet as Mr. Bumble to Mrs. Bumble. But, it may be said, Shelley was only doing his best for the women and their interests. But it was in regard to them that this lover of humanity proved so cruel. The cruelty of asking Harriet to be the guest of himself and Mary, to come like the old-fashioned bride's-maid on the honeymoon, is obscured by the rich absurdity of the proposition. Mr. Salt calls this "an outrage on conven-"tional propriety." Why it is an outrage on the elemental feelings of human beings, which probably no Asiatic despot, no negro voluptuary ever contemplated as feasible. The real difficulty about all these ideal schemes of free love is, of course, the cruelty of the arrangement. One of the partners must be sacrificed to the passions of the other. Both do not simultaneously wish to be off with the old love and on with the new. Even if children did not exist, with their interests, no man of heart, no woman of heart, would sacrifice the old partner to the new conceit. These remarks are elementary; they are part of universal experience; these facts have expressed themselves in the civilized institution of monogamy, which can only be overthrown in a general reversion to savagery, polygamy, polyandry, promiscuity. But Shelley, of all men, not only disregarded the laws of the game and was unfaithful. That is a common performance; thousands of persons do as much. But he alone asked the woman he had deserted—the woman who still loved him—to come and see how happy he was with Mary. And he alone, like a new kind of "Alphonse," took money from one woman that he might live with another. Perhaps Mr. Salt is equally lonely in his opinion that this is only "a "shock to conventional propriety." It is an outrage on those emotions of kindness and affection about which Shelley said so much, and in accordance with which, in other affairs, he often acted with much nobility of conduct. Mr. Salt in vain argues that Shelley was only acting on his principles, which told him "his marital re-"lations towards Harriet were absolutely at an end." So they were, but that was no reason why she should be the guest of his mistress, nor why he should take money from her, of all people in the world. Mr. Salt says that Mr. Arnold is horrified by the "vulgarities" of Godwin and his set. Vulgarities! To take money by stealth from the man who has gone off, to your extreme indignation, with your daughter! Why, Godwin was precisely in the position of M. Cardinal, and adopted the very attitude of that fiery Republican. In fact, Godwin and M. Cardinal, in this matter, are one and the same; yet Godwin was an educated philosopher who talked about Virtue by the hour. And Mr Salt accuses Mr. Arnold of a "debilitating sense of respec-"tability"! Godwin sold his daughter's shame, and asked that Shelley's cheques might be made payable to some other name. This kind of austerity does not shock respectability alone. It exceeds the inventions of Halévy or Molière, and might have made Tartufe blush. It almost seems as if Mr. Salt had forgotten the facts of the case, and the "respectabilities" which pervaded that shabby Thyestean house of the philosopher Godwin.

As to Shelley's "inflammability," only this need be said. The people were right who thought that his behaviour to the unhappy Emilia Viviani was that of a sweetheart to a serving-girl, and a very shabby sweetheart at that.

THE GREATNESS OF MR. GLADSTONE AND THE SMALLNESS OF ENGLAND.

Mr. Gladstone (on the authority of Lord Lytton, on the authority of M. de Blowitz) is the most illustrious of Lord Lytton's countrymen. We should like to be quite certain of the original form and language (especially the latter) of this statement; but we do not entertain much fear that we should find ourselves at variance with the sentiments which Her Majesty's present Ambassador at Paris intended to express after these points were ascertained. Let it be admitted that Mr. Gladstone is an illustrious (certainly, if we may borrow the form from Trotting Nelly, he is an "illustrated") Englishman. He has been Prime Minister three times; he has been more *remuant* (the French language is a great language) than any man of his time; he has the scalps of a hundred institutions hanging in his wigwam; he has betrayed more parties than any three other men have had time, energy, or will to belong to. Of anything that he has, in the emphatic Carlylian sense, "done" we at least are ignorant, though he has undone much. But still it may be admitted that there is only one Mr. Gladstone; and unicity is always something, and in its way an illustrious thing. For the light shines on the good and on the evil, and especially on the more prominent objects in both classes.

It was well and fitting (we say this without any irony) that Mr. Gladstone (who by his own account has gone there, not as a holiday-maker, but out of goodwill and respect to France) should be banquetted in Paris. M. Tirard is not quite of the same calibre as M. Léon Say; M. Yves Guyot not entirely of the same class with M. Jules Simon. But far be it from us to say unkind things of any person who met other persons to do honour to one of the most "illustrious" statesmen of a neighbouring country. The mind which is nothing if not critical may, indeed, take exception to the statement that Mr. Gladstone has always "taken the side of the victims." We should say ourselves that he has always taken the side of the victims who looked as if they were going to win; but this is a mere *nuance*, which a foreigner might easily miss. When, too, M. Say says that Mr. Gladstone's eloquence is "drawn from that which is "purest in antiquity," we cannot help remembering the much greater ease with which the obscurest passages of Demosthenes, let alone Cicero, can be construed as compared with the easiest passages of Mr. Gladstone. To some minds, M. Say's touching description of "the oppressed, the "feeble, and the forsaken" calls up no image so vivid and exactly correspondent as that of an Irish landlord, and Mr. Gladstone has been of late not exactly distinguished as a defender of *him*. But let us not insist coarsely on these points. Mr. Gladstone's own speech in reply to this compliment appears to have been, as might be expected, graceful and ingenious. The "Christianity" of France under the

Republic has, perhaps, not impressed other nations to the same extent to which it has impressed Mr. GLADSTONE. The excellent conduct of the French Republican Government at, let us say, the moment of Mr. GLADSTONE'S conquest of Egypt is not a subject on which the ghost of M. GABRIEL CHARMES and the living presence of his brother M. FRANCIS can be expected to be quite so enthusiastic as Mr. GLADSTONE is. But we repeat that it was a very pretty speech, and there was an audacity almost humorous about its last paragraph in the reference to the proud motto of an Indian College, *Ne facias tua culpa minorem.* It is good advice and bold to France where many Frenchmen have been making their country *minorem* for many years. It is bold, if not good, from the lips of the statesman who for many years has laboured to do the same in his own country, who lost us the Transvaal, who brought on us the indelible shame of the Khartoum abandonment, and who is still trying to lop off, or paralyse, an integral part of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. These audacities are perhaps less pleasant from a man who has not, as SAINTE-BEUVE says, "le sentiment personnel du ridicule" than from one who has; but they are still pleasant.

It was when Mr. GLADSTONE, according to M. DE BLOWITZ, unexpectedly took to toasting, not France, but America, that the real interest of the occasion came in. Great men are apt to be seized by these innocent fits of accaparation. It will be remembered that Captain COSTIGAN at a dinner held in his honour behaved in no very different manner on that ever-memorable occasion. The Captain not only responded for his own health, but for his daughter's, for the Army, and (preventing Mr. BINGLEY the manager) for the Drama and the Chatteris Theatre. So, to compare small things with great, did Mr. GLADSTONE, at a dinner given to himself, propose the health of Mr. JEFFERSON BRICK—we beg pardon, of Mr. SUMMERVILLE TUCK—coupled with prosperity to the United States. And in proposing this toast Mr. GLADSTONE gave vent to some of his best arithmetic and some of his most heartfelt sentiments. He pointed out that, in another hundred years, probably six hundred millions of "humans" would call Uncle Sam father—an estimate surpassing the foresight even of Mr. WALT WHITMAN, who has been contented with anticipating the time when "a hundred millions of superb persons" will walk "These States." With this Mr. GLADSTONE, in a parenthetic smile of pity, contrasted the forty millions of "our small islands." We pass the little problem whether the comparison of our smallness now with a prospective greatness a hundred years after date is quite fair; but it is really interesting to find Mr. GLADSTONE still harping on the word "small" in reference to England. It is a kind of catchword with him; he can seldom enter on any subject of the kind without bringing it in. And this introduces us to our chief subject—the interesting contrast between the greatness of Mr. GLADSTONE and the smallness of England. There have been—this is a proposition which the most fervent Gladstonians will hardly contest—great men in England before Mr. GLADSTONE, though, of course, none so great. Yet, somehow or other, an historical memory of tolerable range and exactness does not supply us with the name of any of them who took this curious pleasure in belittling his country. Of course we take no count of an old dotard like JOHN of GAUNT, reported by a poor player, one WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, to have spoken with his dying breath some lines (it is true they are among the noblest ever written; but no matter for that) about "This royal throne "of kings, this sceptered isle." That is only poetry; and, besides, Mr. GLADSTONE may justly urge that even the Duke of LANCASTER called it a "*little* world." But, to come to more prosaic things and to mere statesmen, we run over the names of CROMWELL, of the two PITTS, of PALMERSTON, of Lord BEACONSFIELD even, to come to very close quarters. How would this talk about smallness seem to suit any of their mouths? Why, very ill certainly. And the reason, of course, is that Mr. GLADSTONE is so much greater than any of them. To a small man, you see, small things seem great; to a great one even tolerably great things seem small. This is undeniable; and much comfort may be imbibed from it by the mind of the doubter about Mr. GLADSTONE'S greatness (if haply there be anywhere such an impious man), or the doubter about England's greatness, of which class, unluckily, there seem to be a good many too many about. All things are relative; and England only seems small to Mr. GLADSTONE in the same sense as a guinea seemed small to those City magnates who are said, to the great solace and comfort of the medical profession, to have disdained paying except in cheques, and drawing cheques for anything less than five pounds. It is true that M. DE BLOWITZ has an explanation of a much more commonplace kind. He thinks that Mr. GLADSTONE "wished to "make himself agreeable to a country which is the refuge "of the Irish beyond the Atlantic." M. DE BLOWITZ has not studied his American papers, or he would know that, if there is any country which at this present moment wishes that the celebrated wish about Ireland and the Atlantic were realized, and that all the Irish-Americans had taken a fancy to visit the home of their ancestors immediately before the realization, that country is the United States of America. But M. DE BLOWITZ has too much on his mind to be acquainted with the details of American politics, which indeed might puzzle a man more *malin* than himself. No! the true explanation of Mr. GLADSTONE'S handsome though rather post-dated present of six hundred millions of gasping ones to America a hundred years hence, and of his regretful acknowledgment of the smallness of England now, lies in his own greatness. Six hundred thousand millions probably represent the number of persons to whom Mr. GLADSTONE feels that he could be a worthy Prime Minister. What a pity that he should waste himself upon a paltry forty!

GREASED-POLE-CLIMBING.

MOST people who read their newspapers know that there was a boat-race in the early part of this week between two professional scullers, of whom one came from Australia and the other from Canada; and, further, that one was called SEARLE and the other O'CONNOR, and that one of them won decisively, if not easily. For the present purpose it will be as well to bear in mind that the Australian won, and the Canadian lost. The winner's name was SEARLE, though that is neither here nor there.

Upon these facts a person, signing himself "Australian," has addressed a remonstrance to us, his fellow-subjects of the United Kingdom, through the columns of a morning newspaper. He asks to be allowed to explain "how dis-"appointed" he was "at the apathy shown" here on the occasion in question. "In English Society the event "went simply without notice." It would, indeed, be difficult to define even that most elastic phrase, "English "Society," in such a manner as to rob "Australian's" statement of its melancholy accuracy. "Whereas," proceeds our antipodean fellow-subject, "such an event would "occupy Melbourne or Sydney for a month, to the ex-"clusion of almost every other topic." Happy is the colony that has—so much in common with the alleged friends of Mr. PETER MAGNUS. "Australian" can "remember last "November, when SEARLE won the Championship, George "Street, Sydney, was covered with his portraits," and at a race-meeting at Melbourne he "excited far more attention" than the Governor of Victoria. Very likely he did. It is probable that a month ago Mrs. MAYBRICK excited far more attention than, let us say, Mr. GLADSTONE. And then, again, a contrast is drawn with a melancholy as truthful as it is grim. "Whereas in London he has excited less attention "than we [Australians?] would give to a contest for climb-"ing a greased pole."

If it is true, as sporting correspondents have not scrupled to allege, that Australian sportsmen have transferred from Canadian pockets to their own the modest sum of 80,000*l.*, solely by their justifiable confidence in Mr. SEARLE'S powers with the sculls, there is no need to endure much sympathetic anguish in consequence of the Strand not being covered with his portraits or because the public mind condescended to notice the Tithes Bill, the MAYBRICK case, the dock strike, and the St. Leger. No one can dispute the substantial truth of the statement that the inhabitants of the United Kingdom do care uncommonly little whether an Australian or a Canadian is champion sculler of the world. They would rather prefer that sublime personage to be one of themselves; and, if he cannot be that, they are justly pleased that he should be a subject of the QUEEN'S rather than an American citizen. The probability of his being somebody without any British blood at all has not yet emerged into the range of practical athletics. The explanation of this "apathy" is, upon the face of things, not far to seek, and divers small suggestions might be made, such as that "English Society," in several senses of the words, is most of it gone away, and largely beyond the reach even of the daily newspapers, and that professional

athletes who choose to perform in the first week of September really cannot expect the rank and fashion of the metropolis to swarm round the scene of their contests. But "Australian" explains the phenomenon he so much resents in a far more wholesale fashion. He says there is "a great and "growing lack of interest in sporting matters in England which "has resulted in the present humiliating position of that "country in matters of sport." We cannot, it seems, either row, box, or run as well as the second-rate men of New South Wales. "W. G. GRACE is the only champion you have in "any department." And the cause of all this humiliation is, that though great athletes may exist among us as of old, "there is next to no inducement for them to come out before "the public." The argument seems to be that, if we would only cover our streets with pictures of professional boxers, oarsmen, and what not, and mob them at race-meetings, we should still be able to take our fair share of championships of the world. It is certainly refreshing to be told that men like ROBERTS, the late FRED. ARCHER, LOHMANN, and a whole host of professional athletes of other varieties, are languishing in the cold shade of public indifference. We shall not say a word to deny the impeachment. But there is one thing in "Australian's" letter which is not altogether clear to the reflective mind. Why does he think so poorly of climbing greased poles? To climb a greased pole higher and quicker than any one else is an elevating pastime. It requires skill, strength, judgment, and pertinacity. It exercises nearly all the most important muscles of the body. He who can climb a greased pole can *à fortiori* climb one which is not greased; and to be able to climb a pole may at any moment be an invaluable accomplishment, tending to the preservation of property, life, or even honour. If anybody likes to set up a championship contest for climbing a greased pole, we shall watch the proceedings with the same benevolent interest which we accord to other branches of professional athletics, and shall hope that the champion may occasionally be English. But for some inexplicable reason "Australian" seems to think that particular sport degrading. It is certainly manly.

LORD RANDOLPH'S RECANTATION.

IT is superfluous, and fortunately so, since it might perhaps be deemed a little ungracious, to scrutinize too closely the good faith of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S recent palinode. That he should have composed and chanted it at all is, for all the practical ends of politics, sufficient. The grace is in the performance of the act, and not in the way in which it is performed. It is enough that it testifies to Lord RANDOLPH'S desire not to separate himself avowedly from his party; not to put himself forward, or even to be supposed by the public to be desirous of figuring, as the organizer of a Conservative Cave; and that it reveals him as aspiring to the less picturesque but more innocent position of an advanced, but still loyal, member of a party who, however desirous he may be to indoctrinate it with his peculiar views, will always be willing, in the last resort, to subordinate those views to its deliberate collective judgment. Lord RANDOLPH'S anxiety to regain this position is visible in every line of his Newtown speech, and its intensity is measured by the laboriousness of his endeavour to show that his utterances at Birmingham were no more than logical and legitimate application of principles advocated, in common with himself, by the Conservative party at large. To say that this attempt was entirely successful would, of course, be going a good deal too far. Entirely successful it was not, and could not be; and, indeed, the task of justifying himself all round was recognized as so hopeless by the apologist himself that he quietly suppressed some three or four counts in the indictment which has been framed against them, and passed them over without any effort at an answer. Thus he said nothing about Egypt, which six weeks ago he was calling upon HER MAJESTY'S Government to evacuate out of hand. He made no attempt to explain away his loose and vague talk in the Midlands about the law of primogeniture. The eight hours question, on which at Birmingham he declared himself prepared to go greater lengths in the direction of paternal legislation than Mr. JOHN MORLEY, for instance, would be prepared to follow him, never put in an appearance at all in the Newtown speech. And to observe that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was compelled to suppress these little matters altogether from sheer inability to reconcile his former deliverances about them with his resumed attitude of orthodox Conservatism is, in effect, equivalent to remarking that at the points at which apology was most difficult the apologist has tacitly confessed his failure.

At the same time, however, we are not disposed to agree with those among Lord RANDOLPH'S critics who have treated his plea for the Conservative orthodoxy of his opinions in general as a mere tissue of verbal ingenuities. There is, in our judgment, a great deal more in it than that, and we feel constrained to admit, in justice to the pleader, that a considerable portion of his Birmingham confession of faith was, as he argues, no more than the legitimate expression of a good deal that passes for orthodox Conservatism in these days, and is held, no doubt, in a more or less confused fashion, but still held, by a good many of the Birmingham confessor's scandalized critics. When, for instance, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL reviewed his former utterances on the question of dealing with "the "evil arising from the disgraceful condition of the dwell-"ings which are inhabited by the larger portion of our "labouring population," and when he proceeded to compare his proposals for attacking this evil with those which have been approved by politicians high in repute with the Conservative party, we are bound to admit that he made out a very good case. Of course his language was marked by his characteristic exaggeration, and his views put forward in that peculiarly over-emphatic and *staccato* style to which he has accustomed his public. It is no doubt recklessly absurd to talk of the "larger portion" of "our labouring population" as inhabiting dwellings in a disgraceful condition; and no doubt Lord RANDOLPH stated his proposed remedies as if he meant them—it being one of the best-known and most effective points of his oratory that it always gives him the appearance of very much meaning what he says, whereas the average Conservative who is fond of tickling the ears of popular audiences on these subjects produces quite an opposite impression. But after all due deduction on this head it is not easy to dispute Lord RANDOLPH'S contention that whatever there is of "Communistic" or "Socialistic," or of the "many other "bad adjectives ending in istic," about his views, is just as discernible on examination in the views of statesmen who are accepted as authorized spokesmen of the Conservative party. So again, too, with the question of temperance legislation. On this Lord RANDOLPH has expressed himself, as on other subjects, in an ultra-Randolphian manner. No man calling himself a moderate Conservative, or indeed a moderate anything, would talk about the "detestable and "devilish liquor traffic"; partly because it is abusive nonsense to talk in that fashion of a trade which supplies the legitimate and wholesome wants of millions, and partly because a moderate Conservative would know that, if he did talk in that fashion, he would be justly endangering his reputation either for Conservatism, for moderation, or for both. But it is one thing to censure excess in language, and another to show that the man who errs in this respect can be shown to have exceeded the limits of principle which his censors themselves recognize; and we are very strongly of opinion that many a censor of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL who has had little difficulty in performing the first of these feats would find himself sorely put to it to accomplish the second. It is quite possible for a politician, without dealing in such adjectives as "detestable" and "devilish" on his own account, to commit himself to such a policy on the drink question as is, to all intents and purposes, based on the assumption that the licensed victualler, as such, is an offender against the community, and entitled, therefore, not to receive as of right, but merely, if at all, of grace, the treatment accorded by the Legislature to other persons engaged in other lawful trades. So, again, with the question of a constructive policy of Ireland. It is true enough, as Lord RANDOLPH says, that "five-sixths of the Unionist "party are deeply pledged to the establishment of Local "Government in Ireland." Equally true is it, as he says, that the same proportion of the party are as deeply pledged to the abolition of the present system of the dual ownership of land in Ireland, or, in other words, are pledged to assist the tenant, by Imperial aid, to purchase out the remaining rights of landlords. And when Lord RANDOLPH proceeds to contend, as he did at Birmingham, and as he was careful not to disdain doing at Newtown—that the establishment of Local Government must precede, and not follow, legislation for land purchase—he is merely giving definite shape to a vague political programme which is almost as often to be found in the mouths of Conservatives as in those of Liberal-Unionists, but which only needs to be set forth

with the clearness and precision which Lord Randolph Churchill has given to it in order to accuse itself as founded upon a fatally foolish reversal of the only safe and wise order of legislative procedure.

It is for reasons suggested by declarations of this kind that we are disposed to regard Lord Randolph Churchill's occasional escapades with less impatience, perhaps, than the majority of his critics. To us they appear, we must say, to serve the by no means valueless purpose of holding up the mirror—we do not mean the *St. James's Gazette*—to a certain kind of latter-day Conservatism, and compelling those who profess it to observe what spirit they are of. Of course they do not relish the process—no one in like circumstances ever does—but the process is, nevertheless, a salutary and useful one, to others beside themselves. It cannot but be instructive, not only to the Conservative party, but to the public at large, to be thus pointedly reminded that so-called Tory Democracy finds exponents among a not inconsiderable class of so-called Conservatives who shrink from labelling themselves as Tory Democrats, and that the dashing politician who has definitely adopted that title has no difficulty in showing, when it suits him to do so, that his political doctrines differ only in vigour of expression from those held under another name by these his unavowed disciples. It must do good all round to have this fact brought out so clearly as it has been in Lord Randolph's recent speeches. That latest form of Conservatism which relies for its popularity on repeating the jargon of the Radical on a variety of social and political questions can only be effectively exposed as a sham through the instrumentality of some titular member of the Conservative party, who finds his account like Lord Randolph Churchill in taking this jargon seriously, and in translating its vague generalities into the language of definite political action. The confusion and embarrassment with which a plainspoken exposition of this sort is then received by the Conservatives who affect the talk of Radicalism without realizing the full import of the principles which underlie it afford significant proof of the futility of such bids for popular favour, and will, we may hope, do much to discourage their repetition.

"WHAT IS A POUND?"

LANDLORDS of English country inns may once more lift up their heads, if not their prices, now that Mr. A. J. Butler has confessed to a little exaggeration in his comparative estimate of foreign and English hotel charges. When he wrote that you could not get your bare board and lodging, unless you were an ascetic, for less than one pound a day, it seems he was only trying to "draw" the other side. It was a little judicious move, Mr. Butler admits, in order to set the game going, and it succeeded tolerably well. "Tour out, Tour out," a well-known phrase in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, seems to have been present, in a punning sense, to Mr. Butler's ingenuous mind. From the first we suspected something of the kind. It is a far cry, however, from one pound a day, which was originally fixed by Mr. Butler as the minimum sum total exacted by innkeepers in the South-Eastern quarter, to the half a guinea which he is now quite content to accept as nearer the mark. To bring this more modest sum a trifle nearer his first estimate he includes a little wine bill—a mere bagatelle of three shillings for a bottle of claret—apparently forgetful of the fact that he made no mention of wine when extolling the excellence of the Meran hostelry. If this is another attempt at drawing his opponents, it cannot be commended as judicious. Why should Mr. Butler assume that the traveller would drink beer or water in the Engadine, and follow more luxurious ways at Dorking? The assumption is altogether gratuitous, and does little to advance Mr. Butler's argument. It leaves us a long way on the wrong side of the one pound bare board minimum. Most English travellers, we are confident, drink far more wine on the Continent than when engaged on tours in their own country. Naturally they drink the cheap wines of the country in Germany, France, and Italy, just as they consume the equivalents of those ordinary drinks—ales and cider—at home. After all is said, the cheapness of these things is not to be arrived at by a mere comparison of tariffs. A bottle of claret in an English inn, at three shillings, may be, and often is, a palatable beverage compared with some of the country wines of Switzerland and Italy, which are nevertheless constantly swallowed by the hardy sons of Albion when travelling abroad. On the important subject of quality Mr. Butler is singularly vague. He cites a little bill incurred at a village in the Lower Engadine, which is, indeed, miraculously cheap, if figures prove anything. Among other interesting items we have sixty centimes for wine. What this wine was we are not informed, nor whether its character was not so aggressive as to require an inordinate quantity of water to temper it to an educated palate. All that Mr. Butler vouchsafes is a general verdict that everything, food and drink alike, was excellent of its kind. In the absence of more explicit information we are perfectly willing to believe the statement that we might fare quite as well in many a Tyrolese inn for three shillings and sixpence a day as Mr. Butler fared in the Lower Engadine inns for six shillings.

Until travellers arrive at some common ground of accord as to what constitutes cheapness there can be no prospect of any settlement of the question discussed by Mr. Butler. Most tourists do not go abroad for the sake of the few shillings a day they may possibly save, or because they are convinced it is cheaper to see Switzerland or Germany than to travel at home. They desire a more piquant form of novelty or change than they can obtain in the South-Eastern counties or the placid Midlands. They are generally possessed, in a minor degree, with the ancient passion for things new or strange. They would study men's minds and manners with Ulysses, and care nothing that they are compelled to do so at crowded tables-d'hôte or on steamers and railroads. It is not because English inns are less home-like than foreign hotels that so few native tourists take up quarters in the Home counties. Nor would the annual rush of tourists to the Continent be perceptibly reduced by the establishment of model Tyrolean hotels in this country, with tariffs and accommodation such as Mr. Butler would approve. The allurements of travel are not comprised in these base matters. People are impelled to seek the unfamiliar by a resistless migratory instinct. They rightly, if possessed of the genuine locomotive disposition, "reject the lore of nicely calculated less or more," in which Mr. Butler and the correspondents he has "drawn" are so remarkably proficient. A graceless tourist is he who is in the least perturbed because Mr. Butler was lodged at a Tyrolean inn for one franc and a half, and "F. J. W.'s" double-bedded room cost nine shillings at Heidelberg, and four at another place. Better is it to emulate the commercial gentleman in *Punch* who immortalized an inn by the recollection of a generous leg of mutton than to be stretched on the rack of doubt by an exasperating comparison of his hotel bills with the more economical tariffs of Mr. Butler's experience.

THE LAST MURDER.

THE inexpressibly disgusting subject of the Whitechapel murders is not to be exhausted yet, obviously. Although all the publicity and comment which is occasionally praised as an assistance to the police has been so utterly useless in these cases that it might as well be omitted, and though there is even some possibility that the noise they are certain to make is an incentive to the crimes, we have had all the familiar newspaper matter over again about the discovery of Tuesday morning. In itself the discovery is not a novel one. It has been a not unusual incident in criminal history since the time of Katharine Hayes, and even before, to find the remains of a human body dismembered and hidden away. Indeed, it is only a few days since some such discovery was made in Edinburgh—without, it may be added, convulsing that city. Even in London comparatively little would have been heard of the remains if it were not for the neighbourhood in which they were discovered. But, being found in Whitechapel, they were at once supposed to indicate that another of the usual murders had been committed. There was consequently a great deal of the customary talk about them.

Whether the unknown brute for whom a popular name has been invented has been at work again is a question which may serve as well as many another for a block to chop logic upon. It is a plausible theory that he is at work, and is altering his method to puzzle the police. It is a probable opinion that somebody has been endeavouring to imitate him with just the same intention. There is some appearance of force in the arguments for the contention that neither one thing is the case nor the other. There being nothing worth calling evidence to go by, the occasion

is excellent for guessing and sending letters to the papers. Perhaps as profitable a comment as another to make is that, after all, the whole business—Whitechapel murder or imitation of Whitechapel murder—is not so amazing as much comment would seem to make it. The original murderer is, to begin with, probably not much more of a fiend than many others who, for want of a little resolution and a little industry, never get further than the police court. The husband who pulls his hobnailed boots on before kicking his pregnant wife—the mother who burns her daughter with a red-hot poker, so as to inflict life-long injury on her, are both of them as bestial as human beings can be. Such animals would have no more scruple about taking life, or sense of reverence for a dead body, than the Whitechapel murderer himself. Where bestiality of this kind is combined with a diseased imagination, and encouraged by impunity, it would probably add crime to crime for that mere pleasure in inflicting pain and exercising power which prompts a great deal of minor cruelty. That such crimes should be committed with impunity is no more wonderful than that BURKE went on for so long undiscovered—indeed, it is less surprising. In the case of BURKE and HARE there was a risk of treachery, which apparently does not exist here, for all the signs show that the Whitechapel murderer works alone. As long as he does so, and as long as there are women who will prostitute themselves to him in any hole, he may go on murdering. What he can do, others can do. It is idle to be horrified at the prospect, and worse than idle to talk about disgraces to our civilization, and to blame the police. The amazing want of even a rudimentary sense of the ridiculous which distinguishes the *Daily News* has led it to remark that this sort of thing would not happen if the police had not been called off from their proper duties to interfere with the freedom of Mr. BURNS's hired strikers. We do not see how the police can protect those who slink out of sight to avoid its control. If it is really wished to give effectual protection to the miserable women of the class which has supplied the victims of these crimes, there is an obvious way of doing it; but that way is one which in these days would be denounced by the whole army of shriekers.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

ELECTIONS, like other things, obey the law of "it never rains but it pours," and just at this moment a batch of considerable interest is coming on. The latest addition to this batch, the vacancy at Peterborough, caused by the early and most regretted death of Mr. FITZWILLIAM, removes a young and very promising member of Parliament of a particularly good type. But, putting private and personal matters aside, it is chiefly noteworthy as having given a fresh example of that incurable want of foresight which no amount of preaching seems to be able to remove. The Unionist majority at Peterborough was by no means very large, and the Gladstonians have for some time had an accepted candidate to run at the first vacancy. But the sitting member was a young man; there appeared to be no immediate necessity for a second string, and accordingly we are told "the Unionists are totally unprepared." If the seat is lost, which we sincerely trust it will not be, this want of preparation will be the reason.

In three of the other vacant constituencies a good fight is going on; it seems to be doubtful whether the fourth, Dundee, will be seriously fought. Mr. JOHN LENG, the selected Gladstonian candidate, is a very strong candidate indeed. As he is an excellent man of business, and is believed to possess ability of other kinds, it may be presumed that his Home Rule politics are a mere accident, and that he would have been equally strong for Coercion if Mr. GLADSTONE had continued to coerce. Dundee, which is a very Radical constituency, and has elected Radicals when they were the merest carpet-baggers, must be capricious if Mr. LENG does not suit it. He is, however, a capitalist; the "labour" party is very strong in the town of jute, and there is, or ought to be, a stout Unionist minority. Had Mr. JOHN BURNS come forward in earnest as a Socialist candidate there might have been a chance for honest men, and even as it is it is sincerely to be hoped that, split or no split, a Unionist candidate will be run. If you fight you may be defeated, but you certainly cannot win if you don't fight. This elementary proposition has not been neglected in the three remaining constituencies—one Scotch, two English—which are memberless. Mr. CHAPLIN's re-election by a handsome majority in the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire ought not to be doubtful; but his opponent, Mr. OTTER, is a well-known local man who has won a similar battle before now, and who has summoned all the professional craft of those about Mr. SCHNADHORST to his aid. The fight in North Bucks has at least one thing to recommend it, that both the candidates have good local connexions. Captain VERNEY, the Gladstonian, has been a busy politician who has never displayed much ability, but who can talk well enough. His silly revival, however, of the silly cry about Pigottism looks as if he had not found much to talk about on this occasion. Mr. HUBBARD is less personally known, and the majority by which his brother beat Captain VERNEY was anything but large, so that the fight will in any case be a narrow one. The best chance of positively winning a seat is in Morayshire. This was for long one of the chief Tory strongholds in Scotland, and it was lost fifteen years ago less by the personal popularity of the present Duke of FIFE (then Lord MACDUFF) and his father, though this helped, than by extraordinarily bad management on the other side. Once lost, however, it has never been recovered by the Tories, though some good fights have been made; and even the split in the Gladstonian party did not enable a Unionist to come in, though the late Mr. ANDERSON won very narrowly. In no part of the country, however, has it been harder to make Tories and Liberal-Unionists work together than in Scotland, and at the last election the Unionists were put to that hardest of all strains, the strain of being expected to vote for the very man they had formerly opposed. In the present contest things are better. The Unionist candidate's programme is Liberal enough, and he is at the same time Commissioner to the Dowager Countess of SEAFIELD, the chief representative of the Tory interest among landowners. And, if "Commissioners" are sometimes as unpopular as they are influential, Mr. LOGAN has the further advantage of being opposed only by Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY, who is not only a carpet-bagger, but, in another useful Americanism, one of the veriest "cranks" that even this age, fertile in cranks, has produced. Mr. KEAY has assorted, with considerable ingenuity, every extravagance of the Radical programme; but Morayshire men, who have had their share, and more, in spreading and profiting by British influence abroad, must be in a singular frame of mind indeed if they choose to be represented by the author of *Spoiling the Egyptians*.

THE MONETARY CONGRESS.

AN International Monetary Congress is sitting at Paris, together with a Spiritualist, and many other kinds of congresses. We do not note the juxtaposition as a wicked monometallist might for purposes of nihilifloccification, but simply as noting the fact that, while they are discussing every conceivable subject in *la ville lumière*, they have not forgotten that champion example of the unintelligible, but highly fascinating, the single and the double standard. For the rest it would be highly unbecoming to vilipend the Congress if only because, when Mr. CHAPLIN entertained the House of Commons with a disquisition on bimetallism, HER MAJESTY'S Ministers made the coming Congress in Paris an excuse among others for declining to commit themselves to a decision for or against. It, therefore, behoves us to listen attentively for some explanation of the currency reform by which the British farmer is to be made to find the growing of corn at 30*s*. a quarter profitable, and he who prefers to pay his debts in a coin worth, say, 15*s*. is to be able to do it without loss to him who has to take the said coin as equivalent to the sovereign which he lent.

We cannot say that the opening of the Congress has been satisfactory. As was perhaps natural, the bimetallists collected in force. The monometallists were represented by one paper which the partisans of the double standard appear to have pooh-poohed. It was possibly natural that the monometallists being in possession should not bestir themselves as actively as the bimetallists who are claimants. That was only what might have been expected. Still it is not in this way that a profitable discussion is likely to be got up. If the Congress is only going to give us a repetition of the arguments which have been advanced by the bimetallists in many speeches and many letters to papers, it will, we fear, not bring us nearer to a settlement of this great debate. As yet this is all it has done. M. MAGNIN repeated the woeful tale with which the world is per-

fectly familiar. He showed that the demonetization of silver has been followed by most exasperating falls and fluctuations in prices. That we knew already; but then the difficulty in this case, as in so many others, is to distinguish between *post* and *propter*. It is contended on the part of the monometallists, not without some show of argumentative force, that the fall in prices is due to many causes, quite independent of the currency. If that is so, the remonetization of silver would do us little good. We trust that this is one of the matters the Congress will thresh out. Moreover, there is one thing which the onlooker would like to have explained by the bimetallist, and it is this. If, as he asserts, the State, by declaring that so much of the metal A which bears its stamp can be exchanged for so much of the metal B, whereas they are not of the same value in the market, why should we not break away altogether from our slavery to the precious metals and accept a paper currency at once? which could be controlled as the output of silver cannot be. If it is the stamp of the State which fixes the value, why not put it on paper as well as silver? We know, as a matter of fact, that human folly will not accept a paper currency unless it has a solid metallic basis. It accepts banknotes, as we do silver, as a token as long as there is the security that gold can be got for it, and no longer. As long as that remains the case, of what avail can the fiat of the State be, except to introduce confusion into its currency? The more outspoken advocates of bimetallism openly avow their preference for it on the ground that it would enable the debtor to pay in the cheaper metal the debts he contracted in the dearer, and so deprive the creditor of the advantage he is held to have obtained by the appreciation of gold. This is natural from the debtor's point of view; but—and on this we look to receive light from the Congress—would not the remonetization of silver bring with it a fluctuation in the market of a rather severe kind? It is surely obvious that the increase would have an immediate effect on prices, or it would not. If it had, there would be one more fluctuation and one more kind of loss added to those we suffer from already. If it did not, it might do no harm to nobody; but also it would do no good. The Congress will cover itself with credit if it produces some authoritative judgment on these points. It is high time that the Congress or some other authority gave the decision, and so put a stop to a controversy which raises wild hopes in some, angry fears in others, and infinite puzzlement in yet others.

"FIRST-CLASS ORIGINAL INFORMATION."

SEVERAL points of interest have been brought out by the correspondence to which the *St. James's Gazette* has opened its columns on the subject of the American magazines; but that correspondence would have repaid itself in the single letter signed "JAMES DUNDAS." JAMES DUNDAS is well qualified, in one sense, to write about periodical literature. He is a "constant reader" with a vengeance. "I take regularly," he begins with pride—and then proceeds to enumerate the periodicals which he takes regularly, and a goodly list they make. It consists of three American and three English illustrated monthlies, and two English monthlies "plain," seven weeklies, two morning dailies, and two evening papers. All, he says, are more or less interesting; but the English monthly magazines, of which, as we have just seen, he takes in five, "I have given "up," he adds, "for many years." Interpreting this somewhat mysterious statement as meaning that Mr. DUNDAS has given up those which he has ceased to take in, we pursue his letter with curiosity to learn his reason, which he evidently thinks imperatively demanded of him, for contenting himself with eight monthlies. He longs, it seems, to increase the number; but he cannot. When a new one comes out, he usually has a look at the first number, hoping to meet with some promise of better things; "but "they all continue in the same bad way." The average English magazine is, alas! "almost, if not entirely, literary. "There are a couple of stories"—it is instructive to observe what first suggests itself to Mr. DUNDAS's mind under the head of literature—"and beyond that next to nothing. All "the other matter is either on subjects of no general in-"terest, or written in that roundabout, gossipping sort of "way" [chatter about SHELLEY?] "which says a great deal "without conveying any definite or original information of "any kind." How different is the "make-up" of the American magazines! There literature is made to know its place. The story is reduced to its proper subordinate position, and the kind of topics which fill the English magazine pages are relegated [would it not have been safe to bet any odds that Mr. DUNDAS would prefer "relegated" to "banished"?] to a few pages of small type at the end of the number. And then we come to Mr. DUNDAS's exquisite reason for preferring the main contents of the American to those of the English magazine. Here is the great secret. "The body of the number" of the American periodical is "filled with first-class original information which has not "been previously published in any form."

There you have it. The magazine ought to contain information which is not only "first-class and original," and thereby distinguished from the contents of the newspapers, but "which has not been previously published in any "form." This last condition seems at first sight a hard saying. A magazine editor, bound to keep up month by month a perpetual flow of information never previously published in *any* form, might well despair of success. But a glance at Mr. DUNDAS's examples reassures us. What he evidently means is information which has been published in any work which a man who has to read through four dailies, morning or evening, per diem, and seven weeklies a week, and eight monthlies a month, can be expected to find time to consult. He wants to find in our magazines "the "history of our railways, our canals, seaports, potteries, "textile industries, glassworks, iron and metal industries," or, in other words, the well-boiled-down contents of an encyclopædia. He wants to find in them "popular descriptions of "our cathedrals"; or, in other words, a series of more or less ingenious "cuts" from local guide-books. He thinks it would be a "fertile and interesting" subject—as it would be—"to trace the history of our ships," from the short merchant barques and war "snakes" of early times to the *Great Harry*, from the *Great Harry* to the *Victory*, and from the *Victory* to the *Benbow*. But he also thinks apparently that this would be "first-class original information "which has not been previously published in any form." In all which thinkings, but especially in the last, Mr. DUNDAS proves himself to be essentially a man of his time—of the time that believes that reading is culture, and that culture may be come by, with the assistance of the magazines, in a more expeditious and pleasant way than by wading through one's "hundred best books" so declared by *plébiscite*. There is no reason why Mr. DUNDAS should care about "literary" articles, meaning "stories," and certainly no reason why he should care about politics, philosophy, theology, economics, art, science, travel, all of which subjects are supposed to be represented, and some of which are certainly over-represented, in our monthly magazines and reviews. But why he should wish to exclude all this variety of subjects from English periodicals in favour of a class of matter which is to be found in any number of familiar manuals would be unintelligible but for one reason. Mr. DUNDAS, we take it, is not a reader of books, but at the same time is laudably solicitous for what he supposes to be the improvement of his mind. And his notion of improving his mind is to stow away in it as much "first-class original "information" as can be obtained in a "concise and popular "form."

EGYPT.

WE are inclined to think that the sarcastic remarks which have been made on M. SPULLER's address to the young Egyptian Princes, whom he recently entertained at dinner, are a little ungenerous. M. SPULLER, say the cynics, says that Egypt will always find France ready to help her, and, lo! it is but some six weeks or so since France refused to help Egypt in the very substantial way for Egypt, and on the very easy terms for France, of giving a scratch of the pen, which, at no cost whatever to M. SPULLER or his country, would have freed the KHEDIVE's country of some 160,000*l*. per annum of burden. It is astonishing how superficial these cynics are. An illustrious person, who has recently attracted more attention than any one during the last ten years, except Mr. GLADSTONE, Jumbo, and BUFFALO BILL, has recorded the fact that, in his wide and varied experience of the human race, the most cordial friends he has ever had (except Sir GEORGE CHETWYND) have been money-lenders. *Soit:* Mr. ERNEST BENZON is in case to judge. But, take the most generous example of this most generous order of men; take Mr.

Benzon's pick of money-lenders, take (and take down) his pledge to "help" a young heir to any extent. Could it be fairly urged that he had broken this pledge by standing in the way of a horrid family solicitor (Mr. Benzon knows how objectionable family solicitors are) who proposed to free the heir from a certain portion of his liabilities? No! every fibre of the good man would revolt at such a proposition. In the first place, it is not good for heirs and Egypts to be out of debt; they are ordained to be in it, to supply the purposes of the beneficent money-lender. In the second place, can it be forgotten that it was England which planned the hideous boon referred to? No good can come from England, the land of long teeth, large feet, cowards who manage to win Waterloo and a few other battles, and incompetent financiers who somehow or other succeed in reducing the debt that France helped to pile up. There is a deficiency in "taking the point of view" which is but too unfortunately apparent in these criticisms on M. Spuller, whose action, we are sure, every true Frenchman approved.

Meanwhile the actual governors of Egypt need trouble themselves very little about M. Spuller. While that friend of man and of Egypt is protesting, they do. Sir Francis Grenfell's despatch at length about the battle which crushed and killed that very interesting person, Wad-el-Njumi (a good account of whose life would be welcome), suffers a little from the over-minuteness and tendency to award prizes to all the boys in the class which has recently exhibited itself in the bulletins of certain English generals. But it is free, on the whole, from the magniloquence of the Souakim document, and it records, if not a wholly satisfactory, yet a genuine and creditable, bit of work. If we cannot quite say *sic itur ad astra*, we can, at any rate, say "that is the way to turn interesting barbarians out of a country where they have no business." Whether it is also the way to keep the said barbarians out is a point on which we have expressed our opinions many times, and need not now repeat them. But that was not Sir Francis Grenfell's business. His colleagues in the Civil Service are doing the same sort of work in the same sort of way—improving the administration, curtailing expenses, abridging the opportunities which the enterprising Gaul (to the great wrath of the said Gaul) has been accustomed to consider as his own opportunities of amassing a decent competence, and so forth. It is all very good work, though we might perhaps wish that it were carried out with less pretence of belief in a consummation which will never come—the education of the Egyptian into the power of "walking alone"—and with less wilful blindness to what is the *unum necessarium*, the restoration of Egypt's hold on the Upper Nile. However, so long as the immediate things are done well, the others may no doubt, to a certain extent, be left to take care of themselves—or, in other words, to grow to such a point that we shall have to take care of them, whether we will or no. It is not a strictly philosophical course of proceeding, but it is very English; and English courses of proceeding have, in spite of philosophy, had indifferent good success before now.

PHYSICAL "EXAMINATIONS."

Acting upon a hint thrown out in the last Report of the Civil Service Commissioners, Sir Francis Galton has applied his mind to the question of the "advisability of "assigning marks for bodily efficiency in the examinations "of the candidates for the public services," and has just read a paper on the subject to the Anthropological Section of the British Association. Whether the matter will ever be practically taken up by the authorities who regulate these examinations it is too soon to say; but, in the meantime, the preliminary inquiries instituted on this question by Sir F. Galton and others have been productive of at least one enlightening result. They have shown, at any rate, the erroneousness of the War Office theory that literary examinations are in themselves "indirect tests of bodily efficiency"—a theory amazingly opposed to the once popular belief that "high intellect" is usually associated with a "stunted "and weakly frame." The fact that two absolutely contradictory dogmas find favour on any obscure or unexplored subject is generally a good *primâ facie* ground for suspecting that neither of them is true; and such would seem to be the case in the present instance. Dr. Venn, we are told by Sir F. Galton, took "measurements" of 1,005 Cambridge students, divided into the three classes of (1) high-honour men, (2) low-honour men and (3) poll-men—that is to say, men who did not compete for honours, but took an ordinary pass degree. The result was that the physical efficiency proved to be almost exactly the same, "except that there appeared to be a slight "deficiency of eyesight among the high-honour men." Otherwise, they are alike throughout, alike in their average bodily efficiency, and alike in the frequency with which different degrees of bodily efficiency were distributed among them. Hence the fact that a man has succeeded in a literary examination does not give the slightest clue to the character of his physical powers and the view of the War Office that literary examinations are indirect tests of bodily efficiency—if this is the view of the War Office, for the military authorities do no more than declare themselves "completely satisfied with the physique of the young men "who come to them through our examinations"—is shown to be erroneous: Q. E. D.

The demonstration, however, does not, it must be owned, carry us much further for the present. Sir F. Galton contends quite logically that, as the intellectual differences between candidates near the line which divides success from failure are usually small, whereas their physical differences are as great as among an equal number of the other candidates taken at random, it would be "most reasonable, whenever two "candidates are almost on a par intellectually, though one is "far superior physically, that the latter should be preferred." "This," adds Sir F. Galton, "is practically all I propose." Now we shall certainly not be suspected of any prejudice against any proposal which might promise to correct some of the defects of a too "bookish" system of competitive examination for posts requiring many other qualities besides those of the student. Our natural prepossessions are, on the contrary, all in favour of such a proposal; and we ought, therefore, to have the credit of impartial critics when we express a doubt as to whether the scheme of physical examination which Sir F. Galton then proceeded to explain is capable of being applied on any scale so large as to justify its elaborate character. No doubt the general principle is plain enough. Candidate A, a little inferior intellectually to Candidate B, but physically much superior, ought to be preferred to him. On that we are agreed; but, then, the mere fact that the physical superiority of the former must, by the hypothesis, be well marked (for preference in this case is all that Sir F. Galton "practically proposes") would appear to render his method of "diagrams" and "isograms," and all the rest of it, a needlessly troublesome and minute mode of ascertaining a fact which would or should be almost patent to the senses. The only case in which, as it seems to us, Sir F. Galton's machinery would be necessary at all would be when it was a question as to which of two just defeated candidates, nearly equal in superior strength, should be preferred to a successful candidate with a few more marks than either of them, and physically far inferior to both. Cases of this kind, however, will surely be too rare to make the machinery in question repay the cost and trouble of setting it up. And once go beyond this point—once suppose the intellectual difference between two candidates, as measured by marks, to be at all substantial—and we immediately find ourselves landed in the necessarily insoluble difficulty of striking a balance between two sets of qualifications which are not *in pari materiâ*, and deciding how much eyesight is to reckon against a lack of historical dates, how much lung capacity is to atone for shaky mathematics.

MORE CURIOUS CURIOS.

India is the home of curious curios—we incline to add, as of all other charming things, but our generation is unprepared to receive this startling pronouncement. The enthusiast must restrain himself awhile; not for long, if the conversion of the Philistine goes on at its present rate. It is not yet forty years since the Commissioners of our first Exhibition issued their Report, if we reckon by time; but a cycle in the history of ethics has gone by since the chosen representatives of taste and judgment in this realm could declare, with official solemnity, that the arts of India have not advanced beyond primitive types, and are, flatly, "immature and imperfect." You may still find books upon architecture which contain no reference to the great Indian monuments; or, more grotesquely barbarous yet, give a few patronizing words to the Taj, as though that were the only one even deserving mention. We ourselves have seen nearly all the grandest and most famous works of human genius—not with a tourist's glance, but with the leisurely survey of weeks and

months. Palmyra and Pæstum, and the Moorish trophies of Spain, have still to be visited, but we think of no others. Saving the Acropolis, not one can compare with the Taj Mahal, Akber's palace at Agra, and—in a different style—the palace at Delhi. But these are only the supreme examples. Wherever the Pathans set up their rule beauty and taste gathered round them.

Entertaining this view of Indian art, it may be credited that a gentle form of hypochondria possessed us while dwelling in that glorious land. Columns, we thought just now, would not suffice for a mere list of the strange and lovely things noted there. But, on grasping the pen, reflection chills our eagerness. So many and such excellent books have been published lately on this theme that very few styles of art or handicraft worth describing remain undescribed. We have no intention of naming curios which are registered in Baden Powell or Birdwood; and how many have escaped those industrious and sympathetic observers? Moreover, the public had an opportunity to make its own studies at South Kensington a short time ago, and it appears to have used them. Our reminiscences of India, therefore, will be brief. The very oddest curio observed there—and, indeed, elsewhere—was the dress of a woman belonging, probably, to one of the hill peoples about Simla. We came upon her, with her friends, when leading our pony up a mountain track; they had halted in their descent. Close scrutiny was out of the question; the pundits of Simla could not understand our report; and we were almost inclined to distrust a hasty impression until, years afterwards, we found a sample of this amazing fabric in the collection of Dr. Leitner. The hill-woman had a robe of silky cotton, closely ornamented with very large drops, round or oval or pear-shaped, in symmetrical groupings. They were golden in colour, and they stood forth quite one-third of an inch; the centre one of each design probably half an inch. A most singular object, but by no means ungraceful—what Indian system of ornament is, though it may often err in form? But examination, with Dr. Leitner's assistance, revealed facts infinitely more surprising. The drops might well puzzle an observer; for they are tallow, hardened by some process, stained, and made closely adhesive. They cling to the stuff without fastening. A very elegant class of metal-ware we remarked on the stall of a craftsman at Umritsar, whereof no other examples have come under our notice. Its principle lies in the coating of copper with some white metal through which the design is cut; just as the Cashmiris and their imitators gild silver and incise the pattern down to the white beneath the gold. This Umritsar man, in fact, produced a cheap adaptation of a costly style, which has the merit of lasting—so much to be desired in the beautiful Cashmir work. We gave him an order, but alas! through some misapprehension it reached us, twelve months afterwards, with all the fine tracery blackened—a very poor copy of the Moradabad enamel. Speaking of Cashmir, we recall the exquisite little flower-vases of Sir Richard Thornton, the like of which have never come beneath our notice. These dainty globes had a black surface, outlining foliage in unburnished white metal—perhaps silver—upon which lovely little flowers stood out with the utmost brilliancy. This work must be very rare; Lord Northbrook is said to have a few glorious examples. A much more feeble manufacture in the same style may be found occasionally. Foliage and flowers alike are burnished, in this rougher ware, and the inlaying of white metal is so thin that it will not bear rough usage long. We give the warning from experience. There is a delightful custom among women and girls of the Punjab of wearing lac bracelets, a dozen or more, set with beads of liveliest colour. In the early morning they may be seen waiting at their "jeweller's" stall, and he promptly rigs them out for the day—a day of festival, we presume. The bracelets are cooking gently by a charcoal fire to keep them soft. A young woman stretches out her arm—they are always laughing, those pretty Punjabis—the artist takes a hot knife, divides the warm circlet, clasps it round, and picks up another as fast as his hands can work. As the lac cools it hardens, of course. As charming as could be is the effect of these tasteful trifles in sufficient number. We forget how many go for a halfpenny; but a jeweller filled a biscuit-case for us as large as a hat-box with rolls of them for five rupees; and we paid the stranger's price, no doubt.

The curios of the Further East are not so familiar to Britons. Foremost among them is the kris—which we used to spell creese. A fabulous value is put upon old specimens, and deservedly, for they show fine damascening down the middle of the serpentine blade. A kris, however, is not less a kris though it be straight. That form belongs especially to the instrument used for execution—a doomed man sits smoking and chatting, laughing if a joke arise as cheerfully as usual, while the officer of justice creeps up behind, and thrusts his keen blade downwards, betwixt neck and shoulder. Malays are always original. These heavy krises, eighteen inches long or more, are peculiar to the piratical races. Very awkward implements they must be to handle; but all these peoples are eccentric in the matter of tools. The Malay chopping-knife or sword is not straight. It slants off at an obtuse angle from the hilt, so that seventy-five per cent. of force would be lost in a downright blow if a man grasped it by the handle. We may trace in both these forms of weapon an absurd extravagance of ingenuity. If the Sulu kris were as sharp as a razor, and it could be applied to a man's throat, one lunge of its waving blade might cut his head off; thus, indeed, experts display its use, protruding the object at arm's length, its edge flat, describing narrow horizontal circles therewith. So, if the parang were keen enough, and a man could strike home with it, by the mere arrangement of the blade he must needs draw its full length through the wound. But they are both ridiculous; we only give this explanation because nine people in ten who see these odd things puzzle over them. A Malay chief in robes of state thrusts the kris or parang through his girdle, leaving the hilt of gold or ivory, perhaps set with emeralds, well forward. But a gentlemanly feeling checks the obtrusion of magnificence in weapons—your Malay is a fine gentleman. So he covers the hilt with his kain bandara, silk and gold, thus assuming exactly both in figure and in gait the swaggering waddle of the Albanian. So human nature asserts itself everywhere under like conditions. These kain bandaras are feeble works of art compared with the Indian gold cloths, but they produce the effect of gorgeousness as well, if not better. One which was given to us by the Maharajah of Johore made a blaze in the sun, and a smooth, unbroken sheen in half-light, which we never saw equalled in embroidery. Any woman appeared to have the skill for weaving these things, more or less good, in our time, if the materials were provided, just as any man professed to be able to forge a kris. Their forefathers could, no doubt; but this generation has lost the art. Very many of them, however, can execute goldsmith's work, with just the tools to hand. We bought once a noble pirate's kris, of which the hilt was broken; one of our boys proposed to cover it with silver, and asked a scheme of ornament. A piece of string was given him, and a certain number of dollars, which he somehow converted into wire, and therewith constructed a very handsome and ingenious style of decoration. The reminiscence calls to mind that beautiful white string which the women of the palace manufacture at Coomassie. It is a real work of art, most complicated in pattern, and set off with pretty tufts here and there, made, we imagine, by allowing a strand to escape. There is little enough in the way of curios worth storing throughout the length and breadth of Africa. But we do not regard the inland, negroid races as hopeless by any means. They have much taste and some feeling for art. The cotton stuffs of Ashantee, so much prized all along that coast, promise well for the future. Their graceful and striking ornament, symmetrical but quite irregular, is produced by gathering a bunch of stuff between the fingers and dipping it in the dye; thus a rough, starlike group of patches is stained on the snowy surface. Great judgment and practice, however, must be required to effect by such rude means the pleasing appearance of uniformity in endless variation of detail which gives a charm to the Ashantee cottons. The dyes also are remarkably soft. This same process of bunching and dipping is the secret of those lovely Java silks which used to be so commonly worn both by men and women, white and native, about the Straits. They do not seem to be obtainable now, anywhere, and the younger generation of merchants have no acquaintance with them. The Oriental, of course, makes vastly more profit than the negro out of the same idea. He ties up his silk in numberless bunches tightly, and so manipulates it that when the strings are cut, after dipping, not only does the agreeable variety of starlike prints remain—more than that, the silk is delightfully crumpled, and so continues for any length of years if kept dry. It is most unlikely that the Javanese have abandoned an immemorial class of manufacture which must have been a large item of their trade thirty years ago. These silks have gone out of fashion, probably, in the realm whither they were forwarded from Singapore—which was not England. But—as has been remarked—we have learned something in thirty years, and they might be welcomed with enthusiasm now. Very rare and very wonderful are the Natuna mats woven in the small islands of that name. This is a distinct industry, without parallel elsewhere, so far as we know. All Oriental mats of the show-class are pretty, some superb; but the Natunas stand first. They are plaited in open work, after the manner of old-fashioned antimacassars, so skilfully that no loose end is seen, nor suspected even, and so strongly that they will bear almost as rough usage as the common rush mat. A single one cannot be bought, unless by chance; they are made in sets of five. A family of the average number, giving three adult workers and three children, will turn out a set in two to four years of the usual first-class varieties; but we heard of an order given by a great chief in the Dutch territory upon which half a village had already been working for twelve years. The price agreed was $1,200, and people were already complaining that they had lost money in the contract. An average sum to pay for a set of Natuna mats in our time was $250—say, 60*l.*; but there were bargains in the market at $1,000. European merchants and amateurs had already given commissions which would occupy the whole generation of islanders for their lives long, working in the honest, pleasant old fashion. Probably there are "sweaters" there now, and scamped work, and adulterated materials, and all the other boons of Christian civilization.

LONDON'S FACE.

THE physiognomy of the capital is always interesting to those not too eager in the pursuit of pleasure or gain to contemplate it; but perhaps the ever-shifting face of London has never offered a more fruitful subject of study than at present. "Society" being scattered to the four winds of heaven, the ranks of the remaining

four and a half millions, or thereabout, are swollen by the tens of thousands of strangers whose wont it is to invade the metropolis at this period, declared by stay-at-homes to be the most pleasant time of year for those who do not essay to pass the best part of their existence in a whirl of gaiety. It is late in the day to talk of the marvellous growth of London; but in truth those of us who assume to be tolerably well acquainted with its kaleidoscopic changes may well ask when this extension of the town will stop. The new streets which were made seemingly but yesterday are already teeming with life; the south side of the great Avenue cut through the heart of Soho is entirely built upon, although few of the numberless edifices recently raised, as if by magic, are as yet actually completed. When that long range of shops, offices, and chambers is finished and occupied there will be no more imposing commercial thoroughfare than Shaftesbury Avenue—the creation of a couple of years or so. True, there is nothing even remotely suggestive of the picturesque in the architecture on the north side, most of which, to speak frankly, is abominably ugly; but we have yet to witness the advent of an Haussmann or an Anspach in this country. Piccadilly Circus is being gradually metamorphosed into a miniature Place Vendôme; and, the complaints of the æsthetes notwithstanding, the erection of the new "refuge," with its handsome lamps and strikingly-massive, if somewhat nondescript, "trophy" of gleaming Aberdeen granite, cannot be regarded other than as a decided improvement. For a wonder, those vague and shadowy personages, the "authorities," reversing the "good old rule, the simple plan" of selecting the height of the season for repairing the wood pavement in the Strand and the upper part of Oxford Street have pitched upon August and September for relaying those thoroughfares. One of the most striking changes in the outward aspect of things is to be witnessed in the Haymarket, and is due to the transformation of the front of Her Majesty's Theatre, which, from being a marvel of dinginess verging on squalor, has now blossomed into a mass of gold-leaf decoration (so far as the background of the entablature is concerned), the effect of which is, however, utterly ruined by the adoption of a rich gamboge colour for the flanking walls. Shade of Owen Jones, what is the art of "decoration" coming to in this our time?

But, after all, it is the human rather than the material physiognomy of London which is more calculated to arrest attention even at this comparatively early part of the *saison morte*. Surely never before was there such an invasion of our capital by the foreigner, and especially by the American traveller. Our cousins from across the Atlantic swarm and increase in number day by day. Nearly, if not quite, all of them have come to London from Paris, fresh from the questionable delights of fair Lutetia in "Exposition" time. The pavement between the Grand Hotel and Oxford Circus is the special property of these wanderers, whose free-and-easy manner and rough-and-ready garb betray them at every step. Their strident tones penetrate for yards, and their complacency knows no bounds. They are here, the men in drab alpaca suits and soft shapeless hats, the women in the most ultra unfashionable attire ever seen out of Philadelphia or Chicago, to enjoy themselves and for no other purpose; and they do enjoy themselves *quand même*. A fact, almost unprecedented, may be here mentioned. West-end tradesmen have actually been heard to express themselves favourably when questioned as to the recently-expired season. Strange to say, some of these *commerçants* consider that, "on the whole," the London Season of 1889 was a tolerably good one—that is to say, from their, the money-making, point of view. Their hearts must, indeed, expand with gratitude at finding that the "dead" season is anything but the dull, tradeless time it too frequently is. Our fair American cousins haunt the great fashion shops in Regent Street and Oxford Street, fascinated by the "summer sales," which, be it noted, are, in trade parlance, still "on," and anything but proof against the blandishments of the "Howell-and-James-young-man" and his kind. The poor policeman is badgered out of his life, one would think, by a repetition of the same mazy questions day after day; but he stands it well, and is infinitely more obliging and good-tempered than the most-times haughty *gendarme*, with his look of supreme contempt for everybody who does not speak the French of Paris. The manner in which the strangers within our gates amuse themselves of nights might well form the subject of a separate article. Comparatively few theatres are open; but there are the "Promenades" at the two great houses, and, of course, there are the "Halls." The Spanish Exhibition is a poor substitute for the "internationals" of previous years, with their bands and illuminations; but it doubtless serves our visitors to some slight extent as an open-air resort whither they can be whisked from Charing Cross in half an hour, unless "metal more attractive" offers itself. And, on the whole, perhaps the great army of tourists do not find time hang too heavily on their hands even when London—or, rather, the great world—is out of town.

THE INTERNATIONAL STATISTICAL INSTITUTE.

THE second meeting of the Institute, held last week in Paris under the able guidance of Sir Rawson Rawson, has proved pleasant and profitable. The International Statistical Institute, it will be remembered, was founded in London four years ago, and held its first congress in Rome in 1887. It has taken the place, it is hoped upon a firm basis at last, of the various congresses of International Statistics which in past years have been born to perish like the flowers of the field. These meetings died, strange to say, of their own success, and in consequence of the increased popularity of statistics. They were practically open to any subscriber, and the hangers-on became so overwhelming in numbers that no real business could be effected. The present Institute is more carefully constructed. Its numbers are strictly limited to 150. Accordingly there is no room for drones, and only the working bees of this interesting young science gain admission to the statistical hive. England was well represented at Paris in economical statistics by Mr. Robert Giffen and Mr. A. E. Bateman, both of the Board of Trade, and in agricultural matters by Major Craigie. Germany was conspicuous by the absence of all her representatives, official and unofficial; but most of the other European States had one or more members present, France, of course, having the lion's share at a Paris meeting.

Although the Congress was not in any sense official, some rooms in the new Ministry of Commerce were lent for the meetings, and a good deal of help in the way of printing and secretaries' work was kindly given by the same department. After the opening speech of the President, Sir Rawson Rawson, the first day's work comprised an interesting address by M. Juglar on the periodicity of commercial crises. Mr. Bateman reported the proceedings of the Labour Bureau in England, and there was a general interchange of ideas as to what could be done in the publication of prices and wages statistics. It is doubtful whether an international or even a national *Bradshaw* can ever be published that will show the working-man what he will have to pay everywhere for rent, clothes, food, taxes, and luxuries, and how much he may expect to earn in the particular industry he is capable of, but some progress is being made in this direction, especially in the United States. Another useful bit of work was Major Craigie's Committee on landed property and agricultural holdings, which has already improved our knowledge of large and small holdings, and their influence on cultivation in various countries. The "Index No.," of course, came in for attention, and so did an even more technical and abstruse subject, the measurement of shipping tonnage. When the profits in freights are cut so fine as they often are in the present day, it is most desirable that tonnage and harbour dues should not press more severely on one class of vessels than on another, and, therefore, the deduction from the gross tonnage on account of engine-space, and the like, ought to be uniform.

The Committee, which Mr. Bateman started at Rome in 1887, for improving the bases of the trade statistics of the different countries, continued its labours, and the English representatives were successful in getting a resolution passed in favour of the English system of registering the imports and exports at the prices of the day. In most European countries a serious and solemn Commission fixes these prices some time in the year after the statistics are taken. The result is that such a phenomenon as the recent boom in sugar prices would not be shown this year in their monthly trade accounts, which are based on last year's prices. The inconvenience, and even the absurdity, of this system are obvious. A more ambitious but less practically useful reform was suggested by the French economist, M. Fournier de Flaix, in his attempt to classify the religions of the world according to population, and to deduce various ingenious theories of increase of population according to religion and sect. A Russian professor questioned the accuracy of these deductions in respect of the Jews in Russia, and showed that climate and geographical position affected the fertility of early or late marriages much more than sect does. A further objection is a forcible one—that in countries such as Italy there are vast numbers of the population who cannot fairly be classed as Roman Catholics, though they are usually counted so. If a religious census is taken, and people enter themselves under one or other sect, there is no need to go behind the figures and inquire whether all really belong to the sect they profess; but it is a different matter to sweep the great bulk of the population into the dominant religion.

One of the most interesting subjects of the Congress was the system of measuring prisoners which has been in force in France for five or six years. Up to the close of 1888 about 100,000 prisoners had been measured and photographed. These measurements are of a most minute character, including height, length and breadth of head, length of forearm, middle finger, foot, and ear. The colour of the eye is also recorded. The cards containing all these and other measurements are tabulated first under "length of head," the sizes being classed as "long," "medium," and "short." By again subdividing these classes into the "long," "medium," and "short-fingered," "armed," and so forth, it takes an astonishingly short time to trace out the measurement of a prisoner who has been measured before. By next consulting his photograph it is easy to identify him and his past misdeeds. A fresh terror to malefactors is added in this way; for the *récidivistes* have hitherto made it a practice to give a false name, in order to avoid the heavier penalties of a second or a third offence.

When Dr. Bertillon had minutely explained the process to the members of the Institution during their visit to the Palais de Justice, it was proposed that an experiment *in corpore vili* should be made. A curious and rather brutal scene accordingly took place. A man who had been captured the night before in the act of theft was brought into the presence of the

statisticians. As usual, he gave a name unknown to the criminal annals, while denying that he had ever been a prisoner before. He was immediately stripped to his shirt and trousers, and measured in the prescribed way. After sorting the measurements for about five minutes an almost exact replica of details was discovered, and, appended to it, a photograph bearing a striking resemblance to the unhappy thief. It was a very curious, but to English notions rather a shocking, sight to watch the toils being drawn closer and closer round the wretched man, and to hear the applause of some of the party, which included a few ladies, when the final touch was given in the production of the criminating photograph. It must be owned that there was no doubt about the matter, as the man at once acknowledged, not merely the photograph, but his own damaging antecedents. But we are accustomed in perfidious Albion to see foxes and human culprits get a fair start, and the detection of crime before trial by such experiments had an air that was painful as well as unsportsmanlike.

It appears from the returns that no less than 2,150 *récidivistes*, or relapsed criminals, who had denied their identity, have been discovered by this process since it was first introduced in France, besides the large number who now relinquish all idea of concealment when they see the measuring machine, as if it were a modern rack and thumbscrew. Dr. Bertillon is anxious to make the system international, now that locomotion is so very easy that criminals change their country as in earlier times they used to change their village. A further interesting and important result is likely to be reached by the comparison of all these thousand measurements of prisoners—namely, the discovery of the criminal "type." It seems that the measurements of head, ear, and fingers show formations differing materially from those of the ordinary moral mortal, and the French savants hope that an easy diagnosis may thus be made of the criminal type as a guide to the subjects on whom segregation from their fellowmen ought to be practised, so as to secure society against their depredations. No doubt infinite possibilities may be opened up, but it would be a shocking result of all this statistical investigation if some unfortunate individual, whose venial offence should be letting out his dog unmuzzled or not sending his child to the Board school, should be discovered, by being measured at the police station, to belong to the class of moral lepers, and be stigmatized as "a criminal type." He might be blameless in word and deed, but the angle of his forehead and the length of his little finger would doom him, by the new statistical philosophy, to a life-long retirement in a settlement of outcasts. To return to the actual process of identification, the greatest difficulty in obtaining certainty is found in cases when the false name given is that of a brother or other near relative. The measurements of brothers are often singularly identical. In these cases the proofs of identity mainly rest on scars and bodily marks. The whole subject is treated with minuteness in an interesting *Notice sur le Fonctionnement du Service d'Identification* (Paris: G. Masson), just issued by M. Alphonse Bertillon, the inventor.

An interesting report was read by M. Cheysson on the statistics of internal communication, and how to make the returns of the various countries more easily comparable. It seems that in France, which has long been the home of the most elaborate official statistics, not only is the quantity of merchandise carried by railway shown according to the distance conveyed—the ton-kilometre to which our railway Companies object in its English form, the ton-mile—but the tonnage carried on the canals is similarly recorded according to distance, and every five years the traffic along the main roads is at many points counted seven times in the year. In this way every day of the week a count is made of vehicles, distinguished as "light," "heavy," and "empty." A grand reckoning is then made of the total weight of all these vehicles, specimens of each sort having first been solemnly weighed to obtain the average. The coasting trade is also reckoned by distance, so that a 500-ton vessel from Dunkirk to Bordeaux gets its proper allowance for distance over the vessel that passes only between two nearer ports. It was pointed out at the Congress that, to be logical, the foreign trade should be treated in the same manner; but even French statisticians shrink from the double entry of imports and exports by degree of distance.

The next place of meeting of the International Institute of Statistics has been fixed in Vienna, in 1891, and it has been decided to hold a special Congress at Washington, in 1892, on occasion of the fourth Centennial of the discovery of the New World. This second date, however, must be considered as merely probable; the final decision will be left to the delegates to Vienna in 1891. The Institute is to be congratulated on the amount of useful business which it has proved itself able to organize.

THE EXPERIMENTAL MATINÉE.

II.

THE first question with which the matinée-giver will find himself confronted is the choice of a theatre. With the number of houses now open in London this would seem an easy task, but in reality it is more difficult than at first sight appears. By certain managers, and those the very ones whose theatres would appear most desirable, the experimental matinée is tabooed, or is only to be arranged for on terms practically prohibitive. The choice narrows itself down to, at most, some half-dozen houses, outside the walls of one or other of which such performances are rarely, if ever, seen. These houses are, with scarcely an exception, of small size, and, as the giver of the performance in his anxiety to attract the attention of those influential in the theatrical world will invite to his stalls and boxes the representatives of all the papers, the managers of all the theatres, and such others as he may consider of importance, it will readily be understood that he will not have many seats to dispose of at the market price to those anxious to obtain them on those terms. As a matter of fact, he will have plenty of applications for admission on eleemosynary conditions; but to comply with such requests wholesale, though gratifying to his *amour propre*, will not conduce to a healthy balance-sheet. Still, unless he be desirous of swelling his expenses to a dangerously high figure, or unless he be confident beyond the common of the public support, our experimentalist will do well to choose one of the smaller houses.

The theatre decided on, the entrepreneur will find that, for the payment of a lump sum, he will be supplied with the use of the house for a stipulated number of rehearsals and for the performance, together with the services of the band, and of the staff of carpenters, property-men, gasmen, &c., behind the curtain, and of money-takers, check-takers, &c., before the curtain; also with such scenery and properties as are in stock. Let not, however, the inexperienced in such matters flatter himself that such an arrangement will relieve him of any further expenditure in those departments; for he will find himself debarred from using any scenery or furniture which is employed in the current evening's bill of the theatre; and that brings us face to face with one of the peculiarities of our modern theatrical system—namely, that as a rule the manager of to-day has never within the walls of his theatre the wherewithal, either in personnel or mise-en-scène, to mount more than one play at a time. Actors are engaged generally for the run of a play, and the company of any particular theatre is therefore, with few exceptions, liable to the most sweeping changes with every alteration of programme. So, too, with the inanimate adjuncts of the stage (if anything can be more inanimate than some of the actors of the day). The modern tendency is in favour of small theatres, and the value of ground in favourable situations at the West End of London leads to great economy of space in their erection. Such curtailment is generally effected by the practical abolition of the painting-room and of the scene-dock, the storehouse of such scenery as is not in active use on the stage. The taste of the day also runs towards a solid and even cumbrous method of mounting plays. "Interior" scenes are of small account unless the windows and doors are of solid carpenter's work; while elaborate cornices, dados, and overmantels, imported direct from Tottenham Court Road, have replaced the more legitimate brush-work of the scene-painter. Out-of-door scenes must be built at different levels, with mossy banks and trickling streams and trees with solid trunks. Scenery so manufactured, besides being responsible for many an over-lengthy "wait" between the acts, has the additional disadvantage of bulkiness in storage, which, with the small size of our modern houses, chokes a theatre with the setting necessary for a single piece. Of course each manager possesses a stock of scenery which he has from time to time provided for the various plays he may have produced; such, however, is no longer kept, as of old, in the scene-dock of his theatre, but is warehoused in some outlying building rented for the purpose, generally the arch of a railway viaduct. This stock may generally be drawn upon for the purposes of an experimental matinée; but the "experimentalist" will be expected to pay for the men's time employed in looking out and carting the goods. Failing such stock, a scene may have to be borrowed from another house, or even to be specially painted for the occasion. As with the scenery so with the properties. Many managers keep no stage furniture of their own on their premises, but hire from well-known firms what they may require for their successive productions. Such articles are rarely at the service of the matinée-giver, who is in his turn driven to furnish his scenes in the same way. The item of the band only implies their attendance at the performance itself; should there be any incidental music in the play which renders necessary their presence at rehearsal, extra expense is inevitable. The cost of matinées will, of course, vary very largely; but the experimentalist will be wise in reckoning on an addition of from thirty to forty per cent. on the original charge for the theatre to meet these extra expenses.

The theatre decided on, next arises the question of the date. Perhaps this seems a simple matter; surely one day is as good as another? Not so to any one with knowledge of the theatrical world. Let us take the theatrical week, beginning as it generally does, in London at any rate, on Saturday. That is a day quite out of the question for an experimental matinée, for nearly every stage, like nearly every actor and actress in town, is occupied with an afternoon performance of the current evening's bill. Monday is almost equally out of the question, as no rehearsal would be possible later than Friday, Saturday being a *dies non* for the reasons above stated. On Tuesdays and Thursdays complete London companies are wont to visit the Crystal Palace and Brighton, which may prevent the attendance of some of the destined cast, while Friday would by many be deemed too "unlucky" a day to be thought of. Even Wednesday, the only day against which we have as yet alleged nothing, is

not unfrequently used for the regular matinées of some very popular plays which can bear the strain of eight performances a week. Then there is the difficulty of avoiding a collision with other performances of the same kind, or with any big social or sporting function whose rivalry would be disastrous; all which considerations will show that the date of an undertaking such as we are describing is not so easy of settlement as may at first sight appear.

As regards the choice of a play (except in those cases in which the production of a new piece is the very *raison d'être* of the performance, when the play may be said to choose itself), recourse is usually made by those histrionic aspirants who seek fortune by means of the matinée to the leading parts of the old stock plays, to Lady Teazle, Julia and Juliana, to Claude Melnotte and Romeo, sometimes by those "around whose breast is oak and threefold brass"—to Shylock and to Hamlet. Such choice is absurdly ambitious, of course; but absurd ambition is of the very essence of the experimental matinée, and there are undoubtedly other considerations which lead the beginner to these parts. Most of the budding geniuses for whose amusement and instruction matinées exist are to some extent *in statu pupillari*; their coach, generally some actor or actress of the old school, possesses prompt-books wherein all the business pertaining to these old plays is carefully noted, and it is therefore a merely mechanical process, for the teacher at any rate, to teach a novice parrot-like one of the leading parts therein. The business of rehearsal is simplified by the choice of one of these "stock" plays. Notwithstanding that the average experience of the actor in the whole range of dramatic literature is, owing to long runs, touring companies, and other causes, rapidly decreasing, it is still possible to cast the plays of Shakspeare (such of them, at any rate, as are now usually seen on the boards), of Sheridan, and Goldsmith, among actors whom previous experience has rendered familiar with the text and "business" of the piece, and who will, therefore, require but few rehearsals. Such an arrangement simplifies the labours of the organizer of the matinée, generally the "coach" and adviser of the novice; but how hopelessly dull is a performance on such lines, the beginner ineffectually struggling with a task far beyond his (or her) powers, the general cast frequently selected more from economy or "safety" (for it would not do to have the central figure too absolutely eclipsed) than for brilliancy, the mounting always inadequate, sometimes unequivocally ridiculous. It is to witness such a spectacle that many an afternoon audience is summoned to desert its business or its pleasure, and to learn to loathe the very name of the experimental matinée.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS IN ITALY.

ITALY has been in the throes of banking and industrial difficulties for more than a year, which is likely to have important political as well as economic consequences. The unification of the kingdom and the immense foreign investment that followed led to a great development of industry in Italy. As a consequence there was a very large immigration from the rural districts to the towns, and the towns naturally grew very rapidly. Fortunes were quickly made by those who early foresaw the course that events were taking, and the knowledge that these fortunes were made gave birth to a reckless speculation in lands and houses. Speculative builders without capital of their own were enabled to borrow any sums they pleased to ask for at from 7 to 10 per cent. per annum interest, bankers vying with one another for their custom. The bankers obtained means to lend the immense sums which they advanced by borrowing in turn in France. France had long been the banker as well as the best customer of Italy. French capital had largely provided the means of the economic development to which we have been referring, and had also upheld the credit of the kingdom. So long, therefore, as French capitalists were ready to lend to the Italian banks, the building speculation went on merrily. But when Italy joined the Triple Alliance, and broke off the Commercial Treaty with France, French bankers began to withdraw their money from Italy. For a time the Italian bankers were able to borrow in London, Amsterdam, and Berlin; but the bankers of London, Berlin, and Amsterdam were less accommodating than those of Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles. They very soon intimated that their Italian borrowers must put a limit to the accommodation which they required. Meantime the sale of Italian Rentes and Italian industrial securities by French holders went on, prices continued to fall, and apprehension spread through the Bourses of Italy. In the spring of last year there was a building and banking crisis in Rome. Whether it was that the Italian bankers were over-sanguine, or that they had committed themselves too deeply to be able to find a remedy, nothing was done to limit the speculation, and so the embarrassment of the country continued to increase until last month, when a fresh crisis occurred in Turin. The Banco Sconto in Turin got into difficulties. Its capital was about half a million sterling, and it had reserves of about half as much more, while its deposits amounted to about $1\frac{1}{4}$ million sterling. The capital of the bank appears to have been advanced on accommodation bills to the Tiberine Bank in Rome, which had a branch in Turin. The General Manager in Turin of the Tiberine Bank was Signor Noli, and he was also Vice-President of the Banco Sconto. The shares of the latter bank began to fall rapidly, and their depreciation led to a fall in the shares of the Tiberine Bank. At this critical moment Signor Noli committed suicide, there was a rush of depositors upon the Banco Sconto, and, though it received assistance from the other banks, it was ultimately obliged to close its doors. The failure of the Banco Sconto sealed the doom of the Tiberine Bank. Application has been made by the latter bank to the National Bank of Italy for assistance. A committee of the National Bank was appointed to examine its condition, and it is now stated that, under pressure from the Government, the National Bank has consented to give the required assistance. As a compensation, however, the National Bank is to be allowed to increase its note circulation by 30 millions of lire, and not to be required to hold either gold or silver as a security for the new issue of notes. The proceeding is somewhat analogous to what we should call a suspension of the Bank's charter, and that the Government has had to have recourse to so grave a measure shows how very serious is the situation in Turin and Rome.

A reckless speculation, long continued, under any circumstances, must of course have ended in a crisis. To enable the reader to understand the actual situation, it is necessary to remind him that France was not only the banker of Italy, but that she was also by far her best customer. Indeed, the trade of Italy with France alone was nearly as large as that which she conducted with this country, Germany, and Austria combined. Since the termination of the Commercial Treaty, however, France has transferred to others as much as possible of her custom. For example, she now buys from Spain the wine which she formerly bought from Italy. The falling-off in the trade with France has impoverished, not only the commercial classes engaged in that trade, but the whole landed interest, and thus the population is not able either to buy or to rent the new houses which have been built in such excessive numbers in all the great towns of the Peninsula. These houses remaining vacant, the builders are unable to fulfil their obligations towards the banks, and the banks in turn are unable to carry out their own obligations. It is not to be forgotten, too, that the persistency and determination with which France for a couple of years past has been selling all kinds of Italian securities has lessened very greatly the borrowing power of Italian holders. There has already been a heavy fall, but the bourses all over Europe fear that, if France continues selling, the fall may be carried much further; and, therefore, bankers are not as ready to lend upon those securities as they formerly were, and certainly not to the same amount. When introducing his Budget for last year, M. Magliani, then Minister of Finance, said:—"We have entered upon a grand foreign policy which costs much and brings little. The expenses of the different Ministries increase enormously and incessantly, without showing any benefit to the country. The law of 1879 regarding railways proves most disastrous to the country. Everything tends to raise expenditure to an enormous extent." In fact, the ordinary expenditure rose from a little over 37 millions sterling in 1862 to very nearly 77 millions in 1888. In the latter year there was an extraordinary expenditure of over $5\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling in addition. It is true that the revenue has enormously increased likewise in the interval. In 1862 it but slightly exceeded $21\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling, and in 1888 it exceeded $71\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling. Still it will be seen that in the latter year there was a deficit of about 5 millions sterling, leaving the extraordinary expenditure out of account, or not far short of 11 millions sterling, if we include the extraordinary expenditure. From 1862 to 1876 very strenuous efforts were made to increase the revenue and keep down the expenses, with the result that an equilibrium was at last established, and for five or six years even small surpluses were obtained. But the repeal of the Grist-tax brought the period of prosperity to an end, and since 1883 the deficits have not merely reappeared, but have increased alarmingly. The main causes have been, as M. Magliani points out in the quotation above given, the excessive outlay upon railways and a foreign policy which the country is not able to afford.

As the policy of the Government does not seem likely to be changed, and as the prolonged crisis is sure to be followed by a period of depression and distress, the question naturally arises whether Italy will be able to maintain specie payments. Very generally it is feared that she will not. It is only six years ago since she resumed specie payments by means of large loans negotiated here in London. And she has maintained specie payments up to the present only by having recourse to artificial means to retain the gold she then obtained. The truth is that Italy made a mistake in the policy of resumption she adopted six years ago. She would have acted much more wisely had she contented herself with a silver standard, for she is too poor to afford the luxury of a gold standard. This will appear very clearly when we point out that the imports into Italy ever since the creation of the kingdom have greatly exceeded the exports in value. It is true that in this country and in France also the value of the imports is greater than the value of the exports. But, on the other hand, France and England are immensely richer countries, with enormous investments in all other parts of the world. And besides, our own country earns very large sums every year in the shape of freights, commission, and the like, upon the goods which she carries from nation to nation. But Italy is a very poor country, which earns little in the shape of freights, and has no investments worth speaking of outside her own borders. Therefore she has to pay for the excess of imports over exports in hard cash. And she has been able to maintain resumption only by borrowing. In the five years, 1862–66, the

value of the imports into Italy exceeded the value of the exports by very nearly 64 millions sterling. Then the excess diminished until 1881. But in the six years, 1882–7, the excess amounted to as much as 79 millions sterling. During the whole quarter of a century the excess in the value of the imports over the exports was about 220 millions. That a debtor country without a great carrying trade or much foreign investment can permanently maintain specie payments does not seem probable, and just now, when her trade is specially depressed—first, by breaking off the treaty with France; and, secondly, by a crisis which has continued so long—it seems less probable than ever, all the more because the specie held in the country is small. The total paper circulation of Italy amounts to about 56 millions sterling, of which, in round figures, 14 millions sterling are State issues and 42 millions sterling bank-notes. The total stock of coin and bullion held by the banks is about 18 millions sterling. But of this only 14 millions sterling is in gold. And it is to be recollected that there is no large coin circulation to draw upon such as exists in this country and France; so that, if the bank reserves are trenched upon, they can be replenished only by drawing upon the treasury or by borrowing abroad. It is not surprising, therefore, that the authorization of the Government to the National Bank to increase by 30 millions of lire its note circulation, without adding to its metallic reserve, is generally regarded as a first step towards suspension of specie payments.

THE ST. LEGER.

WHEN odds are laid on a horse for the St. Leger within a few days of his victory in the Derby, people begin to prophesy a "dull Doncaster." The Duke of Portland's Donovan confirmed his Derby form by winning the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot a fortnight later; and from 6 to 4 the odds on him were lengthened by fractions until they reached 9 to 4. He had won more than 16,000*l.* last year, and about 23,000*l.* already this season, in all very nearly 40,000*l.*, or a larger sum than any other racehorse had ever won in a lifetime, and if he had not every claim to be a strong first favourite for the St. Leger, what horse, it was asked, ever had? Moreover, Gulliver, in whom certain backers had trusted, fell lame at Leicester, and Chitabob was commonly believed to have rheumatism; so that, in addition to his own undoubted merits, fate appeared to be preparing the way for Donovan's victory. As he had "run through" all the three-year-old form of the season, the only chance of his overthrow seemed to be from some horse that had not yet run in public this year, and about the beginning of August a few bold speculators began to back Nunthorpe, Quartus, and even the rheumatic Chitabob, neither of whom had run in a race since 1888, the consequence being that, five or six weeks ago, the first favourite for the St. Leger represented the best form of the year, and the second, third, and fourth favourites no form at all, so far as the present season was concerned. Backers of Donovan were not altogether pleased when they heard that Mr. C. Perkins was going to send the supposed invalid, Chitabob, to run for the Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes on the 14th of August at Redcar, nor were they more satisfied when they read that, although he had, as they declared, "nothing to beat," he won pulling hard "with his head in his chest" in the easiest possible manner, and that, if a trifle full-fleshed, he looked and moved remarkably well. This race was only a mile in length, and the colt's enemies maintained that he was a non-stayer; great interest, therefore, was taken in the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York, for which he was to run over a mile and three-quarters against the three St. Leger colts, Nunthorpe, Pinzon, and Scottish Fusilier. The last-named colt made the running, while Chitabob brought up the rear, and the pace was slow—too much so, according to some authorities, to test the staying powers of Chitabob. When the field had run a little more than a mile, Pinzon took the lead from Scottish Fusilier, who gradually dropped back from that point until he was hopelessly tailed off in the background. The pace improved after Pinzon had gone to the front, and it soon told upon Nunthorpe, who ran as if he was sadly deficient in staying power. Chitabob, on the contrary, galloped on with remarkable freedom, and presently he dashed past Pinzon as though he were about to win by many lengths; but from the distance Fagan eased him so much that that careful jockey Osborne was enabled to reach his girths at the winning-post with Pinzon. Fagan may have been fully justified in making Chitabob slacken his speed to such an extent; we offer no opinion upon the question; but it is one upon which there was considerable difference of opinion. Immediately after the race, the odds of nearly 2 to 1 on Donovan were reduced to 6 to 4; Chitabob rose from nearly 7 to 1 to 3½ to 1, Nunthorpe fell from 16 to 1 down to 50 to 1, and Scottish Fusilier from 66 to 1 to 100 to 1, while the same odds were offered against Quartus, who had been backed three weeks earlier at 25 to 1. Even Pinzon was sent to 40 to 1, and for the moment only Donovan and Chitabob seemed to be considered in the race at all. Rumours that Donovan had become a roarer, although eagerly contradicted, tended to lessen his stability in the betting market. Chitabob's victory for the Great Yorkshire Stakes rather increased than diminished the controversies as to his ailments. Why, it was asked, had he shirked so many engagements? Was it from rheumatism or was it from unsoundness? Was it true that he sometimes struck the fetlocks of his forelegs with his hind feet? Had he what is technically known as "a leg"? Was there anything in the rumour that there was something wrong with his knees? Every day the reports of his gallops were eagerly watched in the sporting papers, and instead of the dull affair that had been anticipated, the St. Leger became a race of absorbing interest. Throughout last week, until Friday, the distinction in favouritism between Donovan and Chitabob gradually, but steadily, lessened. Others besides bookmakers had laid freely against Mr. Perkins's colt, and there was now a rush to back him, with a view to escaping from the possible dilemma of having to pay bets which had been speculatively laid against him at something like 14 to 1. On Thursday he stood at 7 to 4, and, for a time, the convulsion in the betting market caused by his sudden favouritism could only be compared to a panic on the Stock Exchange. A reaction set in on Friday; on Monday he was slightly lame after exercise; on Tuesday 6 to 1 was laid against him, and he finally started at 5 to 1.

Although the St. Leger was at first regarded as a "one-horse" and afterwards as a "two-horse" race, people who liked to back horses at long prices carefully studied the merits of the outsiders. After all, thought they, horseflesh was but mortal, and Donovan might fall lame or "go amiss," while many things were more unlikely than that Chitabob might have a return of the mysterious malady which had already prevented him from competing for several valuable stakes this season. Mr. Douglas Baird's Enthusiast, an own brother to Energy, although the winner of the Two Thousand and the Sussex Stakes, and the only horse that had beaten Donovan this year, was by no means a favourite for the St. Leger during the greater part of the summer. He was supposed to be, like his famous brother, only a "miler," and it was thought that he would have little or no chance of winning over the mile and three-quarters of the St. Leger course. For exactly the opposite reason some people fancied Sir Robert Jardine's Lord Lorne, who had won the Ascot Stakes, over two miles, by three lengths. He is a beautiful mover and well shaped; but he had scarcely size and substance enough to claim selection as a St. Leger horse. In addition to his staying powers, he had shown speed by winning a Biennial at Ascot and the Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood over a mile and a mile and a quarter; yet in the last-named race he had only beaten the Duke of Hamilton's Scottish Fusilier by a head, and Scottish Fusilier had been "a bad last" for the Great Yorkshire Stakes. The admirers of Lord Lorne, however, contended that his victory over Scottish Fusilier, although gained by so narrow a margin, had been in reality a very easy one. Now that Quartus, Pinzon, Workington, and Nunthorpe had been so lately "run through" or scratched, Enthusiast and Lord Lorne were almost the only horses with any pretensions to St. Leger honours available to backers, and Enthusiast was established as third favourite last week. For a short time Lord Lorne was as good a favourite; but he fell down on his way to the station on Monday, and he started at 100 to 1.

As a general rule, the second in the Derby might be supposed to have a good claim to be second or third favourite for the St. Leger; but Mr. J. Gretton's black colt, Miguel, held no such position. He had been second in three and unplaced in two races this year, and the common opinion formed of him was that, although he had plenty of quality of a certain kind, he was without the size or the substance of a first-class colt; moreover, his Derby form had been reversed at Ascot with both Morglay and Gulliver, after odds had been laid upon him in each instance.

Usually some filly is a leading favourite for the St. Leger, as that race takes place in what is traditionally known as the "mare's month." This year, however, the fillies had apparently no claim whatever to St. Leger honours. It is true that the winner of the Oaks, Lord Randolph Churchill's L'Abbesse de Jouarre, might have been expected to take rank among the St. Leger favourites; but she had finished three lengths behind Pinzon and Workington at Stockton; and, as Chitabob had beaten Pinzon in a canter at York, she did not seem to have the remotest chance of winning the St. Leger. Lord Bradford is one of those fine sportsmen who likes to be represented in the St. Leger, even without hope of profit; so it was a pleasure to see his colt, Davenport, starting for it, small as was his prospect of victory. Taken as a whole, the St. Leger field was a fairly representative one, as it comprised the winners of the Derby, Two Thousand, and Oaks.

Wednesday afternoon was hot and oppressive, and most of the twelve competitors for the St. Leger were already sweating, while some, including the favourite, were absolutely lathering, when they came out for the race. The field got off without trouble, and Mr. Lowther's Cheroot made the running for Workington and his stable companion, Pinzon, who headed the second division, which consisted, besides himself, of Lord Lorne and Davenport, while the two favourites, as well as the winners of the Two Thousand and the Oaks, with Workington composed the third. When ascending the hill, Cheroot held a lead of about three lengths, and there was a clear interval, again, between the second and third departments. Just before reaching the Red House, Pinzon took the lead, accompanied by Workington and Davenport, and, at a short interval, came Donovan, Chitabob, and Lord Lorne. At the mile-post, Pinzon was beaten, and at the bend, Workington and Davenport, who had been left in front, were passed by Donovan and Chitabob. There was intense excitement as the two favourites raced against each other from that point to the distance, where it is said that

Fagan, who was riding Chitabob, distinctly felt that the colt faltered. The least hesitation in so close a race was fatal, and as soon as defeat became certain he eased his "mount," who was pulled up lame. Donovan was now left to win as he liked, and he finished three lengths in front of Miguel, who, by running second, confirmed his Derby form. Lord Bradford's Davenport ran third, three lengths behind Miguel, and the immediate effect of the St. Leger, so far as future events were concerned, was to make Davenport first favourite for the Cesarewitch at 6 or 7 to 1.

In consequence of Chitabob's crippled condition, the St. Leger was no test of the relative merits of that colt and Donovan, and it is probable that they will never be decided. It was the general opinion of horse-critics that, with the exception of Chitabob, the competitors for the St. Leger were below the average in appearance. By winning the St. Leger, Donovan brought his own total winnings, in stakes alone, to 44,562*l.*, and his owner's, for the as yet unfinished season, to 60,218*l.* It is now pretty generally agreed that he "makes a noise"; whether he is a roarer or not remains to be proved. If he is one, he will have followed in the footsteps of at least five other roarers (Ossian, Dutch Oven, Ormonde, Kilwarlin, and Seabreeze) in winning the St. Leger. Very large sums have undoubtedly been lost through the defeat of Chitabob; yet, upon the whole, the race was a very bad one for professional bookmakers; for even during the spasmodic favouritism of Chitabob, not a few backers availed themselves of the opportunity of investing upon Donovan on better terms than before. The attendance is believed by competent authorities to have been the largest ever seen on Doncaster Town Moor. In the inclosures the crowd was highly inconvenient, nor was the pleasure of the day increased by the sultry atmosphere, the cloudy sky, the mist which made it difficult to distinguish a jockey's colours in the distance, or the rain which fell after the racing was over.

PROFESSOR FLOWER'S ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE British Association has already held two meetings at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Each of these gatherings was unusually numerous and successful; the second of them, presided over by Sir W. G. (now Lord) Armstrong, in 1863, was attended by 3,335 persons, and was the largest on record until the Manchester meeting in 1887, at which 3,838 were present. It is hardly to be expected that Newcastle should recover its place at the head of the list, but with a President so generally and deservedly popular as Professor Flower, and with inducements so great and varied as those offered by the Reception Committee at Newcastle, the meeting cannot fail to be a great success.

The President's address in 1863 was chiefly devoted to a record of the progress of the mechanical arts since 1838—the date of the first meeting at Newcastle; and, in conclusion, he expressed the "hope that, when the time again comes round to receive the British Association in this town, its members will find the interval to have been as fruitful as the corresponding period on which we now look back." That hope has certainly been fulfilled, though some of Lord Armstrong's aspirations are not yet accomplished. We have not yet (thank God!) adopted a metric system of measurements. Neither have we, as a nation, paid much attention to our wasteful expenditure of fuel, but continue, with true British improvidence, to shut our eyes to the rapidly approaching epoch when our coalfields will be exhausted, and our prosperity as a nation more than imperilled.

Professor Flower, as was to be expected, has not followed the lead of his predecessor, though he has devoted the latter part of his address to a subject to which Sir W. G. Armstrong called special attention as one of the newest and most important questions in natural science. He has chosen, for the first and larger portion, a subject on which, owing to his experience formerly at the College of Surgeons and recently at the British Museum of Natural History, he is exceptionally qualified to speak. This is the function and use of museums. His remarks, of course, have a more direct application to museums of natural history (adopting the popular term, on the use of which he makes some valuable comments); but they may be applied, with due modification, to a museum of any kind. These remarks are prefaced by a brief sketch of the history of the word and the growth of such institutions, from which we learn that the foundation or the maintenance of a museum at the expense of a State or a municipality is an idea less than two centuries old. After some interesting historical details, Professor Flower passes on to indicate the defects which even now are too often conspicuous in museums, and the aims which their supporters should keep steadily in view.

Among the former the want of due provision for management and the absence of any definite plan in forming the collection are generally the most prominent. It seems to be commonly supposed that, in order to secure the success of a museum, it is enough "to provide a building and cases and a certain number of specimens, no matter exactly what, to fill them." On the contrary, as Professor Flower points out, the work has only then begun. "What a museum really depends upon for its success and usefulness is not its building, not its cases, not even its specimens, but its curator. He and his staff are the life and soul of the institution, upon whom its whole value depends, and yet to many—I may say to most of our museums—they are the last to be thought of." Thousands of pounds are often lavished on a sumptuous edifice, which is sometimes actually ill adapted for its purpose owing to its efforts at architectural splendour; valuable collections are acquired by purchase or by gift, and it is then supposed that a salary such as would be paid to a second-class clerk in one of the less important Government offices will secure the services of a person who is competent to arrange these and render them of real educational value. It follows then, as the outcome of Professor Flower's remarks, that it is idle for a municipality to found a museum without first counting the cost. It must be fully prepared, not only for an immediate expenditure of so many thousand pounds for the building, cases, and contents, but also for a considerable annual charge for maintenance. If it is not prepared to submit to the latter, the idea had better be abandoned. An ill-arranged museum has no educational value; an ill-managed one becomes too often "a trap into which precious—sometimes priceless—objects often fall only to be destroyed."

But the question will probably be put by some:—"What should be the definite aim of those to whom the management of a museum is committed?" To this Professor Flower's reply is no less valuable than his criticism:—"Two objects, quite distinct and sometimes even conflicting, should be kept in view in the formation and maintenance of a museum." These may be briefly designated "research" and "instruction." Equal stress will not, and obviously should not, be laid upon them in all museums. In a national museum, such as that over which Professor Flower himself so admirably presides, the one should hardly be less prominent than the other, but if preference must be given, this, as he implicitly affirms, should be to the needs of research. In a local museum the curators should aim at the instruction of the many rather than the exclusive benefit of the few, though no effort should be spared to make all collections, illustrative of the neighbourhood, as rich as possible. Professor Flower, in a few sentences, admirably enunciates the principles on which the specimens intended "for the instruction of the general visitor" should be arranged:—

> In the first place, their numbers must be strictly limited, according to the nature of the subject to be illustrated and the space available. None must be placed too high or too low for ready examination. There must be no crowding of specimens one behind the other, every one being perfectly and distinctly seen, and with a clear space around it. . . . If an object is worth putting into a gallery at all, it is worth such a position as will enable it to be seen. Every specimen exhibited should be good of its kind, and all available skill and care should be spent upon its preservation, and rendering it capable of teaching the lesson it is intended to convey. . . . The purpose for which each specimen is exhibited, and the main lesson to be derived from it must be distinctly indicated by the labels affixed, both as headings of the various divisions of the series and to the individual specimens. A well-arranged educational museum has been defined as a collection of instructive labels illustrated by well-selected specimens, and this is more true than it seems at first.

These and many like suggestive remarks give a more than transitory value to this portion of Professor Flower's address, for they should be studied by all who are responsible for the maintenance or contemplate the foundation of a museum. They are best illustrated—though that, as might be expected, is rather left to inference than directly stated—by the British Museum of Natural History at South Kensington. Those who have watched its development since its migration from Bloomsbury to its present magnificent, though by no means ideally perfect quarters, know well how greatly it has increased in value as an instrument of education. The young student is no longer bewildered by the vast size of the collections, but finds excellent specimens admirably selected to help him over the earlier stages of his work; while the facilities provided for research are in no way diminished. To the authorities of the British Museum students of all ranks in the metropolis owe a debt of gratitude.

In the latter part of his address Professor Flower quits the practical questions with which so large a part of his own time is occupied to touch upon matters of yet wider scientific interest. As we have said, his predecessor in 1863, at the close of his address, referred to the questions which had been raised by the publication, then comparatively recent, of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. This alone would naturally suggest some remarks upon the present state of opinion in regard to these questions; but, after the publication during the last few months of two works so important as *Darwinism*, by Mr. A. R. Wallace (to whose modesty and self-abnegation Professor Flower pays a well-deserved tribute), and the *Essays upon Heredity*, by Dr. August Weismann, it would have been difficult for the President of the British Association, and impossible for one who is also President of the Zoological Society, to avoid some mention of the subject. The result of thirty years of debate, at first not a little acrimonious, is thus enunciated by Professor Flower:—

> I think I may safely premise that few, if any, original workers at any branch of biology appear now to entertain serious doubt about the general truth of the doctrine that all existing forms of life have been derived from other forms, by a natural process of descent with modification.

But, though the discoveries of palæontology during the period mentioned above have greatly strengthened the evidence in favour of this conclusion, "it can scarcely afford any help in solving the more difficult problems which still remain as to the methods by which the changes have been brought about." A full discussion of the solutions which have been proposed is, of course, impossible in the limits at Professor Flower's command; but his remarks, though brief, are suggestive. They directly utter a

caution, they indirectly submit a plea, both of which are much needed at the present time. As regards the former, in discussions on the question of "natural selection," an "appeal is constantly made to the advantage, the utility, or otherwise, of special organs, or modifications of organs or structures, to their possessors." Is it not often assumed, far too confidently, that this appeal can be answered?

> How can we [Professor Flower asks], with our limited powers of observation and limited capacity of imagination, venture to pronounce an opinion as to the fitness or unfitness for its complex surroundings of some peculiar modification of structure found in some strange animal dredged up from the abysses of the ocean, or which passes its life in the dim seclusion of some tropical forest, and into the essential conditions of whose existence we have at present no possible means of putting ourselves in any sort of relation?

The plea, which is rather left for inference than directly stated, is for the more comprehensive study of Natural History. At the present time science undoubtedly is suffering from over-specialization, and from excessive devotion to minute details. The botanist is almost lost in the physiologist; a student fancies himself a zoologist when he has cut up a worm into the greatest possible number of thin slices, and devoted himself wholly to the study of these with the most powerful lenses which can be obtained from the optician. From this method of research too often springs, in all branches of Natural History, a copious crop of memoirs, replete with the most careful observations of the most minute details, and concluding with inductions which are worse than worthless. Science, as Professor Huxley remarked in a presidential address to the Royal Society, is now in danger of perishing, like Tarpeia, under the weight of the gifts which are heaped upon her. The vast mass of scientific literature, to wade through which is by many esteemed not only a duty but also a meritorious action; the exaggerated value attached to minute details; the facility with which reputation can be won in a field of work properly narrowed, unless checked, will make the existence of a Darwin or a Wallace almost impossible in the near future. Work in the library and work in the laboratory have each their value, and it is great; but these cannot replace the study of nature beneath the open sky and in many lands, nor will they alone qualify the student to solve the greater problems which are presented to him, either by the crust of the earth or by the organisms which it supports.

EXHIBITION OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

MR. FLINDERS PETRIE cannot choose his own time for his annual exhibition of Egyptian antiquities. It is only, in fact, by dint of months of hard work that the objects found last season are unpacked, mounted, arranged, and labelled in time for exhibition in the late autumn. Before this long and laborious process could even be commenced, the specimens had to be received by sea from Egypt; and it must be remembered that, when everything possible had been done in that country to propitiate the superior powers to obtain leave for the removal of ever so many cases of contraband antiquities, and to arrange matters with the very strict Custom-House authorities, there still remained the French red-tape establishment which we have helped to set up, for our own chastening, at Boulak. Mr. Petrie is not in the habit of scamping his work, and, as we have already in past years had such good occasion to know, goes to his diggings, not only determined, literally, to leave no stone unturned which can by any possibility bear or conceal the fragment of a hieroglyph, but to turn that stone himself with his own hands. Yet, if we could catechize him as to his year's work, we should probably find that this manual labour, under a hot sun, surrounded by uncongenial and semi-savage hordes of workmen, was but child's play compared to that which had to be accomplished, first at Boulak, where each thing had to be examined and seized or passed, as the case might be; then in packing so that no breakages might occur, and also no confusion arise between different finds; and, finally, in reading and weighing and measuring each object before it could be ready for exhibition.

This year Mr. Petrie has taken rooms in the building known as Oxford Mansion, which stands on the site formerly occupied by the picturesque Oxford Market, close to Regent Circus, north. The rooms are immediately under those of the Royal Archæological Institute, and the exhibition will be open to the public for a fortnight from Monday next. Although we cannot expect anything quite so novel and startling as the second-century portraits shown last year at the Egyptian Hall, the present exhibition will prove, if we mistake not, of even greater historical importance, containing, as it does, what we have never seen in England before, a large and representative collection of the implements, ornaments, manufactures, and other relics of the remote time of the twelfth dynasty, the dynasty best known to us by the famous, but fast perishing, grottoes of Beni Hassan. It will be remembered by a visitor to the British Museum that objects of this period are conspicuous by their absence in that institution; and, in truth, they were nearly as rare at Boulak. There may be more of them than we suspect in the British Museum, brought in at a time when no invidious distinctions were made between Egyptian periods, and when, as in the works of Sharpe and Wilkinson, Ancient Egypt was Ancient Egypt, whether under the Ptolemies or the Pyramid builders, under the Twelfth Dynasty or the Twenty-sixth, under Usertasen or Rameses. To roll away this reproach from the reputation of our English school of Egyptology —for we may be said to have a little school, at last—has been Mr. Petrie's object in all his researches; and we confess to a feeling akin to jealousy when we hear that he proposes, during part of the coming winter, to devote his remarkable energies to exploration in another Eastern country than that of his great previous discoveries.

The Twelfth Dynasty relics are from the site of a village formerly known as Kahoun, an Arab name which savours strongly of ancient Egypt. They are exhibited in the small room on the right of the passage, and comprise all kinds of household, domestic, and agricultural implements, such as netting and cloth, with portions of looms; wooden sickles, with flint edges; sandals; staves; carpenters' tools; adzes, picks, shovels, and other objects of the kind, chiefly in wood; as well as a very fine set of copper tools in a wicker-basket, with moulds for casting them. There is quite a small museum of children's toys, balls, tops, dolls, and other objects, and by them the rude, square coffers of wood in which children's mummies were found buried for the most part under the floors of the houses. Among these is the brown, wax-like face of a baby, a little cherub, once, no doubt, four thousand years ago, or more. The sculptures, some of them brilliantly coloured, with inscriptions in the beautiful writing of that period, are curious, and among them the fragmentary knee in basalt, of what was once a statue of Usertasen II. Three objects deserve special mention. A whole treatise might be written on a small figure of a masquerade dancer, in wood, with a pair of ivory clappers, or castanets, the mask consisting of the head of the god Bes, hitherto supposed to have come into Egypt at a much later period. In the same case is a full-sized pasteboard mask, representing the same features—a unique discovery. A bronze mirror, with a large ivory handle, is a handsome object and much more conspicuous than the fire-stick which hangs near it on the wall, and which may be described as the rarest thing in the whole collection.

In the passage are fragments of pottery bearing inscriptions or single letters, chiefly in archaic Greek and in the writing now generally recognized as Cypriote. In the larger room are the later objects found at another village in the Fayoum named Gurob. Among these is the coffin of a man described as "a foreigner," in the reign of Seti I.; the upper half of a Roman matron of pronounced features, with a lighted taper in one hand; and a bronze mirror of very Asiatic type, the handle formed of a single figure. The amulets, arranged as found; the beautiful necklaces of gold, beads, and precious stones; the personal relics, such as the painters' palettes; the wreaths of olive-leaves; the very curious glazed pottery vessels, among them a bowl, on which is figured a date orchard and boys robbing it, of the nineteenth dynasty, or contemporary with Moses—these and many other wonderful things should be seen if possible. We trust some of the Twelfth-dynasty discoveries may find their way into the British Museum.

LIME LIGHT ON THE STRIKE.

"WHO conceived the wicked story
Told about those worthy men
Whose demeanour, even the Tory
And the wretched Upper Ten
Recognize as shedding glory
On their leaders, Burns and "Ben"?

"Who has slung the shameful fable
(And to gain what profit by it?)
'Gainst these injured heroes, able
To remain so nobly quiet,
And amid their patrons' Babel,
To refrain from crime and riot.

"These that as the crown and flower
Of our unskilled labourers rank,
These who, since they have the power,
Every day we warmly thank
That they do not mine the Tower,
Fire the Thames, or sack the Bank;

"Take not even to window-smashing,
Capital's alarm to awaken;
Nay, disdain to indulge in 'bashing'
Those who have their places taken;
But content themselves with cashing
Charity cheques with calm unshaken?"

Thus, I asked, exasperated,
Reading, amid other lies,
What some base reporters prated,
Headed thus:—"A Docker shies"
(That's the way the thing was stated)
"Quicklime in a blackleg's eyes."

Such a horrid fabrication
Gave me quite a shock internal.
What could be the sham foundation
For this calumny infernal?
So I turned for explanation
To my favourite Radical journal.

Ah! what wisdom 'tis like-minded
News-sheets in such case to choose;
Comfort we may always find hid
In a print that holds our views.
Thus I read about the "blinded"
Blackleg in the *D-ly N-ws*:—

"*These the facts are as we've found them,*
Pickets were this man approaching
[As they do with men to sound them,
Not upon their rights encroaching],
And a crowd had gathered round them
While the question was a-broaching.

"'*Chuck up Norwood, won't you? Scout him,*
Working for him is a crime,'
While the pickets thus up-rout him
Comes a man who works in lime,
Flinging lime at large about him
[Some will do it all the time].

"*Pickets seized the man disgusted,*
And, while crying 'Stow that, Bill, do,
If your jacket-back we dusted
For your larks, we shouldn't ill do,'
From his fists the quick-lime busted
[*As, with half a chance, it will do*].

"*They had striven in vain to shake it*
From his grasp with several tries,
When its quickness needs must make it,
To the general surprise,
Fly like that, and luck must take it
Straight into the blackleg's eyes."

Thus then dies the idle story
Told about these splendid men,
Never more to gull the Tory
Or the foolish Upper Ten;
Never more to dim the glory
Shining upon Burns and "Ben."

REVIEWS.

LORD DALHOUSIE.*

CONSCIOUS of having deserved well of the State and the people, and with pardonable contempt of the superficial and ill-informed criticism on the Sepoy Mutiny, Lord Dalhousie, in the closing years of his life, directed in his will that no portion of his papers should be made public for at least fifty years after his death. The year 1910, therefore, is the earliest date when the opinion of the Governor-General about the striking events of his own administration and the able men by whom he was splendidly served can be known to the public. Many of his State papers, however, are already public property. But, like other statesmen who have filled high offices, he corresponded privately with all sorts of functionaries, high and low. He was in close communication with Sir Charles Wood, then President of the Board of Control, and with the Secret Committee and the Chairman of the Court of Directors. He often wrote demi-officially to Residents at Native Courts, Political Agents, and Chief Commissioners. And he is believed to have kept copies of everything that he penned. But the reserve which a statesman of a high, noble, and sensitive spirit imposed on himself and others is no reason why some account of his life and policy should not now be included in the series of Statesmen, edited by Mr. Lloyd Sandars. In Captain Trotter the editor has found a contributor quite equal to the task. And if his clear, concise, and animated pages may become the occasion for some expressions of dissent and a little captious criticism on the part of Parochial and third-rate Parliamentary censors, impartial readers will find in this neat red volume a succinct account of an important part of history as it was controlled by far-reaching and constructive statesmanship. Lord Dalhousie, in 1857-8, never condescended to answer his assailants. Captain Trotter is not the first writer who has vindicated his memory, but he has done it fearlessly and well.

James Andrew Ramsay was the third son of the ninth Earl of Dalhousie. His father, who fought at Waterloo, had filled the offices of Governor-General of Canada and Commander-in-Chief in India, and it has been said that the son would have left his own mark on wars and campaigns had he followed his father's profession. He was much younger than his predecessor in the Governor-Generalship, Lord Hardinge, who had stood by the dying Moore at Corunna, three years before Lord Dalhousie was born. James Ramsay was educated at Harrow, under the first Dr. Butler; and Cardinal Manning was one of his schoolfellows. At Oxford among his contemporaries were his two successors in India, Lord Canning and Lord Elgin, Dean Liddell and Mr. Gladstone. The death of his eldest brother, then Lord Ramsay, interrupted his academical reading, and the future Governor-General became heir to the earldom, the second son, Charles, having died years before. The new Lord Ramsay went in for a pass, and was rewarded by the Examiners with an Honorary Fourth. It was sometimes said in those times, when the division into "Smalls," "Mods," and "Greats" was unknown, that undergraduates who could not achieve a first or second in Classics preferred a fourth to a tame third class; later the fourth was a terror suggesting, not that a man was too good for Pass, but that he had tried for Class and failed. In the year 1837, after an unsuccessful attempt to carry Edinburgh against such opponents as "Jock Campbell," afterwards Chief Justice and Chancellor, and Mr. Abercromby, who became Speaker, Lord Ramsay entered the House as member for the county of Haddington. In 1838 he succeeded to the earldom of Dalhousie, as tenth Earl. Three years before this he had married Lady Susan Hay, daughter of the Marquess of Tweeddale, who about 1846 was Governor of Madras. By this time Lord Dalhousie's abilities had attracted the notice of Sir Robert Peel, who made him Vice-President, and ultimately President, of the Board of Trade. In this capacity he had to scrutinize the numerous railway schemes due to the unparalleled commercial activity of 1844-5, and it is now admitted by competent judges that much expense, time, and litigation would have been saved had the Prime Minister adopted his lieutenant's plan for placing all railways under the control of the State. Captain Trotter uses the term "management," but Lord Dalhousie's intention was to entrust Government with power to step in, maintain order and sequence, and prevent expensive and unnecessary competition and rivalry. Towards the end of 1847, when Peel's Ministry had resigned, the Governor-Generalship of India was offered to Lord Dalhousie by Lord John Russell; and on the 12th of January, 1848, the veteran of Albuera and Sobraon, on the steps to the north of Government House, Calcutta, welcomed the new ruler, who was about the same age as Wellesley when the latter began his Indian career. It is not too much to say that he was destined to equal that statesman in his foreign policy and surpass him in domestic reforms. Captain Trotter very properly assumes, on the part of his readers, some fair acquaintance with the second Sikh campaign, the pacification of the Punjab, the second Burmese war, which ended in the annexation of Pegu, and the annexation of Berar, Oudh, and other smaller principalities. We shall confine our remarks to the main features of Lord Dalhousie's policy, in the belief that the time has now come when not a few misconceptions may be cleared up and some injustice be remedied.

The late Sir Charles Jackson, who had been Advocate-General in Bengal, Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Bombay, and then Puisne Judge of the High Court of Calcutta, in an excellent volume published a quarter of a century ago, reviewed the lapses and annexations which had been talked of as so many high crimes and misdemeanours, and, like the impartial judge he was, dismissed the suit of the grievance-mongers with all costs. The subjugation of the Punjab, the first of these so-called iniquities, has by all but a very small set of bilious and malignant writers been fully ratified and endorsed. The last annexation—that of Oudh—was the deliberate act of an English Cabinet. The incorrigible race of kings whom we ourselves created out of Nawabs at the close of the last century had been reprimanded, forewarned, denounced, and threatened by one Governor-General after another for more than fifty years. Lord Dalhousie, nearly worn out with unremitting toil, was at first rather averse to the annexation of the province, but intimated to the Court of Directors and to the President of the Board of Control that he was willing to remain at his post and to carry out any changes, if it were thought that such were better entrusted to a ruler full of knowledge and experience than to a successor who had a good deal to learn. So far from this act springing out of ambition, lust of conquest, or the like, it was truly described "as the last sacrifice made on the altar of duty." But between the Punjab and Oudh there were divers other acquisitions for which it has been said that Lord Dalhousie invented new doctrines; and further that he was at all times overbearing, regardless of the feelings of the Chiefs, and ready to set aside the stipulations of treaties. Sir John Kaye, in allusion to Sattara, Nagpore, and Jhansi, wrote as if they had been stolen or appropriated by what he calls a "new and appalling doctrine of lapse." Captain Trotter proves incontestably that there was no such terrible novelty in the doctrine or its application. It had been ruled long before Lord Dalhousie's time that no chief was at liberty to adopt an heir to his principality without the permission of the British Government. Such claims had been disallowed in the reigns of Lord William Bentinck and Lord Auckland. Small States had also "lapsed" in 1841 and 1843, and it was then intimated that the Government would persevere in the clear and direct course of not abandoning such just accessions of territory and revenue. Refusal and concessions, often the former, had similarly been known in the Moghul times. When the Rajput chief of Kerowli died without an heir, Lord Dalhousie, out of consideration for the traditions of ancient houses, specially referred the case to the Court of Directors; and Kerowli did not lapse. The case of Nagpore was much weaker. No Mahratta house was more than a hundred and fifty years old. The Raja before his death had made no adoption, nor had he given any Rani leave to adopt. The mass of the inhabitants, who had experience of our equitable administration in the early part of this century, were quite ready

* *Statesmen Series.* Edited by Lloyd C. Sandars. *The Marquess of Dalhousie.* By Captain L. J. Trotter, Author of "India under Victoria." London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1889.

to accept our rule. In fact, in this and in all other instances, Lord Dalhousie acted in the interests of vast communities and not in that of the Ranis and their paid agents; and it would not have been statesmanship, but foolish sentiment, to revive an extinct dynasty on the chance that every now and then we might have one or two bright exceptions to a long line of despots of the familiar Asiatic type. When Lord Canning in a very noble State paper, written after the Mutiny, guaranteed to the Chiefs and Princes the privilege of adoption, loyalty and good behaviour were made the conditions of the grant. While there was a military despotism at Lahore, while Oudh was the nursery of soldiers, and might at any time become a field of battle, while Nagpore intervened between the Presidencies of Bengal and Bombay, Lord Canning's admirable policy would have been impossible and premature. In the time of his predecessor the doctrine of one supreme, controlling, Paramount Power was by no means universally accepted. It had been sketched by Warren Hastings, improved by Wellesley, and acted on fearlessly by Dalhousie. After Lord Canning all reasonable doubts were set at rest. But, it may still be argued, you have to explain away the Mutiny, and this would be a hard task, even for Mr. Gladstone. Why did not Lord Dalhousie, with all his experience and his school of devoted followers, forecast this terrible struggle for supremacy? The simple answer is that, with an overgrown, pampered, and now and then insubordinate native army, and a rooted belief in its virtues on the part of everybody, the Mutiny was a mere question of opportunity and time. Sir Charles Napier himself, when the 66th Native Infantry showed signs of disobedience, would not allow "a few mutinous and discontented scoundrels" to tarnish the reputation of the whole Sepoy force. The fidelity to their salt of Pandy and Purbea, their devotion to the Company, their readiness to follow wherever the Englishman might lead, their social merits, had been celebrated by a host of writers since the days of Clive and Arcot. Grey-haired English commanders to the very end believed in the honour and good faith of their respective regiments, were met with swelling protestations about the Company's salt in the morning, and had to flee or were shot down by the same men in the afternoon. But Lord Dalhousie, when he spared two regiments for service in the Crimea, had protested against weakening the English army in India for the necessities of a Continental war. And in some of his latest minutes he proposed to reduce the native army by fourteen thousand men, to double the number of English artillerists, and to increase proportionally the Queen's forces, horse and foot. That he recommended little or nothing for the Sepoy was because that soldier's condition was hardly capable of improvement; and at the time of the Santal mutiny of 1855 he warned both his employers and his successors never to reckon on peace or on the absence of a disturbing element in India for even a single day.

If we turn from acquisitions of provinces and kingdoms, which for a time were popularly believed to occupy the Governor-General to the exclusion of every other subject, the depth and variety of Lord Dalhousie's internal reforms would do honour to a Cornwallis or a Bentinck. His Railway Minute, of one hundred and one paragraphs in length, laid the foundation and has ensured the development of Indian railways, as they now cross the Empire in all directions, doubling our military strength, tempering the severity of famines, imparting vigour, force, and directness to every executive agency. In the space of two years he connected the three Presidency towns, and all the important military and many of the civil stations, by the electric wire. That India has long had the benefit of a one-anna postage, or little more than a penny, is due, not exactly, as Captain Trotter puts it, to the Postmaster-General, but to a Special Commission, in which Bengal was represented by the late Sir C. Beadon, Bombay by Mr. Courtney, and Madras by Mr. Forbes. In other departments constructive vigour was equally conspicuous. Lord Dalhousie created a Secretariat for the Department of Public Works in each governorship, abolishing a controversial, lumbering, dilatory Board which had done nothing but write angry minutes and neglect bridges and roads. In the legislative department of his Council he had for his colleagues the late Mr. Drinkwater Bethune and Sir Barnes Peacock; and a variety of equitable and much-needed laws were passed. One Act ensured liberty of conscience to converts by protecting their rights of succession and inheritance. A second repealed the old law against usury. Others were passed to put down gang robbery and dacoity, to encourage native emigration to the Mauritius and the West Indies, and to protect public officers against the consequences of acts done in good faith and in excess of their legal powers. There are many instances of turbulence and disaffection where a magistrate must act first and receive an indemnity afterwards. Without always putting new legislative irons in the fire, it was Lord Dalhousie's maxim to get as much as possible out of the laws already in existence, and to impress all his subordinates, from the Board at Lahore to the Magistrate and the Deputy Commissioner, with a conviction that things had to be done. He told Rajput chiefs, in his own forcible language, that they must not practise or connive at Suttee; Thakoors, in the same country, that witches were not to be swung nor lepers buried alive; Rajputs, in the North-West Provinces, that the costliness of marriage ceremonies was no excuse for wholesale female infanticide; Boards of Revenue, that they must not be guilty of "unparalleled presumption"; Commissioners of Division, that they were not to mar military combinations by needless fears for the safety of a civil station; and the titular Nawab of Bengal that he had forfeited some of his privileges and would find a diminution in the guns of his salute, because he had allowed a wretched servant to be beaten to death with clubs at the very door of his tent. And with all these censures, which spared neither native prince nor English general, no one was more ready to recognize and reward merit, to encourage rising ability, to discern the civil or the military servant best fitted to reduce a province to order, to warn or to conciliate a refractory or misguided prince, to preside in a Supreme Court of Appeal, or to form and work a new department. It was truly said when the Court of Proprietors of India Stock on his retirement voted him a pension of 5,000*l.* a year, that in all the vexed and varied questions which came before a Viceroy for solution there was "nothing difficult which he did not render more easy; crooked which he did not make straight; intricate which he did not unravel; and vast and extensive which he did not embrace." If he committed errors, like all of us, we do not find them detailed in Captain Trotter's narrative; and if they can be collected from other sources, they were the errors of a resolute, noble, and high-minded Scotchman. One or two eminent men failed to understand Lord Dalhousie's character, and went down in the tournament like Brian de Bois Guilbert before the lance of Ivanhoe. Sir C. Napier entirely mistook his opponent, and in their celebrated controversy the views of the Governor-General in opposition to the Commander-in-Chief were approved by the Duke of Wellington himself. Sir Henry Lawrence was not so unfortunate as Napier; but he either could not or would not comprehend the master whom he had to serve. In a lesser degree this same defect was apparent in General Hastings Fraser, the Resident at Hyderabad. With his colleagues, his lieutenants, and high provincial authorities, his relations were almost always satisfactory; and he was fully supported by the better part of the Anglo-Indian press. What Lord Dalhousie did for John Lawrence, and what Lawrence under him did for the Punjab, for Sikhs, Pathans, and agriculturists, has been often told, and is too well known for repetition here. Lord Dalhousie never showed favouritism, in the ordinary sense of the term. He rebuked presumption, passed over incapacity, and had a keen eye for those qualities of energy, discipline, ability to command, and readiness to obey which were his own marked characteristics. He was often telling his colleagues and followers that the Court of Directors were "your masters and mine," and the Directors, to do them justice, valued and supported their servant and friend.

The end of the biography is rather sad. The retirement from his high post, the private life at home, the meeting with old friends, and the correspondence with former subordinates, the winter residence at Malta, and the gradual failure of a constitution never strong and overtaxed by years of hard work and climate, are all gracefully and quietly told. There is a portrait, but not a very good one, of Lord Dalhousie to be seen at Harrow. An excellent bust, showing the clear-cut features and the high descent, adorns the Town Hall of Haddington. Calcutta has a full-length statue, and an admirable portrait by Watson Gordon, painted after the return home, hangs on one of the staircases of Government House. Changes in India and in public opinion at home forbid us confidently to expect another Dalhousie any more than another Chatham. But there will be room, under any conceivable vicissitudes, for public servants of all grades to profit by a high example. It is in no depreciation of other eminent men who have filled the same office that we select three Indian rulers who stand high above their fellows. The first was impeached. The second is Wellesley. Dalhousie is the third and last.

STORIES.*

THE Kara Yerta Tragedy is, as its title-page implies, a murder story, of which the scene is laid in Australia. It therefore moves and has its being subject to rather narrow limitations. There has to be a mysterious murder of which a virtuous person is unjustly accused; there has to be a faithful being of the opposite sex in love with the accused; there have to be legal proceedings, some of which must be described not absolutely without detail; and the mystery has to be satisfactorily explained both in general and in particular. In two points Mr. Harrison's story bears some resemblance to the late Mr. Fargus's *Called Back*. These are that, in the first thirty-five pages, a happy situation is constructed with considerable ingenuity, and that the rest of the book is nought. The good situation here is the device whereby the widow of the corpse, without any considerable straining of probabilities, contrives to make a decidedly strong *primâ facie* case against the hero, whose name is Woodstock, and who

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* *The Kara Yerta Tragedy: an Australian Romance.* By J. E. Harrison. London: Walter Scott. 1889.

The Vengeance of Maurice Denalguez. By Selina Dolaro, Author of "Bella Demonia" &c. London: Henry J. Drane. 1889.

Miriam Balestier. A Novel. By Edgar Fawcett, Author of "Olivia Delaplaine" &c. London: Henry J. Drane. 1889.

A Child of Japan; or, the Story of Yone Santo. By Edward H. House, Author of "The Japanese Expedition to Formosa" &c. London: Henry J. Drane. 1889.

Bill Nye's Thinks. London: Brentano. 1889.

Nye and Riley's Railway Guide. By Edgar W. Nye and James Whitcomb Riley. London: Brentano. 1889.

is mate of an ocean mail-steamer. The obvious inference is that the ingenuous reader is intended to suspect Mrs. Thornycroft, the widow, and that Mrs. Thornycroft is, therefore, not guilty. Having got so far the author was in a dilemma. He had either to make Mrs. Thornycroft the criminal or an accessory, which would have been to give up his mystery, or to invent some independent murderer and fit him in with the postulated circumstances. The task was beyond Mr. Harrison, and he fell back on the last resort—no less contemptible than obvious—of introducing a lunatic whose motives were entirely outside the main plot of the story. Romancers of murder cannot lay too closely to their hearts the great principle that the interest of investigating murders, real and imaginary, depends at least as much upon the question why it was done as upon the question how it was done. Mrs. Thornycroft had a reason for wishing her husband to die, and so had Mrs. Thornycroft's strictly virtuous (and rather tiresome) lover, and, if either of them had done it, the story would have had dramatic interest. The lunatic did it because she was mad, and as soon as the wary reader discovers that circumstance—which he is allowed to do a great deal too soon—the story becomes almost as dull as a real crime. Subject to these considerations, Mr. Harrison has done his work rather well. There is a somewhat trifling episode of some futile endeavours of Woodstock's young woman to establish his innocence by means which can hardly fail to recall the adventures of the elder Miss Vanstone in *No Name*. Also, every here and there occur absolutely unpardonable passages like this:—"How strange it is that in the moments of our intensest feeling we have so often to attend to the ordinary and commonplace duties of life"; and this:—"It [a room of no sort of importance to the plot] was a small but comfortable apartment, containing a round table—on which was a gay-coloured table-cloth, covered with a profusion of books—a pianoforte, two armchairs, and a sofa, besides some old-fashioned horsehair dining-room chairs."

Maurice Denalguez was a Spaniard, and he visited that remarkable metropolis which we are always reading of and which we never see, where they drive in the Row; and "his eyes varied in color as he spoke of varied subjects." He was an old enemy of a fashionable and red-haired but unprincipled widow, whose name was Ethel, and whose friends, therefore, called her Thello. The reason of the enmity was, that before the story began Denalguez had had a brother, who had loved Thello, and whom Thello had loved, and Denalguez had objected, and had told the brother facts to Thello's discredit, whereupon the brother had shot himself, and Denalguez considered that the brother had been morally murdered by Thello, and Thello that he had been morally murdered by Denalguez. Which was right is a question of casuistry unnecessary to adjudicate upon; but as a kind of set off against the startling and disagreeable peculiarity of Denalguez's eyes, already mentioned, it may be recorded that Thello was in the habit of talking to herself like this:—"Oh! my puppets, I hold you in the hollow of my hand, and though the hand is small the grasp is firm. . . . I have so much satisfaction within my reach, that I do not know where to strike first." These two persons, each living mainly for revenge on the other, were brought together through getting mixed up with the affairs of a lady called Edith Warburton, married to a gentleman as dull as herself (which is saying much), and a great deal older, and carrying on a gloomy but harmless flirtation with Sir Reginald Faithorne, a dashing baronet. The consequence ultimately was that "a sharp noise echoed through the room. Philip Warburton had slapped Sir Reginald smartly on both sides of the face"—presumably with both hands at once. Sir Reginald was "thunderstruck for the moment," as he well might be; but immediately afterwards, "indicating the ladies by a wave of the hand, bowed ceremoniously to every one in the room," and went away to arrange the duel. It was worth the trouble; for each man brought two seconds and a surgeon, and all eight were dressed in "most immaculate" black frock coats and tall hats, and they looked like a "conclave of legal crows," whatever those may be, and danced a kind of formal lancers, and then got to work. Warburton, having lost the toss, had to fire with the sun directly in front of him; in spite of which he hit his man, whether or not on both sides of the face is not mentioned. However Sir Reginald soon came right again, and so did everything and everybody else, except Thello.

Where can the sky have "looked so pure and so deep-coloured that it made one think of life in which chastity blends with passion"? Where could a lady villain display her "smile growing ruddier, and her flawless white teeth gleaming behind it in a sort of pearly nudity"? Where could be observed the same lady's "magnificent stride, and her dainty garments blown by the sweet west wind sideways from her sculpturesque proportions"? Where would a heroine of fiction frankly acknowledge to herself that she was "a liberal-thoughted female"? Where would one not be surprised to see a theatrical manager who was holding his hands "up half-way toward his chin, and was patting the backs of either with the palms of either in an oddly ruminative fashion"? Where would it strike the same gentleman, "in the secret subtleties of his peculiar mentality," not that to have patted the back of your right hand with the palm of your right hand is a feat to be proud of, but that something was the case at once less obvious and less interesting? Where is a person liable to experience "some subtle change . . . trenchant, electric, spiritually molecular"? Of course in the United States of America, and not elsewhere. And, accordingly, in those States, or some of them, were wrought the fortunes of Miriam Balestier, described by Mr. Edgar Fawcett in a style wherein the older and more correct graces of Mr. W. D. Howells struggle for the mastery with the newer and more exciting characteristics of Miss Amelie Rives. Miriam was an actress, and her manager loved her, and took her on tour; but she did not love him. Paula Chalcott, another actress in the same company, did love him; but he did not love her. So one night in the train Paula tried to throw Miriam off the platform of the sleeping-car, and would have carried her fatal purpose out, only an accident happened in the nick of time, and Paula was killed and Miriam was picked up senseless and carried to a neighbouring house, wherein was a youth named Cecil. As soon as Miriam recovered her senses, Cecil began to love her and she began to love him; but he was engaged to somebody else, so Miriam went away, and that's all. Of his two models in style, Mr. Fawcett has forsaken Mr. Howells, and followed Miss Rives as to the important point of length, and he has done well.

"I wonder," says a young American gentleman in *A Child of Japan*, "how I should relish hearing myself called a 'Yank'!" We extract the passage, partly because it will supply many persons with not altogether unpleasing food for reflection, and partly because the story contains no other of equal interest. Mr. House is of opinion that the people of Japan are undeservedly and intolerably martyred, to the gross and selfish interests of stronger nations, politically by every nation big enough, with a dubious exception in favour of the United States, and socially by every nation, and the United States in particular. To expose these iniquities, he has written a long and earnest story of transcendent dulness. It is about a Japanese girl called Yone, who was greatly illtreated in childhood, because her parents insisted on her doing household work, and she herself and divers Americans insisted on her going to school at the same time. From these woes she was rescued by a rather wicked elderly doctor, who was very much in love with her, and that after she was married as well as before. However, he had the grace to keep the fact pretty much to himself. Under his instructions Yone laboured at times as a sort of sister of charity, and before long she died, amidst oceans of native and American tears. Before long as young women's lives go, that is; to the patient reader the career of Yone appears to be almost as interminable as it is uninteresting. It is a comfort, however, to find that that particularly deplorable sort of crank whose crankiness consists in yelping about oppressed natives, and calling his own countrymen tyrants and oppressors, exists outside Great Britain.

Some people always occupy themselves in the train. Others are capable of travelling long distances without reading, talking, sleeping, eating, smoking, or writing. Such persons look out of the window at times, but not with the intelligent topographical interest which arises from the active study of maps or guide-books. The occupied ones are a little apt to pity them, and suppose that they must find railway travelling dull. If anybody proud of being able to do things in trains wants to take a broad view, and understand that being able to do nothing in trains also has its advantages, let him procure either *Bill Nye's Thinks* or *Nye and Riley's Railway Guide*. Each is a shilling volume, containing pieces in prose or verse in the newest style of "American humour," and anything more tedious than either it would not be possible to conceive.

THE AZORES AND MADEIRA.*

READERS of *Cowdray* will not be disappointed in their natural expectation that Mrs. Roundell's narrative of her visit to the Azores will be both attractive and interesting. The Azores, which take their name from Açor, a buzzard, or kite, which is probably indigenous to the islands, and which the early settlers at any rate found there in great quantities, are not so often visited by tourists and travellers as they deserve to be. It is true that the voyage has its *désagrements*; the surrounding seas are rough and stormy, and a more inhospitable-looking, iron-bound coast is seldom to be seen. Only good sailors should trust themselves in those waters where even experienced travellers find it almost impossible to keep an upright position or even to sit down without "holding on." The sufferings of Mrs. Roundell's fellow-passengers are too horrible to relate. Then when one has surmounted the hardships of a rough passage and greasy Portuguese cookery, one feels cut off from the rest of the world. Direct telegraphic communication with England does not exist, and the postal communication is badly managed and very uncertain. Mrs. Roundell was glad of an opportunity to send letters to England by a Norwegian vessel bound to Cardiff. But the hardy traveller, resolved to see none of the lions which obstruct the path of his more easily-discouraged brethren, will find much to repay him for even greater inconveniences than he will be called upon to undergo. We find nothing specially worthy of note in the author's description of Santa Maria, neither will we linger long over her graphic description of San Miguel, where she was much amused by the sight of small carts drawn by sheep as similar vehicles are drawn by dogs in various parts of Europe, and where she studied on the

* *A Visit to the Azores; with a Chapter on Madeira.* By Mrs. Charles Roundell, Author of "Cowdray: the History of a Great English House." With Illustrations. London: Bickers & Son.

spot the phenomena of the volcanic eruptions formerly so prevalent in that island. If sheep-carts are amusing to see, bullock-carts in the Azores are not pleasant to listen to :—

> Passing through one village we met three ox-carts, made of wicker-work, and each dragged by six oxen. Their strange wooden wheels, with fixed axles, making a most fearful noise, like that of a circular saw, with the addition of loud groans and wild shrieks. We certainly could not hear our own voices as the carts passed. They are not allowed in the towns on account of their *chilrada* or noise, but it is supposed to frighten away evil spirits, and every Azorean proudly boasts that he can recognize his cart by its own peculiar shriek.

Even in more civilized Madeira the nuisance exists to a scarcely modified extent :—

> As for driving, there is not a wheel in the island, not even a wheel-barrow or a truck, and we found we got most exercise in an open bullock-carro which, as it slowly scraped its way over the pavements, jarred and jolted every bone and muscle in our bodies, and, as the steel runners ground over the stones, added the aggravating sound of a pencil that squeaks on a slate to the incessant shouts of the driver and the attendant boy.

The author regrets that the orange trade should have been allowed to decay in the Azores, especially in San Miguel, and that the cultivation of pineapples should have been substituted, as the revenue thus realized scarcely amounts to one-sixth of that produced by the old staple industry. The cookery of the Azoreans would hardly tempt a scientific gourmand. A mess of bread boiled up with garlic, onions, vinegar, and saffron is seldom relieved by anything more toothsome than salt fish, watercress soup, conger eel, and octopus. The tongue of the dolphin is considered a great delicacy, and the oil of this fish is very plentiful and in common use among the people. In the chapter on the island of Terceira, whose chief town is the seat of the Government, the writer gives a short and excellent summary of the later history of Portugal and the Brazils. She tells us that Dom Pedro, who was extolled a few years ago by many persons in this country as the champion of Liberalism, was declared by the Duke of Wellington to have been a ruffian, and to have framed for his country a Constitution which was odious. Sir Charles Napier, however, claims credit for Dom Pedro as having abolished despotism in Portugal, and Mrs. Roundell would appear to agree with the gallant Admiral. The facts of the struggle between Dom Miguel and his brother are well known, and our readers will draw their own conclusions. San Jorge has the best climate in the Azores, and is never visited by epidemics. Pico is celebrated for the beauty of its women and for the super-excellence of its oranges. Fayal was colonized by the Flemings, it has been frequently visited by earthquakes, and there have been terrible volcanic eruptions in the island. Probably "Flores in the Azores" will be the most interesting of all the islands to the admirers of the Laureate—that is to say, to nearly all English people. Its coast is bold and rugged, without beach or inlet, and passengers by steamer are landed in heavy boats propelled by immense oars. Oranges are not cultivated there, and the fruit generally is very poor. There are no beasts of burden, and travellers have to go about the island in hammocks made of sail-cloth and tightly tied to a long pole. The occupant sits sideways, clinging to the pole, with his feet dangling; were he inadvertently to lie down in the hammock, the sail-cloth would close over him. Mrs. Roundell says that Gervase Markham's description of this island as "black Flores, banefull isle," is still only too appropriate, considering that its iron-bound coasts have no lights, no lifeboats, or no life-saving apparatus of any kind." In the convent chapel at Santa Barbara and the chapel of the Jesuit church are carvings and frescoes the sight of which well repays the traveller for all the roughness and difficulty of his journey thither. The image of Our Lord in the chapel of Nossa Senhora Esperanza is covered with jewels valued at over 150,000*l.* The natural history of the Azores is in no way remarkable; but Mrs. Roundell gives a very interesting description of the fauna and flora of Madeira. Many of the Portuguese names for flowers are very pretty, such as "Perfect Love," "Sweet Gift," "May we be Friends," and "Woman's Love"; but when Mrs. Roundell went back to England, and saw the green fields and hawthorn hedges and banks of primroses and cowslips, she felt "with irresistible force that one wild flower of England was worth all the exotics of Madeira." Mrs. Roundell is one of the few travellers who combine absolute practicality and the soundest common sense with a poetical imagination and a keen sensitiveness to beauty.

TWENTY-NINE SERMONS OF SAVONAROLA.*

THE sermons preached by Fra Girolamo Savonarola in 1496 were written down by one of his hearers, Ser Lorenzo Violi, a notary of Florence, as they fell from the lips of the iconoclast in the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore. "His diction was quick and prompt," says the Dominican Father Serafino Razzi, a contemporary and eyewitness; "yet so well did he pronounce what he had to say that never a word of it was lost. And there are those who, seeing the rapid diction of this man, the copiousness of his conceits, and the eloquence of his word, do deem it a miracle that the worthy man, Ser Lorenzo Violi, should have written down his sermons so well." To these sermons, reprinted from the first and only Florentine edition, the undated work of an anonymous printer, probably issued at the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth centuries, Signor Giuseppe Baccini has prefixed a concise and tersely-written Life, which, it need hardly be said, is neither intended to vie with the great work by Professor Villari nor to supplement any other complete and more compendious one. He has, besides, modernized the orthography of the Florentine notary without touching either word or thought of the preacher. These sermons, in the opinion of their latest commentator, prove more conclusively than any others "that Savonarola, far from being ambitious of popularity under a Republican Government, was firmly convinced of his own mission as a prophet appointed by God to reform the manners of his time and preach against its corruption." Yet the question, "Was Savonarola a martyr who gave his life for liberty of thought and political independence?" is answered by Signor Baccini in the negative. Although Savonarola was born and nurtured in the full flush of the Renaissance, he must be classed "among those fanatics who, coming before and after him, have, with the best of all intentions, rather essayed to enchain human genius than to deliver it from the bondage of the ages." His sermons abound in eloquent passages, which contrast favourably even now with the "false eloquence of many modern preachers." Heightened as they were by his wonderful voice, by the tears he shed, and by the people's conception of the sacredness of their prophet's calling, it is not difficult, even in this prosaic age, to realize what must have been their effect upon a sturdy and withal sensitive and highly-strung people. "Audite, principes Jacob et duces domus Israel, numquid non vestrum est scire iudicium?" was a theme easily applied to Papal arrogance and Imperial treachery. Indeed, when the words of Micah inspired the magnificent invective of Fra Girolamo, every thought, every word, every thrill of its prophet thrilled and quivered in the heart of the powerful Republic, chafing in its power, and pride, and strength against the priestly infamy of an Alexander, and the bad faith of a Charles VIII., mindful all the while of the courage, crowned by success, with which it had resisted the oppression of the fourth Sixtus. But for the loss of prestige consequent on the pitiable episode of the trial by fire, there is no saying how far the work of Luther might have been forestalled by his Tuscan precursor. Savonarola not only lacked the iron self-reliance of the Teuton—he lacked his humanity. And this want of sympathy with human joy and sorrow, of the sense of external and intellectual beauty, of the necessity of innocent pleasures, without which "human society would become a melancholy assembly of austere and ferocious individuals," was the most potent cause of his fall. To the purity of the Florentine ascetic's life and manners, to the tenacity of his struggle with the Curia Romana, the holiness of his precepts, the fire and conviction with which, in an age steeped in luxury, he preached his singular and austere doctrine, Signor Baccini does ample justice :—"Yet fell he a victim to his religious fanaticism, to an ideal erroneous both in principle and application . . . not only contrary to the spirit of that age, but, generally speaking, to all progress and civilization." The interest of this work, excellent in form and matter, is heightened by the appended notes of the Padre Serafino Razzi, naïve in expression, and glowing with historic colour. Those who are most comfortably impervious to the thunder of the prophet's word, because it was hurled against bygone grievances, must yet take pleasure in the presentment of the solemn procession with which Carnival began in the year 1497. How when the thousands were assembled in the Piazza di San Marco, it wended its way through the streets, and "to the children was given to carry, on a gilded pedestal, a beautiful little Lord Jesus, standing, made by the great sculptor Donatello, who [the Holy Child, not the sculptor] with one hand did give the benediction, while with the left hand He held the crown of thorns with the nails." And many of us will wince over again at the oft-told tale of the great fire in the Piazza della Signoria, the fuel of which was "Flemish painted canvases, forming a fine frieze . . . portraits of beautiful bygone women painted by most excellent masters . . . musical instruments, lutes, lyres, harps, cymbals . . . and books of profane music . . . the vanities of women, such as unguents, vases of waters, mirrors, Cyprus powders, perfumes, headgear, and such like—books by Morganti, the Centonovelle . . . and others like unto them" . . . besides "masks, false beards, sumptuous disguises, and the diabolic vanities in vogue in that time." The conversion of the "Potenze," with the record of their boisterous and sometimes terrible diversions, the personal appearance and "magnetism" (may we be forgiven the anachronism) of Fra Girolamo, his voice, the miracles he wrought, the signs and portents of his God-appointed mission, with other things of never-waning interest, form a fitting commentary on these remarkable sermons.

* *Prediche di F. Girolamo Savonarola.* Edizione integra di Giuseppe Baccini. Firenze: Adriano Salani, Editore.

MEDIÆVAL FRANCE.*

FEW old Harrovians can have heard of the death of M. Gustave Masson without feelings of regret; for he held an assistant-mastership at Harrow for many years, and was uniformly kind

* *Stories of the Nations—Mediæval France.* By Gustave Masson, B.A., Univ. Gallic., Officier d'Académie, Member of the Société de l'Histoire de France, &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

and genial in manner. He had a cultivated mind and a strong taste for literary, and especially for historical, pursuits; his disposition was generous, and he always delighted to acknowledge any good work done by others. His latest book, which contains the "story" of Mediæval France from the accession of Hugh Capet to the death of Louis XII.—not, we think, a very good point of division; the line should have been drawn at the death of Louis XI.—is written with considerable life, and contains several picturesque bits from the early chroniclers. It is, however, somewhat lacking in grasp and firmness of treatment. The strange blunder of reckoning Lorraine and Franche-Comté among the fiefs of the Capetian kingdom, which meets us at the outset, is characteristic of a certain sloppiness which pervades the book generally. When we get to any specially critical period, such as the reigns of Philip IV. and Louis XI., the thinness of the work becomes peculiarly apparent. Several notices are given of early French literature, and these are good as far as they go. Among the tables at the beginning of the volume there is a useful list of the sources of the mediæval history of France.

PHYSICAL TEXT-BOOKS.*

WE have another contribution to the study of organic chemistry in the fifth part of the third volume written by Professors Roscoe and Schorlemmer. Though dealing merely with the benzene hydrocarbons and their principal derivatives, this part occupies 523 pages octavo, which proves that their method of treating the subject is practically exhaustive. Most of the work is naturally of little interest to the general reader, except the historical notes and an excellent account, under the group of terpenes and camphors, of the discovery and preparation of caoutchouc and guttapercha. Professor Remsen, of Baltimore, U.S.A., publishes a text-book of inorganic chemistry, in which we observe several features to be approved of. In some of the large text-books, for example, the student's attention is distracted by detailed descriptions of apparatus and specific directions for the preparation of substances, so that the essential principles of the science are apt to be lost sight of, and his conception of them is less distinct and vivid. Of course no lecturer can afford to dispense with laboratory work, and must set forth special directions to the students for carrying out all its details. In the present work, therefore, we find an appendix of ninety pages of selected experiments to accompany the text from step to step. The main part of the work, of over seven hundred pages, seems to balance fairly a discussion of the leading principles with a classification of the facts. Professor Remsen lays much stress on general relations, pointing out analogies between properties of substances and between chemical reactions. When discussing the double salts of the halogens he applies formulæ expressive of their constitution which he promises to justify by evidence to be given in a subsequent treatise.

Professor Mixter now issues a second edition of his text-book. The author adopts what is called periodic classification in order "to present the elements of chemistry logically as far as possible." From the American States we have also the first part of a compilation which will be useful to all who are practically interested in the "constants of nature." This book of 400 pages gives the specific gravities of 5,227 distinct substances (and many of these with separate determinations), their constitutional formulæ, and the authority for each.

Smaller works are—one in the series of "Blackie's Text-Books," which is intended to cover the same ground as the elementary course in the Science and Art Syllabus; Part I. of an Elementary Course of Natural Science, dealing mainly with air, heat, chemical action, and electricity; and a neatly arranged little work on sound, light, heat, electricity, and magnetism.

To treat the general laws of heat in an elementary manner, yet in a really scientific spirit, is the object of a carefully prepared work before us. The author presupposes but little chemistry on the part of his pupils, and nevertheless treats and illustrates the nature, laws, and phenomena of heat in an extremely simple, precise, and scientific manner. Mr. Madan pays considerable attention to the applications of the general laws of heat to the arts and manufactures; and in the appendices explains many of the numerical questions which practically occur in scientific work. There is a good index.

A second and enlarged edition of Mr. Blakesley's book on electric currents will be welcome to all who appreciate the geometric mode of dealing with certain problems. We are also glad to see new editions of Mr. Lynn's clearly written little work on Astronomy, and Dr. Klein's manual of Histology. The latter now contains some interesting micro-photographs.

In Natural Philosophy there are several new text-books. Mr. Laverty aims at placing Dynamics on a thoroughly sound basis by "avoiding unsatisfactory illustrations and definitions." The importance of Newton's three laws is well brought out, but the utility of inventing the words *fas*, *cas*, *scas*, *casgram*, *scasgram*, *faspen*, *bim*, *cim*, and others, may be questioned where real instruction is desirable.

A work on Statics, by an author whom we formerly reviewed favourably, is well equipped with exercises and illustrations. The extraordinary attempt, in a long note, to show that an oar can be regarded as a lever of the first order, seems somewhat out of place in a book of statics. Should there be the opportunity of a second edition, Mr. Warren might advantageously replace this note by an alternative proof of one or two of the leading statical problems, illustrating, for example, the triangle of forces or the principle of work.

Two books belong to the series of Blackie's "Science Text-Books"; one an enlarged edition of a manual which we formerly noticed favourably, the other on applied mechanics, and especially with regard to liquid and gaseous pressure, belt and toothed gearing, hydraulic machines, physical qualities of materials and so forth.

Our present list concludes with two books on statics, both evidently the result of practical work in class-teaching. The first seems a good introduction to a larger work by Mr. Greaves which we formerly had occasion to speak of with favour; the second takes up as much of the science of statics as may suffice for the Cambridge "Previous," and bases the whole subject on Newton's three laws of motion. For the rectangular component of a force, or its effect in a particular direction, a new term, "resolute," is invented with advantage; and there is a good short account of the graphic method of treating statical problems, a solution which no practical treatise can now afford to overlook.

* *Treatise on Chemistry.* By Sir H. E. Roscoe, F.R.S., and C. Schorlemmer, F.R.S. Vol. III. Part V. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Inorganic Chemistry. By Ira Remsen, Professor in the Johns Hopkins University. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Elementary Text-Book of Chemistry. By W. G. Mixter, Professor in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

A Table of Specific Gravity for Solids and Liquids. By F. C. Clarke, Chief Chemist, U.S. Geological Survey. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Elementary Inorganic Chemistry, with a Course of Chemical Analysis and a Series of Examples in Chemical Arithmetic. By A. H. Sexton, F.R.S.E. London: Blackie & Son. 1889.

A Graduated Course of Natural Science. Part I. *First Year's Course.* By B. Loewy, F.R.A.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Questions and Answers in Elementary Experimental Physics. By B. Loewy, F.R.A.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

Elementary Treatise on Heat. By H. G. Madan, M.A. With Illustrations. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

Papers on Alternating Currents of Electricity. By J. H. Blakesley, M.A. London: Whittaker & Co. 1889.

Celestial Motions. By W. Thynne Lynn, B.A. London: Stanford. 1889.

Elements of Histology. By E. Klein, M.D., F.R.S. London: Cassell & Co., Limited. 1889.

The Laws of Motion. By W. H. Laverty, M.A. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

Elementary Treatise on Mechanics. By Rev. J. Warren, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

Outlines of Natural Philosophy. By J. D. Everett, M.A., F.R.S. London: Blackie & Son.

Elementary Text-Book of Applied Mechanics. By D. A. Low, Head-Master of the People's Palace Technical Schools. London: Blackie & Son. 1889.

Statics for Beginners. By J. Greaves, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Elementary Statics. By Rev. J. B. Lock, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

AMID DEVONIA'S ALPS.*

YET another book on Dartmoor, following close on Mr. Page's, which we reviewed a short time ago. Mr. Crossing is the author of *The Ancient Crosses of Dartmoor*, noticed in the *Saturday Review*, and he now extends his literary efforts to Dartmoor itself. He says he has culled from his note-book accounts fairly representative of his moorland peregrinations. And this culling process includes extracts descriptive, not only of Dartmoor, but also of Mr. Crossing, his hunger, his thirst, his feelings in general, and his gettings up and lyings down; when he is tired, when he is fresh, when he is wet, and when he is cold. The first person singular of the most important pronoun in our language comes in for a good share of the matter culled from the note-book, and has the not very surprising effect of imparting a prosy sensation in reading a work of praiseworthy—that is, short—dimensions, with a very useful appendix and a good index. There is no doubt that Mr. Crossing knows Dartmoor as a native of the neighbourhood who often walks over it, and calls his walks peregrinations, is likely to know it. But it is hard to see what an evening party at Brent, so pleasant as to keep Mr. Crossing up all night, the jollity, wit, and humour thereof being hidden from his reader, can have to do with Dartmoor.

Amid Devonia's Alps is a poetical, romantic term for peregrinations on Dartmoor. Poetical licence, like licences to shoot and do other pleasant things, must be allowed; and pity 'tis they are not paid for, to swell the revenue. Persons who write about Dartmoor take out these licences, which are not granted by the Duchy of Cornwall on payment of ten and sixpence, as any one who knows the Duchy might expect, and such persons use them to excess, as this book will testify. Nevertheless, it is not well to compare Dartmoor to the Alps of Switzerland. Dartmoor has beauties of its own, but has no similarity whatever to the

* *Amid Devonia's Alps.* By William Crossing. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Plymouth: W. H. Luke.

Alps, and to compare the one to the other amounts to a fanciful delusion.

Mr. Crossing's descriptions of Dartmoor, when he writes of Dartmoor, are accurate, with the exception of the usual exaggerated colouring of what writers on Dartmoor call the antiquities. He may be commended, however, for calling the *clapper* bridges by their right local name, and not *cyclopean* bridges, a weak invention of the scholar in common use amongst superior persons. These bridges are made of huge stones piled on one another in the bed of a river to form piers for other huge flat stones to rest on and provide a footing for horse or man. Most of them have resisted the floods successfully for ages, and are certainly ancient and very picturesque. Mr. Crossing follows Mr. Page's example, and, culling from notes of his walks, gives his descriptions of the moor as he goes along, now and then his imagination floating downwards with a river and getting far enough away off the moor. The book, as we have said, is laudably short, but there is the superfluity of personalities before referred to. Mr. Crossing takes long walks with his friends and dogs, with whom his pages are somewhat burdened, and he also has the advantage of riding a pony, which gives him a much-needed insight as to where you can and where you cannot ride on horseback on the moor. In walking the whole moor can be traversed with ease, for Mr. Crossing makes too much of the difficulties, not because they appear difficulties to him, but by virtue of the poetical license aforesaid they are so described. Riding is another matter, and it requires a really good knowledge of the moor to cross it safely on horseback off the roads. On foot there are some mires to be found that are impassable, but they are not extensive, and are easily avoided. On horseback there are large extents of bog land into which a horse's foot would sink, even without a weight on his back. There are some passes through them known to the hunting-man and the moor-man, and, it appears, to Mr. Crossing also. We are surprised to find that Mr. Crossing mentions the Abbot's Way as the same as the Jobber's Path. The Jobber's Path, which was used for driving cattle across the moor, surely crosses the Abbot's Way in a direction almost at right angles, and it is altogether a distinct path. We are also surprised that any authority on Dartmoor should say "the central portion of this great waste still continues to be a Royal Forest" (p. 13), which it most decidedly is not. There are errors in the book, such as the following quotation will show:—"Below this spot, and by the side of a small stream which falls into the Erme, is a little covered erection of the kind frequently seen on the moor, though not often in so complete a state as this, *and which it is very likely were used by the miners as repositories of their tools*" (p. 104)—the italics are ours. Cranmere Pool, for some occult reason, seems to excite the fancy of writers on Dartmoor, who always dwell on it in a mysterious manner. It is a most disappointing spot to visit, if one be lured thither by these books. It is nothing more than a piece of bare, black peat-bog, on a large elevated plain of moss and sedge growing on the bog underneath. It once held water, and there are many accounts of how it became tapped. It is situated near West Okement Head, and the true explanation of its being no longer a pool is a simple one. A fox was run to earth at Okement Head; a terrier was put in, and not coming out again was dug out, and the digging drained the pool for ever.

The illustrations, apparently taken from photographs, cannot be highly praised. But the appendix is the best part of the book, giving a business-like list of the Tors, with their names, and their heights, and also a list of the rivers and their tributaries. There is the usual speculation about names, as a matter of course. We cannot agree that the Tors which bear the names of animals need have been so called because they resemble the animals in shape. Names have no doubt changed, some wholly, some only partially. But why should not Vixen Tor be so called because the vixen resorted to it for putting down her cubs? Or Fox Tor because it was a favourite kennel for the fox? Or Hare Tor because harriers were apt to find there, hares always frequenting places they like? Or Hound Tor because for the same reason hounds were eager to go to it? Nothing is more likely. Corruptions take place in the most recent times, as one of the Hare Tors has been changed to Har Tor, and from that to Harter by the press of the present day. In the list given of the Tors we miss some, such as New Tor, Browsen Tor, &c.; but on the whole it is fairly complete, and very useful. So also is the index. The merits of the book are, that it is not lengthy, is generally accurate as far as it goes, and that by the aid of the appendix the Tors and the rivers can be sought and found by name.

ALL SAINTS', MAIDSTONE.*

FEW visitors to Maidstone fail to see the fine old Perpendicular church at the southern extremity of the town. With the closely adjoining remnants of the College it forms a most picturesque group, and, viewed from the other side of the Medway, with varied reflections and all kinds of small shipping for possible foregrounds, it is the subject of innumerable sketches and photographs. An object so attractive has naturally been very fully noticed by local writers and historians. Mr. Cave Browne mentions among his predecessors Newton, whose *History and Antiquities of Maidstone* was published about one hundred and fifty years ago; Beale Poste's *History of the College*, published in 1847, and Whichcord's volume on the same subject, which is dated two years earlier. Two later works are also mentioned—Mr. Gilbert's, which deals only with the church, and Mr. Russell's, which takes in the whole town. Under these circumstances it is not very easy to see what new thing Mr. Browne can have to tell us, and we are not surprised to find that these chapters originally appeared as contributions to the *Parish Magazine*. We must not, therefore, consult them for any remarkable discoveries or any very recondite information; and, perhaps for the same reason, the references to the Registers are much too meagre, filling in all only some half-dozen pages, although, as Mr. Browne tells us, "down to the close of the last century alone the Registers extend over fourteen volumes," and although they are among the few in England which date back to within six years of Cromwell's Injunctions, by which every parish was enjoined to set up its book and to provide a chest to keep it in. It is a pity Mr. Browne has not given us further particulars and extracts, the more so as he has filled several pages with an account of the stained glass, which, conspicuous as it is, will remain in every visitor's memory as the great drawback to the beauty of the church. The "horsebox pews," the three-decker and the galleries swept away at the last "restoration"—for All Saints' has undergone that destructive process several times—cannot have been half as offensive to the eye as these gloomy windows. In 1880 what might have proved a happy event for the church took place. A traction-engine passing along the road to the eastward suddenly blew up, shattering the east window—a Belgian transparency of most unfortunate design—and otherwise injuring the interior. Instead of seizing the opportunity to effect some really suitable improvements, the authorities now bestirred themselves to obliterate as far as possible, not so much the effects of the explosion, but all the previous history of the church, and, among other so-called improvements, the strange and ghostly, but impressive, monuments of the Astleys and the Knatchbulls were removed from the chancel, and placed, with more or less mutilation and alteration, at the western end of the nave—a situation for which they were never designed or intended. To tell the truth, this explosion, which we may assume was not the result of any prearrangement, gave the restorer opportunities often denied to him—opportunities of which, we may be sure, he fully availed himself. Strange to say, Mr. Browne omits all reference to this momentous event; momentous, of course, rather in its indirect effects than in the magnitude or importance of the damage it actually did to the fabric of the church. Mr. Browne, indeed, is no discriminating admirer of "restoration," and accepts the most thoroughgoing Vandalisms under that name as of necessity improvement. We do not all want the architecture of our old churches improved at the expense of their architectural history; but All Saints', Maidstone, after undergoing more than its share of such "improvement," still remains a very handsome and interesting relic of the time of Richard II.—the palmy days of the Perpendicular style.

Maidstone—Medway's Town—had its church at the time of the Domesday Survey. This church, called in a patent roll of 1495, "ecclesia parochialis Beatæ Mariæ de Maidenstone," was situated on one of the great manors of the see of Canterbury, and appears to have been an object of some solicitude to successive archbishops. When, as in the time of Archbishop Baldwin, and again in that of Archbishop Hubert, the monks of Christ Church made themselves too troublesome, a new foundation, to supersede the old one, was designed for Maidstone, but never carried out. Canterbury, therefore, when opportunity offered, took care to make itself unpleasant to Maidstone. The Prior and his monks, whenever the see was vacant, endeavoured, with by no means unvarying success, to hold visitations over the churches of the diocese. After Archbishop Peckham's death "an abortive attempt" was made to visit Maidstone. The like result followed a similar attempt in 1348; but in 1495 the Prior of Canterbury seems to have been more successful; at least, there is no record of failure extant. But the long-threatened College had then been established a hundred years, and had in no wise affected the predominant position of Christ Church. This College was endowed by Archbishop Courtenay, and Mr. Browne seems to have proved that the old church of St. Mary was not wholly pulled down, but formed something more than a foundation for the new church of All Saints'. The investigation of this point occupies a good many pages; as does the answer to another question—"Where was Archbishop Courtenay buried?" His alabaster tomb, without any inscription, is pointed out at Canterbury, near that of the Black Prince; but Mr. Browne is strongly of opinion that he was buried at Maidstone, and would identify a massive tombstone, from which a magnificent brass has been stripped, still existing in the centre of the choir, though no longer on the carved and emblazoned pedestal described by some old writers. According to Hardy's *Le Neve* he was buried, by the King's express commands, in Canterbury Cathedral, though he had desired that his grave should be "in the churchyard of the collegiate church of Maidstone." There are many difficulties about this view, and quite as many about the other. Le Neve himself, in his MS. *Church Notes in Kent*, cited by Mr. Browne, expressly states that Courtenay was buried at Maidstone. The grave was examined in the last century, and a skeleton found, but without any insignia of rank or other marks calculated to assist in the identification of the remains. On the whole,

* *All Saints', Maidstone.* By the Rev. J. Cave Browne. Maidstone: Bunyard.

however, the weight of what, at best, is but negative, or, at least, ambiguous evidence, is in favour of Mr. Browne's opinion that the body of the Archbishop was really laid in the chancel of his new church.

The later history of All Saints' has in it some points of interest. Mr. Browne does not very clearly define the position of the Master of Courtenay's College, but we gather that he succeeded to the duties of the old rectors of St. Mary's. The College was not finally surrendered until the reign of Edward VI., and thenceforward the duties of the parish were carried on by curates, appointed from time to time by the Archbishop, the first apparently being John Porter, who had been sacrist of the College. Some of these curates seem to have been men of character. We find Robert Barrett refusing to allow the Burghmote meetings to be announced in the church; Thomas Wilson omitting to publish the *Book of Sports*; John Crumpe, who is described as "a godly and painful preacher," and Josiah Woodward, who was one of the originators of what is now the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Mr. Denne was the antiquary who opened Courtenay's supposed tomb, as mentioned above, and held the curacy from 1753 to 1800, during thirty-five years of which time he seems to have been out of his mind, owing to a fright he had received. As chaplain to the gaol he attended two Italian prisoners under sentence of death. The criminals, the day before that appointed for the execution of the sentence, contrived to break out during Mr. Denne's visit, and, after stabbing the gaoler, to escape. While Denne was incapacitated James Reeve did the duty, and eventually succeeded him; a good man, who, though his own stipend was the poor but poetical 40*l.* a year, first opened a district church in Maidstone. Under the next incumbent, Vallance, the first "restoration" took place, though something of the kind had been attempted a century and a half earlier. The work thus begun languished for some thirty years, until the present "vicar"—for perpetual curacies were abolished in 1869—carried it out thoroughly.

Mr. Cave Browne gives very full details of the monuments and epitaphs. In his account of these memorials his zeal for restoration flags a little, and no wonder. "In the recent work of restoration," he says, "though the upper portions of the church have been so nobly beautified, the pavement bears sad marks of the utilitarian spirit." The grave of the Broughtons is an example; for while part of the tombstone with the family arms forms a step, the rest, with the inscription, is hidden by the next step. Mr. Browne does not pursue the subject. Some of the epitaphs are curious; as, for instance, that of Robert Stapley, a physician, and especially that of his son Richard, whom Phœbus scarcely excelled in his own art, and who was cut off by the Fates lest their own empire should be endangered. Among the monuments removed from their original places after the explosion was that of Laurence Washington, who died in 1619, and who appears to have been an ancestor of the first American President. The tablet, one of the most interesting in the church, was formerly on the north side of the east window, but since the explosion and the restoration it is "skied" on the south wall. The volume concludes with a good and full index. The illustrations, by some photographic process, are dark and unsatisfactory.

HINTS TO LADY TRAVELLERS.*

MISS or Mrs. Davidson (her healthy aversion to babies makes us incline to "Miss") may have done an unkind turn to the Lady Guide Association by her book; but the turn is one which she had a right to do if she liked, and nobody will contest her assertion that "a hundred women travel alone for one who did so in bygone days"—days, we may add, not so very much bygone. On this fact it is no use commenting, even if we felt any particular vocation to do so. Miss Davidson's book has proved amusing to us, and may prove amusing to other people for a different reason. It reminds the amiable student of human nature how very little common sense there apparently is, or at any rate there is thought to be, in that nature. Not that the want of common sense is in Miss Davidson, but that she appears occasionally to assume it in her sisters. We have no quarrel with her, except for her insistence on the fact (we fear it is a fact; but it is surely one to be hidden fathoms deep, not bruited abroad) that the ticket-clerks in booking-offices are bound to answer questions. The female, and even to some extent the male, traveller is but too prone to do this already, to the speechless or speechful agony of those waiting their turn; and it was not kind of Miss Davidson positively to aid and abet the commission of the most hideous crime known to travelling mankind or womankind.

She begins with "Accidents" (a cheerful preface, as she seems dimly to feel). From "Accident" you go to "Anticipation," which seems to be reversing the order of things. But, in fact, the arrangement is alphabetic, tempered by caprice, as the table of contents will show:—

Accidents, Anticipations, Apartments, Baths, Boarding-houses, Booking-offices, "Bradshaw," Cabs, Cab Fares, Carriage Clocks, Continental, Cushions, Cycling Tours, Dress, Dress Hampers, Dressing Bags, Driving Tours, Etiquette of Travelling, Etnas, Excursions, Fees, Fellow Travellers, Filters, Flasks, Food, Footwarmers, Foreign Outfits, Guards, Hand-bags, Health Resorts (England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland), Holdalls, Hotels, Hotwater Bags, Hydropathic Establishments, Inns, Insurance, Invalid Comforts, Knapsacks, Lady's Maids, Ladies' Carriages, Lamps, Literature, Luncheon Baskets, Luggage, Medicine Chests, Money, Money Belts, Mountain Climbing, Necessaries of Travel, Night Journeys, Omnibuses, Packing, Pocket Compasses, Porters, Portmanteaux, Pullman Cars, Railways, Railway Keys, Railway Rugs, Return Tickets, Riding Tours, Saloon Carriages, Sandwich Boxes, Scotch Tours, Sea Bathing, Sea Voyages, Sleeping Cars, Soiled Linen Bags, Summer Travelling, Stations, Steamboats, Stewards and Stewardesses, Tea, Tea-pots, Time-tables, Toilet Requisites, Tourist Tickets, Trunks, Umbrella Cases, Unpacking, Waiting Rooms, Walking Tours, Washing, Watering Places, Wedges for Doors, Winter Travelling, Welsh Tours, Yachting.

This is a goodly *chapelet*, and it is fair to say that good sense is to be found under most of the headings. If lovely woman obeys her guide she will (1) put her feet instantly on the opposite seat at any violent motion of the train [N.B. This is good advice, but should not be put in practice too frequently, as the effect would be odd, especially if the *vis-à-vis* is a vile male]; (2) not forget her cats before starting [excellent]; (3) put a hand glass between the sheets to see that they are aired; (4) avoid boarding-houses [Miss Davidson does not say this in so many words, but we think she means it, and we heartily agree with her]; (5) count her change; (6) not acquiesce in the vulgar error that *Bradshaw* is hard to understand; (7) remember that many men of birth and station are driving cabs [from not having led five trumps, no doubt]; (8) possess an air cushion; (9) "not drink too much while riding" [Miss Davidson means tricycling; but we think—we really think—that this caution might be extended. At what period should a lady drink too much?]; (10) wear tailor-made gowns; (11) remember [blessings on Miss Davidson for this!] that the "command of the window" is a fixed, and not a movable law of etiquette; (12) "confine her parting attentions to the maids, unless she has called on the footman for unusual services"; (13) not set down a shutting-up drinking cup while it is full [and, indeed, this is a wise, though we should have thought a superfluous, precaution]; (14) eat a good breakfast [hear! hear!]; (15) not throw empty soda-water bottles into crowded thoroughfares ["O woman, in thine hours of ease, Say, art thou given to deeds like these?"]; (16) carry a hot-water bag [in which case we reluctantly give up the desire to travel in her company]; (17) insure her life; (18) not take a lady's-maid with her; (19) avoid ladies' carriages [this seems unnecessary, as no woman ever attempts to enter them]; (20) supply herself with a filter, a reading lamp, a money belt, a pocket compass, a railway key, a knapsack, a travelling bath, a door wedge, an eyestone, Hinde's curling pins, frizzetta, and thilum.

Now, it will be admitted that most of these persuasions and dissuasions (we except frizzetta and thilum, of which we know nothing) are excellent. Further, the travelling woman will find lists of watering-places, with some remarks on them, hints on the composition of a medicine chest (with which we trust that she will not poison either herself or her companions), and a good deal of miscellaneous information, mixed with a really surprisingly small proportion of talkee-talkee, or "holiday-article" writing. We noted in reading a passage where Shaftesbury is seemingly referred to as a town "in the North," which it certainly is not. But this is of no great importance, and we mention it chiefly because it was the only thing of the kind that we did note.

* *Hints to Lady Travellers at Home and Abroad.* By Lillias Campbell Davidson. London: Iliffe & Son. 1889.

THE ENGLISH POOR LAW SYSTEM.*

"WHAT do you think of our institutions?" is supposed to be the first question addressed by an American host to the visitor from "the other side." We are less sensitive to the opinions of strangers than our American cousins; but we are no less capable, we may trust, of profiting by the generally disagreeable experience of "seeing ourselves as others see us." None of our institutions are more characteristically English, whether regard be had to its present condition or to its past history, than the Poor-Law system, and Dr. Aschrott has conferred a real benefit alike upon the practical administrator and upon the student of social science by his recent work upon the subject. It was the author's purpose, as he himself explains, to regard the Poor-Law system from the point of view of an outside observer, and "to form a judgment *sine irâ et studio*." That purpose has been, we may say at once, admirably fulfilled. Dr. Aschrott's work is not the hasty impression of a holiday visitor, but the well-thought-out and critical judgment of a man well fitted alike by his previous training and his present position to arrive at an impartial conclusion. The subject, too, is one on which the carefully formed opinions of an educated foreigner may be peculiarly fruitful. Our own system is not merely unique, but even opposed in its most salient features to the systems which obtain abroad. In Germany there is far less uniformity of administration; while in France, the provision of funds for the relief of the poor is, on the whole, left to private benevolence, though the State undertakes to supervise their distribution. This being so, the friendly and, in the main, approving criticism of a man like Dr. Aschrott cannot fail to be of great value.

The great body of the work is devoted to a critical examination of the existing machinery of the English system and the

* *The English Poor Law System, Past and Present.* By Dr. P. F. Aschrott (Prussian District Judge). Translated by Herbert Preston-Thomas. With a Preface by Henry Sidgwick. London: Knight & Co.

methods at present adopted in its administration. But the first hundred pages of the book contain an excellent sketch of the progress of Poor-Law legislation from the earliest times to the present. Dr. Aschrott rightly ascribes the origin of such legislation to the Act 12 Richard II. cc. 7 & 8, but he fails to notice the great social revolution which rendered legislation imperative. It is true, but hardly adequate, to say that the interference of the State was due in the first instance rather to a desire to repress mendicancy than to benefit the poor. But so long as the old manorial system subsisted even mendicancy, much less pauperism, could not have reached such dimensions as to call for the interference of the State. It was the break up of the manorial system, consequent in great part on the Black Death of 1349 and 1361, which gave rise to a class of landless labourers, the relief of whose necessities called for public intervention. Still it is true in the main that up to the passing of the great Statute of Elizabeth in 1601 the repression of mendicancy rather than the relief of the destitute was the first object of Poor-Law legislation. Under the later Tudors, however, the problem of English pauperism became so pressing as to demand a comprehensive attempt at solution. The dissolution of the monastic orders; the agrarian revolution consequent on the dispersion of their lands; the growing passion for enclosures; the degradation of the currency; the rise of prices and the fall in the rate of wages combined to render the lot of the poorer classes extremely unhappy, while the gathering discontent warned the Elizabethan statesman that a remedial measure could no longer be delayed. For the famous Statute of 1601 Dr. Aschrott has nothing but admiration. "In this Act we recognize the State strong in the consciousness of its civilizing mission, not the State merely discharging the repressive functions of a previous period." Equally unqualified is his denunciation of the famous Act of Settlement passed after the Restoration :—

> If in the Act of Elizabeth we recognize the strong and enlightened rule which strenuously maintained the interests of the Commonwealth, the law of Charles II. is a reflection of that unhappy time which was characterized by party spirit and selfish designs, when a weak and morally despicable monarch was ready to sacrifice the good of the community to the selfish wishes of particular classes and parties.

Dr. Aschrott fully appreciates the evils to which the humanitarian administration of the eighteenth century gave rise and the imperative necessity for the Amending Act of 1834. Since the passing of that great statute the principles of Poor-Law administration have been practically unchanged; while subsequent legislation has been directed mainly to amplifying and enforcing the leading provisions of that measure.

Having thus traced the historical development of the Poor-Law system, Dr. Aschrott proceeds to a minute and exhaustive examination of the machinery by which it is carried out. The result of this examination is, on the whole, exceedingly favourable to the system which obtains in this country. There are, however, points of detail in which Dr. Aschrott finds room for criticism. The present incidence of the Poor-rate, for example, he regards as unsatisfactory. In the country districts it is emphatically a tax on revenue, and, applying as it does only to the returns from real property, it seems to our author to be unfair. In the towns, on the other hand, it is, of course, a tax on expenditure, being, in effect, an addition to the house rent. The incidence of this tax Dr. Aschrott regards more favourably, though he urges, and with some reason, that the existence of heavy ground rents renders the tax in many cases inequitable. But it is the perfection of the local organization of the Poor-Law administration which has chiefly excited Dr. Aschrott's admiration. Here, he says, "the English system is a model one." This result he ascribes in the first place to the co-operation of paid and honorary officials in the local administration, and in the second to the harmonious relations of the local organizations and the Central Board. In this way the English system has been successful in "blending with the centralization necessary in the interests of administrative uniformity the independence of local administration necessary for the healthy life of the community." But here, too, there are, in the author's opinion, defects of detail. The office of honorary overseer might, he thinks, be abolished with great advantage to the symmetry of the system. The present method of electing Guardians seems to him to be open to abuse, though he admits that the results are good. He dwells with great minuteness on the workhouse system, combating the views alike of those who attack it on the score of expense and those who denounce it as cruel and inhumane. To the latter class of critics his reply is almost brutal in its directness and common sense. "Poor-Law relief is not based on humanitarian considerations, but is administered in the interests of the community." Or, as Professor Bryce has put it not less clearly, "kindness to the individual is cruelty to the class." Perhaps the most serious objection advanced by our author against existing workhouse management is the fact that, even for the ablebodied, workhouses are not, as the Legislature intended they should be, "places of labour." But this is really due, as he acknowledges, partly to the fact that the percentage of "ablebodied" men capable of ordinary labour is extremely small, and partly to the jealousy generally manifested against the employment of pauper labour in work which may compete with the product of private enterprise. With regard to vagrancy, Dr. Aschrott is inclined to believe that the harsh enactments against it have tended to encourage indiscriminate private charity, and have thus indirectly increased rather than diminished the pauperism of the country. He gravely mistrusts, too, the optimistic official view of the results of the "casual ward" system. The numerical reduction of casual paupers is unquestioned, but is it conclusive proof of the favourable working of the system? This Dr. Aschrott denies. The stringency of the regulations has reduced casuals to the satisfaction of officialism, but it is gravely doubted whether the real result is equally satisfactory. The number of "Refuges" erected by charitable societies has enormously increased—a development in itself sufficient to account for the official diminution. But the real objection to the system as at present worked seems to be that its rigour fails to reach the class for whose correction it is more particularly intended. The "professional vagrant" avoids the casual ward, and its rigours fall therefore almost exclusively upon the respectable labourer in search of work, who possesses too much self-respect to beg for the pittance which would admit him to the company of the regular tramp in the common lodging-houses. That there is much of truth in this criticism no one can doubt. The hard discipline of the casual ward and the increasing dangers of the criminal centres formed in the common lodging-houses attest it beyond dispute.

It will be seen that such criticisms as Dr. Aschrott has to offer are very much criticisms in detail, and that they in no sense detract from his warm appreciation of the system as a whole. But it is interesting to note what are the special features which seem to our author, writing "as a German for Germans," worthy of particular mention as models for the amendment of the relief system in Germany. The first is the *uniformity of the system* throughout the whole country, which is secured by the general supervision exercised by the Central Board. "The advantage of the uniform character of the English relief system is that the individual may always rely upon being protected from the worst consequences of destitution—namely, from starvation; but, on the other hand, he knows perfectly well that relief, whatever the circumstances in which it is granted, will only be of the prescribed kind and amount." Secondly, the harmonious co-operation of paid and honorary officials in the local organization. Thirdly, the special provision for the sick poor by means of workhouse infirmaries, the dispensary system, and the system of training nurses. Fourthly, the education of pauper children; and, lastly, the existence of a well-defined boundary between public relief and private, which, as Dr. Aschrott truly says, is not only essential for the proper administration of the Poor Law, but is also calculated to effect the much-desired organization of private charity. To elucidate this latter point Dr. Aschrott has added an appendix which deals with the question of Private Relief and the Charity Organization Society as supplementary to the Poor-Law System. A second appendix contains a careful and exhaustive classification of Poor-Law Statistics.

To Mr. Henry Sidgwick, who suggested the introduction of the work to the English reader, to the translator, Mr. Herbert Preston-Thomas, and to the learned author himself, the thanks of all students of social science are due for a most valuable work on a subject which is no less intricate than important.

HEARTS OF OAK.*

"I HAVE," Admiral Winnington-Ingram says, "often felt a regret that the writings of my brother officers so seldom find their way into magazine print." They see many things, but they do not write about them. The lament or reproach is not without foundation; but the Admiral has done his best to remove it. His solid volume is a reprint of articles contributed, as he says with a certain dryness, "gratis" to the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*. It contains reminiscences of some forty years of service at sea, begun in the days of the sailing fleet and carried down to 1871, before Her Majesty's ships were beginning definitely to cease to be ships. It is a volume to be received with pleasure, in spite of certain drawbacks. One of these, and not the least, is that, being a reprint from the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, it is in the same "mo" as that publication. Now, it is one thing to handle a thin paper-bound pamphlet of quarto size, quite another to handle a thick quarto volume in stiff boards of that respectable proportion. It is, in truth, severe work to hold *Hearts of Oak*, at least for a feeble landsman. Another defect in the book is due to the Admiral's painful sense of duty. He will give historical information about places which we could dispense with. Thus on p. 58 he observes, with an almost hideous calm, "An outline of the particular events which took place in Asia Minor before the Christian era would here be appropriate," and then absolutely goes on to give it. If Admiral Winnington-Ingram had taken good advice before inserting his outline, he would, we imagine, have received the answer given to the bard who asked Dr. Johnson whether his Muse should sing of rats. As it is, he has inserted a lump of the purest guide-book skip.

When this is allowed for, Admiral Winnington-Ingram must be praised for a book which would be thoroughly readable but for its oppressive bulk. He has seen a good deal, from the burlesque sulphur war with Bomba on to the operations in the Baltic and the Garibaldian fighting in Italy. What he has seen he writes about in a pleasing way. The adventures are none of them thrilling, and, by no fault of his own, the Admiral has not seen a great naval war; but he has wandered much, and has

* *Hearts of Oak.* By Rear-Admiral H. F. Winnington-Ingram. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1889.

come across exceptional experiences. His style of narrating them has a certain simplicity not without a flavour of its own. Take, for instance, this incident, which occurs at the very beginning. The Admiral, when a midshipman, was on his way to the Pacific in the *Actæon*. A man fell overboard, and the officer of the watch hastened to bring the ship to. While he was directing the manœuvre a rush was foolishly made by some volunteers of more zeal than seamanship at the jolly-boat. She was lowered while the ship was still going through the water, and of course came side on, and was towed under in a moment. Five or six men were now struggling in the water. The Admiral must tell the rest of the tale :—

I was then sent in the cutter to search for them. The stars were shining brightly overhead, but the moon had not risen, so that small objects could only be seen at a short distance from the boat. She had been pulled for an hour or more over the supposed scene of disaster, but without results, and I was about to give the order for returning to the ship, whose lights were dimly seen far away, when a magnificent meteor shot clean across the sky, almost from one horizon to the other, making the surroundings as clear as day, and even bringing the low pampa coast—some distance off—in good view. During this interval, a small black object was observed bobbing on the surface of the water ; and its bearing by the stars having been taken, the cutter was steered for it, and we soon picked up a man clinging to an oar, but in the last stage of exhaustion. He proved to be a noted bad character, who was always in trouble on board ship. That he should have been saved by the special intervention of a heavenly phenomenon, when all others in the same predicament perished, is a mystery incapable of being solved ; but, if I remember rightly, the man's conduct somewhat improved from the date of his wonderful preservation.

This has Admiral Winnington-Ingram also seen, that good luck sometimes happens to the bad man, and the evil seemed to him great.

In the course of his experience the Admiral, then a lieutenant, was landed to assist in the defence of Monte Video against Rosas. He there made his first acquaintance with Garibaldi, and saw one of the most astounding pieces of savagery on a large scale which has been visible on our earth in this century. The whole siege was a barbarism of the worst kind. We learn from the Admiral that a countryman of our own shone in its worst scenes. This was a certain Cockney Sam, a loafer on the Monte Video mole, who was regularly employed to cut the throats of the sentries of the besieging force, and who showed himself a master in that bad kind of irregular warfare. He struck terror into the Argentine look-outs by shouting "Deténgase usted un instante, estoy Samuel de Lóndres." "Stop a moment, I am London Sam." When they did stop a moment he cut their throats. We learn from the Admiral that the cant Monte Videan phrase for throat-cutting was "tocar el violin," which is curious, since in old Spain it is a slang phrase for playing the fool. How aptly it may be used in that sense the victim of the amateur violinist knows. Later on the Admiral met his old friend Garibaldi in Sicily as leader of the thousand of Marsala. He speaks as highly as all eye-witnesses do of the hero's imperturbable courage. The Admiral had also the advantage of an introduction to Rosas himself, who received him with hospitality and struck him as looking remarkably like a Scotchman. In these days, when laments over the difficulty of finding competent crews for our ships in war time are so commonly heard, it is encouraging to read the Admiral's account of the difficulties found during the Crimean War in manning the *Boscawen*. It shows how they had to put up with every sort of nondescript landsmen, and had out of a watch list of 302 only 125 men who had "any proper knowledge of sailors' work." In the old war, ships were sometimes even worse found. So, after all, our troubles are no new thing. We are really obliged to the Admiral for giving us a picture of the old sea life, and wish that some of the others who remember it would collect their recollections before they go and the knowledge is lost.

LITERARY INFLUENCE IN BRITISH HISTORY.*

MR. ALBERT CANNING has done some respectable and useful work in book-making, and we have no desire to be hard on him. But really this volume is a little trying. Mr. Canning says that he hopes "it may be useful to readers not familiar with larger works on the subject." What are the larger works on the subject? We can only think of one, and that one which Mr. Canning certainly does not quote and is not very likely to know—M. A. Beljame's capital *Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres en Angleterre*, which covers one small period. The "works," however, with which Mr. Canning apparently supposes that the public may not be familiar are quite different from this. They are "Shaw's" and "T. Arnold's" *Manuals of English Literature*, Macaulay's *History* and *Essays*, Buckle's *Civilization*, the late Mr. Green's *History of the English People*, the novels of Sir Walter Scott, and a few other recondite lucubrations of the same kind. His extracts from these, all acknowledged with the most transparent honesty and just as a man might acknowledge the rarest discoveries, are woven into a disquisition as to which all we can say is that we do not quite know whether the state of mind which the author reveals or that which he seems to expect in his readers is the more remarkable. We shall best illustrate both by pretty copious citation.

Mr. Canning thinks well of Shakspeare ; but his method of expressing his admiration is peculiar :—

If these dramatic chronicles, as Hallam calls them, are compared with his own histories, as well as with those of Hume, Lingard, and Macaulay, it will be seen how truly the poet describes many noble, historic personages, committing or authorizing legal cruelties, for which they cannot be considered personally responsible.

He considers our ballads unduly neglected :—

The old English ballads mostly celebrating deeds of arms, and which Hallam thinks inferior to the Scottish, were comparatively neglected till the last century when republished by Bishop Percy. Although admired by some literary men, Walter Scott especially, they were seldom referred to by former British writers.

That Mr. Canning should say that Raleigh "took no active part in politics" is a little surprising ; but it is perhaps not so surprising as his reference to *Eikon Basilike* :—

Another royalist writer, Bishop Gauden (1605–1664), wrote in behalf of monarchy and the king's memory. The former in his History of the Revolution, the latter in a remarkable work, the Royal Image, pathetically described and deplored the king's character and execution. . . . . He [Milton] eagerly attacked Bishop Gauden's singular work, in which that prelate, praising the king's courage at execution, deplored and described the event, most minutely appealing to the English nation to lament and avenge it.

Has Mr. Canning ever opened a page of the book he thus describes? and would he be surprised to hear that Gauden, whether he wrote *Eikon Basilike* or not, was not a prelate then or for ten years afterwards? That he quotes Milton as describing himself "fallen on evil days, by evil tongues surrounded," is nothing ; and "the gay Lucios, *Cassios*, Gratianos," whose "occasional intemperance" Mr. Canning deplores, are not much more. Cassio, unfortunately for himself, was "occasionally intemperate," but he finds himself in very odd company here. But this is a still odder sentence about Dryden :—

Yet his own joyous, genial disposition, fully shown in his beautiful ode or drinking song of Alexander's Feast, apparently prevented his making personal enemies.

We never heard that glorious John had a "joyous" nature ; and, to put Rose Alley and the cudgels out of question, a poet must indeed be a glutton of "personal enmity" who wants more proofs of it than Dryden had, from the *Medal of John Bayes* downwards. However, the "little, if any, indignation" which Dryden excited may pair off with the "fairness" of Bishop Burnet, and the "political views favouring the British Protestant colonists" which, it appears, distinguish the *Tale of a Tub*. The statement that Voltaire, "like Bossuet, wrote in French," is capable of misinterpretation by ribalds, though it is strictly true. Let us next hear what Mr. Canning has to say of Gibbon :—

His subject, so vast, so interesting and important, claimed attention not only in lands whose history it described, but in others where the glorious Roman name was never known. In the world's mysterious history it was fated that far more interest in the Roman Empire was felt, and far more knowledge of it acquired in countries long unknown or uncivilized than in those which had displayed either its political or intellectual glory. Britain, France, and Germany, where Gibbon's work was most studied, are yet comparatively seldom mentioned in his historic pages. His grand history ranges throughout southern Europe, western Asia, and northern Africa.

Unlike most histories of his time the "Decline and Fall" addressed all nations enjoying the inheritance of the ancient Roman Empire. It was, therefore, much read by foreigners, a recent edition being prefaced and furnished with notes by M. Guizot, the French Prime Minister under King Louis Philippe.

This statesman, well versed in modern politics, bears valuable testimony to Gibbon's knowledge of human nature.*

* "His eye was never darkened by the mists which time gathers round the dead. He saw that man is ever the same, whether arrayed in the toga or in the dress of to-day, whether deliberating in the Senate of old or at the modern council board."—Guizot's preface to "*Bohn's Edition of Gibbon.*" These words are specially valuable from the French Premier, who, often presiding at many Paris council boards, thus recognizes and acknowledges the English historian's good sense.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate for this handsome tribute that Guizot executed the very superficial work referred to, almost as a boy, long before he was "French Prime Minister," or knew anything about "Paris Council Boards." But this is less interesting to us than the reflection about the mysterious fate. It would be wrong to do more than direct the reader's attention to it. So also we need not dwell on the following statement :—

About this time Defoe's popular work, Robinson Crusoe, probably diverted many young Englishmen's attention from history to the combined amusement and information it furnished.

further than to observe that "this time" is the time of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon ; that *Robinson Crusoe* was published in 1719, when Hume was eight years old, and five and eighteen years respectively before Robertson and Gibbon were born. The "diversion from history" which it thus effected is one of the most interesting on record.

Observing, in passing, that Dr. Samuel Johnson is known to Mr. Canning to have written the *Lounger* (the shade of the "Man of Feeling," who had no nasty pride, will surely bow and say, "*Trop d'honneur!*"), we may congratulate our author on discovering that William Wordsworth "was one of the most pleasing and *popular* among the friends and contemporary poets of Scott, Byron, and Moore." Wordsworth the friend of Byron, Wordsworth popular at any time during Byron's life, is good—popular Wordsworth is good. What Mr. Canning has to say about "Green and Buckle" and Mr. Justin McCarthy must not delay us ; indeed from many unquoted gems we can only select one more :—

Like Scott's History of Scotland, where the great novelist abandoning fanciful romances, devotes himself to historical narration, Mr. Lecky lays aside his former attractive style.

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* *Literary Influence in British History: an Historical Sketch.* By the Hon. A. S. G. Canning. London : W. H. Allen.

That Scott "laid aside his former attractive style" in the *Tales of a Grandfather* will be new to a good many people.

Such a book as this makes the feeling heart sorry. Mr. Canning is not pretentious; he is industrious after his way; he has selected a subject on which a really brilliant book might be written. But he has taken his literary knowledge apparently from "manuals," his historical knowledge from popular histories, and, what is most remarkable of all, he seems to have entirely lost sight of his nominal theme. By far the larger part of the work has nothing to do with "Literary Influence on British History," but is simply an ill-arranged series of remarks on certain British authors; while many of the most important instances of such influence—such as Puritan pamphleteering, Halifax's tracts, the astonishing political journalism of Swift at its most successful time, that of the *Conduct of the Allies*, &c.—are not mentioned at all. "Literature and History in England considered in the light of Manuals and Macaulay" would have been the better title, and even then it would be rather hard on Macaulay and the manuals.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE remarkable natural force which abides in the one living representative of the oldest school of literature represented at all in modern France (for M. de Pontmartin is a chicken compared with M. Alphonse Karr), exhibits itself still in *Les bêtes à bon Dieu* (1). Nobody, we believe, quite knows when M. Karr was born; we hope that nobody will know when he dies. He ought never to die, for he is the one perfect living representative of the *esprit gaulois* as it once was, with all its merits and all its defects—defects which are getting as precious as the merits. As usual, the framework of the present collection of articles is better than the articles themselves. Not that there is not good work in the latter. The history, told in the fashion of Titus Livius, of what the politicians of 1870 and later times ought to have done, and didn't do—how Napoleon III. and all his Ministers fell fighting at Sedan, like Roland at Roncesvalles and James IV. at Flodden, M. Emile Ollivier alone surviving to turn hermit, and expiate his crime; how MM. Jules Favre, Gambetta, and Freycinet imitated their heroic repentance a little later; how M. Ferry and General Boulanger fought for four hours at close quarters with the sword (with the true history of the General, who began by killing Hector of Troy in single combat, communicated by parenthesis, and the new and surprising adventures of President Grévy), is not inconsiderable fun. Some Dialogues of the Dead are also good, especially the remark (quite worthy of him who wrote "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose"), that the dialogue is "le seul plaisir qu'aient imaginé pour les âmes immortelles les dieux et les poètes, si ingénieux pour les supplices des enfers, et si peu inventifs pour les paradis." Nor is this touch the worse that it is put in the mouth of Frederick the Great. Nor are similar things to seek in the remaining papers. But the introduction is perhaps the most fertile in them, the introduction in which M. Karr explains the reason why he has turned his "wasps" into "ladybirds." He might, by the way, have referred to the very unjust idea, popular in some countries, that ladybirds are capable of leaving a blister on the hand where they alight as well as of polishing off aphides—which is the point in their character on which he dwells. There is in this introduction one of the specially interesting apologies for old age—not too flattering and not too evidently *sour-grapish*—which men of letters have sometimes known how to compose. Let us hope that when he said "pour elles [les femmes] vieux est le superlatif de scélérat" he was only in a recrudescence of that "ill humour or disappointment" in which he confesses that he must have been when he laid it down long ago that "Il est une cruelle punition pour les hommes qui ont trop aimé les femmes: c'est de les aimer toujours." Nowadays in milder mood he would, it seems, substitute for "punition," which he owns to be a blasphemy, "don" or "privilège." Perhaps there is not quite the same emphatic genuineness about this optimism as there is in the pessimism of the original. It is capped, however, by a maxim wherein is much wisdom:—"L'homme aime la femme qu'il veut aimer, la femme qu'il aime—la femme aime ou croit aimer l'homme par lequel il lui plaît d'être aimée. Cela a l'air assez ténu, mais n'en est pas moins vrai." It *is* true, and what is more, you may search the whole school or schools of brisk young writers like M. Paul Bourget, M. Henry Rabusson, M. Georges Duruy, and the rest, even M. de Maupassant, not to mention the denizens of the Naturalist pigstye, without finding anything as true on the matter whereof they will all still be talking.

M. Cartailhac's volume of the Bibliothèque Scientifique Internationale (2) is, like most of the volumes of that series, a well-executed and closely-packed treatise. The bones of primitive man and his kitchen-middens, his Caves of Machpelah, his flint weapons and his beads, his menhirs and his circles of stones, all have due notice. The author has gone to excellent authorities for his facts, and he does not appear to possess any tyrannously predominating views of his own which might interfere with impartial statement on points of opinion. As always in this series, the illustrations are numerous, well selected, and mostly very good; though in a few cases there is a certain smudgy effect about some of the details, which may be more artistic, but is less instructive, than if it were otherwise.

We think M. Paul Mahalin (3) was better employed in writing *L'hôtellerie sanglante* than in cataloguing (not too reasonably) the pretty actresses of Paris from the point of view not so much of their talents as of their profiles, their dimensions, their coats, their hosen, and their hats (the lady on the cover of the volume is not excessively coated or *chaussée*; but never mind). However, there is no harm in the book, and it provides abundance of gossip about a subject which is, perhaps, better beloved of gossips than any other.

Paris, delighting in foreign novelists, has its Ouida on one side and its Tolstoï on the other to comfort it. It is needless to say much here of *Le Colonel Sabretasche* (4); of the other, it may be observed that the profane will be wrong to hope that the Swan-song (5) is Count Tolstoï's own. The swan is another than he, and a musician, which swans are not usually, save *in extremis*. There are other stories in the book besides this, and as the Seer-novelist-count is at his best in short stories, this is not something to be unthankful for.

(1) *Les bêtes à bon Dieu.* Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *La France préhistorique.* Par E. Cartailhac. Paris: Alcan.

(3) *Les jolies actrices de Paris.* Cinquième série. Par P. Mahalin. Paris: Tresse et Stock.

(4) *Le Colonel Sabretasche.* Par Ouida. 2 vols. Paris: Perrin.

(5) *Le chant du cygne.* Par le Comte Léon Tolstoi. Paris: Perrin.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

CLOTHED with allegory as with a garment, mystic, wonderful, is *The Dial*, the new artistic review projected by Mr. Charles H. Shannon and Mr. C. Ricketts. On its cover there is pictured a sundial, set in a semi-cirque of unutterable things. Its frontispiece, glorious in green and blue and gold, is an exceedingly cryptic design, which, if we may hazard any conjecture, is symbolical of the editorial belief, not now proclaimed for the first time, that "the artistic conscientiousness cannot be controlled by the paying public." The lovely white lady in the "illustration to the Great Worm," by Mr. Ricketts, arrayed in golden hair, worn, like the vulgar or Philistine conscience, all on one side, may represent the artistic conscience. She leans, not too gracefully, against an indigo rock, and offers white lilies to a gold-flecked cerulean monster that issues from a distant range of blue mountains and extends many a rood over the green landscape. It is a mild and unblatant beast, apparently, though terrors untold may lurk in its invisible tail. Perhaps it impersonates the paying public. The accompanying letterpress offers no light. We guess 'tis frightful there to see a lady so lightly clad as she, beautiful exceedingly. Exquisitely dusky is another illustration to the parable of "the Great Worm" by Mr. Shannon; nor is there less scope for the interpreter in Mr. Reginald Savage's "Miracle of the Roses" or the tail-pieces by Mr. Ricketts, some of which are strongly reminiscent of Blake. Altogether there is some relevancy in the editor's apologetic reference to the "seeming aggressiveness" that characterizes *The Dial*, though it is not a little curious that a magazine put forth with the sole aim of gaining sympathy with its views should so successfully conceal those views under allegorical forms. Mr. Shannon's idyllic sketch, "A Simple Story," is gracefully written, and there is some sound criticism in the introductory paper on M. Puvis de Chavannes; yet neither in these nor in the "Notes" on current movements in the world of art do we find any broad or definite "views" of art that call for comment or criticism. For the present at least the individuality of *The Dial* is decidedly of a negative kind. It can scarcely do more than cause a little flutter in studios that are disdainful of the methods and traditions of the Academy.

The Life and Letters of Father Damien (Catholic Truth Society) is edited by Father Pamphile, the elder brother of the devoted missionary priest, the story of whose labours among the lepers of Molokai was recently made known in Mr. Edward Clifford's graphic and interesting little volume. Father Pamphile's biographical sketch is brief, yet sober and unaffectedly simple in style. He gives many interesting reminiscences of the home-life at Tremeloo, and relates in few but touching words how his brother Joseph, "as though struck by a sudden inspiration," visited him when stricken with typhus fever, and asked if it would console him if he should take his place as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands. The work had already been assigned to Father Pamphile when his brother volunteered to undertake it, and was warmly encouraged in the enterprise. The success of the mission, and its unforeseen influence since the death of Father Damien, are now known and felt by all. The history of the settlement at Molokai, under the control of Father Damien, in the present volume, shows that the capacity and energy of the young priest in administrative matters were not less notable than his constancy in good works and unselfish devotion.

Decipit exemplar—the proverb is something musty; but what else can be said of a book which might make Mr. Rider Haggard wish he had never put pen to paper to describe hairbreadth 'scapes? The sub-title of *The Amber City*, by Thomas Vetch (London: Biggs & Debenham), is "The Adventures of a Steam

Crocodile in Central Africa," and from this the practised reader can guess what kind of stuff is before him. The author has yet to learn that to be revolting is not necessarily to avoid dulness.

The story of what may be called a world-wide mission, directed from home, and partly carried out at home, is well told by Canon Scarth in a little illustrated book, *In All the World* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), which treats of the St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission among seamen and emigrants at home and abroad.

Mrs. E. R. Pitman's *Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands* (Partridge & Co.) is apparently inspired by the notion that the wives of missionaries serving in foreign parts form a class of missionaries in themselves. Preachers, translators, teachers, catechists, and so forth, are all cited as needful; but, adds Mrs. Pitman, there is another class "not one whit less important—namely, *female missionaries*." It is scarcely possible that a woman who accompanies her husband on his mission to the heathen can avoid being herself a missionary. The subjects of the biographical narratives that comprise Mrs. Pitman's book, Mrs. Ann Hasseltine Judson, Mrs. Gobat, and the rest, worked in conjunction with their husbands, not apart from them in single blessedness. They are deserving of honour as missionaries, and not mainly as female missionaries.

All persons who are troubled with the theory that man is descended from an anthropoid ape of arboreal habit may gather some consolation from the very confident treatise of one "Laurentius" entitled *The Miocene Man of the Bible* (R. Tilling). The "Miocene man" of the author—not of the Bible—is no other than the "Missing Link," and he is now discovered by "Laurentius," to the joy of Palæontologists, let us hope, and the confusion of Evolutionists. He had "thirteen ribs and no wife," we are told, and it is due wholly to "lovely woman," as "Laurentius" says in his tropical manner, that man is not in the like evil case, and as ferocious as his anthropoid ancestor.

The Eiffel Tower, a translation of M. Gaston Tissandier's popular little handbook (Sampson Low & Co.), will be read with interest by many who have not visited the Paris Exhibition. The clear yet minute description of the tower and its construction, from foundation to campanile and lighthouse, is such that may be readily grasped by anybody, and the numerous illustrations after photographs are very useful aids.

A reprint that ought to be popular is Mr. Francis Galton's *Tropical South Africa* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), which forms the new volume of the "Minerva Library." The book is well illustrated with woodcuts and an excellent portrait, and contains, in addition, three accounts of travels selected from Mr. Galton's *Vacation Tourists*, from the pens of Sir George Grove, the late W. G. Clark, and the author.

Of the pretty and well-printed "Stott Library" we have a second instalment of a *Selection from De Quincey*, edited by Mr. W. H. Bennett (David Stott). Another volume of selections is edited by Mr. J. R. Tutin—*Selections from Keats*—in "Routledge's Pocket Library." This includes full reprints of most of Keats's best work, with selections from *Endymion* that are chosen with discrimination, for the most part, and are fully representative of the poet's early manner.

We have received new editions of Mr. Walter Bagehot's treatise on *A Universal Money* (Longmans & Co.); the fifth volume of the "Cabinet Edition" of Kaye and Malleson's *History of the Indian Mutiny* (Allen & Co.), and Professor Dicey's *Introduction to the Study of the Law of the Constitution* (Macmillan & Co.)

We have also received *Chronicles of a Health Resort*, by A. Helder (Fisher Unwin); Longfellow's *Excelsior*, illustrated by G. H. Edwards in monotint (Hodder & Stoughton); *Sweet Innocence*, illustrated by the same artist, with verses by Clarice Cornwall (Hodder & Stoughton), and *The Ocean of Life*, verses on the twelve months, with illustrations in "Christmas Card" style, by various hands (Hodder & Stoughton).

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FIRST-FRUITS OF THE STRIKE.

THE delayed settlement of the strike had such immediate effects as might have been expected from the antecedents of the treaty. A previous failure, which has been sufficiently discussed, had shown that there prevailed on one side what may be most completely described as Gladstonian notions of the meaning of a promise. On the same side there was heard, qualified by occasional formal appeals to the strikers to observe the law, much violent abuse and much threatening. That this was not mere words was made abundantly clear by the undeniable intimidation used by the pickets. With such signs as these to guide an observer who was prepared to use not only his eyes but his sense, it was easy to see that the end of the strike would be but the beginning of new troubles. The stipulation that the so-called "blacklegs" should not be molested was by itself enough to supply the materials of a fresh quarrel. How far the arrangement made with the Dock managers was really acceptable to the men is perhaps doubtful. To judge from much of the shouting heard during the meetings on Sunday they were still for no surrender. On the other hand, they yielded with docility to the orders of Mr. Burns—when he told them that yield they must, and, moreover, that they must consider themselves to have gained a great victory. The voices, therefore, which were still for war may be more safely taken to indicate that the strikers had not had time to unlearn on the last Saturday night of the strike the formulas they had been taught during its continuance, and so on the last Sunday repeated them by rote while their leader was beginning a new course of instruction. The docility of the strikers to the men who worked the machine was indeed complete. Justice to Mr. Burns and to his friend "poor little Ben Tillett" (who tells us he had the constructive building up of the strike) demands that their faculty should be recognized. The ability of Mr. Tillett has been mainly seen in the quiet work of constructive building. But Mr. Burns has shown all the world that he possesses in a considerable degree the qualities of a mob leader. The thoroughly competent strike leader must be businesslike and laborious, and must, moreover, add to the gifts of the tub orator the faculty of the "fighting First Mate." In none of these respects has Mr. Burns failed, and he has been rewarded by complete success in the work of governing his mob.

It is the defect of success of this kind that it is apt to be temporary and partial. The mob leader is generally found to have instilled a tendency to disorder which lasts, while the control he exercises in favour of moderation is at best effective for a brief interval only. This has again been found to be the case. The strikers returned to work on the understanding that some minor arrangements they desired should be carried out; that the increase of casual pay from 5*d*. to 6*d*. an hour should date from the 4th of November; that the men who remained in the service of the Dock Companies, or who joined it during the strike, should not be molested; and that the Companies should not attempt to punish those who had gone on strike. It was obvious at once that the last part of this arrangement rendered the first of no avail to a large percentage of strikers. If the "blacklegs" are not to be driven away, but retained in the service of the Companies as a permanent staff, it follows inevitably that there will be so much the less work to be given to the old body of dock labourers who went on strike. This was an obvious truth, and must, one would think, have been visible even to the Committee of conciliation at the Mansion House. If it was not, the discovery was made on Monday morning. The strikers found that the places of many of them were taken, and that the rise of wages they had helped to secure would benefit others. Under these circumstances, they behaved as they might have been expected to behave, considering the direct and indirect incitements to disorder by which they have been stimulated for weeks. The direct incitements need no comment. The indirect incitements are of more importance. They have been of various kinds. The subscriptions from Australia and from the emotional people at home, who at all times do so much to perpetuate the pauperism of the East-End by doles, have had a large share in the bad work by attracting and supporting a crowd of loafers to whom the strike pay was a temptation. Not much less effective than the subscriptions has been the patronage given to the strike by the Mansion House Committee. There has been a very great abundance of cant talked of and by this body. It has been praised for its exertions on behalf of the men, without the smallest regard to the surely not unimportant question whether those exertions were directed to an attainable end, or were merely the result of emotional excitement which must infallibly lead to disappointment, and may lead to mischief. The wisdom contained in a certain old saw about the paving of the road to hell has not plainly made its way into many heads in these days. Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., for instance, believes—and there are many who believe with him—that his good intentions justify him in encouraging the men to demand what it is a physical impossibility they should obtain, without the smallest regard to what the consequences of the disappointment may be. Mr. Buxton's colleagues have been worthy of him. The Lord Mayor and the Cardinal (that grand old man, as Mr. Burns calls him, with striking originality) have displayed exactly the same wordy sentimentality, have talked about what the men should have without the least effort to tell them what they can get, and have in general acted and talked throughout as if work and wages could be made to swell indefinitely by sprinkling them with the milk of human kindness. When the unlucky objects of their good will find themselves suddenly left to deal with the facts, and are made to feel by unpleasant experience that work and wages cannot be controlled by the emotions of Lord Mayors and the honeyed eloquence of Cardinals, it is not wonderful that they break out into violence. In the meantime my Lord Mayor and His Eminence, who do not find *their* places taken by blacklegs, soothe their hungry protégés, who now have not even so much as strike pay, by appeals to their feelings, such as Mr. Nicodemus Easy proposed to direct to the homicidal butler. A prettier illustration of the practical value of sentiments has not been given since the days of Mr. Joseph Surface.

By far the most effective of the indirect incitements to the disorder which prevailed through so much of this week remains to be named. It is, in plain language, the scandalous toleration which open violence has received from the Metropolitan police. The City force, wherever it has been employed, has been handled as usual—that is to say, as if its duty was not to go behind the simple obligation to maintain order. At Scotland Yard it would seem that other considerations are apparently taken into account. What they may be we need not waste time in guessing; but it is manifest that they are not compatible with the interests of law and order. Riotous scenes have gone on for days, and in every case the police have proved insufficient. Where any stand has been made against the rioters it has been wholly due to the resolution of the Dock officials. Mr. Monro, indeed, excuses himself on the ground that his subordinates have not applied for reinforcements. In particular he alleges that the superintendent whose duty it would have been to apply for more men for the Albert Dock expressly asserted that no more men were wanted, and that there was no disorder. Mr. Monro holds that this report ex-

cuses him completely. We put a different interpretation upon it. To us it seems to prove that Mr. MONRO's most pressing duty at present is to institute a rigid inquiry into the conduct of the superintendent. For the truth is that not only did the rioting go on all through Tuesday at the Albert Dock, but that it had begun on Monday evening. It has been so far successful that many of the "blacklegs" have been frightened away, and that the Company has been compelled to hide the others. In any case, an official who felt that he was responsible for the maintenance of order ought—without waiting to shield himself behind his subordinates—to have taken measures to deal with the disorder which he ought to have seen was probable. Mr. MONRO has taken another course, and one which makes his estimate of the duties of Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police almost as unintelligible as Mr. MATTHEWS's interpretation of the words "organized intimidation." The somewhat acrimonious correspondence which has passed between him and Mr. NORWOOD certainly leaves the impression that the CHIEF COMMISSIONER thinks it no part of his duty to take measures of precaution, but is quite prepared to wait till a riot has happened before tackling disorder. If that is his opinion, it is intelligible certainly, but it is also the very worst conception of his duty which an official in his position could possibly form.

SOME MORALS OF THE STRIKE.

THE "blackleg" difficulty seems to have come to an end, and the great strike of 1889 is over. Five weeks it lasted, or thereabout; and, though its long duration occasioned great loss, there are some good reasons for satisfaction that, if success was certain, it was yet delayed. By the time that Messrs. TILLETT and BURNS's men were seen chasing "blacklegs" up and down the dock quays opportunity for reflection had come in; and it has now become a pretty general discovery, we believe, that error and misconception were largely mixed up with the discussion of the matter.

It cannot be said that the all but universal sympathy amidst which the strike began was unworthy—far from it; but that it was in a great measure mistaken, unfortunate, unpromising, is nevertheless true. This we shall see as soon as we begin to inquire into the origin of it. Then we shall understand that the public mind had long been preparing for some such outburst of sympathy with East-End poverty in revolt, and was ready to "go off" without much investigation into the particular circumstances that provoked an explosion. We say, "with East-End poverty," being convinced that, if this had been a strike of bootmakers at Northampton or tailors at Huddersfield (or even at Turnham Green, for that matter), there would have been no such outpouring of sympathy as the dock labourers of East London profited by. The explanation is that for years past the horrors of life in that squalid region had been the subject of description which when it was restrained was terrible enough, and when the "picturesque" writer went to work upon it became appalling to kindly and sensitive minds. More lately the sweating trades—the trades in which thousands of poor men, women, and children compete with immigrant Jews under middlemen and job-masters—have been put under the spy-glass, and such reports have been made that no humane man can read them without distress; while as for remedy, remedy seems more remote the more it is sought after. Now, from the fact that East-End poverty is most glaring at the dock gates, where hundreds of broken wretches may be seen waiting from hour to hour in all weathers for the chance of earning a shilling; from the extremely "casual" nature of the employment; from the actual fight there is for it; from the constant inclusion of dock labourers in all the picturesque accounts of "misery at the East-End"; and also, perhaps, from the fact that the Dock Companies are supposed to be wealthy corporations, the dockers became classed in the public fancy with those who suffer by the "sweating system." When, therefore, these labourers struck for a penny an hour more, as well as to enforce other demands (some reasonable, some absurdly unreasonable), they at once received the benefit of all the impatience at "sweating" which had long been accumulating in the public mind.

But there was a mistake here. It is not only that the Dock Companies have a right to obtain labour as cheaply as it can be got, just as the labourers have a right to strive by every orderly and lawful means to raise the rate of wages. Nobody denies that, except the crazy preachers of Socialism, and some other persons of whom we shall have a word to say presently. The point is that the employer's right does become odious when sweating for the sake of better profits is suspected; and where that suspicion comes in, sympathy with the labourer in contest with the employer is certain and irrepressible. In this case, however, the idea of association with the sweating system was groundless. Nothing of the kind existed. The unfortunate truth is that outside the dock gates a superfluity of unskilled labour always stands waiting for employment, and that a very large part of it is not what it is commonly supposed to be. The general idea of a dock labourer is of a stalwart though ill-fed man, eager for work, capable as eager, and, therefore, deeply to be pitied if he can only get 5*d.* an hour for the brief occasional times of employment. A considerable proportion of such men there are, no doubt; and they are to be pitied deeply. But the rest? It is a painful but a true thing to say that they are of a very different order. Large numbers of them are wretched, broken-down creatures—failures in all sorts of soft callings, and not always failures from misfortune either—who certainly look as if their labour must be of very little worth. Others belong to a class of which there are thousands in London as well as in every other great city; men to whom four hours' work a day is more welcome than eight, and who are content to earn enough for their own bread and beer, habitually depending for the rest on the labour of their wives. We know, of course, what some folk will say to this. The cynics of the *Saturday Review* are at it again—traducing the working classes now, and insulting the miseries of the poor. That we must put up with. The truth of the matter is not to be concealed on that account; and the business in hand is to show where a very natural and kindly sympathy has been in error. On its own merits, there was nothing to differentiate the Dock dispute from a hundred similar struggles over a question of wages; and if some of the men deserved more commiseration than the average miner, mason, or cutler on strike, nobody who knows them will deny that others deserved much less.

How far the general sympathy with the strikers—which went far beyond anything of the kind ever before observed—testifies to the spreading of a vague Socialistic sentiment is a matter of more serious importance. One thing is certain. The same sort of persons who a little while ago used to chatter in their thousands about Esoteric Buddhism have taken to the Socialistic Ideal very much of late. They talk of it plentifully, possibly many of them think about it, dwell upon it, and are moved by speculations and theories which would be entirely captivating if they were not barren for everything but anarchy and ruin. Something of this sort may be suspected; and if rightly suspected, here is error indeed. However, the strike lasted long enough, and developed incident enough, to correct a sentimentalism which must evaporate altogether as soon as it is approached by the tests of experience. The true and thoroughgoing Socialist rejoiced when he thought he saw how very possible it was to paralyse the whole trade of London, to reduce this great city to idleness, darkness, and semi-starvation in about three weeks, by a grand combination of labour against capital. The same vision was brought before the sentimentalizing Socialist in something more than a dream. A glimpse of it in sheer actuality was presented to him; and the consequence must almost certainly have been a purgation of vapours in the brain. A similar lesson must have been conveyed to him when he contemplated those hundreds of "blacklegs" penned in a corner like a flock of frightened sheep, while a "cordon of sixty police-"men" stood between them and maiming or murder. Second thoughts in abundance have been provided by the whole course of the affair; as, again, when the question arises whether a body of men anxious to do the work that is offered to them have not a claim to the protection of the police when they are violently attacked by other men for selling their own labour at their own choice. At first sight it looks as if the citizen had a right to as much protection as that at least; and as if the State that refused it would open the door to social anarchy. However, there is plenty of time to ponder these second thoughts in peace and quietness, and we hope it is possible to come to right conclusions about them without denying pity to the poor or help to the distressed.

THE SPOOKICAL CONGRESS.

AT last there is something worthy of the Paris Revolutionary Centenary Exhibition. The reports do not say how many persons, in the sense of live, common, material, fourth-round persons, attended the Spookical Congress; but it does not much matter, because Mr. HENRY LACROIX was there, having come from New York as the authorized "representative of twelve millions of American "spirits." If twelve million spirits, attending through their representative, are not enough to make a Congress, there would never be any Congresses. The delegation of Mr. LACROIX, by the way, throws a new light on spooks. It may plausibly have been imagined that spooks were denationalized; but it would seem that it is not so, since the twelve million were all Americans. Whether this means that in their most recent incarnations they were American citizens, or that they had never condescended to be incarnated at all save in that glorious capacity, or that, without reference to any fourth-round lives they may have led here, they are American by choice, simply as spooks, it is vain for ordinary men to speculate. We have it that they were American, and very grateful for the privilege they ought to be, and no doubt are. But the twelve million in one were not all. There were Captain VOLPI and M. LÉON DILLY, and M. MIGUEL VIVET, and M. DELAUNE, junior. We have searched the list in vain for the revered name and style of Captain BUMPKINS, but there was M. JULES LERMINA, and he was the chairman, although he is an avowed "Materialist," which was considered very remarkable and interesting.

Like all the other Congresses, they were divided in opinion. Happily, there was no conflict between the three great sub-divisions, which generally fight so furiously among themselves, of Theosophists, Spiritualists, and exponents of Spookical Research. This may have been because they had all wisely determined, for this happy occasion, to compose their differences—which are not really differences at all—or because the Spiritualists, thanks, presumably, to the overwhelming majority of M. LACROIX, were present in such numbers as to have everything their own way. The division was upon the question whether or no it was expedient for the Congress to "affirm the principle of the existence of "GOD." M. LÉON DILLY said that if they did not "spiritualism would be decapitated"; but Spiritualism seems to have thought otherwise, because, when M. MIGUEL VIVET, from Barcelona, spoke to the resolution in the affirmative sense, "as soon as the words were translated, they "were received with cries of 'No.'" It is to be hoped that the cries of "No" were speedily translated to M. VIVET, and convinced him and M. DILLY of their error. It would be too horrible to suppose that their view could be correct, inasmuch as it would clearly have involved the decapitation of upwards of twelve million spirits.

This difficulty having been got over, M. DELAUNE, junior, read a paper, and "laid especial stress upon the researches "of Dr. CROOKES in England." Dr. CROOKES's researches are commonly believed to have enabled him to hold the most interesting intercourse with denizens of the spirit world, and such as might well excite the respectful emulation of M. DELAUNE, junior, or Mr. Anybody, junior. M. DELAUNE also pointed out that whereas it had been alleged [by the divine WILLIAMS, for example] "that a man ceased to live when his brain was "dead," the fact was, that "when the brain was gone" [we have a sneaking preference for "brains were out" ourselves], "there still existed a thinking individuality, "combined with which was a fluidic substance, termed the "*peresprit*, that might be described as the organic part of "the soul." The thinking individualities of many spiritualists, whether combined with peresprit or taken neat, are certainly in the habit of flourishing about a good deal after there is every indication of the brains being out. (Observe the superior accuracy in this connexion of "out" as compared with "gone." WILLIAMS knew what he was writing about.) Mr. DELAUNE, junior, appears to be a gentleman of much worldly intelligence.

Among the objects of interest submitted to the Congress were a number of photographs of spooks in different stages of decay. "They were genuine photographs." Of course they were. So many people understand photography nowadays that it is probably much easier to procure a photograph than a drawing cunningly contrived to look like one. They showed a medium, sitting in a chair, surrounded by "ghostly faces, more or less distinct." In one there were "two children in the air." In another, "looking over "the sitter's shoulders [both of them?], was the face of an "old man, startlingly life-like in expression, but otherwise "most unearthly." They appear to have been the sort of photographs which anybody can procure at any photographer's, and which any owner of a camera can take, wherein the person got up as a ghost softly and suddenly withdraws before the end of the period of exposure, with the result that his or her image comes out transparent and rather dim, the other party in the picture coming out solid and wearing a suitable expression of amazement, terror, remorse, or complacent proprietorship, as the composition may require. Mr. Titular-Chairman, JULES LERMINA, however, gave a different explanation. He said the apparent spooks were not spooks—at least, not independent ones, nor were they half-cooked photographs of real people. They were "emanations of the medium's "mind—in other words, phenomena of psychic force." This, of course, is a view like another, and no doubt a titular chairman is entitled to his opinions. It is, however, only a particular instance of M. JULES LERMINA's general theory on the subject, which is, that spooks have—as an old-fashioned metaphysician might say—no objective existence at all, but are the products, and more or less under the control, of people who are alive in the ordinary way. Not specially gifted people either, for the titular chairman is reported to have avowed that "he looked upon mediums "generally as people in a poor state of health." Now, the great point upon which spookologists of all three subdivisions are thoroughly agreed is that spooks are—again to revert to the old slang—objective. Likewise they are all agreed that the seers and other percipients of spooks and their proceedings, far from being *ipso facto* in a poor state of health, are privileged and peculiarly interesting. Therefore it would seem that M. JULES LERMINA is a heretic, and wholly unfit to preside at a Spookical Congress.

THE COMING FRENCH ELECTIONS.

ON the eve of the French general elections there is one thing, and one only, which can be asserted in regard to them with any confidence, and it is the apathy of the country. The confident assertions of parties and candidates are not worth considering. They are only part of the shouting in the great political game of brag. In the present, as in various games in which timely audacity is a sign of skill, these bettings on the hands are only the manœuvres of the players to mislead the adversary as to what they really hold. Until the cards are tabled it is idle to guess at them. It is, in fact, the distinguishing feature of this election that the struggle is being conducted on entirely false issues. Not one of the parties has honestly declared what it wants. The Moderate Republicans who have the least cause for concealment are not quite frank. The Radicals are undeniably hiding their real intentions. The Royalists and Bonapartists are certainly not declaring half their mind. What the Boulangists really mean they probably do not know themselves, and certainly nobody else does. The explanations of M. THIÉBAUD only illustrate the hopeless muddle of head among his late friends, and the continuance of that muddle in the mind of M. THIÉBAUD himself. The Bishops have done something to drag the truth out, but the effect of their frankness has as yet only been to make the candidates more reserved. No principle, no theory of government, no administrative question which can be named is manifestly at stake, to judge at least by the language of candidates. Neither is there any personal conflict between leaders which could supply the stimulus needed to rouse the country. On the contrary, the events of the last few months have tended to depress what possible party leaders there were. General BOULANGER is certainly less formidable than he was, and in his decline he seems to have dragged down M. CLÉMENCEAU, to whom he largely owed his rise. The eclipse of M. CLÉMENCEAU is, indeed, one of the most noteworthy signs of the times. A few months ago he appeared to have a career before him, and yet, without any great shock, without any defeat which can be quoted, he has entirely fallen into obscurity. His misfortune is the most striking instance of the fragility of French political reputations. M. BRISSON, who also was counted as a future leader, collapsed, it is true, with amazing suddenness, but he, at least, had time to fail in office. M. CLÉMENCEAU has not done even that.

Amid the prevailing doubt as to what the fight is for,

and in the absence of leaders, the indifference of the country is intelligible. It is very hard for a convinced Royalist to show any zeal when his party has to sink its principles for the time being, and adopt a programme made up by borrowing the divine right of *plébiscites* from the Bonapartists and the sanctity of Revision from the Boulangists, and when he is forced to rub shoulders with such very disreputable allies. This kind of compromise comes perhaps more easily to the Bonapartist, but even he must feel an occasional qualm when he remembers that his Boulangist allies are sure that the *plébiscite* which they both believe in will confirm the Republic, while he himself is bound to feel sure that it will restore the Empire. It is, however, not a little difficult to believe that there is any belief in principle at all, as it was understood by an older generation, in the French parties of to-day. To judge from their actions, if not their words, the real motive power which urges them on is not so much a belief in any particular form of government as a detestation of what government they have now. They are so sick of this, so ready to get rid of it, that they patch up alliances among parties of the most various principles by the admission of direct contraries. Their object is simply to make a coalition which will last over the general election, and will serve to ruin the "Parliamentary Republicans." What is to follow nobody can know, and nobody for the present seems greatly to care. A species of blight has descended on the political faculty of Frenchmen—corresponding to the very similar infliction which is choking their literature. There is on all things and men in politics a chilling damp which has ruined all originality, all strength of will, and has deprived them of the power to escape from the miserable old routine which has now bound them for so long. The process most admirably described in the French language as paying oneself with words has become universal. In all the late debate no single utterance has been so honest as that of the Bishop of Autun, who has not scrupled to declare, in defiance of M. Thévenet's bullying circular, that no Christian can vote for the ecclesiastical policy of the Republicans. Whether the frankness of the Bishop of Autun and his brother bishops will do them any good remains to be seen; but at least they have set a good example. They at least have not indulged in vague phrases, dishonest suppressions, and equivocal promises, but have stated with precision what measures and what manner of government they detest and what they prefer. It cannot be said that even the Moderate Republicans, though, as we have said, they have least to conceal, are quite frank. M. Emile de Laveleye has succeeded in drawing from one of their leaders a confession that even he is prepared to revise ultimately, though he would rather not do so at once.

The correspondence between M. de Laveleye and M. Paul Deschanel is, indeed, most characteristic of that very process of paying oneself with words already mentioned. The Belgian publicist writes to assure his French friend how much he agrees with him that it would be very mad to set about revising the Constitution at the present crisis, and then goes on to show how it could be greatly bettered if the time suited. M. de Laveleye mentions six points in which improvement would be possible. Partial renewals of the Chamber of Deputies by yearly fifths, shorter Sessions, and a stronger Senate are the principal points of his new charter. He ends up with a noble phrase, which it would be a pity indeed to spoil by compression or translation. We give it, therefore, in all the unsullied dignity of the original:—"Dans l'intérêt de la démocratie et de "la république, donner partout l'autorité à l'expérience, "à la sagesse et à la science." M. Paul Deschanel agrees with M. de Laveleye both as to the unfitness as to the time and the excellence of the reform. He is also of opinion that the younger candidates, who are now compelled to consult the prejudices of the constituencies, will shortly show their philosophic courage by throwing overboard the worn-out Jacobin platitudes about the beauties of uniformity and equality. When they are elected we dare say they will—a seat on horseback is often found to have an elevating effect on the minds of such as heretofore went on foot. But the philosophic young candidates are much less interesting to us than the enduring belief of such men as MM. de Laveleye and Deschanel in what M. Thiers called *Chinoiseries*. It is obvious to everybody who does not forget that after all a machine must be worked by a mechanician that the French Chambers, whether they are renewed by general election or by partial, will be just as good as the choice of the electors and the faculty of the elected will permit them to be. If the French nation is prepared to support the present form of government, to elect competent deputies, and to insist on the pursuit of a definite policy, it can do so under the present Constitution. If it is not, no mechanical devices will save that Government from coming down by the run whenever it is attacked. It is curious, too, that M. Paul Deschanel should not have reflected that, if a fifth of the Chamber of Deputies had been elected in the early part of the year when the popularity of Le brav' Général was in flood, it is extremely probable that he would have secured a following of sixty or seventy members in the House, which would have been enough to give him a casting vote in the existing division of parties. In that case how would a partial renewal have tended to give stability to the Republic? But what is even more curious in M. Paul Deschanel's comment on M. de Laveleye's plan is his confession that even he, though opposed to division, is not a believer in the present Constitution; he only detests those who are attacking it. So the result of the general election must be to bring together a Chamber in which a majority of the members will in all probability be new men, in which there may be a majority for a division, and in which there can hardly be any sincere devotion to the existing Constitution.

KURDS AND ARMENIANS.

WE may, we trust without suspicion, acknowledge that some faculty of swallow is required by him who would accept Woods Pasha's long plea for justice to Turkey printed in Wednesday's *Times*, and the Turkish version of the story of Gulisar, in all their details. Woods Pasha goes near to spoil a defensible case by exceedingly fallacious comparisons. There is really not even a formal resemblance between the criminal disorders which exist in the best policed societies and the anarchy of a province in which unarmed people of one race and religion are left at the mercy of armed men of other blood and other creed. There is further a profound difference between a nation which has never allowed to another a right of interference in its private affairs and the nation which has been compelled to submit to this indignity. It is, therefore, fallacious to more than the verge of absurdity to attempt to rebut the charge that anarchy is allowed to go on unchecked in Armenia by retorts about the Whitechapel murders and so forth. This is, moreover, an unfortunate style of argument because it would be so easy and so much more to the point to defend the Sultan's Government by proving that it does its best to keep the promises it made as to the administration of Armenia. It is also open to Woods Pasha and other defenders of Turkey to ask to what end the Armenian atrocity agitation is kept up and for whose benefit. These are questions which the managers of the agitation might find it somewhat difficult to answer. As for the Turkish version of Gulisar's story, it proves that the girl was restored to her family, but it also shows that she was first taken away; and that, as soon as she could speak with safety, she asserted that, in spite of her alleged conversion to Mahometanism, she was still a Christian. Even according to this story it appears that there is considerable disorder in those parts of Armenia which have the ill fortune to be within reach of Kurdish raiders.

We have yet to learn, however, that any one not absolutely ignorant of the facts denied this assertion. Competent witnesses have been known to declare that the most essential difference, as far as the traveller is concerned, between Kurd and Arab is that, whereas the second robs but does not murder unless provoked, the first always adds murder to robbery. He is a pillaging ruffian, and always has been—rather worse than better than those tribes on the North-West frontier of India against whom we have to send periodical expeditions. It is a distinguishing feature of the Kurd that he seems to have a love of killing where nothing is to be gained by it. No doubt men of this race have committed many crimes, and many wives have been carried into the mountains along with herds of black cattle after a fashion not extinct on the Highland border a hundred and fifty years ago. There are unquestionably Kurdish chiefs who are much what Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, was, and who also would be greatly improved if they could be shortened by the head. But, while all that is true, it does not follow that Turkey should therefore be deprived of a

province. To what end would that be done, and to whose benefit? The sagacious foreign observer, who knows that all this English sympathy with oppressed peoples is part of a wily scheme to secure allies for England, has discovered that the Armenian atrocity agitation is only another attempt to form another Bulgaria. There might be worse things in the inland parts of Asia Minor than another Bulgaria, but we doubt the power of Armenia to take the place, if only for this reason—that we do not see what equivalent it could receive for that foreign support which has hitherto protected the real Bulgaria from Russian attack. The Armenians might like to try their luck, but they can hardly expect to be helped to the experiment as long as it might only redound to the benefit of a third party whose name suggests itself at once. It is significant of the final cause of this agitation that it should be undertaken on behalf of a people whose country lies so conveniently on a possible Russian road of advance. The Armenians are by no means the least able to defend themselves among the Christian subjects of the Porte. They are a pushing trading people, who are to be found in possession of many places of trust and power in the Turkish Empire. The public offices in Constantinople are full of them, and they have abundant means of bringing their grievances to the attention of the Sultan. As a matter of fact, they have secured attention at this very time, and undoubted efforts have been made to give them protection and redress. If they have not been more successful, it is because of the unfortunate weakness of the Turkish Government. Why, then, should they be the objects of particular sympathy? The answer is not far to seek, and it is just because it is so obvious that the agitation has fallen so very flat.

MOTHER GOOSE IN PARIS.

THEY order these things much better in France. Here in England, where the beautiful and touching word Folklore was invented, the London County Council does next to nothing for it, and the children of Ma Mère l'Oye never frivol in a friendly way. In Paris, during the Exhibition, the happy folklore people of Europe met at the Mairie of the Sixth Arrondissement itself with every circumstance of gratifying solemnity. The topic of Gipsy Folklore was discussed, and Mr. Charles Leland, as Président d'honneur, delivered an address on a topic which (like so many other unfamiliar topics) he has made his own. Happily, Mr. Leland is no less at home with the polished language of Molière and Bossuet, not to mention Bourget, than with the dialects of the Algonkin Indians. Few of us can say more to a Delaware or Mohican than *Ho, Nitzhi Shangawaba?* which, being interpreted, means "Ah, friend, whisky?" Mr. Leland can "see" that elementary, though festive and fraternal, form of greeting, and "go one better" as between Algonkin and Algonkin. In French he is even more fluent, and a lucky thing it was, for we doubt if many of his learned audience would have known much more of gipsy manners than they did before, had Hans Breitmann spoken in English. It is pleasant to see gipsy folklore coming to the front, as it may possibly clear up, more or less, the many puzzles offered by the history and origin of a people useful to the poet, and almost indispensable to the self-respecting novelist. We should, perhaps, be told that the fairies who used to steal children at nurse were really only gipsies, and that Tamlane had not been dwelling with the Fairy Queen, but only with Johnny Faa at Yetholm. This euhemeristic "shot" is quite as good as the recent guess that mermaids were only Finnish women, whom the impulsive Shetland shepherds, "set far amid the melancholy main," met, combing their hair, and fell in love with. Some wiseacre seems to have started this hypothesis, and by parity of reasoning, as mermaids are Finnish women, fairies are gipsies. Mr. Leland may work out the problem as he pleases. His audience included the flower of French folklore and M. Charles Marelle from Berlin, whose own amusing studies in poetry for children are a joy to the grown-up world when it reads them. We also recognize the Comte de Puymaigre under the title of "Puyniargre." Some folklore fun is meant when we read "M. Krohn "déoose sur le bureau les principaux ouvrages relatifs au "folklore Finnois." "Déoose" is good, and suggests that the printer had been revelling with the children of Mother Goose. They had a very jolly dinner, and not only sang songs in all dialects, danced dances of all nations, but, it is believed, related popular anecdotes "in the best manner "and the seemliest." Who ever heard of English folklorists revelling, telling tales, singing, and generally remembering that folklore has its gaieties as well as its glooms? Life is not all vampires, witches, spooks; there be maypoles and maskings. English folklore wants conviviality. We never hear of Mr. Gomme dancing a bolero, nor of Mr. Max Müller obliging with a Vedic hornpipe after a Soma breakfast. It is quite in vain that the President invites the members to a Totem dance in costume—that is, in fox, cat, and dog skins. The Welsh folklorists do not "bundle" at their solemn meetings—in fact, British folk-lore is rather sepulchral than festive. The example of France might well be followed, and when a Congress of International Folklorists meets in England we do hope to hear that the science has become a little gay. It would only be in keeping if M. Cosquin and any English opponent settled their little differences with the gloves, for *le boxe* is distinctly part of our national folklore. Then fancy a folklore fishing-party, to try all Walton's magical baits! Ivy juice, mummy powder, the fat of a black cat, and other simple ingredients, might be made matter of experiment. The folklorists could not catch fewer fish with all Walton's recipes than they generally do with ordinary flies. The field of festal folklore, in short, is just about to be opened, and the pleasures of pedantry may soon become popular in the largest sense of the term.

COMING ELECTION PROSPECTS.

IT is not often that three contemporaneous elections which promise to be so interesting as the contests for Peterborough, for North Bucks, and for Nairn and Elgin, offer so uncertain a prospect of instruction to the political meteorologist. Each or all of them might conceivably result in a victory for either side without giving the victors reasonable ground for congratulating themselves on any material improvement in the general electoral outlook for their party. The Unionists, for instance, might either win or lose Peterborough without having much cause for exultation in the one case or for depression in the other. If they win, they will only be retaining a seat already held by them, and in the contest for which their candidate will have enjoyed the advantage of powerful local influence. If, on the other hand, it should be captured by their opponents, they will be fairly able to console themselves by the reflection that the great family which has for so many years provided the constituency with a member has in this instance furnished no candidate for its representation, and that an election for Peterborough not contested by a Fitzwilliam must differ widely on that ground alone from previous contests. Again, if Mr. Hubbard is returned for North Bucks, he will be simply securing the succession to a seat which his brother had held before him, and which he has contested, therefore, with that advantage—no slight one in many constituencies—in his favour. If, on the other hand Captain Verney should be returned, he will be merely repeating the victory which he won in 1885, and continuing the seesaw between Liberalism and Conservatism which North Bucks has now kept up through a series of three contested elections. In Elgin and Nairn, indeed, the significance of the issue will not be qualified by any accidental considerations; but there the majority of 1886 is so small a one—only a little over a hundred—on a total poll of between three and four thousand—that its transfer from the Gladstonian to the Unionist side would not, even in Scotland, be any very tremendous portent. As for the contest for the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire, we have purposely excluded it from the list of events which are likely, in racing parlance, to "give us a "line"; since nothing but the very improbable event of Mr. Chaplin's defeat could possibly make it serve that purpose. If the result of the very ungracious opposition to the re-election of the President of the Board of Agriculture should be merely to reduce his majority more or less considerably, it will inform us of nothing but what everybody knew before—namely, that it is extremely difficult to get the supporters of a candidate who is supposed to command a vast preponderance of the votes of a constituency to trouble themselves to come to the poll, especially at a by-election, in anything like the strength which they would show if the contest was expected to be close.

No doubt, however, it is possible that in the other three cases the issue of the election may, under certain circum-

stances, prove more significant than we have here assumed to be probable. If victory and defeat for either party mean little in themselves, they might, of course, be gained or suffered in such a form as to mean, or, at any rate, to be capable of meaning, much. Should the close contests of the last election be converted into "hollow affairs" in this—and more especially so if that change accompanies the transfer of the seat from one party to the other—no doubt the political meteorologist will be ready at once with his "moral." He is to be found on both sides of politics, and on the Unionist side he would, of course, exult as much at a crushing defeat of Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY—if that enterprising land-nationalizer is permitted to go to the poll—by Mr. LOGAN, as he would rejoice on the Gladstonian side at the wresting of Peterborough from "the FITZWILLIAMS," or, if that could be conceived possible, the ousting of Mr. CHAPLIN from his seat for the Sleaford Division. If anything startling or sensational is destined to occur at any of the four elections now pending, we shall do well to prepare ourselves at once for copious "improvements of "the occasion" by those theorists who think it possible to forecast the issue of the next appeal to the constituencies at large from the results of by-elections. That dark and doubtful science, however, will seldom, it appears to us, have been practised under more unfavourable conditions than at present. Our own belief is that, now that even Gladstonians feel that they have ridden the Irish horse to death, and have ceased flogging it, the popular interest in politics has sunk to its very lowest point—as it generally does, indeed, when we reach, as we have now, the *mezzo cammin* in the life of a Parliament. And we consequently believe that the results. whatever they may be, of the four approaching contests will have as little meaning or bearing upon the position of parties and the political future as it is possible for such events to possess.

PICNIC PHILOSOPHY.

THE University of Oxford has lately been enlarging its borders by a kind of educational Primrose League. The public is invited to the ancient halls during the Long Vacation, and there is entertained by lectures on every conceivable and inconceivable subject. It is a vast "Re-"surrection Pie" of information that Oxford sets before her inquiring guests, a hash, or *salmi*, of archæology, chemistry, political economy, history, philology, and nobody knows what.

Among the many cooks who combine in the preparation of this broth Mr. MAX MÜLLER is probably the most skilful. The three lectures which he gave, called *The Science of Language* (LONGMANS), are really models of pleasant popular exposition. The weariest and weakest mind, hurrying from a lecture on Molecules, and speeding to another on Protozoa, may have listened to Mr. MAX MÜLLER and been amused. Nobody however totally ignorant beforehand, no capacity however "excruciatingly feeble," could have been quite missed by these addresses. The stupidest must have learned something.

What persons hardly so untaught will learn is, that Mr. MAX MÜLLER is of his own opinion still, that he still in one breath calls himself a Darwinian, and speaks of the creation of Man. "Man is a species created once," he quotes from himself, as a proof that he "was a Darwinian long before "DARWIN"—that is, four years before the publication of *The Origin of Species*. Who is to argue with a believer in the special creation of man, who yet calls himself a Darwinian? But Mr. MAX MÜLLER is not only conscious of being an Evolutionist when he talks of Creation, he is also (apparently) unconscious of it when he really is an Evolutionist. In these lectures he returns to his old thesis that language is the barrier between Man and Beast, and yet, as is usual with him of late, he shows that Man was once without language. Then what was Man? If Man be a beast, plus language, and the thought which language makes possible, when he was minus language was he not a beast? And if that be so, how can the possession of speech be, between Man and Beast in the past, an impassable barrier? Mr. ROMANES argues that the barrier has been crossed—that a non-speaking animal evolved speech. Mr. MAX MÜLLER is, at bottom, of the same opinion. He still attributes the origin of roots to the *clamor concomitans* of early beings engaged in various kinds of common labour. "With re-"gard to the sounds accompanying our motions, we know "from physiology that, under any strong muscular effort it "is a relief to the system to let our breath come out "strongly and repeatedly, and by that process to let the "vocal chords vibrate in different ways. That is the case "with savages, and it is the case even with us. These "natural sounds accompanying our acts are called *clamor* "*concomitans*." And these sounds, after a time, became *signs* of common action, and so grew to be roots. Hence language.

What was man before he engaged in common labour, before he ploughed and dug and wove in common? for these advanced processes have actually been given as examples of what man did before he had speech. If Mr. MAX MÜLLER is right, man was then a beast, which is exactly what Mr. ROMANES would say. Then man *was* developed out of a beast; but that is exactly what Mr. MAX MÜLLER will not hear of. In the meantime modest inquirers would like a collection of examples of common labour and *clamor concomitans* among savages; but for this absolutely indispensable historical basis of his theory they ask Mr. MAX MÜLLER in vain. He would have to call the savage into court as a witness to what man was in remote ages. He objects to the witness, and yet he falls back on a vague account of what the witness would say if he were called. For our part, we think that the origin of language, as of religion, is far beyond the ken of science; but we feel pretty sure that Mr. MAX MÜLLER's theory is a piece of picnic philosophy. But even picnic philosophy may excite thought and lead the guests of Oxford's feast of reason to more serious things. That is the one excuse for the picnic.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE "MODERATE "GLADSTONIANS."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S appeal at Huddersfield to the "Moderate Gladstonians" may have been designed as a serious attempt at political persuasion or as a mere stroke of controversial rhetoric. Its rhetorical effectiveness is conspicuous enough, and needs no better illustration than the fact that most of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Radical critics in the press, though, as usual, gnashing their teeth with fury at his utterances, and relieving their minds with the wonted flow of insults, have been uniformly careful not to venture on any direct reply to the appeal in question. It is in fact unanswerable by any one who is not prepared to respond to it by an unreserved acknowledgment of the duty which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN presses upon the recognition of Gladstonians, and a frank undertaking to discharge it. For a Gladstonian to be asked why he is not prepared to co-operate with his political opponents in passing an Irish Land Purchase Bill is as though a man should be asked why, having the wherewithal, he is unwilling to pay a debt of honour. To one as to the other question there is no answer which is at once true and respectable; the only matter of uncertainty is whether the wilful defaulter will elect to remain silent altogether or to commit himself to some more or less paltry subterfuge. He cannot, in the one case, unless he is absolutely shameless, confess that he has no better reason for declining to pay his creditor than the desire to keep the money in his own pocket; and so in the other case it would be too brazen an avowal on his part to admit that he repudiates the plainest of political liabilities because it does not suit his interests to discharge them. If Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GLADSTONE's men abode in the Palace of Truth, they would say in reply to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's appeal:—"Yes, it is perfectly true, as you say, that "we are pledged up to the ears to deal with the Irish land "question in the Imperial Parliament, and not to leave it "to a Home Rule Legislature to settle. And we quite "recognize the sound logic of your inference that we "are morally bound to give a fair consideration to any "measure introduced with this object, and this quite "independently of the question whether the authors of "such measure are agreed with us or not as to any "ulterior steps whatever in Irish policy. But, seeing "that to discharge this moral obligation, though an excel-"lent step to take, we agree with you, in the interests of "Ireland, would very seriously compromise our prospects "as a political party—in the first place, by giving offence "to our Parnellite allies; and, secondly, by exposing us to "the grave risk of creating a fairly contented Ireland before "we have had time to make use of her discontent as an "instrument to assist us in the recovery of office—we must

"decline your proposal of co-operation with thanks, and "inform you that, however well-considered a land-purchase "scheme you may devise, we certainly shall have to obstruct "its passage through Parliament, and, if we cannot prevent "your passing it, to do our best, with the assistance of "the Parnellites, to ensure its practical failure." Inasmuch, however, as Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GLADSTONE'S men do not live in the Palace of Truth, they do not feel prompted to make this candid kind of answer; and, lacking that impulse, they prefer, and far be it from us to blame so natural a preference, to hold their peace.

But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S calculation—always assuming, that is to say, that his appeal was a serious one—of course is, that even the necessity of tacitly acting upon so cynically unscrupulous a principle of political tactics may be too much for the moral stomach of some of Mr. GLADSTONE'S supporters. There must, he seems to think, be a section of them who are not prepared to go to these lengths in the factious repudiation of pledges and the deliberate sacrifice of the peace and prosperity of a portion of the United Kingdom to supposed party advantage. We sincerely hope he may be right in so thinking, and that if and when the present Government commences the work of what is called "constructive legislation" in Ireland, the existence of this moderate section of Gladstonians may be demonstrated. We must confess, however, that we entertain grave doubts on the point, and that we find considerable difficulty in framing an intelligible conception of that "moderation" which Mr. GLADSTONE has not yet succeeded in alienating, but which is now assumed to be ripe for revolt. The trouble with the moderate politician in all parties is that the excellence of his "level head" is too often balanced by certain extremely serious defects in various parts of his body—by a want of due rigidity, for instance, in the spinal column, and by a lamentable weakness of the knees. What we would fain assure ourselves, and what unfortunately we can obtain no assurance of, is that Mr. GLADSTONE'S Moderates are such confirmed sufferers from these vertebral and crural infirmities that their moderation, for all influence that it is likely to have upon their political conduct, may be regarded as a negligible quantity. They have already had three years' experience of what it is to follow the drum in the rear of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL, and, considering how few of them have deserted in spite of the merry march that they have had of it, and the vast amount of disagreeable and disgraceful service that has been exacted of them, we can see no probability now of their suddenly turning tail on the grounds which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN expects to determine their desertion. Men who have had to support their leaders in a deliberate attempt to paralyse the law in Ireland and in the aiding and abetting of a conspiracy to rob Irish landlords are hardly likely, we think, to "shy" at an order merely to obstruct the Government in legislation which the obstructors are pledged to further.

On the whole, therefore, we think Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will be better advised in looking to the unaided efforts of the "National party" to execute his programme of agrarian legislation, than in counting upon any considerable accession to the ranks of this party among the Moderate Gladstonians. He will more plainly perceive the wisdom of so doing if he will consider the relation in which this division of Mr. GLADSTONE'S followers stands towards these "political heresies," which, as he justly says, it will be one important duty of the National party to combat. We have, he remarks, in the New Radicals a body of men preaching open resistance to the law, and "coquetting with a Social-"ism derived from Continental models—of men destitute of "the ordinary sentiments of patriotism, and, while them-"selves opposed to every law which is not of their own "making, ready at the same time to make laws to interfere "with the individual liberty and freedom of everybody else." But against which of these forms of political heresy has any section of the Gladstonians ever raised the faintest protest? To which of them is the whole party, Moderates no less than Ultras, not committed? Their leader, as we have said, has already dragged them through the mire of the Plan of Campaign, and given them "Remember Mitchelstown!" for a watchword. So much for the open preaching of resistance to the law. As for Continental Socialism, the new Radicals have, as yet, had no opportunity of giving formal Parliamentary expression to their inclinations in this direction; but, on the other hand, the Moderates have never given us any reason to suppose that such views are in any way distasteful to them, still less any encouragement to hope that any effective resistance would be offered to them from that quarter. Again, if the presence or absence of the "ordinary sentiments of patriotism" may be fairly tested in any party by their attitude on questions of national defence, it must be remembered that the opposition to the strengthening of the navy did not on this as on previous occasions proceed from below the gangway, but was led from the Front Opposition Bench, and supported by those who habitually sit behind it. As to the legislation which interferes with individual liberty and comfort, there are nearly as many patrons of it, to the best of our belief, among the so-called Moderates in Mr. GLADSTONE'S following as among the New Radicals. In short, so far as we can make out, the entire Gladstonian party is tarred throughout with the same brush, and its extreme members have so completely captured and so subjugated the remainder that there is no longer any effective reserve of moderation and independence for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN or any one else to work upon. His attempt to do so is well meant, and—since it can do no harm, if it does no good—may deserve sympathy and commendation; but, for our part, we cannot help regarding it as foredoomed to inevitable failure.

LEARNING TO WRITE.

MANY people believe nowadays that everything can be taught, and it can hardly be denied that anything teachable in which persons can be examined is worth teaching. It seems that those who enter for Civil Service examinations are required to write essays in the English tongue, and a Mr. HENRY SKIPTON has therefore prepared a little book (CROSBY, LOCKWOOD & SON) to show them how it ought to be done. It consists of a very short introduction and a large number of what Mr. SKIPTON describes as "skeleton essays" on a variety of such topics as are said to commend themselves to examiners, which skeletons are to be clothed with flesh, according to the tastes of the writers, and with such skill as a cruel destiny has vouchsafed to them. Those essayists to whom Providence has not been cruel can hardly have occasion to avail themselves of Mr. SKIPTON'S labours, because they will certainly have too good an opinion of their own style and abilities to want to modify them out of a book. Howbeit Mr. SKIPTON'S "Introduction," which is also called "Hints on Essay-"Writing," contains much that is pleasing to the mind not about to be examined. "Have a good dictionary handy," he advises all and sundry; "vigorously look up every word "you are not sure about, and get a clear idea of its mean-"ing before you use it." The last phrase is excellent; but it suggests a droll picture of the budding essayist who is so anxious to use a particular word, and so unconscious of the wealth of the English language, that instead of expressing himself in one of the three or more different but equivalent locutions which are always available, he interrupts the flow of his inspiration to consult Dr. JOHNSON or Mr. NUTTALL. Mr. SKIPTON would further seem to be training his neophytes with a view to the "new journalism," for he says, "Break up your work, "and place each part under a distinct heading." He advises this abomination, not because it is right, but because it "pays," by reason that examiners like it, and "credit you "with possessing order and merit." Perhaps it is natural for the instructor of the examined to have a low opinion of examiners.

Rather the larger part of the "skeleton essays" consists of a crudely-worded summary of "arguments on "both sides" of disputed questions, which Mr. SKIPTON seems to think examiners silly enough to be likely to set to their victims. Most of these, of course, are intended to be, and are the merest commonplace. Some, however, are truly refreshing. For instance, the supposed essay being on the question "Ought museums and picture-"galleries to be opened on Sundays." Yes, because museums "elevate the mind, and improve the taste," and so on for a page and a half. No, because, among other reasons, "All the salt of the earth, the serious, "pious, and GOD-fearing people, would be grievously "shocked at such an innovation. We must respect "their feelings, for we may bring on us a judgment of "Heaven, if we offend the very elect." Mr. SKIPTON promises in his introduction "to do full justice to "both sides impartially" in his statements of arguments, and asserts that "his own individual preferences are, he

"trusts, unrecognizable." It is very difficult to avoid the persuasion that he is an ardent and even sarcastic advocate of opening museums on Sundays. Another remarkable passage is to be found in a queer threefold skeleton entitled "The Tongue, the Pen, the Sword—As Instruments "of Government." It is there mentioned for the essayist's convenience that "In the last hundred and fifty years "statesmen, as a rule, have not been strong with the pen— "*e.g.* . . . CANNING . . . DERBY . . . SALISBURY, BRIGHT, "BISMARCK. *Brilliant Exceptions.*—DISRAELI, GLADSTONE, "THIERS, GUIZOT." The quartet is noble.

The main purpose of these skeletons is, as already stated, to enable the student who has them all in his head, and has occupied laborious days and nights in writing them all out for practice, to triumph over the wiles of the examiner. This is avowed throughout the introduction with an almost brutal cynicism. Thus, candidates for examinations with essays in them are advised to "read "history for amusement," even if they are not obliged to "take "it up." For instance, if the maxim "Fortune favours the "brave" were set as the subject of an essay, "History would "be useful," and indeed "for some subjects," such as Trial by Jury or the Liberty of the Press, it is "almost essential." As the poet lately remarked, "Poor old history!" But Mr. SKIPTON calmly avows another and a wider purpose, which indicates a still more horrid cynicism on his part. "The Author even ventures to hope that some of the "'Outlines' may supply much-needed information to not a "few Members of the Legislature and candidates for election "to Parliament." If Mr. SKIPTON had spoken in this way of the First Estate of the Realm, say temp. HEN. VIII., nothing but more obscurity than could well have been the lot of so daring a man would have saved his head. Among other introductory hints Mr. SKIPTON suggests as "*Models* "*for manner, i.e. style*—The Bible, ADDISON, SWIFT, "MACAULAY, GREEN ('Short History'), Leaders of 'Times' "and 'Daily Telegraph.'" Also he inserts as a specimen "Summary" of the "*Benefits of Cricket*," that "the weak "have a chance as well as the strong," which is a "benefit "to the body," and a "benefit to the mind" that it "makes "people submit to orders, sacrifice self, and play into the "hands of others." We should not ourselves mark highly an essayist who thought that strength was not of much use in cricket; and, though it is true that cricketers do, generally oftener than they could wish, "play into the hands of "others," it is difficult to see exactly where the benefit to the mind comes in.

MORE GOLD BOXES WANTED.

AN appropriate close is to be put to the visit of the English Deputation to Ireland by the bestowal of the freedom of the city of Dublin on Mr. STANSFELD and Lady SANDHURST. The preference shown to these two distinguished members of the party is perhaps a little hard on Mr. SUMMERS, M.P., who has worked with at least equal diligence in the cause of Separation, and who has undergone precisely the same disappointment and mortification in not receiving the attentions which the party had expected from the Irish Executive.

> And were you shadowed by the police?
> And did you see detectives close?

will not now become questions to be put to them years hence by their little grandchildren, and to be answered proudly in the affirmative. It is very hard upon all of them—this neglect—a piece of mean and ignoble spite of which nobody but Mr. BALFOUR could be guilty; but we submit that it is just as "rough" upon Mr. SUMMERS and the obscurer delegates as it was upon Mr. STANSFELD and Lady SANDHURST. The glory of so mild a martyrdom, so humanely mitigated a persecution as that of having one's movements watched by a policeman, is surely of no less, and probably of much more, value to the humble Gladstonian politician on the back benches than to Privy Councillors and ladies of advanced views, and he has a right to expect the same consolation and compensation for being deprived of them. However, it was always so. Stars and crosses for the officers; for the private soldier only the consciousness of having done his duty. Mr. SUMMERS and his friends must go away and shame the courtly municipality which has passed them over by outdoing, say, Mr. STANSFELD's last oratorical performance at Thurles, in which he spoke of the Parnell Commission as a "Star Chamber Inquisition," adding that he did not blame the judges, but charged the Government with having so framed the Act of Parliament as to make it impossible for the judges to trace the allegations to their original, and, as he believed, their political, source. Such a comment pending judicial proceedings is eminently creditable to an ex-Minister of the Crown; and in respect of the official character of its utterer it is, of course, beyond Mr. SUMMERS's rivalry. But Mr. SUMMERS might make up for that by going through the evidence taken before the Commission, commenting on the relative credibility of witnesses, and criticizing the demeanour of the judges.

That the honour to be conferred on these two eminent members of the deputation is deserved, it would be impossible, after the LORD MAYOR's speech of the other day, to doubt. Their mere arrival in Ireland, it seems, has worked a species of moral miracle; it has procured the complete suspension, if not an absolute reversal of executive policy in Ireland. "The evictions stopped, the battering-ram was laid up in "lavender, the prying of the constabulary into the windows "of railway-carriages was discontinued"—it was kind and graceful of Mr. SEXTON to cite this as a triumph of the delegates when he knows that it represents the most chilling of rebuffs—"and the hard-driven note-takers were "allowed a rest." Pity that these marvellous effects of the visit of "the noble lady and the eminent statesman" should be so very transitory. The Lord Mayor of DUBLIN, however, felt bound to express his belief that, when the deputation had departed, the old order of things would be revived. The battering-ram would be brought out, and the surplus ammunition of the constabulary used up. All depends upon whether Mr. STANSFELD and Lady SANDHURST are on the east or west of the Irish Channel; and, if coercion is really to be held in check, we see nothing but for the "noble lady and the eminent "statesman" to take up their permanent abode in a country where they apparently exercise so magnetic a power over the brutal officers of a persecuting Government. Nothing but this will do, it would seem; whereas, if this course is adopted, success is certain, for the Government, Mr. SEXTON assures us, do not dare to "carry on "their peculiar pranks in Ireland except behind the backs "of Englishmen." If a deputation is not actually watching what goes on, the pranks of the Government—there being no Irish correspondents of English Gladstonian newspapers, and the Irish press, with *United Ireland* at its head, being furiously Coercionist—will, of course, be concealed from the English public altogether. What an honour the two new burgesses ought to feel it to be to receive the freedom of the City of Dublin at the hands of a Chief Magistrate who can prattle such infantile nonsense as this!

THE SERB.

SERVIA has lately been brought prominently before the world, not so much by the action of her people as by the vagaries of King Milan, and the cat-and-mouse game with which Russia has sought to while away the summer months. By this time the reading public have got the history of Milan and his Queen at their fingers' ends; but very few have any idea as to what manner of men are the Serbs; or even where Servia is. Letters from England and the Continent are frequently addressed "Belgrade, Turkey," or "Belgrade, Roumania," and we have seen more than one intended for towns in Austria and Bulgaria with "Servia" appended to the name. Side by side with this geographical haziness there exists much confusion in the popular mind on the subject of who the Serbs are. This is more excusable since the Serbs themselves differ on the point. Most of the Servian Serbs claim as part of the clan the inhabitants of Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, and the Banat in Austria-Hungary. Some day all these races may, or may not, become Serbs in name as well as in language; but it is the Serb of Servia proper whom we shall now try to describe.

In analysing the national character we have two classes to deal with—the "governmental" and commercial, which wears coats, trousers, and boots; and the peasant, which affects jackets, petticoats, and sandals. The judgment of the world, based on the observations of travellers and foreign residents, must naturally be formed rather from the first class, with which it comes into contact, than from the second, which it only knows vaguely from statistics and by sight. Many of the more pugnacious Serbs, when cornered in argument by irrefragable proof of the corruption and backwardness of their Government, will declare that it is not fair to judge the people by the townsfolk and the bureaucracy. Unfortunately these are the specimens given to the critic for dissection; and, if a people is not to be judged by its institutions

and its leading men, or by its civil and social progress in its capital and principal towns, but merely by its visionary ideas of its own capabilities and merits as expressed by those who signally fail to prove their theories in practice, all discussion becomes impossible. As regards the peasants, there is very little difference between them and their neighbours all over the East. The agriculturist is generally a sober, honest, hardworking, hospitable creature, whether he be born a Turk, an Arab, a Roumanian, a Bulgarian, or a Serb. We will allow them most of the national virtues claimed, regretting only that the character of the peasant in no case has much influence on the destinies of a country, and that in this particular case it reflects itself so feebly in the more educated classes.

Perhaps one of the reasons of Servia's unhappiness is that she has too much past and too little present. Her history is her curse. Instead of grappling with the hard, earnest problems of to-day, she lives in an atmosphere of dreams, wherein without effort of her own the old glories of Dushan's kingdom are to be revived. The Serb believes, beyond all power of contrary conviction, that, because Servia was once a formidable empire and possessed certain legendary heroes of the Homeric type, she has a perfect claim on the sympathies of all Europe in her wish to regain her ancient prestige at the expense of other nations who are steadily working out their own salvation. Sitting in his pot-house, and trolling forth lugubrious ditties of the great deeds of Marko Kralyevitch and Milosh, the Serb waits for destiny's last word. He has not yet realized that the nineteenth century is not the sixteenth, and that we are now on the eve of the twentieth. With the fatal birthright of an epic story the Serb also inherits a splendid confidence in his own personal perfections. His imperviousness to all kindly criticism is melancholy, and it is this trait which most utterly destroys his chances of improvement. It is not the blindness of the man who will not see, for he positively does not and cannot perceive his own shortcomings. More than this, he rejoices over them with a joy which would be pleasing in a child or a savage, but which is to the last degree saddening in a man with professed aspirations. The character of a nation is best shadowed forth in its recreations and habits of daily life. When not in actual pursuit of his work or duties the life of the Serb is not passed at home or in outdoor amusements, but in his favourite café. If we enter one of these establishments and call for refreshment, we shall find ourselves at a table covered with a cloth once white, but not destined to recover that hue until all traces of the original colour have disappeared. A remonstrance would cause the most intense surprise, for at the next table, spread in a similar repugnant manner, a couple of Ministers are quite contentedly devouring their meal, and playfully practising the sword-swallowing trick with their knives and green peas. What is good enough for a Minister must be satisfactory to the ridiculous foreigner. A little further off a fifteenth-rate German singing-girl is drinking beer with an officer in uniform, preparatory to mounting the platform, and close beside them are half a dozen private soldiers. This is the discipline of the Servian army. If we were to remark that, not only in England, but in a foreign country and on campaign, in Egypt, for example, all privates and non-commissioned officers would salute and retire on the entry of a junior subaltern, the Serb would fail to see the reason of such outward decency and respect. He rather prefers a dirty tablecloth and the proximity of his inferiors in various stages of moral and physical uncleanliness. Let us leave the café and face the perils of the streets. The capital of Bulgaria will shortly be lit from end to end with electric light; but the streets of Belgrade are dimly marked out in the gloom by odd petroleum lamps at irregular intervals. Where the footway —there is no continuous pavement, except for a few yards in the principal street—is especially good there is an abundance of light, but as soon as it deteriorates the lamps also decrease in number. Most of the streets are, as a Frenchman remarked, "composées de trous." Should you hazard a suggestion to a member of the municipality that a few thousand pounds would scarcely be thrown away on improvements he shrugs his shoulders. His internal reflection is that some of those thousands would be much better placed in his own pockets. The streets of Belgrade are quite good enough for the Serbs, who would not complain of them till the Day of Judgment, and why should they put themselves out in obedience to the extravagant whims of strangers? A turn in the road brings us to a fountain. It is nearly midnight, but more than a hundred grooms, servants, and poor people are fighting for water. The Danube and the Save are not a quarter of a mile away, but water is dear, and hard to get. The officials will tell you that they have no pavements, no gas, and no water, because they have no money. The reason they have no money is that they have no credit, and the reason they have no credit is that they have no Ministerial stability or honesty. Starting from the assumption that all foreigners come to Servia to plunder and steal, the Serb puts every obstacle in their way. When ordinary means fail, he robs them himself as soon as their enterprise shows signs of being lucrative. It is impossible to obtain any satisfaction; for, as an ex-Minister once remarked, "La loi, monsieur! mais la loi, c'est moi!" Having very nearly succeeded at length by repeated acts of chicanery and violence in destroying all influx of capital from abroad, the Serbs are beginning to stew in their own juice, and yet they complain that they can obtain no help from outside. Offering no inducements to strangers, treating those from whom they might learn with stupid contempt, and pluming themselves meanwhile on their self-reliance, without perceiving the abyss to which it is leading them, the Serbs, like the Scriptural swine, are rushing headlong down a steep place into the sea of moral and civil corruption. If a foreigner points out an abuse to a Minister he will be met with the rejoinder:—"You appear to think, sir, that, because you are a Frenchman or an Englishman, you are to be treated differently from the rest of the world." He does not see that the abuse is an abuse *per se*, and that a Serb might, and ought, to protest against it just as vigorously. But the fact is that the Serb is content to endure what is intolerable to ordinary civilized beings. And it is significant that, whereas in other countries it is usually sufficient to bring offences to the notice of Ministers, in Servia one may spare oneself the trouble of doing so, and the annoyance of discovering that the highest officials are no more advanced in their ideas or broader in their views than the humblest of their subordinates. The old Turkish proverb, "The fish begins to rot from the head," is quite as true at Belgrade as at Constantinople; indeed, the Danube fish is quite as unsavoury as that of the Bosphorus.

It is true that there are bright exceptions to prove the rule, and one might with careful search find ten righteous men to save the country. There are a few kindly, sensible Serbs anxious to improve at least their own condition and that of their children, of whom amid such surroundings sufficient good words can hardly be spoken. But they are distinctly exceptions. The majority, especially those who are loudest in proclaiming their patriotism, will not stir a finger in any direction not dictated by self-interest, as falsely understood by them according to their own dim, flickering lights. Hedged round with an impenetrable barrier of self-satisfaction, they will neither listen nor learn; and, if ever there was a pride which promised to herald a fall, it is the present pride of the Serbs.

CURIOUS CURIOS.

THE forest-dwelling peoples of the further East have an odd instrument for making fire. Very seldom, so far as we observed, do they employ the proverbial method of "rubbing" two sticks—which is not rubbing at all. Near the coast every man carries a bit of pitcher in the siri-box of bamboo slung at his waist, a chip of a plate—English or Dutch— and a handful of dry fungus. Holding this tinder under his thumb upon the fragment of earthenware, he strikes the side of the siri-box sharply, and it takes fire. But this method can only be used by tribes which have such communication with the foreigner as supplies them with European goods; the inland peoples use a more singular process. They carry a short cylinder of lead, hollowed roughly to a cuplike form at one end, which fits a joint of bamboo. Placing this cylinder in the palm of the left hand, they fill the cup with tinder, adjust the bamboo over it, strike sharply, remove the covering as quickly, and the tinder is alight. Observers who take a narrow view have declared that the earliest art practised by human beings after they escape from mere barbarism is pottery; these races have long passed that stage; but we do not recall any evidence that they use the art. The fact is, that in countries which produce the bamboo earthenware is hardly needed except for luxury. They make charms and fetiches of dried clay. We once came upon two figures of alligators in the jungle, the size of life, and so well constructed that they had survived the rains of one season at least. But in Borneo the Dyak peoples have a class of foreign earthenware singularly interesting. As Malays employ brass guns for their currency, so the Dyaks employ antique vases. In neither instance do the actual "coins" pass from hand to hand, since by brass gun a Malay signifies a cannon, twenty feet long, perhaps, and a Dyak signifies a vessel eighteen inches high or more. These things are measures of value, divided into imaginary fractions. There are three varieties of this earthenware—the Gusi, which represents about 500*l.*, the Naga and Rusa, much less valuable. The first is certainly Chinese, and the last probably, but perhaps they never came from the continent. At some date unknown the north of Borneo was occupied by a Chinese colony which must have numbered millions. This great time, when a third part of the island was cultivated and densely peopled, may have been eight hundred years ago. But the first paragraph in the Annals of Bruni recognizes a powerful Chinese kingdom of Batangan in the fifteenth century—we are not to digress into that fascinating theme, however. The Celestials were exterminated about two generations ago; an old friend of ours, the great chief Gasing, still carried ten pigtails attached to his sword of state—trophies of his father's valour, probably. Chinese merchants have tried again and again to counterfeit the old jars, as have the Dutch; but they never succeeded in passing off their imitations. The Naga ware may be Hindoo or Javanese, of very remote antiquity whichever it be; both peoples had great settlements in the island at some time beyond human memory. They have left Buddhist remains of importance here and there.

We secured no examples of these curious things, for reasons that have been suggested. But the recollection calls to mind some extraordinary objects of the same class, in a sense, which are treasured on the other side the world. The Aggry and the Popo beads, which serve for jewels in West Africa, are glass resembling earthenware, of unknown manufacture, of immemorial antiquity, and beyond modern skill to counterfeit. Most Euro-

pean nations, probably, have tried their hand at imitating the Aggry bead. The shrewdest chemists and the cleverest artificers of Venice and Birmingham have done their best; the potters of England, France, and Germany have exhausted their resources—but in vain. It does not seem such a difficult enterprise, however. The beads are irregular in shape and size; many have been sawn in two. They have an opaque ground—ochre-yellow in the most valuable species—but so various that this point gives no trouble. A rough ornament of circles in another hue runs through the material from side to side or end to end. Here, again, imitation seems easy, to the craftsmen of Venice in particular; but appearances are deceptive evidently. The Popo bead, less valuable, but valuable enough, is blue glass, transparent, but so manufactured that it shows a dull yellow against the light. These things are all found in the earth; but, so far as can be ascertained, they never turn up in company with bones or other signs of burial; which, to our mind, is the most curious fact of all. That they are ancient Egyptian is a certainty. Many hundreds, if not thousands, were taken in the sack of the palace at Coomassie, strung, in general, upon that very pretty cord which we mentioned; with gold nuggets beaten flat, and cubes of coral, and tufts of coloured silk interspersed. Very handsome they looked, no doubt, upon the smooth brown skin of the royal dames. A pretty bracelet from Coomassie is made of triangular pieces cut from the rib of a shell, snow-white, strung in groups, alternately with these small flattened nuggets. But the curiosities saved in that loot bear only a miserable proportion to those which men of taste admired in the palace and the big houses of the caboceers. But one stool was carried away—as a memorial for the Princess of Wales—among the hundreds adorned with silver which lay in all directions. Very charming were many of these—the Ashantee artist seemed to devote his best attention to stools. Seven were piled, as if for removal, in the courtyard of a great house, each plated with *repoussé* work, showing much taste and ingenuity of design. Those people have "gifts." One single specimen of their ability in casting bronze was preserved—a group representing the procession of the king in his man-carriage, attended by the officers of State; it was bought by "the Russian Prince" for a very round sum. But the objects most to be regretted were two tables of black wood, deeply and profusely carved; the one adorned with plaques of gold, graven and hammered, all round its edge, with a disc in the middle; the other, a match, but furnished with gold and silver plaques alternately.

Returning from this digression to the further East, we should mention the extraordinary sword, or chopping-knife, called the parang ilang. This has been used pretty frequently to point the moral suggested by the boomerang—that certain savages show an acquaintance with abstruse principles in mechanism which they could not learn by chance or experience. We should not think of disputing that the parang ilang is as wonderful an application by the naked barbarians of complex laws which our ingenious and scientific craftsmen had not thought of as the most enthusiastic believe, but—has anybody ever tried it in comparison with other implements? Doubtless Europeans who pass much time in the jungle prefer this knife, but they might well do so without regard to its peculiar virtues. These are supposed to lie in the convexity of its blade, supplemented by a twist which becomes perceptible if one survey it at arm's length, the edge downwards. The weapon must be used from right to left; a special form is manufactured for left-handed persons. If it is properly handled, the concave surface of the blade inclines to the object struck, and deals, as the legend goes, a blow like that of an axe; but if improperly handled it flies back, with awful consequences. Upon this latter point there is no question whatsoever; for, if there were a Registrar-General in Borneo, such accidents would fill a column in his Return. Nor is it open to doubt that the parang ilang cuts astonishingly deep into a tree; only it is not proved that a blade of ordinary form, as heavy and as well balanced, would not do as much. There are specimens at the disposal of any grave and competent authority who wishes to test them. The Kyans, however, who invented this odd weapon are certainly ingenious—in warlike matters at least; as they should be, since war has been their occupation from the dawn of history. They use an iron spear, for throwing, so balanced that it flies upwards, turns, and falls point down. The advantage of this in a fight among trees and brushwood is obvious, if a warrior be so skilful as to direct the fall aright. The sumpitan, or blow-pipe, is a favourite with them, also; but they do not make it. The manufacture of these wonderful instruments lies in the hands of the Pakatans, Ujits, and such utter savages, who are not recognized as human by their neighbours. It is they, also, who make the poison most esteemed; though any warrior who buys, or steals, or loots, a blow-pipe from them contrives to brew some villainous stuff that answers his purpose fairly. That these wild men should be able to fashion such a tool is, upon the whole, the most surprising fact in our experience of travel. The sumpitan is made from the hardest and heaviest wood of the jungle, saving Bilian alone. There are examples eight feet in length, bored with absolute precision from end to end—that is assured, for they had "passed proof," and a tiny deflection, which must have serious influence upon the arrow's flight, would have been detected. A practised warrior will puff his dart some fourscore paces, but it cannot be trusted to break the skin at that distance. The astonishing power of these weapons at close range may be estimated by the fact that any one whose lungs are fairly sound can drive an arrow halfway through a French novel of the ordinary thickness at ten yards. Those helpless tribes, surrounded by fierce and athletic races, would long since have been exterminated had they not found protection in their awful powers of mischief.

ZERMATT, PAST AND PRESENT.

THIRTY years ago the English Alpine Club was barely a twelvemonth old. Mountain-climbing was regarded by many "potent, grave, and reverend seniors" as an almost reprehensible pastime, which could only be justified if undertaken in the cause of science. Our great authority on travel—the guide-book of Murray—still gravely assured us of the remarkable fact that the majority of those who had ascended Mont Blanc were persons of unsound mind. At that date, however, the small group of Englishmen who, whatever their mental condition, had yielded to the charm of mountain scenery and the fascination of mountain-climbing had come to the conclusion that the peaks and glaciers around a little village named Zermatt were not less grand than those of the more famous Chamouni, while its guides were free from the regulations—pedantic, ludicrous, but extortionate—which rendered the latter an abomination to all true lovers of the Alps. It already possessed two small hotels with modest accommodation. During the preceding ten years visitors had become no longer infrequent. The highest peak of Monte Rosa—inferior in altitude only to Mont Blanc—had at length been scaled by a party of Englishmen, but most of the more lofty and difficult summits still remained intact. The reputation of Zermatt spread rapidly. It was even then predicted that a formidable rival to Chamouni had been discovered. Thirty years has seen this prediction accomplished. The Zermatt of earlier days has not, indeed, disappeared, but those who knew it then and return thither after many years find themselves perplexed in a strange jumble of old and new. But Zermatt, however "translated," is by no means a modern village. Its history has been quite recently written in Mr. Coolidge's interesting work on *Swiss Travel and Swiss Guide-Books*.

Let us now look back thirty years. There is no railway up the valley of the Rhone. Visp must be reached by a long and rather tedious diligence journey. Thence a rough mule track leads by Stalden, where there is a homely inn, by St. Nicolas, where is one of larger size, by Randa and Täsch, where are none, to Zermatt. It is a walk of between seven and eight hours, and all, except the most active mountaineers, must return by the same way. A few—very few—glacier passes are known to lead from the head of the valley, and all but one are considered difficult. Thus Zermatt was out of the track of the ordinary tourist; it was only frequented by the climbers, or at least the lovers, of mountains. The village was a collection of chalets, built of pine logs, which in the course of years had assumed a rich brown tint. They were crowded together—often picturesque both in form and grouping—on both sides of the narrow ill-paved street, all stone lumps and hollows, across which a streamlet rushed, into which it was easy to step on a dark night. In the middle of the village the houses ceased for a time on the eastern side of the street, which was parted from the meadows by a low wall. Opposite to this, in full view of the slopes of the Riffelberg, was the Hôtel du Mont Rose; the other inn, also augmented so as to be still the larger of the two, was nearer the entrance of the village. The former was the favourite haunt of the mountain-climbers. Clustered around its door or seated on the low wall opposite, they smoked the pipe of peace after the labours of the day, or discussed the prospects of the morrow, and consulted with their guides, who occupied the same perch at a few yards' distance. In Mr. Whymper's well-known book is a picture representing this "club-room of Zermatt," as it might have appeared twenty-five years ago. This includes the portraits of many of the best-known travellers and guides of the early days of mountain-climbing. Time, alas! has made gaps in the ranks. Some of the guides, four at least of the travellers, have finished their course—three in the very prime of life. One of them, if we are right in our identification, was brought during the next summer from beneath the crags of the Matterhorn to be laid in the adjacent churchyard. Six men form a group in the middle of the picture, of whom five have been presidents of the Club. All these are still living; one still enjoys a mountain climb of moderate difficulty, but of late years his hammer has been used in the Alps more than his ice-axe; another has scaled one of the summits of his profession, and is seated on the judicial bench; the rest practically have ceased from mountaineering, one owing to weak health, the others because threescore and ten years is a heavy weight to carry uphill. A new generation, both of guides and of travellers, has sprung up, more skilful, more adventurous, perhaps more rash, than the old, but certainly not less sincere in their love of the mountains.

Let us now look at the Zermatt of the present day. A railway drops us at Visp. A carriage road leads from St. Nicolas to Zermatt. That it does not run the whole way is attributed to the fears of the men of Visp lest their gains would suffer if Zermatt were made too accessible. Bad times are in store for them, for a railway is in process of construction, and when that is completed no one will halt at Visp. The first view of Zermatt perplexes the visitor—peaks, alps, meadows, are, of course, the same; but from among the brown cottages, just where the white walls

of the Hôtel du Mont Cervin once made a small but unsightly blotch, rises a big hotel, which would not seem out of place on the quays of Geneva or Lucerne. It must be, it is that hotel; but it is heightened, broadened, much more than doubled in size. We pass up the street. This, indeed, is the old pavement, provocative of curses. There are the old brown chalets, and this is the old familiar smell, suggestive of valuable matter in the wrong place; there is the old church, only altered by a new coat of whitewash; there, too, is the Monte Rosa Hotel, little changed; but what is this opposite? Another gigantic inn; another export from Vevay or Interlachen, dropped down by mistake among the Pennine peaks. The old wall still remains, though it seems lower than formerly; but the adjoining part of the meadow has become an ornamental garden, with a fountain, arbours, and a lawn-tennis court, where British youths and maidens are at play as if this were the Vale of Health, beneath the heights of Hampstead. Two or three other hotels of smaller size have sprung up in the village—several white-walled houses are now intercalated among the old chalets. There are shops in plenty for the sale of dried plants, minerals, things Alpine, needful and unneedful; stuffed, in short, with the heterogeneous contents of a Swiss bazaar in a tourist centre; there is even a hairdresser. But that is not all; as we mount the familiar but improved path towards the Gorner Grat, just at the upper margin of the pine forest, we find another huge building. This is the Riffelalp Hotel, commenced by M. Seiler at a time when the jealousy of the commune—for, if report be true, Zermatt has been hostile, even to the verge of boycotting and the need of police protection—seemed likely to exclude him from the Riffelberg inn, and opened in 1884. Thirty years ago this would have found few equals in any part of Switzerland. The salons are large; the furniture is almost luxurious; nothing has been forgotten. On one side is a chapel for the Roman Catholics, on the other one for the Anglican communion. By the latter a court for lawn-tennis is being constructed. The site of the hotel has been most happily selected. About a thousand feet below the old Riffelberg, it enjoys a milder climate, while the adjacent forest gives a charm and a variety to the scenery which is wanting in the bleak alps around the other house. The view is slightly less extensive, but certainly not inferior; for the Matterhorn forms a picture of unequalled beauty. Changes, too, have passed over the Riffelberg Hotel. It has been greatly enlarged; the latest development being a glazed verandah. In old days the evening pipe before the doors was often a chilly pleasure.

Thus the Zermatt of to-day is no longer the Zermatt of thirty years ago. Mountaineers are constant to it, but they are lost in the crowd of tourists. Ice-axes are numerous, far more numerous than in olden times, when most climbers still contented themselves with alpenstocks, but not a few are in the hands of men with unscorched faces. Are travellers nowadays more careful of their complexions, or can it be that the axe does not make the mountaineer any more than the cowl the monk? As the dinner-bell rings, quite an ordinary sample of middle-class Britons, with not a few from the other side of the Atlantic, is seen flocking towards the table-d'hôte.

When the railway is opened the transformation will be complete. The old Zermatt, with its homely life, its good fellowship, its freedom from conventionalities, will have disappeared; the new Zermatt, with its crowds of tourists come to "do the place," will have supplanted it; piles of luggage will be discharged at the station; elaborate toilets for the Alpine excursion and for the evening table-d'hôte will become the rule; there will be picnic parties in every quiet nook, the alps will blossom with sandwich papers, the multitude of broken bottles will add a new peril to crag-climbing, and sooner or later there will be a rope railway to the Gorner Grat.

THE EXPERIMENTAL MATINÉE.

III.

THE selection of the cast and the conduct of the rehearsals will give very little trouble if, for the purpose of exploiting some individual actor or actress, the old "stock" repertory be drawn upon. The majority of the principal parts will probably be entrusted to actors who have played them before; at any rate, the arrangement and business of the scenes are all mapped out and recorded in prompt-books. To rehearse a play under such conditions is easy work; but when the matinée's *raison d'être* is the production of some new play, possibly by a new and absolutely inexperienced author, let it not be expected that rehearsals will prove other than long, tedious, and trying to the temper. Indeed, in such cases the troubles of author and manager (and not unfrequently the author is on these occasions his own manager—for has he not failed to persuade any one else to be his manager? else why should he give his matinée?) begin before rehearsals with their endeavours to cast the play. Actors know well enough, from long and sometimes bitter experience, that such engagements are, in nine cases out of ten, more trouble than they are worth; that the play so produced is seldom seen after its initial performance; and that therefore all the labour of rehearsal and study is to be repaid solely by the honorarium they are able to exact for that occasion. Hence it comes that the terms usually demanded for an experimental matinée are fully equal to a week's salary; nor can this be wondered at when it is considered that rehearsals must be attended, and dresses provided (which in the case of all modern pieces is at the actor's expense) as if the play were expected to run for weeks; and that by the time the salary has been earned and paid it has often been nearly, if not quite, swallowed up in incidental expenses. This being so, an actor frequently regards himself as conferring a favour by taking part in a matinée, and shapes his conduct accordingly. The strict attention to business which marks the preparation of a play intended for the regular evening's programme is rarely found in the matinée rehearsals. Actors arrive late, go out of the theatre and keep others waiting for their return, and in these and other ways sorely try the patience of the unhappy impresario and his stage-manager.

It must be confessed that there is generally some excuse for this laxity of discipline. The financial reward is not sufficiently substantial to inspire any dread of forfeiting it, as would be the case with an engagement for a season, or for the run of a play; and it is impossible to draw the reins of authority very tightly with a "scratch" company, collected from various sources, many of whom, being in regular engagements, will owe a prior allegiance to the calls of the manager of their own theatres, for it must be noted that, while many managers altogether decline to allow the members of their companies to take part in these performances, none would permit their own arrangements to be thereby disturbed, but would not unnaturally regard themselves as possessing the first claim on their actors' services. If, therefore, an unexpected rehearsal at an actor's regular theatre should clash with a rehearsal for a matinée, it is the latter which would go to the wall.

Again, it often happens that there is a rush, for matinée purposes, on the services of some particular performer, who finds himself engaged in the simultaneous rehearsal of some two or three new pieces, and fails to solve the puzzle of being in more than one place at a time. But all these drawbacks to efficient rehearsal are often but as nothing compared with the shortcomings of the play itself. The operation of rehearsal is a tedious one at the best of times; but there is an undoubted consolation and satisfaction if the performers can feel their work is making progress, that the piece is, as the phrase goes, "shaping well." But what if it is standing still, or even retrograding? Many are the plays produced at experimental matinées which never "shape" at all, or which do so only after the most strenuous and persevering labour. Defects, inconsistencies, and absurdities, unsuspected (by the author at any rate) as long as his work remained on paper, start to light as soon as the attempt is made to give it concrete form; and the patience of a company is severely taxed while councils of war are held, and the unhappy drama is re-written piecemeal on the prompter's table. Bad as the matinée play often is, the public would, indeed, open its eyes in wonder could it see the state from which pains-taking rehearsal has rescued it. Then, when the "business" and stage management of some scene may have been carefully and satisfactorily arranged, it may be found necessary to alter it at the last minute, because the scenery, when at length disinterred from its railway arch, is discovered to have its doors and windows in quite unexpected places. By these and similar disadvantages is the luckless matinée-play sorely handicapped. And by whom is the result of all this labour and worry finally witnessed and judged? There are, no doubt, instances of such pieces, at certain theatres, by certain authors, with certain performers, which attract an audience as representative and critical as ever assembled to judge a "first night"; but how rare are such matinées!

On ordinary occasions, when the utility actor, or the writer of a successful or unsuccessful tale, or the hero (or heroine) of a hundred back drawing-rooms may be tempting fate, what is the complexion and composition of the audience? Stalls upon stalls are reserved for the press; but "the press" is wary, looks in for a time, lest (as has been done ere now) it notice, as a *fait accompli*, a performance which has never taken place, and betakes itself elsewhere, content to judge the whole from a part, and that not a large one; the boxes have been placed at the service of the managers of London theatres, who fail to respond in person, and depute their representation to the female members of their families or to the gentleman who puts the postage-stamps on their letters; actors and actresses of sorts will be there in plenty; it is a good opportunity for an afternoon lounge and the meeting of friends; and no one need attend to the play if it passes human endurance; so the lesser lights of the drama, especially those who have not long joined "the profession," and to whom the pleasure of writing for, and receiving, as of right an "order" is still somewhat of a novelty, are present in battalions; friends of the author and of the actors will also swell the crowd; but of the paying public, of those who a few hours later will sit on the same seats, or on those of neighbouring theatres, and with their honest shillings and sovereigns enable the manager to meet his liabilities in business, and entertain the aristocracy at home, how many, think you, will be present? It will, indeed, be an exceptional matinée play that will attract within the walls of a theatre any of the great paying public; time was when such may have come in hopes of being among the first to recognize genius hitherto unappreciated, but bitter experience has taught them that the safer, wiser game is to stay away; that, if there is any good in the play or the player, there will be plenty of opportunities in the future

of repairing their omission, while they are much more likely to congratulate themselves on their absence than to regret it.

Still, in these days, when long runs rob the actor of his chances of practical experience, it would be unfair altogether to condemn the experimental matinée. It has in its time introduced to the London stage good plays against which managers had unaccountably closed their doors, it has (and this, we think, is its chief recommendation) given young actors an opportunity of playing more than one new part in a twelvemonth, and so in some small degree has done something towards remedying a state of things which is, to any one with the interest of the future of the English stage at heart, most deplorable, and finally it has furnished, and continues to furnish, those writers on the contemporary drama of whom a stated contribution is expected week by week with an almost unfailing source of inspiration, a favour, however, for which these gentlemen scarcely seem as grateful as might be expected.

RACING AT DONCASTER.

THE Champagne Stakes on the first day of the Doncaster Meeting was a race of exceptional interest. The relative form of most of the more celebrated two-year-olds had already been more or less tested, either directly or indirectly; but Tristan's first colt of special renown, Baron Rothschild's Le Nord, had not yet met either Surefoot, Heaume, Riviera, Semolina, Signorina, or any colt or filly through whom his relations to either of them could be measured. He was now to run against Riviera, who had been beaten by Signorina and Heaume, and had beaten Heaume and Semolina, who, in her turn, had beaten Surefoot, who had beaten Heaume. It was almost a matter of mere conjecture whether Heaume, Riviera, Surefoot, Signorina, or Semolina was the best of a party that had run so closely and intricately; as, on some of their running, it might have been argued that one might be about as good as the others. There was, however, no evidence on which any opinion could be formed as to whether Le Nord, who was greatly admired, and had won the only two races for which he had hitherto run in a canter, was superior or inferior to the above-mentioned lot, which represented the best two-year-old form of the year. So close was the favouritism between Le Nord and Riviera, that 21 to 20 was laid on the former, and 6 to 5 against the latter. Their only opponents were Mr. J. H. Holdsworth's Alloway, who had been beaten by Heresy and Dearest at Derby, and now started at 12 to 1, and Mr. Warren De la Rue's 2,600 guinea colt Heckberry, who started at 33 to 1. Heckberry led Le Nord and Riviera, with Alloway bringing up the rear, for about half the course; but at the bend Riviera went to the front, followed by Le Nord, while Heckberry subsided into the background. From the bend to the distance Le Nord seemed beaten, yet he struggled on with such astonishing gameness from the distance, while Riviera, after having the race well in hand, appeared to tire, that it became a very fine point between the pair as they approached the winning-post, and at last Riviera barely won by a head. Tom Cannon finished only three-quarters of a length behind Le Nord with Alloway, and this made that colt's form at Derby look all wrong, as he there received a beating equal to quite a stone from Heresy. Both Le Nord and Riviera were much admired; and, in the opinion of some experts, nothing, with the exception of Chitabob, that ran on the following day for the St. Leger could be compared to either of them for good looks. The question presents itself whether Riviera or Le Nord is the more likely to improve, and many think that it should be answered in favour of Le Nord. The most unfurnished of the quartette that ran for the Champagne Stakes, however, was the enormous Alloway; and, as he finished within a length of the winner, it is not impossible that he may yet obtain a place in the first class, although he is of a type that does not invariably grow "in the right direction." If Alloway's had been the only form at Derby which was inconsistent with subsequent running at Doncaster he might be suspected of being an uncertain colt; but almost, if not quite, as unequal was the form shown at Derby and Doncaster by St. Peter, who won the Devonshire Handicap of 950*l.* in a field of eighteen at the former meeting, after starting at 12 to 1, and only ran fifth at the latter meeting for the Glasgow Plate, after starting a good second favourite at 3 to 1. At Derby, again, W. I'Anson's Queen Laura had been beaten two lengths by Elgiva, an outsider at 14 to 1; yet at Doncaster she won the Clumber Plate in a canter by four lengths from Glory Smitten, a winner of six races this season, and by six lengths from Enamel, a winner of two races. From this it would appear that, owing to the state of the course or some other cause, the form shown at Derby was in some instances untrustworthy, although it could scarcely be said that in either of those quoted the Derby form was directly reversed at Doncaster. Mr. J. Lowther, who is in luck this season, won the Great Yorkshire Handicap with Houndsditch, a three-year-old colt by Peter that he bred himself, and with whom he has already won something over 2,000*l.* in stakes. Lord Penrhyn's Far Niente, now that he has at last begun to win races, seems determined to persevere in well-doing, and he won the above-mentioned Glasgow Plate in excellent form. With plenty of bone, a fine frame, and not a little speed, he ought to be well worth the 1,300 guineas given for him by his owner.

Of the racing on the Wednesday at Doncaster, apart from the St. Leger, there is seldom much that is worth the trouble of saying or hearing. On this occasion the fields were good, and the favourites won in exactly half the races. Backers lost heavily over the Tattersall Sale Stakes for two-year-olds, which was unexpectedly won by Mr. Maple's Narrator by a neck, at 5 lbs., from Lockhart, a winner of five races. They were also hard hit in the Cleveland Handicap, for which Count Lehndorff's Hortari, the winner of the Babraham Handicap at Newmarket, was made the favourite. The race was won by Mr. W. M. Redfern's Polynesia, who started at 5 to 1; but its honours really rested with Sir R. Jardine's Wise Man, who was giving weight to everything in the race, including 37 lbs. to the winner, whom he ran to a length, while Hortari was a bad third. As to the St. Leger itself, which we noticed last week, we need only add that the settling on Monday last is said to have been exceptionally heavy.

Mr. Redfern won the first race of the Thursday with Yard Arm, who started a better favourite than Lal Brough, the winner of the first race of the previous day. Lord Penrhyn's industrious colt, Noble Chieftain, who was running in his fifteenth race of the season, was first favourite for the Portland Plate. Ill luck befell him, as he was shut in against the rails by other horses when the time came for him to make his effort. At any rate, that was the excuse commonly made for his defeat. The fretful Galloping Queen, who sweated profusely beforehand, won the race for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild; and it was high time that the filly earned something, as she had run six times unsuccessfully this year. Lord Penrhyn's Curraghmore was made favourite for the Scarborough Stakes, which was easily won by Mr. H. Milner's Mercy, who had run second to Houndsditch for the Great Yorkshire Stakes on the Tuesday. She had also run second to Houndsditch at Leicester, and on that occasion Curraghmore finished many lengths behind her; so he had no right on public form to be made favourite at Doncaster, even when allowance was made for his meeting her on 8 lbs. better terms than at Leicester. Robert the Devil's well-shaped son, Bel Demonio, giving weight to all his opponents, won the Rous Plate of 500*l.* after a close race with Touchwood, an own brother to Fullerton, to whom he was giving 12 lbs. There was a grand struggle for the next race, the Corporation Selling Handicap, between Lord Penrhyn's Lady Yarmouth and Mr. F. Cleveland's Stockton, the former winning by a short head after fighting out every yard of the course from the distance to the winning-post. The next, and the last race of the day, the Alexandra Plate, produced an even finer struggle. Lord Dudley's Fullerton, with 9 st. 6 lbs. to carry, was first favourite; Lord Zetland's Caerlaverock, with 7 st. 12 lbs., was the second; and Colonel Forester's Stone Cross, with 7 st. 3 lbs., was the third favourite. As much as 8 to 1 was laid against the sixth favourite, Mr. Clayton's St. Helen, although Caerlaverock had been unplaced to her when giving her only 3 lbs. more weight at the Newmarket July Meeting. In the same race Hawthorn had been unplaced to her, and now, on 10 lbs. better terms, Hawthorn was the most fancied of the pair. As they came round the bend Caerlaverock was leading with Hawthorn next to him, then came St. Helen, and, in her wake, Fullerton. Soon afterwards Hawthorn got up to Caerlaverock, and the two leaders were fighting hard against each other before they reached the distance. At that point St. Helen joined them, with Fullerton, on whom the weight was evidently telling, close at hand. There was a grand race between Caerlaverock, Hawthorn, and St. Helen. Hawthorn was the first to give way a little, and then Caerlaverock was just passed by St. Helen, who won by a head, while Hawthorn was only beaten by half a length for second place, and Fullerton was an excellent fourth. No fault can fairly be found with a handicap which produces such a closely contested race; but for a five-year-old of some merit St. Helen was certainly very favourably treated at 7 st. 2 lbs., although she does not always run up to her best form, as may be inferred from the fact that she was unplaced at Newmarket to Hortari at 6 lbs., whereas she now beat him by very many lengths at 2 lbs.

For the Westmoreland Stakes on the Friday, Mr. F. Murray's Lown was favourably handicapped in receiving 36 lbs. from Deuce of Clubs, and he beat his ten opponents without difficulty. Backers were successful again in the next race, a Selling Race for two-year-olds, which was won by Mr. Baker's Magistrate, though by a short head only. Three St. Leger colts, Lord Bradford's Davenport, Sir R. Jardine's Lord Lorne, and Mr. J. Lowther's Workington, ran for the Doncaster Stakes. Davenport had finished third for the St. Leger, and Lord Lorne and Workington had been something like twenty lengths behind him; so, as the trio were now to meet at even weights, it might have been expected that odds would have been laid upon Davenport; but the ring were content to take even money. Davenport made all the running, and won easily by a length from Lord Lorne, who finished a long way in front of Workington, although the latter had been fractionally the better favourite of the pair. This performance on the part of Davenport proved his St. Leger form to have been no fluke, and it strengthened the position which he held as first favourite for the Cesarewitch. A field of a dozen came out for the Prince of Wales's Nursery Plate of 500*l.*, which was won by a 10 to 1 outsider, in Sir R. Jardine's St. Benedict. Six fillies went to the post for the Park Hill Stakes, and as there had been some "plunging" on Lord Penrhyn's Carmine for the Cesarewitch, she was made first favourite instead of Mr. Vyner's Minthe, the winner of the One Thousand. Moreover, Carmine had twice beaten Pinzon, at even weights—curiously

enough he was handicapped to give her 10 lbs. for the Cesarewitch —and Pinzon had beaten Antibes, whose form in the Yorkshire Oaks had been, at the weights, about equal to that of Minthe. After they had run a quarter of a mile, Carmine took the lead, but just below the distance Minthe caught her, passed her easily, and won by half a dozen lengths. Considering that Minthe was giving 7 lbs. to Carmine, this was a remarkable defeat, and it might have been expected that it would have had a more immediate effect upon Carmine's position in the Cesarewitch betting than to send her from 9 to 1 down to 16 to 1, for she is handicapped at the same weight as Davenport, who not only had finished as near Donovan for the St. Leger as Carmine now did to Minthe, but had twice within the week given a tremendous beating to Workington, whose form was better than that of Minthe. Although four horses started for the Doncaster Cup, the race really lay between Lord Howe's great, weight-carrying Claymore, the winner of the Great Northamptonshire Stakes, and Mr. Maple's neat little mare Mill Stream, the winner of the Chester Cup. Claymore won by a length and a half, after an exciting race, and he seemed wearied out when he was pulled up. Of the sales during the Doncaster week we will only say that they were more than usually interesting, and that the three highest-priced yearlings—one by Wisdom and two by St. Simon—were purchased by Colonel North for 8,800 guineas.

TWO MELODRAMAS.

IF one were, with the authority of age and wisdom, putting the young theatre-goer on the path he should follow for his own greater good and happiness, and if what he was about to see was a melodrama, one would say to him, My boy, do not ask too much; do not expect all you see to be consistent or possible; remember that the object of melodrama is to give you the impossible in a plausible form. Now to do this without flaw almost passes the wit of men. There were giants in old days who did it, or missed doing it by so little that the miss was not worth mentioning. They are gone, those great men; and now we can but hobble after them. Therefore be content with an approximation; and, if what is actually going on before your faithful eyes is fairly exciting in itself, do not be too curious to inquire whether it follows naturally from what went before or is leading on inevitably to what is to come after.

Had our young friend acted on this secret of theatre-goers' happiness (which we reveal the more readily because your healthy-minded audience has discovered it by the light of nature already), had he, we say, been inspired by this wisdom, he would, we think, have enjoyed himself at the Haymarket any one of these evenings last past along with several hundred natural philosophers. The play is called *A Man's Shadow* in English, and is of the new and original kind which is borrowed from the French. There are in it an honest man, Laroque his name, who has a villainous double known as Luversan. There is a friend of Laroque's, Raymond de Noirville, barrister, and hero of the war. Raymond has a wife, Julie, once the mistress of Laroque, now that fury, a woman scorned. Julie is tempted to use Luversan as a tool to punish Laroque. Luversan murders a banker who lives opposite Laroque, and in sight of Laroque's wife and child. Need it be added that they are misled by the resemblance, that the innocent man is suspected, appearances are against him (for you see he owed money to the murdered man), is defended by Raymond de Noirville, that in the course of the trial the history of Julie is revealed to the barrister, that he dies of emotion, that the innocent man is condemned, but in due time escapes from prison, and returns to have his character cleared, partly by fortune, partly by the now repentant Julie. All ends happily, and Luversan meets the reward of his crimes. Here are surely indicated in a summary way (for one really cannot put the whole of a four-act melodrama into less than a column of print) the outlines of a sufficient though not very novel night's amusement. He or she who, having read this, goes to the Haymarket in the proper spirit, will not be, we promise them, disappointed. Of course if he, our gallantry will not permit us to suppose that she would be guilty of the folly, will insist on thinking of the joints, and will inquire whether the bones are as neatly put together as they might be, why, that is another story. We must confess that the limbs of the puppet, though they kick and flourish briskly, are fastened with unduly obvious pieces of wire. The word "why" does occasionally force itself on the critical mind in the course of the evening. What were the relations of Laroque and Julie; how does Luversan come to know as much as he does; how does such a glaring scamp contrive to walk into the houses of the most respectable people as if they were tap-rooms; why did Julie's secret not come out on the trial after all; and why, finally, did she, after keeping silence so long, come forward as she does in the last act? Was it that she did not know, or because she would not say? Some of these obscurities, and others we could mention if we chose, are simply due to the fact that the long explanations a French audience loves have been cut down to make way for the swift self-explanatory action dear to the English. Some of them are inherent to the play, but what do they matter? There is plenty of go in the piece, plenty of situations, plenty of good, honest, intelligible emotion, and that is enough.

The acting of the piece is even and capable. No doubt it might be and will be improved in the course of the run; but there is nothing which strikes a spectator as manifestly below a fair standard, and not a little is really good. Mr. Tree will, we are sure, join the halves of his double performance as Laroque and Luversan. At present he is good in Laroque, and often very good as Luversan, but he hardly makes them alike enough. Perhaps there is a greater ring of sincerity in the representation of the "shadow"; but that may be partly accounted for by the fact that there is a better opportunity for character-acting in the villain than in the honest man. Of this we should not complain; but it is a fault that the two men should be so unlike as they are. The whole probability of the action depends on the likeness between the two; but as Mr. Tree presents them in the first act it would be impossible for the most hasty observer to confound them. At the first glance the difference between the copper-faced Luversan, with his raffish air, his staring eyes, his greasy, bad hat, his obviously ready-made clothes, and the strictly correct look and get-up of Laroque is too violent to allow of any mistake. A slight toning down of Luversan, a little approximation to similarity of costume between the two, would remove much of this defect, and greatly add to the probability of the action. It is but fair to say that the resemblance is better indicated in the last act than in the first two. Of the ladies we can speak with approval. Miss Minnie Terry makes a good stage child, a rôle which is almost always rather painfully artificial. Mrs. Tree does all there is to do with the somewhat colourless part of Henriette, Laroque's wife; and Miss Norreys is pleasing and acceptable as the servant Victoire. In the more effective part of the erring Julie de Noirville Miss Julia Neilson is so good that we could wish she would win even greater honour by dropping the emotional stage exit in three times, which is one of the worst and most universal traditions of bad acting. Among the minor male parts, the only one which gives many chances to the actor is Raymond de Noirville. Mr. Fernandez, whom we have never yet seen inferior to any part he had to do, played it with genuine force and was fully equal to the death scene in court—which, by the way, is about the best chance for strong acting in the piece. The other parts are taken in a workmanlike way.

Good nature or indifference to probability, literature, or common sense must be carried very far by him who can enjoy *The Middleman* at the Shaftesbury. The difference between the two plays is glaring. In *A Man's Shadow* the improbabilities seem capable of explanation—in *The Middleman* they are manifestly due, not to failure in the effort to construct a coherent story, but to sheer want of intelligent effort to lead up to an effective curtain without violating all verisimilitude. Essentially the piece is a common Surrey-side melodrama, in which there is a rich man with a son and a poor man with a daughter. These two love one another. They are separated by a stern, rich, and villainous father, only to appear at the end of the last act married, when everything is to be happily arranged. No reasonable man will complain of this material for a plot—only one does want a plot. Now there is no such thing in *The Middleman*, only a succession of unconnected events. The son disappears at the end of the first act. His father intercepts a letter to the girl. She, having reasons for hiding herself, runs away in the second act. The theft of the letter has no consequences. Then, at the end of the fourth act, they turn up married—having met nobody knows where —simply in order that a "curtain" may be made in which Mr. Willard shall occupy a central position. And this is only one instance of the haphazard way in which the old stock materials out of which the piece is made have been put together. Who would waste his time in taking to pieces and examining the machinery of such a pepper-mill as this? To be sure, the candid public has been asked to see something very different from an ordinary Surrey-side melodrama in *The Middleman*. It is, it seems, "palpitating with actuality," and deals boldly with the great labour question. Well, as for that, there is some talk in it about the hard lot of workpeople in mills—which does not sound quite new—and the central character, Cyrus Blenkarn, is an inventor who has been "exploited" by a manufacturer. Now beyond all doubt this is a character which might be made most effective on the stage. It is not new in literature. Bulwer Lytton, for one, has handled it in *The Last of the Barons*. That, however, is no great reproach to Mr. Jones—the fault of his inventor is, that he is not really sympathetic. He is, to begin with, a selfish old fool who, having made one useful discovery in pottery, then neglects his family and spends twenty years making futile experiments at the expense of the wicked capitalist. Finally, he makes his great discovery by a pure fluke. A furnace goes out sooner than he intended that it should, and his pottery is found just sufficiently baked. Obviously if he had had his way he would have bungled the experiment as he had done the others for twenty years. His reward for half a working lifetime of failure, for neglect of his duty as a father, and for the amazing luck which caused him to run out of money to buy coal at the right moment, is enormous wealth. That there is some truth in all this, which an artist of sufficient skill and cynicism might have made effective, we do not deny, but how it illustrates the villainy of middlemen or the wrongs of the poor, we fail to see. The gallery, however, applaud as if every man of them had made a great discovery, and been defrauded of the fruits. Yet if Cyrus Blenkarn had not had a middleman to supply him with funds, and look to the selling of his first discovery, how could he have had the leisure to spend twenty years' pottering over the second before his luck helped him?

A few words are enough for the acting. Mr. Willard is so clever a performer, that he could hardly go through four acts without doing well in parts of them. Accordingly, there are passages of his Cyrus Blenkarn which are truly excellent. He interprets very cleverly the moonstruck, vague, self-absorbed manner of the half-maniacal men who are for ever fumbling at discoveries, and do now and then, once in a thousand cases, perhaps, hit on something valuable. There are touches of excellent pathetic comedy from time to time. But when he ought to be tragic he is, save for a few flashes of power, coarse and loud. Throughout the third act his voice is a uniform, inexpressive, monotonous howl. Mr. Mackintosh is, as he commonly is, intelligent and credible as the capitalist Chandler. Mr. H. Cane gives a really clever rendering of the vulgar, low class man of business in the part of the manager Batty Todd. Miss Annie Hughes is lifelike in the part of Blenkarn's sensible daughter Nancy. The other performances call for no notice.

THE STOCK MARKETS.

AT home and abroad there is a strong tendency on the Stock Exchanges towards a further rise of prices; but it is held in check for the time being by uncertainty regarding the result of to-morrow's French elections, and by the apprehension of dear and scarce money by-and-by. The speculative spirit which has been rampant for so long has lost none of its strength. On the contrary, speculators argue that trade is improving everywhere, and is likely to go on improving for a considerable time to come; therefore that profits are larger than they were, and that consequently the saving classes have more money to invest. But larger savings necessarily tend towards higher prices, unless there is an unexpected increase in sound investment securities. Further, they contend that the great financial houses all over the world have entered into arrangements of many kinds, which make it necessary for them to assist in raising prices. The Russian Conversion, they point out, is not yet completed. The Egyptian Conversion was prevented a few months ago by the French Government, they observe, for purely political reasons; but as soon as the elections are over France will be sure to withdraw her objections to the measure. Then, again, France has to fund her inconveniently large floating debt and to convert her Four-and-a-Half per Cents. Over and above all this, there is scarcely a Government in the world which does not need money. And there are numerous industrial and other Companies to be brought out or to be provided with additional funds. Lastly, the speculators have lately come to the conclusion that the selling of securities in Paris, which was a necessary consequence of the failure of the Comptoir d'Escompte and the copper crash, has now very nearly come to an end. As long as that selling continued it was scarcely possible to raise prices on the Continental bourses. But it has been going on throughout the summer, and the general impression consequently is that it is now very nearly at an end. This argument refers more particularly to the Continental exchanges and the market for international securities in London. It is, however, also contended that everything points towards a recovery in the market for American railroad securities. For nearly three years now that market has been depressed. This year, however, the crops are all good; and good crops will not only give larger traffics to the railway Companies, but will improve trade. Further, it is predicted that the railway companies will cease quarrelling among themselves when there is plenty of business for all, and that as soon as wars of rates end the rise which has begun in the American market will be carried still further. And it is predicted with equal confidence that we are about to witness a greater boom in the market for South African shares than has yet been seen, since there is now sufficient evidence afforded that the gold-fields are really rich, and consequently general confidence is being inspired here at home. Notwithstanding the high prices of British railway stocks and other industrial securities, it is very confidently maintained that their prices will continue to rise—firstly, because of the steady improvement in trade; and, secondly, because the advance in all other departments will encourage speculation in home securities. For all these reasons, then, speculators argue that the rise in prices which has been witnessed for some years past is about to begin again, and to be carried further—provided always that peace is maintained and the money market does not become too difficult.

Assuming, however, that the result of to-morrow's elections is such as to reassure Stock Exchange operators, and that, consequently, there is a general rise in prices, operators will very soon have to give their attention to the money market. For the moment, the London money market is much easier than seemed probable a little while ago, but the reserve of the Bank of England is entirely too small, and the probability appears to be that next month there will be apprehension entertained that money will become so scarce and so dear as to imperil the position of reckless speculators. It is quite true that the action of the Secretary of the United States' Treasury has put an end to the fear so lately entertained that there will be a large American demand for gold from Europe. He has bought bonds upon so large a scale that he has supplied the New York money market with abundance of funds, and rendered it exceedingly improbable that there will be any stringency in that market, for the present at all events. At the end of this month the interior demand for coin and notes to move the crops will be satisfied. Next month there will be a return flow of money to New York, and then no serious stringency is to be apprehended until the end of the year. The removal of the fear of a large American demand for gold has, of course, lessened the anxieties and apprehensions of speculators; but it has not, for all that, assured an easy money market throughout the year.

During the next six weeks there will be a large increase of the internal coin circulation. And if at the same time there should be large exports of gold the position might become very critical, unless the Bank of France were willing to part with enough of gold to relieve our difficulties here. The Bank holds at present over 53 millions sterling of the metal, and it clearly could part with many of those millions without danger to itself or any French interest. But whether the Directors would be willing to do so is another question. We may safely conclude that they would not, if there were any danger of disturbance at home or war abroad. Even if the political outlook were clear, there are reasons why they should wish to keep the Bank as strong as possible. One of these reasons is, the negotiations that have been begun for the renewal of the Latin Union. Whether justified or not, there is a belief in Paris that the French Government is inclined to take advantage of the financial difficulties of Italy to compel it to adopt a more friendly attitude towards France. Therefore people argue that the negotiations will be delayed, and that the French Government will rather affect a desire to break up the Union. That it may carry out this plan it is obviously necessary that the Bank of France should hold so much gold that it would appear to be in a position to face any danger that might arise, supposing the Latin Union broken up. Even if the French Government does not entertain the designs attributed to it, it is quite possible that the negotiations for other reasons may be protracted, and then also it would be desirable from the point of view of the Directors of the Bank of France to hold as much gold as that institution can retain. Then again, it is always to be recollected that much bad business was accumulated in Paris during the last year or two, that a crisis, indeed, was averted at the time of the failure of the Comptoir d'Escompte only by the intervention of the Bank of France, and that some day or other, therefore, there may be serious financial difficulties to face in Paris. That is another reason why the Bank of France should be unwilling to part with much of its gold. Still, it is hardly probable that the Directors of the Bank of France would allow the European stock markets to be disturbed by a money stringency in London; and consequently it may reasonably be assumed that, if gold be seriously needed here, it will be obtained from the Bank of France. But speculators would do well to recollect that, apart altogether from the political dangers which they recognize, there are the risks of a very dear and tight money market; and that, though the Bank of France may prefer to part with a considerable part of its gold rather than that the stock markets should be disorganized by stringency in the London money market, still there may be such stringency before the gold is parted with as may involve incautious speculators in serious losses.

KING JOHN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ANY lover of Shakspeare who went on Thursday to the Crystal Palace eager to see one of the finest of the historical plays, and one which has not been given in London for several years, might well be ready to overlook many shortcomings due to hasty preparation for a single performance, to make allowances for defects of stage management, and to be duly grateful if only he might hear a fair rendering of the play as a whole. Such a playgoer would have been most agreeably disappointed. The performance went without a hitch; the voice of the prompter was almost unheard, and, considering the small size of the stage, which could not but mar the effect of such scenes as those before Angiers, the stage management was excellent throughout. Indeed, the only fault to be found with the mounting of the play is that the arms of England on the banners were those of the present day. We have heard it rumoured that the preparations for producing the play occupied little more than a week, and if this be the case the degree of perfection attained is indeed remarkable.

To the majority of the audience probably the chief point of interest was the assumption of the part of King John by Mr. Tree, whose presentation of a very different Shakspearian character is fresh in all memories. Tall and gaunt, with a rather colourless face, thin light beard, and wandering eyes, he represented well the anxious claimant of a crown not his by right. Perhaps he made rather too much of this aspect of the character; a little more kingly dignity would not have been amiss in the scene, for instance, with the nobles in the fourth act. Mr. Tree was at his best in the two great scenes with Hubert—that in Act III., where he first broaches to him the death of Arthur, and again where he reproaches him with the murder. The former scene was led up to by a well-conceived piece of "business." The King, weary from battle, sets down his helmet encircled by the crown. Arthur takes it up and places it on his own head. John, seeing him, snatches the crown away,

and his hints to Hubert arise quite naturally from this incident and the thoughts which it suggests. The speech itself was admirably given. The guilty look and broken utterance, the nervous repetition of the words "I had a thing to say," were as good as they possibly could be. The conclusion of the scene lost something of its impressiveness by the omission, whether intentional or accidental, of the significant interchange of words which follows Hubert's promise so to keep Arthur "that he shall not offend your Majesty." The text runs thus:—

K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.

Hubert's impassive bearing through the scene makes John uncertain whether his meaning has really been understood, and this brief explanation is necessary and most forcible. But for some excessive clutching at Hubert's dress Mr. Tree's gesture in this scene was as good as his speech, and he made a most effective exit. Equally good in a different way was his defiance of the power of Rome—which, by the way, ought to have produced more effect than it did on the throng of soldiers and courtiers in whose presence it was uttered. Such a speech in those times would have made all around shrink in horror from him who made it. Mr. Tree was well supported in his best scenes by Mr. Fernandez as Hubert.

Next in interest to Mr. Tree's King John is undoubtedly the Arthur of Miss Norreys, whose success was complete. She looked the part to perfection, and spoke her lines admirably. In her scene with Hubert she showed true pathetic power, and produced a great effect upon her audience. Her fall from the castle window, by the way, was not well managed, and came dangerously near to provoking mirth. If Arthur must roll through a bush upon the stage, care should be taken that his tumble may not recall memories of last season's pantomime.

Mr. Macklin as Philip, the bastard, deserves to be spoken of with respect, if without enthusiasm. He has a manly presence and soldierlike bearing, and speaks his lines with vigour and distinctness, but his emphasis appears to us to be a little mechanical, and to be placed sometimes with regard rather for sound than for sense. Moreover, he does not quite succeed in hitting off the humorous side of the character. The part is one which makes great demands, physical and other, upon the actor. The bastard is at once adventurer, humourist, and resourceful man of action, and he has, moreover, to perform to some extent the functions of a Greek Chorus. Few actors could do all that the part requires; Mr. Macklin does a great deal. Miss Amy Roselle, too, deserves praise, but not unreserved praise, for her performance of Constance. She has force and passion, but she reminds one rather too frequently of the injured heroine of modern melodrama, and has certain tricks of style and gesture which jar on the spectator more in Shakspeare than in a modern play. Her earlier scenes were marred by a gasping utterance, which almost disappeared in the great scene of all, after Arthur's capture, with the King of France and the Cardinal. Here Miss Roselle was at her best. Her delivery of the speech to Pandulph affected the audience as nothing else in the whole play did, but she has not fully mastered the difficult art of speaking blank verse.

With regard to the remaining characters, it is only necessary to mention the admirable elocution and dignified bearing of Mr. Kemble as Pandulph, and Mr. Brookfield's clever little character-sketch of Robert Falconbridge. His make-up was excellent, and his stolid stare, awkward gait, and stooping shoulders, represented the loutish squire to the life. There was some defective elocution among the minor characters, one or two of whom were at times almost unintelligible, but the acoustic properties of the Crystal Palace Theatre probably leave something to be desired, and if Mr. Tree ever finds it advisable, as we hope he may, to produce *King John* at the Haymarket, these little shortcomings will, no doubt, be remedied.

A LAST ILLUSION.

[I will not vote for a separate Parliament for Ireland, and I will not vote for any measure or proposition or inquiry which could lead it to be supposed that this is an open question in my mind.—Mr. JOHN MORLEY at Westminster in 1880.]

OH, hush thee! Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n, we cannot bear the blow,
The shock is too bewildering; oh, hush thee, and go slow,
Recall that strange quotation or explain it how you will,
But leave us, in Romance's name, one last illusion still.

It cannot! no, it cannot be that M-rl-y ever went
To such a length as *this* against a Home Rule Parliament,
That not a "measure" only, but "inquiry," he declined,
Lest that should seem to prove the question "open" in his mind.

O member for West Birmingham, you surely must have known
What idol-reputation by your speech was overthrown;
How desolate and desecrate now stands the shrine in which
The member for Newcastle filled a solitary niche.

You must have known—you could not fail to recognize the place
Which this philosopher has filled in this peculiar case,
How his uprightness seemed to rise columnar from the ground,
Contrasting picturesquely with the moral ruins round.

Where's now our foil to H-rc-rt? where that thoughtful, calm recluse,
Who never rashly had (we thought) denounced Parnellian juice,
But stewed in it and liked it too—or so our fancy ran—
Long ere Sir William tumbled into that unsavoury pan?

Where, where is the believer, of the ripe and reasoned creed,
Not sprung, like some foul fungus, from the spawn of party greed,
The steady burden of whose song rebuked the hurried tune
Of those who found salvation in a single afternoon?

Where is the man who symbolized to figurative taste
An island in the waters, an oasis in the waste,
The one green patch of living faith, 'mid wind-blown tracts of rant,
The one firm spot of principle in quaking bogs of cant?

Where are they? gone like mists that in a moment disappear,
Like dreams when one awakeneth, like snows of yesteryear;
With H-rc-rt he has had to learn of what that "juice" consists;
His faith is hardly better than the Scotch Salvationist's.

Nor skills it, Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n, to bid us recollect
How slowly causes acted here in yielding their effect,
And how, while many a weathercock at one day's notice veers,
Our M-rl-y's revolution was the work of several years.

Scant, scant the consolation, that while others scrupled not
To eat their newly-uttered words, their pledges hot-and-hot,
Our M-rl-y interposed a decent interval, at least,
Between the preparation and consumption of the feast.

Enough that he's consumed it now, enough that he has fed
On that ignoble diet, the Gladstonian's daily bread.
How long you keep, before you eat, your food is your concern;
Convictions are convictions, though you "hang" them till they "turn."

But no! it cannot, shall not, be; it *is* not—that is flat;
He *never* said those words, believe we anything but that.
Reporters madly jotting down a speech he never spoke,
A press in league to perpetrate a vile and heartless joke.

Yes, spare us, Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n, this last illusion, pray;
Leave us the M-rl-y of our dreams—those dreams of yesterday—
The patriot pure, whose record no apostasies bedim,
The one consistent Parnellite we thought we found in him.

REVIEWS.

THE HANSE TOWNS.*

ALTHOUGH this book certainly does not tell the story of a nation, it is a welcome addition to Mr. Fisher Unwin's series. It is, as its author claims, the only History of the Hanseatic towns which has been written in English, and it gives a picturesque and satisfactory account of the famous League of merchant cities, and the influence which it exercised on the material and social progress of Northern and Western Europe. Miss Zimmern has worked up her subject carefully, and has treated it in a bright and attractive manner. Her early pages are unworthy of the rest, and contain some ambitious and feeble writing. The "wretched state of Ireland" has nothing to do with the matter in hand; and as she does not say anything more valuable about it than that it is a product of a survival of the Feudal system, she might as well have left it alone. The effect of this system in England was, we are told, to hinder the rise of the "British"—by which, we apprehend, she does not mean Welshmen—by practically restricting commerce to the exportation of wool, skins, lead, and tin, and by preventing the existence of a middle class. Her acquaintance with German town-life and commercial history is, happily, far better than this will lead her readers to expect. It is a pity that she has thought it necessary to refer to the *Germania*; for as she says that Tacitus notes the "absence of rank" among the Germans, it is scarcely possible that she has read it. We will not, however, dwell further on the few blots which may be found in this part of her volume. When she gets fairly into her proper subject there is little room for fault-finding, and the somewhat unfavourable impression which we received from her opening pages was soon removed by those which follow.

No precise date can be assigned to the foundation of the Hanse; it came into existence gradually, and had its origin in the desire of German merchants to defend themselves and their trade. The Leagues of the towns on the Rhine and the Baltic prepared the way for the greatness of the more famous Hanse, which seems to have first been officially known by that title at the time of its war with Waldemar III. of Denmark. For a century and a half before that war the merchant cities of Northern Germany had been growing in power, and had inflicted more than one defeat on the Danes—who, by the way, are rather

* *The Story of the Nations—The Hansa Towns.* By Helen Zimmern Author of "A Life of Lessing" &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889.

oddly said here to have been converted to Christianity "in the early times of our era." By the beginning of the fourteenth century the allied towns had attained great prosperity, though the Danes, "as masters of the Belt and the Sound, were able, if they chose, to harass the Hanseatic traders and fishermen." Waldemar, who wished to drive the strangers out of his dominions, laid heavy taxes on their fisheries in Scania, and, when the towns resisted, sacked Wisby, then one of the principal ports in Europe and the storehouse of all the wealth of the Baltic trade. A spirited account is given of the war. It ended in the humiliation of the Danes and in the establishment of the supremacy of the Hanse over Scandinavia. Chief of the League was Lübeck, which then "counted eighty thousand inhabitants, as against forty-eight thousand in 1870." There, for the most part, the towns held their Diets; her influence was undisputed down to the sixteenth century, and her laws "were reckoned the wisest ever framed by an autonomous community." Little appears to be known as to the organization of the League or the number of its members. Yet it is clear that order and obedience were strictly enforced, and as the punishment of un-hansing brought ruin on the offending town there were few cases of insubordination. Miss Zimmern writes pleasantly of the life of the merchant-class in these German towns, of the riches of the burghers, their sports, which were sometimes rough and barbarous, and their love of display, of the stately buildings which they raised, and of their encouragement of learning and art. Violence and selfishness were checked by the ordinances of their guilds, which bound them to fulfil religious and social obligations, and, above all, to relieve their poorer brethren. The trade of the League was widespread and various, for it carried and dealt in the produce of every land in Europe:—

> What the German merchant obtained as produce from Russia, Scandinavia, and other parts of Europe, not to mention the special productions of his own towns, he distributed either at home or in the world-famed markets of Bruges and London, for the Hansa was then the only intermediary between East and West. For more than three hundred years Bruges maintained its place as the central market for the whole of Europe this side the Alps. Here could be met traders from all parts; the Lombard bankers and money-changers, the Florentine, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Basque, English, Scotch, North and South Germans. It was from Bruges that the Baltic merchant supplied his home and Northern Germany with the products of the East, which the South German had brought from Venice and over the Alpine passes along the Rhine. In Bruges he could buy the fruits of the Mediterranean, the silks of Florence, the oils of Provence, the wines of Spain and Italy.—P. 100.

Some interesting particulars are given about the factories of the League in different cities. At Bergen the Hanseatics held the entire control of the port and exercised a practical suzerainty over the town. Novgorod "the Great," where they treated the Russians with contempt, was one of the most important seats of their trade until their power in Russia was brought to a sudden end by Ivan the Terrible. In the Flemish cities they enjoyed extensive privileges and lived more securely and in greater luxury than they could among the less civilized peoples of the North. In Venice they were subject to many restrictions which they would not have endured if imposed by a Northern State; they had no regular factory there, and the graceful colonnade of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi still marks the place where the Venetians allowed them only at stated times to store their merchandise. Miss Zimmern has much to say that is well worth reading about the relations between England and the Easterlings, as the Hanseatic merchants were called here, and indeed in France also; the name, of course, survives in our phrase sterling money. The factory in London, the Steelyard, became, as she reminds us, a favourite resort of the citizens, who used to sit in the Germans' pleasant garden in Cosin's Lane and drink Rhenish wine at threepence a bottle. In the Steelyard, as in their other settlements, the Hanseatics lived as the members of a single household; they were governed by their own officers, were under strict discipline, and were forbidden to marry during their residence in the factory. Besides their establishment in London they had depôts in several other English cities. Their privileges were guaranteed in the reign of Edward IV. by the Treaty of Utrecht. This treaty was the result of a long war between England and the Hanse Towns, in the course of which the Easterlings did much damage to English trade, seized many ships, and even plundered some parts of the coast. Miss Zimmern omits to mention that they chased and nearly captured Edward IV. when he was fleeing from England in 1470.

As the rise of the League was gradual, so was its decay. Its fall cannot be referred to any single date, for Miss Zimmern rightly rejects the picturesque story of a formal dissolution decreed in the Lübeck Hansa Saal in 1630 by the representatives of all the members. The manifold causes of its decline are well brought out. The Hanse Towns had no manufactures; they devoted all their energies to carrying and trading, and their prosperity was founded on excluding all others from sharing in the sources of their wealth. When, therefore, the conditions of mediæval commerce gave way before the wider system of the sixteenth century, and the maritime States of Northern and Western Europe began to find out new routes for trade, and to send out their own ships into all waters, the fall of the League became certain. In England, for example, the overthrow of its factory was the direct consequence of the opening of trade with Russia by the White Sea, and of the foundation of the Company of Merchant Adventurers, which, in accordance with the suggestions of Sir Thomas Gresham, repeatedly urged the expulsion of the alien merchants. Special causes—first, the damage done to Bruges by Frederick III., and, later, the revolt of the Netherlands from Spain—hastened the decline of its trade in the Low Countries. Sweden and Denmark broke the yoke which the Hanseatics had so long imposed upon them, and the conquest and partition of Livonia destroyed their power in the Baltic. Internal jealousies also did much to ensure the downfall of the League. The interests of the maritime and the inland towns were not always the same, and the want of concord between the members of the Hanse was the chief cause of its ill success in its strife with the Danes and Swedes. The incidents of this war are told with much force. It followed shortly after a series of brilliant successes, during which the League drove Christian II. of Denmark from his kingdom, and set Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein and Gustavus Vasa on the thrones of Denmark and Sweden. The two Kings turned against their benefactors, and determined to deliver their lands from the oppression of the Hanse. Miss Zimmern records the gallant attempt of Jürgen Wullenweber of Lübeck, "the last great Hanseatic hero," to restore the power of the League in the North. His captain was Max Meyer, a blacksmith by trade, who had left his forge to become a soldier of fortune, had done some service in a war with the Spanish Netherlands, and had been knighted by Henry VIII. The forces of the League were defeated, and Wullenweber's fall was brought about by local, religious, and class jealousies. His plans were thwarted by Cologne and censured by the Diet, and his power in Lübeck was destroyed by a municipal revolution. As a Lutheran he was obnoxious to the Catholics, who accused him of being an Anabaptist; and, as a Democrat, he was hated by the burgher aristocracy. He fell into the hands of his enemies, and, after suffering a long imprisonment and many tortures, was put to death by his fellow-citizens. Miss Zimmern's volume is appropriately illustrated with views of some of the noblest municipal buildings in the ancient Hanseatic towns, and with some quaint drawings exhibiting the manners and occupations of the German trading class in the middle ages.

NOVELS.*

WILD DARRIE was a circus-rider of the greatest skill. She married a yeoman called Andrew Deering, and had a child called Ada. She then ran away with a thief called Tricky Bill; and, being concerned with him in a theft of banknotes, they both got penal servitude. The point of the book is how Mr. and Mrs. Deering are to be reconciled. Ada Deering has become engaged to one Griffith Broadhurst; but Tricky Bill, by chance having Mrs. Deering in his company, steals one of the wedding presents. Mrs. Deering assists in his capture; but her reappearance causes Ada's wedding to be postponed for a year, and causes Deering to emigrate to Kansas with Mrs. Deering, disguised under her maiden name as a poor relation, and Ada. Here a dashing cowboy proposes to Ada, but is refused. Griffith Broadhurst, appearing at the end of his year, is duly married, and immediately finds gold on his father-in-law's farm, but it is found on the next night by Tricky Bill, who has come with four desperate ruffians to find it. They, however, are detected finding it by Mrs. Deering, who heard Tricky Bill shouting in a wood, and came to look for him. She also sees a half-breed come up to the ruffians to say that the Indians are out, and that he is going to warn Deering. Tricky Bill shoots the half-breed to prevent him doing so, and Mrs. Deering sets the forest alight to stop the Indians. However, she all but burns herself and the cowboy, Abe Hooker, who has come to look for her, and eventually, in escaping from the flames, falls down a precipice and is supposed to have died. She does not go back to Deering because he has not forgiven her, but joins her old circus, which she meets on its way round the world. With the circus she at last arrives at the village in England where Deering is, with his daughter and son-in-law, entertaining Abe Hooker in a noble mansion bought with the gold. Here she casually meets her granddaughter, who shows her her own tombstone with a pathetic inscription. She faints, and soon dies of consumption, which she has had for a long time, in her husband's house, he having forgiven her. As may thus be seen, there are many thrilling incidents in the book, and they are all well told. Unfortunately the solemn part of the book is not only solemn, but of disproportionate length. We should well have liked to have heard more of the circus, of which there is a little, and of Abe Hooker, of whom there is more. As to Tricky Bill, he and his companions were caught by the Indians. One was shot, the others "lasted a month or two, and when it was plain they could not last any longer they were finished."

The Red Hill Mystery is an ingenuous, not to say a crude, work. When a young lady, who has had a sister called Madoline, who has disappeared in a mysterious way, comes to a house, in the garden of which there is a disused well, partly filled up, we hardly need a haunted room, and a ghost of the old-fashioned and orthodox kind, to make us sensible that the mystery is progressing as it should. When, too, there is a

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* *Wild Darrie.* By Christie Murray and Henry Herman. London and New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1889.

The Red Hill Mystery. By Kate Wood. London: Digby & Long.

A Ruined Race. By Hester Sigerson. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

Such is Life. By May Kendall. London and New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1889.

swarthy baronet with restless and furtive eyes, and a ghastly scar on his cheek, over whose countenance passes a look of "surprise, horror, and sickly fear," the terrible things which afterwards come to light may shock but can hardly surprise us. What the mystery actually is, wild horses could not tear from us. But it may be well to point out that halting English does not heighten its effect. To the question, "Am I brushing your hair too hard?" the sentence, "I assured her, 'No'; being so thick I hardly felt the brush," is not the right answer. A lady may be excused for not knowing the difference between *oratio recta* and *oratio obliqua*, under those names, but she should avoid mistakes with inverted commas, such as Mr. Stanley "asked in a low anxious voice, 'Could I forgive him?'" when really he said, "Can you forgive me?" The heroine should not have expected her hair to "lay" flat; and her sister's story, though very mysterious, cannot have been really "incredulous."

A Ruined Race is the tragic story of one Dan Macmanus. He was an Irish tenant, and was duly made the victim of every form of oppression ever imputed to landlordism. In the first place, his father, who brought up his family on a sixty-acre farm, naturally divided it between his two sons, so that Dan only got two fields which were flooded in wet weather, and two which he had reclaimed himself on the mountain side. On the strength of these possessions he married, but after three children had been born he had to part with the two reclaimed fields, and after three wet seasons with the flooded ones. After this, owing to the proceedings of a spendthrift landlord, a harsh agent, and a malignant bailiff, he was evicted from the cabin to which he had been forced to retire. Having assaulted the bailiff he got sent to gaol for nine months, and his wife went mad and died in the infirmary workhouse. He subsequently died miserably in Dublin. To make Dan's character complete, he was the descendant of a noble family, who owned all the property in the neighbourhood of his original farm, which they lost, indirectly owing to the Penal Laws and more directly to a flaw in a perpetual lease. This, however, is merely a detail, for which his landlord can only be held to have been remotely responsible. The story is told with a good deal of imaginative power, especially the death of Dan's last remaining daughter, though the agony is rather prolonged. It is, however, too much of a quasi-political tract to afford a proper scope for the literary powers of the author. It is to be observed that Macmanus lived and died before 1870. The author, however, seems to doubt whether legislation which has taken place since then will not produce changes "only of form, and not of fact." This is rather hard on Mrs. Gladstone, to whom the book is dedicated.

There were two families of Everards—Halbert, Jim, and Elsie in one family, and their cousin Ida in another. They were all "great souls," or wished to be. So they all turned Agnostics at about twelve, except Elsie, who thought that she need not have any opinions until she was sixteen. Halbert and Jim had warm tempers, and never concealed their thoughts. Halbert used to tell Jim that he hated him, and wished he was dead, to which Jim replied with an *ego quoque*. Halbert told his mother that he would not pray for his father, because he hated him, on which his mother let him off his prayers. But he made it up afterwards, saying, "Mother, I shall, perhaps, try to get over my dislike of father; I think it may be a prejudice." Ida was an idealist who "did not know, and probably never would, the difference between a passing thunder-cloud and nightfall." However, she had some indefinite "woes," on which she mused. These agreeable and intelligent young persons grew up without doing anything more exciting than going to parties which they disliked, and talking in an intelligent way. Then Jim married Lilian Rivers, an old schoolmistress of Ida's. Ida used to think she was "a great soul," but really "she was saving all to be a great soul in the next world," so Jim's relations were greatly disgusted at the match. Another objection was that he was in love with Nan Thomson, an old schoolfellow of Ida's, who had become a hospital nurse. However, he married Lilian, and we hear no more of Nan, which is a pity, as she is much the most amusing person in the book. As a poetic compensation Ida fell in love with Lionel Blake, an old schoolfellow of Jim's and an artist who soon became famous. However, she did not marry him either, because he found out that his real name was Evans, and that he was the son of a man who drew pictures on the pavement, and who died a natural death after a coroner's jury had found an inquisition against him for murder. Lionel was so much annoyed at this that he went off to America, but was drowned on the way, where he laid down his life "like a courteous English gentleman, and so went down with the captain on deck." The only amusing parts of the book are where Jim falls in love with Nan in the hospital, and where Lionel nearly dies of starvation because he is too proud to ask for money which a man owed him for a picture. Otherwise, the young persons concerned indulged freely in the habit which Ida imputes to Lilian of "saying things which sounded lovely, but that did not exactly mean anything."

TIMBER AND SOME OF ITS DISEASES.*

FORESTRY is a craft which is well worthy of far more attention than it has hitherto received. The combination of utility with beauty in the cultivation of trees is hardly to be matched by any other pursuit to which man has devoted himself. We were all foresters, more or less, in the earliest days, and must have both acquired and inherited a great love of trees from the beginning, however far off that may have been in point of time. The living tree was our protection and the harbour for our game when we were nothing but hunters, and the dead tree gave us the wood on which we first practised the arts. The beauty of the tree is one thing, and the beauty of the timber, from which so many beautiful works of art are made, is altogether another thing, and it is a mere platitude to say that without the beauty of the one the beauty of the other would be non-existent. The primeval forests throughout the world have afforded us timber of all sorts in almost unlimited quantity, and so far we have had nothing to do but to cut it down, and use each variety of wood for the purpose for which it appeared to us to be best adapted. But there must be an end to all this reckless way of going to work some day, and forestry must be pursued as an art and a science.

The book before us is a short work of the Nature Series, and, therefore, scientific, but scientific with a practical end in view. Mr. Ward, the author, is a professor of botany, and has directed his attention to the botany of trees, but more especially, in this instance, to the growth of timber in the first place, and the diseases of trees, which injuriously affect the timber, in the second place. It is a very useful and welcome contribution to an important branch of forestry in a handy form, and, as the author says in the preface, "it is an attempt at a popular exposition of a subject almost unknown in this country." That it should be almost unknown in this country, where so much planting has been done for purposes of ornament, or for covert for game, or to occupy waste land, where the English oak grows and flourishes, from which we used to build our renowned navy, is surprising. Mr. Ward quotes the Germans, and refers to the museum of forest botany at Munich, for his authorities, the study of the subject in this country having only just begun. The illustrations in the book are from drawings explanatory of the text, and fulfil that purpose clearly and accurately. The structure of timber is described in detail. The cortex is "more popularly the 'bark' (an unfortunate word, which has caused much trouble in its time)." Technical terms are used, and we must refer to the book for an explanation of the words *cambium*, *tracheides*, &c. The "so-called" annual rings in timber, to which Mr. Ward refers, are, in truth, annual rings caused by the year's growth; there is, therefore, no good reason why the fashionable participle *so-called* should be applied to them. They are formed from the cambium, the visible rings marking the periods of activity and inactivity in winter and summer. In some wood the rings are not visible, and in the tropics timber without the annual rings is most common, because the seasons of growth are not separated by seasons of rest. In this climate there is a difference in the formation of spring wood and autumn wood, of which the autumn wood is the superior in quality. "Very many woods, as is well known, exhibit marked peculiarities in their inner or 'heart-wood'—the *duramen* of botanists—which is harder, or heavier, or of some decided colour, and constitutes a true 'heart-wood,' as contrasted with the softer, lighter, non-coloured 'sap-wood' (*alburnum*): in other cases no obvious differences are to be noticed, and the tree is said to have no 'heart,' but to consist entirely of 'sap-wood.'"—P. 41. The weight of wood, as we all know, differs much. The seasoned timber of the Indian tree, *Hardwickia binata*, weighs about 80 lbs. the cubic foot, while a cubic foot of *Bombax malabaricum* may weigh less than 20 lbs. Generally speaking, wood may be said to weigh 30 lbs. to 60 lbs. the cubic foot. The principal timber trees are botanically classed as *conifers* and *dicotyledons*, and it is hardly necessary to point out which is which; the yew and the juniper are classed with the conifers. There has been a great controversy respecting the ascent of water in tall trees. How is it that water can rise from the roots to the top of trees 300 to 400 feet high? A long chapter, chapter iv., is devoted to this subject, and the author gives the explanation, which seems to him the only possible one. It may not occur to the ordinary observer that the ascent of water from the roots to the top shoot of a lofty tree has been a puzzle to learned men, but such is the case; and the various theories advanced to account for this phenomenon in the formation of wood are expounded, and refuted or supported as the case may be, in this chapter.

The latter half of the book treats of the diseases of trees, which, it is superfluous to say, damage the timber to a considerable extent, and cause much waste. These consist chiefly of fungus parasites, which attach themselves to a wound in the tree, and, under favourable conditions of moisture, &c., grow and spread. The principal destructive fungi mentioned are *Trametes radiciperda*, *Agaricus melleus*, *Polyporus sulphureus*, with some others. The second of these is a tawny yellow toadstool, very common in this country, and is often supposed to be simply springing from the dead, rotten wood, instead of being the cause of the fatal disease. The book itself must be consulted for full information on these subjects, so important to foresters, who in lopping off branches, or in examining the injuries caused by gales of wind or snow, will do well to take means to prevent the establishment of fungi in the injured parts. Many a goodly tree is found, when felled, to be rotten at the core from the insidious operations of a parasitic fungus. Dry rot is of

* *Timber and some of its Diseases.* By H. Marshall Ward, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S. With Illustrations. Nature Series. London: Macmillan & Co.

two kinds, caused by fungi. The most common and well known is *Merulius lacrymans*, the other is the *Polyporus vaporarius*, common in forests, which is a wound parasite. Dry-rot has been so long a plague to builders or rather, perhaps, to the employers of builders, that it is wonderful the means of prevention here pointed out are not more universally employed. Mr. Ward says of dry-rot:—"The spores are developed in countless myriads from the fructifications described, and they are extremely minute and light; it has been proved that they can be carried from house to house on the clothes and tools &c. of workmen. . . . Hartig proved that the spores can be carried from the wood of one building to that of another by means of the saws of workmen" (p. 189).

"Canker" and the larch disease have a chapter, x., to themselves. Mr. Ward only just alludes to canker in apple-trees, which, as it is a plague to gardeners, is disappointing; but enlarges on the larch disease, "which has caused such costly devastations in plantations." The larch, a most valuable tree, in consequence of the unusual combinations of rapid growth and durability, is an Alpine tree, growing naturally at an elevation of from 3,000 to 6,000 feet and more, above sea level. And to its cultivation in lowland valleys is attributed the larch disease, which is a "canker" and a fungus readily communicated from tree to tree. Mr. Ward always writes "canker" thus, not approving of the name, which, he says, is derived by analogy from cancer with no warrant in fact.

There are interesting chapters on leaves and leaf diseases which every one knows must be of the greatest importance in the formation of timber. There are also chapters on the "damping off" of seedlings due to the ravages of fungi, a source of great vexation to the nurseryman. For these we must refer the reader to the book, which is a very good and instructive introduction to a branch of forestry, a pursuit which, we trust, has a great future before it. The book is small, compact, and businesslike, and is furnished with a good index.

OXFORD SCHOLARSHIP.*

WITHIN the last few months three volumes have been issued from the Clarendon Press at Oxford, each of which is in itself important, and each by itself sufficient to wipe away the reproach of sterility which has been so often and too justly charged against the refined taste and deep erudition of many Oxford scholars. Two of these volumes are entirely new, and the other is an old friend in a new shape. Before we discuss the works of Professor Henry Nettleship and Mr. Sydney Owen it will be pleasant and convenient to clear the ground before us by dealing shortly with the second edition of Mr. Robinson Ellis's *Commentary on Catullus*. More than twelve years have passed since the first edition saw the light, and more than thirty since the author first devoted himself to a department of Latin scholarship which to a less considerable scholar would have been the labour of a lifetime. But in the interval which has passed between the first and second editions Mr. Ellis has exercised his powers on other texts, and it might have been supposed that he had put Catullus aside as an author on whom he had spoken his last word. But a good many things have happened since 1876; a good many criticisms were passed, in England and on the Continent, most of them laudatory, but not all of them acquiescent, and one of them manifestly unfair. Of these the fairest and also the most important was the *Criticisms and Elucidations* of H. A. J. Munro, and at many places it has left its impress on the second edition of Mr. Ellis's *Commentary*; in every case Munro's views have been carefully considered, and sometimes adopted, although Mr. Ellis, in gently putting aside the emendations (which form "the least able portion" of Munro's volume), hints a mild surprise that he has so often dissented from Munro's conclusions, "even on points of syntax, where he might be expected to speak with absolute authority." Of the Commentary of Bährens Mr. Ellis evidently finds it difficult to write with the moderation which has characterized most of the disputes between modern scholars. "Any one [he says] who takes the trouble to examine this work will see how greatly the author is indebted to my pages, and how little acknowledgment he has made of his debts." Then he goes on:—"If he mentions my name, it is more often to depreciate than to praise. His own commentary is lengthy and not too attractive in style; crowded, too, with impossible emendations which waste many pages and much time." Of Riese Mr. Ellis speaks with considerable appreciation; so, again, of Eugène Benoist, whose edition (only half completed) "follows me so very closely that it might almost seem a reproduction of my own work in the French language." Some points of fresh interest were brought out last year in the Tauchnitz edition by Bernhard Schmitd. All these books, either in form or in effect, were partially at least criticisms of Mr. Robinson Ellis's original work, and in the second edition it has been necessary to take account of everything in them which was noteworthy. To enumerate even a small proportion of the changes introduced, the notes enlarged or revised, and the supplementary remarks, added would make a long article, nor would it be interesting except to one who was far advanced in Catullian scholarship. It is enough to say that anybody able to appreciate the first edition ought to buy the second. One special point in the new volume is mentioned in the preface; it recalls the attention of scholars to the earliest period of Catullian criticism, when so much was done that was ignored by later scholars, so much that has been restored to its proper place by the Catullian revival in which Mr. Ellis was himself a leader.

Not contented with these important and laborious *Contributions to Latin Lexicography*, Professor Henry Nettleship, in a melancholy preface, laments that he has not been able to make them much greater than they are. Indeed, he has some reason to feel aggrieved, not against anybody in particular, but against everybody in general—everybody, that is to say, who might have assisted him but has not done so. Some fourteen years ago he was invited by the delegates of the Oxford University Press and undertook (with a light heart, apparently) to compile a Latin-English Lexicon fit to stand alongside of Liddell and Scott. He has been working at his task for some twelve years, and has now completed not much more than a tenth part of it. He had counted, in his sanguine youth, upon receiving adequate assistance from other scholars; but he tells us that, except for "some isolated contributions from friends," the work has been left to him alone, and he could not carry it out by himself. Accordingly, he has now published as much as he has been able to finish—the whole of letter A and a number of articles and notes under the other letters, making altogether a bulky volume of some 600 pages, each of which represents an amount of tedious labour difficult to realize by anybody who has not taken a part in it. Professor Nettleship tells us that he made Lewis and Short the basis of his projected Lexicon, and has published nothing which he does not think to be "a necessary improvement upon that work." One great convenience, which we hope to see adopted by any scholars who may carry on Professor Nettleship's work, is his careful arrangement of the authors referred to under each head of interpretation according to their chronological order. That by itself is a great help towards grasping the gradual developments of usage, either towards extension or restriction. Other noticeable points in Professor Nettleship's *Contributions* are the number of Proper Names which he has collected from the *Corpus Inscriptionum*, and the care which he has taken to bring up all that was worth saving from the remains of the early Latin scholars, lexicographers, or commentators. A book like this can only be reviewed by sample, unless the reviewer is both willing and able to spend as much time in testing it as the author in writing it. But, so far as we have tried Professor Nettleship's arrangements of the articles under letter A, we have only found a single case of displacement or omission. On looking for *arcesso* at its natural place, on p. 264, next after *arcessitor*, we do not find it, or any reference to it. We have to go back to p. 17, where it is printed next after *accerso*, and next before *accessa*. Again, when so much in lexicography proper has been omitted which we should have been glad to see accomplished, it seems a pity that Professor Nettleship should have devoted ten of his learned pages, under the head of *Jus Gentium*, to an article which would have better found its place in a legal treatise. Professor Nettleship laments that he enjoys "but little time for keeping abreast with the advances in method made by the new school of comparative philologists." He fully recognizes the value of their work, but has not been able to avail himself of it in the etymologies which he has himself suggested. Indeed, as he tells us quite frankly, he has generally based any new hypothesis, not upon the "rigid laws" which govern the changes of sound and accent, but upon considerations affecting the meaning and usage of a word. Many of these new hypotheses are ingenious, and some are evidently sound; none of them are frivolous, although some are difficult to accept, even for those who have not been trained in the rigidities of the New School. We must content ourselves with shortly indicating a few of the new views which Professor Nettleship claims to have put forward. He dismisses, of course, *s.v. Adulter*, the absurd etymology from *ad* and *altar*; argues that the second syllable *ul* is verbal; proves that the different usages point to an idea of "corruption," and therefore conjectures as the origin a base *ol* or *ul*, "which perhaps meant originally to wet or spoil with moisture (comp. *ab-ol-ere*)." The form of the word, he adds, is "exactly like that of *cul-ter*, literally the striker." Under *Armentum* he first suggests the commonly accepted derivation from *aro*, but seems to prefer an alternative origin which connects it with words like *ar-tis* and *ar-ma*, as coming from *ar-*, to join or fit; in this sense *armentum* would mean a beast that can be fitted or joined either to a plough or another animal. Under *Cærimonia* he rejects the ancient derivations (*cære*, *caritas*, and *carere*); he does not favour the modern suggestions that it is connected with *kar* (to make), *ceres*, *cerus*, and *creare*; finally he prefers to connect it with the base *kū* (to think), *kav*-is (a wise man), κοεῖν, *cavere* and *cura*. Thus he makes it to stand for *cav-i-ri-mōnia*, and like *ægri-monia* it would then be an abstr. f. from a lost participle adj., *caviri-mon* = thoughtful or wise. Under *Recens* Professor Nettleship agrees with Darmesteter that the word is a present participle, but holds that the lost verb is not *recere* = to come back; but *recere* = to flow, "the base of which stands to *rig-* of *rig-are* as that of *plec-sus* does to that of *pli-care*. Thus, Cat. 63. 7 (*recente sanguine*)

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* *A Commentary on Catullus.* By Robinson Ellis, M.A., LL.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, University Reader in Latin Literature. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1889.

Contributions to Latin Lexicography. By Henry Nettleship, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1889.

P. Ovidi Nasonis Tristium Libri V. Recensuit S. G. Owen, A.M. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1889.

is explained "flowing blood," and Virg. A. 6. 674 (*prata recentia rivis*) "as watered by streams," and 6. 450 (*recens a vulnere Dido*) "with the blood flowing from her wound." For the idea of freshness which seems to be attached to most of the uses of the word, Professor Nettleship accounts by deriving it from freshness in plants, "which implies moisture." That is hardly satisfactory. But there is more plausibility in the quotation from the scholia on Lucan, 2. 123 (*festæ rorantia mensæ Imposuit*) where *rorantia* is explained as = *recentia*. These few specimens which we have quoted may give some idea of one aspect of one side of Professor Nettleship's recent work in Latin Lexicography. Really there is no fault to find with his *Contributions*, except that they are too few, although they are many for one man to have made in a dozen years. Is there any hope that the publication of this volume will arouse other scholars in Oxford or elsewhere to collaborate with Professor Nettleship in a work which is crying aloud for somebody to undertake it?

It is not easy to speak too highly of the acute and laborious work done by a young scholar like Mr. Owen in his edition of the text of the *Tristia*. But he has not only been acute and laborious; he has been exceptionally lucky, and has made haste to share his good fortune with his brother scholars. During his work in the Bodleian Library he lighted upon a codex of the highest value and he has made the fullest use of it. But let him tell his own tale in his own enthusiastic Latin:—"Sed ecce res præclara . . . . ipsa editio Parmensis a. 1477 collationibus et adnotationibus ipsius Politiani manu instructa felici quodam casu mihi oblata est." The Bodleian copy turned out to be the very one which had been kept at the beginning of the century in the Laurentian Library—*unde quomodo exulaverit incertum est.* Let us not be too curious as to the adventures by which it found its way to the hands of Bodley's librarian. Let us be content that it fell into Mr. Owen's. Its history is unknown. "Illud autem solum constat hoc exemplar pretiosum a curatoribus bibliothecæ Bodleianæ a. 1833 emptum esse vendentibus bibliopolis Londiniensibus Paynio et Fossio septuaginta duobus et semissis aureis." It appears that Politian had by him two codices which have since been lost, one (Marcianus A), which Mr. Owen assigns to the eleventh century, and another (Mediceus δ), which was more recent, and which may be conjecturally attributed to the thirteenth century. Where Politianus makes no remark, Mr. Owen assumes that these two codices were in agreement both with each other and with the printed text. It is not possible to indicate here the use which Mr. Owen has made of his exceptional advantages, or to state even in outline his theory of the relations between the different classes of codices. It is enough to say that he has done much, although he has left much more to be done by himself or his successors, towards establishing the text of the *Tristia*. By the liberality of the University Press he has been enabled to increase the value of his book by two beautiful reproductions—one of the first page of the *Codex Laurentianus* and the other of the first page of the *Codex Tyronensis*. It may be interesting to notice that with the conservatism of a true scholar Mr. Owen defends the traditional title of the work to which he has devoted so much labour. He states the objection candidly enough:—"Illud autem admirabile mihi semper visum est, adjectivum nude positum inscriptionis loco stare." He points out that "*Tristia*" is not analogous to such titles as the Greek ἐρωτικά and γεωργικά or the Latin *Punica* or *ruralia*. "Cum omnia sint adjectiva a substantivis derivata, substantivorum munere ultro funguntur." For an explanation of the difficult and perhaps doubtful title he goes to Callimachus, who was to Ovid as well as to Propertius both a model and a master. He recollects a familiar passage in Suidas, in which the works of Callimachus are enumerated, last in the list being Μέλη, Ἶβις, κ.τ.λ.—an enumeration which has excited the wrath of Schneider (*id quod Schneidero maximæ offensioni est*). But Mr. Owen suggests "non μέλη sed μέλεα ita legendum ut μέλεα Græce idem quod *tristia* Latine valeat." By this conjecture Mr. Owen is able at once to explain a familiar title which he would have been unwilling to give up, and to vindicate the reputation of Suidas—both of them laudable and pious objects.

NOVELS.*

MR. B. L. FARJEON is clever in describing crime, in leading his readers on from one palpitating horror to another. Murder creeps with cunning step through his pages; ghastly whispers, ghostly horrors strike terror to the imaginative mind; the lights burn more dimly, and a throbbing fear of the "big dark" comes with the closing of the second volume. A gleam of hope is permitted, however, early in the third volume, and we do feel confident that the agony, though it is piled up high as Haman, will fall away at last and the lover and his lass will be happily married. But for this sure hope it would be impossible to endure the long chronicle of sickening cruelty to a child which we have before us in *A Young Girl's Life*. We are bound to say that it is a most unpleasant and unprofitable book, although fascinating with the fascination of horror. It deals with the fortunes of Evelina Durham, whose parents died when the said Evelina was ten years old. The little orphan was a considerable heiress, and was left by her father's will to the care of two guardians, who in their turn placed her in charge of her aunt, Mrs. Parker. This fiendish woman conceives the idea of driving the child mad that she may retain the charge of her and the consequent income, and through long years a system of cruel bullying is carried out. This part of the story, though disagreeable, is well told—the lighter, and what should be the sympathetic parts, are badly told. There is a marked inconsistency between the way in which the child writes and speaks. We cannot feel any great sympathy with a young lady of fourteen who has a mild flirtation with the butcher's boy, even though the butcher's boy eventually takes to literature and makes a success in penny-dreadfuls. The virtuous nurse and her worthy brother, the grocer, are suitable characters for the transpontine stage, and in our mind's eye we see the hat lifted for the gallery sentiment; but such people are not met with in real life, and in these days a so-called modern novel must be truthfully descriptive to be interesting. This is certainly not the best thing we have ever read from Mr. Farjeon's pen.

Roger Ferron; and other Stories, have been mostly, if not all, reprinted from various magazines. With one exception they are all mildly interesting, gracefully written little stories, very improving in their sentiments, and quite harmless. We said "with one exception," and we joyfully except the story of "The Ratcatcher of Hameln," under which title we recognize our old and well-beloved friend, the Pied Piper. Always new, though so old, always fascinating, though so familiar, comes the sound of that pipe; the children turn from their play to listen, and the hearts of the old dance to the wilful tempting tune. It is not possible to judge quite dispassionately of this story as written by Mrs. Macquoid. A stronger voice than hers has spoken, and the echo is still in our ears, so that we must needs love the new story for the old sake's sake! *Roger Ferron* is a faithful picture of the *vie bourgeoise* in a small town in Northern France, and as such must be valuable, however slight is the sketch. We know too little in England of the simple life of our French neighbours of the middle class, which nevertheless closely resembles our own in many respects, though possibly we have more pretension and less comfort. "Success" is the best of this collection of stories, and reminds us more of the author of *Patty* than anything else in the book; there is more of the old pathos, the fine touches which tell so much, and the individuality of character which we look for from her pen. Indeed, the German stories are throughout much the best, and all are good, if not powerful.

Let those who dislike a dialect avoid this book; for its principal charm lies in the quaint sayings and the native idiom of the fisher folk of the Isle of Man. To many people the independent "little island" is untrodden ground, and yet it must surely be a lovely land and well worth the visiting if, as Mrs. Barr tells us, "in the Isle of Man it is permitted that mortals shall find in reality the intensely green verdure, the wonderful flowers, the clear air, the charmed stillness of their visions—a stillness only intensified by the everlasting murmur of the ocean, which vibrates through them like the pulse of life." True, this was half a century ago, and so many places which were quiet and lovely then are so no longer. Cavalry officers nowadays do not walk about when on leave in the country in full uniform; but they did do it then, according to Mrs. Barr. Much more wonderful things happened then. Plover's eggs were to be found when the "laburnums were dropping flowers of gold and the fuchsia hedges were a glorious wonder of scarlet and purple bells; the subtle woody smell of wallflowers enthralled the senses; white lilies lighted up the pansy beds." It is a sweet picture, and it is sad to remember that plover's eggs are found in the early spring, and that laburnums and fuchsias are never in flower together nor at that time of year. We presume that George Pennington is the idol whose feet were clay, and we consider that he is most leniently treated in being so described, seeing that he has every vice, and no virtue except good looks. Mrs. Barr is at her best when she writes of the people, and one choice passage we must quote—Bella Clucas's father speaks:—

"Listen, Bella, my lass. You'll be givin' no encouragement to the like of Captain Pennington; a poor scamp he is. I'm thinkin' little of him, spite of his nice ways—bad at the core, and fond of sin, and takin' his full of it—and nothin' at all in him for you to be trustin' to—and a stranger, and nobody knowin' anythin' of the men afore him—and not religious, nor even the make-believe of it—aw, a bad lot, and plannin' and schemin', and never straight on all sides."

"Aw, then, who is straight on all sides, father?"

"I am plumb straight; and so is your brother Gale; allis sayin' the thing we mane and doing the thing that's right."

"Chut, father; I'm never seein' the man yet who hadn' a fault—

'Ould David's son
The wise he was, and put in the Bible
For the wise he was; but unfortnit li'ble

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* *A Young Girl's Life.* By B. L. Farjeon. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

Roger Ferron. By Katharine S. Macquoid. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

Feet of Clay. By Amelia E. Barr. London: James Clark & Co.

A Dash of Bitter. By Deane Hilton. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Pharaoh's Daughter: a Story of the Ages. By Edgar Lee. Bristol: Arrowsmith.

Trollope's Dilemma: a Story of a Cambridge Quad. By St. Aubyn. Bristol: Arrowsmith.

Miss Davis of Brooklyn. By Wenona Gilman. London: George Routledge & Sons.

To women, and that's the way it is
There isn' one of us hasn' a list
To port or starboard.'

Aw, bless me, faults enough in all of us!"

Bella Clucas is a charming, well-drawn character, and there is nothing unusual in the fact that she is fascinated by a worthless scamp. The *dénouement* is well imagined, and not conventional. With many faults, the book has many virtues.

We are told that *A Dash of Bitter* is a temperance story, and it may be very satisfactory and comforting to the earnest votaries of the Blue Ribbon to read of the awful fate of the young man who mingled "bitter" with soda-water, and forthwith perished—morally! It is good also for the water-drinkers to hear and believe that a course of *aqua pura* will develop all the physical qualities, and that a young man so treated will, with little instruction and less practice, become perforce a splendid cricketer, runner, jumper, boxer, and cyclist, even if he cannot make a living by his pen, and proves himself to be in every other walk of life "nine distinct sorts of a born fool." We presume this book was written with the object of convincing erring mortals of the value of temperance, or rather of total abstinence, for there is nothing temperate in its pages; but no reasonable being is likely to be moved by a statement so entirely onesided and absurd. Every man who, in the refined language of the author, "tastes," is, or becomes, a drunkard and a scoundrel, and the only woman who so far forgets herself is depicted as a very unpleasant person. The description of her married life will serve as a specimen of the general style of Mr. Deane Hilton's composition:—

The gallant Fallow married Rosalind in due course, but they did not get on very well. He *would* devote himself to the turf, and associate with a loud, fast set—a set which his wife, who liked to mix with people of genius, despised, and this led to friction. Her temper did not improve, for she was disappointed in her marriage—it had not brought her half the social distinction she had expected. When she was sarcastic, her husband answered not again, but drank copiously till he made a beast of himself. Gradually they drifted apart, and led a miserable life, each having a contempt for the other's pursuits.

Nothing but disgust can be aroused by this miserable attempt at writing, and the Band of Hope must surely feel something akin to despair when their cause is pleaded by such a damaging advocate.

This is that Daughter of Pharaoh who picked Moses out of the bulrushes, although by the showing of her chronicler, Mr. Edgar Lee, she cannot possibly be the same illustrious lady who caused that son of Israel to be instructed in the wisdom of the Egyptians. We do not wish to be hypercritical, and will overlook this discrepancy. The name of this Princess was Zillah, and we are introduced to her in company with her husband Hilmy at the Derby, where the author makes their acquaintance and earns their eternal gratitude, love, and confidence by rescuing them from a band of infuriated "nigger minstrels." Hilmy does not speak English well, but is found to be quite at home in French. We are further convinced of this by hearing that he says he is "ennuyant," when he wishes to say *he* is bored, and by learning that he habitually sinks into a luxurious velvet rocking "fauteuil," and that he has been enclosed in "buttressed muraillements." In such a language, which is perhaps not exactly French, he held converse with the author, and eventually confided to him a manuscript which contains the history of his life and love. At this point we discovered for the first time that this book was intended to be serious, and quite seriously we are told that Zillah and Hilmy, having been unhappy in their loves in the days of Moses, drank deep of a certain drug known to an ancient Saga, and sank to sleep in the Catacombs. Proper means were adopted to have Hilmy awakened by the administering of other drugs when he had had a comfortable sleep for some hundreds of years, and from that time forward he played the part of a peripatetic Jack-in-the-box through the ages, waiting for a century good and pure enough to waken Zillah in. The early history of Zillah does not appear of a nature to necessitate such stringent precautions. She had no scruples about telling a useful lie, nor about taking all the jewels she could find to be buried with her in the Catacombs; where, by-the-bye, they throve wonderfully, for being planted jewels they grew into millions, and by their aid Hilmy created quite a sensation at the Court of Solomon, ransomed Christians in the days of Nero, and played the most important parts in the most thrilling scenes in the histories of all times and all countries. Eventually we take leave of these restless Orientals in the London season of 1885. They have made up their minds to try the twentieth century, as it is impossible that it can be worse than the nineteenth. Here the allusions to real persons and events are in the worst possible taste, and the description of the manners, customs, and conversation of "Society" out-Herods Herod; and all this stuff is dedicated, without an apology, to Mr. Rider Haggard!

There is very little to be said about *Trollope's Dilemma*, although it purports to be written about "a Cambridge Quad." A tearful young woman with two lovely blue eyes, hair of rich, tawny gold, and a creamy complexion, is widowed in the beginning of the book, distraught in the middle, and remarried at the end, all in the Quad, and Trollope's dilemma appears to have been how he, the senior tutor, was to induce her, the lovely weeping one, to leave that Quad. Of course, all the undergraduates fall victims to the lachrymose beauty, whose frequent weeping does not seem to have possessed the power of swelling her features and reddening her eyes, as is usually the case with less fortunate women. The whole story is improbable, and, we trust, impossible. There is a maundering religious sentiment throughout which in no way adds to the merit of this very stupid little book, and the only strong point to be discovered anywhere is the unconditional praise of the old '57 port!

Miss Davis, of Brooklyn, is represented as a beautiful young woman, with lovely clothes and many lovers. She has many friends, all beautiful young women, with lovely clothes and many lovers, and an illegitimate sister. All the young women are engaged to be married; some of them to the right men, in which case they break off the engagement and betroth themselves, from the highest possible motives, to the wrong men. Some are engaged to the wrong men, and then they take comfort by passionate love-scenes with the right men. It is a perpetual shuffle, cut, and deal again. There is a story certainly, an undercurrent of illegitimate sister, with a little transparent plot which serves as a groundwork for the "gowns" and "creations," the bouquets, bracelets, clasped hands, clinging arms, longing eyes, passionate lips, yielding forms, ridiculous misunderstandings, and meaningless reconciliations which fill nearly two hundred pages. We fail to see the object of this work in its present form, where none but a sentimental schoolgirl or the conscientious critic would read it, and would suggest that a fitting place should be found for it in some magazine of fashion, where the descriptions of the "gowns" at least would be intelligible to the initiated.

A VILLAGE PROPAGANDA.*

BETWEEN the Don and the Dee, in Aberdeenshire, there is a stream which bears the title of "Water," a designation which, as all Scotchmen and many Englishmen are aware, signifies something bigger than a burn, and not big enough to be styled a river. On this water is situated the village of Rhynie—a bleak spot, if the photograph on the title-page is to be trusted. Near it is the Hill or Tap o' Noth, of which minister and congregation, the village schoolmaster and his scholars, are justly proud. Indeed, when an envious neighbour thought proper to exalt the claims of another mountain known as the Buck of the Cabrach, and in the poetical columns of a county paper ventured to speak disrespectfully of the Tap o' Noth, he was so sternly and effectively rebuked for his presumption by a member of the respected local house of Troup and Smith that he was at once silenced, and his discomfiture is remembered to this day. It seems that about forty years ago the village of Rhynie was one of the quietest, not to say the dullest, abodes in the Highlands. There were certainly castles, Druidical circles, and sculptured stones in the neighbourhood to reward the curiosity of the antiquary and the scholar. But the more adventurous portion of the population had gone off to find employment in large towns. The remainder consisted of small tradesmen, crofters, farmers, and hired servants. The "merchants," as they are often termed, could put their hands to any "agricultural operation." Young men and women, the sons and daughters of the house, threshed out the corn and beat the hirelings and hinds at their own work. In the winter the parish school was well attended. There was very little to disturb order or enliven the monotony of existence. A few games on the village green in the fine summer evenings, the arrival of the Lord Forbes coach or the carrier, a raffle at the smithy, a shooting match at the Bridge of Bogie, and, *pace* the ministers of three kirks, a Christmas soirée and a ball, were the only incidents to diversify the trivial round and the common task. In ecclesiastical circles this peaceful region was known as "the Dead Sea of Strathbogie." All of a sudden the district woke up. The first quickening was caused by the Kirk secession of 1843. Then came the formation of the Rhynie Mutual Instruction Class, originally consisting of twelve members, who were to decide on a list of subjects to be discussed. Each member out of the list so made was bound to select some one subject, and write an essay. And every member was to occupy the chair in turn. We own that we are slightly perplexed by some bye-law, engrafted on simple rules otherwise well calculated to preserve order and method, to the effect that, while discussions on religious subjects were not allowed, yet, by the special permission of the Society or Class, "religious essays of a non-controversial character might be read." What chairman or Præses, in a meeting of hard-headed Scotchmen of the Established Kirk, the Free Kirk, and the United Presbyterian would guarantee that any theological essay whatever would be void of all occasion of strife? However, the difficulty may have been got over by the establishment of a separate theological class before which essays were read by young men "of similar religious opinions." We cannot undertake to follow the fortunes of this Mutual Instruction Class through all the stages of its development. It soon had its officials in the shape of a corresponding secretary, a local secretary, and a Censor. To the latter we can well believe that very peculiar and delicate duties were assigned, calling for the exercise of much discretion and tact. Then there were other Societies on the same model, and afterwards a Union

* *An Aberdeenshire Village Propaganda Forty Years Ago.* By Robert Harvey Smith, M.A. With an Introduction by William Alexander, LL.D., Author of "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk." Edinburgh: David Douglas 1889.

for combined action and mutual aid. Libraries were formed. The twelve members of the original class swelled into more than eleven hundred. One hundred and twenty-six lectures were delivered in less than five years. More than ten thousand copies of periodicals and pamphlets were circulated by the various Societies. On the art of public speaking much stress was laid. And we are not surprised to hear that the young men's example was followed by the young women, who also formed a Female Mutual Instruction Class, and managed judiciously to combine practice in reading, writing, and arithmetic with the more ambitious delivery of essays. The formation of this branch must not be taken as a proof of previous female intellectual deficiency; for a rash speaker at one of the meetings was promptly and severely called to account by some indignant ladies for hinting that they were not as fully educated as the men.

We have no intention to depreciate the force and usefulness of Societies by which Scotchmen, in a dull and remote district of the Highlands, have been roused from torpor, and encouraged to pursue their studies at some one of the Scotch Universities and to become active colonists and journalists, and missionaries in the East. But we must remind the author that we have to take a good deal of this literary and social activity on trust. Beyond some rather indifferent poetry, and one or two extracts from the essays contributed by the speakers, we have few specimens, if any, of persuasive eloquence. Lists of office-bearers, summaries of societies, dates of meetings, titles of the subjects of discussion, are scattered through these pages, and it is almost superfluous to say that the speakers and writers must all have been Liberals of a somewhat advanced type. We question, however, whether a debate on the Divine Right of Kings was not rather a century behind its time. It might have furnished matter for controversy about the date of the Forty-five, but not later. And it is a curious instance of the secret conservatism of the Scottish character that, while the author notes with approval the career of Mr. McCombie, who declaimed against excessive game preservation in Aberdeen, and of Mr. Macdonell, who was on the staff of the *Scotsman* newspaper when edited by the late Mr. Russel, he takes an evident pride in narrating the achievements of the men of Rhynie after the battle of Culloden. A large portion of the Pretender's army came from Banff and Aberdeenshire. Rhynie itself was defended for Prince Charlie against the troops of the Duke of Cumberland by one Anderson of Mill Town, who removed the stepping-stones of a ford and blocked the road with farm implements, carts, and branches of trees. The dragoons of the House of Hanover ran off as fast as did the forces of Johnnie Cope, and, we regret to add, are credited by tradition with uttering the most horrible and profane oaths.

On the whole, although this little work is not without some positive merit, as showing what may be done in divers walks of life by energetic Scotchmen of humble origin and scanty means to achieve independence, it will hardly attract the English reader. The few specimens given of Scotch humour are not particularly striking. Very likely the father of the village, one Peter Smith, had a marked individuality, and in some hands would have enlivened many pages with some of the good stories attributed to him. But the author has not allowed us to judge of Peter's capacity. We may notice in conclusion that Mr. Alexander Allardyce was educated at the parish school of Rhynie and belonged to its Mutual Instruction Class. His novel of the *City of Sunshine*, founded entirely on his Indian knowledge and experience, was reviewed in these columns on its appearance, and we never met any one Anglo-Indian who did not admit that, as a picture of native life, it was full, graphic, and accurate. Minute acquaintance with Oriental character had been worked up into a novel, in its own line as good as *Dustypore* or the *Cæruleans*. So let Mr. Allardyce be carried to the credit of the "Village Propaganda."

MEMORABLE LONDON HOUSES.*

THERE are two principal points in which this book differs from the standard work on the subject, Mr. Laurence Hutton's *Literary Landmarks*. It is so small that it can be put into a pocket, and it is profusely illustrated with little vignettes from drawings by Mr. G. N. Martin. Besides these differences, the arrangement in routes is to be noted, and is convenient. Mr. Hutton's book is a treatise. Mr. Harrison's is a guide-book, in which the *Literary Landmarks* is of necessity very often quoted, but the *Memorable Houses* are not all those of literary celebrities. George Peabody and Sir Benjamin Brodie, Lord Clive and Lord Palmerston, Thomas Gainsborough and Daniel Maclise, all are included. Mr. Harrison, however, only points out houses which are still more or less as they were while occupied by the celebrities he names. To this rule there are many exceptions, but Byron's birthplace in Holles Street, which has been rebuilt, is left unmentioned; so is Mulready's in Linden Gardens, and Maurice's in Bolton Row, now Curzon Street. We also remark the omission, in the notice of Charles Reade's residence at Albert Gate, to remind the reader that this was the "Naboth's Vineyard" so often referred to by the novelist and his friends, that it has been completely altered by "restoration," and that the vine and fig-tree in the front garden have totally disappeared. We could mention some other omissions and a few errors, but no book dealing with so many names and dates can, especially at its first appearance, be absolutely faultless. The whole subject is of interest, not to the sightseer only, but to every intelligent person, whether Cockney or otherwise. By the way, Mr. Harrison has nothing to say about the City or the East End. Perhaps he thinks that the kind of eminence attained by a fortune made in business is below his notice; but some people would like to know where Peabody's office was, where Morrison and Thornton and others made their millions, and to have pointed to them the spot from which the Rothschilds control the finance of the world. London is a wide place, and it must be confessed that nearly all the old City houses have been removed or renewed in the past few years. On the whole we may find this neat, unpretending little book a very pleasant and useful pocket companion in the western portion of London.

* *Memorable London Houses.* By Wilmot Harrison. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1889.

A MODERN CHESS INSTRUCTOR.*

IT is some years since Mr. Steinitz undertook to write a new handbook of chess, and his superiority as a player over all his contemporaries accounts for the interest with which the appearance of this work has been looked for. It has been delayed, no doubt, by the various contests in which the author has been engaged, from the memorable Zukertort match to the fight with Tschigorin at the Havannah, early in the present year. Since the London Tournament of 1883 Mr. Steinitz has never been beaten in a set match. Though he did not play in the American Tournament, in which M. Tschigorin tied for first place with Herr Weiss, he took a large part in the arrangement of that contest, and is charged with the preparation of its permanent record. Mr. Steinitz rather grandiloquently announces his intentions with regard to *The Book of the Sixth American Congress*, which is to be of "extraordinary and rare value from the antiquarian point of view." All that is meant by this is that a limited edition of the book will be issued to subscribers only, the copies being consecutively numbered, and the name of each subscriber being printed on the title-page. The paper is to have an appropriate watermark, which "is sure to add a very rare bibliographical value to the book," but it is not accurate to say that such a device has never been employed before in order to give a special value to a special work or edition.

With so much on his hands at the same time, it is to the credit of Mr. Steinitz that he has been able to produce at any rate an instalment of his promised handbook. Though this first part is of necessity somewhat provisional and tentative, and the field of analysis is barely half covered, it probably displays nearly all the distinctive features which the author intends his *Instructor* to possess, and it may therefore be considered in some sense as though it were complete. We may say at once that Mr. Steinitz's handbook will be very serviceable to students and to every master of the game; but it is not likely to do for this generation all that Staunton's *Handbook* did for the last generation. Staunton was remarkably successful in his effort to give the average intelligent chess-player just what he needed about the theory and practice of chess, supplemented by a careful selection of examples from actual play. His work has been the companion and guide of all contemporary players, and its merits have been attested over and over again. Mr. Steinitz himself frequently quotes the *Handbook*, and never disputes its authority, though he, if any one, might fairly claim the right to do so. The fact is that, so far as Staunton goes, which is as far as the analysis of his day could carry him, his work was done once for all, and could not easily be improved upon. Mr. Steinitz thinks himself bound to begin at the beginning, with pictures of the pieces, and diagrams to show how they are to be moved. After this apparatus for young beginners there are a few chapters for *dilettanti*, "an essay on the principles of the game," and an excellent analysis of six of the more popular openings, with illustrative games to each opening. As the analysis marks the highest point hitherto attained in the practice of chess, it is manifest that Mr. Steinitz cannot be charged with any lack of comprehensiveness in his plan. Indeed, this comprehensiveness is carried so far that the author devotes one-sixth of his volume to a record of the games in his last-played match with Tschigorin—not, perhaps, because the games are exceptionally good, or useful for the purpose of illustration, but because they are his last, and deserve to be recorded somewhere. A more homogeneous character would have been secured for the *Instructor* if these games had been left enshrined in the *International Chess Magazine*, where, we are glad to see, Mr. Steinitz has been content to leave the matters of keen personal debate which have from time to time arisen between himself and a few of his contemporaries.

The distinction implied in the use of the term "modern chess" by Mr. Steinitz and other recent writers is one of considerable importance, and is clear enough to be stated in a few words. According to the best theory of the game, as now understood by its most able exponents, the object to be kept in view in a contest between two masters is very much the same as the object of two skilful duellists armed with the rapier. The players have to

* *The Modern Chess Instructor.* By W. Steinitz. Part I. New York: Putnam's Sons. 1889.

maintain positions which, assuming the best play on either side, are exactly equal, White having no appreciable or no necessary advantage as a result of the first move. They cross blades, thrust and parry, on true scientific principles, watching carefully all the time for an opportunity of delivering an effective attack. Coolness in the long run is a greater virtue than dash; an impatient onslaught is rarely successful, and brilliancy is of little avail against soundness. Theoretically, the best moves on both sides lead inevitably to a draw, and the first mistake, if not counterbalanced by a mistake on the other side, loses the game. "Among first-class masters," says Mr. Steinitz, "the capture of the King is the ultimate, but not the first, object"—that is to say, there is no headlong rush for the mate, but a marshalling of the whole combined force, and a steady pressure at every point, until a bolder attack is invited by a manifestation of weakness. Mr. Steinitz adds other maxims as characteristic of the modern school, and notably recommends a more liberal use of the King as "a strong piece, both for attack and defence." His critics deny the soundness of some of his views in this particular, and we are not inclined to decide where such learned doctors disagree. But there can be no question as to the soundness of the general principles adopted by the leading masters of the present day. The author quotes a calculation made by Mr. Edwyn Anthony, to the effect that "the number of ways of playing the first ten moves on each side is 169518,829100,544000,000000,000000." It will readily be admitted that there can be no such thing in the theory of the game as a beaten track to victory through this countless multiplicity of moves.

The openings (of which Mr. Steinitz analyses and illustrates the Ruy Lopez, the Knights' Games, and the Scotch Gambit, with Petroff's, Philidor's, and the Two Knights' Defences) should not be considered, though they often are considered, as royal roads to success. They are simply tracks through the forest, leading easily with weaker antagonists to a winning superiority, but just as easily blocked by the best play of an equal foe. They are familiar, and therefore popular; they have been explored, surveyed, and mapped out, so that any one who will be at the pains of studying them may travel safely where there was once no route. They open up extremely interesting positions; but other positions quite as interesting may be found by any wayfarer who chooses to cut a path for himself, without guide or chart. The most that can be said for the recognized openings and defences is that they are proved and tested methods of initiating a game, up to the points where thorough analysis has been able to follow them, and that, for the first three or four moves on either side, they probably comprise the soundest methods which could be adopted. But, whilst players of the standing of Mr. Steinitz or the late Dr. Zukertort continue to recommend new variations on old lines of attack and defence, or even new second moves, it is impossible to say that the art of chess is stereotyped so far as the earlier moves are concerned.

The form in which Mr. Steinitz has seen good to cast his illustrative and analysed games is not without its advantages, though it is complicated, and on first acquaintance obscure. He arranges five or six games in columns, with references to the analysis printed on the opposite page. For the diagrams, when there are any, we have frequently to turn over a leaf, so that the analysis of a single game is often on three, and occasionally on four pages. But the exposition is admirably clear and systematic, and the preliminary tables of variations on each opening, with the author's notes thereon, are especially valuable. Another feature worthy of mention is the constant comparison of analogous positions, to which the arrangement of the games in parallel columns readily lends itself. The book has one serious blemish in common with most chess-books. It abounds in typographical errors, on which subject Mr. Steinitz may have a crow to pluck with the learned Professor whom he thanks in his preface for correcting the proofs. No demur need be made to such expressions as *mens sana in corpora sana*, for it is quite time that we exacted some show of originality in the use of over-quoted phrases. But mis-named pieces and wrongly applied symbols and directions should have been entirely eliminated from a handbook of so much importance as the *Modern Chess Instructor*.

THE BLAMELESS ETHIOPIANS.*

IT was remarked some months ago in these pages that Mr. Froude not only wrote many books himself, but was the cause of many books being written. Certainly the latter process will be repeated as long as Mr. Froude chooses to go about the world and, after a visit of a few days, or even hours, airily dispose of problems which have cost local authorities and the home Government anxious thought, it may be, for generations. In distant regions it is too much to expect that a proper estimate should be placed upon his works. The inhabitants of Australia, New Zealand, or the West Indies see palpable errors in his statements; they know that those statements are widely circulated and read with interest; and their soul burns within them to refute the errors which concern themselves. They do not consider that in England men turn to a book by Mr. Froude for pleasant reading; but that no serious person would dream of founding an argument upon a statement contained in it, much less of initiating a policy. We do not, therefore, blame Mr. Thomas—a negro himself, as we gather from the book—for taking up the cudgels on behalf of his African brethren, whom he believes Mr. Froude has grievously wronged in his *English in the West Indies;* but we see no reason why, on account of Mr. Froude's alleged misdeeds, we should have a barbarous word forced on the English language, and we prefer to head our notice with another title, of which we will make a present to Mr. Thomas. By "Froudacity" we conclude Mr. Thomas means to imply the "mendacity" of Mr. Froude; but it might just as well mean his "sagacity," or "audacity," or anything else of a similar termination.

Mr. Thomas first of all addresses himself to the easy and now familiar task of controverting Mr. Froude's optical and aural delusions; he saw a place at Grenada surrounded by forest trees, which coloured the water with a violet tint, when every one knows there are no forest trees within two miles of it; he heard Barbadians "speak pure English, the voices being without the smallest Transatlantic intonation," while Mr. Anthony Trollope is a witness that they all speak with a drawl and a strong nasal twang. Mr. Thomas might have added that his author had the power of seeing fire-flies glancing among the orange-trees of Barbadoes, when it is the unhappy peculiarity of that island that fire-flies cannot be induced to live there. These are minor points, however; the main purport of the book is to oppose Mr. Froude's forecast that, should an epoch arise when the blacks were allowed to assume the governing powers of the West India Islands, a relapse into barbarism would be the result. Here Mr. Thomas's argument becomes a little confused. He asserts, on the one hand, that there has never been any hard-and-fast white-master and black-slave theory; that for two hundred years before the negro emancipation of 1838 there had existed in those then British colonies no prohibition on the ground of race or colour against the owning of slaves; and that as a consequence numbers of blacks, half-breeds, and other non-Europeans constituted a very considerable portion of the slave-holding sections of those communities. On the other hand, he points to alleged instances of injustice on the part of petty magistrates and maladministration of the Governors of Trinidad to show that the negro population is systematically kept under by the colonial authorities, and prevented from exercising its legitimate influence. But from his statement above it would seem that a "considerable section," at all events, started on equal terms with their white neighbours as to social and material advantages, and a much larger proportion ought now to be at the top than the few exceptions we know of so well. After the manner of his race Mr. Thomas has plenty of words at his command, but the residuum of practical conclusions is small indeed. From the chapters on "Social Revolution" and "West Indian Confederation" we derive no help towards the solution of those problems; but we rejoice to see that, as to the "Religion for Negroes," Mr. Thomas believes that the old Christian faith is making its way, and scoffs at any return to obeahism or devil-worship. So far as we are aware, notwithstanding the title of his book, the English in the West Indies have never acknowledged that Mr. Froude represented their views, and we do not know why Mr. Thomas assumes that he does. In the last fifty years the African race has made great progress, and the result is seen in the various positions of trust and authority which are held by men of colour. But progress to be permanent must be gradual, and it is no use arguing from the fitness of certain men for certain places that the whole race, which has suffered from admitted disadvantages, should suddenly be deemed qualified for any and every position; nor is it any kindness to flatter them with inflated language of this kind. The author quotes with delight the following panegyric of the Rev. P. H. Doughlin, Rector of St. Clement's, Trinidad, who, we learn, is also "a brilliant star among the sons of Ham." He says:—

> Who could, without seeming to insult the intelligence of men, have predicted on the day of emancipation that the negroes, then released from the blight and withering influence of ten generations of cruel bondage, so weakened and half-destroyed, so denationalized and demoralized, so despoiled and naked, would be in the position they are now? In spite of the proud, supercilious, and dictatorial bearing of their teachers, in spite of the hampering of unsympathetic alien oversight, in spite of the spirit of dependence and servility engendered by slavery, not only have individual members of the race entered into all the offices of dignity in Church and State, as subalterns, as hewers of wood and drawers of water, but they have attained to the very highest places. Here, in the West Indies and on the West Coast of Africa, are to be found surgeons of the negro race, solicitors, barristers, mayors, councillors, principals and founders of High schools and colleges, editors and proprietors of newspapers, archdeacons, bishops, judges, and authors—men who not only teach those immediately around them, but also teach the world. Members of the race have even been entrusted with the administration of Governments. And it is not mere commonplace men that the negro race has produced. Not only have the British Universities thought them worthy of their honorary degrees, and conferred them on them, but members of the race have won these University degrees. A few years back a full-blooded negro took the highest degree Oxford has to give to a young man. The European world is looking with wonder and admiration at the progress made by the negro race—a progress unparalleled in the annals of the history of any race.

This is "tall talk," reminding us of Mr. Jefferson Brick, and might be subjected to a considerable amount of criticism if it were worth while; but Mr. Thomas himself is not to be outdone by his friend:—

> Leaving aside the writings of men of such high calibre as F. Douglas, Dr. Hyland Garnet, Professor Crummell, Professor E. Blyden, Dr. Tanner, and others, it is gratifying to be able to chronicle the Ethiopic women of North America as moving shoulder to shoulder with the men in the

* *Froudacity.* West Indian Fables by James Anthony Froude explained by J. J. Thomas. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1889.

highest spheres of literary activity. Among a brilliant band of these our sisters, conspicuous no less in poetry than in prose, we single out but a solitary name, for the double purpose of preserving brevity, and of giving in one embodiment the ideal Afro-American woman of letters. The allusion here can scarcely fail to point to Mrs. S. Harper. This lady's philosophical subtlety of reasoning on grave questions finds effective expression in a prose of singular precision and vigour. But it is as a poet that posterity will hail her in the coming ages of our Race. For pathos, depth of spiritual insight, and magical exercise of a rare power of self-utterance, it will hardly be questioned that she has surpassed every competitor among females—white or black—save and except Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with whom the gifted African stands on much the same plane of poetic excellence.

We are glad to say that Mr. Thomas's final words of advice to those whom he describes as having the same "pigment under the epidermis" as himself are "Work, hope, and wait." This is sensible enough, and is far more wholesome than fulsome periods like the above. The laws of the West Indies, as a whole, are equitably and firmly administered, and education is extending and is doing its work. There is, on their own showing, no real bar to the advancement of a black man to the highest offices, and if he obtains them it will be by hard work and merit. He will find himself neither hindered by the sombre prognostications of Mr. Froude nor assisted by the flattering verbosities of Mr. Thomas.

CLAVERS.*

IT was practically certain, according to one of the most mysterious laws of life and literature, that when Mr. Mowbray Morris wrote upon Claverhouse, some short time ago, it would turn out that other people were also writing about him. That the "Southern," whoever he may be, has worked independently is proved by his not mentioning (so far as we have noticed) Mr. Morris's book, and it is all the more satisfactory to find that the researches of the two inquirers, both of whom appear to have taken great trouble, not merely with Mr. Napier's collections, but with other sources of information, old and new, come to pretty nearly the same conclusion. That conclusion, of course, is that the horns-and-tail "Clavers" of legend is a creation of sectarian spite carefully kept alive by political unscrupulousness. The "Southern" is a very careful, but not a very judicious, inquirer. His book is undigested, his style awkward, and his method not easy to follow; but there is hardly a point of Clavers's life, disputed or undisputed, on which the reader will fail to find some light. We shall ourselves only note one or two points on which his discretion seems to have waited with but a halting foot on his good-will. We do not dwell on "The Despot's Champion"—that is a mere quotation, and it seems to be the "Southern's" chief attempt to prove that Claverhouse never championed despotism in any other sense than that in which a good soldier and good subject "champions" the lawful and reasonable commands of his superiors and his sovereign.

Yet surely it is a very silly thing to say "Nothing Sir Walter Scott ever wrote is more censurable than his attributing to Balfour of Burley the crime of firing upon a flag of truce." No doubt, as Sir Walter rarely if ever wrote anything that is in this sense "censurable," the stricture is not severe; but apparently the "Southern" means it to be so. Now surely there is nothing very atrocious in attributing to a man who is already described as guilty of the brutal, cold-blooded murder of an old man—a non-combatant, a priest, in time of peace—the technical guilt of firing on a flag of truce. But, as a matter of fact, Scott does nothing of the kind. He represents Burley as giving Cornet Grahame fair warning that, by addressing the insurgents instead of their officers, he would forfeit the advantages of his flag of truce—a warning grounded, we believe, on good military authority. The Cornet neglects the warning, and, having forfeited his privileges, is shot. If anything is to be said, it is that Sir Walter was too scrupulous in taking such pains to clear the character of a traitor and murderer.

Another passage where we doubt the "Southern's" judgment is that famous one relating to the death of John Brown of Priesthill. The "Southern" has gone very carefully through the whole tale of Clavers's murders, and has reduced those which have any tincture of evidence to five—probably the smallest amount of blood ever charged against the putter-down of an exceptionally obstinate and fanatical, if not an exceptionally great, rebellion, which had been opened by the rebels with an undoubted murder of the blackest dye. But he, too, thinks it necessary to be apologetic and dubitative about the famous "To man I can be answerable, and as for God, I will take him into mine own hand." We have before now pointed out that these words can be literally accepted; that Claverhouse's character, not only according to seventeenth-century standards, does not incur the blame of profanity, but that, on the contrary, they amount merely to a bold statement of honest conviction in the righteousness before God, as well as the justification before man, of the deed. As for the ineffable silliness to which Macaulay thought fit to lend his countenance about Claverhouse's wicked soldiers playing at Hell, and calling themselves fiends, the "Southern" takes unnecessary pains with it. It is quite sufficient to point out, as indeed he does, though he is not content with this, that even the virulent anilities of Wodrow—the sole foundation for the legend—do not impute the thing to Claverhouse at all. This labour of supererogation is the more remarkable in that the "Southern" dismisses the really interesting case of the "Wigton martyrs"—the two Margarets who were or were not drowned—without discussing it, on the plea that Clavers was not concerned. He certainly was not; but so much capital has been made out of implications and innuendoes that he was, that a rehandling of the case, or at least a summary of the evidence, would better have deserved two pages than the childish folly about Tophet and the dragoons whipping each other and calling each other by the names of devils.

The account of that brief but wonderful career between the sally from Edinburgh and the "chariot of fire" at Killiecrankie, which drew a reluctant kind of admiration from Macaulay himself, is minutely, if not very graphically, done. And, indeed, the whole book may be commended as a sufficiently thorough, if not very artistic, piece of work. That it will kill the lies any more than Mr. Morris's book did we do not in the least expect. A lie is in its nature immortal until, and even after, it and its authors receive their place in the bottomless pit. The only thing to be done is to insist on the truth as forcibly and as often as may be. And the truth about Dundee is, that he was a brave and loyal soldier and statesman, whose hands were rather unusually free from blood in a time when blood was not a matter about which people cared much; who was inviolably faithful to his side in a time when men chopped and changed like chameleons; a man of irreproachable private life in a time of dissoluteness; and a man of exceptional bravery at a time when almost all men were brave.

* *Clavers, the Despot's Champion: a Scots Biography.* By "A Southern." London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

NOVELS.*

THE fare which Mr. Norris provides for his readers is not exactly strong meat, but in its way it is agreeable enough; a sort of five-o'clock tea, with nicely-cut bread and butter, and wholesome palatable cake. We may reckon on being introduced to some people of rank, and if we have a lurking suspicion about some of their ways, we check ourselves with the reflection that critics dwelling, as every one knows, in Grub Street are very liable to error in such delicate questions of social *nuance*. At any rate, we make the acquaintance of a set of ladies and gentlemen who are nothing if not decorous, and whose conversation compensates perhaps in sprightly good humour for what it lacks in brilliancy and depth. The repartees doing duty for sarcasm remind us rather of the alphabetical list projected by the hero of *Happy Thoughts* than of the pages of *Esmond* or *Vanity Fair*; however, they are quite up to the average of what passes current in real life. The various characters in the story are natural so far as they go, and suffer, if at all, merely from general debility of constitution; the plot is ingenious, though slight, and the dénouement is happy. What more can any reasonable reader require? Nevertheless, we cannot proclaim ourselves altogether satisfied. When a novelist (of course we speak only of novelists who are to be reckoned with, not the crowd of hapless ladies and gentlemen whose works bestrew the back shelves of circulating libraries) undertakes to relate commonplace events in the lives of commonplace people (and though some of the personages in *Miss Shafto* are eccentric, none can be called original), he is in duty bound to supply some saving grace of his own, some poetry of style or keenness of insight or subtlety of analysis, or at the least a sturdy and abounding good sense. We ought to feel that we are viewing the world through a glass which is constantly being kept in focus for us, or our eyes are apt to get as weary of the spectacle as would our ears of an indefinitely prolonged personal conversation. In some of Mr. Norris's former books he appeared more or less to supply what we have indicated, but in the present volumes he seems to have left off work before he had put the finishing touches—before the *i*'s were dotted and the *t*'s crossed. When he is chronicling the trifling humours of society we somehow miss the amused twinkle of the eye; while the graver events in his narrative seem diluted in the telling to a uniform thin consistency of drawing-room gossip. Nor do we ever become really intimate with any of his characters; they remain to the end acquaintances rather than friends. The plot is concerned with the love affairs of a certain Lord Walter Sinclair; who, finding on his father's death that he has only 15,000*l.* in the world, becomes a successful sculptor with the happy facility distinguishing gifted amateurs in fiction. His true love, Miss Norna Shafto, is the daughter of a country squire, reduced by agricultural distress to taking a house in Upper Belgrave Street, and frittering away his money in hazardous speculations. Lord Walter retards his happiness by a passing infatuation for a pretty coquette, who jilts him in favour of a rich parvenu; and, when she is safely married, her ex-

* *Miss Shafto.* By W. E. Norris. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1889.

The Story of a Marriage. By L. Baldwin. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

Both of this Parish. By Algernon Gissing. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1889.

Tumbledown Farm. By Alan Muir. 2 vols. London: Spencer Blackett. 1889.

admirer falls himself under the suspicion of having secretly united himself in youth to a girl of humble birth. These and other minor complications fill not inadequately the regulation three volumes. As is usual in Mr. Norris's books, the stage is peopled by minor characters, no less carefully drawn and perhaps more interesting than the hero and heroine proper. Chief among them is the Marquess of Loddondale, Lord Walter's racing, ill-reputed, but withal generous-hearted elder brother—whose wickedness, by the way, is very succinctly hinted at, and whose reported utterances, though slangy, are decidedly mild. Then there is Baron Lämmergeier, the Jew financier, more astute than honest, under whose guidance poor Mr. Shafto loses his money; and the Baron's remarkably frank wife, uttering friendly but unheeded warnings; Miss Nell Travers, a rattling, plain-spoken, good-natured old maid; Mrs. Wilton, a scheming mother; and, lastly, Mr. Basil Morley, a literary amateur, the broadest piece of caricature in the book. Thus there is no lack of variety in the entertainment, and the result may be described as distinctly good—always with the saving qualification that the author might have made it a great deal better.

The Story of a Marriage is probably the work of a very young lady, and, as such, shows decided signs of promise. The descriptions are well written, and the characters, especially some of the minor ones, are drawn with more than ordinary firmness. There is, too, a sense of reserve in treating the more emotional situations which encourages a hopeful forecast. The book is enormously long; but that, possibly, is not entirely the fault of the author. Its real weakness lies in the crudity of the views of life it embodies, and the fact that the hero, on whom the writer lavishes abundant sympathy, is with his whole heart and soul and strength a prig of the deepest dye. The book is apparently a product of that happy time of life when the conclusions deduced from a judicious "course of reading," and sanctioned possibly by the friends most admired, appear to be the absolute truth, and when all who ignore, reject, or despise them are viewed as dwelling in outer darkness or wilfully blinding themselves to the light. The period when to be "misunderstood" as to the precise aims of our efforts and emotions appears to be the direst of calamities, when all our failures are ascribed to circumstances, and not to ourselves, and when Goethe's immortal line—"Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan?"—seems so precisely to fit our own, though not our neighbour's, condition. Laurence Temple, the hero of the present story, is an example of this frame of mind, pushed to an extreme happily seldom met with in real life. Filled to the eyelids with absurd fads, he falls violently in love with the beautiful daughter of a market-gardener, and marries her with the intention of educating her up to his intellectual and æsthetic level. She naturally enough imagined that she was going to wear fine clothes and do nothing for the rest of her life, and is aghast at finding her new home a simple cottage, modelled with a refinement of inept ingenuity on the dwelling of her parents. She does not appreciate Wordsworth at all, and, O horror! asks her husband to buy her some magenta ribbon. The situation shortly becomes impossible, and Mrs. Temple, after carrying on a flirtation, elopes with a lover in her own rank of life, and, on being subsequently deserted by him, most conveniently dies, thus enabling her widower, without the scandal of divorce, to marry a young lady who had long loved him, and, let us hope, will rule him with a rod of iron. Apart from the perverse misapplication of sympathy, the book, as we have said, has decided merits, and its author may do good work. The peasant wife's father and mother are very vividly sketched, and Job Tolley, her lover, with all his odious vulgarity, is thoroughly alive. Turning to a small point, could not some less cacophonous combination than Sir Stoke and Lady Poges be found for two otherwise inoffensive characters? Readers are patient; but what the last straw did is known.

Both of this Parish can best be described as a dreary muddle. Some pains seem to have been spent on it, and if it had been a first attempt we could have hoped that order might have been eventually educed from chaos; but the title-page informs us that its author has produced at least two other works, whereupon we can only "hush and bless ourselves with silence." Chipping Campden, a village in Gloucestershire, is selected as the scene, and the dialect of the district is, we doubt not, faithfully transliterated. Mr. Gissing has, however, omitted the preliminary step of making his rustics human beings. A broomstick cannot be made to look like a peasant by investing it with an authentic smock frock.

Though titled to suit the times, as auctioneers would say, *Tumbledown Farm* is not a tale of agricultural distress, but a sort of parable illustrating by a slight story the conflict between two systems of morality, the one dictated by conventional respectability, the other by the spontaneous promptings of the heart. As Pascal said in a different and more serious connexion, "Le cœur a des raisons que la raison ne connaît pas." The book is supposed to be written by a pragmatical old village chemist in literary partnership with the young and sentimental daughter of a squire. Though the device is rather too elaborately carried out, it is ingeniously conceived, and enables the author to emphasize, without incurring the reproach of direct preaching, the aspects of the spiritual conflict he narrates. The actual story, as distinguished from the commentary, is centred round a beautiful girl, endowed with generous impulses and a warm heart, but brought up among evil surroundings by a dissolute and eventually criminal father. Vanity Hardware—for under this preposterous name or nickname the girl is made to figure throughout the book—inspires a violent passion in the breast of an honest but rather sheepish rustic youth, and after a while returns his love. She only partially reveals her circumstances, and asks her lover to forsake all his friends and elope with her to Canada. The test is too strong for his love, and he abandons Vanity for the sake of a former more demure sweetheart. Vanity's father is killed in a conflict with the police; and she herself, after many vicissitudes, marries a rich man, thus completely eclipsing in social station her former timid adorer. The execution of the book is curiously unequal. Speaking broadly, the first volume is very good, the second volume is very much the reverse of good. There is real passion in the scene where the lover is put to the touch and fails, and in the eager outpourings of Vanity's secret diary; but the chapters dealing with the habits and customs of the "cultivated" classes are lamentably flat and feeble, dissipating the impression of power which the reader preserves till the middle of the narrative.

THE YEAR-BOOK OF TREATMENT.*

TO the man in busy practice, whether as consultant or general practitioner, we think *The Year-Book of Treatment* likely to be of great value. Standard works and long treatises are not for him—indeed, he can often barely spare the time to get through his weekly medical periodicals. Yet it is essential, for his own satisfaction (if he duly appreciate his responsibilities) and for the sustenance of his professional reputation, that he should be cognizant of every improvement in the methods of coping with disease. The little book edited by Mr. Malcolm Morris enables him to do this with a minimum amount of labour. All the articles in it are by men of acknowledged capacity, and their work appears to us to have been conscientiously and satisfactorily performed. We look upon *The Year-Book of Treatment* as a praiseworthy attempt to render the experience gained by those whose investigations are particularly directed to certain portions of the wide field of medical and surgical science available for the use of the whole body of sanitary workers. We heartily commend the volume for 1889 to the notice of the medical profession.

WARWICKSHIRE PARISHES.†

A BOOK of topographical notes on a whole county, if it is to be worth anything, cannot be put together without considerable labour, and it is evident that the Rev. George Miller has not shirked the work which the preparation of this volume has demanded. He has, he tells us, visited almost every parish in Warwickshire for the purpose of gaining information, and he has recorded the results of his inquiries in a well-arranged and businesslike form. Under the name of each parish he gives some older forms of spelling, and in most cases what he believes to be the derivation of the name. Some of his derivations are decidedly worse than questionable. Perhaps the oddest, especially as coming from a Warwickshire man, is his explanation of Tamworth, which he derives from "*thun*, a town, and *warian*, to guard." If he and his pony Puck have, as he declares, "put a girdle round about the county," they must surely have crossed the Tame. He notes the landowners in the time of King Edward the Confessor and in 1087, the area given in Domesday, the later landowners, and the population and rateable value at different dates. In each case also he gives a short description of the parish church and the monuments which it contains, and records the value of the living in the Taxation of Pope Nicolas, in the *Liber Regis*, and as it stands at present, and the ornaments of the church now existing and as they were in 1552. Several of his notices include a list of incumbents; these lists would have been more valuable if he had not been deterred by a fear of making mistakes from furnishing them with dates. He could, we imagine, have found a good many of the required dates in the Institution books of the diocese, and might have put a query or left a blank where he was at a loss. Here and there it would, no doubt, be possible to find a slip in his work. For example, on turning to the parish of Congleton, we observe that the patron of the living is described as "Sir Throgmorton," and that the name of the last vicar but one is wrongly spelt. A second volume containing notes on the parishes of Worcestershire will complete the survey of the diocese. The introduction consists of some sensible and unpretentious chapters on the value of land and other kindred matters.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

"TU Marcellus eras" has always been, with a change of tense which does not lessen the pathos of the phrase, the sentiment of the Orleanist family and party in reference to the father of the Comte de Paris whose life was cut short forty-seven years ago (1). Even the most acrid political adversaries of the

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* *The Year-Book of Treatment for* 1889. London: Cassell & Co.

† *The Parishes of the Diocese of Worcester.* By the Rev. George Miller, Vicar of Redway, Rural Dean, &c. 2 vols. Vol. I.—The Parishes of Warwickshire. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh. 1889.

(1) *Lettres du Duc d'Orléans* (1825-1842). Paris: Calmann Lévy.

party and the most decided dislikers of certain characteristics, more marked than amiable, which Louis Philippe left to his descendants, if he did not inherit them from his ancestors, have been known to acknowledge with a growl that the eldest Orleans, like the youngest Tarquin, was too good for such a breed. The letters, both familiar and formal, which are here printed fortunately do nothing to dispel, and something to confirm, this favourable impression. Some of them, especially those (or some of them) written to Alfred de Musset, the Prince's schoolfellow, are known already. One of these, by the way—not, we think, one of those previously published—contains a phrase rather ominous. The Duke de Chartres, as he then was, a boy of sixteen, and not yet made, by the success of the "Fifteen Years' Conspiracy," Prince Royal (they had the grace or the baseness, the wisdom or the folly, not to call him Dauphin) of France, went to see a manufactory of laces. "Pendant que nous examinions avec étonnement le procédé ingénieux par lequel des bobines de différentes couleurs, en faisant une chaîne perpétuelle, formaient la tresse du lacet, un monsieur [all the commercial classes were Orleanist then] s'approcha de moi, et me dit, avec un sourire qui prouvait toute l'estime qu'il avait pour sa personne, que la chaîne de ces bobines était un ingénieux emblême de l'union de notre famille." Alas! the policy and proceedings of the House of Orleans have too often been "an ingenious mixture of different colours," instead of showing one hue dyed in grain. In the extract just given, however, a touch of satire, unexaggerated and pleasant, may be noted. And all through the book—whether the Prince is writing to private friends or describing his experiences when he served with Marshal Gérard on the not very glorious expedition where French numbers crushed the heroic resistance of Chassé and his little garrison at Antwerp; or, much later, telling how, when he and his much-enduring Duchess were "starring" in the South of France, the bold National Guard would defend their lodgings with such desperate vigilance and military precision that it was impossible to get a wink of sleep for the challengings, and marchings, and groundings of arms, and so forth—there is the same agreeable and unforced note. The Duke is a little Chauvinist here and there, of course; he would not have been good for much if, in the circumstances, he had not been. But, on the whole, he plays the modern prince very well here, exhibiting what is called "intelligent interest" in things without the hideous priggishness of a new and terrible type, which has developed itself in some royal personages since it was the fashion for them not to *faire la noce* any longer, but to learn the tongues and the ologies, and study statecraft and warcraft, and do their best or worst to plant on green shoulders the kind of head that has never been amiably green and so will never be venerably grey. The Comte de Paris has prefixed a preface of which only the ungenerous will complain that it is too much of a manifesto, and suggests his grandfather's propensity to make capital out of an "occasion," rather than the more generous and chivalric spirit of his father, as here portrayed.

M. Allaire's publication, a condensation of the memoirs of Dom Courdemanche, a Benedictine of the last century who died just on the eve of the Revolution, and who was a kind of agent in the interminable lawsuit between the Duke of Penthièvre and the Abbey of Jumièges, is an instance of honest doubt on the part of the document-hunter (2). M. Allaire admits that he has not published the whole of his MS., and we think he doubts whether he ought to have published so much. The fact is that the documents are precisely of the kind which ought to be boiled down with a little extract, by a skilful hand, in an essay of sixty or seventy pages, and no more. Dom Courdemanche was a "doer" at once stout and skilful, loyal to his own side and courteous to the other; he could open oysters (an excellent and not too common accomplishment, very suitable for his position), bear a rebuff, and not be afraid of clever M. de Florian and all his fables. The transactions in which he was engaged have their historical importance, especially as showing the unhealthy effect of certain things in the then state of France which have not been most dwelt on by praisers of the Revolution. But he is not big enough for a big octavo volume.

No country now produces more careful and useful historical monographs than France. The uncomfortable critic, it is true, sometimes objects that such books as M. Bapst's (3), while they are too much for the ordinary reader on their special subjects, do not dispense the painful historian from independent inquiry. But this is hypercriticism. M. Bapst has patiently gone through the long and curious history of the marriages or projected marriages of the "Red Tod of St. Andrews," the Scottish *Vert Galant*, James V., especially of the negotiations for other brides which preceded his short-lived union with Magdalen of France and his longer and more fateful marriage with Mary of Guise. The European interest taken in the proceedings would, of itself, give them importance, even if they had not immediately resulted in founding the Royal line of United Britain.

We only chronicle here the appearance of the first volume of a new series of French State Papers (4), and shall probably return upon it more fully.

(2) *Le Duc de Penthièvre.* Par Etienne Allaire. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Les mariages de Jacques V.* Par E. Bapst. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Recueil des actes du comité de salut public.* Par F. A. Aulard. Tome I. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

PERHAPS some courage may be ascribed to a translator who introduces a selection of essays by Schopenhauer to the English reader with the cheering remark that the author of *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* is one of the few philosophers who can be understood without a commentary. It might be pointed out that Schopenhauer has already inspired many commentators, and that his philosophical system is not so exclusively based on observation and experience as Mr. T. B. Saunders declares in the preface to his translations, *Religion, a Dialogue, and other Essays* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) The novelty of Schopenhauer's system is, like Wagner's theory of music and its relation to the drama, to a considerable extent superficial, while its appeal as a practical philosophy to the average human intelligence has scarcely the universality of power and inspiration which has been claimed for it. Mr. Saunders thinks that Schopenhauer "brought down philosophy from Heaven to earth," because his system is of greater practical scope than those of the transcendental schools, yet it would be hard to show in what respect the "heavenly maid" or matron was rendered more attractive by the process. Such fruit of the "practical philosophy" of Schopenhauer as may be gathered from the first essay in Mr. Saunders's volume cannot be said to be one whit more profitable or convincing than the most ethereal philosophic structure ever woven out of abstract ideas by some cunning archimage of a metaphysician. In form, the essay on Religion is modelled after the master of philosophic dialogue, yet nothing could be more anti-Platonic in style or conception. Philalethes battles with Demopheles with a good deal of vigour, it is true, yet the encounter is as a bout with single-sticks. Of the subtlety of fence there is nothing. You hear, rather than feel, the blows, and when the inevitable handshaking occurs between the two, are left an unmoved spectator.

More philosophical essays, again, we have in the *Fundamental Problems* of Dr. Paul Carus (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.), a volume that treats of "Form and Formal Thought," "Causation," and other cognate themes, and offers what the author calls "a philosophy of most radical freethought" under the guise of "a systematic arrangement of positive facts." Wide is the field ranged by Dr. Carus in these discursive papers—from the *Kritik* of Kant even to Schopenhauer and Mr. Herbert Spencer—and not a little discussion, it would seem, they have provoked in Chicago circles where they "confute, change hands, and still confute." Though we cannot say that the author's method of philosophy is of the clearest possible presentment, or, indeed, readily comprehensive as a whole, there is no denying that his book offers fruitful material for a debating club of philosophers. To paraphrase a criticism of Kant, his position as a Monist is more likely to be misunderstood than to be undermined by the Chicago philosophers. Dr. Carus declares for a unitary conception of the world against supernaturalism and materialism. He is for "clear thought"—and we are with him here—against mysticism, and for "no agnosticism but positive science," which might also be commendable to our judgment, if only we were assured that positive science was a concrete term representing verifiable facts. It is very handsome in any philosopher to distinguish between the unknown and the unknowable; but to refuse to recognize the existence of the latter, as the author appears to do (p. 49), does not persuade us that positive science is a better sheet-anchor than agnosticism.

Under the suggestive title *Atlantis* (Hutchinson & Co.) we have a little volume of melodious, well varied, and unaffected lyrics, by Mr. Horace G. Groser, who shows decided aptitude in investing old legends with metrical form and a true lyrical faculty in the making of ballads. Some of the latter are a little too suggestive of the not unhealthy assimilative powers that frequently mark the young poets of the day. They recall Aytoun at times; and, again, in the "Fight of the little 'Content,'" we are minded of another poet and a greater when we read

> "Fight on!" quoth he, undaunted; but our war-ships moved away;
> "She will split!" the cravens shouted, "Stand aloof! 'tis death to stay."

But in "The Smiting of the Fleet," and, better still, in "The Holding of Londonderry" and "The Foster Brother," Mr. Groser is possessed with the spirit of the old ballad writers, and his verse rings strong and clear.

If Mr. Douglas Sladen's *Australian Poets* had been a little more comprehensive, and embraced the poets of New Zealand, we doubt not that Mrs. Wilson's *Themes and Variations* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) would have been fully represented in that collection. There is nothing, it is true, notably colonial in the book. Mrs. Wilson is by no means assertive, or eccentric, or prodigal of Tennysonian or Swinburnian reminiscences, as our colonial poets are apt to be. Her verse is tuneful, her manner is refreshingly unaffected, her diction refined and genuinely poetic.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's poems, noticed already in their original form as an American book, appear in an English edition dedicated to Mr. Gleeson White, as *Blooms and Brambles* (Elliot Stock). A newer claimant to poetic honours is Mr. Marcus Rickards, whose *Sonnets and Reveries* (Clifton: Baker) is obviously a first volume, and one not without promise. In "School Scenes Revisited" the writer expresses with the truth and simplicity natural to the theme a very common experience. There is more promise in this than in the more ambitious

attempts of Mr. Rickards, which are, to speak plainly, stilted or artificial.

Mr. H. Bull, C.E., prefaces a readable little book on the much-vexed question of Bimetallism and the standard of value—*The Currency Question and its Solution* (Effingham Wilson & Co.)—with the humorous observation, "If there is one science more than another in which comes into play what is usually termed 'common sense' it is the science of Political Economy." Never heretofore has the dismal science been honoured in this fashion.

Put forth as a "Mediæval Pilgrim's Progress" is a translation of the "long forgotten and generally unknown" allegorical romance of Jean de Cartheny—*The Wandering Knight* (Burns & Oates)—done into English from the edition of 1572, with an introductory note, by the translator, of the author and book. That Bunyan may have seen a version of this curious allegory is, of course, possible; yet no reader can say that he was in any respect indebted to the Canon of Cambrai. Between indebtedness and an accidental suggestion there is a vast difference.

We have to acknowledge Dr. Waldstein's *Catalogues of Casts in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge* (Macmillan & Co.); *Artists' Wives*, from the French of Alphonse Daudet, by Laura Ensor, illustrated by De Bieler, Myrbach, and Rossi (Routledge); *Tales from Blackwood*, No. IV., New Series (Blackwood & Sons); and *Junior School Composition*, by David Salmon (Longmans & Co.)

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

PROSPECTUS FOR THE YEAR 1889—90.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE has taken such a firm hold upon English-speaking people throughout the world that it would perhaps be superfluous to give a detailed description of the Articles and Illustrations that its readers may look for during the coming year. At the same time it has been the custom to give at the commencement of each new volume some indication of the arrangements that have been made, and it is a convenient moment for announcing any new feature that may be of interest to the Subscribers.

The Publishers beg therefore to say that from the October number onwards THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE will be printed in a new type, which has been decided upon after much deliberation as being an improvement on that hitherto employed, and *the letterpress will be printed across the page, instead of in double column.* It is believed that the Illustrations, to which the conductors of the Magazine attach the highest importance, will look better when introduced into the solid page, while the letterpress itself will be more legible. *At the same time, with a view to further improving the appearance of the Magazine, the thickness of the paper will be increased.*

Among the Articles already arranged for, the Editor has to mention a series of three Illustrated Papers graciously contributed by

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN,

the titles of which will be the subject of future announcement.

Social questions of the day will be treated of from time to time, and among the Articles on these topics which will appear during the year will be

CHILDREN IN THEATRES. By Mrs. Jeune.

NAIL AND CHAIN MAKING AT CRADLEY HEATH. By the Rev. Harold Rylett (a principal witness before the House of Lords' Committee on the Sweating System). Illustrated to show the work done by Women and Children.

LONDON MATCH GIRLS. By Clementina Black. Illustrated to indicate the difference between Factory and Home Work.

A Series of Papers on various religious movements is contemplated, and the first of these will appear in the November number, entitled

CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOLS. By the Hon. Edward Pierson Thesiger, C.B.

Illustrated Sporting Articles, written by men who have played a prominent part in the Sporting world, will be produced from time to time, and yachtsmen on both sides of the Atlantic will read with interest

YACHT RACING. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven, K.T. Accompanied by Illustrations of the yachts *Valkyrie*, *Irex*, *Yarana*, and the famous American seventy-footer, *Katrina*.

No change will take place in the artistic character of the Magazine, which is generally admitted to have reached a high level. The Editor will continue to avail himself of the services of the highly-skilled engravers on wood who have worked for the Magazine for the past six years, and he has been fortunate enough to receive promises of support from artists of the highest standing. Mr. Walter Crane will contribute a series of Drawings illustrating his recent journey through Greece; and Articles illustrated by Hamilton Macallum, Harry Furniss, Herbert Railton, Hugh Thomson, Reginald Blomfield, and W. Biscombe Gardner will appear during the year. Special mention is due to the following Articles:—

TAPESTRY. By Alan S. Cole. Illustrated from Old Examples in the South Kensington Museum, and from New Examples woven by William Morris after designs by E. Burne Jones, A.R.A., and

THE EMBOSSING OF METALS. By W. A. S. Benson. Illustrated from Old Examples.

In view of the increased circulation of the Magazine in the United States of America special efforts will be made to interest American readers, and the Editor has secured the co-operation of authors and artists whose works have already gained much popularity on the farther side of the Atlantic.

Poetry will play a prominent part in the early numbers, and New Poems will be published from the pens of

Algernon Charles Swinburne	Lewis Morris
William Morris	and
Austin Dobson	Violet Fane.

Among the features of the Magazine during the next year will be a series of papers on "Girlhood in different Countries." The Articles already arranged for include

ENGLISH GIRLHOOD. By Mrs. Molesworth.

FRENCH GIRLHOOD. By Mme. Guizot de Witt.

In view of the growing demand for Articles of a purely personal nature, the Editor intends to introduce sketches from the lives of men and women whose position before the public fairly entitles them to rank as Celebrities of the Day.

The Series of Articles on "Old English Homes" has proved so popular that it is proposed to extend their scope to Wales, Scotland, and Ireland.

A Series of Papers on "The Public Schools of England," written and illustrated from the historical as well as the modern side, is likewise in contemplation. Already arranged are—

ETON. By H. C. Maxwell Lyte, C.B., and the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton.

HARROW. By Percy M. Thornton and A. J. Webbe.

RUGBY. By his Honour Judge Hughes, Q.C., Author of "Tom Brown's School Days."

Letters will every now and then appear from travellers in different parts of the globe giving personal narratives of their experiences and adventures. The Editor is also making arrangements to give the readers of THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE a descriptive account of the great routes that connect the component parts of Her Majesty's Empire. The Series will begin with an Article on

The CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY and the NEW OCEAN ROUTE to AUSTRALIA. By Sir George Baden Powell, M.P., K.C.M.G.

Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, K.C.I.E., will contribute a description of his journey home from India through Persia.

It will also be the Editor's endeavour to show the progress that has taken place in the Indian Empire and the far East during the last fifty years, and Articles have been arranged to indicate the rapid strides that have been made in the Crown Colonies. Illustrated Articles on Ceylon and the Straits Settlements, contributed by

Sir J. Frederick Dickson, K.C.M.G.,

will appear in the early numbers, while papers on Japan and China by recognized authorities are already in course of preparation.

Special care has been taken to secure the services of the leading writers in fiction, but only one Serial novel will run through any considerable part of the year. In each issue, however, will appear a short Story, varied so as to suit the interest of different readers.

In October will begin a Story by

The Right Hon. the EARL OF LYTTON, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., C.I.E., entitled

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THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE result of the general election in France has justified those who had, after much doubting and with great hesitation, come to the opinion that the chances were slightly in favour of the so-called Parliamentary Republicans. The diminished popularity of General BOULANGER and the somewhat equivocal conduct of the Conservative parties were in their favour. When the nature of the attack on them was considered, it seemed not improbable that, although their own popularity was far from considerable, they would benefit by the support of that great mass of Frenchmen who are at all times opposed to any change of government. The result shows that they have done so, and the Republic has, for the present at least, beaten the coalition formed against it. One member of that alliance has undoubtedly suffered signal defeat. It is now beyond question that General BOULANGER has failed. No doubt it is remarkable enough that he should have formed any party at all; and it is an astonishing illustration of the low level reached by French politics that he should possess in the Chamber of Deputies a following which, when the second ballots have been taken, may be found to be nearer forty than twenty. This, however, was not what General BOULANGER and the Boulangists promised to do. It was not their hope that they would form the smallest of five or six groups in the new Chamber; but, unless fortune changes greatly and soon, this is the utmost they can hope for. It was quite unnecessary to speculate as to whether they will have their chance again. There is, in any case, no probability that it will come early, and for some time, at least, we need not inquire what the position of the General is going to be. So much, at least, is settled by the election. It may also be considered proved that there is no effective majority in France which wishes for a revision of the constitution controlled by parties or persons openly unfriendly to the Republic. As far as it goes, this, no doubt, promises well for the future of the present form of government.

There has, however, been so strong a disposition to believe that the result of the voting would be the complete defeat of the discredited Parliamentary Republicans that there has, by a natural reaction, been a marked tendency to overrate the extent of their victory. The first ballot has given them a majority of sixty-five. The second may increase this majority to a hundred and twenty, or thereabouts. Now if this were a mere party majority, it would be amply sufficient. But it is not. It is a majority in support of a form of government. It is, in fact, all the State has to rely on for its support, against the very large minority which is hostile to it on principle. Although, therefore, it may be enough for the moment, it certainly does not afford a large margin of stability. This majority, too, is composed to a large extent of materials which are by no means trustworthy. Very many of the voters who supported Republican candidates belong to the class which will give its support to any existing form of government—which had voted for NAPOLEON III., for the Republic of 1848, and for LOUIS PHILIPPE—which would vote to-morrow for anybody or anything established simply because it dreads revolutions and changes. Support of this kind, though useful, and even indispensable, is not very trustworthy. It habitually fails a Government in those trials which are apt to fall upon the State in France. Those who gave it to the Third Republic last Sunday would give it next month to General BOULANGER, or King PHILIPPE, or the Emperor JEROME, or the Emperor VICTOR, if any one of them had seized power for himself by violence. There is, it is true, very little danger of this for the present. None of the Opposition leaders enjoys a great popularity. The present generation of Parisians has apparently either not inherited the old taste for street-fighting, or has been taught by the defeat of the Communards that it is helpless against the troops in the open asphalted streets of Paris. The army is apparently resolute to take no part in politics. As long as it remains quiet and the command of the garrison of Paris is in safe hands, there will be no disturbance and the Republic is safe. But this security depends entirely on its own wisdom and immunity from disastrous accident of any kind. Its unpopularity in Paris is manifestly still great, and it would certainly have to fear the populace of the capital if ever it did lie open to attack. The extent, too, of the Republican victory may easily be exaggerated by those who compare the result of the election with what might have been, and not with what was. Even if the second ballots turn out as favourable to them as they hope, the Republicans will still have lost some ground since the last general election. They are, it is true, in the habit of insisting with some complacency on the fact that few of the Conservatives openly called themselves Royalists or Bonapartists. In almost all cases they kept their party principles in the background and contented themselves with demanding a revision. They certainly showed a consciousness on their part that they would do well to consult the timidity of the voters. But the Republicans will be very unwise if they make much of the value of this reticence as evidence of a preference for the Republic among the voters who supported opposition candidates. A man who voted for a Royalist or Bonapartist cannot possibly have been a friend to the Republic. Those who gave their voices for General BOULANGER must at least be actively hostile to the Republic that now is. Taken all together, the revisionists of one party or the other amount to over a third of the voting constituencies of France. This is about the amount of support given to the Conservative candidates at the last general election. The Republic has, therefore, obviously not gained ground, and when the second ballots have been taken it may be found to have lost. When it is remembered that the victory, such as it is, has not been won for a party and a policy, but for a form of government, it can hardly be denied that there is very little to be proud of in the discovery that the victorious side has at the best only lost a little ground. No doubt if the Republicans of all sections are wise—if they have learnt their lesson and are resolute to avoid the errors of the last six or seven years they may regain all the ground they have lost. It ought not to be difficult to reabsorb the majority of Boulangist voters, and it will not be impossible to bring over many of those who were frightened some years ago by the growing power of the Radicals into giving their support to the Conservatives. Whether this is to be done or not depends wholly on the conduct of the Republicans.

It is somewhat early to decide whether there is any promise of this happy change among the Republicans. No doubt there are favourable signs to be seen. The formation of the Liberal-Union party under the leadership of M. LÉON SAY is one. This party is to endeavour to make the Republic Conservative according to the formula of M. THIERS; and it is undeniable that, if any considerable portion of the Royalists and Bonapartists are to be recruited for the Republic, it will be by some such policy as this. Another favourable sign is the undoubted defeat of the Radicals, who have lost several seats. That they will learn wisdom is in the last degree doubtful, but their check may at least convince the other Republicans of the worthlessness of their support. On the other hand, there is much to show that the majority of this Chamber will not differ essentially from the majority of the last. If the Conservatives have been compelled to sink their principles and

differences during the election, so have the Republicans to no small extent. They have made the most of a common party name, and have said comparatively little of the principles it covers. When the Chamber meets, these suppressed causes of quarrel may be found—it will be wonderful, indeed, if they are not found—to have lost little of their influence. M. Léon Say and M. Clémenceau both style themselves Republicans; but when they are called upon to co-operate in carrying out a common policy they must infallibly be found at variance on a great many essential points, unless, indeed, one of them is prepared to submit to the other. When a difference of this nature arises, what is to be expected? The Radicals, though diminished in power, will still be able to upset any Ministry by giving their support to the reactionaries, as they repeatedly did in the last Chamber. If, however, they are able to impose their will on any Ministry, it must be at the expense of the loss of the support of the Liberal-Union, on the supposition, that is to say, that this party has a little more backbone than the Moderates have commonly possessed. Should the Liberal-Union prove as feeble as parties of "respectable "people" commonly do in France, then we must be prepared for a repetition of the instability, the spiteful anti-clerical policy, and the financial mismanagement which have damaged the Republic already. No Republican party can check another except by coalition with the Conservatives, and hitherto it has been Radicals who have made most use of that alliance. It is well to wait and see whether a new line of conduct is to be followed in the new Chamber. For the present the safest guess to make is that, as the elections have left things much as they were, so they will continue to go on much as they did.

RINGS.

THE Copper Ring was a disastrous failure—profitable to some of its promoters, no doubt, but ruinous to the rest, and obviously discreditable to all. But some other schemes have proved very profitable indeed to the founders of them—more particularly, in our own country, the Salt Union; which enables the monopolists who control it to divide whatever profits may result from doubling the price of the commodity. This, indeed, is an ideal institution of its kind; for, while it returns enormous dividends to the handful of capitalists who share in them, the consumer is not aware of any oppressive exaction. The cheapness of salt, its universal use in comparatively small quantities, and its employment and distribution in a great variety of other articles, account for that. The Salt Union, therefore, has had an easy and profitable time of it; and its success has naturally led to inquiry in commercial circles as to whether some other commodities in common use do not offer similar advantages to financial conspiracy. Various articles have been hit upon as promising for any bold and opulent company of speculators, the last being Bread.

It appears that quite recently two or three Bread Companies (Limited) have been started in London; which, with its four and a half millions or so feeding within a range of six miles from Charing Cross, supplies a very pretty area of consumption. There is the London and County Bread Company, the London and Westminster Bread Company, the Metropolitan District Company. These associations are all new; so new that only one of them has lasted long enough to declare a dividend—"an interim dividend at the "rate of 12 per cent. per annum." But they are said by the composer of a certain captivating advertisement to be equally prosperous. If one is able to declare an interim dividend of 12 per cent. per annum, so could both the others if they pleased, and their books prove it. That looks pretty well for all three companies. They have only just started, they are working in competition with each other, and yet in these early days each of them is able to pay its shareholders 12 per cent. dividends. What to do, then, but continue in prosperity, taking full advantage of their latest processes, their new and improved machinery, and the abundant capital that gives command of the market for material? Yes; but the directors of these 12 per cent. bread companies have made a most important and lamentable discovery. This discovery they seem to have communicated to the newspapers just before they gave out the aforementioned advertisement, which announces that they are resolved to form a Bread Union, or "Ring." The advertisement is set off with a collection of Opinions of the Press; and, if the gentle reader will take the trouble to scan these opinions, he will find in them a frequent repetition of sentences evidently culled from a common original. But to the discovery, which is this. In the baking business there is "a miserable underselling epidemic which is alike the "bane and the disgrace of the trade." This underselling is so prevalent, so commonly is it practised by "the un-"principled trader bent on ruining himself and his neigh-"bours," that "companies which have started with more "or less success have been considerably hampered by bad "prices." It is therefore necessary, or at any rate desirable, that "a very large company of widespreading "power" should be formed to "keep the underseller within "bounds," and "banish the bad prices which bring ruin "and misery in their train."

So write certain trade journals on behalf of the Bread Union (Limited), which is to be based upon the three companies named above. These opinions of the press are quoted by the promoters of the Bread Union, in their prospectus, as supplying the moral justification of their enterprise; their own account of it being stated in a few brief and pregnant words that come to the same thing. The directors beg to state that the object of the Union "is "not to unduly raise the price of bread" (which of course should be raised duly, if at all), "but to maintain it "at a remunerative figure by securing a large number "of shops in the metropolis." But what else do these gentlemen tell us? Why, that in spite of the disastrous competition in the baking business, the three Companies of which the Union is to be formed are earning 12 per cent. dividends. They do this all the while they are cutting each other's throats! So they say. Is the statement true? Are there no illusions, no misrepresentations about it? If not, what do they mean by parading these stories of prices so ruinously low that a fair profit cannot be obtained? They themselves, these Companies, take part in the competition which "brings ruin and misery "in its train." They are able to pay 12 per cent. to their shareholders nevertheless; but yet they find it necessary to form themselves into a very large Company of widespreading power "to keep the underseller within bounds."

After explaining the facts of the case from their own prospectus, we need not waste many words on the promoters of the Bread Union (Limited). They themselves make out that they are engaged in establishing a monopolist Company for the purpose of drawing the whole bread trade of London under their control, for suppressing competition in it, and thereby raising prices which they consider ruinous while it pays such dividends as they say they are now earning. Take them at their word, and their Bread Union is a mere conspiracy to force up the price of bread for the whole population of London by way of enriching a little gang of speculators. That is the plan, supposing (as we have no right to suppose) that the Bread Union is not a "bogus" enterprise from its foundations; and, though it is by no means certain to succeed, it is a scheme so abominable that it cannot be denounced too strongly. At no time would it be endurable that a handful of men with money should get control of a commodity like bread, with intent to levy a tax upon it for their own profit. At a time like this, when capital is attacked right and left for imaginary crimes, as well as for offences which it must continue to commit if the practical affairs of life are to be carried on at all, such naked conspiracies of greed as a Bread Ring for London deserve punishment as mere incendiarism. The Bread Union may come to nothing, and probably will. If we knew all, we might discover offhand that it has no more chance of success than the People's Bread Company, which broke down the other day in about as disastrous a style for its shareholders as they could well endure. But it must be assumed that the Bread Union is meant to succeed; and the point for observation is that the promoters of this exasperating scheme make no difficulty of flaunting it in the public prints just when attempts are being made to raise the whole mass of working men in insurrection against "the tyranny "of capital." It is this that gives the Bread Union and its audaciously candid advertisement a particular importance. What better justification of their tirades than a Bread Ring can the agitators desire? As exponents of capitalist selfishness and oppression, what could serve them better at this moment, when miners, tailors, letter-carriers, and bakers are urged to emulate the triumphs of the dockers' strike, than first to point to the proposed Bread Ring in London and then to thousands of mill-hands deprived

of work because of a Liverpool "corner" in cotton? To be sure, according to the latest lights on the subject, nobody is to blame for the "corner." Something of the kind does, indeed, exist; and while it disorders and impoverishes the whole cotton trade, certain individuals who are boldly described as speculators hope to make a great deal of money by it. But we are to understand that the "corner" is perfectly legitimate, and quite according to the rules of the game. It is simply a question of "pull "devil, pull baker," between speculative dealers in the raw material and speculative manufacturers of it, about which there is nothing unusual. So it may be, without putting a much better face on the matter. Scores of mills are idle all the same, and foreign manufacturers are filling the markets while many thousands of our own workmen are doing nothing. With all this, however, the cotton corner is less detestable than the proposed Bread Ring, which is not without its strict-trade-principle apologists either. Rigs in copper, salt unions, cotton "squeezes," syndicates for buying up medicinal drugs and doubling the price of them, even conspiracies of a similar sort for taxing every loaf of bread, may be carried on without interference from the law; but surely discretion suggests that restraint should be placed on such enterprises at a time like this. They are not only a reproach to commerce, they are a danger to society, and one that Parliament must look to before long. None of them come into the description of honourable trade; some of them rank in point of merit with sheer brigandage; and if the preachers of Socialism are to be decried, quite as pestilent are the knots of capitalists who, with their rapacious rigs and rings, fill the mouth of anarchy with argument and invite rowdyism to violence.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS.

THE death of Mr. Wilkie Collins, at the age of sixty-five, on Monday last, closed the career of the last of that group of great writers of fiction whose best work was produced, roughly speaking, in the thirty years between 1840 and 1870. For a long time past Mr. Collins has led a retired life. Those who enjoyed his friendship have borne testimony to his many amiable qualities, his modesty, kindness, and courtesy; but the man will never be known apart from his books, and the future admirer of *The Woman in White* or *The Moonstone* will find very scanty materials out of which to form an image of his idol. He was the intimate of Dickens, and like other more or less celebrated writers, he acquired the habit of taking opium in some form or other. It is not certain that he injured himself very materially by the practice. However this may be, it remains the only known sensational incident in the life of the greatest writer of sensational fiction that England has produced.

Mr. Collins was the son of William Collins, R.A. His first novel was published in 1850, and he had to wait ten years, during which he wrote some four or five works, including *Basil* and *After Dark*, before *The Woman in White* placed him in the first rank of living novelists. In 1860 the "first rank" included George Eliot and Charles Reade, *The Mill on the Floss* and *The Cloister and the Hearth* being published within the same twelve months as *The Woman in White*. A great deal of Dickens's best work had still to be written. Thackeray's *Virginians* had appeared two years previously; but some of his most charming if not his best-known books remained unpublished. Bulwer and Trollope were at their zenith; Disraeli and a host of minor writers enjoyed a wide popularity. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilkie Collins became prominent even in this company, and, whatever the ultimate judgment as to the true value of his work may be, nothing can deprive him of the credit attaching to such performance.

Of late years Mr. Collins's reputation has suffered a partial eclipse, such as overtakes all writers sooner or later. It is perhaps worth while, therefore, to consider how far his literary method is likely to render permanent a neglect for which Mr. Harry Quilter (with whom courtesy and wisdom go hand in hand) took the critics severely to task some little time ago. Mr. Collins explained his theory of story-telling in the preface to a later edition of *The Woman in White*. He there says:—"I have always held the old-"fashioned opinion that the primary object of a work of "fiction should be to tell a story, and I have never believed "that the novelist who properly performed this first con-"dition of his art was in danger, on that account, of "neglecting the delineation of character. It may be pos-"sible in novel-writing to present characters successfully "without telling a story, but it is not possible to tell a story "successfully without presenting characters." In *The Woman in White* Mr. Collins certainly did attempt to delineate character, succeeding in a great measure with the sketches of Mr. Philip Fairlie and Mme. Fosco, and failing, brilliantly no doubt, with the highly elaborated character of the Count. Some years afterwards, however, Mr. Collins proved the falsity of his theory by writing *Armadale*, in many respects his most remarkable work, but containing not a single character (save Miss Gwilt) of which the mind of the reader readily retains even the name. The plot of this book is even more intricate than that of *The Woman in White*—so intricate, indeed, that it too escapes the memory. It is, perhaps, on this account that many persons read Mr. Collins's novels again and again. They are not read for their charm of style—for Mr. Collins contented himself with writing forcible, clear, and unadorned English—but because they are always new, the reader forgetting how the virtuous characters escape from the toils of their persecutors. The fact remains, however, that, in spite of his theory, his books enjoy a wide popularity, and, whatever he attempted, he certainly did not succeed in drawing a single character, with the exception of Fosco, which has appealed to the imagination of the reading public. It is impossible, too, not to believe that Mr. Collins's method of making his characters tell his story for him will affect his popularity in the long run. The method is clumsy and irritates the reader. This more particularly is the case when the story is taken up by some servant or person who might be expected to have a weak memory. The chapter begins with an apology for the writer's deficiency, and then on the next page some conversation is reported verbatim, with an accuracy that would do credit to the memory of a Macaulay. Another irritating necessity of Mr. Collins's narrative method may seem almost too trivial to mention; but it is really of the first importance where a character is designed to leave a favourable impression on the reader's mind. This is the necessity which characters like Marian Halcombe labour under of constantly apologizing for playing the eavesdropper. From the beginning they must always be leaning over the banisters, peeping through keyholes, or listening at half-opened doors, otherwise the story could not be told. These objections, perhaps, do not affect our enjoyment of the books very seriously; but we repeat that it is difficult to believe that they will not so affect a generation grown accustomed to more artistic workmanship.

SENSE ABOUT THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

THE *Times* has published within a few days of each other the first two pieces of thoroughly good comment on the naval manœuvres which we have yet had the pleasure of seeing. One was a letter from General Sir Andrew Clarke, and the other a letter from Admiral Colomb. It is only polite to presume that they will have been read and thought over in some quarters where they seem to have been particularly needed. We are not, however, so sure of it that we think it superfluous to call attention to them, and to assure all whom we may reach that they are particularly worthy of attention. They deserve reading if only for the delightful contrast they present to the mass of insignificant detail, the unthinking croaking, and the vague, surprised speculation which made up nearly all the comment written on the manœuvres while they lasted. But they have another value. They point, to those who can read them with any intelligence, the lines on which future manœuvres must be conducted if they are not to run the same course as the autumn manœuvres of the army; that is to say, if they are not to fall into neglect after serving for a very brief period as a raree show. How real that danger has been we need point out to nobody who read the accounts of the doings of one squadron at least in the last manœuvres. The spectacle of ships running loose about the coast making believe to burn towns and running themselves sillily into traps was enough to make many, who have every wish that the navy should be well practised, hope sincerely that there might be no more manœuvres at all if they were to be conducted like this. It can do the navy no good to be taught that a squadron may pardonably

do imbecile things, or that its enemy may be expected to do them.

Put briefly, the aim both of General CLARKE and of Admiral COLOMB is to persuade their readers that, if manœuvres are to have any real value as lessons in strategy, they must be conducted with some approximation to an imitation of the conduct which would be expected from a sane enemy in war-time. No risks must be run which would be thought absurd in actual warfare when compared with the objects to be attained. There must be some rational calculation of chances, some regard for probability, some balancing of the comparative values of game and candle. No trace of any such process was to be seen in the late manœuvres. We have not for long seen anything more convincing or more luminous than Admiral COLOMB's demonstration that Admiral BAIRD's ships were employed all through in doing things which would compel them to run an immense risk for an object of the most doubtful value. First, some of them tried to get up Channel on a plan which made it almost certain that they would run into the middle of an enemy greatly their superior in strength, and that when all they could possibly gain would be a few hours' command of a small portion of the enemy's coast. Those hours, too, might be hours of night or mist; they were to be passed in waters which could be made almost unnavigable by the removal of a few buoys and landmarks; where the invader might, or even must, be caught by a superior force, and from which he could not escape. This risk was to be run for no better object than the possible destruction of a limited number of merchant ships and warehouses. Later on, some other ships of the same fleet were sent on a cruise round the coast, burning coal and cartridges as they went, themselves under observation, but utterly ignorant of the whereabouts of the force they might have to deal with, to a place where they were mathematically certain to be caught and crushed. Once and for all, this sort of thing is not war. There never was, as Admiral COLOMB says, a time when this could not have been done. It was not done because in the real game, in which failure entails death or imprisonment, even the most incompetent commander stops short at a certain depth of imbecility. Therefore it ought not to be done in manœuvres, and therefore, too, there are some of us at least who listen with impatience to all the croaking and the solemn platitude based on such folly. It can prove nothing as to the value of steam in war, or the sufficiency of the fleet, or the defensibility of the coast. All it can prove is that there is a plentiful lack of common sense somewhere; but whether it was worth while to spend so much to attain to so little (and that little old) is a question hardly needing to be put.

THE FUTURE OF THE TRANSVAAL.

EVENTS in the Transvaal seem steadily tending to prove, and not for the first time in our history, that though English Governments may "propose," that which "disposes" is the enterprise of the English race. It is only eight years since this territory was handed over, by a memorably disgraceful surrender, to the Boers, and already the relations, numerical and other, subsisting at that date between two parties to the transaction have been totally transformed. The actual transformation, indeed, has been in the main the work of a shorter period still. It is only during the last two or three years that the influx of British settlers to the gold-producing districts of the Transvaal has assumed its present rapidity and volume; but its consequent results have been such as to recall some of the most remarkable incidents of the history of colonization in the Western American States. We hear of towns, not in existence two years ago, which now count a population of 20,000 inhabitants, while if the survey be extended over the whole area of the State, the result is more surprising still. The Boer inhabitants of the Transvaal maintain their former numbers, but the British settlers now exceed them by considerably more than fifty per cent. Against 60,000 of the former race there are now no fewer than 100,000 of the latter; and, even allowing for a possible slackening of the stream of immigrants, it is impossible to doubt that in a few years they will have reduced the actual owners of the soil to an insignificant minority. At present, however, they are "settlers" in the Transvaal—and settlers only. They are treated entirely as aliens, enjoy no rights of citizenship, and have no voice in the election of the petty Parliament in which the government of the State is actually vested.

This, it must be admitted, is a most anomalous condition of things; and when the British population has doubled itself, as in all probability it will in a few years' time, the anomaly will become more glaring still. That there can be but one ultimate issue of it no man of ordinary foresight can doubt. A country in which 200,000 Englishmen are engaged in developing the latent resources of the soil, and are already masters of a large proportion of its realized wealth, but which is at the same time owned and ruled over by 60,000 men of another race, affords about as good an illustration of unstable equilibrium as could well be found elsewhere than on the more northerly routes of the American liners. The Boer inhabitants of the Transvaal are to the English settlers what the immersed and ever-melting base of the southward-drifted iceberg is to its towering crest. That the displacement of the centre of gravity is due, in the one case, to accretion from above instead of to diminution is an accidental difference which does not affect the essential exactitude of the analogy. The capsizing of the metaphorical as of the actual iceberg is merely a question of time. Nothing is doubtful save whether the catastrophe in the Transvaal will adhere strictly to the lines of Arctic precedent or whether the upsetting will be less sudden and less dangerously convulsive in the one case than in the other. That, of course, will depend in a great measure on the Boers themselves, and in a certain degree, no doubt, on the policy of the Home Government. Judging from past experience of this policy, we should say that the English settlers would not be disposed to any premature invocation of aid from Downing Street; but possibly for that very reason the Boers may be all the more anxious to embroil the Colonial Office in any quarrel that may hereafter arise. The chances are that they will have made considerably more progress during the last eight years in acquiring respect for English colonists than in unlearning their natural, and indeed inevitable, contempt for English Governments. They have some excuse for thinking that, though they might find it difficult to deal with some hundred or two thousand Englishmen, left to themselves, yet, if only they could manage to draw the Imperial Power with all its vast resources once more under control of, say, the illustrious author of the Transvaal Convention, all would be well with them. It is the earnest hope of that celebrity's countrymen, apart from any prepossessions on the subject of Home Rule, that he may never again have these resources at his command, but, whatever Government may be wielding them when the struggle for rule between Englishmen and Afrikander comes to a crisis in South Africa, it is as earnestly to be hoped that that Government will intermeddle diplomatically as little as possible, and will leave the future to the irresistible shaping of events.

A NEW VICE.

THE hobby of stamp collectors has hitherto been thought harmless and their passion a feeble but not dangerous absurdity. Darker things than this hide in the deeps of of the "philotelic" mania. Stamp collectors are a power, a vast secret society. The concierges of Abyssinian hotels, the gillies on Highland moors, the children of the so-called "ruling classes" are all gatherers of ancient postage stamps. The passion leads directly to anarchy, to ceaseless revolution, to an insatiate craving for perpetual political changes. At present, perhaps, stamp collectors only *desire* these things. Soon they will attempt to produce them. The *Philotelic Record*, their organ, one of their organs, may seem as harmless as the *Leisure Hour* or the *Gardener's Chronicle*. The two hundred old stamp shops may not appear hotbeds of sedition. Wait a little and stamp collecting will appear like the *Cui Bono* of an Anglo-Indian statesman, "in all "its native hideousness."

Perhaps the first lurid light on the Revolutionary aims of stamp collectors was cast by a recent remark made in private life. "The Prince of Monaco is dead," cried a young collector, "Hooray!" "Why Hooray?" was the natural answer to this unfeeling speech. "Why, don't "you see, there will be a new stamp, and the old ones will "be scarce." It seems that this heartless person was a large holder of Monaco stamps up to the five-franc stamp itself. Monaco has a *vert olive* stamp, a violet stamp, a

blue one, a stamp *brun sur jaune*, blue on rose, carmine, black on rose, but not *rouge et noir*. There is also a yellow stamp, and the five-franc one, *bleu sur gris bleu*. On all is the florid effigy of the late Prince, whose death has sent a thrill of ghoulish delight among stamp collectors.

He who desires the end may desire the means. From rejoicing in the death of a lamented prince to plotting his end is but a step. The feverish passion for *novæ res* in stamps will soon cause the step to be taken. Nor are princes and emperors alone menaced. Presidents must also go, except in America, happy America, where no revolutions can hope to get rid of the same old chubby presidents. Uneasy lies the head that's on a stamp, even at present; and, when once the Philotelic revolution is unchained, there will be a monthly sweeping away of unhappy rulers. The mere political form of a Constitution will not avail to protect it. Republics must go, with kings, that a new face or figure may appear on the stamp. These predictions cannot seem exaggerated to any one who knows philotelists. They will give pounds of honest money for half a square inch of paper with a view of Sydney on it, and hideous colonial caricatures of Her Britannic Majesty fetch as high a price. They talk of "serpentine perforations," of *Wmk* (a pass-word, like L.P.D. in *Joseph Balsamo*), they have their secrets from the world. Only one good thing can be said of them politically. They are not Separatists; they do not conspire in favour of the Heptarchy, nor of autonomous communes. Nay, concerning the stamps of such interesting societies they speak disdainfully, calling them, "Beastly little locals."

EASTERN WORRIES.

THE provinces which have been partially or wholly taken from the dominions of the Porte continue to prove to Europe how little it has gained for its own peace by weakening the authority of the Sultan. Armenia, which has been promised some kind of help against its sovereign, is striving for more. What exactly it was that Armenia was to receive has not proved in practice so intelligible as it seemed to be in treaties, but, at least, it is enough to encourage continual appeals to an external authority. In Crete the discovery that the suppression of rebellion cannot be made agreeable to the rebels has aroused that indignation among the friends who first egged them on and then hoped to profit by them which was to be expected. The reports of atrocities which came in such abundance from Athens need not be dismissed as unfounded. All that fair critical treatment will do with them is to attach a proper meaning to the word atrocity. It is convenient for the active persons at Athens who have done their best to boil the water in Crete very hot to represent that measures of great atrocity are being taken against their dupes. In their version of the story, the ordinary means by which a Government restores obedience in a disturbed district take, as a matter of course, the appearance of outrages. How Chakir Pasha was to restore quiet in Crete except by the ordinary method of disarming and imprisoning those who disturb it, or by shooting them when they refuse to deliver up their arms or to go to prison, might have been thought at one time a question which did not admit easily of an answer. The Athenian Committee is, however, doubtless well aware that there are many persons in Europe who hold the doctrine that the rebel is to have all the honour due to him who defies the tyrant's power, but is to be protected from the risks formerly attached to the defiance. To them the Committee will naturally appeal. But to secure the support of these friends is only a secondary aim. A much nearer object with them is the Ministry of Mr. Tricoupis.

It will suit the Greek Opposition very well to pose as the defenders of the Cretans, who, for purposes of business, are considered as of their race. That in the course of their manœuvres they may possibly entail some unpleasant consequences on Greece does not appear to be a consideration of any weight with them. As a party measure their course is not without merits. They have already forced Mr. Tricoupis to take steps for the assistance of some of the exiled Cretan leaders, which, if Greece were dealing with a Power better able to resist provocation than Turkey, might have brought some of those consequences upon it already. Happily, Greece is not in good odour at present with the Power which alone has any interest in furthering the disintegration of what remains of Turkey. The weakness of its Ministries and the intrigues of its Oppositions must continue to be mainly important to itself, and Turkey has no immediate reason to fear that whatever steps it may take to restore its authority in Crete will be made an excuse for further attacks. The extraordinary combination of political confusion and family quarrel which make Servia a centre of disorder at present is at least capable of being much more mischievous. It is a thousand pities that the young King cannot exercise that royal authority with which he is understood to believe himself endowed for the purpose of putting both his parents under lock and key. The measure, though it would have a certain flavour of barbarism, would unquestionably work for the peace of Servia. It is, unfortunately, only too probable that there is not authority enough in the country in any hands to apply this efficacious remedy to a dangerous scandal. Failing this, Servia must continue to be a little hotbed of intrigue between provoked husband and injured wife, with whom are allied in some not quite intelligible way the disavowable, but not yet disavowed, agents of Russia. Whether this condition of the interesting Servian nationality has yet got beyond the stage of mere possibility of danger to peace is a question which could only be answered by those—if there are any—who know the inner mind of the Russian Government. The doubt as to the existence of any such authority to read the riddle may be justified by another and very vehement doubt whether the very few who for this purpose constitute Russia can be supposed to have an inner mind made up on the course to be followed in the Balkan Peninsula. A policy of patient vigilance is very apt to mean a policy of puzzled waiting. That Russia will act if it has the chance is a matter of course. So much may be regarded as certain; but whether the chance will be afforded, and even what "Russia" will consider a chance, are matters covered with profound obscurity. The well-meant but unexecuted intention of Turkey to ask European recognition for Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria was an effort—or motion towards making an effort—to remove a possible temptation from Russia's path. Formally, it was justified; for, if diplomatic recognition is more than the purest ceremony, it should certainly be given to a Government which is, in fact, recognized by all Europe. But Bulgaria, which has shown a fine power of distinguishing between substance and shadow, can dispense with a ceremonial acknowledgment of its existence. Its strength and security rest on something very different from recognitions, and it can continue to do without that which it has dispensed with already.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LAST.

IT is something to have been able to teach Mr. Gladstone any lesson that his mental preoccupations indispose him to learn, and the Unionist party may therefore congratulate themselves on having at last awakened him to the fact that Ireland and Irishmen do not engross the entire and undivided interest of the people of the United Kingdom. For the first time for many months Mr. Gladstone has made a speech in which Irish politics only make their appearance as a subject among subjects, instead of supplying the text of the entire discourse. It is true, as we shall presently have to remark at greater detail, that his reference to Irish politics was evidently regarded by him as much the most important passage in his speech to the deputation from the Hyde Reform Club, and that in all likelihood it was the desire to make this reference which induced him to honour that not exactly world-renowned political association with an elaborate reply to their address. Still, it remains true that Mr. Gladstone has at last opened his eyes to the fact that the average English and Scotch elector, urban as well as rural, the elector of Peterborough or Dundee no less than the elector of North Bucks or Sleaford, does not really go to bed every night with a prayer for the speedy establishment of an Irish Parliament, and wake every morning with a groan at the returning consciousness that Mr. Balfour still rules at the Castle, and that the "greatest of living "Englishmen" has no official residence in Downing Street. It remains true that Mr. Gladstone has discerned among Mr. Chaplin's constituents a faint interest in such matters as allotments, Protection, and other like subjects of concern to an agricultural population, and that the bulk of his speech was addressed to the purpose of inspiring the Lincoln-

shire farmers and labourers with distrust of their representative as regards his dealings with these questions.

It cannot, indeed, be said that this recent descent of Mr. GLADSTONE upon English local politics was a very fortunate one. Probably his thoughts have now dwelt so long on Ireland, and his voice has become so attuned to his favourite key of declamation on the subject of Irish grievances, that he can no longer handle English agrarian questions with skill, or discuss them in the proper tone. Certainly it would appear so from the singular infelicity of his reference to the past history of the allotments question. He might have said anything he pleased about its present condition or its future prospects, but to recur to its past for the mere sake of making an ineffective point against Mr. CHAPLIN with respect to his speech on Mr. JESSE COLLINGS's now historic motion, was a tactical fatuity of the most glaring description. Suppose it were true that Mr. CHAPLIN's speech on that motion was as "hostile to the "labouring classes" as Mr. GLADSTONE represents it—though, if we remember rightly, its author has since pointed out that the construction placed upon it at the time was an erroneous one—the Sleaford electors have not forgotten either (1) that Mr. CHAPLIN is, after all, a member of a party and a Government which, though outbidden, defeated, and displaced by their opponents on this very question, have yet done for the labourer all that ever has been done for him by legislation in the matter; or (2) that Mr. GLADSTONE is the chief of a party and a Government who, riding into power on a promise to legislate for the labourer on this question, at once pitched it contemptuously into the first pigeon-hole, there to remain, so far as they were concerned, until the close of an indefinitely prolonged period of political turmoil brought about by their adoption of a revolutionary policy for Ireland. If Mr. GLADSTONE were not at once the most audacious, and in these days the most maladroit, of controversialists, the name of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS would have been avoided by him as religiously as were inauspicious words by a Roman general on the eve of giving battle.

As to his attack on Mr. CHAPLIN's Protectionist leanings, the principal importance of that was as a foil to his subsequent apology for Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY's agrarian Socialism. His critics in the daily press have already sufficiently exposed the ludicrous inconsistency of appealing to Unionist Free-Traders to reject a Unionist because his economical orthodoxy is suspect, and at the same time exhorting Separatists who are presumed to be neither knaves nor idiots to elect a Separatist in spite of his having declared in favour of an agrarian scheme which, by his advocate's own admission, spells fraud in one arrangement of its letters and folly in another. No more need be said here of this argumentative absurdity. Examples of the same kind have become too common in and too characteristic of Mr. GLADSTONE's later political oratory to make it worth while to dwell upon this particular one. We prefer to pass on to the one Irish matter on which Mr. GLADSTONE enlarged in his recent speech, and possibly *the* matter which impelled him to the delivery of that speech at all. We refer, it is scarcely necessary to say, to the subject of Irish University Education, and to Mr. GLADSTONE's comments upon the letters in which Mr. BALFOUR has recently explained his Parliamentary reference thereto. It is interesting to hear that Mr. GLADSTONE considers this explanation "the "shabbiest of the shabby proceedings of which this Go-"vernment has been guilty." That, we say, is interesting, as any criticism of this kind coming from the correspondent of Colonel DOPPING, the expositor of the Kilmainham negotiations, the scholiast on Lord ODO RUSSELL's conversation with Prince BISMARCK in 1870, and the hero of a host of similar verbal exploits, must always interest. But, except for the authority which his criticism on such a point must necessarily derive from his personal antecedents, we doubt whether it can be regarded as having much in it. Mr. BALFOUR's utterances on the now memorable occasion of the debate on the Appropriation Bill were undoubtedly of a somewhat obscure kind; but Mr. GLADSTONE's pretence of finding in his explanatory statement a withdrawal of a definite undertaking previously made will not bear a moment's examination. The very defect of Mr. BALFOUR's Parliamentary declaration was its indefiniteness. He began by repeating an opinion formerly expressed by him outside the House—namely, that "something ought to be done to "give a higher University education to the Roman Catholics "in Ireland"; and he went on to speak of devising some scheme by which the wants of Roman Catholics should be met. But he added in the same breath that "he did not "think it was proper for him on that occasion even to "suggest the main lines of what the scheme ought to be." There is assuredly nothing here at variance with Mr. BALFOUR's subsequent declaration that, "though he desires "to promote the higher education of the Roman Catholic "population of Ireland, the foundation and endowment of "a University for that purpose has never been in con-"templation." It may be fair criticism enough from the Gladstonian point of view to say that this explanation, taken with what it explains, leaves the whole matter more mysterious than ever; but to describe the later statement as an evasion or retractation of the earlier one is absurd. Mr. BALFOUR has simply corrected a false construction of the intentions of the Government in this matter, without giving any inkling of the true one. Their intentions were left obscure in his Parliamentary statement; they remain obscure now. That is all that can be said.

Mr. COURTNEY's description of the incident as a "false "start" in Ministerial policy must be regarded, therefore, as based upon a purely private assumption. It was, no doubt, natural to him to make it, as it afforded him a convenient excuse for appearing in that character of MENTOR which he always prefers to any other. His customary lecture, however, was accompanied in this instance by some not unprofitable remarks on the mode in which the alleged false start of the Government has been received by the Parnellites, and on the lesson which that reception conveys. He omitted, however, to point the further moral of the Gladstonian attitude towards the supposed Ministerial policy. He might have noted not only the fact that the assumed offer to endow a Roman Catholic University was accepted by Mr. PARNELL and the other Irish leaders, but also the fact that the Gladstonians made haste to declare that such a policy would be a perfectly legitimate one for a Home Rule Parliament to adopt, and that the repugnance of the English people to it was actually an additional reason for calling such a Parliament into existence for the purpose, among other things, of carrying it into effect. Such an argument, of course, is, abstractedly speaking, not by any means an untenable one. The only objection to it is that it is in direct and glaring opposition to the whole body of pleas, pledges, and assurances wherewith, when Mr. GLADSTONE's Separation Bill was still before Parliament, its author and his entire following endeavoured to recommend it to Parliamentary approval.

SELF-HEALING.

SO many impostors have devoted themselves with more or less success to the practice of what is called faith-healing, that the treatment—which consists in telling the patient first that you are going to cure him, and then that you have cured him—has come to be of rather tarnished repute. Accordingly, the times are ripe for Mr. AUGUSTUS J. HARVEY, who has devised a simpler and more thorough-going plan, and advocates it on printed slips. It may be described as Every Man his own Faith-Healer, and it is asserted by the inventor to be sovereign for all the ills which, not flesh only, but also "heart" and "mind" may have the misfortune to inherit.

The method is simplicity itself. The patient must "daily "(at least) go into a quiet room [but *qu.* whether a quiet "spot out of doors would not do equally well] for a short "time, and turn all his thoughts, feelings, and sole attention to within, without, and about every part of his "body, heart and mind, and ascertain if each and all feel "healthy, strong, and peaceful." Anybody can do that, and that is nearly half the battle. For "the self-healer "while doing this really (as he will soon find out, but "does not know why), adding or giving strength or force "to each of them." There appears to be something wrong about this sentence, but the residue of the treatment is explained quite clearly. "He must gently and gradually "force the daily strength got out of the daily food equally "throughout every part of the body, heart, and mind in "order to bring each of them up to a daily standard of "bodily strength and health of sensations, kindliness of "disposition, and cheerful, hopeful feeling and thought. "Painful and poisonous feelings, emotions, thoughts, ideas, "and even sensations must be daily expelled and healthier "and happier ones introduced and substituted. The portals "of the ears, eyes, and mouth must be guarded and "strengthened to prevent all future entrance, thus at

"length the Self-healer either restores or preserves his "peace of body, heart, and mind." It would seem hardly desirable to take this quite literally. To prevent all future entrance by the portal of the mouth appears inconsistent with the supply of daily food which Mr. HARVEY obviously contemplates. Still to sit for a short time daily gently forcing strength into every part of oneself is a prescription so simple that the wonder is that no one has ever thought of it before. Mr. HARVEY does not say what is the best period which should be devoted daily to this exhilarating pursuit. "Invalids, all those weakly and the aged (who "would prolong life by adding strength) should be self-"healing off and on all day long; all those who have "nothing better to do, adding to their strength and "beguiling time."

The explanation of how this process acts is almost as simple as the directions for working it. "The daily strength "of force derived from the daily food . . . . after strengthen-"ing and working all the various organs of the body "ultimately ascends into the brain (which is an inex-"haustible storehouse of strength) appearing as conscious-"ness or mind. The mind contains thoughts. Thoughts "represent so much daily strength or force got from our "daily food." The uninstructed would infer that the way to attain bodily forcibleness was not to think. But not at all. Let the patient think steadily of his inside, and then "the feel-"ings and thoughts become changed, and the chemistry of the "body converts them into heat and muscular energy, both of "which denote strength or force. When, however, the "feelings and thoughts are directed to outside things and "objects totally independent of the body, heart, and mind, "the force or strength which produced them is used up, "lost, and gone for ever." It has been supposed hitherto that a man who allows his thoughts to be continually dwelling on his own infirmities is likely to make them worse rather than better. It now appears that the contrary is the case. That other HARVEY who discovered the circulation of the blood hardly made a more momentous discovery. The inventor asserts that he has "made many cures," including cases of "Rheumatism, Asthma, Incipient Paralysis, "&c." As it seems to be an essential part of the treatment that nobody adopting it can have any patient except himself, we are driven to the conclusion that Mr. HARVEY has suffered more or less from the distressing complaints enumerated, and from others. Who, then, could be much better adapted to testify to the merits of self-healing? Its universal adoption would, no doubt, be a great blow to the members of a learned profession, but they would at least have the melancholy satisfaction of never being ill themselves. The one point left entirely in the dark is whether it avails much in surgical cases. Could a man cut off his leg by sitting quiet and infusing force or strength into the unwounded parts of it? The moral aspects of the matter are too tremendous for brief notice. How long would it take General BOULANGER to self-heal his mental annoyance at the recent elections? But perhaps he is a self-healer already, and that accounts for his alleged good spirits. Mr. HARVEY incidentally observes, or his printer observes for him, "GOD help those who help themselves." For our own part, we should rather say, GOD help those who heal themselves.

"QUELCH AND LIBERTY."

THE jury at the Surrey Sessions have not risen quite to the level attained by their political ancestors who acquitted the Seven Bishops. They have only risen to the height of declining to convict, and having to be discharged without a verdict. HENRY QUELCH, therefore, and FRANCIS SOUTTER and their companion vindicators of popular rights have been bound over to appear on bail-day at the next Sessions instead of being dismissed from the Newington Court-house in the proud consciousness of freedom and of triumph; while as for the jury, they have not received, and, of course, could not expect under the circumstances, the same enthusiastic greeting which was given to the men who protected Archbishop SANCROFT and his right reverend brethren from the persecution of arbitrary power. "God bless you! God prosper your "families! You have done like honest good-natured gentle-"men!" Popular exclamations of this kind are not likely to have reached the ears of jurors who simply could not make up their mind whether ratepayers illegally, or alleged to be illegally, excluded from a vestry-hall are or are not entitled to make a forcible entry. The defendants meanwhile, though they have missed the full honours which would have awaited them on an acquittal, have, it is said, "re-"ceived an ovation" from the crowd outside the court; and this seems to us to have been particularly appropriate. An ovation, says a well-known manual of classical antiquities, "was granted when the advantage gained, although "considerable, was not sufficient to constitute a legitimate "claim to the higher distinction of a triumph, or when the "victory had been achieved with little bloodshed, or when "hostilities had not been completely terminated, or when "the contest had been carried on against base and unworthy "foes." It will here be seen how true was the popular instinct in according Mr. QUELCH and his comrades only the minor honour of an ovation. Not on one or two only, but, it will be observed, on every one of the grounds above set forth, an ovation was manifestly the proper thing. The advantage gained by breaking into the Bermondsey Vestry Hall, "although considerable," was not of the highest possible amount, and the victory was "achieved with little "bloodshed"—no more, probably, than was due to a few scratches from the broken glass and the injuries to "SKINNER'S hand, through his own fault in pulling away "the broom-handle, which was not being used as a weapon, "but only as a lever to remove the barricade." Hostilities, again, were certainly "not regularly proclaimed," nor has "the war been completely terminated"; for "QUELCH and "others" are under "recognizances to appear at the next "Sessions"; while, as to the contest having been carried on against "base and unworthy foes," that is merely another way of saying that the Champions of the People were opposed by the Vicar of a State-supported Church and his myrmidons the churchwardens.

Still, though Mr. QUELCH—whom we take to be no other than the tyrant-quelcher who distinguished himself in that office at or about the time when Authority raised a feeble protest against the looting of West-End shops by patriotic East-Enders—has not scored as highly as he might have done, by his bold attack on the Bermondsey Vestry Hall he *has* scored, and so emphatically has Mr. SOUTTER and, in a less degree, Mr. GLANVILLE and Mr. CLARKE. For Mr. SOUTTER "spoke for over two hours, during "which time he passed in review his early life," and Mr. QUELCH "followed at some length, declaring that the prose-"cution were not seeking to vindicate the law, but to "crush political opponents," and that "nothing could "recoup them [the defendants] as working men for the "anxiety, worry, and monetary loss which they had sus-"tained." Add to this that Sir PETER EDLIN gave them the benefit of a summing-up of over an hour in length, and that the learned Dr. PANKHURST defended them with a spirit worthy of an ERSKINE, and in language which a severe criticism might have objected to as of somewhat excessive pomposity if it had been used by counsel for the defence in the ship-money case. And seeing that the law appears to have been less perfectly clear in the matter, and that a conviction by a less "patriotic" jury would have been unavoidable, we cannot but think that "QUELCH and others" have had luck all round.

NORTH UIST.

THE learned Dr. MacCulloch, in his letters to Sir Walter Scott on the Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland (1824), discourses at some length on the vain attempts of etymologists and antiquaries to derive the names of those islands and of the mountains, headlands, bays, and lochs therein. He says, probably with truth, that they are a mixture of Scandinavian and Gaelic. That Gaelic inflexions and corruptions have transformed Scandinavian names, and that the Gaelic names themselves, transmitted orally, have undergone considerable alteration, seems probable. It is worthy of remark that Scott, in the *Lord of the Isles*, calls Loch Coruisk in Skye "Corriskin," and says in a note that the name is derived from the word "Corrie"; and he also calls the sea-loch or bay, the shore of which is close to Loch Coruisk, Loch "Slavig." It is invariably spelt now "Scavaig." Such variations in spelling are sufficient to indicate the great uncertainty (to say the least of it) which prevails as to the true rendering of the names of places in these districts. Dr. MacCulloch says that the name "Harris" has proved hopeless; but that "Uist" simply means "West." The only objection we can see to such an explanation is that it is so extremely obvious. North

Uist is a very remarkable island. It is said that at least one-third of it consists of lochs, and that statement is confirmed by a reference to the Ordnance map, and still more by an ascent of one of the few hills on the island, from which a pretty extensive view can be obtained. The eastern part of North Uist is, indeed, a labyrinth of lochs. Arms of the sea project into the island from all sides, and it is almost impossible to follow their tortuous courses. Then come the fresh-water lochs, which are innumerable, and many of them exceedingly intricate in their windings. In most instances observation leads to the discovery of a system or chain of lochs beginning in the interior and ending at the sea. Although there is little uniformity in the course of such chains, a short description of one may give some idea of the others. Some distance inland there is a very large and very tortuous fresh-water loch, with more than three hundred islands in it—out of this flows a very small stream, hardly worthy to be called a burn—in dry weather a mere trickle—into loch No. 2. This loch is joined to No. 3 by a similar small stream, not many yards in length. No. 3 flows into No. 4. Into No. 4 the sea comes occasionally at high tides, but it is a fresh-water loch. No. 5 is next to the sea, and is invaded by the salt water twice a day. Next comes a sea-loch or arm of the sea proper. The inland lochs are inhabited by large quantities of what in Scotland are called brown trout, and on some, where there are boats, fine baskets can be taken with the fly. Sea-trout in great numbers, and a good many salmon, run into the lochs communicating with the sea, and, passing up the chain of lochs, find their way to spawning-beds in the upper lochs or burns. It is said that salmon enter the large loch No. 1, which has been mentioned, and, being unable to find their way back, remain there as fresh-water fish. This statement is not very easy of verification, for No. 1 is not fished now, lest the deer which frequent the islands in it should be disturbed, but it seems far from improbable, looking at the extreme intricacy of the coast-line of the loch and the smallness of the outlet. It would be very interesting to ascertain whether salmon which have been to the sea could live and breed in fresh water. The young salmon and sea-trout, however, must find their way to the sea, and, if they do so, it is hard to understand why their parents should not. The red-deer seem partial to islands—on one loch on which there is a boat a herd of nine or ten is sometimes to be seen on a good-sized island. If rowing up-wind the fishermen may get very near them, and it is a fine sight to see them jump up, look at you for one instant, and then plunge into the loch and swim to the shore.

Her Majesty's mail steamer calls every day at Lochmaddy, coming on alternate days from Portree and Dunvegan. Lochmaddy is the principal place in North Uist—we call it "place" because it is neither a town nor a village. There is an inn (a good one), a bank, a post-office, one or two dwelling-houses, a good many crofters' hovels, a poor-house and a gaol; but these buildings are scattered over a wide area and do not give one the idea of belonging to one community. The gaol, as far as we could learn, was almost always uninhabited, and it was said that those who had the administration of the criminal law solaced themselves for want of work by much fishing and shooting.

A great market is held twice a year at Lochmaddy, and it was a surprise to a party of fishermen staying at the hotel to see in such a sparsely-inhabited country an almost continuous procession of people, cattle, and horses thronging the principal road which intersects the island. A few small booths or tents of a primitive kind made with turf in a wooden frame-work were erected for refreshments, but the people bivouacked with their cattle on the open moor and there the buying and selling took place. Every mare in North Uist seems to have a foal, and that foal is inseparable from her, so that for miles along the road there were foals following or accompanying carts and horses, and galloping wildly about, and getting into the way of everything. Few people walked; the old people sat in chairs in their carts, with their backs to the horse; only one woman was seen riding, and that was a girl behind her father. The men rode; the form of saddle being a piece of sacking, kept in its place by being fastened with a rope round the horse's neck; the stirrups being simply loops of rope, but in one instance the loops were distended by two pieces of wood let in at the bottom.

The strangers on the island were much struck by the gravity, nay, sadness, of the people of North Uist. There was no merriment. Neither men nor women laughed, or even smiled. The very children are grave. They do not play, or run about and shout. Truth to tell, it would be wonderful if the people were merry, for they lead hard lives. They are, for the most part, crofters, cultivating their patch of oats or potatoes, and living in rough, low, thatched hovels which look miserable dwellings for human beings. Very little light can reach the inside of them; and no window, as far as our observation went, was made to open. Light and air are provided by the front door, which is always open by day; but what must the condition of such places be at night? Some of the crofters, of course, are better off than others; and some rise to the condition of small farmers. We saw some good-sized fields of barley at the western side of the island, and they were being reaped (*i.e.* with the sickle) by women. The agricultural population is said to be more prosperous in North Uist than elsewhere in the neighbourhood, and we heard no rumours of discontent. The whole island belongs to one proprietor.

The men of the island were not remarkable in any way. They were not tall, or well set up, or handsome; but, on the other hand, were not particularly small, and appeared to be physically strong enough for what they had to do. There was a singular absence of good looks and good figures among the women, which may be accounted for if they have to do such hard work as reaping, while they are probably underfed. The flatness of a great part of North Uist, which is simply the most desolate moorland, and the entire absence of trees, must detract from the cheerfulness of life. Living on the verge of a melancholy bog must affect the character and spirits as much as, or more than, living on the shore of a melancholy ocean; and the inhabitants of North Uist are certainly less cheerful than those of Kerry, who appear to live in very much the same way.

Geologically, there is nothing very remarkable in the island. The rock which forms its foundation is gneiss; but there are some basaltic rocks at the entrance of the harbour of Lochmaddy which probably belong to the same great lava irruption which covered the northern part of Skye. There is evidence in all parts of the island of glacier action. The peat-beds are of great thickness, of excellent quality, and practically inexhaustible.

Dr. Macculloch mentions a considerable kelp trade at Lochmaddy in 1824; but that has disappeared. Seaweed is now reduced in large quantities by heating in retorts at some works at Loch Eport, nearer the western side of the island, and the product is sent to Glasgow to be manufactured into iodine. The seaweed used is not that which grows in prodigious quantities on the rocks, but principally the deep-sea tangle (*Laminaria digitata*) which is thrown up on the western side of the island by the Atlantic. A very large stock, computed at many hundreds of tons, was to be seen stacked near the works; by the new process of heating in retorts the iodine is retained, and a steamer comes at every spring-tide to carry away the product.

Seals abound in North Uist, and a good many are shot for the sake of their oil, which is given to cattle, and is said to fatten them and make them sleek. It acts on them, in fact, in much the same way as cod-liver oil does on human beings. The fur of the seal is not good; but the skin is occasionally made into waistcoats. Wild-geese are common, and devastate the tiny crops of the crofters sadly. All the sea birds of the British islands are probably represented. Grouse are not very numerous, but some fair bags are made by those who shoot. The woodcock shooting is said to be excellent, the birds having no other cover, lying in certain places where there are stones and long heather; blue-rock pigeons also abound in one part of the island. There are plenty of sea fish, such as lythe (pollack) and staithe, but few herrings. There is also a considerable lobster fishery; one giant lobster was caught last year weighing 9 lbs., and we have heard of one of 11 lbs. this year—quite an uncomfortable neighbour for a bather. The average lobster weighs about 1 lb., so that an 11-pounder must be a monster indeed. The lobsters go principally to the London market; but the men who undergo the labour and exposure of catching them get poorly paid. To them each lobster only brings in from about 6*d.* to 8*d.*

To the stranger the principal attraction of North Uist is the fishing. Special leave is required for a great many of the lochs, and vast numbers of them are never fished at all, and no one knows what is in them. But people staying at the hotel at Lochmaddy can get very fair trout-fishing, and good sea-trout fishing if the season is favourable. Great runs of sea-trout take place when heavy rain and a spring tide occur at the same time; and, if the fisherman can meet with the fish before they have distributed themselves in the larger lochs, he may bring home a heavy creel, including, possibly, a salmon.

A CLERICAL BROTHERHOOD.

ON Tuesday next, at the meeting of the Church Congress at Cardiff, Canon Medd will read a paper which will open the subject of a recommendation contained in the Report to Convocation, presented by the Bishop of Rochester's Committee, on the best means of supplying the spiritual destitution existing in our great towns. No one will be disposed to quarrel with the general tenour of the Report. Magnificent as the machinery of the Church of England is, and self-devoted as are the lives of the large majority of its ministers, vast numbers of the people of our towns live and die without having had any religious influence brought to bear upon them, at least since their childhood. While missionaries are easily found for any foreign land, the evangelization of our own people is really only partially accomplished, and year by year the need becomes more pressing for increased effort at home. All men look to the Church of England, as the Church of the nation, to find a remedy; and its members, of every order, are not unwilling to accept the responsibility laid upon them. What, however, is to be the remedy? The efforts made to amend the religious or social condition of the East End of London by forming Halls, in which a number of young men of the upper class live together and carry on work of one kind or another among their poorer neighbours, seem to have suggested one of the chief proposals of the Bishop's Committee. They recommend the formation of a Brotherhood, at once clerical and extra-parochial, the members of which are to live together in different Halls, be

at the disposal of their Warden, and carry on work in any parish to which he, acting on the request of the incumbent, may choose to send them. The Brethren, it is proposed, are to bind themselves for certain periods, or until they are released by authority, by vows analogous to those taken by the religious of the middle ages —by vows, that is, of poverty, celibacy, and obedience. This scheme has aroused the indignation of several members of the Evangelical party and others, and their opinions have been collected by the editor of *Church and People*, the organ of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and have already appeared, in part at least, in many of the daily papers.

While we consider, for reasons which we shall give later on, that the institution of the proposed Brotherhood would be a most unwise step, some of the answers sent to *Church and People* strike us as rather foolish. They seem mainly inspired by a horror of any custom prevalent in the Church before the Blessed Reformation. If, however, an observance or custom can be shown to be fitted for the wants of the present day, we for our part should like it all the better for its bearing the stamp of antiquity and forming a fresh tie between the present and past of our Church. Lord Grimthorpe, as positive and violent as ever, foams at the idea which he has conjured up of a restoration of "clerical superiority and all Popery except the Pope." We are not aware that any cleric was ever supreme in England except the Pope, and his supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs was by no means complete or undisputed; and what Popery without the Pope may be we must leave to Lord Grimthorpe to define. To him alone of the objectors is it given to see that the scheme has such terrible and far-reaching consequences. There is, however, a feeling among them that the Committee propose virtually to re-establish mediæval monasticism. To this we must demur. Although our earliest missionaries were monks, the general character of mediæval monasticism was claustral; its primary aim was to do good to the soul of the monk. The life of the new Brethren would be spent mainly outside the walls of their houses; and the primary aim of the Brotherhood would be to do good to the souls—and we hope the bodies also—of others. If its opponents had likened the Committee's scheme to the foundation of the mendicant Orders, they would have been nearer the truth; and the Friars for a time at least regenerated society. The Dean of Ripon seems to have had some confused idea of this. He speaks, if the extract from his letter before us is printed correctly, of the decline of the "Cistercian Friars"—a body which he has been the first to discover. They, it seems, went about doing good in Norfolk and elsewhere, which is impossible in the case of Cistercians. Was he thinking of Franciscans? He says that his Friars became degenerate when they formed societies under vows of poverty, celibacy, and obedience. But all Franciscans were from the first bound by these vows, and societies of Franciscans were formed here the very year after the Order was introduced into England. He further urges that Our Lord did not command that His ministers should live and work together. To which we may add that neither did He command that any of them should become deans; yet, nevertheless, it has been wisely ordained that there should be a Dean of Ripon. And as regards his contention that the work of evangelization cannot be carried on by men who are bound by vows, we may remark that he must be strangely ignorant of the history of the great Saint of his own church, Bishop Wilfrid. But, to return to the character of the proposed Brotherhood, the really important difference between it and a monastic Order would be that the vows of its members would be revocable. The perpetual obligation of vows was the strength and essence of monasticism. It insured peace, and generally contentment; for men do not pass their lives in fretting against the irrevocable. Matters would be wholly different in an Order in which vows could, even with some difficulty, be cast aside. The Brotherhood of the Committee's scheme would not be monastic, though we grant that it would present a superficial and somewhat ridiculous resemblance to a monastic Order.

In spite of what we have said as to some of the remarks of those who object to the scheme, we agree with a great deal that has been urged against it. It is open to objection on the score both of the proposed vows and of the relations which it will bring about between the Brethren and the incumbents of parishes. Vows of the kind proposed were for ages regarded as the means of entrance into a higher life than that led by secular persons. It is different now; and we can scarcely suppose that the Committee believe that a man who renounces the obligations of wealth, who refuses to marry, and puts himself under the orders of another, lives a higher life than the husband and father who discharges his duties to society, and recognizes no obligations save those of his own conscience. The vows which they would revive, instead of awakening reverence and exercising a wholesome influence on society, will only excite laughter. They will be held to be a mere attempt at archaism, a feeble imitation of the real thing, which they certainly do not wish to see re-established. No power can enforce their observance; they can have no legal obligation, and as they are to be revocable, no moral force either. How is a revocable vow of poverty to be worked? If a man gives up his income and retains his capital he has not renounced private property. If he surrenders his capital, how is he to get it back again when he wishes to revoke his vow? If any one wishes to give all his goods to feed the poor, or to endow a Brotherhood, he can do so without making a vow about it. Wherein lies the virtue of a vow of obedience? As long as a man remains a member of a society he must, of course, obey its rules. But a vow of obedience means a great deal more than this. What it does mean may, as Dr. Maitland pointed out in his *Dark Ages*, easily be learnt from the "Rule of St. Benedict," cap. iv. Such a vow is wholly different from a legal obligation to obey an official superior. That has well-marked limits, which are absent in the case of a vow to obey a private person. Surely a man is not to be honoured for submitting himself to the will of another who has no legal claim to his obedience. Lastly, what on earth is the good of a revocable vow of celibacy—a vow not to marry until you choose to do so? Are these vows to be imposed simply to insure the usefulness of a brother while he remains a member of the Order? Vows which are condemned by the world as foolish are scarcely likely to win respect for the men who take them, and it is at least exceedingly doubtful whether a celibate clergyman is as well fitted to work amongst the poor as one with a wife and family. The other objection to the scheme which we share with some of the writers to the editor of *Church and People* is that it will lead to a conflict of authority in parishes, and will add to the burden already borne by the parson. Let us suppose the case of a rector of a town-parish who is anxious for help. The Brotherhood will, in most cases, be a Bishop's pet, a part of the diocesan organization over which he will exercise a good deal of immediate control. The rector will therefore be pressed in various ways to apply to the Warden of a neighbouring House. He does so possibly with some misgivings, knowing that young curates are, as Lord Grimthorpe says, not always easy to manage, and suspecting that a young Brother, fresh from a place specially calculated to foster clerical priggishness, and with the feeling of superiority which his vows give him over a rector with a nursery and a scanty income from tithes, will not be a more amenable assistant than the average curate. The Brother naturally works on the lines laid down in his House, and the rector who dislikes them finds that his remonstrances are disregarded. He appeals to the Warden, who naturally upholds his subordinate, and at last, after much worry, the rector is forced to exert his legal right to put a stop to the ministrations of a clergyman who may have secured a party in his parish, and to declare war against an institution which is a favourite with his Bishop and the Diocesan Societies' Board. Archdeacon Blakeney and the Vicar of Kensington give prominence to the disastrous effect which would be produced by a conflict of authority in parochial matters. The right remedy for the present need is, as the Vicar of Kensington says, to augment the number of curates, and, we may add, of vicars also. The parochial system is capable of indefinite expansion as regards the sub-division of cures and the number of clergy, and the more it is expanded the stronger it will be for good; it will only be weakened by setting up a new Order with an undefined position, and with superiors other than the incumbents of the parishes in which its members work. As the population grows, so also should the number of cures and of parochial clergy. It is mainly a matter of money, and Churchmen are not wont to be backward in supplying means for the promotion of the spiritual good of the nation. We see no reason for weakening a system approved by long experience and a noble record in order to obtain the services of an unpaid body of clergymen. If a clergyman is willing and able to work without stipend, let him put himself, as it is well known some do, at the disposal of an overworked rector, and become his unpaid curate. If he is unwilling to work as a curate, and demands a position more or less independent of the incumbent, he is likely to cause the rector more trouble than his services are worth.

LLASSA AND ITS SCAPEGOAT.

IT seemed at one time extremely probable that the British force encamped in the Jalepla Pass would be constrained to march on Llassa before the Thibetans learned the impropriety of encroaching on Sikkim territory. Happily the sharp lesson administered by General Graham to the trespassers relieved the men under his orders from the interesting but troublesome task of penetrating to the capital of Thibet. Llassa therefore remains unvisited by Englishmen, except by the eccentric Manning, whose proposed travels filled his affectionate correspondent, Charles Lamb, with horror at the idea of a "Tartar fellow eating my friend, and adding the cool malignity of mustard and vinegar." For Bogle, Warren Hastings's agent, did not penetrate beyond Teshu Lumbo. Nor does there seem much immediate prospect of English or European travellers finding their way to the mysterious city of monks, unless the Russian expedition under Prejevalsky's successor should fulfil its boasts. The only chance of supplementing the meagre information about the place and its inhabitants collected by the French missionaries or their Italian predecessors lies in the enterprise of those native explorers whom the Government of India sends forth from time to time into regions inaccessible to the European. These adventurous emissaries, whose identity is carefully disguised under false initials in their reports, have already gleaned much knowledge about trans-frontier countries, and have even been among the Llassa people taking notes without detection. An itinerary of one of these wanderers who made that distant

metropolis his goal has just been published in the Indian survey records and contains much interesting information. "U. G.," by which collocation of initials our explorer must be known, set out from Darjeeling, and beyond shaking cane-bridges, a difficulty of breathing caused by the rarefied air in the lofty passes he crossed, and exorbitant charges for the use of ponies, he had not much to complain of until he found himself well in Thibet. The first distinctive mark of the country of monks and priests was a nunnery. But there was no romance about this cloister. The care of large flocks of sheep and goats formed the occupation of these sisters, and our traveller complains that they were "very dirty" and their faces were "very black." However, they appear to have been civil to the explorer and his wife; for, in order better to keep up the disguise of being a pilgrim, "U. G." took the devoted partner of his bosom with him. A succession of hot springs, temples, and caves with grotesque local legends, brought him to a great monastery at Shalu, where the famous magical arts of the Thibetan initiated are taught. But the magic did not make much impression on so experienced a traveller, who had the criticism of the Bengal Educational Department at command; and, indeed, it appears from his account to be singularly childish. One test of initiation is to sit on a heap of barley without displacing a seed; but then you have to exist in an underground cave for eleven years previously. A little further on a high-priest of the degraded cult, which finds such curious votaries in Europe, induced him to promise the repetition of certain forms of prayer to a local deity 3,000 times a day. But as "U. G." found this wearisome, the high-priest let him off for a douceur with 1,000 prayers and "as many more as he could manage." Three thousand priests were collected at this spot.

From this district the adventurous couple descended to the lakes and the great plateaux of Thibet, where they found plenty of cultivation. A misunderstanding with the local officials got them into trouble, and revealed their true character as explorers, but the officials proved to be good-natured, and winked at their journey for an inconsiderable bribe. More rough country intervened before the neighbourhood of Llassa was reached, the environs of which appear to be very deserted and unsafe. But at last "U. G." and his wife succeeded in stealing into the city at night, and he took up his lodgings with a Chinese sergeant, as this would excuse his baggage from inspection. He continued in Llassa for some days, and contrived to take certain measurements of its size. The fear of detection, however, made his residence somewhat anxious and uncomfortable, and in particular he was alarmed at a growing intimacy between his wife and the wife of his host, and feared for the revelations which might slip out in the confidential chats between the ladies. On the question of female discretion "U. G." evidently shared the opinions of Shakspeare's Hotspur. It cannot be said that he brought back a very full or clear account of the constitution of the Llassa government. But that is perhaps excusable. The relations of the secular to the ecclesiastical power, and of both to the Chinese residents, are difficult to grasp, because they are constantly fluctuating within certain limits. On the whole, however, the chief power resides with the monks, who generally manage the election of the Dalai Lama, through some "pious person" who commands public confidence, and is perhaps also in their interest. But the Lama's power is also controlled from time to time by a prophet or oracle. One wielder of oracular power was in great repute during "U. G.'s" stay, and had interfered to prevent the Lama being selected by lot in the usual manner. The heaven-born child was "designated" by a pious monk who saw his image in a lake.

This oracular personage, indeed, has to be consulted on all State affairs, and one of his functions is, like Zadkiel, to prophesy the events of the coming twelvemonth at the new year. He is held to be very sacred, and even high officials have been fined for looking on him. But for a certain period in the year his authority is in abeyance, and at that time a sort of carnival seems to be held in Llassa, and huge processions of monks are organized. During this time the annual scapegoat is driven into the wilderness. The man who is selected for this invidious part (it does not appear by what method) is allowed a week's license in the market-place previous to his expulsion. With face painted half-white and half-black, and with the wildest antics, he helps himself from the stalls at nominal prices, and shakes a black yak's tail over the heads of people who thereby transfer their ill-luck to him. Before his time is up he also solemnly plays dice with one of the minor Lamas, the understanding being that the Lama shall take his place if luck goes against him. But as the Lama's dice have six marked on every face, while the Scapegoat throws with the ordinary cubes, it is, to use a vulgar expression, a case of "heads I win; tails you lose." Finally, the "bearer of one year's ill-luck," as the Thibetans call him, is hunted out into the wilderness for six months, with every man's hand against him, and his hand against every man. If he survives, he is allowed to re-enter society as one of its ordinary members at the expiration of his term. As this account of the Llassa Scapegoat tallies with a previous account brought back by an Indian explorer from Thibet there is no reason to doubt its accuracy, or to refuse to credit Llassa with preserving this ancient religious institution in its most primitive form. "U. G." also brought back some interesting notes about Thibetan burial-customs, which in some instances resemble the exposure of the dead to the vultures by the Parsis. But he and his wife were quite ready to leave the capital, and they got back to Indian territory by the shortest route without serious mishap, passing on their way several gigantic images of Buddha, and a good many prayer-wheels performing vicarious devotions for mankind.

THE APPLE AND PEAR CONFERENCE.

THERE is no room for debate upon the culture of apples and pears in this realm henceforward. The Royal Horticultural Society summoned a council of the learned last October and laid down rules, by consensus of experts, which can scarcely be challenged. They are published in a bulky little volume. Elsewhere, some writer whose qualifications are not always apparent to the uninitiated—nor to the initiated either, perhaps—lays down a law, quotes what he will in support of it, and refutes opponents whom he himself selects. But in this admirable compilation all who bear a part are recognized authorities, and the critics speak for themselves. Upon such questions as the tenure of land under fruit, and the means of overcoming the "great railway difficulty," the soundest and most successful of horticulturists has no special quality to pronounce; but, though we be not convinced by his arguments, it is well at least to know how the important class he represents regard these matters. Upon the choice and preparation of land for orchards, through all the processes of planting, culture, harvest, and storage, the gentlemen who contribute to the work speak *ex cathedrâ*. The project of a conference arose naturally from the Apple Congress of 1883 and the Pear Congress of 1885. Each of these assemblies wrought so much public good, within the limits appointed, that all who take interest in fruit-growing demanded an extension of the idea. It was the purpose of those former meetings to secure a representation of every variety of apple or pear grown in England, to fix, once for all, the name by which it should be recognized, to ascertain which are most favoured in different parts of the country, and to denounce, with all the weight of the Royal Horticultural Society, such varieties as are not worth cultivation at the present day. There are signs enough that these objects have been gained, practically, though years must elapse before amateurs and farmers and small nurserymen can be induced to abandon the old ways. But the great fruit shows since 1883 display a striking regard for the Society's lessons. The desperate confusion of names is almost at an end. The kinds pronounced suitable for a district already begin to take the lead there; and the large nurserymen have thrown aside those varieties which are condemned. It may be noted that a general verdict, collected over all England, places Warner's King at the head of the list of apples, Blenheim Orange next, and King of the Pippins third. We do not find such a useful hint in connexion with pears. The Conference met at Chiswick on October 16, 1888, and separated on the 20th. Sir Trevor Lawrence, President of the Royal Horticultural Society, opened the proceedings with a speech, mildly cautioning an impulsive public against the observations upon fruit culture "that have been made by gentlemen occupying positions in the political world, very often somewhat at a loss for a subject." It is not to be supposed that the raising of hardy fruit will dispel those troubles that afflict the agricultural interest. In the succeeding days fourteen experts dealt with one point or another bearing upon the cultivation of apples and pears; and the audience, experts also, commented upon their views.

In order to begin at the beginning we may take the penultimate paper first. Before one can plant and manure and prune and gather and distribute, it is obviously needful to secure the ground, and very grave questions arise at once upon this matter. In fact, Mr. W. F. Béar does not hesitate to say that landlords, land laws, railway rates, and middlemen, "in my opinion, have pretty much all to do with" success in fruit-raising. The land laws are directly opposed to planting, so far as they go. Men whose estates are settled will not sink capital in an enterprise the benefit of which they may probably not live to enjoy if they have younger children to provide for; and Mr. Béar assumes that such landowners form a large majority of their class. As for tenants, without the consent of the landlord in writing, the law fails to allow them any compensation whatsoever for capital sunk in the planting of fruit; "and I doubt whether that consent can be obtained by one out of a hundred tenants." Even a long lease is "a delusion" as security, unless it contain compensation clauses or embody a right of assignment; for the man may be obliged to remove, or he may die and his executors may be unwilling to carry on the business. Mr. Béar personally advocates a free sale of improvements, with a right of pre-emption to the landlord. He readily admits that the latter has certain just claims which should be protected in making the terms of a free sale, and "elsewhere on many occasions" he has shown how that can be done. He admits, also, that free sale is an unpopular suggestion in this country. An easier and simpler process would be to strike out the stipulation in the Agricultural Holdings Act which requires the landlord's consent before a tenant is entitled to compensation for planting fruit-trees. A simple "reform," indeed! which might impose a fine of 1,000*l.* or 5,000*l.* on the luckless gentleman for his tenant's speculations. Mr. Béar anticipates that, if it were carried, the land-owning class would instantly and vehemently demand free sale, and thus his object would be reached by another path. The

audience did not offer any useful comment upon these remarks, but we gather that the point at issue excites much warm feeling, as well it may. Mr. W. Paul quoted an astonishing incident at Knockholt, in Kent. A farmer there, who was not allowed to renew his tenancy nor could obtain compensation, has rooted up by a steam-plough thirty acres of raspberry bushes in the most perfect condition, which returned upwards of 1,690*l.* this present year. Mr. Paul argued, with force, that our system of charges on land under a fruit crop is grossly unjust to the planter. He can get no return for four years at least, and when the return comes, his charges are raised. In equity, he should pay nothing during those years when he receives nothing. His outlay is great. From various returns it would seem that the average cost of preparing soil, buying trees, planting, staking, four years' cultivation before the crop begins to pay, rent, rates, &c., will not be less than 30*l.* per acre. The return may be large truly, where all surroundings are favourable. Mr. Paul expects more than fifty per cent. on his orchard. But it is cruel to quote such figures.

Upon the actual processes for establishing an orchard, we cannot enter here. The soundest rules and the latest applications are detailed at length by the most competent authorities. The first words of the first paper contain a hint of the useful service to be expected from this volume. Beginners, says Mr. George Bunyard, from his experience, are apt to distrust the nurseryman. They think he will recommend such varieties as he may wish to dispose of, and, with ingenuous shrewdness, they go round the market, inquiring of the salesmen what kinds of apple or pear are most in demand. That course, indeed, looks judicious. But the honest salesman can tell no more than he knows. His stock reaches him from many quarters. The fruit which sells best may have come from the Land's End or from Kent, and be quite unsuitable to Lincolnshire, for instance. Many of the finest sorts produce a very small crop, others grow very slowly, others seldom make good trees, and thus the land is not fully utilized. The best plan, formerly, was to look round the gardens of one's neighbourhood, and observe what kinds flourished "with a clean and kindly growth." That will always be prudent; but we have here a report from every county of England, stating which varieties are found, upon the whole, most successful there; one from the Northern, Midland, and Southern Divisions of Scotland; one each from North and South Wales, from Jersey, and from Ireland. Such lists, of course, can be no more than the roughest guides for a planter; but indirectly they should be very valuable, for intelligent nurserymen, we may hope, will gradually collect those sorts which are recommended for their county, and they will be capable of advising the beginner about his special circumstances if he can persuade himself to trust them. We are mostly used to think that it is an operation ranking among the simplest in horticulture to plant an apple-tree. That pleasing fancy is challenged and routed with vehemence again and again by the experts. "The practice of sticking in a few trees in the way one would stick in a post cannot be too loudly condemned." It is an initial error which no goodness of soil, no care in the aftertime, can remedy. Hardly less important is the choice of situation, adapted both to apples and pears in general, and also to the variety in particular. Mr. W. Paul told a sad story of an orchard planted in the bottom of a valley. He foresaw what would happen; but the money was already spent. Year after year the trees blossomed finely, but little or no fruit appeared. The unhappy planter has just dug them all up and cropped his ground with vegetables. We may enumerate the papers read, which really contain, with the appendices, all that is necessary for beginners to understand. Mr. George Bunyard deals with "Apples for Profit"; Mr. W. Paul, F.L.S., with "Fruit Culture for Profit in the Open Air"; Mr. W. Wildsmith with "Dessert Pears"; Mr. Shirley Hibberd with "Pruning." This latter is calculated to make old-fashioned gardeners appeal to the secular arm, so deadly heretical it is. Doubtless his audience were familiar with such views, and they heard him patiently, even with some approval, but all who joined the debate persisted in assuming that the speaker did not really mean what he appeared to say—which is droll. Then Mr. Edmond Tonks, B.C.L., dilated with originality and force upon "Canker in Fruit Trees"; while Mr. James Douglas explains the "Cause and Cure" of that deadly pest. Mr. J. Fraser points out the "Enemies of the Apple and Pear," finding a good word for the sparrow, which Mr. Roupell endorses; but Mr. R. Dean lifted up his voice bitterly upon the other side, declaring the sparrow to be a "thoroughly heathenish bird," which devours not his fruit only, but even his blossom. Mr. J. Cheal treats "Apples for Sussex"; Mr. W. Coleman "Orchards in the West Midlands"; Mr. Malcolm Dunn "Apples and Pears for Scotland"; Mr. C. B. Saunders "Cultivation in Jersey"; Mr. F. J. Bailie "Production and Distribution"; Mr. W. F. Béar "Compensation for Orchard Planting"; Mr. D. Tallerman, K.F.J., F.R.H.S., "The Railway Difficulty." The familiar grievances on this score are put forward in a most effective way, and a radical treatment is urged, which, no doubt, will be laid before the public in due time. Mr. Tallerman illustrates his views with a very striking map to show the proportion which orchard ground and market-gardens bear to population in every county of England. As he says, "The facts thus disclosed are of a startling character, proving that in the major portion of the country there is little or no fruit or green foods locally produced to supply the requirements of the people." It is, indeed, a very singular map. Of all counties Hereford has most orchards, and actually least of market-gardens—less than Westmoreland, far less than Rutland. Westmoreland, however, stands lowest all round, alike in fruit and garden produce. Wales is sadly deficient; all the Western counties must depend on importation if they consume anything like an average quantity of green food. These are points to note wherever we cast an eye over this curious record. Lancashire, with 3,454,441 inhabitants, has almost exactly the same area laid down in orchards and market-gardens as has Nottingham, with 391,815, and Cambridge, with 185,594; much less of both than Worcestershire, with 380,283. The map is well worth study on its own account; and, if Mr. Tallerman can sustain his argument that the extraordinary deficiency in certain districts is due to the abuses of our railway system, he supplies a very potent weapon to the foes of the Companies, who were well armed before.

THE LANCASHIRE PLATE.

IT has been often said this season that the two-year-olds are very superior to the three-year-olds, and that Donovan himself owes his extraordinary success in a great measure to the exceptional inferiority of his contemporaries. If this were the case, it might have been thought that a two-year-old of such merit as Heaume would have been expected to beat Donovan over seven furlongs when receiving 12 lbs. more than weight for age from him. Yet Heaume was hardly ever mentioned as a likely winner, even when it was still supposed that he might start. With the exception of an extreme outsider, the only two-year-old that started for this valuable stake was a foreigner, M. M. Ephrussi's Alicante, a remarkably fine chestnut filly by Hermit, that had won all the races for which she had hitherto run and but little short of 3,000*l.* in stakes. Among the three-year-olds, Chitabob was considered the most likely colt to beat Donovan; and, if there was anything in the theory that his failure in the St. Leger was owing to the length of the course, it seemed reasonable to expect that he would do better over one that was only half the distance. Then, on the principle that what has happened once may happen twice, there was something to be said for Enthusiast, who had beaten Donovan by a head for the Two Thousand, over a course differing only by a furlong from that for the Lancashire Plate; yet his five defeats by Donovan within six months were not encouraging to his supporters. Minthe, the winner of the One Thousand, had little, if any, chance on public form; but she had been improving greatly as the autumn advanced, and her defeat of Carmine at Doncaster had been highly creditable. Pioneer had run second to Donovan in the early spring; but since then his form had rather deteriorated than improved. St. Patrick, although a useful sort of horse, could not claim to be considered more than second-rate; he had, however, 10 lbs. less to carry than several of his opponents. The only four-year-old that started was Seabreeze, who had won the Lancashire Plate last year, as well as other stakes, worth in all more than 20,000*l.*; but as she had become a roarer, and had suffered several defeats this season in races over a mile and a mile and a quarter, her chance seemed small; the only question was whether she might not be able to run for seven furlongs without being hampered by her infirmity.

After the field of twenty-four that ran last year, it was disappointing to see only eleven going to the post on Saturday last. On the former occasion it was also a more interesting race. Odds of 5 to 1 were then laid against the favourite; five horses were backed at from 5 down to 10 to 1; and three more stood at from 14 to 16 to 1. This time it was a very different affair. Odds of 6 to 4 were required upon the favourite, 9 to 2 was laid against Alicante, 7 to 1 was laid against Chitabob, and, with the exception of St. Patrick at 14 to 1, the rest of the field stood at from 20 to 200 to 1. After a very short delay, there was a good start; and, as soon as the horses had settled into their strides, Chitabob made the running. This policy was unexpected with a horse somewhat wanting in condition and under suspicion of unsoundness, especially as the course was very heavy. After running a furlong, he increased his lead to two or three lengths; and on nearing the awkward turn he, with all the leading horses, hurried still more in order to escape a scrimmage. This they succeeded in doing; but those in their rear were not so fortunate, as there was some crowding, if not cannoning, and St. Patrick "scraped the rails," while the French filly, Alicante, was "interfered with." On entering the straight, Chitabob was still leading, and Donovan had made his way almost to his heels. In the meantime, Enthusiast was bearing to one side, as he has several times done before to the chagrin of his admirers. Seabreeze and Pioneer were next to Chitabob and Donovan, but neither of them showed any signs of rushing to the front, and it was already evident that the race lay between the two leaders. Halfway up the straight, Fred Barrett brought Donovan up to Chitabob, and the pair raced side by side until they had almost reached the distance; then Donovan drew away from him, and gradually increased his lead until he reached the judge's chair, a winner by two lengths. Chitabob, thereby winning 1,500*l.*, finished just as far in advance of Alicante, who well deserved the 500*l.* given to the third in the race, for working her way so forward after having been disappointed at the awkward turn. Odds have been laid on Donovan for each of the races for which he has run this season, including the 85 to 20 that was laid on him for the Two Thousand which he lost. His enormous winnings of 54,694*l.* 10*s.* in two years have already been reported

even in journals which rarely notice racing; but no one who understands anything about the Turf will commit the error of supposing that his unparalleled gains necessarily prove him to be the best horse that has ever carried racing colours; nor should those who make such a point of his running often, and almost always winning, forget that he has only run in six races this season.

ONIONS.

IN one of Shakspeare's "stage directions" there is a passage in which the use of onions is recommended to boys acting women's parts, and unendowed with

> A woman's gift
> To rain a shower of commanded tears.

There are other allusions to the same vegetable in the works of "our immortal bard." In *Henry V.* it is the leek, and Fluellen makes Pistol eat his leek. Considering the number of allusions to onions, leeks, scallions, shallots, and garlic in Shakspeare and the older poets, it is rather strange that nobody has hitherto written anything like a complete treatise on the genus "*allium*." Some enthusiastic Unionist might take up the subject if it is true that the word "onion" is derived from the Latin "*unio*." The successive pearl-coloured layers of which the delicious, though perhaps too fragrant, bulb is composed, are very suggestive. Its scientific description is much to the point; "the bulbous root is composed of a series of concentric coats, and varies in size according to the soil and climate." Much might be made of this, properly treated. The long and sustained contemplation of so pleasing an object ought to bring wholesomeness to the most jaundiced vision. Its effect on the nose is another thing. There is something symptomatic of selfishness in food which we all like to eat ourselves, and all wish equally to withhold from our neighbours. Considered, however, wholly in the abstract, the onion and its congeners are very interesting plants, and have natural, historical, literary, chemical, and philological associations by no means unworthy of close investigation. Some people have occupied themselves diligently in hunting up the meaning of the names of the Jerusalem artichoke and of its attractive product, Palestine soup. Did we not recently hear a most interesting disquisition on sainfoin, its meaning and derivation? But nobody seems to have troubled himself about scallions and shallots. Yet these two names would carry a philological lecture in themselves. There is, or was, a town named Askelon, and both these names are derived from it. At least, so they say who ought to know. But may not anything be derived from anything else if we go to the East? Some ingenious linguists say that Moor and Moorish come direct from *gharb*, the Arabic word for the west—a word preserved in a nearer form in Algarve, the western province of Portugal. But to derive shallot from Askelon requires an equal effort on the part of the supreme human intellect. Mr. Knaggs, who has recently edited a compilation on *Onions and Cress* (Pickering & Chatto), merely remarks that "eschalots, or, strictly speaking, scalions, take their name from Ascalon." In Mr. Annandale's *Imperial Dictionary* there is mention of "scallions" and the *Allium ascalonicum*, and Beaumont and Fletcher are quoted:—

> What a scallion-faced rascal 't is!

But Mr. Knaggs may be correct with his one *l*. Lord Tennyson, who has immortalized the other word, spells it with one *l*; but we do not know for certain whence he derived his "remote Shalott." Neither occurs in Shakspeare. Mr. Annandale spells it "shallot," and derives it directly from "eschalot," and more remotely from Ascalon, through the French *échalote* and the old French *escalone*.

As leek is an English word, as old as the language, we may conclude that this is the native form of the onion, the form specially sacred to St. David and chiefly patronized by them of Wales. The word garlick may be of the same origin, and the Old English is *gar-leac*, meaning the "dart leek," from the dart-shaped leaf; but there seems to have been some early confusion between it and balm or treacle. We have the famous text in one old translation of the Bible, "Is there not triacle in Gilead?" and this, according to some, meant garlic. Mr. Beisley, in his *Shakspere's Garden*, tells us that Galen calls garlic "the countryman's treacle," and the antiquity of its use is testified by Garlickhithe, one of the oldest local names in London. Juvenal tells us that the Egyptians of his time venerated onions and garlic, and swore by them:—

> 'Tis mortal sin an onion to devour,
> Each clove of garlic is a sacred power;

but their ancestors of the Captivity were not so particular, and the Israelites in their wanderings longed for the Egyptian leeks, onions, and garlic, as well as for the cucumbers and melons. There is no odour so common in Oriental towns as that produced by the various forms of this root, and possibly the modern fondness for coffee developed by Turks and Arabs may be partly caused by the fact that it takes away both the taste and the smell of onions, if not also of garlic. There would not be a word to say against either were it not for this subsequent disadvantage. To return to Shakspeare, what else can he have alluded to in the last scene of *Hamlet*? We may make a present of the question to the commentators who have tried to explain "union" by "a pearl," or have substituted "onyx." But read "onion" and all is clear:—

> The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
> An in the cup an union shall he throw.

True, the context requires that the "union" should be something precious, but can we think of anything more precious, in certain circumstances, than, say, a stewed Spanish onion, or one "that hath been cool'd a long age" in pickle, or a tiny "escalonia" in salad, or a "suspicion" of garlic on the dish which bears your English beefsteak after long absence among frog-eaters. Let us pity the woes of an unhappy man who, voyaging from the Iberian coast in a schooner laden with oranges and onions, was long becalmed, so that the vegetables decayed, with the result that our traveller, when at length he reached home, could never care for either the golden fruit or the silvery root again.

THE NEW BURLESQUE.

BURLESQUE, as presented at the Gaiety Theatre, is a curious product containing much that does not fit into any recognized variety of dramatic performance. The music-hall contributes not a little, the resources of the entertainer have been drawn upon, the Ethiopian serenader or Christy Minstrel furnishes something, the stage proper is occasionally suggested, and so is the buffoon who grins through a horse-collar at a country fair. Audiences have, however, been educated up to it, or down to it, and, as there is no reason to suppose that the daily papers exaggerated their accounts of the reception bestowed upon the principal members of the Gaiety company on the occasion of their return from a foreign tour, it is evident that if Garrick himself had revisited the stage there could have been no greater show of enthusiasm than that created by the appearance of Miss Farren and Mr. Leslie. Moreover, this enthusiasm was maintained throughout the evening, notwithstanding that the burlesque occupied nearly four hours in representation.

No doubt there is something contagious about the reckless dash and unrestrained spirit with which Mr. Leslie and Miss Farren fulfil their tasks; and the actor possesses a vein of wildly eccentric humour that surprises and diverts. One never knows what he will do next, beyond the fact that it is almost sure to be something unexpected and laughable. His proceedings do not bear description; it is the manner that amuses. As for burlesque, very little—it may almost be said no—endeavour is made to parody or make capital out of the incidents of Victor Hugo's fine drama. Mr. Leslie is set down in the programme as Don Cæsar de Bazan, and Miss Farren as the hero; but except a hint of the relations between Ruy Blas and the Queen no suggestion is taken from the plot, and these relations are so twisted that finally Don Salluste's ex-lacquey wins the Royal hand by success in a competitive bull-fight. The assumption of character is, in fact, merely a peg on which to hang songs, dances, mimicries, and extravagances of all sorts. The actor and actress appear as schoolgirls in white muslin, as chimney-sweeps with sooty faces, and as wandering actors, giving a preposterous burlesque of a scene between Pauline and Claude Melnotte; then Miss Farren changes a glittering dress for the rags of a crossing sweeper, and Mr. Leslie transforms himself into a hybrid Scoto-Irishman, half his face and body being made up and dressed in the guise of the stage representative of Caledonia, the other half of Hibernia; and thus equipped, he sings in praise of the whisky of both countries. He dances, too, a combination of jig and reel, which is very quaint. The subsequent imitation of Mr. Irving in ballet costume struck us as vulgar and foolish, and the fatuous idea is expanded by bringing on other comedians in gauze skirts probably intended to represent other actors—Mr. Toole, Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Wilson Barrett—the last named in a disguise so complete as to be doubtfully recognizable, and we will not warrant our supposition. In any case the folly is beyond the legitimate bounds of burlesque.

Many of the songs are suitable enough, a few are bright and pretty, others dull and commonplace. It is a curious incident of burlesque to find a vocalist—Miss Marion Hood—diverging from the strains of a feeble ballad to bring in "Home, Sweet Home," sung with all possible fervour and supported by a harmonized chorus behind the scenes. Why "Home, Sweet Home"? Nothing is prettier in the music than Mr. Leslie's whistling of a lullaby, with orchestral accompaniment, duly toned down. His intonation is true, and the notes are musical. There is a "topical" duet in no way favourably distinguished from the average of such compositions. Considering that balladmongers have the whole range of current subjects to choose from, it is strange that a good topical song should be so rare. Miss Farren would also do well to get something new instead of her song in the last act, which is neither pretty nor interesting. The dances, however, are all quite excellent. Miss Letty Lind is singularly graceful and pleasing. Since Miss Kate Vaughan retired from burlesque none of the many dancers who have been seen—and a dancer in the fashion introduced by Miss Vaughan is now considered an essential to pieces of this class—has equalled Miss Lind, who, indeed, may be ranked on a level with her model. Miss Sylvia Grey has merit also, but lacks something of the lightness and ease of her companion—if a critic may safely venture on such delicate ground in the desire to do

full justice to a very accomplished young lady. Mr. Leslie and Miss Farren, again, are admirable dancers in their own ways, and Mr. Storey—half dancer, half acrobat—does wonderful things with legs which are apparently quite flexible. There is abundance of glitter and colour in the dresses. If we were to express our opinion that the whole business was too long, we should find ourselves in opposition to the majority of the audience; and it must be admitted that, if modern burlesque is an acquired taste, the taste has been acquired by a great many people.

HOLLAND HOUSE.

THAT the anxiety of the people of Kensington as to the future of Holland House has led some of them to write to the papers even before the burial of the remains of the late owner is not to be wondered at. They have lost, by what most of them perhaps rightly regard as a pure fraud, the site of the Horticultural Gardens; and now they fear that the grounds of Holland House are threatened. We understand that two stories are circulated on the subject. According to one, the little park, or what is left of it, is to be cut up by the speculative builder; and a well-known firm is said to have the plans ready. According to a different and, we would hope, more authoritative story the next heir of the Holland family means to keep things as they are; and most circumstantial details are forthcoming as to the arrangements made to this end. It will be remembered that owing to some transactions in which a Romanist dignitary was concerned, it became, some seventeen or eighteen years ago, expedient for the then proprietor of Holland House to part with all the adjacent land as far as possible. To understand this, we must remember that the estate comprised, besides what went with the house, two or three outlying, but not very distant, holdings. One of these, a field which had joined the park with the Bayswater Road, was covered with a triple row of hideous stucco houses. A second portion joined the park to Addison Road, and contained the very interesting remains of the manor-house of West Town, locally known as "The Moats." Here Sir Walter Cope lived, and very possibly died, in 1614, for Cope's Castle, as it was called at first, was not finished for more than thirty years after his death. The Moats estate extended from Addison Road to the brow of the hill, close to the gardens of Holland House; nevertheless, it too was sold, but it has fallen into good hands. Finally, the site of Little Holland House was similarly amputated, and the well-known artistic village of Melbury Road has arisen on the site. The question has now been asked in the *Times*—Are the people of Kensington, and, indeed, of London, to lose Holland House?

It may be well to reckon up some of its points of interest. Putting aside the history of the Fox family, we may be permitted to recall that not only was Cope's famous building designed by Thorpe, but it had also the advantage of some touches by Inigo Jones. No doubt we know little and care less about Jones and Thorpe at the present day, and many people even admire much more than their work the new and terribly anomalous building at Caius, or the Law Courts at Manchester. But it may be that when the new Institute at South Kensington is finished, and when more people have had access to Eaton, a better tone may prevail—a tone more like that which preserved Aston for Birmingham. We confess, however, to an uneasy feeling. The taste which admires the Albert Hall and the Natural History Museum is not likely to care much for Holland House and all its associations. Many of us were recently interested in the delightful *Letters of Dorothy Osborne*. Is it generally known that the beautiful Lady Diana Rich, so often mentioned in them, lived and died at Holland House, and that the dark avenue where she met her "wraith" just before her death is still pointed out? Here Addison taught Lord Warwick how a Christian can die; and one of the more interesting relics preserved in the House is a table which had been in the *Spectator's* rooms in the Temple. The scene of the famous duel in which Best shot Lord Camelford—who, to be sure, seems not to have stolen his fate—has already been alienated, and Little Holland House, where he died, has been pulled down. But enough remains at Holland House to make us all, whether we live at Kensington or elsewhere, very anxious as to its fate.

THE ROYAL OAK.

THE only remarkable thing about the new Drury Lane drama, *The Royal Oak*, is the extraordinary absence of invention by which it is characterized. The piece might be described as a species of dramatic puss-in-the-corner, or blind man's buff, repeated four times over with practically no variation. King Charles II. is the puss whom the Puritans are trying to catch, and here, as in so many other plays, the heroine is beloved by a Cavalier and a Roundhead, the latter of whom, having for a time the upper hand, for Cromwell's star is in the ascendant and a price is put on "Charles Stuart's" head, seeks to gain the lady's hand by treacherous promises to spare and save her lover. This is all trite, and, moreover, obvious. When the period of the story was first announced—1651 is the date—the experienced playgoer may well have anticipated very much such a work as this, though he would naturally have believed and hoped that it would be shorter and distinguished by something a good deal fresher in the way of incident. The playwright who takes in hand an historical subject must of course be guided, if not scrupulously at any rate in essentials, by the facts of history, though here the authors, Messrs. Hamilton and Harris, have not refrained from introducing an episode which certainly has no warrant in the annals of the time, the killing of the child Sir Bevis Cholmondeley by a bullet aimed at the fugitive King. We do not complain much of that. If every deviation from authenticated fact were to be severely regarded, incident would necessarily be lacking; but it is a very weak point in the play that, having liberally permitted themselves a good deal of latitude, the authors should follow the same lines act after act. On two separate occasions Charles is almost caught while hiding disguised as a groom, and known by the name of Jackson, in the house of his faithful adherents the Cholmondeleys; he is as nearly as possible caught again in the boughs of the Boscobel oak, though on the evening when we saw the play it was obvious that the Drury Lane officer on the Drury Lane horse who commanded the troops sent in search of the King would never have caught anybody until he had dismounted, for with a rein in each hand he was quite powerless to control the movements of his steed. That, however, is not a structural fault in the drama; but the constant repetition of incident is. Moreover, the authors linger unduly on their way, and if it be true that Mr. Hare intends to produce a version of *Esmond*, it is—or would be if *The Royal Oak* were to attract the attention of the better class of playgoers—a little hard on him that the Drury Lane writers should have borrowed one of the most dramatic scenes in Thackeray's novel. That the compilers of the new piece had *Esmond* in their thoughts internal evidence proves. Dorian Cholmondeley, who believes that he has found the King in amorous conversation with Mildred Clavering—and, indeed, the suspicion is not altogether without warrant, though the jealous lover is to some extent on the wrong track—taunts him by recalling the history of Strafford. Does the reader recollect the "Esmond" episode? "I draw this sword and break it, and deny you," said the Colonel; "and, had you completed the wrong you designed us, by heaven I would have driven it through your heart, and no more pardoned you than your father pardoned Monmouth." How far the parody at Drury Lane falls short of the superb scene which Thackeray describes with the rarest art it would be difficult to make clear.

Mr. Henry Neville, as the King, is the central figure throughout the first four acts, and then, having sailed for France from Shoreham beach, he finally retires, while the play concerns itself with the fortunes of the lovers, Dorian Cholmondeley and Mildred Clavering. No one can say for certain that Mr. Neville does not precisely resemble Charles II., but a doubt will occur to many minds whether there can be any striking degree of similarity between original and representative. At the same time the actor may be said to fulfil all the requirements of a Drury Lane hero. His faithful defender, Dorian Cholmondeley—that is to say, when Dorian's jealousy does not temporarily oust his loyalty—finds a somewhat stolid interpreter in Mr. Arthur Dacre. It was the King himself who is said to have apologized for taking an unconscionable time to die; and when on the scaffold—for Dorian has been arrested and sentenced to the block on Tower Hill—his adherent anticipates his royal master. Mr. Dacre does not appear to succeed in creating very much sympathy when he mounts the steps and makes tedious preparation for laying his head on the block. It is a "situation" in which an actor who had any command over the feelings of his audience could scarcely fail to create effect, but we found it impossible to feel any particular anxiety. Of course the pardon, which has been obtained by Mildred and forced from her by her Roundhead persecutor, comes just in time—had Dorian been less prolix and dilatory his head would have been off before he knew that the Protector had spared it, but all the same, from the dramatic point of view, the action wants quickening. It is really a good idea in this scene to show Mildred fainting at the foot of the scaffold and dropping the pardon before she can make known what it is, and there are so few good ideas in this very commonplace drama that we should not omit to mention this one. Miss Emery's style is too delicate for Drury Lane heroines, but we have such pleasant memories of Little Lord Fauntleroy's mother that we could not easily bring ourselves to find much fault with the actress to whom we were indebted for that charming study, particularly when that actress is found struggling with an unsuitable part. By far the best played character is the Patty Woodroffe of Miss Fanny Brough. We think that the merit of this really admirable actress is not nearly enough recognized. Her gaiety and humour are irresistible. She possesses that genuine sense of fun and seeming enjoyment of the scene which are among the most valuable attributes of the *comédienne*. Miss Jessie Bond may be instanced as another actress who is also thus gifted; but it is difficult to recall many examples. Patty is a delightful damsel, and one can readily understand the transformation of her admirer, Walk-in-the-way Dear-love, from Puritan to follower of the King. Mr. Harry Nicholls plays this latter part in his accustomed fashion, and though some of the paraphrases of Scripture jar on us, the character is, on the whole, amusing; for if Mr. Nicholls has little variety he has a perception of comedy. The boy who plays Sir

Bevis Cholmondeley, and is killed by the bullet aimed at the King as they stand beneath the Boscobel oak, might well be omitted from the drama; for he has all the usual faults of the conventional stage child.

ON INSURING LIFE.

THERE are few matters respecting which the ordinary man finds himself less competent to decide than the relative merits of competing insurance Companies. The whole business of insurance is a mystery to him, and he knows not what test to apply to determine which offers to him the greatest advantages. Usually, therefore, he turns for advice to some friend upon whose judgment he relies, or he yields to the solicitations of a pushing agent or other interested person. Considering the importance of the question, we feel that we owe no apology to our readers for offering a few suggestions that may help those amongst them who are thinking of insuring their lives, and are at a loss for the means of ascertaining what Company they ought to select.

The first and indispensable condition which an office should fulfil is, that it should offer full security to the person insuring with it. Unless the Company is able to meet all its liabilities, the provision which the assured thinks he has made for his family after his own death may prove to be no provision at all. He has made sacrifices for years without attaining the object for which he submitted to them. The ordinary man, of course, has not the means of satisfying himself absolutely of the solvency of an office, and if he had, he probably would not be competent to use those means properly. But there are a few rough rules which may help to guide him safely. Speaking generally, it is obvious that an old Company is more likely to be safe than a new one. The new one has yet to give evidence that it is well managed, that it can build up a sound business, and sustain competition with its rivals. The old one has, by the very fact that it has existed so long, given proof, at all events, that it has formed a connexion, and can sustain competition. Of course, a new office may turn out to be exceedingly well managed and prosperous, but at the beginning the presumption undoubtedly is in favour of the old one. The intending insurer, however, will do well to bear in mind that it is only a presumption, for, unfortunately, experience has shown that old offices not seldom are utterly insolvent. As between old offices, that one is likely to afford the greatest advantages to those who insure with it whose accumulated funds bear the highest proportion to the outstanding policies. A Company may have a large income, and very large accumulated funds, and yet the liabilities may be proportionately much larger. The point of importance for the intending insurer is the proportion borne by the funds to the liabilities. If a Company has in the past accumulated much money, the probability is that it will continue to practise forethought in the future, whereas another, which has been less prudent in the past, has not so acted as to inspire cautious men with confidence. The mere fact, however, that the funds are apparently ample is not enough. The intending insurer should inquire how those funds are invested. Is a large proportion of them lent out upon mortgage on lands and houses? And, if so, where are those lands and houses situated? Has the depreciation of the mortgaged property been considerable since the mortgage was effected? And would it be possible to realize if there was a necessity to do so? These are all questions of great interest to the insurer. Then, again, in what kind of securities is the money invested which has not been lent upon land and houses? Have the directors looked rather to safety than to high interest? Have they contented themselves, for example, with Consols, guaranteed and preference stocks of British railways, and other high-class securities? Or have they been tempted into risky investments by the promise of high returns? On this point the intending insurer will probably like to take the opinion of his banker or his broker, or of both. But before he proceeds so far there are some other points which he will do well to inquire into.

The first of these is the tables of mortality employed. It is clear that tables which require large reserves to be held are safer than those which allow of small reserves. Some few Companies use special tables. These may be either good or bad—some of them are very bad. And it will be better for the man who is not an expert to select an office which employs tables proved to be trustworthy by the great majority of offices and long experience. Hardly less important is the rate of interest assumed by a Company to be earned in future upon its funds. If, for example, one Company assumes that it will obtain 4 per cent. on its investments and another assumes only 3 per cent., the latter will manifestly have to keep larger reserves than the former, and therefore will be safer. Further, there will be a wider margin between the 3 per. cent. assumed and the actual interest earned than between 4 per cent. and the actual interest. And consequently the accumulations of the Company taking a low rate of interest will increase much more rapidly than those of the Company taking a high rate of interest. There is another point of very great importance—namely, that the Company which assumes that a high rate of interest will be earned is under a temptation to invest in rather speculative securities in order to increase the margin between the rate assumed and that earned. Lastly, it is to be borne in mind that for a considerable time past the rate of interest has been steadily falling, and it will continue to fall as long as peace is maintained. It is not at all improbable, therefore, that the Company which assumes that a high rate of interest will be earned may discover that it is pursuing a dangerous policy, and may, therefore, be compelled to lower the assumed rate. In that case it will have to reduce its bonuses, or even perhaps to suspend them altogether for a while. We have said above that the presumption is in favour of an old rather than a new Company. And if the intending insurer finds that an old Company upon which he has fixed has accumulated large funds in proportion to its liabilities, employs tables of mortality that are generally recognized to be trustworthy, and assumes that the interest earned by its investments will be low, the presumption is greatly strengthened. But he will not rest there. He will naturally like to know what is the proportion borne by the working expenses to the premium income. The premium income ought to defray all the expenses of every kind of the office, ought to yield a dividend to the shareholders, if there are shareholders, and ought to furnish a fund which, being judiciously invested, will so grow as to be sufficient to meet all the liabilities of the Company. It will be seen that the ratio borne by the expenses to the premium income is, therefore, a matter of very great importance. If that ratio is high it is not probable that the funds will accumulate rapidly enough to meet all the liabilities of the Company. Of late years there has been a tendency to increase the working expenses, and, therefore, it is essential that the intending insurer should pay close attention to this matter. About a dozen Companies which stand highest in the opinion of the well-informed keep their expenses at about 10 per cent. of their premium income. A company which greatly exceeds that ratio ought to be avoided by the intending insurer. There are exceptional cases due to special circumstances; but, broadly speaking, we are inclined to think that, where the expenses amount to 20 per cent. of the premium income or more, the intending insurer may conclude that he will not get what he ought to expect for his money. Even 15 per cent. is a high ratio.

So far we have been considering insurance generally. Before concluding, however, we may offer a remark or two on the kind of policy most advantageous to the assured. The least beneficial to him and the most beneficial to the Company is a policy for life without participation in profits, for if the assured lives long he pays much more than he receives—indeed, he may pay two or three times as much as he gets back. Insurance with participation in profits may be effected in several different ways. A man may contract to pay a fixed sum as premium every year, the bonuses being added to the policy, or he may engage to pay a fixed premium, the bonuses being applied to reduce the premium, or he may stipulate to pay a definite number of annual premiums—ten, fifteen, or twenty, as the case may be—the policy, however, not being payable until death, or, lastly, he may insure for a definite number of years, say, fifteen or twenty, the policy being payable at the end of the time, or on death, if it occurs in the interval. The objection to the latter plan is that the premium is about double the rate charged for the whole of life; but, on the other hand, if a good office is chosen, the bonus is usually calculated at a higher rate, the policy carries a higher surrender value, and, above all, it is not forfeitable. It has, therefore, very strong recommendations. So, also, has the insurance for life under the terminable scale of premiums. As in the case just considered, the premiums are of course higher than when they are paid every year as long as life lasts; but then the premium ceases to be payable when the man is growing old, and therefore less fit for work, and usually the bonuses and surrender value are higher. Whichever plan he adopts, if a man decides to insure with participation in profits, the scale of bonuses becomes a matter of great importance. The higher the bonus the better return he receives for his money, provided, of course, the premium is not extravagantly high. Further, the office which increases bonuses with age acts more equitably towards its customers. The longer a man has contributed to the funds of a Company the more he is clearly entitled to receive back from it. Yet there are offices which actually give larger bonuses to the newly assured.

REVIEWS.

TRAVELS IN FRANCE.*

THE centenary of the meeting of the States-General in 1789 has inspired many much more foolish things than this reprint of Arthur Young's *Travels in France*. It is a work which ought to be made more easily accessible than it has hitherto been, not only because of its own value, which is considerable, but because of the frequency and manner of its appearance as an authority in works on the Revolution. There are passages of it which appear with the utmost regularity in book after book till one begins to suspect that the learned authors quote from one another, and not from the original. A convenient new edition, handy to hold and agreeable to read, may help a few here and

* *Travels in France during the years* 1787, 1788, 1789. By Arthur Young. With an Introduction, Biographical Sketch, and Notes by M. Betham-Edwards. London: Bell & Sons. 1889.

there to check these citations. Miss M. Betham-Edwards has, it must be allowed, supplied such a reprint. The book is no larger than a book should be—that is to say, large enough to hold comfortably in one's hand by the fireside. The print, if not exactly handsome, is reasonably legible to the average man who enjoys the possession of fourteen-inch sight. Miss Betham-Edwards has done her purely editorial work in a fashion with which we have no serious faults to find. She carefully tells us, in the notes, what departments the various places named by Arthur Young are. This is at times a useful kind of information, since he wrote before this administrative division had been adopted. In the notes, too, she corrects the occasional antiquities or eccentricities of his spelling of names, while very properly leaving his text as he wrote it. There is a slight biographical sketch of Young in the "chatty" style which is not now quite so young as it once was. It is properly laudatory, and Miss Betham-Edwards is not more contemptuous of a Government which gave her author such a miserable reward as a place of 600*l.* a year than would have been thought quite right according to the standard of taste prevailing twenty years ago. Why a gentleman who frittered away a handsome private fortune in amateur farming, who gained great popularity by his books, and did finally get those 600*l.* a year should be supposed to have been ill used we do not for our part see. When the editor wrote that in France such a man would have a statue she is telling the truth; but she might have remembered Young's own comment on the Bishop of Sisteron's remark that a statue ought to be put up to Olivier de Serres. He called it "snuff-box chat." Considering to what parish pump heroes statues have been erected in France, we doubt whether the blessed ghost of Arthur Young would have a more civil phrase for the remark of his editor.

The introduction which Miss Betham-Edwards has written for her reprint is in a way very well in place. It is distinguished all through by a certain begging of the question which is to be found in most of those who make a habit of quoting the few select passages of Arthur Young already referred to. Miss Betham-Edwards, after saying with great truth that a survey of France as it is makes a good shoeing horn to a description of France as it was, and, after giving some details of the changes which have come over the provinces which Young found in the worst state, goes on to take it for granted through several pages that the prosperity of to-day is solely the work of the Revolution, and that Arthur Young proves it. The calmness with which this is taken for granted by those who quote the stock passages is one of the reasons which lead the not inexperienced reviewer to conclude that they take their quotations from one another and do not select them after reading their author through. For, as a matter of fact, Young's travels when consulted fairly do not bear that proposition out at all. Whether this be so or not, its intrinsic absurdity is great. Nobody denies that one part of the work of the Revolution in its earlier days and before it became anarchical was to sweep away one of the most oppressive and also unproductive systems of taxation ever known, and to free France from a most detestable double ownership in land (something even worse than the handiwork of the Liberal party in Ireland), which was very deserving to be swept away. This is undeniably true; but was it also necessary to destroy the whole framework of Government in France, to make a clean sweep of every organization in the country, to massacre, to confiscate millions of private property, and to launch the nation on a century of instability and confusion? Was it necessary to hand France over, first to rabid prigs of the Robespierre and St. Just stamp, then to greedy rogues of the Barras order, and then to the colossal scoundrel who bled it well nigh to death to serve his own insane ambition? The good which the Revolution did in France has been done elsewhere at an infinitely lighter cost. It is no honour to the French that they alone could not reform without wholesale destruction. Those who quote Arthur Young, as Miss Betham-Edwards does, as excusing the miseries of the Revolution, should, we think, remember the distinction. To give reasons for thinking that a system of taxation and of "servitudes" on real property is a very bad one and requires reform is one thing, to assert that the need of reform justified the most ignoble and stupid welter in history is quite another. Even if Arthur Young had taken this latter view, which he did not, that would only be a reason for disabling his judgment. In truth, this excuse for the crimes of the Revolution has been found in Arthur Young by the convenient process of picking and choosing and drawing deductions from fragments. It is a favourite device of those who admire the Revolution, not so much because it improved the lot of the peasant as because it lowered the position of the gentleman. We may instance as very characteristic of a certain class of apologists for the Revolution a note of Miss Betham-Edwards's on that savoury but obscure subject the "Marquette." She quotes Henri Martin's evidence, that in some cases the "droit de seigneur" was demanded—or rather that a money payment was demanded as a relief—but she does not quote his statement that the so-called right was never recognized as legal, even by the mediæval law courts. She leaves it to be inferred that it was habitually demanded down to 1789, and was one of the horrors from which the Revolution freed the French peasant.

As we have said, Arthur Young himself by no means bears out these apologists of the Revolution. He himself became scared, as Mr. Morley puts it, when he saw what the movement was becoming—but even before it had reached its height, and while he, along with some thousands of Englishmen, who also became scared in time, was inclined to admire it—he had said nothing to show that France was in a condition which made a clean sweep necessary. Neither his sagacity nor his impartiality was above reproach, but he was a good observer and an intelligent reporter of what he observed. The picture he gives of France before 1789 will, we think, surprise some of those who take this book up with the idea of its contents naturally formed after reading the usual select quotations. He found long stretches of waste land, many estates suffering from absentee landlords, much bad farming, much poverty. A good deal of this may be put down to the thinness of the population of France, which even now is by no means dense, being indeed, as the great foreign immigration shows, not equal to the work of the country. Some of it was the remains of the terrible exhaustion caused by the wars of Louis XIV. Some of it was due to the fact that the French were then, as they are now, slow to move from a familiar routine. Finally, we may remark, that poverty quite as grinding as anything he saw is to be found to-day among the peasant proprietors of some districts of France. Still it cannot be denied that some part of the evils he saw were the direct effect of bad taxation and of the feudal servitudes still levied on the land, even when the ownership had passed to the peasants. These were certainly evils which, if the leaders of the French Revolution had not been prigs destitute of any kind of political faculty, would have been removed without throwing the nation into a pit of anarchy and encouraging such scenes as Arthur Young himself saw near Besançon. "The mischiefs," he said, "which have been perpetrated in the country towards the mountains and Vesoul are numerous and shocking. Many châteaus have been burnt, others plundered, the seigneurs hunted down like wild beasts, their wives and daughters ravished, their papers and titles burnt, and all their property destroyed; and these abominations," he notes, were "not inflicted on marked persons who were odious for their former conduct or principles," but on the whole class. But there was another side to what Arthur Young saw. He did not find France stagnating in poverty. On the contrary, he found much industrial enterprise in all parts of it; and that even agriculture, though backward, was improving. There were many landlords of the stamp of the Duc de Liancourt, who were as eager to improve their estates and sometimes more successful in doing it than Young himself. It was these landlords, be it observed, who were massacred; the absentees escaped in the emigration. When, then, all that the traveller saw is taken, and not only a part of it, the impression given of France is not that of a country in a state of extreme misery, still less of a country which could consider that it had improved its condition by exchanging even the evils of the old régime for the anarchy which was the immediate fruit of the Revolution. The prosperity which has come to it since is great, no doubt, but not, all things considered, greater than the prosperity of other countries which have not performed that process of politically stripping themselves naked, which Burke describes in a famous passage. We have been so busy with Arthur Young as a witness that we have no space left to speak of the man himself. And yet he is an interesting figure. He was very much the kind of Philister whose bones were made in England in the eighteenth century. For art he obviously cared very little, and for antiquity he had no kind of respect. Old houses, old customs, old methods were mere rubbish in his eyes, fit only to be swept away to make room for rational novelties. In his ideas on government he did not differ from thousands who more or less consciously repeated Rousseau. Again and again he declares, sometimes with the emphasis which small capitals impart, that Government is responsible for all he does not like in France. If officers annoy him by "a voluble garniture of bawdry or nonsense," if men of business will not talk, if overwork makes women prematurely old, it is all the fault of Government. Obviously he thought that Government was a species of machine which any people could make to any pattern, and do anything with. Beyond agriculture, indeed, his interest did not extend, and his knowledge was not considerable. On that topic, however, he had all the merits of the enthusiast. There is something almost grandiose in his wish to possess a string of farms from Valencia to the Highlands, and to direct them all at once. It was a wish worthy of one who wrote on agriculture like an angel and farmed like poor Poll. There is even a touch in it of sheer mania which might but for accident have taken the form of hunting for the philosopher's stone. Withal he was a genial man, and one likes to part with him by quoting in support of this praise his audacious remark that a man is not worth hanging who does not drink a little too much champagne on proper occasions.

NOVELS.*

IF Mrs. Burnett's popular story had never been written, the plot of *Diana* might very naturally have occurred to Mrs.

* *Diana.* By Georgiana M. Craik (Mrs. A. W. May). 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

Geoff. By Gertrude Forde. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

The Crime of Keziah Keene. By Mrs. Vere Campbell. London: Ward & Downey.

The Story of Mary Herries. By J. Francis. London: Ward & Downey.

May. But it is a fact that, in reading the latter novel, *Little Lord Fauntleroy* constantly occurs to the memory. Diana Fielding is a sort of grown-up Lord Fauntleroy, and throughout the second volume of *Diana* the parallelism is really very closely kept up. The Rev. Mr. Fielding has been employed in early life at Wilmotes, the seat of an exceptionally haughty baronet, Sir Henry Rivers. He falls in love with and runs away with the only daughter of the house. The erring couple are never forgiven, and, when the story opens, the poor lady has long been dead, the sole child of their union, Diana, is twenty-two, and her father is married again, and has a small family. They are all pinched with poverty in a little Southern incumbency, and Diana, who is a complete "queen and huntress, chaste and fair," has no Hesperus to entreat her light except an almost incredibly mild and irritating curate, whom she snubs nearly to death. Into the midst of this duck-pond of a parsonage falls suddenly, like a bolt, a letter from Sir Henry Rivers, imperiously demanding a visit from his unseen granddaughter. She accepts the invitation, and makes Wilmotes her home until the death of the baronet. It is this portion of her career which is so strikingly like the early experiences of Cedric Errol at Dorincourt. But Mrs. May's baronet is more wicked than Mrs. Burnett's earl, and when his will is read strange confusions ensue. We must not spoil Mrs. May's story, which is a very good one, by telling how it ends. *Diana* is an excellently constructed novel, wholesome in feeling, well written, and with touches here and there of genuine humour. The sway of the heroine over her romantic and tearful stepmother, whom she is for ever proudly riding over, metaphorically, and then repentantly stopping to pick up and kiss, is funny and very original. The children at Hettlestowe are unusually well drawn, and, with another child, Bertie Brydon at Wilmotes, there is a scene which is quite admirable. This exceedingly wicked urchin is discovered on the surface of a deep pond in a lonely old quarry floating awkwardly about on an improvised raft with a pole. The ever-impetuous Diana swoops down upon him and skirmishes round and round the pond trying to catch him, but Master Bertie is too wary for that. At last, the raft happening to come close to shore, she dashes wildly upon it, jerks Bertie off into the water, and comes very near to killing him in order to save his life. We congratulate Mrs. May on the production of a very pleasant and wholesome story.

If *Diana* is sometimes a little humdrum, its social pictures are life itself in comparison with those in the London parts of *Geoff* (a most annoying name for a book, be it said in passing). "Proud, shy, and deeply enthusiastic, Bertha Curtis was at once peculiar, repellent, and lovable." Another member of the family "moderates the habitual sarcasm of his remarks, and condescends even to receive his mother's attentions with more grace than usual." This latter person is the brother of Bertha and Geoff, and does all the things which proud Guardsmen do in ladies' novels. He "lifts his eyebrows serenely," his "lips curl ominously," his "callous face flushes"; while his sister is crimsoning with quiet bitterness, and Geoff wrings his long yellow moustache after the fashion of Ouida's Russian princes. The whole rude and ill-bred family talk slang, "chaff" one another, and flounder through reams of bad English. This is how the one member, Geoff, who afterwards proves to be more sympathetic, speaks to his sister in return for a bouquet:—

> Thanks, old girl—werry chic. Yes, only fancy, two years at least before I don this garb of civilization once more—if I ever do. I say, what do you think of these pink silk socks? Tell me, have I got that beastly curl out of my wig?

We hasten to say that towards the close of the first volume Geoff gets away from London, and the whole tone of the book improves. He rather abruptly becomes a cowboy in the West, and his adventures in learning his trade are carefully and pleasingly described. The scenes in Perry's Ranch are very good indeed. We are less pleased with Black Peak Cañon, because there the sentiments begin to be trotted out again, and Miss Ford does not ride her emotions as well as Geoff rode the bucking broncho. In the third volume we get back to London society and the dreadful Curtis family, with its slang and its violent modes of speech. Why is it that certain lady novelists at the present moment think it proper to make their characters, presumed to be ladies and gentlemen, speak in this vile jargon? There must always be a convention in the dialogue of second-rate novels. We cannot expect every one to possess Jane Austen's skill in combining extreme realism with the finest personal distinction. But we know nothing uglier than the tricks of the living disciples of Ouida. We prefer the dear old puppets of Mrs. Gore, ladies who "had never been detected in the slightest infraction of the minor social duties," or even those giddy fairies of the footlights who move in fashionable splendour through the pages of Lady Blessington, to the heroes and heroines of such London life as *Geoff* describes. The pity of it is in this case the greater that Miss Gertrude Forde sacrifices to an odious habit distinct gifts, though rather in the evolution of narrative than in the analysis of character.

A curious book is *The Crime of Keziah Keene*. It belongs to a class very little cultivated in England, but tolerably well known in France, where M. Catulle Mendes is now its leading exponent. The class is not one which we care to see introduced into this country; but, taken on its own merits, Mrs. Campbell's is rather a remarkable study. There is very little narrative and no plot; the interest of the book lies in the analysis of Keziah Keene's motives. She is an impulsive girl, the physical side of whose nature is more strongly developed than the moral. She lives with a brilliant and eccentric young aunt, who is really an adventuress, and she becomes acquainted with Paul Feramors, a handsome musician. Keziah does not learn that Paul is married until it is too late, as she thinks, to withdraw from his influence. Paul's wife has money, and by-and-bye, having set herself the task of winning him back from Keziah, succeeds at last in doing this by arts which are cleverly conceived. Keziah is left upon the world, but is protected, with a view to ultimate marriage, by an excellent hospital surgeon, Basil Latimer. In the process of time Paul becomes once more enamoured of Keziah in absence, and begins to visit and try to influence her. She knows not which man she loves best, but takes for granted that it is Paul. One night, however, Paul and a man whom she erroneously supposes to be Basil fight a duel in the hospital garden. Paul is mortally wounded, and is brought in and left for a few moments in Keziah's keeping. She then commits her "crime"; she strangles the dying man, lest in his last ravings he should denounce Basil. But his antagonist was not Basil at all, and the conscience-stricken Keziah flies to a valley in the Alps, where she pours out her confessions in a series of letters to a friend, and then dies of a broken heart. It will be seen that probability is not much considered in *The Crime of Keziah Keene*, which aims at being a Rousseauish sort of poem in prose; but the interest of the book lies, not in its story, but in its analysis of feeling. The final scene of the duel and the strangling is not quite so well done as it should be; the author has not clearly witnessed it in her own imagination. But the curious unconscious development of a new secret passion, which is at the root of the crime, is ingeniously described. From a literary point of view *The Crime of Keziah Keene* is considerably above the average of such books. It is written carefully in balanced, and sometimes very graceful sentences, a little too rhetorically perhaps for a modern reader. When Mrs. Campbell writes:—

> So soon she died, they told me that I need not grieve. So soon she died, my kisses were no more to her than others. So soon she died, an open rose could hide her face—

she misses the chance of moving us with her pathos by an affected inversion which is a positive error in English, and she needs to guard herself against being what Miss Forde's cowboys would call "high-toned."

A certain inequality of execution, combined with an unusual freshness, makes *The Story of Mary Herries* an interesting and tantalizing book. We suppose that "J. Francis" is a new hand. She has something to learn in the handicraft of her art; but it is obvious that she has excellent native qualities. It is not often that we can blame a book for being too short, but it is certain that *Mary Herries* would have been the better for greater elaboration. The first nine chapters are as good as they can be, and promise, we are bound to confess, more than the rest of the story quite fulfils. The picture of the breezy life of Miss Herries, in her maiden meditation, is exceedingly charming, and so brightly and clearly described as to show that "J. Francis" possesses the rare gift of perception. The heroine is the solitary daughter of a wealthy man of science, whose house she manages, and whose yacht she animates. Captain St. Quintin, an engineer officer, comes to her across the deck of the ancestral yacht, and they fall in love with one another. The course of their passion is ruffled by a somewhat improbable episode with a scoundrel who pretends to be the brother of Mary Herries, and forges a cheque in his name; by a stumpy and carrot-locked Lord Haslemere, who persistently but vainly woos her; and by other moving incidents. Of course it all comes right in the end. As we have said, the early part of the book is the best; but all is good, except where, as in describing the vulgar family of the Busbies, "J. Francis" is tempted to portray a kind of life with which she is not personally acquainted. The dialogue in *The Story of Mary Herries* is almost always noticeably good and natural. We are inclined to predict for "J. Francis" a greater success with a second picture, painted on a broader canvas.

AN ENGLISH-PERSIAN DICTIONARY.*

MR. WOLLASTON may be congratulated on having brought to a happy issue a most onerous task. Dictionary-makers, as a rule, begin with their *magnum opus*, and publish an abridgment subsequently; we note that Mr. Wollaston has gone the other way to work. Some seven years ago he brought out what, in comparison with the present gigantic production, might be termed a pocket English-Persian Dictionary—namely, a volume in crown 8vo. The present magnificent publication is in 4to, of large dimensions, double-columned, with close on fifteen hundred pages; and, as is stated in the preface, we are now provided with the Persian equivalent or equivalents of "every word of the least importance in the English language," Walker and Webster's Dictionary having been adopted as the basis of the English portion of the text.

It is difficult to criticize a dictionary with fairness; time and

* *A Complete English-Persian Dictionary: compiled from Original Sources.* By A. N. Wollaston, C.I.E., &c. London: Allen & Co.

constant use can alone show the extent of omissions, and the occurrence of errors of the press which in so huge a work it is practically impossible to avoid. A cursory glance through these pages, as the great work lies open before us, tends to the conviction, however, that the author has been wonderfully quick-sighted in correcting his proofs, and that the number of errors in the printing is very insignificant. No one expects with the aid of a dictionary to be able to learn to speak and write a language, but one may fairly ask that, with some practice in reading and composition for the groundwork, a dictionary should be so constituted as to supply a *copia verborum*, and indicate to a reasonable degree the sense in which the individual words are to be taken. As regards a copious supply of so-called synonymous words under each heading, Mr. Wollaston leaves nothing to be desired; under the heading of the verb "*to give*," for example, are eleven equivalents in the first place, followed by half a column of Persian phrases for subsidiary or compound forms of the verb—*e.g.* "*to give justice*," "*to give out*," "*to give up*," &c. All this is excellent; but where we should be inclined to find fault is that no indication is to be found among the eleven Persian equivalents that are registered as translating the simple verb *to give*, which may enable a learner to pick out the special word he should use, and avoid such as are obsolete and stilted; and, above all, show how he may avoid falling into absurd mistakes of phrase and form. We do not, of course, accuse Mr. Wollaston of making no distinction between, say, *a* (*lucifer*) *match* and *a* (*cricket*) *match*; these he differentiates fully; it is among the commoner words, especially verbs, that in a future edition much might, we think, with advantage be added. As an example, we recur to the case of the verb *to give*, with its eleven equivalents. Persian, as everybody knows, is a formal language, full of etiquette and fine phrases. In Persia the verb *to give* is in constant request; for you *pay* for very little, being on the other hand held bound to *give* in return for all you get. The parties in the contract, however, are generally of unequal rank (or supposed to be so, in polite parlance), and hence a totally different verb comes into play if you *give* your servant ten Túmáns on New Year's Day, and when your servant *gives* you a cauliflower and some candied fruits, in return, on the same happy occasion. Mr. Wollaston, be it noted, provides no needful commentary on the equivalents he registers. He writes:—

> Give, *verb.* dádan, bakhshídan, arzání dáshtan *or* kardan, 'atá kardan, i'tá nimúdan, hibih nimúdan, ta'áruf dádan, guzáshtan, mauhabat kardan, píshkash kardan, tuhfah dádan. [The Persian transcript we have omitted as needless to the present example.]

All this to the learner is a hopeless puzzle. The learned author should, we think, have briefly informed us that *dádan* means "to give," used generally; that *bakhshídan* means "to make a present" from a superior to an inferior; that *píshkash kardan*, on the contrary, is to give in the sense of "offering a present" from an inferior to a superior. It would be more ridiculous to use *píshkash kardan* when you give your servant a pair of boots, than with us to talk of "offering a donation" of a penny to the crossing-sweeper or a bootblack. As regards the other synonyms, it might have been stated that *'atá kardan* and *i'tá nimúdan* mean respectively "to make a gift" and "to present a gift," while for the remaining significations they are all one more pompous each than the last, and have the meaning of "to make or offer or lay before (a superior) a presentation or humble donation." Each Persian periphrase need not, perhaps, have been translated in full, but the synonyms should certainly have been grouped in categories and the usage indicated more fully.

Take another case—the verb *to say* or *tell*. In Persian what is said or told to an inferior (since the telling implies a command) is translated by *farmúdan*, "to command." A servant, on the other hand, does not tell his master that there is no beef in the kitchen, but "makes a petition" to that effect, using the verb *arz shudan*. These are the common locutions, meaning no more in everyday parlance than when anybody with us, writing formally to a stranger, signs himself his "obedient servant." Mr. Wollaston, however, gives under the headings "Say" and "Tell" no explanation of this usage, and we cannot but hold that in this and in other similar cases he has omitted what might with reason be looked for in "a complete and exhaustive work." In a somewhat similar case we have noted that, under the heading "I" and "You," beyond the simple pronouns *Man* for the first person and *Shumá* for the second, no further explanation is afforded, except that, according to the author, "To you" is to be translated by "*bi-tán*," which, in point of fact, is at the present day entirely obsolete. Mr. Wollaston should have added a few words of explanation to the effect that when your servant tells *you* something he phrases it that he "makes a petition in your service" (*arz mi-shavad bi-khidmat-i-shumá*), and that the first person in polite Persian with equals, or from an inferior to a superior, is commonly expressed by the locution "*Bandah*"—*i.e.* "your servant or your slave," says so and so. These omissions, however, which it would be well to correct in any future edition, do not, it may readily be granted, in any serious degree militate against the usefulness of the great work which Mr. Wollaston has accomplished. What Dr. Badgers's great lexicon, English-Arabic, has been for students of the latter language, Mr. Wollaston's Dictionary will be for this and the next generation of Persian scholars. That dictionary-making is unremunerative labour, we may with the author sympathetically and cordially agree. With Mr. Wollaston it has been a labour of interest, if not a labour also of love. His patience, perseverance, and industry will doubtless in time meet with a substantial reward; for this ponderous quarto, as he writes at the conclusion of a very modest preface, cannot fail to "remain, at least for some years to come, a standard work of reference."

C. B. VIGNOLES.*

MR. OLINTHUS VIGNOLES has described this Life of his father as a reminiscence of early railway history, and it is in that connexion that the subject of the biography finds his most enduring title to fame. In the early days of railways the name of Vignoles was one to conjure with. He was the contemporary and associate of Stephenson and Locke and Brunel in the stirring time when engineering was in the flush and fever of its romantic youth. He was a pioneer of railway construction, not in England only, but in Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, Russia, and Brazil. At the age of twenty he was under fire as an ensign of the York Chasseurs in the unlucky assault upon Bergen-op-Zoom; at thirty-two he was making plans under George Rennie for the first Manchester and Liverpool Railway; at forty-one he was completing the first railway in Ireland; at fifty-four he was shaking hands with Nicholas of Russia over his bargain to build from his own designs the great bridge over the Dnieper at Kieff; and at the age of seventy-six he was delivering his address as President of the Institution of Civil Engineers. A soldier in his youth—literally from his cradle—Vignoles may be said to have remained a soldier of fortune to the end of his long span of eighty-three years. A man of picturesque and striking personality, living a life of extraordinary activity and variety, mixing in great affairs, though scarcely achieving greatness of the first class, coquetting with success rather than grasping it, brilliant, generous, impetuous, reckless even, and quarrelsome, Vignoles is a capital subject of biography. But he has not been very happy in his biographer. Mr. Olinthus Vignoles has a number of qualifications for the task—strong qualifications so far as they go. He has filial piety—itself an excellent thing and the parent of many virtues—he has had access to all available materials; he has taken infinite pains (he excuses the thirteen years that have passed since his father died by the necessity that existed for great labour in examining letters and documents); and he has striven most conscientiously to be scrupulously fair in dealing with the relation of his father's work to that of other engineers. Indeed, his eulogy is often more moderate than the occasion might warrant. But he has one defect—his style is not interesting. The trail of the thirteen years' labour among documents is too conspicuous on every page of what ought to have been a particularly attractive book. We do not say that the volume is actually dull; no narrative of what Vignoles did could be dull. But one cannot read it without feeling that the author, while he deserves praise for his obvious fairness and care, has lost an opportunity which might have been made much of by some one better gifted with the knack of writing biography.

Born in 1793, Vignoles was left an orphan before he was a year old by the death, from yellow fever, of his mother and father while the latter, a captain in the 43rd Regiment, was wounded and a prisoner in the hands of the French in Guadeloupe. A charitable Frenchman gave asylum to the infant for ten months, till an uncle could reach Guadeloupe to claim it. Meanwhile the relatives at home took care to make provision for its present and future by having the year-old orphan at once presented with a commission in His Majesty's forces. Baby Vignoles was appointed an ensign in his dead father's regiment, on condition "that he shall exchange to half-pay immediately, as he is too young to serve," says the official despatch. The young officer spent his half-pay on pap and coral in the charge of his grandfather, Dr. Hutton, of logarithm fame, Professor of Mathematics in the Military Academy at Woolwich. By-and-bye he was promoted to the responsible task of reading and correcting mathematical tables. The boy was clever, but headstrong, and by no means industrious. He is said to have spoken in after life with pride of the share he took in his grandfather's computations; probably he found little pleasure in it at the time. It seems that a futile attempt was made to break him in to the study of law. For some reason not clearly recorded the high-spirited lad quarrelled sharply with his venerable relative, so sharply that the quarrel was never made up before the old man died—a thunderbolt burst on his head, he says, and he ran away from home. He is suspected of having joined the army in Spain, but for two years his story is a blank. In 1813 he reappears as a student at Sandhurst, and at the end of that year he was gazetted to an ensigncy by the Prince Regent, in a regiment that was soon ordered on active service to Holland. He learnt to stand fire in the grievously mismanaged affair at Bergen, when his captain was shot down and he was left to command the company, of whom more than half were killed or wounded before the attacking party was drawn off. After then he knocked about the world with his regiment for some two or three years—now in Canada, now in Scotland, till, disappointed at the slowness of promotion, he quitted the service and sailed to Florida to try his fortune as a civil engineer. A

* *Life of Charles Blacker Vignoles, F.R.S., F.R.A.S., M.R.I.A., &c., Soldier and Civil Engineer, formerly Lieutenant in H.M. 1st Royals, Past-President of the Institution of Civil Engineers.* By his Son, Olinthus J. Vignoles, M.A., Assistant-Minister of St. Peter's Church, Vere Street, London. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1889.

fortnight before leaving England he married, clandestinely, a young lady to whom he had become engaged while he was still a boy of twenty, at Sandhurst. Nothing could have been more imprudent, and his sensible young wife knew it. She took the risk of unhappiness and the certainty of discomfort with her eyes open. Some of her love-letters are delightfully quaint :—

> I know the extent of your faults, and confess your great culpability; yet it was more than likely your maturer years would teach reformation and wisdom [his "maturer years" then numbered twenty]. I, however, know how to appreciate the qualities of your heart, on the intrinsic worth of which I build my fondest hopes.

And again :—

> You have abilities that, I should think, would point out a variety of ways to support yourself, and in due time a wife; but without a competence, where'er we might go, we should be pursued by poverty's evil eye and all its attendant miseries.

Poverty's evil eye may have now and then winked at the imprudent couple, but as a rule they must have found its stony glare more than a little trying. The young wife strove hard to get her husband reconciled to his relatives; but what could be done with a young man who could write :—

> I have given up all idea of correspondence with my own family. The flinty obstinacy of my octogenarian grandfather, and the cold apathy of my maiden aunt, freeze every germ of affection in that quarter.

In 1823 the octogenarian grandfather died; and in the same year Vignoles returned to England, glad enough to find that the "cold apathy" of the aunt did not prevent her from taking compassion on the almost penniless condition of himself, his wife, and two children, or from showing what he gratefully acknowledged afterwards as numberless marks of affection. He obtained casual employment as a surveyor, and was ready, when the railway epoch opened in 1825, to be engaged under the Rennies as resident engineer in laying out the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Unluckily for his connexion with that famous pioneer line, his chiefs, the Rennies, resigned, and George Stephenson, who was appointed principal engineer, liked Vignoles as little as Vignoles liked him. The retirement of the younger man was inevitable; but other work was not long in coming in. We cannot here attempt any narrative of the share taken by Vignoles in the early development of railways. It is bewildering to follow the author in his account of the lines projected with extraordinary rapidity with which Vignoles was professionally connected—lines which in many cases did not fall in pleasant places, nor reached any terminus but the Parliamentary Committee-room. In a number of cases, however, his railways were made, and several great works of exceptional merit in point of taste remain to attest his genius as an engineer. His work abroad was even more considerable than at home. The form of rail with which his name will always be associated, although not used by English railway men, has found permanent favour with American and Continental engineers. His reputation as a Parliamentary witness brought him fame and fortune, and in this connexion the following extract from his diary may be quoted to give an idea of the life led by a railway engineer in those eager days :—

> On July 2 (1832) received a sudden and urgent summons to London [to support the London and Birmingham Railway Bill], whilst engaged on the Widnes Dock. I immediately crossed the ferry at Runcorn, and posted thence to Northwich, thence to Sandbach. Gig from there to Lawton Gate, where I was taken up by the "Red Rover" for some distance. Posted on for the rest of the day and through the night. July 3. Posted on right through to London, and arrived at the House of Lords exactly at noon, and was immediately sworn.

On one occasion Vignoles's confidence and rashness nearly proved his ruin—did, indeed, completely ruin him for a time. He supported one of his own railways, the Manchester and Sheffield, by taking so much of the share capital that when calls were made he could not pay, and a decision of the Courts stripped him of some 80,000*l.*, the whole savings of his professional work during twenty years.

Five or six years later we find Vignoles entering upon one of the most interesting periods of his kaleidoscopic life. Hearing from an old friend that the Emperor Nicholas had a great wish to build a bridge over the Dnieper, under the fortress of Kieff, Vignoles resolved to design a bridge and to lay the drawings in person before the Czar. It was a bold scheme and it was carried out with characteristic dash. When the drawings were finished and mounted on silk, superbly bound in morocco and embossed with the arms of Russia in gold, Vignoles set out with them for St. Petersburg in January 1847, accompanied by his two grown sons. Admitted to audience, he found the Emperor extremely gracious; the proposals were accepted in principle, and Vignoles was commissioned to return to Russia with complete working drawings and estimates as soon as he could. In September he again presented himself before the Emperor, after visiting Kieff and maturing his plans, and succeeded in carrying everything before him :—

> The Emperor, after explaining the necessity for the width of the portals to be 28 feet, frankly and nobly decided to leave everything else to my own judgment and experience. The Emperor's words were :—"Si vous voulez me répondre sur votre parole d'honneur que le pont sera stablement construit, je vous laisse pleine action, et je vous en donne la main"; and shaking my hand heartily, the Emperor added in English, "Is it a bargain?" I answered without a moment's hesitation, and looking him full in the face, "Sur mon honneur, Sire, et sur ma tête."

This curious bargain, in which there seems to have been no clear separation of the functions of contractor and engineer, would have been a risky one had it been struck with any man possessed of less than Vignoles's lofty sense of professional honour. To Vignoles, we are told, the bargain turned out to be by no means profitable. But in six years the bridge was completed, a magnificent structure, and a really fine monument of engineering skill. It was characteristic of the man that he spent seven thousand pounds on two models of the bridge, one of which was destroyed in the Crystal Palace fire in 1866. Vignoles was in treaty with Nicholas for more engineering work in Russia, but the plans were rudely checkmated by the outbreak of the Crimean War. We have not space to follow the record of his later years, but would rather send readers to the conscientious pages of the Life for details of the work accomplished through the energy, versatility, and resource of this very remarkable man.

THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.*

IN pointing out a defect the Rev. T. E. Bridgett seems to us to have erred on the side of excess. While he proves that the Marian bishops, as they are sometimes called, suffered more in Elizabeth's reign than has been noted by most writers, whether Roman Catholic or Anglican, his book is likely to lead his readers to imagine that their sufferings were greater and more wantonly imposed than we have reason to believe was the case. Allowing, however, for this tendency, we gladly acknowledge the value of his work on a subject which has been obscured by prejudice and carelessness. He devotes his first chapter to exposing the blunders and misrepresentations of other writers, and quotes an amazing statement of Dr. Jessopp, whom he describes, apparently without ironical intention, as "delighting above all things in accuracy," as a "gauge of the general ignorance on this matter." Some of his comments are open to exception. When, for example, Lord Burghley says that certain persons "enjoyed their life as the course of nature would," he does not mean that the deprived bishops as a body led pleasurable lives; he is speaking of certain Roman Catholic clergy, such as Bishop Watson and Dr. Feckenham, who, after having been retained in the houses of Elizabeth's bishops, "were found busier in matters of State, tending to stir troubles, than was meet for the common quiet of the realm," and were therefore more strictly confined, yet were "not called to any capital or bloody question," but were allowed to live until their lives came to an end in the course of nature. Again, Strype's remark that he doubted "much that they [the deprived bishops] were also committed to prisons" is neither so "bold" nor so absurd as is made out here; for he is speaking of the immediate consequence of their deprivation, which was not at once followed by imprisonment, and he says on the same page that several "both of the bishops and others of the popish clergy" were afterwards imprisoned. Strype is more than once most unfairly quoted in this matter.

Of the sixteen diocesan bishops who were alive in 1559, fifteen were deprived for refusing to acknowledge the Queen's jurisdiction in ecclesiastical matters; they would have met with a sharper lot in her father's days. Two of them, White of Winchester and Watson of Lincoln, had already been imprisoned for a very short time for contumacious language. Five died before any further proceedings were taken. All the others, except Poole of Peterborough, who was left unmolested, and Goldwell of St. Asaph, who had fled the country, were imprisoned the following year, because it was considered unsafe to allow them to remain at liberty. Their imprisonment, speaking generally, lasted from three to four years. Mr. Bridgett contends, and, we think, justly, that this imprisonment has been treated too lightly. Camden's words, "hi primum in carcerem dati, sed plerique mox amicorum vel episcoporum commissi," certainly do not convey the length of its duration, and he has been followed by some modern writers. Strype also gives us to understand that the six bishops confined in the Tower were, in virtue of a letter of the Council, allowed to have their meals together, whereas it is proved here that, as late as 1562, they and their two companions were "close and severally kept," and were served separately. If they suffered some hardship, what was their lot compared with that of the Reforming bishops in the last reign? Bonner was kept in prison for the rest of his life. There is no reason to believe that he was the monster of cruelty depicted in certain Protestant books; he administered the law and was not responsible for it, nor is it certain that he delighted in the horrible severities which it prescribed. At the same time he never, after Queen Mary stirred him up, showed himself backward in his hideous work. Although his part in the burnings is scarcely noticed here, we cannot forget it when called upon to think of him as a confessor. His imprisonment probably saved his life from private vengeance. Mr. Bridgett sneers at Andrewes and Fuller for saying as much; but refers in a note to a letter of Sanders in which he relates that before Bonner was lodged in the Marshalsea he could scarcely venture abroad on account of the hatred of the Londoners. In this case Sanders was, no doubt, telling the truth. The six bishops confined in the Tower were released in 1563. Heath, formerly of York, spent the rest of his

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* *The True Story of the Catholic Hierarchy deposed by Queen Elizabeth.* With fuller Memoirs of its two last survivors. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R., Author of "Life of the Blessed John Fisher," and the late Rev. T. F. Knox, D.D., of the London Oratory. London: Burns & Oates, Limited. 1889.

days in peace, and not without honour, and Turberville, formerly of Exeter, received permission to live with his friends—"at his own liberty," Burghley says. Mr. Bridgett is convinced that Burghley is lying; the Bishop must, he assumes, have lived under limitations and surveillance; and, having assumed this, he exaggerates his assumption, in order apparently to excite the indignation of his readers. "In a word," he says, the Bishop spent the rest of his life "with what in modern language is called a ticket of leave." Pate, the deprived Bishop of Worcester, left England, and Scott, formerly of Chester, also fled to the Netherlands, or, as it is oddly put here, "into Belgium." Scott had given his bond to remain in a certain district; this, Mr. Bridgett says, was a "penal obligation, and not a *parole d'honneur*," and the distinction seems to have satisfied the Bishop's conscience. The other bishops living in England were, with the exception of Bonner, committed to the keeping of different Anglican prelates. They are said by Heylin to have been "kindly entreated," and by Strype to have lived "with much ease." On the other hand, Mr. Bridgett would have us believe that they "merely exchanged jail for jail." Nothing that he says seems to us to invalidate the statements of older writers. Nevertheless, there is, of course, another side to their picture. While the bishops lived in a fair degree of comfort, they were, as will be seen here, subject to many restraints, they were deprived of the external observances of their religion, and must have been forced to hear a good deal of theological talk of a kind obnoxious to them. But that they were otherwise well treated is established beyond question. It is urged here that they were at the mercy of men who "were almost without exception the bitterest of Puritan fanatics"—an absurd misstatement—and that the Elizabethan bishops were not likely to do anything to alleviate their lot. The implied conclusion may be compared with a quotation given in another place. Parker, it is truly said, was doubtless a pleasanter host than Horn of Winchester; yet Watson, who was in Horn's custody, wrote, "My good Lord of Winchester hath dealt with me this whole year and quarter as if I had been his natural brother." Watson was sent to Wisbeach Castle in 1580, and was kept in confinement there until his death. He brought this upon himself, for he was "most active in persuading Catholics to refuse any compromise," and had been found to be in correspondence with the King of Portugal, a discovery which cannot fairly be described, as it is by Mr. Bridgett, as of no importance. Burghley was, therefore, justified in putting him "in safe ward," especially as the coming of the seminary priests was then impending. He was not imprisoned for his religion, but because he made himself dangerous to the welfare of the State.

The dealings of the Government with the deprived bishops are well illustrated by a quotation which Mr. Bridgett inserts from the pamphlet entitled *Important Considerations by the Secular Priests*. The writers say that during the first ten years of the reign the state of the Catholics in England was tolerable, and they distinctly declare that the bishops and clergy who were boarded with the Elizabethan bishops and deans were well treated. It was, they consider, in consequence of the action of the Pope that the Government became more severe. First, the bull excommunicating the Queen was followed by a "great restraint of the prisoners," and then the Jesuit mission made matters still worse. Watson, of whose life we have a detailed account, was well aware of the mistake which the Pope was making; he knew that the mission of the Jesuits would be fruitless and worse than fruitless, and, as the secular priests say, he and "divers of the gravest clergy then living in England did greatly dislike them, and plainly foretold that (as things then stood) their proceedings after that fashion would certainly urge the State to make some sharper laws, which should not only touch them, but likewise all others, both priests and Catholics." Mr. Bridgett endeavours feebly enough to extenuate the force of the priests' statement. An account of Bishop Goldwell's life is written by the late Rev. T. F. Knox; it was mostly spent at Rome. We have no wish to make light of the troubles and inconveniences which came upon the deprived bishops, or of the constancy which they exhibited, but we are sure that every one who studies the subject dispassionately will be convinced that, considering the spirit of the time and the danger which would probably have ensued to the kingdom had the more active of them been allowed to remain at large—to say nothing of the feelings with which the nation looked back on the Marian persecution—the bishops were treated with remarkable leniency. Every one of them might by the Act of 1563 have been called upon to take the oath renouncing the Papal jurisdiction, or on a second refusal to suffer death. Yet in Bonner's case only, and he was allowed to escape, was an attempt made to force this alternative upon any of them. Indeed, after their first imprisonment, which was a matter of public expediency, their treatment was determined by the opinion of the Government as to whether they would live as good subjects of the Queen, or were likely to cause trouble. One matter yet remains to be noticed. Mr. Bridgett says that an assertion which, he thinks, renders it probable that Kitchin was persuaded by Bonner to refuse to consecrate Parker, "certainly lends some support to the first half of the Nag's Head story." In writing this did he, we should like to ask him, or did he not intend to lead his readers to believe that there is, in his opinion, some probability that the narrative, as a whole, is true? Kitchin's conduct is, of course, of no importance. Mr. Bridgett must know—we would not insult him by supposing otherwise—that the story of the mock consecration at the Nag's Head is an impudent falsehood, devised not earlier than 1604, probably by a priest named Holywood. The absurdity of this malicious fable has been exposed by many historians, and, above all, by the late Arthur West Haddan—a name which we cannot write without reverence and regret—both in his edition of *Archbishop Bramhall's Works* and in his *Apostolic Succession in the Church of England*. Mr. Bridgett should not have written in such a way as to make it possible for his readers to infer that he believes that there is some ground for the story. Knowing, as he must, that it is false, he should, if he had occasion to refer to it, have followed Lingard's example, and said so in plain terms.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

IN Carmen Sylva's German version of the *Songs of the Dimbovitza* (1) we have an interesting and valuable contribution to European folklore. The Roumanian melopees (mostly unrhymed improvisations intended to be sung in unison, to the rude harmony of a native measure) are collected by Helena Vacaresco, a young Roumanian poetess, out of the mouths of peasants, lute-players (cobzar), and gypsies, at weddings, christenings, burials, spinning meetings, feasts, harvests, and dances. The freshness, passion, and purity of them have so charmed their translator that she does not hesitate to compare them with the finest examples of Eastern or Scandinavian folksong. It is not possible to coerce the German words, into which the Queen of Roumania has infused much of the wild, woodland fragrance of her people's thought and emotion, into a semblance of the native rhythm. Yet, in a measure, the dedication to the memory of her child, "who loved the land so well that the land stole her from her mother and hid her in its bosom," approaches the most popular form of the native metre:—

Ich habe mich erinnert,
Es war dein Recht, mein Kind;
Das Schwert hab ich herausgerissen,
Und siehe! Noch ist heiss das Schwert,
Lebendig ist das Blut das kalt ich glaubte!
Mir bebt die Hand, ich habe mich erinnert,
Und es erwacht der Groll
Dass ich der Erde fluchen muss
Die dich mir raubte.
Da, siehe, öffnet sich die Erde
Und zeigt in ihrem Schoosze mir den Schatz,
All ihrer Lieder.

The book is divided into two parts—Lute-player's Songs and Spinning Songs. It closes with a quaint, weird drama entitled "Autumn," of a kind to be played "only on that ideal stage which every man carries in his brain." Among the Lute-player's Songs none are more remarkable for that indefinable quality we are fain to call atmosphere than the "Song of the Blood," the "Soldier's Wife," and the gipsy "Song of the Knife." Among the Spinning Songs none are more touching than the "Foundling," more quaintly sad than the "Heyduk's Flower," nor more graceful than the "Hora-song," to be sung and danced to to the cobzar's accompaniment, with an occasional line sung by the lute-player to change or renew the melody.

The author of *Deutsche Psalmen* (2) is no unworthy descendant of that August Herman Franke whose name will live as long as Evangelical hymns are sung in Protestant Germany. Herr Franke's modern German hymns express with the strong and direct simplicity of his forbears contemporary needs, struggles, and experience. There is a triumphant ring in such lines as

Der Strahl, der mir den Tag gebracht,
Der Glanz, der endet meine Nacht,
Die Kraft, die meine Bande bricht
Ist ew'ges Licht,

which should be a powerful antidote to the pessimism which has followed upon the sturdy faith of Luther's day.

Herr E. Bernheim's *Lehrbuch der historischen Methode* (3) is a theoretical work on the science of history from fundamental principles to particulars. Many a new problem is here presented, more than one glimpse of unfrequented paths is offered to the student. The first chapter treats of the relation of history to philology, statecraft, sociology, philosophy, anthropology, ethnology, natural history, and art. It sums up with the nature and mission of history. The second treats of methodology (*Methodologie*); the third of available sources (*Quellenkunde*); the fourth of criticism (*Kritik*); the fifth of the perceptive faculty (*Auffassung*). In the sixth and last, which treats of presentation (*Darstellung*), there is a passage on the necessity of the objective presentation of history, to which the writer adds an encouraging rider for the benefit of those who, while telling of deeds as remote as those of Ramses or Alexander, wish to add something about themselves. The historian may speak his mind in a preface. Should he in the course of his narrative be impelled to praise, blame, or otherwise record any personal impression, "without distortion of the facts of history, the historical conscience will be satisfied," and such a presentation

(1) *Der Rhapsode der Dimbovitza.* Von Carmen Sylva. Bonn: Emil Strauss.

(2) *Deutsche Psalmen.* Von A. H. Franke. Gotha: Friedrich Andr. Perthes.

(3) *Lehrbuch der historischen Methode.* Von Ernst Bernheim. Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot.

may, to the satisfaction of the scribe and the advantage of the reader, be considered "intrinsically objective."

Dr. Kleinschmidt's *Charakterbilder aus der französischen Revolution* (4) are fairly well-drawn character sketches of a time about which, albeit of perennial interest, there is nothing new to say. The illustrations, portraits of Montesquieu, Louis XVI., Mirabeau, Marie-Antoinette, Necker, Danton, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and Louis XVII., are from the originals of Callet, Vigée-Lebrun, David, and Hersent. The essay on Louis XVII. opens with a transcription of the epitaph on the tombstone at Delft of a man known to his following as the Duc de Normandie, but to the world in general as Naundorff. Dr. Kleinschmidt is apparently not less exercised by the remarkable physical resemblance of the descendants of the one described on his tombstone as "Roi de France et de Navarre," to Bourbons better known to history, than by his own conviction that the heart offered by Pelletan, and refused as spurious by Louis XVIII., had been taken from the body of the Martyr of the Temple.

In the *Ariadnefaden für das Labyrinth der Edda* (5), Herr August Schierenberg applies to the Edda the same process to which M. Ernest Havet has subjected the Hebrew prophecies in those chapters of his *Etudes d'histoire religieuse* which treat *De la Modernité des Prophètes*. The Edda is not, in his opinion, of Scandinavian origin, but a daughter of the Teutoburger-Wald, who wandered north until she settled in Iceland. Sigurd, who killed the dragon Fafnir, is, he holds, none other than Arminius, destroyer of the Roman power. Brunhilde is the Fatherland, Krienhilde or Gudrun, the regal power, in gaining which Arminius lost his life at the hands of the patriotic party. Loki stands for Segestes, and Etzel or Attila for that nephew of Arminius whom the Romans placed on the throne of the Cherusci. The Icelandic Abbot, Niclas, quoted by Herr Schierenberg, who travelled through Germany to Rome in 1150, describes the Gnitaheide as situate near Paderborn, between the villages Horus (Horn) and Kilian (the Roman Aliso), on the river Lippe. This corresponds exactly to the battlefield where Varus met his death. Holzman, who is cited among other authorities in support of the writer's view, says that "these songs did not originate in Scandinavia, but in Germany. There are Huns and Goths in this land, a river Rîn (probably the Rhine), and a Niderheide (in the neighbourhood of Paderborn)."

In a pamphlet entitled *Der blaue Junge* (6), Herr W. Döring investigates the causes of eighty-one accidents to German merchant vessels during the past ten years, taking for his motto, "Lead, log, latitude, and lookout." He claims that this synthesis of wreckage in every navigable latitude should forearm, as it forewarns, the blue-jacket to whom it is addressed. Among other remarks of a more general character, he points to the significant fact that German seamen are employed in the merchant services of England, Holland, and America at from 30 to 50 per cent. higher wages than they could earn in the service of their own country. He demands for the German sailor fuller social and pecuniary recognition than now falls to his share.

Lust und Lehre, a progressive German Reader (7), mainly intended for those beginners who have mastered the intricacies of German grammar, appeals through its admirable selection of examples of prose and verse to the more advanced scholar. The notes are a capital guide to technical proficiency. We are glad to find J. V. von Scheffel represented by his *Trompeter's Lebewohl* among the poets.

THE FARM AND THE DAIRY.*

THIS little volume is one of the useful handbooks published under the heading of "Bell's Agricultural Series." In a few pages, and in a convenient form, it contains a great deal of information likely to be valuable to farmers and cowkeepers of all kinds, whether professional or amateur. On the very first page there is a capital summary of the chief things to be considered before taking a farm, such as the quality, condition, and nature of the land, its soundness, fertility, altitude, climate, aspect, slope, form, situation, natural or acquired shelter, water supply, buildings, fences, roads, distance from markets and railways, rent, rates and taxes, all of which should form subjects for careful notes to those who visit farms with a view to renting them. Excellent, again, is the advice to the agriculturist in search of a farm, that he ought to ascertain as exactly as possible his own capital, not only in money—the only thing usually considered—but also in skill, in health, in energy, in experience, and its application. In the author's opinion, sound land, that is to say land which has not required artificial drainage, is, "quality for quality," to be preferred to drained land, unless the soil is very loose and "unretentive." Indeed, he tells us that in Leicestershire many farmers like even damp land undrained, and that, in their opinion, "inferior pastures are not the better for being improved where cheese is made"; for in that country, the finest quality, although not the largest quantity of cheese is supposed to be obtained on land that lies low, "having a cold, marly subsoil, on which a few rushes grow." On the other hand, he dissents from the theory which prevails in some parts of Cheshire, that the use of bone-manure on pastures makes cheese inferior in quality. He thinks that, if Cheshire cheeses have deteriorated on certain farms, it is owing to overskimming the evening's milk, and not to the improvement of the land. With regard to shelter, he says that it stands in the place of food up to a certain point. At any rate, the absence of shelter demands extra food, and exposure deprives a beast of much of the advantage of food already eaten. Of the importance of good roads, or rather of the loss caused by the wear and tear of both horses and vehicles on bad roads, few farmers with a grain of sense need to be reminded; but many farmers are not sufficiently appreciative of the immense value of a copious supply of running water to a man who knows how to avail himself of it. In exact proportion to the increase in the value of the milk trade in comparison with other branches of farming does proximity to a good milk-market become of greater and greater importance. In some cases a railway-station may be as serviceable as a town for this purpose; and in others, quarries or collieries surrounded by miners' cottages may be equally valuable. Professor Sheldon considers a sufficient capital of more importance to the farmer now than formerly, and on account of the recent rise in the price of stock we are inclined to agree with him. Three or four years ago, however, when sheep and cattle were much depreciated, some landlords and agents thought that, whereas 10*l.* had been the usual capital considered necessary per acre, 8*l.* was then enough. In *The Farm and the Dairy* we are told that from 10*l.* to 12*l.* is now none too much, and that the tenant ought to have besides half a year's rent in a bank. He tells us that there was a rise of thirty per cent. in cattle between the springs of 1888 and 1889, and that between the autumns of 1887 and 1888 the rise was still higher. The statement that "good land is seldom too dear, and bad land is never cheap enough," is a strong one; for although there may be a substratum of truth in it, surely not a little bad land has been re-let at such a low rent during the last few years that it can scarcely fail to prove remunerative, now that the value of stock has increased, on the author's own showing, considerably more than thirty per cent.

It is a fallacy to suppose that, with the increase of dairy-farming the plough will gradually disappear; for we are told in this book that a farm will carry more stock with one-third of it arable land than if it were all in permanent pasture. By ploughing a greater variety and a larger bulk of green crops may be obtained, to say nothing of the importance of a supply of corn and roots for the winter; and, although the author is not in favour of putting the whole of a dairy farm under the plough, breaking up the seeds after the first or second mowing, and keeping the cattle in sheds and yards—a system extensively followed in France and Denmark—he admits that by this means a "farm may be made to yield its utmost in food, and possibly also in profit." Yet the expense of an arable dairy farm is enormous, and wages are far higher in this country than on the Continent; so a method of farming which answers well enough in France or Denmark might not invariably succeed here.

The chief lesson inculcated in the chapter on the breeding and rearing of calves is that they must be what farm-servants call "done well." Meal, cake, corn, hay and roots, if used with judgment, will well repay the necessary outlay. Attention to condition is of the utmost importance, and every individual calf must be carefully watched; for what would be only generous feeding for one might be over-stuffing for another. As with thoroughbred horses for racing, so also with pedigree shorthorns, it has become the fashion to force the yearlings intended for sale to a point verging upon unhealthiness. Yet when we look at our own nurseries, how different is the system of feeding children at present from that of forty or fifty years ago! Certainly the increase in the use of animal food for young children is at least proportionate to that of stimulating food for calves and colts. Cowkeepers differ much as to the advantages and disadvantages of brewers' grains. The author recommends his readers to store them for some months, or even a year, in air-tight pits, and to mix them with chaff before giving them to cows in milk. Even then he would use them in moderation, and only as a supplementary food. He is not an advocate for giving much decorticated cotton-cake to milking cows, as it is apt to flavour butter and cheese unpleasantly; yet in small quantities, and judiciously mixed with other foods, it is not only harmless, but beneficial, and its manurial value is too well known to require description; indeed, it is higher than that of any other food given to cattle. With regard to ensilage we are told that "too much of it will often give an unpleasant taste to the milk, as too many turnips will"; yet that in moderation, and mixed with hay or straw, it not only increases the quantity of the milk, but improves the quality and colour of the butter.

The yield of milk in these islands is valued by Professor Sheldon at about forty-three millions sterling per annum; and he calculates that London alone requires 600,000 cows to supply it with the products of the dairy, 84,000 of them being needed for milk alone. Some 10,000 are kept "within the metropolitan radius itself, in 1,100 sheds, by 395 cowkeepers"; and "there are probably no fewer than 4,000 horses engaged in the delivery of milk in London." Notwithstanding the difficulties of supplying

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(4) *Charakterbilder aus der französischen Revolution.* Von Dr. A. Kleinschmidt. Leipzig: Hartleben.

(5) *Der Ariadnefaden für das Labyrinth der Edda.* Von G. Aug. B. Schierenberg. Frankfurt a. M.: Reitz und Köhler. 1889.

(6) *Der blaue Junge.* Von W. Döring, königlichem Navigationslehrer. Leipzig: A. Schwartz.

(7) *Lust und Lehre.* Edited by Otto Schlapp. London: Hachette & Co.

* *The Farm and the Dairy.* By Professor J. B. Sheldon. Illustrated. London: George Bell & Sons. 1889.

fresh milk in such prodigious quantities, "probably no town in the world is so well supplied with milk as London." In Paris the consumer "is content to have the milk delivered once daily, and then twenty-four hours old"; "while in London it is delivered twice daily, in a very short time after it is drawn from the cows."

One of the greatest innovations of recent times in the dairy is the cream-separator—or rather, we should say, cream-separators, for there are several kinds. In one sort the milk is poured into covered pans which have double sides and bottoms, with spaces for water between them. These spaces are first filled with boiling water until the milk is raised to 110° Fahr., when it is drawn off, and cold water is put in its place until the milk is lowered to 60°. When, in from twelve to fifteen hours, the cream has risen, the skim-milk is drained away from the bottom of the pans, leaving the cream, which is let out, in its turn, through a tube. Another kind of separator consists of a vessel containing a series of long, narrow, and deep cells, which are placed in the coldest water that can be procured. A clever contrivance for skimming off the milk by one turn of the wrists is an important feature of this form of separator. The centrifugal separator, however, is attracting more attention than any other at present. With this machine the milk is placed in a receiver, from which it flows in a regulated stream into a drum. This "drum is actuated by means of a handle that is attached to a cog-wheel, and a very high rate of speed is attained." In the larger machines horse-power, water-power, [or steam-power is used. By means of the centrifugal separator fresh cream may be obtained in a few minutes, and fresh butter in something less than an hour, after milking the cows.

According to Professor Sheldon, "the cheese of England is essentially a food, while that of the Continent is rather a relish." He maintains that "a well-made cheese is, as a food for toiling men, without a rival in cheapness and nutritive value," and that it is not only an excellent food, but one that is already "partially digested." Whether the remainder of the process is very easy is a question which we are not prepared to discuss at this moment. We read that extracts of rennet are supplanting home-made rennet. Rennet of uniform strength is of great importance in cheese-making, and it is one of those things which are usually best when prepared by experts. Uneven rennet will make cheeses of uneven strength and quality; but in Rennet Extract, as in all other ready-made preparations, there are ample opportunities of adulteration. The author accuses the Americans of the latter offence in making cheese itself, or what purports to be cheese, and he says that "most of the dairy abominations with which the current generation is familiar have first seen the light" in the United States. "Oleomargarine cheese, for example, is a cheese which, containing lard and various kinds of slaughter-house offal-fat, and simulating Cheddar cheese in form and size, has done incalculable mischief to the reputation of Cheddar cheese in the minds of the rank and file of cheese-eaters in England." Even in this country, according to this little book, cheese-making has deteriorated in certain places. It tells us that Stilton, which ought to be a "double-cream" cheese, is now often made from "single cream," when it is no richer than any other sort of cheese made from unskimmed milk; that in Leicestershire generally very fine dairies of cheese are rarer than they were some years ago; that the sale of milk in Cheshire for the supply of the great towns of Lancashire has greatly reduced the amount of Cheshire cheese, while its quality has suffered from the growing practice of overskimming; and that there are makers of Cheddar who endeavour to produce a cheese that will ripen exceedingly quickly, with the consequence that in three months' time it "is past its best, if best it ever attains." On the whole, however, the prospects of dairy-farming in Great Britain are, perhaps, brighter than they have ever been before. Immense strides have been made during the last few years in the requisites and machinery of the dairy; the system of cheese factories has proved a great economy of both time and labour in some counties, and in others the large dairy companies offer a ready and convenient milk market to the smaller farmers; but, best of all, while the influx of American cheeses injures the sale of those of England, and the importation of frozen and tinned meat keeps down the price of fat cattle, the ever-increasing demand for fresh milk has to be almost exclusively supplied by the cowkeepers of this country.

A NEW LEXICON.*

IT has often been said by experienced teachers that the big Liddell-and-Scott was too big and the little one too little; the one is cumbrous to handle and awkward to carry about, especially for the purposes of an itinerant reading-party; and the other, good as it is, can hardly be used with profit by anybody except a very young beginner or a very old hand. Between these two there has hitherto been no Greek-English lexicon which has obtained any popular success; and in supplying one of an intermediate size Dr. Liddell and the Clarendon Press have hit upon an idea which is certain to bring profit to themselves as well as advantage to the Greek-reading or Greek-learning public. The new lexicon is much less than half the size of the sixth edition of the old Liddell-and-Scott; it contains not quite half as many pages, and each page, though nearly the same in breadth, is shorter by about two inches. The number of the pages has been tested by comparison only with the sixth edition, because the seventh (on which the new lexicon has been founded) does not happen to be accessible; but, speaking from memory, we think that in this respect there was no great difference between the two editions. With such reduced dimensions it goes without saying that we get a much more convenient volume. It remains to be seen what sacrifices we have to put up with. None at all in the matter of type and general appearance. It is, then, in the abbreviation of some articles and in the omission of others that we must look for the inevitable loss, as compared with the old sixth or seventh edition. In some cases the loss is hardly noticeable, and in others it is quite considerable. Of course we are speaking here, not from the point of view of a serious student who verifies every reference (to him the big lexicon is, and must always be, indispensable), but from that of the ordinary scholar, who is not quite a scholar or ever likely to become one—the scholar who looks out a word in his dictionary just to find a meaning which he may fit puzzle-wise into the context before him. To go in any detail even through a single letter is, of course, impossible. We can only compare the two lexicons by taking samples from each. Dr. Liddell tells us in a short and businesslike preface that generally "the words only used by late writers and scientific terms have been omitted." That was, of course, an indispensable preliminary. But care has been taken to insert, we are told, all words "used by Homer downwards, to the close of Classical Attic Greek," and besides these "words used by Aristotle in his moral and political treatises, by Polybius and Strabo in the books generally read by students, by Plutarch in his Lives, by Lucian, by the poets of the Anthology, and by writers of the New Testament." That is to say, that Dr. Liddell has aimed at scholastic purposes, and, as he has fairly carried out a sufficiently heavy programme, he may be congratulated upon having succeeded in a task which entailed a great deal of tedious labour and sometimes called for a careful exercise of practical judgment. Before we examine any of the special articles it may be useful for those of our readers who wish to know whether they should or should not buy the new lexicon, if we show what proportion of Greek words Dr. Liddell has thought proper to omit. Between the words *ζόφος* and *ζυγόδεσμον* we find omitted in the Intermediate Lexicon the following words which were inserted in the original one:—

ζοφώδης	*ζυγηφόρος*
ζόφωμα	*ζυγία*
ζόφωσις	*ζυγιανός*
ζυγάδην	*ζυγικός*
ζύγαινα	*ζύγιμος*
ζυγαρχία	*ζύγινος*
ζυγάς	*ζύγιον*
ζυγάστριον	*ζυγίς*
ζυγέω	*ζυγίτης*
ζυγηδόν	*ζυγῖτις*

That is to say, between the two points which we have selected we only find seven articles in the Intermediate Lexicon as against twenty-five in the original one. In this way a considerable amount of space has been saved, and for the practical purposes of an ordinary teacher or learner the new lexicon is not much the worse because it has passed in silence over these eighteen words, since none of them are specially important or likely to occur in the common run of classical work. But this might be an exceptional case, and it may be as well to apply the same test at another part of the lexicon—this time between the words *κόλπος* and *κόμη*. Here we get the following omissions:—

κόλπωσις	*κολυτέα*
κολπωτός	*κόλυτρον*
κολύβδαινα	*κόλχος*
κολύβριον	*κολῳάω*
κόλυθροι	*κολωνία*
κόλυθρον	*κόμαιθος*
κολυμβάς	*κομαρίς*
κολύμβατος	*κόμβη*
κολύμβησις	*κομβολύτης*
κολυμβήτεον	*κόμβος*
κολυμβητήρ	*κομβόω*
κολύμφατος	*κόμβωμα*

Here, again, we see that a great number of articles have been omitted in the Intermediate Lexicon (more than twenty), but that, with three or four exceptions, none of them need be very much regretted, inasmuch as a wholesale massacre of the innocents was absolutely necessary. After testing the book in a more haphazard style, we have come to the conclusion that very few words have been left out which are likely to occur to the advanced schoolboy or the unambitious undergraduate. Certainly we did not find *προσέληνος*, although it is in itself an interesting word and occurs in the Schol. Ar. *Nub.*; nor *σπευστικός*, which occurs in Arist. *Nic. Eth.*; nor several other words which might very well have been included. At least they might have been inserted in preference to many of the proper names which have been allowed to stand. We quite agree that a lexicon which professes to be complete ought to contain the proper names, which are as much a part of the language as any other word in it. But

* *An Intermediate Greek-English Lexicon, founded upon the Seventh Edition of Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon.* Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1889.

in a lexicon intended only or mainly for practical use it would have been better to cut out all those of them which are not justified in their position through some duplication of form or some irregularity of inflection.

Having sufficiently or (as Aristotle would say) in outline discussed what is *not* in the lexicon, we must say something about what *is* there. After examining a great number of the articles we are, on the whole, surprised to find how little that was essential has been sacrificed in the process of condensation. You may turn to article after article and find that every meaning and sub-meaning registered in the original has been preserved in the abridgment. The references are curtailed and many of the illustrative quotations have been cut out. That was unavoidable. But a considerable number of references have been retained and not a few quotations. The result will be satisfactory, except to the serious student of language who wishes to be helped in tracing the growth and development of usages, but it is not for him that the Intermediate Lexicon has been compiled. Under the words δοῦπος, ἐπίδικος, Ὀλυμπιάς, and ὀμφαλός, hardly anything that was important in the original has been slurred in the abridged lexicon. We take these words as fairly typical specimens of different classes, and find that the space which has been saved has not impaired the general value of any of the articles. Sometimes the brevity which was necessary has even improved the article as judged by a literary standard. But in a good many other articles we think that undue sacrifices have been made to the exigencies of compression. Let us give a few instances. Under πάροδος, after all the other meanings have been given, we come to the following words at the end, "The first entrance of the chorus, their first song." Not a hint is given how the word came to bear a meaning apparently so distant from the one which is natural and original. Again, under πάρεδρος we are simply informed that it may mean "the assessor or coadjutor of a king or magistrate." That is not enough to tell a schoolboy or an undergraduate who may safely be presumed to know nothing else about the subject. It is just the words of this class on which explanation was necessary and about which considerations of space should not have been rigorously regarded. Again, in some of the quasi-technical terms used by philosophical writers, even in such widely read treatises as the *Republic* and the *Ethics*, we do not find all, or nearly all, the help that we have a right to expect; thus πολυπραγμοσύνη is simply translated as "officiousness," or "meddlesomeness," and ἐπιείκεια is briefly dismissed in the following words:—"*Reasonableness, fairness, equity*, Thuc. Plat. &c., *clemency, goodness*, Dem." This would not greatly assist a youth, unversed in Aristotle, who was puzzling out a detached passage in the *Ethics*. Again, we are told (*s.v.* Κύκλωψ) that the Cyclopes appear in the Odyssey as savage giants dwelling in Sicily, and also that they were builders of the walls of Mycenæ. But in the longer article in the original lexicon care is taken to point out that, according to Strabo, the builders of the walls of Mycenæ were a different race from the one-eyed inhabitants of Sicily, and that they had a Thracian origin. We could give many other instances in which we have detected slight oversights and slight omissions, but to lengthen our list would be to give a false impression of a most useful, and on the whole a most accurate and scholarly, work. It may be a matter of regret to the frivolous that the only pun which has been hitherto discovered in the original lexicon has not been allowed to find its way into the abridgment. It will be remembered, in discussing the proposed derivation of the word συκοφάντης from σῦκον and φαίνω (one who informed against persons exporting figs from Attica), that the humorous lexicographers thought proper to remark:—"This explan. is prob. a mere figment." This learned frivolity survived into the "sixth edition revised and augmented." But it has not found a place in the abridgment. It would not be seemly for intermediate scholars to be admitted to the *facetiæ* of their betters. They are simply informed that such a theory of derivation is not admissible, and are recommended to adopt (with some reserve) the suggestion of Mr. Shadwell that the idea of "false accuser" comes from a person who brought figs to light by shaking the tree, and that from this meaning we reach the metaphorical one of "a person who makes rich persons yield up their fruit by false accusation." On this now time-honoured theory we have only to remark that of all devices for finding figs the most foolish and unlikely would be to shake the tree.

A GERMAN FOG.*

DR. RAUE published a long time ago "a little book" entitled by the German equivalent of *Dr. Beneke's new soul-doctrine arranged for teachers on methodical principles in simply developing ways*. It was substantially, in its author's view, an endeavour to "popularize" the "researches" the result of which Dr. Beneke had some time previously given to the world under the title of *Psychological Sketches*. It had considerable success, going through five editions, some of which were translated into the Flemish, English, and French tongues. Since then Dr. Raue has learnt English, and, partly adopting the English translation already made by some unknown person and apparently without his knowledge, he has now republished his book in English, with considerable amplifications, and a "culminating point" which is "the result of" his "own thought and research." The culminating point is the concluding part of the present volume, and it consists of what Dr. Raue calls the application of psychology as a natural science to the solution of occult phenomena. It is not now necessary to review in detail Dr. Raue's discussions of psychology generally. The value of his application of it to the problems of the what, the how, and the why of what he calls occult psychic phenomena is a sufficient topic of criticism for the moment. Nevertheless, in order to give some idea of his explanations, it is necessary briefly to indicate a few of the statements and explanations of which his earlier work consists.

Suppose a man sees a pig. What is it that happens to him, and how does it happen, and why? This is the sort of question to which a properly equipped psychologist is always ready to give an answer which he considers satisfactory. Dr. Raue's answer is something like this. The man has two eyes. Each of them is a "sense-organ." That is to say, if light comes upon it it sees whatever the light comes from. In the supposed instance, the light comes from the pig, and falls on the man's eyes. If they were artificial they would reflect in the proper place an image of the pig. Being natural human eyes, and therefore sense-organs, in the face of a living man, they reflect that image in such a way that the man, with the assistance of his optic nerves, brains, and body generally, sees what they reflect, and would be able, upon being questioned, to give information about the pig—its size, shape, and colour, the place where it was, and so on. Also he would remember, for a longer or shorter time, the fact of having seen the pig, and what it looked like; and would be able more or less to think and talk about it. So far, anybody would agree with Dr. Raue. But he goes further. He says that an eye would be a fatuous thing, and of no more use than a small and inconvenient mirror, if it were not for the person to whom it belongs, and that the person to whom it belongs would not be able to make any use of it but for the "primitive forces" of his soul. Now the primitive forces of a man's soul are described by Dr. Raue as being the forces which enable his sense-organs to be of use. The primitive forces receive "*stimuli*" from the sense-organs, and then they act. The image of the pig, reflected in the eyes, and suitably affecting the optic nerves, is a *stimulus* which the eyes convey to the particular primitive force which can see. The primitive force sees, and not only so, but it retains a "vestige" of what it saw, which may remind it of the pig at any subsequent time, and when it does the man will remember the pig and think about it. The primitive forces "manifest themselves" by the senses; but they are there all the same, whether they are manifesting themselves or not. In fact the soul consists largely of them. These forces are in no way material, but wholly psychical. In other words, they are made of, or are functions of, the stuff souls are made of, which is not stuff at all, except in a certain way of speaking. Of course Dr. Raue has written an immense deal more about the primitive forces of the soul, but these few words will suffice to indicate to persons interested in psychological research the kind of things he has to say about them.

Having in his former work got his primitive soul-forces well in hand, it is not surprising that Dr. Raue finds in them the key to all "occult psychical" problems. Indeed, it would be tempting Providence to look further afield for an explanation, when the primitive forces obviously provide one so ingeniously profound, so verbally plausible, and so impossible to contradict. The mode of solving psychical problems may also be best illustrated by a common example. Suppose a man in London sees his long-forgotten friend having his throat cut in the Fiji Islands, just when that transaction is actually taking place. The solution is simply that, though his eyes cannot see without his primitive forces, his primitive forces can, under peculiar circumstances, see without his eyes. The primitive forces, being psychical and immaterial, are not bound by the conditions of space and time. They can see what is going on in Fiji as well as what is going on a yard in front of them, although they do not so frequently act independently of the sense-organs as they act in connexion with them. That, says Dr. Raue, explains everything—mesmerism, spiritualism, and phantasms of the living, and it will explain the pranks of Mme. Blavatsky, her leaders, and followers, equally well, though Dr. Raue does not say so. Phantasms of the dead are also, in Dr. Raue's opinion, liable to be perceived in this way, because the primitive forces of the soul, being purely psychical, survive death, and continue to go through evolution, although during life they exist, and act in interdependence upon the physical forces. It can hardly be necessary to add that as to the reality of alleged phenomena of all these kinds, and as to the value and accuracy of the stories laboriously collected by Messrs. Gurney, Myers, and Podmore (whom Dr. Raue invariably calls Padmore) in *Phantasms of the Living*, and the journals of the Society for Psychical Research, Dr. Raue displays a credulity, and an absolute ignorance of the proper way of testing evidence, which could not be outdone by the veriest noodle who was ever gladly duped by the commonest "Spiritualist" impostor.

When this ingenious theory is industriously elaborated into a thick volume, full of long words, it can be made to wear for a moment a kind of superficial plausibility. It is, in fact, word-

* *Psychology as a Natural Science applied to the Solution of Occult Psychic Phenomena.* By C. G. Raue, M.D. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1889.

spinning of the emptiest kind. The whole edifice is founded upon propositions which really mean nothing at all. The plain truth is that there are no primitive forces of the soul. The proposition that there are is only another way of saying that when a man sees a pig he sees a pig. What a man is, besides being sixty per cent. of water and the rest of it, arranged in a particular way, or what he does when he sees, except that something happens about his eyes, nerves, brain, and possibly other parts of him, Dr. Raue knows no more than the babe unborn. Therefore he invents "primitive forces of the soul" out of his own head or Dr. Beneke's, assumes their existence without any evidence whatever, and without even explaining what he means by "force," and pretends to have solved problems and to have explained that which could not be understood before. His application of the "science" of psychology to the solution of "phenomena" much the larger part of which never happened at all and are recorded only in falsehoods is nothing whatever but an airy, or rather foggy, creation of his own pen, and depends upon the reiterated statements of identical propositions, in different, but always in pompous and ambiguous, language.

As to his method of reasoning, one or two examples will suffice to show that any inferences drawn by him from his own or other people's observations of facts must be entirely untrustworthy. They shall be taken from that part of his work with which Dr. Beneke had nothing to do. His theory of primitive forces making and seeing ghosts depends entirely upon the proposition that for psychical activity space has no existence, and that it makes no sort of difference where the body of the soul whose primitive forces are perceiving without sense-organs may happen to be. In upholding the existence of ghosts of dead people he says:—

> We should not trouble ourselves in speculations about the *place* where spirits dwell. There is no place—a space confined by length, breadth, or depth—for psychic forces or psychic organisms. Their presence or absence, their nearness or distance, cannot be determined by measuring-rods, but depend entirely on the *psychical relation* which they bear to other forces. These may be spirits in or out of the body, or they may be particular localities to which the psychic organisms have become attached during their development in earth life. Any locality may become a part of their psychic life, and the more so the more deeply this connexion is grounded on lifelong habits or strong passions, which keep the connexion in constant nearness to consciousness, or, in other words, fasten the mind to a particular place.

A man who says in the same breath that there is no place for psychic organisms, and that any locality may become part of them, does better to assume his facts than to argue for their existence. To do Dr. Raue justice he does seem to have acted generally on this principle. On the same topic he observes that when a body is dead, and the psychic organism has left it [in spite of being everywhere and nowhere], "there is no reason to assume that its [the psychic organism's] activity and capability should not go on all the same." There is not, if Dr. Raue's views about psychic organisms are correct. But, according to the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, upon which Dr. Raue is here commenting, and which he says deal with the subject "in the most cautious and skeptical spirit," experience shows that, whereas phantasms of the living are nearly as common as blackberries, phantasms of the dead are extremely rare, if it can be said to be proved—even according to the easy canons of the S.P.R.—that they ever occur at all.

Dr. Raue makes a considerable boast of the proposition that there is nothing impossible in his theory—that is, that observed facts do not clearly demonstrate it to be incorrect. It may cheerfully be granted that assuming his ponderous phrases to be capable of having any particular meaning this would be so, or nearly so. But there is a vast difference between being theoretically possible and being true. It is probable that nothing is known absolutely inconsistent with the existence of animals with five legs and green tails in the centre of the moon. All the same, anybody who earnestly maintained that there were such animals would, unless he had sources of information not available for other people, be a silly fellow. Our souls may possibly be capable of some kind of convulsions remotely corresponding to what Dr. Raue calls primitive forces, only there is no reason whatever to suppose that they are. If they were, some such convulsions might perhaps enable people to see and otherwise perceive ghosts, only no one has yet been able to establish the fact. Under these circumstances it is a waste of good ink, and of time which may or may not be valuable, to call facts that you cannot understand by names that you cannot satisfactorily explain, and then boast that you have enabled everybody to know all about it.

YET ANOTHER CONCORDANCE.*

OF the making of concordances there appears to be no end, and though the Rev. J. Faulkner Potts intimates in his introduction to *The Swedenborg Concordance* that there has been an end of that, it has taken him fourteen years to write, and it will take him (as far as can be made out, for he is a little nebulous on the point) eight more to get the three remaining volumes before the world. Certainly the most enthusiastic concordant could not wish for a more suitable subject. The Writings (as they are always respectfully called) of Swedenborg fill a large —almost an extravagant—number of volumes. Moreover, in the opinion of Mr. Faulkner Potts, the sublime author of the Writings contradicted himself rather freely. "A reader's attention may," he says, "be arrested by some statement which appears to be at variance with one or more other statements he has met with elsewhere in the Writings. Yet he has frequently no means of referring back; and, even if he should find the passage or passages he remembers to have read, the apparent discrepancy may, after all, be explicable only by reference to another passage which forms the connecting link, but on which he cannot lay his hands, and of the very existence of which he may, indeed, be ignorant." What work, then, can be more beneficial than a concordance which will bring all the contradictory passages together, and enable the reader who has paid his money to take his choice, free from the possibility that his author may subsequently go back on him in an unexpected manner?

The whole of the Writings have been specially translated by Mr. Faulkner Potts, in order that he might more effectively concord (? or concordate) them. In the performance of this feat "two principal objects have been steadily kept in view. The first is reverent fidelity to the original. The second is the Queen's English." The spectacle of Mr. Faulkner Potts hard at work for fourteen years (out of twenty-two), with one eye fixed on reverent fidelity and the other on Her Majesty's language, must, indeed, have been a moving one. The result is worthy of the labour. Each word has its Latin equivalent after it. Thus, if you look up "man," the passages in which Swedenborg wrote "vir" are distinguished from those in which he wrote "homo." There are also cross-references in rich abundance. The consequence is that A—C, or, to be accurate, from "A" (not the indefinite article, but the capital letter, about which we learn that words of the celestial class in the Hebrew Word are to some extent characterized by it [and sometimes u and o], and that it is used in the third Heaven because it gives a full sound) to "Czar" (whom Swedenborg says he saw two or three times, in dreams and otherwise), takes up 893 pages, containing an extraordinary amount of information.

We have space for only one or two specimens. They shall be taken at random, and ought therefore to be fairly representative. "ALLURE. *Allicere.* A 1983[1]. Sirens are chiefly of the female sex, and are women who in the bodily life studied to *allure* their associates to them by deep wiles." "BULLOCK. *Juvencus.* 2179. When oxen and *bullocks* appear in the World of Spirits, they know that the Angels are talking about natural goods." "CUT-THROAT. *Cultrarius.* A 2799[12]. The reason a knife is scarcely mentioned in the Word is that in the other life there are evil spirits, who are called *cut-throats,* at whose side knives appear to hang, on account of their having a nature so savage that they want to cut the throat of every one with a knife."

* *The Swedenborg Concordance.* A Complete Work of Reference to the Theological Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. Based on the Original Latin Writings of the Author. Compiled, edited, and translated by the Rev. John Faulkner Potts, B.A. 4 vols. Vol. I. A to C. London: Swedenborg Society. 1888.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have been sent the pianoforte score of the new work by Mr. F. Corder written for the Leeds Festival this year. It is entitled "The Sword of Argantyr," and is published by Forsyth Brothers. The subject is one of those elaborate Viking sagas, of which in this work only a short episode is treated, but enough to make a long cantata. It is almost impossible to judge of a work of this importance without hearing it performed; but it is eminently dramatic, written entirely in the latest modern style; in fact, there is only one number in the whole work where sustained fugal writing is introduced, and this is a trio for solo voices in scene iii., commencing with the words "Love is abjur'd." There is only one female solo part in the work—we need hardly say for soprano—but the renderer of it will be taxed to her utmost limit; for the tenor, Hjalmar, only appears in the second part, and the second baritone or bass, the spirit of Argantyr, only in the third part. The introduction, with chorus, is weird, representing a fog at sea in a boundless ocean; the music is very pictorial, and is contrasted by an adjuration to a reindeer, sung by soprani and alti in strains suggestive of hunting. Then comes a clanging, clashing scene of a mutiny on board. The uproar is well represented by an elaborate six-part chorus, consisting of a soprano and alto part, and two tenor and bass parts. Hervor, the soprano, then makes her appearance in a dramatic scena to quell the riot, and from that time to the end has not much rest. The first scene, or what in other works would be called Part I., ends with a fine chorus, "Our voices go up with a joy," in which again appear a few bars of canon. The intermezzo and first tenor solo, which begin the second scene, are of a pastoral character, and a good contrast to the preceding dramatic and impassioned scenes. The chorus, "Ha! see, 'tis a mountain of fire," is powerful, and, we predict, will produce a great effect; but it is only suitable to a choir of the excellence and scale of the Leeds one, the intervals and writing being most complicated. This ends the second scene or part. We have before mentioned the trio in the third scene, "Love is abjur'd"; it is very original and will require first-rate rendering. The cantata concludes with a fine chorus beginning "Hervor, mighty heroine," accompanied by a high, impassioned air for Hervor. We shall be curious to hear the verdict pronounced on this work at Leeds; we cannot help thinking that

it will be favourable; but it all depends on the parts being well balanced and the instrumentation, of which points we cannot judge from simply a pianoforte score.

The London Music Publishing Company sends us a set of songs by Wentworth Bennett called "Love Lyrics." We are agreeably surprised in them; for it is a dangerous experiment to have a suite of sixteen songs on the same sentimental topic and by the same composer; but Mr. Bennett contrives to rise superior to our prognostications, and has introduced a great deal of variety and originality in each song. For instance, there could be no greater contrast than that between the treatment of the first and second—"I love thee" and "I live for thee"—and all are pretty and effective.

The firm of Charles Woolhouse sends us a varied selection of music. "Valse de Concert," by T. A. de Orellana, is a showy piece for the piano, with a certain brilliance; but we are lost in surprise that there should be such a demand for this kind of music. It requires some technical skill; and for those who can attain to this standard of execution we should have thought it would have raised a taste for a higher class of music. "Toujours àt oi," Pensée pour piano, by G. Saint George, is another of the same kind of piece destined for an ephemeral existence in the drawing-room. "Réveil du printemps," by the same composer, is also of a light class of music, but has some good points. The first four bars of the subject of the Allegro movement are good, and capable of some working out; but, unfortunately, it rapidly develops into the commonplace. "The Castle in the Air," a song also by Mr. Saint George, is pretty, of the ballad type, and does not strain at too much effect; while his "Elégie," for violin or violoncello and piano, is a successful work. Mr. Saint George never writes anything very great for the violin and kindred instruments, but he understands bringing out the rich sustained notes of these instruments, which, practically, is all that an amateur can ever attain to. We like his "Feuilles d'Album" much less; there is a sad want of originality, for at every opening note to each subject we know well the hackneyed phrase that will follow. We have an "Idylle," for flute or violin and piano, by Herbert F. Sharpe, Op. 38. This is much more elaborate music, and requires a higher stamp of virtuoso to play it. It is effective, and has a great deal of passion running through it. We also like his "Légende" for violin and piano; it is not the least hackneyed in conception, and we would wish to hear it done full justice to by Mr. Carrodus, to whom it is dedicated. Miss S. Emily Oldham shows her wisdom in adhering to an old good model in her minuet for the piano, entitled, "In the Olden Time." She has not much to say in the music, but what she does is well put and attractive. Her song, "Love's Return," is equally simple and taking, and "Guardami," which is a more ambitious attempt, is a successful imitation of the old Italian style. "Feuille d'Album," by Jacques Haakman, for violin and piano, has one good short motive, but this is so frequently repeated with no other subject to relieve it, we are truly glad the work is short. His "Afternoon in February" is a descriptive song of a melancholy subject, but has some dramatic power. "In Fairyland," *morceau caracteristique*, by J. Cliffe Forrester, is a bright piece for the pianoforte, and "Can you forget?" music by Sydney Shaw, is nothing very striking, but up to the average of many drawing-room songs. Mrs. J. E. Vernham's song, "Twilight," is pathetic and pretty. "Beneath the Roses," by Gilbert Byass, is simply an ordinary valse set to music, bright, but of no originality; and as to "The Aureola," also by him, it may become popular, for it is a complete plagiarism of Sullivan's "Lost Chord." "Hermione" and "Margaret," two valses, also by Gilbert Byass, have plenty of tune and go in them: but we like the last best, for it has a germ of originality. Mr. Byass has a knack of picking up other composers' ideas and clothing them in a slightly different form. "Merry Voices," polka by Carl Kiefert, has a lot of life and spirit, which is the essential thing for a polka good for dancing.

MARINE AQUARIA.*

WHEN the late Mr. P. H. Gosse published, in 1854, his volume entitled *The Aquarium*—a volume which, by the way, seems to be still the main authority on the subject—he remarked that it was the well-known naturalist Dr. Johnston to whom the honour was due of having first invented the marine aquarium, in 1842. This statement, however, called forth appeals from several other competitors, and in particular from the family of Mr. Ward, the inventor of the Wardian case for ferns, who stated that in 1841 that gentleman had established "in a vessel, which contained twenty gallons of water, and which he surrounded with rockwork raised several feet above its margin," a complete fresh-water aquarium, in which he kept gold and silver fish. This enterprise, however, was of the nature of a fish-tank, and was not of the first importance to marine natural history. But in 1846 Mrs. Thynne, as Mr. Gosse duly acknowledged in the second edition of his *Aquarium*, was the first to bring to London and preserve in captivity living seaweeds and madrepores, which she had collected on the coast of Devon. She aërated the water by daily pouring it backwards and forwards from one glass bowl to another, and she deserves all praise for being the earliest real inventor of the marine aquarium.

The two naturalists, however, to whom the study of sea-creatures in aquaria owes most were Mr. P. H. Gosse and Mr. Robert Warington, who, almost exactly at the same time, in the year 1849, but without any cognisance in either of the experiments of the other, began to form and develop aquaria in London. Mr. Gosse began immediately with sea-animals and plants, while it was not until 1852 that Mr. Warington began to prosecute experiments with salt water, his vivaria having up to that time been stocked with pond-snails, gold-fish, and water-weeds. In October 1852 Mr. Gosse published the results of his observations in the *Annals of Natural History*, and in 1853 they added a charm of novelty to his delightful volume, *A Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast*. Late in 1853 Mr. Warington gave some valuable details of the progress of his experiments in the *Annals of Natural History*, and the question of marine aquaria began to attract universal attention. In 1854, as we have said, Mr. Gosse issued his *Aquarium*, which was illustrated with exquisite coloured plates, in a style then quite novel to the English public. The subject became extremely popular; and, to meet the demand for information from those who desired to take a personal interest in marine zoology, Mr. Gosse published, in 1855, his *Handbook to the Marine Aquarium*, which was presently followed by the *Glaucus* of Charles Kingsley. The marine aquarium then became the fashionable rage of the moment. No drawing-room was considered complete which did not contain a bowl of animated rarities; and the late Mr. Lloyd began to sketch out his scheme for the creation of great public aquaria in the chief European cities. Such, we believe, is the succinct history of a very agreeable and humanizing branch of modern popular science.

The little book which Mr. Bennett has produced makes no pretension to originality, but may be found a useful compendium of information scattered elsewhere, as to the kinds of animals and seaweeds which live best in captivity, and which it is therefore most profitable to procure. It explains where such objects are to be obtained, and how they are to be kept in health. It is profusely illustrated, and those pictures which are engraved by a process from photographs after nature, although they are ugly, are vivid and useful, except in cases in which the engraver has not understood the formation of the creature. An example of the latter is seen on p. 70, in the illustration of that exquisitely pearly sea-anemone, the *Bunodes gemmaceus*, to which Gosse gave the unjustifiably cruel English name of the Gem Pimplet. The tentacles of this anemone, in the engraving, look like nothing so much as the orange capsules of the fruit of the wild iris, when they lie burst open and shattered by the wind. The engraver or process-maker has evidently not understood the structure of the Pimplet.

There has been little improvement in the artifices by which marine animals are brought from the shore and preserved in tanks. The collecting apparatus recommended by Mr. Bennett is the precise counterpart of that described by Gosse nearly forty years ago, a square-bottomed wickerwork basket, divided into four compartments and fitted up with two large and four small glass vessels. The implements are the same, too; a geologist's hammer, a cold chisel, and a leno net. Mr. Bennett describes the methods of collecting, from his own experience, and he seems to be an enthusiastic naturalist. His descriptive powers, however, must be limited, or he is deceived in his nomenclature when he says that the *Zostera marina* is to be found in rock-pools, and is a "green weed, with feathery branches." What can he mean? *Zostera marina* is the Sea-grass, beds of which occur in deep water, never in pools, and its leaves are long, glossy, narrow ribands, like grass, but even less "feathery" and less "branched," if that be possible. He goes on to recommend *Zostera* for the tank, but our own experience is that it is totally useless and even harmful in an aquarium. Mr. Bennett gives excellent advice when he remarks that stone jars containing specimens, when sent by passenger train to London, should be but half filled with water. The splashing about of the contents, which alarms the timid collector, is really beneficial to the animals, as it keeps the water comparatively fresh and aërated. Perhaps the most valuable pages of his little manual are those (pp. 49-52) in which he enumerates the things which the collector is not to do. Sometimes these seem a little unlikely to be done, as "Don't let the animals take a header up the siphon." We should not have supposed that they would wish to do so, but Mr. Bennett once possessed an eel that performed this extraordinary feat of suicide.

* *Marine Aquaria: their Construction, Arrangement, and Management.* By Reginald A. R. Bennett. London: L. Upcott Gill.

THREE MEDICAL BOOKS.*

THE perusal of Mr. Ellis's treatise on the human foot has given us great pleasure. We have not previously met with so intelligent and accurate a description of the mechanism and functions of the various structures which enter into its formation. The keynote of the book is struck in the opening paragraph, which runs as follows:—

Of the two feet with which man is endowed, each may be regarded as

* *The Human Foot.* By Thomas S. Ellis. London: J. & A. Churchill.

Medical Handbook of Life Assurance. By James Edward Pollock, M.D., F.R.C.P., and James Chisholm. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

The Dictionary of Medical Specialists. Edited by W. P. W. Phillimore, M.A., B.C.L. London: Charles J. Clark.

the counterpart of the other, in every respect corresponding. It is, however, impossible to understand the feet, from whatever point of view they may be regarded, unless we consider them in combination.

We entirely endorse the opinion here expressed. To the non-recognition of its truth, and the consequent attempt to make either foot appear symmetrical in itself are principally due the mistakes in shoe-making which give rise to so much misery and fully justify Carlyle's description of us (in his letter to Mr. Dowie) as "a public suffering much in its feet." From this false conception of the real beauty of a foot has arisen the fashionable boot, coming to a central point, and producing overlapping toes, ingrowing nails, bunions, corns, and other unsightly deformities so frequently observed in the feet of those who have persistently sacrificed comfort and utility at the shrine of fashion. The same idea is carried out in practice to a still greater extreme by the high-caste Chinese ladies. The author shows that artists have not been altogether blameless in this matter. At first sight we should be disposed to hold the makers of boots and shoes as chiefly responsible for the unsuitable and, from the point of view of true art, inelegant foot-clothing in common use; but this would be unjust, as they are obliged to supply the form of article demanded by a vitiated public taste. It is a pitiful sight to see the distortion of the feet of young children deliberately, though ignorantly, undertaken by loving parents almost before they can walk. We think Mr. Ellis perfectly right in his opinion that the military position, with the toes turned out, is not the best for either walking or prolonged standing, and agree with him that the feet should be parallel in both cases. His advocacy of making boots from lasts which are *really* of the same shape as the feet to be clothed is, of course, sound; and the form of last invented by him appears to us excellent. We trust that this book will obtain the wide circulation to which its merit entitles it, and that the principles set forth in it will meet with general acceptation.

The Medical Handbook of Life Assurance is the joint production of a physician and an actuary, both men of eminence in their respective professions. Under these circumstances we should expect to find it a good guide for medical men who are called upon to examine those proposing to insure their lives. In this expectation we are not disappointed. The methods by which the personal and family history and the present condition of the proposer can be best ascertained are fully described. The relative importance of the various hereditary taints and existing morbid conditions as affecting the value of a life is carefully pointed out. We notice occasionally some inexactness of wording, as in section 28, p. 23, where *experience* is spoken of as *a rare intellectual gift*. Errors such as this do not detract greatly from the value of the book, but are certainly blemishes, and should be corrected in any future edition. Contrary to the generally received teaching, Dr. Pollock speaks of the murmur of mitral stenosis as occurring "in the first part of the heart's systole," instead of the latter part of the diastole. The book is thoroughly practical, and should prove useful to those who are only occasionally required to examine for life assurance.

The *raison d'être* of the *Dictionary of Medical Specialists* is not obvious. The author states that "its object is to place in the hands of the profession, in a convenient form, information which hitherto has been unattainable, save at much loss of time in searching and comparing medical directories and hospital lists." We have reason to believe that almost every practitioner of medicine possesses, or has access to, Churchill's *Medical Directory*, which contains considerably fuller information respecting the physicians and surgeons devoting themselves to the practice of special branches of the profession than is given by Mr. Phillimore. The proposition that it is necessary to inform medical men as to who are the leading lights in their profession is altogether untenable.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE second part of M. Decrue's History of the great Constable of Montmorency (1) marked itself off naturally enough from the first. Whatever the defects of Francis I. (and they were many enough and large enough), no Minister was ever likely to make of him a mere king who reigns and does not govern. With his son and grandsons it was different, and great part of the history of France under them reduces itself, in fact, to the rivalries or coalitions of the Constable with Guises, with the Châtillons, with Condé, with Catherine de Medicis. The wars with England and Germany in the first part of the volume, the religious wars in the second, are all connected with Montmorency's name and actions; nor was he less eminent in peace than in war. M. Decrue is right in saying that no one ever succeeded him in exactly the same double capacity. The Guises would willingly have done so, but could not; Richelieu, though an infinitely greater statesman, and not unwarlike, was Montmorency's equal neither in lineage nor in generalship. If Marlborough had been a great noble by birth, and had not been so much engrossed in foreign war, he would have come near to the Constable. But the Minister-Commander-in-Chief, the "Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom," has become a practical impossibility since the sixteenth century, unless, like Cromwell and Napoleon, he makes himself nominal as well as real chief of the State. M. Decrue, however, makes no exaggeration in respect to his hero. Indeed, Anne de Montmorency is not personally a fascinating character, despite his splendour. He is more desirable in the fine equestrian statue which was exhibited a few years ago in the Salon, and is now at Chantilly, on canvas or on paper, than he could have been to live with. For all his bravery (which was indeed sometimes suspected of bravado), his high birth, his wealth, his encouragement of art, he is inferior in romantic interest, not merely to Guise, but to the severe figure of Coligny. Of the worst fault of the French nobility—its perfectly shameless and insatiable place-hunting and money-grabbing—there never was a more signal example than Montmorency. Still his extraordinary position and his very remarkable abilities entitle him to the place which he holds in French history and in this book, which will probably remain for some time the accepted monograph on the subject, and the first part of which has already been "crowned" by the Academy. As a book to read it perhaps abounds a little too much in detail, some of which might have been omitted without loss of precision and with considerable gain to the lucidity and interest of the narrative. But this of itself makes it a more valuable book for reference, and the fulness of its page-by-page reference to authorities is extraordinary.

The *Sensations* (2) of M. René Maizeroy (a writer of almost the youngest school, and of considerable powers, who has sometimes, like too many others, been unfortunate in his choice of subjects) belongs to a class of book which was almost unknown till fifty or sixty years ago, the class of very elaborate sketches—vignettes as it were—sometimes purely descriptive, sometimes with a little "story" thrown in, always more or less short, and aiming at great accomplishment of style. The earliest book of the kind that we can think of was Louis Bertrand's *Gaspard de la nuit*; the best is Baudelaire's *Petits poèmes en prose*. M. Maizeroy does not come up to these two, and indeed his attempts are less elaborately planned as hybrids between prose and poetry; but they are good specimens of literary impressionism, with passages here and there of considerable merit. There is, of course, a certain insincerity of tone about them, as where the author after one of his country journeys and enjoyments of pure delights, sighs over the necessity of returning to his drudgery at Paris, and to the "particular cabinets, with their mirrors scribbled over by the diamond rings of drolesses." The contrast is, no doubt, one which will commend itself as much to the man of taste as to the moralist. But if we come to that, was there any *force majeure* which obliged M. Maizeroy, even if he had to return to his drudgery, to return at the same time to the particular cabinets and the drolesses? *Je n'en vois pas la nécessité*, as the best form of one of the best of anecdotes has it.

The perplexity which always weighs upon the reviewer of M. du Boisgobey, in the matter of "telling the story," is perhaps best solved by strictly quoting the official description of the book. *Double-blanc* (3), then, is "a recital of the most dramatic, full of surprises, emotion, and the unexpected." Its title is "the surname of a charming woman who at last finds happiness after terrible peripeties." We can attest the truth of this, and yet there is nothing in it to diminish the fearful joy of the reader who declines to be informed beforehand of anything which that story contains. *Le petit Gosse* (4) (a common, not a proper, name) is a foundling. His experiences, both in the asylum and out of it, are pleasantly told, and the stage English governess who appears may be forgiven to M. Busnach. By the way, it is rather a curious instance of the ineradicable tendency of human nature to "pass it on" that this impossible person is a revenge not nearly so much for any English caricature as for the German *Hausfranzösin*. In striking contrast with both these books, good as both are, is M. Victor Fournel's *Maman capitaine* (5). It is hardly a novel, and may even be, as the author hints, over-true. The misfortunes of Lieutenant Hardy are, perhaps, a little too harrowing, according to a well-known canon of art which forbids the attempt to portray hopeless and continuous ill luck and misery; but they are horribly possible, and told with a curious absence of exaggeration and a very delicate and pathetic touch. The book is simply the history of a man who, partly through over-delicacy of feeling, partly by sheer ill luck, misses, or loses, every chance in life, and is killed at last, less by the continued pressure of hardship and misfortune than by the death of the adopted child whom he has managed to support. The public which buys, "crowns," and hails as a kind of revelation such maundering trash as M. Edouard Rod's *Sens de la vie*—the weary, old, effeminate whinings of idleness and fulness of bread—will probably put *Maman capitaine* aside, as well as sensationalists, Socialists, and all other "ists." But it certainly has the truth of literature, and we fear it has the truth of life. It should be added that there is another short story in the book, as a make-weight. This is comic, not tragic, but also good of its kind.

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(1) *Anne Duc de Montmorency sous les rois Henri II., François II., et Charles IX.* Par F. Decrue. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Sensations.* Par René Maizeroy. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Double-blanc.* Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. 2 tomes. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Le petit Gosse.* Par W. Busnach. Paris: Perrin.

(5) *Maman capitaine.* Par Victor Fournel. Paris: Perrin.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WHAT may be termed the commercial energy of the trading nations of the world is strikingly exhibited in Mr. George G. Chisholm's *Handbook of Commercial Geography* (Longmans & Co.) The subject has attracted much attention in recent years among teachers and men of business, its educational importance having been strangely overlooked by most writers or compilers of geographical text-books. Of the various manuals that treat of the geographical distribution of commerce which have appeared of late years, the majority may be described as books of reference or statistical epitomes. Mr. Chisholm's work aims at fostering an "intellectual interest" in commercial geography, and has a wider scope than any book of the kind we have seen. With the exception of such items as area, population, and raw or manufactured products, the statistical information, which is of great value and most conveniently tabulated, is separated from the body of the work in an appendix. Thus the reader who consults the book for facts is not distracted by a superfluity of figures. By an excellent arrangement of sections and paragraphs, which are numbered throughout the book and referred to by their numbers when necessary, the information is both clearly and concisely conveyed. The numerous maps, by Mr. F. S. Weller, offer well-defined and strictly relevant illustration of population, products, coaling-stations, railways, canals, and other channels of trade. Altogether, this careful and conscientious volume is something better than that kind of tedious and familiar compilation of indigestible facts known as a guide to useful knowledge. Here and there Mr. Chisholm's commentary takes a theoretical form, as in the comparison of the advantages and disadvantages of the commerce of Great Britain. Among the commercial disabilities of this country Mr. Chisholm reckons the dearness of land, the high rate of wages, the high tariffs of Protectionist countries, the want of a decimal coinage, and the backward state of technical and commercial education, in connexion with which Mr. Chisholm indicates as a hindrance "a mode of spelling in favour of which not one argument of weight can be advanced, except the fact that it exists and is difficult to get rid of." This is surely a very extreme view of a simple matter. It is well enough to clinch this severity of judgment by citing Mr. Max Müller's opinion that "English spelling is a national misfortune"; but, as a matter of fact, foreigners engaged in commercial pursuits in England easily vanquish the difficulties of our language. If German clerks triumph, as they notoriously do, why should the English child be handicapped, as Mr. Max Müller suggests, in the keen international race? The plea of the spelling-reform faddists was never revealed in more naked absurdity than in Mr. Chisholm's advocacy. It is the foreigner, not the native, who is handicapped. Let our mercantile clerks master German and French and we should hear nothing more of the supposed disability.

In the Clarendon Press Series we have a selection from Burns—*Burns; Selected Poems*, edited, with notes, glossary, and introduction, by J. Logie Robertson (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press)—which does not lessen the healthy distaste for selections from the English poets which much experience of such labours tends to promote. In the first place, Mr. Robertson's notes are written, it would seem, for mere children. His introduction, intended to be a "clear outline of the life of Burns," is thin and scrappy. His selection excludes, on the ground of necessity, some of the poet's most characteristic work, and omits from several poems deemed worthy of inclusion here a line and there a stanza, and this "for one reason or another." This unaccounted-for prudishness is truly unaccountable. Here, too, is a specimen of Mr. Robertson's "notes," a commentary on the lyric, "My love is like a red, red rose":—"A simple, straightforward, impassioned love-lyric, conceived with all the charming abandon of the old romantic ballad style." Could anything be more tediously superfluous? "Style" quoth'a? Why, the art is nature.

The new volume of the *English Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan & Co.), an attractive gift-book in its pretty cloth binding of pale green and gold, shows in all respects a constant adherence to the standard of excellence prescribed at its birth. Much of its contents is already familiar matter to the general reader. Mr. Swinburne's musical and pathetic Jacobite ballad, and Mr. Marion Crawford's *Sant' Ilario*, are now no new things for the magazine reader, though they impart, with the many well-illustrated topographical papers that are a characteristic feature of the *English Illustrated*, a permanent interest to a bright and varied volume which is by no means common to magazine literature.

The third volume of *Blackie's Modern Cyclopedia*, edited by Mr. Charles Annandale (Blackie & Sons), is advanced well on in the letter F, and reveals nothing on consultation that should affect our original impression of its utility as a handy and accurate work for general reference. The maps and woodcuts are unusually good, the latter being quite free from the murky ambiguity that marks the ordinary embellishments of dictionaries. Perhaps the attempt to give phonetic equivalents of foreign names is to be deplored. It never has succeeded and never will. The English reader is decidedly not assisted when he is directed to pronounce Delaroche "dė-lȧ-rosh," and Delavigne "dė-lȧ-vēny."

It is pleasant to note a third edition of Mr. W. Warde Fowler's delightful notes on bird life in Oxford, the Midlands, and in Alpine parts—*A Year with the Birds* (Macmillan & Co.)—with Mr. Bryan Hook's unconventional illustrations.

In his drama *Louis the Eleventh* (Elliot Stock) Mr. John Arthur Coupland is scarcely successful either as an imitator of Delavigne's popular play or as a dramatizer of dramatic fiction. His drama is a very thin solution of *Quentin Durward*, with the dramatic spirit of Scott entirely evaporated. There are all the characters, save the picturesque Bohemian, and most of the incidents of the novel, in Mr. Coupland's play; yet all is said with this acknowledgment. Of characterization the author reveals absolutely nothing. His puppets are all delivered of one kind of speech, a diction that recalls the inflated style of the Minerva Press fiction. The subtlety of Louis is indicated in the following "aside," spoken of Charles of Burgundy:—

> Oh that I had this fellow in my power!
> I'd torture him as now he tortures me.

Quentin starts a hand-to-hand fight with De la Marck, who is about to slay Louis, with

> Hold! felon knight, thy sacrilegious hand;

while Louis, as a spectator, gleefully shouts, as the fight goes on,

> Oh, my brave Scot! well struck, my bonny Scot!
> There, there! a very David in the field!
> He's down! He's down! He's down!

And De la Marck responds, as do all the *dramatis personæ*, whenever anything like a crisis arises, in a mellifluous rhymed couplet:—

> Ay, low enough! Now sorrow grip your hearts—
> I curse you dying! Now my soul departs!

Bluebeard Notes, by Ira Billman (New York: Funk & Wagnalls), is a nicely-printed volume of carefully-dated commonplace lyrics, none of which is in any way remarkable, except a daring and grotesque Tennysonian celebration of an episode of the battle of Chancellorsville, when "Major Keenan with his 300 horsemen" was ordered to check the enemy's charge while his commander got certain guns into position. "You must do it at all cost," he was told, and Keenan replied, "That is the same as saying 'you must be killed,'" adding with a smile, "General, I will do it." It was nobly done, this charge of "The Brave Three Hundred":—

> In the nick of time,
> On the tick of time,
> Where the front thunder'd;
> To inflict a blow,
> In the face of the foe,
> As it rushed along
> Twenty thousand strong,
> Rode the brave three hundred.

Truly they are an inventive people in the U.S.A., and their poets proclaim the fact.

We have to acknowledge *The Gentleman's Magazine Library*, edited by George Laurence Gomme, F.S.A., with bibliographical notes by A. C. Bickley (Elliot Stock), a collection of extracts on special books and subjects; the annual volume of *Sunday*, an excellent illustrated magazine for children (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.); *The Eagle*, a magazine privately printed for members of St. John's College, Cambridge; *Mining Royalties, and their Effect on the Iron and Coal Trades*, by W. R. Sorley, M.A. (Henry Frowde); and Mrs. Carlisle-Carr's *Illustrated Manual of Vowel Sounds* (Weekes & Co.), a useful addition to the author's previous *brochures* on voice production and singing, with photographic illustrations.

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ITALY AND "OUTIDANOS."

IT would be almost impertinent for outsiders to interfere in the family quarrel going on between different sections of Gladstonians as to the question whether "OUTIDANOS" of the *Contemporary Review* is Mr. GLADSTONE or is not Mr. GLADSTONE. A morning mouthpiece, and, if respectability be a qualification for representation, the most representative mouthpiece of the true faith (as per latest edition, to be changed when needful), is quite certain that no one but Mr. GLADSTONE could have written the article; an evening mouthpiece has insisted that Mr. GLADSTONE cannot have written it, and that it would be very wicked to admit it if he had. We have long and persistently maintained in these pages that it matters very much less who says a thing than what the thing is which is said, and what probability there is of its representing fact if it purport to be a statement of fact, or a considerable body of influential opinion if it be a statement of opinion. The article of "OUTIDANOS" (which we may explain, for the benefit of those persons who have either not enjoyed or have something forgotten a classical education, means pretty exactly "a fellow of no mark or likelihood") has, at any rate, been rapturously greeted as containing all things necessary to salvation in regard to the Triple Alliance, and as distinguished by specially Gladstonian marks. It is certainly distinguished by one such. It is not often easy to find a form of assertion respecting that remarkable man in which even the more calm and rational of his friends and his enemies respectively would agree. But such a formula, if it is to be found anywhere, would be probably found in the assertion that knowledge of and expertness in matters of foreign policy are not exactly the strongest points of Mr. GLADSTONE'S wide and varied mental equipment. The rude Conservative might put it that Mr. GLADSTONE'S knowledge of foreign policy is that of a child, and his judgment therein such as a child might be ashamed of; the devout Gladstonian, that the extensive and multifarious interests with which Mr. GLADSTONE'S great mind has been concerned have left him little time to devote to any but a few parts of this special subject. But the wise will see that even these extremer forms of the formula testify to a virtual agreement. And it is certain that the combined ignorance and misjudgment of this article are worthy even of Mr. GLADSTONE. Of another contention which has been advanced, that the article cannot be Mr. GLADSTONE'S because there are things in it which it would be very imprudent in Mr. GLADSTONE to say as an ex-Prime Minister and one vehemently hoping to be Prime Minister again, we had rather not speak. Recollections of some references to the Empire-Kingdom of Austria-Hungary might indicate a somewhat different deduction from the undoubted fact.

The fashion of giving in daily newspapers summaries of sensationally signed or more sensationally anonymous or pseudonymous articles in magazines has probably put most people who are interested in the subject in possession of the substance of this "Outidanic" discussion of "The "Triple Alliance and Italy's Place in it." The author, whoever he is (and he sometimes writes so very much like two gentlemen at once, or one coached by another in a subject unfamiliar to him, that his sentences do not even follow on each other), writes as a very strong partisan and admirer of France, a less strong, but still strong, admirer of Russia, a non-intervention man as regards England, an alarmist as regards Germany, a half-contemptuous disliker of Austria, and an Italomaniac who is terribly afraid that Italy has entered on the bad way. He shares the doubts and qualms of Mr. LABOUCHERE as to the relations of England to the Triple Alliance; he pretty openly gives his opinion that, though war is a bad thing, a French war of *revanche* to get back Alsace-Lorraine would be just and right. He thinks that the League of Peace, so far from ensuring peace, can, at its utmost, only equal France and Russia combined, and must draw England in to be certain of victory; and he rates the military power of Austria very low. But, though he indulges in divers side-flings at Tory policy in England, his chief concern is with his beloved Italy, which is combining with bold bad men in Germany, and bad weak men in Austria, to do the things which are not for her peace, and to oppose his beloved France. He thinks that Italy has, or need have, no enemies; he urges, admitting incidentally that the much-prized unification has of itself saddled Italy with immense burdens, that the policy of large military and naval armaments is aggravating those burdens to a crushing extent. And even this seems to move him less than the conviction that Italy is, by partaking in the Triple Alliance, "opposing the cause of rational liberty and progress in "Europe" and behaving ungratefully to good France, which has "promoted the cause and even fought the battle "of liberty *on more than one occasion*" (a somewhat grudging testimonial, by-the-bye). All which things being so, the appearance of Italy in the Triple Alliance is "no better "than a gigantic piece of political tomfoolery."

It would almost be an appropriate, though it might seem a flippant, answer to "OUTIDANOS" and those who agree with him to repeat any one of the numerous colloquial forms in verse and prose of the proposition that if certain things were different other things would be different likewise. If any Italian cares to defend his country and its statesmen from the charge of "tomfoolery," he will certainly begin by denying pretty nearly every one of the Outidanic majors, and he will not have much difficulty in supporting his denial with solid arguments and facts. He will point out that, so far from there being no cause of quarrel between France and Italy, there is the remembrance of the shabby honorarium exacted by France in 1859 and of the incompleteness of the service she rendered even on those terms. He will assert, and those who know will give him their corroboration, that ever since 1870, whether it be due to French anger at not being assisted then by Italy, or to discomfort at seeing a great Power growing up on the French frontier, or to anything else, the spirit of ill-will to Italy has been constantly growing in France. He will perhaps be unkind enough to point out that French interferences "on behalf of liberty," like French interferences on behalf of authority (for this uncourteous controversialist will probably remind "OUTIDANOS" that there was such a thing as a French expedition to Italy in 1849 as well as one in 1859), have always either resulted in a solid fee to the liberators or have coincided with some desire on those liberators' part to vindicate their own prestige, exercise their own forces, plant or water their own laurels, and grind their own axes in some way. He will have a good deal to say on the subject of the Mediterranean, and perhaps something to say on the violent and perfectly genuine popular jealousy between the inhabitants of the South of France and their Italian neighbours, which, not by any fault whatever of Italy, has grown up of late.

But his strongest reply would be a more general one, and one which we, who are no Italomaniacs, and have sometimes been accused of telling Italians uncomfortable truths, can fully endorse. "OUTIDANOS," like all sentimental politicians, thinks that he can make a nation, and a great nation, and that that nation can then maintain itself on non-combatant principles. Italy has no enemies; at any rate, she need have none; every one takes a sentimental delight in her; nobody wishes her ill; why should she spend her money on nasty warships, and turn her sons into soldiers, instead

of building plenty of large hotels and steam gondolas, and teaching the said sons to be waiters and *ciceroni?* "That, "good Mr. OUTIDANOS," our Italian will certainly say, "is, "saving your reverence, precisely the way in which we "came under the 'slavery' to which you are so proud of "having helped to put an end thirty years ago; and, if "you do not mind, or even if you do, we shall most par- "ticularly decline to go that way any more. A nation, as "you English have shown, though you seem to have for- "gotten it a little, becomes a nation, and keeps itself a "nation, by being ready and able to thrash any one who "tries to take its liberties away, by helping its friends "stoutly, and punishing its enemies heavily. That is what "we are trying to do, or at least to get ready for doing, so "as to save you the trouble of having to sympathize with "our 'slavery' a second time. And if it is gigantic tom- "foolery to do so, why, we are quite content to be gigantic "tomfools."

TWADDLE ABOUT ETON.

AS if there were not enough, and too much, to write about, the *Times* has opened a correspondence on games at Eton. The usual flood of twaddle is in full spate, and there is not a halfpennyworth of fact in all the prodigious deal of amateur wit and eloquence. Somebody has told somebody calling himself "ETONENSIS" that fifth-form boys and others are compelled to play cricket fourteen times a week. How much do they play each time? Is it all matches, or are practising at a net and practising fielding included? Are they even made to play at all? These are matters of detail; the main questions are:—Should boys be made to play, and who should make them? As to the facts, Messrs. BROCKLEBANK and JONES say there is no cricket fagging at Eton; there is a certain amount of compulsory football, but "exemptions can easily be ob- "tained." A sensible correspondent puts the case in a nut-shell. Boys must be made to take exercise. If they do not play the usual open-air games, they must occupy themselves, under proper supervision, in the gymnasium. This the kind of boy who needs being made to use his arms and legs will particularly detest. Who the authority should be is another question. The self-governing system leaves it in the hands of the school. It could be managed, of course, by the masters, by athletic *pions*. Both courses have their merits and demerits. Compulsory exercise, however, is necessary, and must be enforced by boys, or by masters, or by a mixture of both.

People who object to compulsory exercise know nothing of the puerile character. In regard to games and sports, there are well-marked species of boy. There is the normal, natural boy, who likes to be hard at work, somehow, in the open air. He is Boy in the Hunter Stage. Like Colonel ANSTRUTHER THOMSON and his accomplice Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, he will roam the fields, shoot little birds with what weapons he may, and he will not be particular about setting lines and springes. He will also take his part in boating or cricket, and take it well; but he will not be crazy about either pastime. This boy needs no compulsion. Then there is the boy of athletic ambition. We have known one of these, a most unaffected lad, who had a sentimental passion for cricket. When exiled to the seashore, he bowled with round stones, and he plaintively observed that without cricket he did not care to live. He was killed by a fall from his horse in Australia. This kind of boy, far from needing compulsion, will rather compel others to come in. It is fellows like this who have carried the *furore* for athletic sports too far; their sentiment is contagious. Then there is the boy who plays because others do. He always does what the rest do, and often excels; but he lays down bat or ball without a sigh, and goes unregretting into the world of men. Next comes the very large class who hate exertion. They are not all vicious and effeminate, but many of them are, and it is obvious that schools must find some pastime still which these idle hands must do. It is unnecessary, and might be painful, to say what they will do when they are not obliged to run, row, field, and play football. Their least offensive diversion is eating pastry; they have a natural inclination to smoke, drink, tell evil tales, read bad books, drench themselves with scent, and make love to the daughters of the district. In very many cases they are not naturally bad, but idleness and ill company soon get the better of an indolent virtue. Not very much can be made of them at best, but to fatigue their bodies and direct their thoughts is the only medicine for their minds. It is absolutely necessary, for the sake of the school and of themselves, that they should be forced to exert their muscles; and, as we said, who is to force them? Either the traditions and rules of the boys, or the compulsion of masters. There are correspondents who complain that a good repute as bowler or bat is necessary to an under-master, as necessary as a good class in moderations. This would be an error if it were merely intended that the master should be a learned professional bowler, an erudite cricketing coach. But the preference for masters who, *cæteris paribus*, are athletes, is justified by the necessity of forcing idle, languid, greedy, and amorous boys to use their arms and legs. Such masters should assist and modify the truculent traditions of the schools. They can do this without becoming *pions*, spies, ushers in the old invidious sense.

There remains a class of boy who has a natural dislike of games, and who yet is not a loafer with a turn for vice. Some one amusingly maintains that GIBBON is the only great man who disliked sports at school; "a man "like GIBBON is a worthless exception that need not be "counted." So writes an "Unknown Public Schoolboy." We make him a present of HORACE WALPOLE, who could remember finer things than a match at cricket or a fight with bargees. BYRON, as all the world knows, bowled for Harrow, one SHAKSPEARE being in the same team. SHELLEY was of no account at games, and SHELLEY is a good representative of the boy of genius who hates school amusements. We have never read that Mr. SWINBURNE was a brilliant cricketer, and it is a fact that Mr. LOUIS STEVENSON was never in the Second Eleven—of the Edinburgh Academy. He seemed to have no ambition that way. But COWPER was a cricketer and proud of it, and CLOUGH was a jumper, so was Mr. CALVERLEY. Perhaps most of the public-school men who reach renown have been good at one sport or another. The small remainder of boys like SHELLEY ought not to be sent to public schools at all. They are already children of nature and prefer long walks, with a book perhaps, to any organized and social diversions. But schools are so large, and poetic genius so uncommonly rare, that rules cannot be made for budding poets. It is said that compulsory games prevent boys from studying literature. Now the truth is that Nothing, no institution of man nor boy, nor all that is at enmity with joy, can prevent a boy with a love of books from reading. How or when he reads is not apparent; but read he will, even when he seems entirely given up to acquiring a twist from leg. But it is useless to tell this in deaf ears. As a matter of fact, the literary boy is almost as rare as the boy of genius. The rest may read shilling stories now and then; but "what in the name of the Bodleian have they," any more than "the general public," to do with literature?

We are defending compulsory exercise on purely moral and sanitary grounds, not as an ideal institution. We do not expect to make STEELS and STUDDS out of lads who are forced to exert themselves. Their cricket will be as bad as their Greek probably is. True, we have known the necessities of the post, and the desire of self-preservation, turn a small and most reluctant fielder into a very good point. He had to keep his head and the ball stuck in his fingers. But this is the exception. "A' body kens they "maun either" play cricket "or do waur," as the house-keeper of HENRY MORTON'S uncle very wisely said. There remains the question of the How and the How Much, and in this matter it is highly probable that reform is necessary. It will not be promoted by dull twaddle from drivelling correspondents. The man who writes to the papers is usually *ex officio* an ass.

THE ROTTERDAM STRIKE—AND OTHERS.

IT appears that the strike at Rotterdam, which was probably started, and certainly fostered, by that in London, has terminated on what seems to be a fair enough compromise between the demands of the men and the offers of the masters. The progress of this dispute has offered a sufficiently mortifying contrast to that of the London quarrel—a contrast which is, we fear, due to the two simple facts, that the Dutch police did their duty, and that the English police did not do it. The hectoring crowds who in London were permitted to collect and browbeat honest workers, even if they were not allowed to proceed to forms

of beating less metaphorical, were at once dispersed in Rotterdam. The threatening kind of "picketing" which, as a London police magistrate plucked up courage to say, though he afterwards qualified the saying, is undoubtedly illegal, was not permitted at all in Holland. Processions and assemblies were moved on quietly but firmly; and, in short, the whole thing was conducted in a rational manner. Nothing is truer than the proposition that you cannot stop a strike by police if there is any real ground for it; and we are not aware that any sane person denies this truth. What you can stop by the judicious use of police is the successful progress of a strike which is not justified—that is to say, which insists on a higher rate of wages than that at which other men are willing to work—and, even in the case of a strike which is justified, the disgraceful intimidation which characterized the late business at the London Docks. The reasonable philosophy of strikes is of the very simplest, and could never be questioned in any country where public opinion is in a healthy condition. Any man, any number of men, is or are at liberty to refuse to work; no man, no number of men, is or are at liberty to prevent any man who is willing to work from working. And, since combination to "persuade" is in itself intimidation, we agree with the wise first thought, and not with the unwise second, of the magistrate above referred to, that combination to persuade, which is in effect picketing, is not only against policy, but against law, whatever ambiguity the time-serving of the Legislature may have allowed to exist in the words of statutes. Mr. Norwood may not be possessed of that ironic self-possession without self-assertion which is so precious a gift; but his speech to the shareholders on Thursday was thoroughly sound in sense and thoroughly justified by fact.

The intelligent agitators who were to learn Dutch in order to keep alive the sacred flame of insurrection in Rotterdam have probably returned (at the expense of the Union or the Australian sympathizers) to their native East End. Work has been thoughtfully provided for them before their return by the arrangement, if not of a strike, of a "labour union" for the other sex, recommended by the usual names. The direct object of this movement is, of course, unexceptionable. It is to provide these underpaid women with "the incalculable advantages of "self-help." Who, indeed, can refuse these? Who can fail to remember the harrowing, and unfortunately sometimes too true, tales about shirtmakers and bootmakers and the other slaves of the needle? No one surely; we must all rush to sympathize. And yet--and yet—. If it does not still remain quite as true as when Mr. Carlyle wrote it forty years ago, that, with all this army of starving needlewomen, nothing is more difficult than to get needle or any other work done, it is not much less true. And then, whatever may be the case with effusive Canons and active Dissenting ministers and able editors on the philanthropic "lay," and candidates for Parliament, and so forth, there is no doubt what some of the agitators are about. *They* are not actuated by pure philanthropy or a desire to assist the starving. What they mean by the "incalculable advantages of self-help" may certainly be translated without want of charity as the advantages, calculable according to circumstances, of "helping yourself," in a well-known sense of that phrase. Very likely the public will rush at the call of its Canons and its editors to sympathize. Very likely it will feel highly virtuous in so sympathizing. And when—not so many years hence—it finds itself servantless, and with commodities dear, or not to be had, it will be the very last thought in its amiable head that it *l'a voulu*.

SCOTTISH DROLLS.

THE Scotch have taken the right way to remove an old reproach. Accused of lacking humour, they have cited their Chalmers, their Robertson, their Gilfillan, with incomplete success. These, after all, were the cultivated or garden Scots, not the wild popular roses of wit. The editor of a certain Scottish paper observed his opportunity. He opened his columns to the Jokes of the People, by the People, for the People. All the world of Scotland, famous for its urbane *badinage*, was invited to add to "the "rich vein of Scottish Wit and Humour." The output of japes demonstrates, once for all, that the Scot "jocks without deeficulty." The real deeficulty, for which he is not responsible, is to see the point of the "jock."

Here be examples :—

I.

Two boys, having met a man in white "spats," one of them said that he wore "white penter's breeks below his "ither anes."

This is put in the forefront of the battle—'t is rare, what this boy said "in a waggery."

II.

A woman, having forsworn whisky in a glass, drank it out of a cup.

III.

A man took the hat worn by a scarecrow.

IV.

Whisky having been ordered for outward application, the patient drank it.

V.

A man, having eaten a herring at tea, wished also for some treacle, which was refused.

VI.

A boy, being asked if he had "passed the doctor" (in a medical examination), said "Yes, I passed him up at "Cochrane's Corner."

VII.

A clergyman said that he would visit the families in his district, "embracing the servant-girls as he went along."

VIII.

An undertaker, being asked to pray at a funeral, said he would rather make a coffin gratis.

IX.

A woman in a shop, wishing to ask for a dolman, asked for a donkey.

X.

A horse falling down dead, a man asked, "Did it ever do that before?"

XI.

Heaven was defined as a place where "whisky is plentiful "and policemen scarce."

XII.

"Have you seen Tom since he left?" "No; but I'm "gaun tae write tae him tae speir his address."

These jokes are here given, not at prodigious length, but in the dry, curt manner of Hierocles. We thus reach the "bed-rock" of the witticisms. If they do not convince scoffers that the Scotch are a humorous people, that is not the fault of the editor of the paper referred to. But scoffers will, perhaps, be hard to persuade. They will reply that most of the jokes are mere unconscious puns, that most of the others are of an obviousness which could not escape even the Veddahs of Ceylon, believed to be the descendants of a lost tribe of Dundee men. Could anything be more like Hierocles than this?—"A boy, brought up "in Egypt, laid snow before the fire to harden it." This narrative of the old *Scholasticus* is told in a whole page by the Scotch humourist. But the following, from Selkirk, *may* be good when interpreted :—

The elder of two boys, going to bed, asked his father to "give him his prayer." The younger wept bitterly, sobbing out, "I'll hae a puckle prayer tae." What is a "puckle "prayer"?

Such are the native, ungardened jests, the *Volksschwänke*, of an intelligent people. They seem to show a deficiency somewhere. In any country these imbecilities might have been perpetrated; they could only have been published as jokes in one.

TWICE A QUEEN.

IT has long been evident to curious observers why the amiable Queen Natalie, once of Servia (we call her Queen from politeness, and on the principle once a Queen always a Queen), has attracted, independently of her Russian sympathies, so much admiration from a certain class of our own shriekers. The sometime Mlle. de Keschko (except that nobody, to our knowledge, has accused her of what is commonly called misconduct) is a really shining example—in fact as well as in name a Queen—of the exceedingly objectionable type of woman which has come to the fore in the course of this last thirty years or so. The great characteristic of this type, the characteristic distinguishing it from all its forerunners, is that the lovely, or unlovely,

woman who conforms to it has not the least intention of foregoing the privileges which have been accorded to her own sex while it conformed, and because it conformed, to a type perfectly different. Queen NATALIE has forced her way into Servia, has nearly, if not quite, brought about riots in its capital, is subjecting its Ministers to the most ludicrous (if it were not also very serious) perplexity, and is actually compromising the peace of Europe. And she has been enabled to do this because she stands, so to speak, on two horses—the Old Woman and the New. As the Old Woman she urges the claims of her maternity and the claims of that personal immunity from *voies de fait* accorded to women by men in virtue of their supposed helplessness. It is needless to say that, if Queen NATALIE had been a man, she would never have been allowed to enter Servia, or, having forced her way in, would have been speedily conducted out, with a policeman's hand on her collar and, in case of resistance, a policeman's bâton applied sharply to her shoulders. These inconveniences she escapes by pleading the petticoat. But, taking up the New Woman game and, so to speak, pleading the breeches, she insists on being allowed to reside independently, to meddle in politics, to resist the orders of persons whom, if her own claim that she is not really divorced be sound, she is bound to obey, and so forth. There could not possibly be a better illustration of the delights of the New Womanhood, at least to the New Woman. "C'est la femme qui se bat et qui conseille," says she proudly in one capacity. "You cowardly wretch! "Would you hit a woman?" she cries in the other. Indeed, the telegrams themselves put the contrasts of what the Laureate would call this twy-natured creature very pleasantly, as they describe her alternately announcing that she is "a Servian subject" and "indulging in hysterical "laughter," alternately urging her maternal yearnings and declaring that she did very well without him at Yalta. The Servian Regents are not persons with whom it is possible to sympathize wholly, by reason of certain political games which they have been playing; but his must be a heart of steel who refuses them a certain amount of compassion as they face this specimen of the embodied Epicene.

Of Crete there is not much to say, except that the Athenian journalists, echoed by some of our own, still shriek out their lesson of atrocities, and that SHAKIR Pasha still continues to show himself, as far as can be seen, well able to deal with the situation. His principal dangers are of course two. The one is faint backing up from above and from the European Powers; but this is, or should be, the lesser. The Porte, long as it hesitated, must know that relapse into hesitation would be fatal, and no Power, not even Russia, need care particularly for the necessities of Greek parties, which are the only things really at stake. The other danger is that some injudicious subordinate may not sufficiently keep in check soldiers who may be irritated into trying reprisals upon the insurgents. In these sentimental days an army suppressing a rebellion is very much in the position of the unhappy policeman who is abused if he does not preserve order, and abused still more if he raises a contusion on the sacred numskulls of the disorderly. But SHAKIR is no doubt perfectly well aware of this, and is evidently doing his best to avoid giving the enemy any true occasion to blaspheme. That the said enemy will not thereby be prevented from inventing false occasions is inevitable; but these will not matter much.

RECENT SPEECHES.

IN the battle of the platforms which has been going on for the past ten days or so the Gladstonians have been decidedly overmatched. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN at Hexham, and his strange new friends of the Irish National League of Great Britain at Manchester, cannot, on the most complimentary estimate of their powers, be pitted, even with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT thrown in, against Lord HARTINGTON for weight or Mr. CHAMBERLAIN for "science"; least of all when these two performers are as well up to the mark as they are just at present. We could wish, indeed, that the latter would choose other ground than that which he too often selects for the display of his powers, and that he would a little less persistently re-argue the dead-and-gone issues involved in Mr. GLADSTONE'S dead-and-buried Separation Bill. The hopeless dilemma in which the construction and the subsequent modification of that grotesquely ill-considered measure have entangled its author has been pointed out a score of times already, and every man of any intelligence behind Mr. GLADSTONE is perfectly well aware that even with a Parliamentary majority assured to them to-morrow this entanglement would inevitably trip them up. Every such politician knows that what his leader did in 1886, apparently without the slightest consciousness of what he was about, was, on finding objections raised to the amputation of Ireland, to promise, at a quarter of an hour's notice, that the whole United Kingdom should be "quartered" in the name of symmetry and to give the severed limb good company. That extraordinary passage in constitution-making is, we say, already so familiar to politicians, and its political bearings have been so fully discussed, that it can hardly serve the purposes of the platform any longer, at any rate until the time when, if ever, an attempt is made to combine its contradictions in practical legislation. No doubt the student of "Gladstonity" finds plenty of matter in it still. The great man's biographers, too, will, or should, have much to say about it hereafter, if only in order to explain to a reverent posterity how the "most illustrious statesman "of the age" was equally ready to adopt either a new Constitution which would convert Ireland into a colony or one which would turn the entire United Kingdom into a federation of provinces; and how, more marvellous still, the illustrious one had evidently no inkling of a suspicion that when, to oblige Mr. JOHN MORLEY and others, he struck the Irish members off the roll of Parliament with one stroke of his pen, and to oblige a more feather-headed section he cheerfully offered to write "stet" against the erasure, he was starting a question of any particular constitutional moment whatever. All this, we admit, remains still the legitimate material of the historian and the biographer; but it has done its work, at all events for the present, as a subject for the practical politician. Much the same remark applies to all the other technical issues raised in the Gladstonian Home Rule Scheme of 1886, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, by too constantly recurring to them, may produce the impression—we have no doubt a quite mistaken one—that his faith in his own Unionist creed is becoming uneasy, and that he feels it necessary to rehearse its articles for his own spiritual reassurance.

In the second of his two speeches at Newcastle, the one delivered at the complimentary breakfast given him by the local Liberal-Unionists of that city, he found a subject better suited to himself, and more calculated to assist his cause. The brace of barren platitudes which Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN and Mr. ASQUITH have recently attempted to pass off as fundamental "principles of Liberalism" afforded excellent game for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and he showed good sport in running them to earth. Mr. ASQUITH, that "rising young "man" of the Gladstonian party, is of opinion, it seems, that, if that party do but hold fast to the great maxim that "only that government is satisfactory and safe that enjoys "the consent and approval of the governed," they will be saved. And Mr. CHAMBERLAIN accordingly has to point out to him that, though this maxim contains all things necessary to salvation, so long as the governed demand no more than a form of government which Mr. ASQUITH and his friends are in favour of granting them, it will not be found so saving a doctrine when they go on to demand a form of government which Mr. ASQUITH and his friends are not only not in favour of granting them, but which they are bound by repeated and most solemn pledges to refuse them. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S reference to the loud-mouthed protestations of the Gladstonians of their resolve "never, "never" to consent to the separation of Ireland from the British Crown, even though an independent Irish Republic may represent the only form of government which "enjoys "the consent and approval of the governed," was cruelly effective. The attempt which has since been made on Mr. ASQUITH'S behalf to represent his relentless adversary as insisting upon a mere theoretical inconsistency in his argument rests upon a ludicrous misconception of the true point of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S reply. For its real strength lies in this: that its *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. ASQUITH'S precious principle is distinctly not of an abstract or academic kind, but possesses a very obvious and very formidable actuality. The inference from his doctrine, which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN invites him to face, is one which has already been presented to his party by their own Irish allies. It is they who have in other times and under other circumstances declared that the complete independence of Ireland is the ultimate aim of their efforts, and that it is upon a future demand for such independence—a demand which will be put forward by them in virtue of an alleged man-

date from the people of Ireland—that the Gladstonians will be hereafter called upon to decide by the light of Mr. ASQUITH's valuable "principle" that only that Government is satisfactory and safe which enjoys the consent and approval of the governed.

Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's fundamental principle of Liberalism is a simpler form of Mr. ASQUITH's. It is to the effect that "people should govern themselves"; and it is disposed of with a simplicity equal to its own by a mere request for Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's definition of the word "people." If that small portion of the QUEEN's subjects who inhabit Ireland are divinely entitled to govern themselves, why not, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN inquires, that still smaller portion of them who inhabit the province of Ulster? The people of the United Kingdom do govern themselves; and, if that is not a sufficient recognition of Sir GEORGE's principle, it is for him to say where and how he proposes to limit a proposition which can be pushed forward without, at any rate, encountering any logical obstacle to the justification of the claim of a county, of a parish, of a family, of any chance group of citizens, down to the individual citizen himself, to set up a government of their own. It was, perhaps, superfluously severe of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to remind Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN that this absolute assertion of the right of people to govern themselves comes very strangely from one who helped to defeat a Bill for enabling the majority of the people of Ireland to exercise that right, and who declared that, rather than assent to that measure, he would retire from public affairs to the "private life of an English gentleman." Six months of that life was enough, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN mercilessly reminded him, for Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN; but those who can recall a certain memorable reply from a then Irish Secretary to the foul insinuations of the Parnellites will reflect with regret that the enjoyment of privacy is not the only or the most important matter on which Sir GEORGE has contrived to bring his preferences as an English gentleman under lamentably complete control.

Among the most vigorous and effective of the Unionist deliverances during the present week was the speech of Lord HARTINGTON at Aberdeen. The directness and force of its attacks upon his former chief have already attracted general notice, and it is not fanciful to regard it in this respect as marking the completion of another stage in Mr. GLADSTONE's downward descent from the position which he once occupied in the estimation of his former colleagues. Lord HARTINGTON's resolute abstinence from anything but good words about the leader whom for so many years he had followed has lasted long; but Mr. GLADSTONE's unceasing, his almost daily, multiplication of his offences has triumphed over it, as it has over every other restraint of remembered loyalty and attachment which more than one of his estranged followers have striven hard to observe. Even now, however, Lord HARTINGTON has endeavoured to confine himself as far as possible to an exposure of the offences, and to refrain from denunciation of the offender; but the dryest possible recital of Mr. GLADSTONE's utterances and doings has of late years sufficed to constitute an indictment which can entirely dispense with the aid of rhetorical enforcement. His latest effort in revolutionary propagandism, on which Lord HARTINGTON dwelt with due emphasis, is a particularly illustrative example. If Scotchmen be not altogether destitute of the political qualities ascribed to them, they ought to need no further or other enlightenment as to the real character of their national idol than was to be found in Lord HARTINGTON's measured but incisive criticism of Mr. GLADSTONE's recent letter to the Secretary of the Scottish Home Rule Association. Of the many Scotchmen who have more or less enthusiastically supported Mr. GLADSTONE's Separatist policy in Ireland, there is probably not one in a hundred who desires Home Rule of the Gladstonian type for his own country; and surely the most enthusiastic of these must be a little staggered at the reckless levity with which Mr. GLADSTONE is now seeking to compass the severance of Scotland from the United Kingdom as a mere step in the prosecution of his designs against the Irish Union.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE Church Congress opened well on Tuesday at Cardiff, and has continued to prosper. Although we have not invariably approved of Archbishop BENSON's actions or of his tone of thought, this latter is not ill suited to occasions like the Congress where eloquent talk is rather looked for than judicious action. Nor can any fair critic deny that in the Archbishop's address on this occasion there was judgment as well as unction. It was, of course, to be expected that those whose most immediate and earnest desire is to take the goods of the Church in Wales first, and her life afterwards, or (for they are liberally indifferent on this point) her goods and her life at once, should be mildly indignant at even the faint disposition to "take it fighting" which appeared in the Archbishop of CANTERBURY's speech or sermon, still more at the more outspoken militancy of the Bishops of LLANDAFF and DERRY. It is very justly annoying to the thief in the night when the strong man prepares to keep his house armed, instead of sleeping comfortably or busying himself about other matters than house defence. "Why not attend to Sweating and the Housing "of the Poor while we untie your portmanteaus, reduce "you to apostolic poverty, and get the ropes conveniently "adjusted on the nearest trees?" say the Liberationists with affectionate and almost mournful expostulation. The heads of the province and of the diocese respectively may be excused for not seeing things in the same light. The Archbishop, indeed, kept the mean between an ignoring of the situation, which would in that situation have been positively criminal, and a gratuitous bellicosity, very well, insisting chiefly on the affirmative side, on the historical continuity of existence and the spiritual identity of work. The Bishop had a right, and exercised it, to speak with the enemy in the gate more boldly and more directly, and to expose the misrepresentations (we are afraid that a very much harder name might be applied to them without injustice) of those who are bidding for the votes of the Welsh farmers and ministers, as to the actual condition of Welsh Churchmanship. Very good work was also done in one of the subsequent papers by Mr. HANCOCK, who attacked the historical lie as the Bishop had attacked the contemporary one, and showed that (as all historical students know) it was Nonconformity, and not Conformity, which was originally forced upon the Welsh people. But, though these historical falsifications, in regard to the Church in Wales as well as in regard to the State in Ireland, have to be exposed from time to time, it is not the exposure of them that will really settle the battle. That will be decided by the actual competence and strength of the Church rather than by its historic claims, and it is because the Liberationists know that this competence and this strength are growing yearly that they are in such haste to make an end. The particular discussion on the Church in Wales which followed on Wednesday brought this out very clearly.

It may, however, be readily admitted that to assign to this subject too great a part of the time and attention of the Congress would have been to commit as great a mistake as to pass it over. It cannot be said that this mistake was committed. The Welsh question came in, as it could not but come in, again with the Establishment paper of the Dean of MANCHESTER; but it formed merely an incident, hardly more than an illustration, of that paper to which may be added Mr. HANCOCK's, with its exposure of the curious Erastianism of Nonconformity, not only in the instance we have already cited. These Disestablishment discussions would be most excellent things if they led to a clearer comprehension of the subject among Churchmen, and we suppose this of itself justifies their introduction among the agenda of the Congress. But we are afraid that Mr. RAIKES's complaint of the constant confusion of terms which prevails on the subject is a very well-founded complaint, and we do not know that this confusion runs much chance of being disembroiled by such discussions as that of Tuesday. Take, for instance, the opening paper—that of the Dean of MANCHESTER. The Dean is in his own way an excellent Churchman, and he is a man of ability. But his opening sentence shows how strictly and almost hopelessly ditched and walled off he is from others on this subject. For, though not posing as a Disestablisher out and-out, he says that "nothing could be gained by ignoring the "plain fact that Disestablishment presented an inducement "almost overpowering." After which the Dean was, indeed, good enough to point out other facts balancing this overpowering inducement, and so far weighing with himself as to induce him to retain his deanery a little longer on certain conditions. That is well; let us rejoice that we are not to lose the Dean of MANCHESTER. But unfortunately it is none the less clear that a man who can talk of Disestablishment as "presenting an overpowering inducement" must be absolutely ignorant of the Anglican position or, we

should be very loth to think, must swallow the incompatibility of that position with his own views for this or that consideration. The Anglican position, put briefly, is that the Church is not only a branch of the Church Catholic, is not only the Church Catholic in this State, but is the Church Catholic *of* this State; that it does not matter whether not a single parishioner professes himself a member of it; that every parishioner is still a member, whether he will or no; that its services and its ministrations are open to him at all times, not in so far as he chooses to profess himself of its communion, but in so far as he is an Englishman; that, while it is subject, as everything secular and human must be subject, to the faults and the mistakes of particular incumbents of particular offices in Church and State, it is subject neither to the spiritual despotism of a pope nor to the more intolerable and loathsome tyranny of a "congregation," a body of "office-bearers," or what not. Every one of these advantages it would lose by Disestablishment, and it would receive in return what? The advantage of being a Great instead of a Little Bethel, a Salvation Army with the Generalate in commission, a "Connexion" without the binding force of antagonism to the Established Church to keep it connected. If these delights move the soul of the Dean of MANCHESTER, we can imagine that Disestablishment may present overpowering inducements to him; but in such a case we beg leave to tell him that his subsequent arguments for the retention of an Establishment of some kind are quite worthless and moreover certain to be quite inoperative. The enemies of the Church will not give him the liberty which he asks, and the best friends of the Church would not take it if it were given.

Of minor matters which the Congress has touched and which are, as usual, far too numerous to mention separately, the discussion, not directly, but indirectly, concerning the recent proposition for a sort of modified Anglican monasticism was perhaps the most interesting. It is, of course, fair to distinguish the scheme proposed by Canon MEDD, and approved to some extent by the Bishop of SALISBURY, from that recently aired under the very different names of Archdeacon FARRAR and the Bishop of ROCHESTER. The first may be roughly described as an attempt to make a "New Model" out of that at present very irregular arm of the Church-service known as curates. There is no objection that we can see to this scheme, which seems to interfere with the authority neither of the bishop nor of the incumbent, and which would enable force to be applied where it was most wanted. Only it should be disencumbered of engagements to celibacy for fixed periods, as it already is of vows for life. As long as a man does not want to get married he will probably do his work better under some such regulation, and it will certainly be easier to avoid the present anomaly of one parish whose clergy are breaking their hearts without being able to do the work, while in the next the work is a little too much for one and a great deal too little for two. But when a man wants to get married it is the opinion of Englishmen, supported by a catena of authority which goes back to the second chapter of Genesis, that the sooner he is married the better, and that long "engagements" are as bad in one way as in another. As for the other scheme, which was not mooted at the Congress, we should have to use very different language; but that is too large a subject to take up at the fag-end of an article.

MORE ABOUT FUSION.

THE Liberal-Unionist leaders have been working from the platform of late with remarkable assiduity and energy. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN speaks for the Radical section, Lord HARTINGTON for the Liberals, and rarely has either of them addressed the public with more frequency and vigour than within the last fortnight. And yet they must know that the main topic of their discourse has become tiresome extremely. That it has still a great interest for all who are or have been concerned with the machinery of parties is probably true; but the mass that makes up the parties themselves is tired of the old story of the Liberal "split," the personal recriminations of those who clung to Mr. GLADSTONE and those who broke off from him, and even of the Home Rule racket altogether. When the general election draws nigh, there may be some revival of apprehension that the Union is in danger and that the integrity of the Empire is imperilled. Nothing is more likely. Meanwhile, however, all fear of that sort has fallen out of date, and the loudest expression of it has become precisely the most tiresome.

On that account Lord HARTINGTON's speech at Aberdeen on Wednesday was particularly grateful. Ireland and the Home Rule question was in great part its theme; but the treatment of it was marked with freshness as well as vigour, and the whole course of the speech extended to wider applications. The later speeches from the Liberal-Unionist side have been searched with some anxiety for information on that point. For in one or two previous speeches from the same source a well-set scheme had been propounded for fusing the whole body of Unionists—Radicals, Liberals, Conservatives—into a single party; a single party, with a new name to cover all, the same organization for all, and a Joint-Committee Cabinet to appoint for all a common scheme of policy. This suggestion being boldly thrown out, it became at once a matter of general and lively discussion. Thereupon doubts and difficulties arose on all sides; but, as the propounders of the plan had got far enough with it to select a name for the party of fusion, the general inclination was to wait and hear how a scheme could be carried out which had so many strong attractions. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was looked to more than anybody else for explanations; for the special reason that, while he had been urgent for the plan, he had himself put its adoption in extreme doubt. Even while he said, Let us come together into a harmonious whole, he seemed to declare an opinion that the entire mass of Conservatism in the country had been unionized out of its principles, that all that distinguished the Moderate Liberal from the Radical had evaporated during the conflict with Mr. PARNELL, and that the new National Party would naturally be harmonized—if at all—on the basis of good, old-fashioned Birmingham Radicalism. To most Conservatives this seemed a very strange sort of language of persuasion, and there was a desire for some explanation of it. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has since delivered two speeches. In the first he rendered the fusion scheme absolutely impossible, and in the second he gave it up altogether. If we might be allowed to say "chucked it up," we should more accurately describe what happened.

It appears that, in proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Newcastle, Mr. LAMBTON (who had heard of the proposed fusion, no doubt) complimented him on a certain supposed change in his opinions. At once Mr. CHAMBERLAIN rejected the compliment in language of so much significance that we must quote it at length. He said:—

> I do not think that my views upon policy have undergone the slightest change in the course of the three years he [Mr. Lambton] has referred to. I think the changes may be put in this way, as between the Conservatives and the Whigs on the one hand and myself on the other. I have found out that they are very good fellows, and they have found out that my measures are very safe measures. The point is important; it has something more than a personal bearing. We are continually being taunted with having become Tories. It all depends upon what you mean by Toryism. What I say is the present Government have carried out—well, to begin with, the whole, in principle at all events, of the unauthorized programme. That is to say, that the programme which in 1885 was too Radical, too extreme, not only for the Tories, not only for the Whigs, but for a great number of those *soi-disant* Radicals themselves—that policy has been carried out by what you call the Tory Government.

Then Mr. CHAMBERLAIN went on to justify this last statement in detail; adding that the Government proposed to continue the same course of legislation, and that he "didn't "care what they called themselves, provided they carried "out what he believed to be in the best interests of the "country."

Now, since Mr. CHAMBERLAIN must have known that every word of this would be read by Conservatives as well as Radicals, it is amazing that he should talk of "fusion" at the same time. If he had meant to confirm the angry suspicions that have long been current amongst Conservatives that the Liberal-Unionists have demanded and been paid too much for an assistance which they could not deny, he could have said no more. If he had intended to say it in the most arrogant and irritating language at his command, there is nothing in any previous speech of his to warrant the opinion that he could have done better. He acknowledges that the Conservatives are by far the greater number in the Unionist connexion; and yet if his design had been to prove to them that his idea of a National Party is one in which they would be "sold" and their principles submerged, how could he hope for better success than he achieved by that one little speech?

But it is not necessary to suppose that it was a blunder. No doubt he had been informed from his own side in politics that the National-Party suggestion was not to be

listened to on terms that implied any subjection of Radical ideas—the ideas of three years since, which he himself still holds. At the same time, he probably came to understand that the Conservative rank and file have *not* been unionized out of their principles, and are all the less likely to be now that they are confronted by a New Radical Party more violent and dangerous than any before known in England. The result of these discoveries?—the result was seen next day, when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN addressed another Newcastle meeting. He then said, speaking of the fusion proposed last week, or thereabout, "I quite agree that there is no "hurry whatsoever in such a matter. I do not think a "new party can be manufactured. It must come, if it "comes at all, by a process of natural evolution." He had been invited, he went on to say, by a Conservative newspaper, to employ his ingenuity in "settling the condi- "tions of such a new party as has been suggested." His answer was that he must respectfully decline to undertake any such task. "Indeed" (and this was surely a very odd thing to say, under the circumstances), "it seems to "me rather to be the duty of the branch of the Unionist "party which is most numerous, first, to propose and to "consider the details of any new organization or combi- "nation if they should think it to be necessary." (*They* should think it to be necessary!) "If they, on the con- "trary, are satisfied with the existing state of things, if "they think they can hold the fort under present circum- "stances, and hold it permanently, then I am quite sure "that none of us would wish to press for any change."

Good. And so here's an end of an attempt to hurry on "the processes of natural evolution" which only throws them back very considerably. What Lord HARTINGTON may think of the part which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has played in the matter we shall never know perhaps.

THE MEDICAL SESSION.

THAT part of the speeches of the doctors at the opening of the medical session which may not unfairly be described as addressed to the public is not necessarily the most valuable; but it is, for obvious reasons, the most generally listened to. Of these reasons the least painful to our feelings is to be found in the rather brief style in which the addresses are reported. An hour or so might, we are sure, be profitably spent in reading Mr. WILLIAM ANDERSON'S "Historical Review of the Growth of Surgery "in Europe from the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century." It is a subject which allows of the display of much curious learning and of the making of many sagacious observations. No doubt the learning and the sagacity were there, for the benefit of the students of St. Thomas's Hospital, who also, without peradventure, will profit by them. The reports in the papers do not, unfortunately, enable the general reader to do much more than learn that such a speech was made. There is, as we notice with some regret, an inclination, not only among the outside public, but on the part of some doctors, to ask what the value of these traditional addresses can be, which means to doubt whether they have any value at all. The scepticism is characteristic enough of a time in which all knowledge seems in the eyes of students and instructors to be more and more becoming mere cram, and valuable for its direct practical results alone. From that point of view the addresses may be of little worth; but they may none the less be excusable on the ground that they tend to keep alive the very wholesome old tradition that a doctor is a member of a liberal profession. He can when he delivers one get out of a narrow speciality, and show that he has some of the training which makes a scholar. Again, they enable a veteran to remind the beginners that knowledge and progress did not begin with the last discovery or series of experiments, and also that the prevailing scientific belief of the year is not inevitably to be accepted as final. Mr. ANDERSON, for instance, to keep to the address we have mentioned already, gave the St. Thomas's students an opportunity of reflecting on the fact that AMBROSE PARÉ and VESELIUS count for something in the surgical knowledge of to-day. He also hinted to them that these great men were as cocksure about some things which have been found to need revision as some of the scientific gentlemen who take their priesthood of science so desperately in earnest are to-day about other matters which have yet to stand examination. This is at least a part of his speech to be received with gratitude by a general reader who is sick of bullying scientific voices telling him to believe, or be ——.

The public is—or thinks it is—able to understand the question of medical education and its difficulties better than scientific matters. It believes, too, with even more reason, that it is strongly interested in the training of its doctors. We, therefore, learn with some concern that certain of the chiefs of the profession are far from satisfied with the present condition of some of the training-schools. London is, as Sir ALBERT ROLLIT insisted, particularly badly off. The University will not meet the requirements of students and their teachers. At the same time "the London M.D. "degree had been, from a professional point of view, almost "unattainable, and hence an exodus of students took "place from London towards other Universities." To judge from Sir ALBERT ROLLIT'S subsequent expression of a hope that the "present honour of the London M.D. "and M.B. degree would not be lost to the profes- "sion or their standard unduly lowered," one gathers vaguely that the London University is habitually guilty of a well-known sin. If it does not give too little, it at least asks too much in the way of examinations. A public which is not conscious of a dearth of doctors may not at once see what is to be gained by passing more recruits for the profession in London, and may even think that, if entrance to the profession were made equally difficult in other Universities, no great harm would be done. On the other hand, there are some who dimly suspect that no great advantage is gained by making examinations too severe. The doubters have been brought by experience to the conviction that the difference between doctors is much less a matter of knowledge than a matter of manners and common sense, and that the best is he who, when he has to go beyond giving you blue-pill or quinine, is the readiest to advise you to go to a specialist. As for the specialist, he makes, and always did make, himself.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE STRAND.

THE London County Council have no doubt done well to adopt the report and recommendations of their Improvements Committee and to resolve on applying next Session for Parliamentary powers to effect the removal of the south side of Holywell Street. Indeed, it may almost be said that they had no choice in the matter. They could hardly have dissented from their Chairman's view as to the urgent necessity of doing something with the site, or have disputed the justice of his observation that they would seriously disappoint their constituents if they allowed their term of office to expire without taking any steps towards the execution of so conspicuously-needed a piece of metropolitan improvement. But to admit this was practically to admit that the report of the Committee ought to be adopted and acted upon. If it was imperative that "something "should be done," then the only possible something was undoubtedly contained in the plan submitted to them. To reject its proposal while still acknowledging the necessity for taking some immediate decision in the matter would have been for the Council to hand itself over to those most fatal advisers—the advocates of a "complete scheme." They seem to have been strongly represented at the meeting on Tuesday last, and the division on the amendment proposed by them was a close one. Fortunately, however, they were beaten on this, and outvoted by a still larger majority on the main question. The work of improvement, therefore, will be put in hand and carried out on that "piecemeal" principle odious everywhere to the prig and the doctrinaire, but which nevertheless has governed, and continues to govern, almost every rational and successful reform effected by the hand of man.

With London, as with many of our political institutions, it is never quite certain that reform, however necessary, will not remove something or other of the highest antiquarian interest, if not of national value. We should hesitate, therefore, to declare offhand that the fate of the south side of Holywell Street will bring down with it nothing that we need regret. But it may be said, with tolerable confidence, that a less sacrifice of architectural considerations to the convenience of locomotion will be entailed in the destruction of the particular block of buildings than would be incurred with respect to most other "bits of Old London." Such claims to picturesque-

ness as it possesses is lost upon the main thoroughfare, the frontage towards which is essentially mean and commonplace; and certainly a generation which hardened its heart to the destruction of Middle Row, Holborn, can hardly be expected to show greater tenderness for Holywell Street. The only question is whether the consequent relief to the traffic will be worth the very large cost of the work. It is at least open to doubt whether the conversion of that piece of the Strand which lies between the churches of St. Mary-le-Strand and St. Clement Danes from a narrow thoroughfare into a broad one will have the great effect anticipated for it in some quarters. When it is remembered that this length of street is not very considerable, that a portion of the "gut" will still remain opposite St. Mary's Church itself, that the roadway already runs broad enough past St. Clement's Churchyard, and that it will still continue to narrow as before on reaching the site now occupied by the Griffin, some slight scepticism as to the extraordinary relief which the change is expected to afford to the traffic may at least be excused. Even now it must suggest itself to most of us on reflection that more blocks occur to the west of St. Mary's Church than to the east of it, and though it may be contended that they are the effect of the narrow piece of roadway acting at a distance, it is at least equally arguable that the intersection of the two streams of northward-southward and eastward-westward traffic at Waterloo Bridge has quite as much to do with it. For the abatement of this trouble we shall perhaps have to wait for the realization of the Napoleonic, or at any rate Haussmannic, project of the gentleman who has been fired by the thought that Somerset House and the British Museum exactly face each other, and who accordingly wants to unite them by a boulevard which shall be as magnificent and as characterless as the Avenue de l'Opéra at Paris. Meanwhile, however, and pending the allocation of the little handful of millions which would be required for this noble undertaking, its projector has his value, if merely as having "gone one better" than the advocates of the complete scheme in the County Council.

GENERAL FAIDHERBE.

THE death of General Faidherbe has removed the survivor of the only two French army officers who displayed the qualities of a commander-in-chief during the disastrous, and in the main shameful, war of 1870–71. They had much the same work to do. General Chanzy in the Orleannois and in Maine, General Faidherbe in Artois and Picardy, had alike to conduct a hopeless struggle against an enemy who possessed every advantage—numbers, organization, experience, training, and confidence. The utmost they could hope to effect was to struggle to the last, and be beaten with as much honour as the defeated can win. In the midst of so much failure and such widespread misconduct France had reason to be grateful to the two soldiers who proved themselves undeniably worthy of the great traditions of its army. The evil fortune of the country has lasted beyond the war. Seven years ago General Chanzy died while he was still at an age which would have permitted him to command in the field. The two naval officers—Admirals Jauréguiberry and Jaurès—who distinguished themselves as divisional commanders on land—somewhat to the surprise of those who forget that the cool head and the stout heart have quite as much to do with making the general as technical knowledge—have died within the last few years. There are—unless the military faculty of Frenchmen is utterly lost, there must be—many hundreds of officers who fought in the last war, and have not forgotten its lessons, but no one who, having held high command, did not show himself unequal to it.

General Faidherbe had, it is true, been long disqualified by age and bad health for active command. It is, indeed, the most honourable fact in his career that all his service was performed in spite of physical sufferings which would have driven most men even of exceptional courage into retirement. While he was still a captain of Engineers in 1847, he was almost frozen to death during a winter campaign against the Kabyles. His life was saved by the devotion of a soldier, who carried him for miles. The result of the exposure was a locomotor ataxy, from which he suffered all his life, and a liability to nervous and muscular pain which finally crippled him and destroyed his intellect. In spite of this weakness, General Faidherbe applied for active service and actually volunteered to go to the pestilential climate of Senegal. His offer was accepted, and he spent many years as subordinate or as Governor in turning this establishment into the nearest approach to a successful colony which France can show. His services would have gained him high promotion; but, like many of his brother officers of the scientific corps, General Faidherbe was a strong Republican, and made no mystery of his principles. The Imperial War Office was not disposed to do much for him, and when the war broke out in 1870 he was holding a position of no great importance in Algeria. At the fall of the Empire his services and his political principles alike pointed him out to Gambetta as one of the officers whom he could most safely trust with an army in the field. He was appointed to succeed Bourbaki in the Army of the North. Here by dint of desperate exertions he contrived to give the force under his command some of the qualities of an effective army. The game he was set to play proved to be a hopeless one; but he deferred the inevitable final failure for as long as possible. By dint of skilful movements he contrived to check the advance of General von Manteuffel's army into Normandy. When the somewhat unenterprising Von Manteuffel was succeeded by the hard-hitting Von Goeben, he contrived for a time to avoid destruction by careful management. When the necessity of making an effort to raise the siege of Paris dictated the last combined offensive movement of the French armies against the Germans, General Faidherbe endeavoured to turn Von Goeben's position at St. Quentin. As, however, he had no cavalry, and his opponent, who had been amply reinforced, was well supplied, the French could neither observe nor escape observation. The result of the movement was unquestionable defeat; but General Faidherbe contrived to bring off a considerable part of his army in respectable order. He kept it unbroken till the end of the war, and was in so far more fortunate than General Chanzy, who saw his force dissolve into a mere mob. After the war General Faidherbe was mainly known as an ardent Republican. His services and his political opinions were rewarded by the Grand Chancellorship of the Legion of Honour, and his country did not allow him in his old age to sink into the obscurity which so commonly overtakes distinguished Frenchmen.

THE NEW LEADER.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT has been speaking at Salisbury and Mr. Labouchere at Bexhill-on-Sea, in Sussex. There can be no doubt as to which of the two commands the closer attention at the present moment. In moral weight, in that magic of "character" which exerts, we are told, so much more powerful a spell over the English people than mere ability, the two men are as nearly equally matched as possible; and on this ground, therefore, there is nothing to choose between their respective claims to attentive hearing. Circumstances, however, have of late placed Mr. Labouchere in a position which Sir William Harcourt does not occupy, and indeed has never, with all his efforts, succeeded in occupying. Even the splendid manner—so effusively extolled by Sir George Trevelyan the other day, not without some indication of a desire to keep the leadership "in the Front Bench family," at all events and at any cost—even, we say, the splendid manner in which Sir William Harcourt led the opposition to the Tithes Bill at the end of last Session has not availed to recover for him his lost ground. Mr. Labouchere in the earlier successes still bulked too largely in the public imagination. His open resistance to his illustrious leaders—on more than one question—while those illustrious leaders were exhibiting themselves in a ludicrous panic of indecision between their allegiance and their ambitions—had made too deep an impression; and when the House rose Mr. Labouchere may be said to have walked away with all his winnings in his pocket. We are only, therefore, recognizing a plain and patent fact in devoting our attention to Mr. Labouchere's Sussex speech, to the neglect of Sir William Harcourt's performance in Wiltshire.

We have no space to comment largely on it, nor any call to do so if we had. There is, in truth, hardly anything in it which calls for criticism or even remark; though it is, of course, from one point of view, all the more interesting on that very account. The speaker was, no doubt, so conscious of his

responsibilities as the prospective leader of the real Radical party—as distinguished from the crew of baffled adventurers and played-out placemen who have adopted Radicalism as they have Parnellism, and with just as much conviction—that he has become—half-unconsciously, half-deliberately—dull. This, as we know, is no new feat for Mr. LABOUCHERE; but he has never attempted it with such complete success before. His speech might have been delivered by Professor STUART, or by Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, or by Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON, or by any member of the Gladstonian party who can be safely backed to speak for an hour or more on end, without provoking either the faintest thrill of interest or the most fleeting flicker of a smile. One dim gleam of the Laboucherian irony was to be detected in his speech, and one only—in that passage in which he "explained "the system of land-tenure in Ireland and defended the "Plan of Campaign as being the best method of settling "the arrears question." That is in his old manner, we admit. "Best method of settling the arrears question" is good, undeniably good; but, if we except a feeble and very, very stale joke at the expense—or intended expense, for we think the cost really falls upon the jokers in these cases—of the "CHAMBERLAIN family," there is not an attempt to amuse from one end of the harangue to the other. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S discourse, it is unnecessary to say, was punctuated with "laughter." He literally bubbles over, we have been told by a recent pen-and-ink portrait-painter of him, with humour in private life, and his speech at Salisbury was as ebullient of "epigram" as could be desired. Well may he bubble, for in a now obsolete sense of the word he has himself been "bubbled." He has been cleverly jockeyed out of the race for the leadership, and he has certainly a right to console himself in the best way he can.

KEW.

I.

MR. THISELTON DYER and his learned associates might choose their own day for proclaiming the second centenary of the Institution they direct, if so inclined. It is not recorded probably at what exact date Lord Capel laid out his famous garden at Kew; but, since he died in 1696, it must have been about two hundred years ago. Some of his trees survive, no doubt. Switzer says, in his quaint *Ichnographia Rustica*, 1718, "The earliness with which this lord appeared in gardening merits a very great place in my history, and a better pen than mine to draw it." Kew has not ceased to be important in English horticulture since that day; and Lord Capel's son-in-law, who succeeded, made it for a while the headquarters of English astronomy. But it was the Princess Augusta, mother to George III., who formed the notion of a scientific establishment—what they called a "Physic Garden" in those days. One is always delighted to give credit to the luckless Earl of Bute, and with a clear conscience we may gratify the feeling here. He it was who advised the Princess to render this great service to botany; nor did he fail to spend himself—as it may properly be expressed—in the same good cause. Those magnificent Botanical Tables which he published in 1785, in nine volumes quarto, cost 10,000*l.*, and he struck off only twelve copies. We feel bound to add that twelve copies proved more than enough. Smith, a sound botanist, criticized the work smartly. It was easier, said he, to paint Helen rich than beautiful, and so it is easier for a lord to prepare a rare and costly book than a useful one. It was after such remarks, no doubt, that the Earl declined to send a copy to the British Museum, cheerfully remarking that it was meant only for ladies. One of his descendants, however, took another view, and our national library is not bereft of this historic composition. Her Royal Highness employed William Aiton to carry out her plans and Sir William Chambers to do the decorative part. Science will ever be grateful to the one, and Taste will never forgive the other while his constructions remain. In 1768 Sir John Hill published a catalogue of the plants at Kew. There were fifty ferns, about six hundred trees and shrubs, and several thousands of herbaceous plants. The list was not greatly lengthened twenty-one years after, when Aiton issued the *Hortus Kewensis*, with the aid of Dr. Solander. But the collections made by Sir Joseph Banks in Captain Cook's famous voyage were deposited here; then those of Robert Brown and Allan Cunningham, accompanying Captains Flinders and King respectively to Australia; then the plants of Brazil and the Cape of Good Hope, gathered by Messrs. Bowie and Masson; those of Caley, and Ker, and Menzies, and a host of smaller collections. In 1810, William Aiton the younger published a new edition of his father's work, which contained nearly ten thousand descriptions. But evil days followed the death of Sir Joseph Banks, in whom Kew had a friend at Court. For all Aiton could do, the Gardens sank into ruin, until it was gravely proposed, in 1838, to disestablish and disendow them. Happily, the country rose in protest. Government found it had made a prodigious error, and hastily appointed a Committee to inquire and report. Those gentlemen showed their judgment by referring the practical question to Dr. Lindley, whose concluding remarks may be cited, since they contain, in brief, the programme which has been so admirably carried into execution:—

> A national garden should be the centre round which all minor establishments of the same nature should be arranged. They should be all under the control of the chief of that garden, acting in concert with him, and through him with one another, reporting constantly their proceedings, explaining their wants, receiving their supplies, and aiding the mother country in everything that is useful in the vegetable kingdom. Medicine, commerce, agriculture, horticulture, and many valuable branches of manufacture would derive much benefit from the adoption of such a system. From a garden of this kind Government would be able to obtain authentic and official information on points connected with the founding of new colonies; it would afford the plants there required, without its being necessary, as now, to apply to the officers of private establishments for advice and assistance.

Every point and every forecast of this excellent scheme has been fulfilled. For the public Kew is the most magnificent of gardens; for the scientific it is a garden *si l'on veut*, but rather a manufactory, a vast trading establishment—where cash is not the "medium," however—an international nursery-ground, a training school, a museum, the grandest of inquiry offices, a laboratory, the meridian accepted by botanists over all the world. Greenwich may be challenged and rejected; but no savant disputes the claim of Kew. Britons are proud of the institution, and doubtless they would be prouder if they knew more about it. But from the nature of these beneficent operations they make no show at home. Now and again a few lines appear in the newspaper, telling how this or that new departure in planting or economical husbandry, directed by Kew, is succeeding in some distant land. But the paragraph leaves no impression, we fear. A comprehensive Report is issued month by month; but the public does not read it much. We propose to show, in briefest summary, what world-wide labours are conducted in that establishment which the people regard as a holiday haunt. To tell truth, they are so many and so vast that we never undertook a theme with such anxious diffidence.

The traditions of Kew have been rarely broken by a change of Director, and to this fact doubtless much of its success is owing. From 1759 to 1886 the management rested in four hands only:—William Aiton from 1759-93; William Aiton, jun., 1793-1840; Sir W. J. Hooker, 1841-66; Sir Joseph Hooker, 1866-86. To him succeeded Mr. Thiselton Dyer, the fifth in a space of one hundred and twenty-eight years. With Sir W. J. Hooker Lindley's project began to take form rapidly. At that date it was the custom to draw up an annual report of "Progress and Condition," which was laid before the First Commissioner of Works; the practice dropped in 1883, and was replaced by a monthly "Bulletin of Miscellaneous Information," issued for the benefit of all the world. The early reports of Sir W. Hooker are interesting, besides their historic and scientific value, for the evidence they give of his sturdy, ceaseless battles with the Treasury. Authorities who had just been contemplating the abandonment of the Gardens were not likely to be liberal in extending them. The Director is pathetic, indignant, argumentative, by turns, and one way or other he contrived to "worry on" with fair success till better times. The struggle is not finished now, of course, nor ever will be, but it assumes a very mild form nowadays. In 1844 Sir William took the first serious step towards his object by petitioning for a grant of the Royal Fruit House, which he offered to fill with his private collection of plant-products. It was allowed in 1847, and thus the Museum of Economic Botany had its origin. This branch of the establishment now occupies three buildings, and its influence is felt, one may say, from Pole to Pole. Every tree and plant which is known to serve a useful purpose is represented there, with illustrations of the manner of its employment, if possible. This part of the collection amuses the holiday visitor; but any one can understand its value to an ingenious and thoughtful young mechanic or manufacturer, such as our Technical Schools will turn out, as we all hope. The Museum of Timber is very largely used already. Cabinet-makers and upholsterers quite recognize by this time what a store of hints for their craft is garnered here. And the utility of the economic section is by no means confined to the inhabitants of these islands. From every quarter samples of new products are forwarded for examination and report. In this present year, for instance, an inquiry has been held upon the comparative value of the different varieties of coca. Mr. Shipley's methods of dealing with the rice-beetle in Burmah have been published. The Governor of Lagos has sent specimens of a new fibre, pronounced by those whom the authorities at Kew have consulted to be "distinctly superior to jute in many respects." Dr. Sweinfurth's method of preserving plants is considered and recommended. A starch-yielding Bromeliad from Brazil is noticed. An account of the fine Persian dye Zalil is prepared by Sir Joseph Hooker from the remarkable collections of Surgeon-Major Aitchison, C.I.E., F.R.S., now stored at Kew. Mr. Pelham L. Warren, Consul at Taiwan, sends an account of the lily flowers used as food by the Chinese. An analysis of the extraordinary P'u-êrh tea is furnished; and a report on the short-podded yam-bean. Jamaica cogwood receives careful notice, in time, we may hope, to prevent its extermination. The Governor of Lagos sends cocoa-nut coir fibre, which he believes to be exceptionally good; but

the opinion of experts is divided. Mr. Shipley contributes a preliminary report upon a wheat pest in Cyprus. An article on the cultivation and curing of patchouli, and its adulteration, is reproduced for English readers from the *Journal of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India*. An interesting series of despatches from the Administrator of the Gambia Settlements upon agricultural prospects there is submitted to the Director of Kew, and answered by him in a series of comments more interesting still. The history, character, and treatment of a new plague, the Fluted Scale insect, are carefully summarized. The India Office forwards a tin case containing flowers of Calligonum, used as an article of food in North-Western India, which, when analysed, prove to be very rich in nitrogen, and therefore most valuable to a rice-eating people. The authorities at Kew applied some time ago for a specimen of the fine fish-nets used on Lake Ngami, said to be woven from the fibre of a cactus. Upon receipt it proves to be the Buáze fibre, noticed by Dr. Livingstone, and declared by experts so long ago as 1857 equal to flax worth 50*l.* to 60*l.* the ton. Nothing appears to have been heard of it since, but possibly our manufacturers will bestir themselves now. The vegetable productions of Central China, and reports on the Phylloxera in South Africa—not discouraging fortunately—complete the official record up to September. When so much and so varied correspondence is published, we may guess how busy must be the department, and how wide the interests served there.

So long ago as 1815 an Herbarium and Botanical Library had been projected at Kew. The king even raised a building for the purpose; persuaded by Sir Joseph Banks, no doubt, but it is creditable to that ill-used monarch, George III., that he was open to conviction. At Sir Joseph's death, however, the scheme lapsed, and after a time the building was granted to the King of Hanover. On his decease Sir William Hooker urged the fulfilment of the old design, and his prayer was granted when Mr. Bentham and Dr. Bromfield bequeathed their collections to the nation. It is needless to point out, for those who think, how all-important is a museum of this kind; others may be satisfied to know that it is as essential for the study of botany as foundations for a house. The Herbarium of Kew is certainly the best in the universe, the largest, and the most useful, because most admirably arranged. The number of specimens in our noble establishment is not on record, nor is the catalogue printed. It fills two gigantic volumes, continually "posted up"—for the collection grows at the rate of twenty thousand or so yearly. At Sir William Hooker's death, twenty-three years ago, a rough estimate of the number of specimens put it at a million, duplicates not included. They fill the large house, not unworthy of its purpose, in the north-west corner of the Green, and in 1876 a noble hall was added at the back, eighty-six feet long, fitted with two tiers of light iron galleries. In the space between each pair of the nine windows in each of the three floors stand twelve cases filled with dried plants in their portfolios, beginning with the Ranunculaceæ on the ground floor and ending with the grasses up aloft. All is arranged upon the system of Sir Joseph Hooker's great work, the *Genera Plantarum*; so the student, referring to that book, has but to give the number attached to the particular genus in which he takes interest and the case is unlocked, the portfolio laid before him in a moment. A table stands in each window for his convenience, and thus there is no need to carry the specimens about. On the lower floor here is preparing that grand catalogue of all plants known, for the issue of which Mr. Darwin left a bequest. It is, in fact, a new edition, completed to date, of Steudel's *Nomenclator Botanicus* (Stuttgart. 1821-4). Mr. Daydon Jackson, Secretary to the Linnæan Society, with his assistants, has had the work in hand three years, and it is not nearly finished; he employs a staff at the British Museum also. There are no formalities to check the young scholar here. He has but to present his credentials to Professor Oliver, Keeper of the Herbarium, to sign his name, and get to work. Interesting points there are at every step in this noble collection; stories to be told in every room, at every group of cases which bears the name of some distinguished savant the fruits of whose lifelong labour are stored here. Of all these perhaps the herbarium of Dr. Lindley is most attractive. The enthusiastic stranger may be surprised to note that this renowned collection occupies but four small cabinets—with folios very close-packed indeed. But the contents will surpass his utmost expectations. To find Lindley a marvel for patience and exactitude as for knowledge will not astonish him assuredly, but to find that he could execute charming little drawings is pleasant news. He may see here also the earlier of those numerous works of Bauer's which persuaded Lindley at sight to devote himself to the study of orchids. There is no printed catalogue of the books, but a ponderous volume in the Keeper's room, the fellow to those huge tomes which record the Herbarium. It is a fine library, however, containing, of course, all modern works and pamphlets that relate to Botany. Besides these, a very great number of the antique curiosities which bibliomaniacs treasure are stored upon its shelves.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BULLYING.

IT is curious to observe how every year, without a single exception (usually during the summer holidays), the question of bullying at public schools comes to the front. The charges made in this direction are extremely varied in character. Sometimes the time-honoured institution of fagging is brought in question. Occasionally a general system of cruelty at one or other of our big schools on the part of big boys towards their unhappy juniors is denounced. In the present year a system of so-called "new tyranny" has been inveighed against in the columns of a contemporary by a gentleman signing himself "Etonensis." The Correspondent in question makes the excuse for sheltering himself under a *nom de guerre* on the ground that, if he signed his name, "the boy [whose cause he champions] would possibly be found out, and treated accordingly by boys and masters." The protégé of "Etonensis" complains that he is compelled to play cricket fourteen times a week in summer, and football five times a week in winter, and that "consequently he has no time to himself by daylight." In our judgment, the complaints put forward by "Etonensis" are so ridiculous, and the arguments he adduces in their support are so shallow, that we can only wonder at the prominence that has been given to the discussion. The majority of old Etonians will perfectly agree with "Etonian," who expresses "considerable surprise" at the letter of "Etonensis," and says that he can easily understand the circumstances which gave rise to it. "Similar circumstances," says he, "bring about the publication of most of the complaints concerning our public schools. A boy comes home for the holidays. He has—especially if low down in the school—a grievance against those in authority, boys or masters. This grievance is aired to sympathetic parents and friends. They suppose that the particular grievance of their boy must be universal. Hence these indignantly interrogative letters. If 'Etonensis' had had any experience in managing a house, he would have known that compulsory football is the best safeguard against abuse of the great liberty enjoyed at Eton, and that, during the summer term, when no physical exercise is compulsory [and here "Etonian" joins issue as to the fact with "Etonensis," inasmuch as the former denies that compulsory cricket exists at Eton], the tone of the school deteriorates owing to the enormous amount of 'loafing.'" The indictment preferred this year with reference to bullying at public schools is certainly the weakest that has ever come before the public.

Of course there are, and there always must be, isolated cases of bullying at public schools; but the main question is whether these can be prevented by increased supervision on the part of the head-master and his assistants. For our own part, we say that in the first place it is impossible, and in the second place wholly undesirable, that a school-master should always have his eye upon each and all of his pupils. He cannot follow them to the cricket-field, or to the football ground, or on their paper-chases; and it would be unfair in the last degree to hold him personally responsible for any particular act of misconduct or oppression on the part of a big boy towards a small one. One might as well attach blame to the colonel of a regiment because one of the privates under his command had taken too much beer and assaulted a policeman. Bullying at public schools is a topic of constant recurrence, and is always certain to be appropriated by some Jacob Omnium of the day. We may take it for granted that, wherever a hundred or more boys of various ages are herded together, there will be among them some of coarse fibre, or, to put it more plainly, black sheep. The theory of a private school is that the master exercises constant personal supervision. But it would be impossible for him to do so; and, as a matter of fact, he never attempts it. The bullying at private schools is often of the most aggravated kind, for much the same reasons as those which make the disputes of a "select boarding-house" more acrimonious and personal than the little difficulties that occasionally arise in a large hotel. A private school has, by the very conditions of its existence, no history, no traditions, and no prestige. It consequently has in it no public opinion. And it is public opinion among the boys themselves that is the only check to bullying.

To create and to maintain a high tone of public opinion is the first and most important duty of a head-master—far more important than the correction of Greek iambics or sound views on the subjunctive mood. Arnold gave a new impulse to English public-school life by emphasizing this fact. No doubt the opinion he created among his boys was his own opinion, and Arnold, although most conscientious and generous, was also dogmatic and unamiable. But the broad fact of his influence upon Rugby cannot be disputed. To name particular schools would be to name men of whom many are still alive; but any one who is acquainted with our great public schools—Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Westminster, Rugby, Shrewsbury, and others—will know that with a weak and indolent head-master a reign of bullying is certain to begin. So it is with an incompetent colonel. Before he has held his command a year his regiment is almost certain to get a bad reputation. Soldiers and schoolboys—we might add sailors, workmen, and generally all those who are subject to definite discipline—know perfectly well when a keen eye is being kept upon them. And with schoolboys, whose imagination is in proportion to their youth and impressibility, the influence of a strong personal will in the head-master is almost magical. Boys are extremely quick and sensitive. Treat them as if they were men, and they will consider themselves as men, and behave as men to the best of their experience. Nothing is easier than to put a boy upon his honour without formally telling him in set phrase that you are going to do so. Confidence in boys will do more than any code, however carefully enforced. At the French *Lycée* there is any amount of code, and

no confidence. The result is lamentable. Most of the boys in French public schools are bullies, and we are sorry to be obliged to believe that many of them are sneaks, or would certainly be considered such in one of our great schools.

Bullying in public schools is much exaggerated. It is a subject over which humanitarians gush whenever they get the opportunity. It would provide a capital subject for a paper to be read at some "Congress." There is a good deal at public schools that is rough-and-ready. A boy is all the better for this, unless he be sickly or delicate. It does him good to be taught that his eyes were not made for crying. Nor are boys, as a rule, cruel or vindictive. They are fond of violent practical jokes, but it is very seldom, indeed, that they deliberately inflict pain upon the smaller boys. On the other hand, severe injuries are often inflicted both upon delicate and upon strong boys, not in wantonness, but in ignorance. It does not occur to a big boy when he hits a junior over the loins with a hockey-stick that the possible effect of the blow would be death from concussion of the spine. He probably does not even know where the spine is, or what concussion of it may mean, and has no more intention of inflicting injury or of causing lasting pain than if he had administered a stinging, sounding, temporarily distressing, and perfectly harmless blow with the palm of his hand.

A good head-master will take care that the bigger boys have some sort of general knowledge on these matters; and, if he is equal to his position, he will always have a good idea of how things are going on in the school. Isolated cases of oppression are of rare occurrence in a school where there is any public feeling; but systematic oppression may somehow grow up. Boys are very quick at creating usages, very conservative in abiding by them, and very loyal in obeying them. These usages are occasionally very bad. But a head-master who cannot make himself aware of their existence, and cannot suppress them without any needless commotion and disturbance, is not qualified for his position, although he may be a better mathematician than Clifford or a better scholar than Porson.

THE COTTON CORNER.

THE Cotton Corner in Liverpool, which collapsed on Monday last, has excited more general attention throughout the country than any of its predecessors during the past dozen years, and undoubtedly has aroused bitterer feeling in the trade generally. But, except in these respects, it differs little from previous corners. It was made possible by similar conditions, and it is likely to be imitated as long as those conditions remain unchanged. According to a statement made by the leading cornerer, Mr. Steenstrand, he began his operations in December. At that time he had convinced himself that the estimates of the American cotton crop then being gathered, which were accepted in this country, were excessive, and that it would not prove sufficient for the world's demand without a considerable advance in price. As the spinners generally took a different view, and were selling freely what they did not possess, in the hope of being able to buy back more cheaply, he began on a large scale to purchase "futures," as they are called—that is, cotton for future delivery. As his contracts matured he sold the cotton delivered upon the spot, and then began again to buy "futures." He continued these operations to the very end of the season. The spinners were equally obstinate in their policy. They went on selling, in the belief that they would ultimately corner him. The result was such a rise in the price of raw cotton that short time had to be resorted to in May. It was found that the prices of yarn and of cotton cloth could not be raised proportionately to the advance in the raw materials. Both spinners and weavers were consequently losing by their manufactures, and they were obliged to work short time, in the hope of checking the advance in the raw article and raising the price of the manufactured. The market for manufactured goods did not respond; but there was a slight decline in raw cotton, which, however, was only temporary; for in June the price again began to rise, and the position became so serious at the end of July that once more the spinners were obliged to have recourse to short time. This inflicted great losses upon mill-owners, and it threw multitudes of workpeople out of employment. Still the rise went on, and in August the price of raw cotton was actually higher than it had been previously since the close of the War of Secession. As September approached grave apprehensions were excited. It was believed that Mr. Steenstrand had bought very largely for September delivery. And it was feared that those who had sold would be unable to fulfil their contracts; would, therefore, have to submit to whatever conditions he chose to impose; and that many of them, consequently, might be ruined. September, it will be recollected, is the last month of the cotton year, when the old crop is nearly exhausted and the new crop is only beginning to be marketed, and when, therefore, supplies are exceptionally small. The apprehensions continued until Monday, the last day of the month. But on Monday morning it was found that Mr. Steenstrand was a seller, and not a buyer. The price dropped considerably, and the day closed without any difficulties, to the relief of the whole trade. It is now believed that the corner is at an end, and there is much speculation as to what will be the effect upon Mr. Steenstrand. It is said that he holds a very large stock of cotton which he has been as yet unable to sell; and if short time is continued for the next fortnight, as has been suggested, it is assumed that he will be compelled to sell at a great loss. It does not seem probable, however, now that short time will be continued; and, in any event, it is obvious that Mr. Steenstrand must have realized large profits by his operations since December last, and that his prospective losses can hardly exceed those past profits. However, Mr. Steenstrand's fate is of little interest to the general public. What is of concern to them is that measures should be adopted to prevent, as far as possible, for the future the recurrence of these manipulations, which throw into disorder a great industry, and inflict unmerited sufferings upon the working classes, entirely innocent of either bull or bear operations.

It is a remarkable feature of the late corner that it has roused the Trades-Union leaders to action. They have strongly urged upon both spinners and weavers to adopt short time universally for the purpose of promptly and effectually defeating the manipulators, and they have even recommended to their followers to strike in any factories whose owners refused to adopt short time. The advice has not so far been acted upon; but doubtless it had some influence upon the conduct of the cornerers. It has, however, not been altogether welcome to the manufacturers, who see in it an inclination on the part of the Trades-Unions to interfere in matters hitherto supposed to be entirely outside their province. The intervention, for that reason, if for no other, is significant, and supplies another motive to induce the manufacturers to adopt effective measures to prevent corners in future. From what has been said above, it will be seen that the spinners themselves have not been blameless in the matter. Adopting an oversanguine estimate of last year's American crop, they have engaged in speculation instead of confining themselves to their legitimate business. Had the whole loss, then, fallen upon them they would merit very little sympathy. They proved less astute than their opponents, and they must take the consequences. Unfortunately, the consequences have to be shared by large numbers of innocent people and by the community generally. And it is to be hoped, therefore, that in future they will avoid speculation, and will endeavour to obtain more trustworthy information respecting the crops of the world. We have not very much confidence that they will as a body follow our advice; but we are glad to be able to say that recent experience has made reasonably certain one reform which will make corners more difficult. Hitherto only one kind of American crop—namely, Middling Upland—could be tendered in fulfilment of a future contract. It has now been agreed by the Cotton Brokers' Association and the Spinners' Committee that Good Ordinary may likewise be tendered. And it rests with spinners themselves to insist in the future that this shall be inserted in contracts. It is obvious that, by limiting to a single kind the cotton which makes a good delivery, speculators are encouraged to attempt a corner, for the supply of tenderable cotton is thus artificially limited. The change, therefore, is likely to be beneficial; but, of course, it will not put a stop to manipulation. It will probably be necessary by-and-bye to still further increase the kinds of cotton that can be delivered. But even that would not be sufficient. The real cause of these recurring corners year after year is that the cotton manufacture at home and abroad is growing more rapidly than either the cultivation of raw cotton or the demand for manufactured goods. Owing to Protective tariffs abroad and to the increase of wealth and industrial skill, the cotton manufacture is extending itself upon the continent of Europe and in the United States, so much so that the demand in those countries for British goods does not increase. And British manufacturers consequently have to depend upon less advanced countries for a market. But the British manufacture has been growing at the same time, and hitherto there has not been a proportionate increase in the demand of our customers. Partly because of the very large exports to the Far East during the past few years, and partly because of drought in India and famine in China the Indian and Chinese markets are overstocked at the present time. Our manufacturers, therefore, have not been able to raise the prices either of yarn or of cloth sufficiently to enable them to go on working at a profit when the price of raw cotton rose so exceptionally.

The real problem, then, which our manufacturers have to solve is either to increase the supply of raw cotton or to stimulate the demand for manufactured goods. The supply of the raw material might be increased by an augmented use of Indian and other cotton. American is found by experience to suit our manufacturers best; but it surely cannot be impossible to improve the Indian cultivation, and it would seem worth the while of our manufacturers to turn their attention in that direction. But it is to the opening up of new markets that they must mainly look for the removal of their difficulties. The industry will continue to grow at home and abroad, and however the cultivation of the raw material may be stimulated, embarrassment will recur from time to time unless in some way the demand for manufactured articles can be steadily increased. Economies in manufacture may do something, though not much. The real remedy is larger markets. There is no doubt that the recent growth of the cotton industry in Bombay is seriously embarrassing our manufacturers. Not only are the Bombay mills competing with us in India, but they are also very keenly competing with us in China. They have the great advantage of being very near to the spot where raw cotton is grown. Still, if our manufacturers would pay more attention than they do at present to the habits and idiosyncrasies of foreign customers, they would undoubtedly be better able to sustain this and other competition. They are

too much disposed to force upon their customers the kinds of goods they have been accustomed to make, and too little inclined to humour their fancies. That is not the way in which the industry was originally built up. But, however careful our manufacturers may be in adapting themselves to the requirements of existing markets, there is unquestionably a need for opening up new markets, and this year's corner will prove to be a blessing in disguise if it convinces manufacturers generally that the growth of the industry is more rapid than that of the cultivation of the raw material, or the demand for manufactured goods, and, therefore, induces them to turn their attention more seriously than heretofore to stimulating the demand of their old customers, and to opening up new markets. As yet they seem strangely unwilling to accept this view, insisting that the whole mischief has been worked by speculators. But surely it is impossible that any speculators, however powerful, could season after season for fully a dozen years succeed by manipulation in making a "squeeze" every August and September. Even now the stock of cotton in Liverpool does not very greatly exceed the stock at this time last year, although short time has been worked so long, and multitudes of factories have been closed altogether. It is clear that, if all the mills had continued working full time up to the present, there would have been a real scarcity of supply, and the price would have risen very much higher than it has done. Speculation in so great a market is possible only when circumstances favour it. No impartial observer will believe that speculation such as Mr. Steenstrand's could have been continued from December to the end of the following September if the supply of raw cotton had been fully sufficient for all the requirements of the world. Mr. Steenstrand saw that it was not. His opponents were blind to the fact, and hence he was able to continue his operations so long.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT AND HIS WORK.

A COMPREHENSIVE account of Flaubert and of his place in French literature is yet to be written in his own country, while in England he is still hardly known even among those who have learnt French and who are more or less accustomed to read it. There is no nearer approach to a life of Flaubert than the recollections and anecdotes embodied in certain chapters of M. Maxime du Camp's *Souvenirs Littéraires*; and some of Flaubert's surviving friends would not advise us, we believe, to accept M. Maxime du Camp as an unimpeachable witness. In England an attempt has been made to familiarize our public with Flaubert by translation—yea, by two rival translations—of *Salammbô*. We do not know what the English public has thought of it; but we do know that modern French prose is one of the most difficult languages to translate, Flaubert not the least difficult author in that language, and *Salammbô* the very last of his works which we should commend to a new reader by way of introduction. If we are asked what we do commend to an English reader still unacquainted with Flaubert, we should be disposed to name the volume of letters to George Sand published a few years ago; not in a translation, of course, but we do not know that there is one. The reader cannot well help learning from these letters, if he knows anything of human nature, that Flaubert was far indeed from being a cynic or a mere coiner of phrases; and, if he knows anything of the French language, that Flaubert was among the writers (they are by no means a large number) who have been true and consummate masters of it.

More lately two other volumes of letters have appeared, the second of them in the present year (*Gustave Flaubert: Correspondance, deuxième série*, 1850-1854. Paris: Charpentier. 1889). They are of earlier date than those addressed to George Sand, and most of them are to a lady described as Mme. X., whose real name is easily known, but who never became so well known by her writings as Flaubert thought that she could and ought to be. Perhaps there is not quite so much human interest as in the later interchange of thoughts with a correspondent who (whatever Mme. X.'s possibilities may have been) was certainly greater than Mme. X. But there is exquisite observation, vigorous and sincere judgment, and brilliant accounts of travelling in the Levant and Egypt when Egypt was still almost untouched by European civilization. And for students of literature there is matter of more peculiar interest, the full and repeated exposition of the way in which Flaubert conceived the duty of a man of letters. If prejudices about French frivolity still haunt any English people who can read French, these letters ought to dispel them. It is the old story that genius is not an unaccountable power of doing great things without expending work on them; but, on the contrary, an infinite faculty of taking pains. We find in Flaubert a hard-headed and clear-headed Frenchman of the Northern kind, a severe but a just critic, and always most severe in dealing with his own work. Indeed, it was his misfortune to combine fastidious severity of judgment with a slowness and difficulty in production which almost amounted to a physical impediment. A sceptical intellect was added to all this. Flaubert could hardly put unreserved trust in anything or anybody, and he was least of all able to take refuge, as many professed critics do, in being satisfied with himself.

In this volume we see Flaubert at work on *Madame Bovary*; he is always rewriting, recasting, censuring his own performance. Weeks pass during which he cannot frame as many pages to his liking. Whole scenes and chapters are condemned without mercy when they are at the point of completion. The episode of the *Comices agricoles*, which came out as one of the finest pieces of descriptive satire in modern literature, cost its author untold toil and trouble. In short, Flaubert protested stoutly against the conventions and the formalism which for two centuries have done their best to ruin the French language and letters; but he did so without the least expectation or desire of making things easier either to himself or to those who should come after. He set before himself a standard higher and harder than the old academical ones, higher because not limited by formulas, harder because not reducible to them. And this was also the essence of his uncompromising condition, often laid down in various forms, that an artist must work in and for his art alone, leaving external considerations of all kinds to those whose business it may be. It was no other doctrine than this of Flaubert's, expressed with a certain abundance of zeal still young, and a certain wilful delight in verbal paradox, that Mr. Swinburne (wherever he first found it) declared to the British public in his Essay on Blake, now many years ago, to the no small fluttering of the academic dovecots. Of course the doctrine is perfectly sound, and of course it is intolerable to the semi-literate people who think that the object and end of education is to avoid seeing with one's own eyes and hearing with one's own ears. If proof of it be required, it is enough to point to the fate of even the great ones when they violate the first law of art; Wordsworth is, perhaps, among ourselves the most conclusive example. Art, like nature, knows nothing of forgiveness, and is merciless to the just as well as to the unjust. Flaubert's contempt for ready-made opinions went to the length of holding that a man is already lost who sets out with the fixed intention of arriving at a decided opinion of any kind. The demand for conclusions at any price inevitably leads to a bad bargain. Towards the end of the earlier volume of letters this precept is condensed in the sentence, "La bêtise consiste à vouloir conclure."

One may admit that Flaubert's artistic conscience ran at times into fanaticism. He seems to have dreamed of an ideal style which would make the matter absolutely indifferent; "Le fait se distille dans la forme." He spoke now and again as if style were still in its infancy:—

> Je répète encore une fois [he once writes] que jusqu'à nous, jusqu'aux très-modernes, on n'avait pas l'idée de l'harmonie soutenue du style . . . . voilà mon opinion, plus je vais, moins je trouve les autres, et moi aussi, bon.

But it must not be supposed that this fastidiousness made Flaubert a pedantic or narrow judge of the great masters. Let us not pretend, he says, that the greatest writers or artists are faultless; let us acknowledge that they could afford their faults, and beware of thinking that we can afford the like. Of Shakspeare he says:—

> Ce n'était pas un homme, mais un continent; il y avait des grands hommes en lui, des foules entières, des paysages; ils n'ont pas besoin de faire du style, ceux-là, ils sont forts en dépit de toutes les fautes et à cause d'elles; mais nous, les petits, nous ne valons que par l'exécution achevée. Hugo en ce siècle enfoncera tout le monde, quoiqu'il soit plein de mauvaises choses, mais quel souffle! Quel souffle! Je hasarde ici une proposition que je n'oserais dire nulle part: c'est que les très grands hommes écrivent souvent fort mal et tant mieux pour eux.

We have been recommending Flaubert to students of French, of modern letters, and of human nature, rather than to the reader merely in search of amusement, who, nevertheless, may as well try Flaubert as not. Of Flaubert's own character—an extremely interesting one, both in itself and in relation to his work—we have said nothing; and of the still pending controversy as to the claims of certain living writers to represent his doctrine and method we do not mean to say anything.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

WE are not afraid of exaggeration in saying that the day on which the autumn campaign at Newmarket opened was one of the wettest and most miserable that can be remembered at a race-meeting on the famous Heath. So heavy was the rain during the first race that one of the jockeys weighed 2 lbs. heavier after his soaking than beforehand. That event was the Triennial Produce Stakes of 565*l.* for four-year-olds, which was run for from the Ditch to the old Cambridgeshire-course winning-post at the town end of the Heath, a distance of more than two miles. The race was chiefly interesting because it was understood to be a sort of indirect trial for Mr. Vyner's Cesarewitch filly, Fallow Chat, whose stable-companion, Countess Lilian, was now to run against the big and powerful, if somewhat roguish, Benburb, and Grafton, a horse that was said to have been purchased this year for 2,000*l.* Countess Lilian was the favourite, and she made the running to the point where the course across the flat joins the old Cambridgeshire course, and then she was eased up the hill; but more than a quarter of a mile from the finish she was again ridden to the front, and she won very easily by three lengths, Benburb being second, and Grafton a bad third. Fallow Chat's position in the betting for the Cesarewitch was not very greatly affected by this victory of Countess Lilian's, since its value as a trial was seriously diminished by the obvious deterioration (to say nothing of the rumoured roaring) of Grafton, who now at even weights

finished far behind Benburb, whereas last year he had beaten Benburb twice, although giving him weight on each occasion; practically, therefore, all that could be said for the well-shaped Countess Lilian was that she beat Benburb, a horse that had only won one race out of seventeen during his three seasons on the turf. It was stated in a daily paper that she was sold after the race for a brood mare, and that she was already believed to be in foal to Riversdale. The tenth anniversary of the Great Foal Stakes brought out Pioneer, Wishing Gate, Swift, Gold, and Scottish Fusilier, whom we have named in the order of their favouritism. Pioneer, who at Ascot had given Swift 7 lbs. and beaten him by a length and a half, could now only beat him by a head when meeting him on 3 lbs. better terms; but Wishing Gate confirmed her Kempton Park form with Swift by beating him by three lengths. The probability is that the course was about a quarter of a mile too long for Pioneer, for he had shown himself to be a non-stayer in several other races this season. Wishing Gate, although a strong, deep-bodied filly, in short of the very stamp for a course so heavy as that traversed on this occasion, is nevertheless somewhat below the class of most winners of the Great Foal Stakes, among whom were Rayon d'Or, Robert the Devil, Dutch Oven, Ossian, Melton, Ormonde, Rêve d'Or, and Ayrshire. It is reported that Wishing Gate has been occasionally lame, otherwise from her good looks more might have been expected of her; it is, however, but fair to say that in her two victories she has won 2,459*l*. The immediate effect of her last race was to make her first favourite for the Cambridgeshire. Semolina and Riviera spoiled the Boscawen Stakes and the Buckingham Stakes, as Riviera walked over for the latter; while Semolina, although nominally opposed, started for the former with 20 to 1 laid on her, and won it as she liked. Her winnings in stakes now amounted to 8,910*l*. 8*s*.

There was a great improvement in the weather on the Wednesday, when there was a heavy list of ten races on the card. The field for the first furnished an example of the uncertainty of breeding, as the only starters, two fillies out of the splendid mares Thebais and Belinda, with Isonomy and Lowland Chief as their sires, were a miserable-looking pair. The Granby Plate, for two-year-olds, was won by an American-bred colt imported by Mr. L. de Rothschild and called Polonius. He is by the Derby winner, St. Blaise, who has been a very successful sire in America, and the son is not unlike the father either in colour or in shape. This reminds us that Ormonde has at last sailed for South America, where he will stand at Señor Bocau's stud-farm. The Triennial Produce Stakes only brought out three competitors, Swift, Ormuz, and Cherry Bounce, of which Swift was the favourite; but it is probable that he had not recovered from his struggle with Pioneer for second place in the Great Foal Stakes of the previous day, as he never could reach the Duke of Westminster's strongly-built Ormuz, who gave him 7 lbs., made all the running, and won by a length. Lord Ellesmere, who has been out of luck this season, succeeded in winning two races in the course of the day; the first was a Nursery Handicap, which he won with Jungfrau, a fine filly with fired hocks, that started at 16 to 1, and the second was the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, which fell to his six-year-old mare Cataract, who had run seven times this year without winning a race, and was meeting St. Patrick, the fourth for the Lancashire Plate four days earlier, at an advantage of 20 lbs., at weight for age. Cataract ought to make a splendid brood mare, as she is one of the best shaped on the turf, with great length, and her sire is of Touchstone and Baron blood, while her dam was of Baron and Touchstone. The Hopeful Stakes unfortunately ended in a walk over, as nothing was brought out to oppose Baron Rothschild's Le Nord, the colt that had made such a fine race with Riviera for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. The Duke of Portland's Memoir, the Duke of Westminster's Orwell, and Lord Zetland's Fontainebleau finished in the above order (which was the same as that of the betting) for the Fifth Zetland Stakes. Memoir, who had been a 1,500-guinea yearling, was somewhat plain looking early in the season, but she has improved very much in the course of it.

In place of the mud of the Tuesday and the Wednesday there was actually some rather unpleasant dust on the Thursday. Backers laid odds too freely on Mr. Houldsworth's Carrick for the Rutland Plate for two-year-olds, as a favourite with 3 to 1 on him ought scarcely to have required pressing to win by three-quarters of a length. Sharp-eyed people thought that Mr. Combe's Bauble had run too well in the Breeder's Foal Stakes at Manchester, six days earlier, to be handicapped so low as 5 st. 11 lbs. for the Scurry Nursery, and they proved to be right; for, after starting first favourite, she won the race from sixteen opponents. But, if the handicapper was in the wrong, there was some excuse for him, as the best that Bauble had done at Manchester was to run forward until nearing the distance, before reaching which she was thoroughly beaten; nor did she finish in the first half-dozen. Lord Dudley's beautiful filly, Formidable, with 25 to 1 laid on her, won the Snailwell Stakes in the commonest of canters, although she was giving 25 lbs. each to two of her field and 22 lbs. to another. The critics were all agreed in their admiration of this white-legged chestnut, who has grown considerably since her first race in May, when she was considered much too small. The favourites had already won four races in succession when backers laid 5 to 2 freely on the Duke of Hamilton's Loup for the Triennial Produce Stakes of 658*l*. This time they were destined to meet with a reverse, for Loup was unable to give 8 lbs. to the Duke of Hamilton's Orwell, an extreme outsider at 33 to 1, that beat him by half a length. Less than twenty-four hours earlier Orwell had been easily beaten by Memoir, who had finished far behind Loup for the Chesterfield Stakes in July, when receiving 10 lbs. from that colt. It must not be forgotten, however, that Orwell ran Signorina to a head at Sandown in June, when receiving 12 lbs., or the equivalent of 15 lbs., at weight for sex, and he is well bred enough to please the most fastidious, being by Ormonde's sire and out of a sister to Ormonde's dam. It was reported that one "plunger" netted nearly 5,000*l*. by his victory. The October Handicap was won very easily by Mr. Clayton's St. Helen, whose merits, as we have hinted on more than one occasion, we are inclined to think Major Egerton has underestimated this season, much as we hesitate to pit our opinion against that of so consummate and unimpeachable a professor of the difficult art of handicapping. Lord Dudley's remarkably good-looking colt, Merry Monk, who had cost him 2,250 guineas as a yearling, was made the favourite for a Maiden Plate; but he ran in a rather cowardly fashion; for, after apparently having the race in hand, he allowed himself to be beaten by Mr. H. Milner's Shrine, a small and light, though wiry, daughter of the famous mare, Pilgrimage. At Stockbridge, Ormuz had beaten Pinzon by a neck at even weights for the Zetland Stakes, and now he had to give him 5 lbs. for a race of the same name. As the betting foretold, the weight turned the scale, and Pinzon won by two lengths.

The American Polonius, the winner of the Granby Plate on the Wednesday, started a strong favourite for the first race on the Friday. His extra weight, however, stopped him, and he only ran third to Lord Calthorpe's Woodnymph, a large-framed, if rather rough-looking, chestnut filly by Hermit that had been one of the nine yearlings which Lord Calthorpe purchased from Mr. Chaplin for (it is said) 10,000*l*. As was expected, Riviera won the Rous Memorial Stakes; but there was a grand race for second between Fear Disgrace, Carrick, and Barcarolle, who finished in a cluster; and although Riviera won pretty easily at last, she was rather fractious at the starting-post, and she had to be ridden out to win by a length and a half from Fear Disgrace. San Marino won her second race of the week and her fifth of the year, in a Selling Plate; indeed, all her victories have been in selling races. After nine unsuccessful attempts during the season, Mr. Hibbert's Parga at last won a race in the Moulton Handicap. She had "run the weight off her back," as the saying is, to such an extent that she was receiving nearly 3 st. from St. Symphorien, a colt of the same age, who started first favourite. Last year this hardworking filly ran in no less than nineteen races, of which she won five. Prince Soltykoff's Gold, a winner of more than 3,000*l*. last season, met with his ninth successive defeat of this year in the Newmarket St. Leger, which was won by Lord Durham's Testator, who had been backed a good deal for the Cesarewitch. Both colts, as well as their jockeys, seemed thoroughly done at the end of their hard struggle over the long "Ditch In" course.

CROWN PATRONAGE IN SCOTLAND.

HOME Rule for Scotland has become a popular cry among the wilder Radicals and obscurer fanatics of the Northern kingdom. It is echoed in Dundee; it is repeated on the platforms from which Mr. Seymour Keay declaims those Socialistic platitudes for which his "great leader" assures him that not six men in the House of Commons will be found to vote.

What Home Rule for Scotland really means, what it would amount to, and by whom it would be conducted, are points on which its advocates give us no information. When a question is thus left in obscurity, it is always interesting and advantageous to have side-lights thrown upon it which help to illuminate its latent features. Such a side-light has been thrown on this question by a recent correspondence between the Secretary of State for Scotland and a leading luminary of the Scottish Church. Having considered the subject with the aid thus afforded us, we should be inclined to say that Home Rule for Scotland might be described, in one at least of its departments, as wrongheadedness tempered by fanaticism. It is no part of our business to defend Lord Lothian's administration of Government patronage in appointments to Chairs in the Scotch Universities. Among these were three appointments to Theological Chairs, two in the University of Aberdeen and one in the University of St. Andrews. The selection made in the first two cases met with general approval. In the first instance, Lord Lothian appointed to the vacant Chair of Oriental Languages in Aberdeen Mr. Kennedy, who, we understand, was beyond comparison the ablest and most promising of the younger Hebrew scholars in the Kirk. In the second, he appointed to the Chair of Church History in the same University Dr. Cowan, who, if not equally distinguished as a scholar, was understood to enjoy the support and confidence of a large and influential party in the Church. To the Chair of Biblical Criticism in St. Andrews he appointed Dr. Menzies, the translator of several highly important German theological works, a contributor of the article "Church of Scotland" in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and a man universally respected in the Church for his high character and thorough scholarship. The Rev. Dr. Flint, Professor of Systematic Theology in the University

of Edinburgh, thought not well of Dr. Menzies's appointment. Dr. Flint is a man well known, far beyond the bounds of Scotland, for his philosophical and theological acquirements. Some one appears to have told Dr. Flint that Dr. Menzies was hard of hearing, and, like Moses, slow of speech; and from the correspondence we have seen in the Scotch papers we infer that the Rev. Professor had in reserve a candidate of his own, whom he wished to see promoted to the post of Professor at St. Andrews. Possibly Dr. Flint's information was correct, and there was no harm in his desiring the preferment of his own friend and protégé; but the remarkable fact, the fact throwing a lurid light on the possible administration of patronage under a system of Home Rule, which would give men like Dr. Flint a much directer influence than they can exercise under the existing régime, is that he should have thought it decent and proper to assume the position of Reviser-General of Crown Patronage, and angrily cross-examine Lord Lothian as to his reasons for appointing Dr. Menzies. He wrote in a very dictatorial tone, demanding if, previous to making the appointment, Lord Lothian had taken care to have a personal interview with that gentleman; and, on his correspondent most properly declining to inform him, he proceeded to criticize the appointment in perhaps the most singular letter ever addressed to a Secretary of State. It is a curious illustration of the pettiness of view from which a man moving in a small circle and occupied with the idea of his own importance is apt to suffer that in this letter Dr. Flint, while professing a high regard for the interests of Scotch theology, should have thought it appropriate, first of all to complain to Lord Lothian of his having had to pay twopence for his letter, and next to repeat the substance of the random gossip which had reached him about Dr. Menzies's "physical infirmities."

Not content with this, he proceeded to impugn the whole system of Crown patronage as applied to the Scotch Theological Chairs, and roundly charged the Scotch Secretary with being guided in his administration of it by merely personal and political motives. We believe that, in point of fact, there is not the slightest ground for this offensive charge, and that in at least two out of the three recent appointments Lord Lothian selected men whose political opinions were diametrically opposed to his own; but that the charge should have been brought, and brought by a man in a prominent position, shows how much Scotland has yet to learn ere its exercise of Home Rule would be salutary. Dr. Flint's letters are interesting in many ways; they show us that the race of the Habakkuk Mucklewraths and Ephraim Macbriars still survives north of the Tweed. No Covenanting martyr ever climbed the lofty ladder with a profounder conviction of the infallibility of his own opinions and the righteousness of his own cause than Dr. Flint entertained when he attacked Lord Lothian. He reprobated his exercise of patronage, not, he maintains, because of any personal interest in the matter, but because he knew that, in the cases he condemned, the right man had been passed over, and the wrong man had got the place. Dr. Flint knew it, and that was quite enough. The impropriety of a private person noisily challenging the action of a Minister of the Crown was a trifle of no weight; the feelings of Dr. Menzies, publicly accused of being deaf and inarticulate, were not to be considered. A wrong man had been chosen. Dr. Flint was bound to expose the mischief, and expose it he would. Nay, he promises to do so in future whenever an occasion occurs. "Any appointment," he says in his last letter, "any appointment to a Theological Chair which seems to me unjust, I shall not hesitate to endeavour to expose, whether it gives offence to the patron and pain to the presentee or not." One is astounded at the self-confidence which prompts such a declaration.

The administration of patronage in the Scotch Universities is of a rather mixed kind. One or two Chairs are still in the gift of private patrons; some, in Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrews, are in the gift of the University Courts; some, in Edinburgh, in the gift of the Board of "Curators"; and several, in all the Universities, are in the gift of the Crown. We venture to say that the appointments made by the Crown will bear a favourable comparison with those made by any of the other patrons. Dr. Flint characterizes the Crown patronage of Theological Chairs as a "mischievous absurdity," whose continuance his present correspondence with Lord Lothian is certain to abridge. He is egregiously mistaken. The only conclusion to which a perusal of that correspondence will lead all sensible men is that the Crown patronage is infinitely preferable to any substitute for it which would be more satisfactory to such a critic as Dr. Flint.

ICELAND.

WE learn from Iceland that a young geologist, Dr. Thorodd Thoroddsen of Reykjavik, who has before now distinguished himself in expeditions to little-known parts of his native country, has returned from a journey which has had results of a very important geographical nature. The magnificent survey map of Iceland has a peculiarity which must instantly strike the eye—namely, a vast patch of pure white nothingness in the centre of the eastern portion of the island. This is the district of the huge volcanic tableland, surrounded by glaciers, known as the Vatnajökull or Klofajökull, which has hitherto been absolutely impenetrable, and as wholly unknown to science as the centre of equatorial Africa or the northern confines of Greenland. It is this *terra incognita* which Dr. Thoroddsen has attacked this summer, and with remarkable success. He approached it, not, as has been the case with previous and unsuccessful explorers, from Husavik or any other port on the eastern coast, but steadily up the long incline from the west. To travel in the neighbourhood of the Vatnajökull is exceedingly difficult, partly on account of the rapidity of the volcanic streams, and partly because there is no fodder of any kind for the horses. After toiling for three days north of the rivers which form the watershed of the Hekla district, so avoiding having to cross the lower waters of the Thorsá, Dr. Thoroddsen found himself at last in the midst of three unknown streams of obsidian not laid down in any of the survey-charts. Further on he discovered a long and narrow lake, between thirty and forty miles in length, certainly the largest piece of inland water in Iceland. He christened this lake by the name of Langisjör, or Lake Long. It lies high up along the edge of the glacier, and its waters are of that peculiar milky-white colour which is generally found in glacier rivers. This was the most striking of Dr. Thoroddsen's discoveries; but he has added the course of several streams to the map of Iceland, besides gaining a great deal of valuable geological information of a novel character.

It strikes us as possible that the existence of this newly-discovered lake may have been known to the Icelanders of classic times, and that a trace of that knowledge may survive in the name of the mysterious mountain, Vatnajökull meaning the glacier of the fresh water, *vatn*. This latter term is used, no doubt, for streams, but less often and less characteristically than for lakes, *vatnbátr*, for example, being a lake-boat, not a boat to be used on all species of fresh water. We are not aware of any passage in the Sagas in which the Vatnajökull is mentioned. Probably from the earliest times its environment, if less inaccessible than at present, was extremely sterile and forbidding.

MONEY MATTERS.

AT the beginning of the week the money market was excited and anxious. Bill-brokers were running from bank to bank endeavouring to make up the amounts they required by borrowing a little wherever it could be obtained. They freely paid from 5½ to 6 per cent., and in some cases as much as 6½ per cent. was paid for loans for a month on the security of Treasury Bills. Yet the scarcity in the outside market was such that the Bank of England lent over 3 millions in the week ended Wednesday night at 6 per cent. Suddenly on Wednesday there was a complete change. Money, that had been so scarce, all at once became plentiful. The demand for it unexpectedly died away, and the rate of interest fell, first, to 4½ per cent., and then gradually, on the following day, to 3½ per cent. The rate of discount at the same time declined from about 4½ per cent. to about 4⅛ per cent. At the end of September there is always an outflow of coin and notes to the country, and this year it has been exceptionally large. At the same time there were withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England on a considerable scale for foreign countries, and it was rumoured that the demand for Brazil was likely to be enormous; while a considerable amount would be required also for South Africa, Egypt, and other places. On Wednesday the Bank of England unwisely, as we venture to think, decided to repay money it had borrowed, and thus added to the supply in the outside market. At the same time it was announced that, on the order of Messrs. Rothschild, 200,000*l*. in gold were shipped from New York either for London or for Rio de Janeiro; and that gold was coming from Australia, Holland, and Belgium. On Thursday, too, the Paris exchange upon London rose so as to inspire the hope that the metal would be received from Paris likewise. Therefore the fear of a great stringency all at once disappeared, and over-confidence took its place. Brazil is reforming its circulation. It requires for this purpose a large amount of gold, and it has the means of taking the gold from London. Nobody can be sure that it will not, therefore, withdraw so much of the metal as may seriously disturb the market. And it is almost certain that it will do so if the rates of interest and discount continue so low as they have now become. On the other hand, the amount of gold that can be obtained from New York, Belgium, and Holland is not enough. This market will not be safe until a considerable amount can be obtained from the Bank of France.

The flurry in the money market has for the moment stopped speculation on the Stock Exchange. When borrowers had to pay as much as 6½ per cent. on the security of Treasury Bills, it became obvious that, were a scare to again occur, they might be unable to obtain accommodation on any conditions whatever on worse security. It is true that Messrs. Rothschild, in the midst of the apprehension, brought out a Brazilian Conversion loan of 20 millions sterling, but even they found it necessary to take measures to reassure the investing public. Smaller people have thought it wise not to increase their risks. The railway traffic returns are exceedingly good, but they attract few or no buyers. International securities are left to the care of the Continental Bourses. And though the New York Stock Market is remarkably firm seeing how agitated is the New York Money Market, yet London speculators are not tempted to deal in American railroad securities. Even Transvaal land shares, diamond shares, and gold shares are

neglected, and prices have considerably declined during the week, though on Thursday there was a small boom in the shares of the Anglo-Asiatic Exploration Company, which were run up from 100 to 1,000, and closed at about 850. The whole of the capital of the Company is only 15,000*l.* In New York the stringency in the money market, according to all past experience, ought now to be at an end, since the coin and notes which went out to move the wheat crop ought to be flowing back. The indications, therefore, seem to point to an active speculation in New York in the immediate future. But here as long as uncertainty about money continues speculation will be too dangerous to be engaged in by many. The *Liquidation* on the Paris Bourse ends to-day. To-morrow the elections to the Chambers will be completed, and the Paris Money Market is exceedingly easy. There is expected to be an increase in business on the Bourse next week. But in Berlin the money market is troubled. The Imperial Bank raised its rate of discount on Thursday to 5 per cent. And, moreover, speculation has been carried so far that it is difficult to see how it can be carried further.

The Brazilian Government is acting wisely in availing itself of an opportunity when Conversion is in fashion to reduce the interest upon its debt. But the plan of Conversion adopted is very faulty. Practically the Four-and-a-half per Cents and the Five per Cents have for some time past stood at about the same price. Therefore, if the Brazilian Government had pledged itself not to convert again for a certain number of years, and had offered to exchange the Five per Cents into Four-and-a-half per Cents at par, it is highly probable that it would have been successful. If so, it would not have increased the capital of the debt, and it would have saved nearly 90,000*l.* a year; instead of doing this, however, it has proposed to convert the Fives into Fours; but the Four per Cents are brought out at the price of 90, and a bonus of 1½ per cent. is also offered. The result is that about 2½ millions sterling are added to the capital of the debt, and only about 75,000*l.* a year is saved. Thus the Brazilian Government puts it out of its power to effect further savings in the future. It actually saves less at present than it would have done by offering Four-and-a-half per Cents, and it increases its debt 2½ millions sterling. This is a small matter compared with other mistakes of the Brazilian Government. That Government is now entering upon a course which will involve it in the very gravest difficulties if it does not exercise the greatest care and judgment.

It is reported that the Italian Government has agreed with Herr Bleichröder of Berlin for the issue in that city of Italian Railway Obligations bearing 3 per cent. interest. It is said that Herr Bleichröder pays only about 50 for what he takes firm, and that the issue price to the public will be 3 or 4 points higher. The difficulties of the Italian Government are notorious, and it certainly has made a good bargain if the report be true. It has made more than one effort in London to place the bonds, but without success. In the present state of the relations between France and Italy, of course an Italian issue in Paris is out of the question, and, therefore, it has been fortunate in making so good an arrangement in Berlin. The loan, however, will only afford temporary relief. Unless the Government is to involve itself in inextricable difficulties, it ought without delay to effect retrenchment in every direction compatible with the national interests.

THE DEAD HEART.

A GREAT MANY suggestions have been made as to the source from which *The Dead Heart* was taken, and *Maison Rouge* has been quoted as if no one had ever heard of the famous situation at its end. As to this, however, it is worth further noting that in the play, as in the novel, it is the light-hearted young man (called Lorin in the play) who sacrifices himself for his friend. Yet, again, it may be that the piece owes something to one of the best-known novels in the world—*Monte Cristo.* (*Zanoni* has also been mentioned in this connexion.) Landry, with variations, of course, is the Count; Catherine Duval is Mercedes; and the other principal characters of both works will be found to match, allowance being of course made for the alteration and search for novelty that an adapter who wished to ignore the source of his inspiration would naturally introduce. It certainly seems to us in the highest degree probable that, if Alexandre Dumas had not been staying at Florence in 1841, and had not been requested by Prince Jerome Napoleon to take his son for a yachting expedition and "teach him France," the stage of the Lyceum Theatre would now be occupied with something other than *The Dead Heart.* To show wherein the characters of the drama lack character would be a futile operation. Opportunities are sometimes missed; but a writer of Adelphi pieces thirty years ago had little thought of anything except of obtaining applause for "situations" which would be likely to prolong to the fullest possible extent the run of his play. Writers of the period, however, hit on excellent ideas, and *The Dead Heart* is rich in effective scenes, especially in those which surround the part of Landry. If we can refrain from inquiring too curiously into motives, Landry is throughout the play an extremely forcible part, and when Mr. Irving brings to bear upon it his power and extraordinary personality the result is of necessity deeply interesting and impressive. Sympathy is awakened for the young sculptor when it is seen how deadly and determined are the enemies upon his track; and Mr. Irving has never played with more lightness and ease than in the earlier scenes of this work. His opportune arrival in Catherine's chamber while she is repulsing the Comte de St.-Valéry, followed by his doubts of Catherine's fidelity—which ought not, it may be, to overtake a hero of melodrama about his heroine, for the blindness of their faith in each other is often the measure of the audience's approval, but are here telling enough—and his unexpected arrest by a file of soldiers led by the treacherous Abbé Latour form stirring episodes; and then we have the attack on the Bastille and the resurrection of Landry. Landry has had no mysterious friend in his dungeon, such as the hero of Dumas's novel found, to keep alive his mind and furnish the most terrible of lives with a strange interest. At the same time the sympathy of the audience is so surely enlisted on behalf of the victim, the "situation" is so strong, that an actor of very ordinary power could not well fail to make an effect. The awakening of Landry to mental life is a really great situation for a great actor, and Mr. Irving so treats it as to leave an ineffaceable picture on the memory. The danger of so striking a situation, such a piece of acting, is that there may be a disappointment after it. This is not so; Mr. Irving, in an astonishing degree, increases his hold on the spectator. Landry is certainly Monte-Cristo-like in his inflexible determination to deal with his enemies, and both men have about them the same indomitable resolve which presents each in the aspect of avenging Fate.

In two scenes Mr. Irving is simply sublime: he touches the limits of his art. These are the meeting with the Abbé Latour, whom he has summoned from his dungeon to the room in the prison where the victim of the Bastille now holds sway, and the interview with Catherine at the foot of the guillotine in the early morning of the day that is to end her young son's life. Latour, who would otherwise be executed, is to be allowed to fight for his life, to cross swords with the man against whom he has committed the deadly wrong; but one feels from the moment the treacherous Abbé enters the chamber that he is inevitably doomed. By what means Mr. Irving is able thus to impress his audience we cannot pretend to say. There is an unsurpassable dignity in his bearing, but more than dignity is needed. It is impossible to see the play, however, without experiencing the sentiment indicated; and the fight, when presently it comes, is of altogether startling reality. The weapons are the cut-and-thrust military swords of the period, and with these M. Bertrand, that past-master of stage-fencing, has devised a fight which we have never seen equalled for correctness and brilliancy. The swordsmanship both of Mr. Irving and Mr. Bancroft is as striking and as seemingly spontaneous as is M. Bertrand's invention. The Abbé's treacherous attempt before his adversary is on guard is a forcible touch, and nothing could be better than the final lunge which kills Latour. He has thrust at Landry and overreached, whereupon Landry, using a method once familiar in Italian fencing, plunges his sword into his enemy's breast. What is perhaps most remarkable in Mr. Irving's acting in this scene is the complete and masterly repose, which marks the highest control of the actor's art. The scene with Catherine before the scaffold is no less fine. The dim light, and the sudden glint of an early sunbeam on the knife of the guillotine as morning breaks—an hour after dawn the slaughter is to begin once more—greatly aid the effect, if it be not a species of injustice to comment on merely mechanical devices when speaking of such an actor and actress; and Mr. Irving's mysterious gift of dominating spectators, even when no word is spoken, is most strikingly displayed in the final tableau, where, having resolved to yield up his own life to save the son of the woman he loved, Landry stands erect on the platform of the guillotine, gazing for the last time upon the world he is to leave. No doubt the situation does much, but we recognize an inexplicable something in feature and attitude which proclaims the result of inspiration and skill combined. Miss Terry is winsome and charming in her early scene with her lover at the "Belle Jardinière," and heartbroken at the suspicion directed against her when Landry finds St.-Valéry in her room. There is the genuine ring of pathos, again, in her prayer to Landry for her son's life. The character, it is needless to say, could not be better played. Perhaps the best study of the period is the Abbé Latour, and Mr. Bancroft, as was naturally to be expected, shows an excellent appreciation of the sentiments which would have swayed the aristocrat of that day—the eve and the fierce noon of the Revolution. It is not quite that the Abbé regards the people simply with contempt—he evidently does not suppose that they belong to the same order of created beings as himself and his equals; and this is the true reading. He is a brave man, and his complete indifference to the howls of the mob as his captors lead him to the Conciergerie is particularly well expressed. He condescends somewhat—perhaps a thought too much—when found in the cell under the wardership of Toupet; but the final scene with Landry is fully admirable. Brave as he is, for a moment he falters, for he feels his hour is come; but his courage revives, and he dies with a last struggle to cry "Long live the King!" The exhibition of the handkerchief he has pressed to his wound, stained with arterial blood, is an effective touch, quite permissible in melodrama. It is gratifying to recognize the merit of Mr. Gordon Craig's earnest and sympathetic performance of the younger St.-Valéry; and Mr. Arthur Stirling well understands what to do with the part of Legrand. Miss Kate Phillips's vivacious representation of Cerisette affords some relief; and Mr. Righton's Toupet, if not very comic, is at least not obtrusive. With what energy and reality the mob

which attacks the Bastille and clusters round the gate of the Conciergerie conducts itself need not be described, seeing that Mr. Irving has himself drilled his people; nor can it be necessary to say that the piece is put upon the stage in the matter of scenery and costume with the most perfect taste and judgment. That is a matter of course at the Lyceum. Mr. Jacobi's music shows him to be possessed of more dramatic capacity than a hearing of his tuneful ballets suggests.

AN ETONIAN SYMPOSIUM.

"I'LL sing you a good old song," he said, "to a wholly novel tune,
Of little boys compelled to fag the live-long afternoon"—
But scarce would he have sung that song had he but known how soon
And with what stern decision he'd be written down a spoon
By a "Well-known Old Harrovian," all of an unknown time.

Alas! poor "Etonensis"! he had talked, perhaps in joke,
Of some "new tyranny" that bowed his boy beneath its yoke.
How humbled then he must have felt, how sorry that he spoke,
When on his own devoted head he brought the crushing stroke
Of the "Well-known Old Harrovian" of a less well-known time.

Yes, when the W.-K. O. H.—the illustrious, though unnamed—
So rated and so rallied him, his weakness so proclaimed,
How must the wretched man have stood, confounded and ashamed
Of his absurd obscurity in presence of the famed,
The "Well-known Old Harrovian" of an unstated time.

But his defeat was our delight; for then we had them all,
The "Captain" and the "House-Master," the "Big Boy" and the Small;
The miserable whining "Sap," the Athlete strong and tall,
Came rushing headlong into print, responsive to the call
Of the "Well-known Old Harrovian" of the uncertain time.

Then did "Australiensis" to a listening world explain
Why our poor English athletes with Australia strive in vain,
And why our schools, corrupted by compulsory fagging's bane,
Can never, never hope to bless the stricken land again
With "Well-known Old Harrovians" at any future time.

Hear, too, the "Eton Parent"—him of the clever son,
That embryo Senior-Classic-rolled-with-Wrangler-into-one,
Whom cricket, fives, and football have so utterly undone
That dry-goods stores reject him even so as they might shun
Some "Well-known Old Harrovian" fallen on an evil time.

'Tis true that, here and there, we heard, as the debate went round,
An argument or two that had a half-familiar sound;
That, when dispute raged hottiest, we sometimes even found
Some disputant encroaching on the controversial ground
Of the "Well-known Old Harrovian" of the problematic time.

Still, were it only for the fact that this discussion drew
Forth from Oblivion's depths that quite forgotten *aperçu*,
The Iron Duke's reflection that the field of Waterloo
Was won in Eton playing-fields, our warmest thanks are due
To the "Well-known Old Harrovian," whatever was his time.

REVIEWS.

REPORT OF THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS.*

INDIAN Blue-books, however lengthy and forbidding in aspect, are drawn up by officials with scrupulous care and on methodical principles, and the precedent set by the bureaucracy of India has been admirably copied by the President and the Committee of what is termed the Indian National Congress. For the modest sum of one shilling anybody can purchase a complete report of the proceedings of the above august body at their fourth meeting, held at Allahabad in December 1888. Speeches, resolutions, and, as the racing touts have it, the names, weights, and colours of the riders, are entered; in other words, the castes and professions of the native gentlemen who, backed by two or three Englishmen, are bent on the reconstitution of the government of India. The authors of the Report, following the example of Blue-books on meteorology, geology, and the railways, have kindly added a map of the Dependency, with Congress circles, electoral divisions, and the numbers of delegates from each Province.

That the population of India has never at any period possessed national elements or shown the smallest capacity for the assimilation and union characteristic of any nation, has been shown recently by some very able and well-informed writers. The Indian community is a medley of dynastic fragments, opposing creeds, rival factions, and ethnological scraps, all loosely held together but powerfully controlled by the strong and beneficent arm of the British administrator. It would be superfluous to discuss this question at length. But it is by no means unnecessary to look closely into the constitution of a body which claims to represent all India and which asserts for itself "a foremost position amongst Imperial public affairs"; and to show that the demands put forward are wholly incompatible, as Lord Dufferin has pointed out, with our original title-deeds and our very tenure of office. In the first place, in the whole of the Report there is no trustworthy evidence, such as would be indispensable in a court of justice to decide the smallest civil claim or to inflict the lowest penalty known to the criminal law, to show that the members of the Congress have really received any direct mandate from the unintelligent masses to stand forth as their representatives, to detail their grievances, and to expound their real or supposed wants. We find plenty of assertions to the effect that Committees and sub-Committees have laboured; that missionaries, as they are gravely termed, have travelled and preached; and that thousands of pamphlets and leaflets have been distributed in innumerable villages and towns. But, arguing from all past experience of strikes, movements for redress of burdens, refusals to submit to new forms of taxation, protests against the oppressions of Talukdars and the venality of the police, which from time to time have ruffled the smooth tenour of our administration, there is really nothing to show that the artisans of the towns and the agriculturists of the plains have the smallest appreciation of the objects of the Congress or are prepared to exchange the interposition of the Commissioner and the Magistrate for the effusive oratory of the pleader and the Baboo. To accept the vociferations of a congress made up of lawyers, attorneys, schoolmasters, medical practitioners, and proprietors of obscure journals as the voice of the people without further test or inquiry, would be simply for every Ruler and his practised staff of officials to sign a deed of abdication of office. Still, the Congress it may be said, is only another exponent of the blind forces and voiceless passions of the community. The independent and non-official utterance ought at least to be heard and considered before it is put aside. The purely official view has often been erroneous, one-sided, or imperfect. The Baboo, after all, can plead for the Bengalis out of court and in it. The Mussulman community may properly be represented by a retired native judge or an active Kazi. Let us, at any rate, examine the chief resolutions which are the result of a session lasting positively for four whole days. The principal resolution, first in order as well as in importance, is aimed at the Legislative Council of the Viceroy and the Provincial Councils at Madras, Bombay, Calcutta, and elsewhere. The members of the Congress coolly ask that the Councils be enlarged, and that one-half of the members henceforth be elected. In the case of the Provincial Councils the valuable privilege of electing is to be "conferred only on those classes and members of the community who are, *primâ facie*, capable of exercising it wisely and independently." The members so elected are in their turn to choose the members of the Legislative Council of the Viceroy. Still further, to these bodies are to be entrusted all legislative measures and all financial questions including the Budget; and any elected member is to have the right to put any question he thinks fit to the *ex-officio* member of the same body with regard to all branches of the administration, to call for papers and receive a reply, and to discuss the whole subject. It is true that an exception is graciously made in favour of foreign policy and strategy, or matters which for the sake of public interests should not be openly discussed. But it is perfectly easy to foresee to what any such privilege of interpellation tends. In anything that really concerns the whole community in regard to taxation, collection of the revenue, executive administration and amendment of laws, the Indian Government is quite prepared to take the natives into its confidence without the advice of the Congress. But it is obvious that, with the grant of such a permission or right as is sought for, it would be the interest of self-asserting and pushing members to ask every conceivable question, not with the expectation of an answer, but for the sake of getting a courteous refusal. This, of course, would furnish grounds for fresh agitation for more concessions, and for much virtuous indignation against a despotic Government which gave a privilege with one hand, and yet withdrew it with the other. To put the matter briefly, the demand for elected members in numerical proportion to nominees, for the control of legislation and finance, and for the right of interpellation, is one which no Indian Viceroy or Secretary of State would be justified in listening to for a moment. The makers of such a proposal must have an amazing trust in their own impudence and in the credulity of Englishmen. One of the simplest canons of Anglo-Indian administration is that power and responsibility must not be divorced, and that financial and political control must remain in the same hands. Our Indian Empire was not built by the Baboo's oratory, but by the Englishman's force of character, and it is for the builder and constructor alone to say under what

* *Report of the Fourth Indian National Congress, held at Allahabad on the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th December*, 1888. London: Indian Political Agency, 28 Craven Street, Charing Cross; Talbot Brothers, 81 Carter Lane, E.C.; Hamilton, Adams, & Co., Paternoster Row. Edinburgh and Glasgow: Menzies & Co. Dublin: H. M. Gill & Son. Manchester: John Heywood. 1889.

conditions, guarantees, or safeguards, at what times and places, and in what proportions, natives shall be employed in hard, practical, executive, judicial, and legislative work. Some of the other resolutions are premature; others are unnecessary; and one or two may be harmless. There is a demand for competitive examinations for the Civil Service to be held simultaneously in England and India. As this proposal has already been fully considered and condemned by the majority of the Public Service Commission appointed by Lord Dufferin, and as the condemnation rests on clear and conclusive reasoning, we may at once put it aside. Next, the Congress think that the time has arrived for the extension of trial by jury into new districts. The answer to this is that the verdicts of native juries have been found as trustworthy as those of some juries in Ireland, and that notorious criminals have been acquitted in the teeth of clear evidence. A similar proposal that persons accused before magistrates should have a right of committal to the Sessions Court is one which hardly anybody, except a member of the Congress, would make; and we venture to say that there is not a cattle-lifter, cutpurse, pilferer in a native bazaar, or participator in a village row about a boundary or fish-weir, who has ever shown the smallest desire for any such privilege. The Resolution about the Excise and the intoxication of the people is a mere repetition of what has been put forward in Parliament and on clerical platforms. It can do no harm, and the Indian Government is fully alive to the necessity of some reform in liquor. To any one accustomed to the warlike proclivities of Sikhs, Pathans, and Rajputs, it must have been somewhat comical to listen to a Bengali gentleman pleading for the privilege of bearing arms, and to another inoffensive citizen of Lucknow talking about training his children in a new military college. A request that the limit of the Income-tax should be fixed at one thousand, and not at five hundred, rupees of annual income is meant in the interests of the poor. But poverty is a question of relative degree in India, and the comparison between five hundred rupees, or nominally fifty pounds, with the English limit of 150*l.*, is only misleading. When the speakers began to discuss the proposal of a Permanent Assessment of the Land Revenue for all India, under the precedent given by Lord Cornwallis to Bengal and Behar, they very soon found themselves out of their depth. The proceedings at this point were interrupted by noise and laughter, and the Resolution was dropped. This incident shows clearly how very far beyond the capacity and knowledge of these gentlemen are those measures which really form the foundation of all prosperity, progress, and contentment in India. A denunciation of the policeman as oppressive is nothing new. For the last hundred years we have been trying to stop torture, venality, and bribery in the police by every available means. Larger salaries, better education, fairer prospects of promotion, and English supervision have all been tried, and all have done some good. There was not the smallest necessity for the Congress to pass vague resolutions regarding a department which every magistrate and every Session judge criticizes before, during, and after every criminal trial. Moreover, we may remind the speakers that the Darogah and the Burkundaz, the Foujdar and the Kotwal, are also natives of similar castes and creeds vested with the authority which is indispensable if there is to be any investigation and punishment of crime. If policemen are what they are believed to be, with all this European supervision, what would they become when the Municipalities and the Baboos had control of the whole force? The subject of education seems to have caused some dismay. Government having shown to the wealthy and respectable classes what education can do for them, is now very anxious to spend less money on the higher, and more on the village and local schools. Higher education, henceforth, is to depend more on private means and public spirit. But though the professional spouter likes power and salary, he does not like to pay for Colleges and University education. The language of one speaker is really worth quoting:—

> In this country, especially in Southern India, there is as yet but little public spirit; there are comparatively few wealthy men, and these chiefly intent on keeping their wealth for their own private purposes; the endowing of schools and colleges is not a popular form of beneficence.

With this lamentable lack of public spirit on the part of the community, is not this fussy desire for electioneering and representation a little premature?

Another speaker does not at all like the idea of Government handing over the management of district and station schools to Lord Ripon's new municipalities. These bodies, it would seem, may toy with sanitation, spend local rates on bridges and roads; but it is for the Government to pay for and look after the education of the people.

That all these Resolutions and others for which we have no space, were propounded with a profusion of lip-loyalty and a noisy appreciation of the priceless blessings of the British rule, may be readily conceived. One or two allusions to the circulation of seditious and disloyal pamphlets were decidedly inconvenient and unpleasant, and a stray Raja who asked for their suppression was listened to with impatience, and was ruled out of order. But for all the cheers given for the Queen and for the assertions that the concessions asked for meant the permanence of English supremacy, we come on some very questionable opinions and some new views of history. It was not the English regiments who put down the Sepoy Mutiny, as they "were tardily dribbled into India," but "the new Indian soldiery sprung from the bosom of the people to uphold their benefactor's cause," who restored peace and order. This will be new to the sons of Sikhs who did help us to retake Delhi in 1857. Another speaker would like to see the number of English regiments reduced, and a portion of the Report—written we may presume after some reflection—contemplates with ill-concealed satisfaction a time when the Englishmen will be massacred by Russian hordes, and the native army will die away for want of recruits. After this it is not necessary for us to lay much stress on the discontent caused by the perverse action of the military authorities, who actually refused permission for the Congress to hold its meetings within the limits of the Allahabad cantonment. We in England have not yet heard of Socialists preferring Chelsea or Wellington Barracks to Trafalgar Square for one of their field-days.

It may now fairly be asked how are such meetings and Resolutions to be dealt with in future? Not certainly by legislative or executive prohibition, nor by throwing impediments in the way of any annual meeting at Bombay or Lahore, unless such assemblies should eventually give rise to unexpected complications. It may not always be right and proper for a Government, though conscious of its integrity and power, to allow an excitable population to be too liberally fed with promises, rumours, and vague anticipations of change. But not the less will it be the positive duty of the present Viceroy and of the Secretary of State to endorse every word of warning contained in Lord Dufferin's celebrated parting speech. The members of the Congress may be at liberty to meet, orate, resolve, and discuss as much as they please. But they ought to be told, once for all, that the British Government does not recognize them as the elected of the people; that they really represent no one but themselves; and that while there are scores of social and domestic reforms which natives can carry out without asking impertinent questions in or out of Council, the administration will continue to be carried on in the spirit and on the foundations laid and developed by English statesmen, whether they belong to the school of Wellesley and Dalhousie, of Bentinck and Canning, or Lawrence and Mayo. The Government will not hand over to an irresponsible body the power of initiating reforms, removing abuses, and spending money; nor will it deliberately place itself in the position of having to refuse answers to questions which should never be put. We do not wish to be personal, but the caste, education, and social position of the members of Congress does not entitle them to speak either for the aristocracy or the masses. We have far too much of the legal and the professional element. Of the large landholders of Bengal not a single representative came to the Congress. One Behar Raja was invited; but, like many of his countrymen, he judiciously pleaded illness. There were half a dozen Sikhs, and not one Rajput. To make up for this deficiency, we find more than four hundred Vakils or pleaders in the law courts, and a good sprinkling of professors, members of Boards and municipalities, printers, clerks, journalists, the secretary of Patchiapa's Charity, and the Store Clerk of the D. T. Superintendent's office. And it is significant that whereas Bengal proper is fully represented in the list, gentlemen of pure Bengali race and caste have managed to get themselves sent as delegates from the Central and other Provinces with which they can have no sort of connexion or link. We have endeavoured, in this analysis of the proceedings of the Congress, neither to minimize nor to exaggerate its importance. The India which some Englishmen pass half their lives in governing, and over which many other Englishmen now flit for months in search of recreation, sport, or dry facts, was not created out of chaos by anything at all resembling this Congress. And its Government is a much too sensitive, delicate, and dangerous machine to be subjected to priggish and visionary reforms recommended by the self-elected leaders of a nation which has no existence except on paper.

NOVELS.*

MISS CAROLINE FOTHERGILL is a clever average writer, who may be trusted to turn out good and careful work; and so far her recent novel will sustain her reputation, but we doubt if it will add to it to any great extent. Diana Wentworth is a beautiful, high-spirited girl, who, at the death of her father, finds herself faced by the alternative of either living on semi-charity with her mother among her mother's people, or else going out into the world alone. As she and her mother possess absolutely antagonistic natures, and as Diana has all the longing of a caged wild bird to stretch her wings, it is not surprising that she elects to see the world; and, in order to widen her horizon of experience, she accepts the post of governess in a German family living in Jacewo, in Poland. On arriving there she is saved from an awkward predicament by a young English engineer, and as he is the solitary Englishman in the desolate little Polish town, they soon become fast friends,

* *Diana Wentworth.* By Caroline Fothergill. 3 vols. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1889.

Steadfast. By Rose Terry Cooke. Boston: Ticknor & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1889.

Featherstone's Story. By Johnny Ludlow (Mrs. Henry Wood). London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1889.

A Summer in a Dutch Country House. By Mrs. Arthur Traherne. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

and indeed have, despite quarrels and disputes without end, drifted into something more than friendship, when a cousin of Diana's suddenly arrives on the scene to take her back to her mother, who is reputed to be dying. Diana returns to Garshill Abbey, without having had an opportunity of seeing John Garthwaite, the engineer, before her departure from Jacewo. She feels that she has been drawn from a perilous position, for Diana is intensely proud and aristocratic, and the fact of the sturdy engineer, who in his way is every bit as proud as she, being a self-made man, is an offence and an irritation to her. After living amongst her stiff-necked uncles and cousins at Garshill Abbey, however, by degrees John Garthwaite's sterling qualities become more vivid to her by force of contrast. When she finds herself the object of a cabal on the part of her whole family to marry her to the scampish cousin, simply because he has too disgraceful a past to allow of a marriage being made for him with any one outside the secret councils of the family, Diana's eyes are at last opened, and, after many difficulties and unnecessary delays, which seem to be created solely to fill up the required three volumes, the book ends happily. The story is a good one, and the characters are well drawn; but the whole book suffers from being spun out in a way that taxes the patience of the reader a good deal.

Miss Cooke is to be congratulated; her last novel, *Steadfast*, is an admirable picture of country life in New England in the last century. In this "Story of a Saint and a Sinner" we must confess, in all humility, that our affections go with the sinner, Esther Dennis, though our admiration is certainly claimed by the steadfast endurance of Philemon Hall. But Esther is so truly a creature of flesh and blood—in her petulance, in her passionate devotion to her absolutely worthless cousin Philip Kent, in her blind unselfishness when for his sake she burns the will made by his father in her favour, in her abasement, her repeated "falling away," until finally she wins the battle over herself and is left happy in the love of her husband—that one cannot help being fond of her. If there is a fault to be found with the book, it is that there are too many minor characters in it to confuse and obscure the main issues of the story; but they are all well drawn and individual. The description of the religious intolerance of the time is excellent. The author need hardly tell us in her short preface that everything "relating to the acts of the consociation of congregational churches of 'Newport' county is strictly historical fact, and that, as far as his experience with that consociation goes, Philemon Hall was a living man," for no one can read this part of the story and not feel that it is drawn from life.

Featherstone's Story, the latest contribution from the once-fertile pen of the late Mrs. Henry Wood, is a harmless ghost-story in one volume. Nancy Preen, the younger of two middle-aged spinster sisters, runs away with a cashiered army-captain, Edwin Fennel, to the great indignation and sorrow of her sister Lavinia. Captain Fennel, who has only married Miss Preen to have a roof over his head, is infinitely disgusted when he finds that what he thought was the amount of her income is in reality the joint income of the two sisters—a very different matter in his eyes. However, he finds comfort in the knowledge that if the elder sister dies his wife inherits both shares; and not long after the Fennels return to live with Lavinia at Sainteville, a little town on the sea-coast of France, Lavinia does die suddenly in great and mysterious agony. Mrs. Fennel, who loved her sister, is heart-broken at her death, and is still more distracted at the doctors expressing a wish to make a *post-mortem* examination. She opposes this idea so strenuously that they give way, and Lavinia is promptly buried. But, though her body is laid to rest, her spirit is not, and Lavinia's ghost haunts her brother-in-law according to the accepted manner of the Spook tribe, waiting for him in dark passages, treading on his heels as he goes up and down stairs, until she finally drives him out of the house. How the story ends and the Spook is appeased it would not be fair to disclose; but, in our opinion, Lavinia's spirit was too easily satisfied.

There have been, and will be, many discussions as to the best cure for insomnia. Here is a simple one: Try Mrs. Arthur Traherne's book.

A TEXT-BOOK OF PATHOLOGY.*

NO department of inquiry has enlarged the scope of its operations during the past decade with such ever-accelerating speed as has that which is broadly and comprehensively designated the science of medicine. Embracing as it does something of almost every named section of science, it has become in these days a mighty and complex cosmos, expanding on all sides with a rapidity of growth which, while it affords evidence of vigorous vitality, is apt to provoke the question, "Where are the minds that are capable of mastering to the utmost points of present knowledge *all* the branches of the science of medicine of to-day?" If "Ars longa vita brevis" was wisely said in the days of old, still more is its truth accentuated to-day; and, assuming that the present rate of expansion continues unabated, he would be rash indeed who ventured to predict how the physician of next century will be able to meet the charge that in some, if not indeed in many, branches of medical science, his knowledge is not up to date. Even now men who are yet in their prime find that not a few of the precepts and doctrines instilled into their minds in earlier years by renowned teachers and writers are now as obsolete as the Natural Philosophy of pre-Newtonian days; and that the many sciences, Chemistry, Physiology, Histology, &c., of which when they graduated they believed themselves to possess an adequate knowledge, have ever since been extending like the radii of a circle of which their acquirements may be taken as the fixed centre. Or if they have diligently pursued any one of these radii up to date, it is perfectly obvious that they must have proportionately turned their backs upon and neglected the rest.

We have only to turn to the work before us, which is but the first of two volumes, for proof of how much of a man's life and energies are nowadays demanded in the pursuit of a single one of these many radii—Pathology. This monument of patient labour, study, selection, and original thought consists of more than seven hundred pages, and contains quotations from or references to no less than three hundred and seventy-one other publications. Professor Hamilton is evidently an enthusiast, and pursues his subject with ardour. It is impossible to gainsay his opinion expressed in the preface regarding its importance to the student; but we confess to no little commiseration for the latter, who, after having duly studied the works of perhaps equally copious and enthusiastic teachers of botany, chemistry, natural history, natural philosophy, anatomy, physiology, surgery, &c., is told that

> Morbid anatomy and pathological histology will not carry the earnest inquirer beyond a certain point. In order to arrive at a solution of the great problems of disease, many accessory means of investigation must be adopted. Experiment must be largely resorted to, exact methods of physical research must be drawn upon, animal chemistry must be called in to assist, comparative pathology must contribute largely, and, lastly, the whole record must be controlled by the results of clinical observation.

There can be no mistake as to the magnitude of the task, and there is none as to its imperativeness; but the "earnest inquirer" need certainly have no difficulty in choosing his guide to the study of pathology. The work before us is conspicuous throughout for method and orderly arrangement, qualities most essential to, but too often absent from, medical literature, and much of the information contained in it is of quite recent date.

Beginning with the rudiments of his subject, the author devotes the first three chapters to a precise and practical exposition of the *sectio cadaveris*, of the scientific method of examining each individual organ, and of the proper mode of taking notes and compiling medico-legal reports. The instruction thus conveyed is of the utmost importance and value, and we are not aware of any other published work in which the proper routine of post-mortem examination is so lucidly laid down. It is doubtful, to say the least, if more than a select few medical men are as well up in this duty as in the interests of the public every registered practitioner ought to be; and it would likewise be greatly to the public benefit if coroners as well as doctors were required to give some proof that they were equally well qualified to criticize intelligently the details of post-mortem reports brought before them as evidence. Unfortunately no such guarantee is exacted; and it would be hard to estimate the numbers of miscarriages of justice, active or passive, which yearly result from public apathy as to this ignorance.

The succeeding chapters deal with the preservation of specimens, both macro- and microscopic, and include a very practical, though short, dissertation on the microscope. We can thoroughly endorse what the author says of the respective merits of the objectives of the English and foreign lens-makers mentioned by him, having, with scarce an exception, worked with them all. The first, or technical, portion of the work concludes by two chapters on bacteriology, which, like the preceding, are eminently practical, both as regards laboratory work and the highly important question of disinfection. It would be well if the public could be made to comprehend the sinister tenacity of life possessed by morbific spores, and how ludicrously futile are their complacent efforts to eradicate them by means of perfunctory fumigations and the use of so-called "antiseptic" soaps or solutions. At p. 147 it is stated that the well-known fact of an attack of any contagious disease so often conferring immunity for the remainder of a lifetime is as yet unexplained; but we think that mention might have been made of the theory of M. E. Metschnikoff, hypothetical though it may be, that the cells of any organism which survives the invasion of a given contagion acquire an increased repellent power against that one specially, although not against others. It is undoubted that some persons are seemingly proof against a particular disease, or, if attacked, throw it off without suffering severely, and it would appear that this resisting force is stimulated and increased by a non-fatal invasion, although liable to a gradual enfeeblement in the course of years, so that the person becomes again susceptible.

Part II. is devoted to General Pathological Processes. The definitions of health, disease, growth, &c. in Chapter X. are admirably expressed, as the following passage on "Health and Utility" suffices to show:—

> What we designate the normal or healthy structure or function of an organ is not necessarily that which is of the greatest conceivable value from the utilitarian point of view. Perfection of adaptation to a purpose is no doubt one of the grand results of evolution, but it must be remem-

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* *A Text-book of Pathology, Systematic and Practical.* By D. J. Hamilton, M.B., F.R.C.S.E., F.R.S.E., Professor of Pathological Anatomy, University of Aberdeen. Vol. I. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

bered that this perfection has not as yet been attained in all cases. We consider the brain of man as the typically perfect brain. It is, however, quite possible to conceive a being gifted with a brain of powers so vastly greater that the happy possessor would be able to transcend by far the ordinary limits of human thought. Such a condition would, however, be considered so abnormal as to be actually reckoned something morbid. We say that "genius" or the over-development of a particular faculty "is akin to madness"—that is, it borders upon the diseased. It is not therefore the highest conceivable development of structure or function which is termed health, but it is the fulfilment of *a certain constant standard of excellence.*

Chapter XI. is devoted to the Infiltrations and Degenerations, and in it the illustrations, which are of a high standard throughout the work, reach a point of merit that it would be hard to surpass. In Chapter XII. the author, while quoting Burdon Sanderson, wisely refrains from attempting to define inflammation in a single comprehensive sentence; but nowhere does he show to greater advantage than in his masterly exposition of the vascular phenomena and tissue-changes incident to it—an exposition which of itself would suffice to place the book in the very front rank of medical scientific literature.

While the work of necessity contains much debatable matter, it is throughout characterized by breadth of view and true liberality, and cannot fail to be highly valued by all who are capable of appreciating it.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

THE edition of the Vulgate text of St. Matthew's Gospel, by the Bishop of Salisbury, assisted by the Rev. H. J. White, is the first instalment of a work of great labour and the highest interest, which is probably destined to take rank among the classic productions of British erudition. No pains have been spared, as none ought to be spared, over so grand an object, the restitution to its original purity of the Latin Version, which Dr. Westcott calls "the most venerable and precious monument of Latin Christianity." The text of the Gospel, as here given, rests mainly upon twenty-nine great manuscripts, many of them specially copied or collated for the purpose. In addition to these, twenty Bentleian manuscripts, twelve others, and three *correctoria*, or collections of different readings, are cited in the notes. For comparison of Jerome's Vulgate with the Old Latin Version twenty-seven manuscripts of the latter text have been employed, and no fewer than thirty-eight printed editions of the Latin Bible are quoted more or less frequently. When upon the top of all this mass of materials we pile a mountain of monographs, excursuses, and dissertations, the general reader will begin to have some faint idea of the acumen, judgment, and indefatigable patience that underlie every syllable and every symbol of such a work as this. The plan of the work is admirable, and, except in one point to be shortly noticed, leaves nothing to be desired. The prefaces are full, clear, and interesting. In the body of the work, beneath the revised Vulgate text, is given the full text of the Brescian MS. of the Italic Version, selected as the best representative of that older translation, which Jerome had before his eye. The Notes give all variants with what may seem unnecessary minuteness. But the Bishop has here a double object to serve, not merely to justify his text, but to promote the interests of Latin philology, to which he has rendered distinguished service in other fields. The work which Bishop Wordsworth has here undertaken has long been anxiously desired, but has never till now been possible. More than three centuries ago the Council of Trent, alarmed by the influence of popular versions of Scripture and the hostile doctrines which they seemed to foster, insisted upon the "correct printing" of the Latin Bible. It is to the rise of Protestantism that we owe the Sixtine and Clementine editions of the Vulgate. How Pope Sixtus staked his infallibility on the correctness of his unscholarly work, and how Cardinal Bellarmine endeavoured to save the infallibility by the pious fraud of ascribing the Pope's blunders to the carelessness of the printers, we have been recently told by Dr. Salmon. In truth, the time was not ripe for such a work, and the methods by which alone it could be carried to a successful issue were not yet invented. The task proposed was one of the greatest intricacy. There are three distinct editions of the Latin Version, the Old Latin which grew up rather than was made in the second century in the Africa of Tertullian; what is known as the Itala, made by some sort of authority in North Italy, in the early part of the fourth century; and, finally, what we now entitle the Vulgate, the work of the great Jerome, dating from the closing years of the fourth century. Jerome's work was much superior to the older texts, but it was greatly disliked, as all revised translations are, and did not conquer universal acceptance much before the time of Bede. Then, again, in those days books were not the stereotyped things they are now. Each copy was almost like a living creature; it was the child of the copyist, and reflected all his peculiarities. It will readily be understood, then, what confusion might and did arise. Phrases from the older versions crept into the new or from one Gospel into another. Sometimes a scribe with a little knowledge of Greek presumed to correct Jerome's reading; sometimes from pure fatigue or carelessness he wrote something different from what he meant. Hence arose the need for continual revisions of the text. Alcuin, by command of Charlemagne, Theodulf, Lanfranc, and others, issued editions as correct as they could make them, stamped with the authority of their names. In this way there arose groups or families of MSS., circulating for the most part in particular countries; the Irish, Spanish, and French Bibles having each peculiarities of their own. It will be seen then that, before Jerome's text can be precisely ascertained, we have to detect and eliminate all these sources of error, to ascertain in fact to what group each MS. belongs, and what special corrupting influences affect that group. Till this has been done, and it is the most arduous part of an editor's business, MSS. can be numbered, but not valued. Now Bishop Wordsworth tells his readers that he has selected his MSS. as representative of different groups, but does not appear to have finally settled upon any canons or definite rules for estimating their respective value. He postpones to the end of his work a full statement of the considerations that have guided his judgment. Hence he seems sometimes to act in an arbitrary way. Thus in the famous passage Matt. xxi. 31, "Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him, The first," about half the MSS., including nearly all those that the Bishop pronounces the best, have the startling variant "the last." Jerome has a note on the passage, in which he himself leaves it doubtful whether he wrote "first" or "last." Yet the Bishop decides that "first" is here right and "last" wrong, apparently in the teeth of his evidence. This is a good example of the perplexities that beset an editor of the Vulgate. The same variant exists in the original Greek, and the question to be settled by an editor of the Greek text is, "What did the Jews really say?" But in the case of the Vulgate a further element of uncertainty creeps in. The Greek text may have become corrupt, as indeed we know that it did, and Jerome, who was exceedingly anxious to avoid giving offence by changes not absolutely indispensable, may have thought it safe to preserve a reading which he did not like, but still judged capable of explanation. The question here then is, not what is right, but what Jerome wrote; and the Bishop's mind may have been biased against his own witnesses by the desire to keep to what is no doubt the correct reading in the original Greek. If this be so, if he has not yet settled in his own mind his principles of selection, his text cannot possibly satisfy the requirements of modern criticism, and his work will be nothing more than a splendid foundation for others to build upon. But probably when the time comes for him to put on paper the formulated results of his experience, we may find that these suspicions are vain, and we heartily trust that this will prove to be the case.

The Apocalypse combines two most powerful attractions. In one point of view it is in a peculiar sense the Christian's book, written by a saint for saints, not to convert, but to console and inspire. It is a vision culminating in the supreme revelation of

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* *Novum Testamentum Domini Nostri Jesu Christi.* Latine. Secundum editionem Sancti Hieronymi. Partis prioris fasciculus primus. *Evangelium secundum Mattheum.* Ad codicum MSS. fidem recensuit Johannes Wordsworth, S.T.P., Episcopus Sarisburiensis, in operis societatem adsumto H. J. White, A.M. Oxonii: E typographeo Clarendoniano. 1889.

The Book of Revelation (*Expositor's Bible*). By William Milligan, D.D., Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism in the University of Aberdeen. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

The Epistles of St. John (*Expositor's Bible*). By William Alexander, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

The Epistles of St. Paul to the Galatians, Ephesians, and Philippians. With Notes, Critical and Practical, by the Rev. M. F. Sadler, Prebendary of Wells and Rector of Honiton. London: George Bell & Sons. 1889.

Unspoken Sermons. Third series. By George Macdonald. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

The Incarnation as a Motive Power. Sermons by William Bright, D.D., Canon of Ch. Ch. Oxford, Regius Prof. of Eccl. History. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

Ethical Religion. By W. M. Salter. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Brentano's. 1889.

An Introduction to the Creeds. By the Rev. G. F. Maclear, D.D., Warden of St. Augustine's College and Hon. Canon of Canterbury. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

The Divinity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The Bampton Lectures for 1866. By H. P. Liddon, D.D., D.C.L., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's. Thirteenth edition, with Preface. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

The Children's Faith: Instructions to Children on the Apostles' Creed. By Edward Osborne, Mission Priest of the Society of St. John Evangelist. With Illustrations. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

Deans Rural: the History of their Office and Duties. By the Rev. J. B. Hughes, M.A., Vicar of Staverton and Rural Dean of Totnes. With an Introduction by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A., Rector of Lew Trenchard. New and revised edition. London: Skeffington & Son. 1889.

The Vision at Corinth. A Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of Christ at Oxford, on behalf of the Ch. Ch. Mission at Poplar, East London, by H. P. Liddon, D.D., D.C.L., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's, and Student of Ch. Ch. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

Ritualism. A Paper read before the Clergy of the Rural Deanery of Westminster by the Rev. C. W. Furse, Canon of Westminster and Rector of St. John the Evangelist. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

Sunlight and Shadow in the Christian Life. Sermons preached, for the most part in America, by W. J. Knox-Little, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Worcester and Vicar of Hoar Cross. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

Gatherings from Notes of Discourses. By the late Rev. T. T. Lynch. Second series. James Clarke & Co. 1889.

Die Geschichte des Rabbi Jesus von Nazareth. Von Dr. H. K. Hugo Delff. Leipzig: Friedrich.

The Text of the Thirty-nine Articles of 1553, 1563, 1571. Interleaved. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

A Charge delivered to the Clergy and Churchwardens of the Diocese of Worcester, at his Visitation in June 1889, by Henry, Lord Bishop of Worcester. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

the New Jerusalem, "where there is neither sorrow nor crying." But it is also a prophecy, and has tormented beyond measure the ingenuity of commentators. There is a marshalling of events, with names and dates. The signs of the coming of the end are detailed with great minuteness, though in symbolical form. Many attempts have been made to find the key to this hieroglyph. Most interpreters have allowed themselves a free range over the whole course of history. Any event that powerfully impressed their imaginations—the irruption of the Northern barbarians, the Reformation, the French Revolution—has been forced, often with great ingenuity, into some sort of conformity with the dark sayings of St. John. Latterly the tendency has been to find the solution in the history of the Apostle's own times. Reuss and Renan detect the number of the Beast in the name and title of Nero, and regard the book as a veiled description of the persecution of the Church by that Emperor. Dr. Milligan abandons the historical solution as hopeless, and regards the Apocalypse as a figurative representation of the sufferings, trials, and triumph of the spiritual Church. Under this treatment all difficulties disappear; but the prophecy itself evaporates, and what remains is merely an elaborate allegory. Thus the significance of the number of the Beast rests on the mystic meaning of six. Seven is the sacred, perfect number. Six falls short of perfection and is a type of sin. Its triple repetition gives us "a potency of evil than which there can be none greater." The first Resurrection, so fraught with meaning to Edward Irving, is the regeneration of the saints in this life. The harlot Babylon, throned upon her seven hills, is not Rome, but "the degenerate Church, or that principle of degenerate religion that allies itself with the world." In fact, nothing definite is left. We do not propose to criticize Dr. Milligan's method, which is certainly tenable, and is elaborated with much skill and patience. The reader must judge for himself. The style is clear and scholarly, but too tame and level to do justice to the extraordinary sublimity of the theme.

The Bishop of Derry, in his exposition of St. John's Epistles, follows a plan somewhat different from that of other writers in the Expositor's Bible, inasmuch as he endeavours to provide a moderate pennyworth of bread for the student. Thus at the beginning of each paragraph he gives five parallel texts—the Greek, the Vulgate of the *Codex Amiatinus*, the Authorized and Revised Versions, and a translation of his own. And to each section are appended notes on special points of text, grammar, and exegesis. There are some slips that should be corrected. Thus (p. 34) we are told that "Augustine endowed the Church with the Nicene Creed"—a statement which can hardly be a sample of compositor's composition. The homiletic expansions of the text are, for the most part, admirable. Fine literary criticisms, striking illustrations, and pieces of high-wrought eloquence might be quoted in profusion. Let us take the Bishop's answer to a captious attack of Mr. J. S. Mill:—"To say that Christian legislation is negative, a mere string of Thou Shalt Nots, is just such a superficial accusation as might be expected from a man who should enter a church upon some rare occasion, happen to listen to the Ten Commandments, and fall asleep before the Epistle and Gospel."

Mr. Sadler's Commentaries are not so novel in form and showy in substance as those of the Expositor's Bible, but they will be found more valuable helps to the understanding of Scripture. The present volume contains *Galatians*, *Ephesians*, and *Philippians*. Mr. Sadler's work is so modest and unpretentious that readers unfamiliar with the history of interpretation may easily fail to do justice to its real depth and originality. There are several very striking notes in this little volume—on the historical difficulties at the beginning of Galatians, on the "Robbery" passage in Philippians, on the title of the Epistle to the Ephesians, on the Pauline Conception of Faith, and others. The famous verse about the mediator (Gal. iii. 20) has received, according to the computation of the Master of Balliol, four hundred and thirty different explanations. Mr. Sadler does not shrink from adding another to the list. What he has to say will be found worthy of study, though his view of this particular passage must, we fear, be added to the four hundred and twenty-nine.

It is a pity that Mr. Macdonald's Sermons are "Unspoken," for this reason, that, if he were condemned to get up and deliver them in the regulation way, he would be in a better position for appreciating the sorrows of the professional clergy. He has many exasperating tricks. One is that of discovering what everybody knows. "I do not believe," he tells us, "that the Lord spoke Greek." Another is that of picking up a false reading, and proving it to be true by arguments that have nothing to do with its truth or falsity. Another is that of finding deep meanings which are not in his text at all. Another is a queer kind of devout irreverence, which has come to be part of the make-up of the pious Highland body of fiction, and is beginning to pall. Yet another is one that he shares with other vendors of cheap divinity—that of taking phrases in the very worst sense that was ever attached to them, and then "swearing at large" on the subject. If he would ask what people really think, he would find that such words as "vicarious suffering" and "orthodoxy" have meanings that are not really ridiculous. The book is one that might have been written by Enoch Arden if he had picked up a Bible in his desert island. It will be read, not, as Mr. Macdonald would wish it to be, for its teaching, but for its sentiment. In his random course he throws out many a beautiful saying. The "orthodox" will pick up his gifts with gratitude, and submit to his castigations with meekness unconvinced.

Canon Bright's *The Incarnation as a Motive Power* is a moderate-sized volume containing thirty sermons, all brief, many exceedingly brief. At the end is, what many readers will find acceptable, a note on the Kenosis or Exinanition of Our Lord, a subject on which there has been of late a good deal of wild speculation. Canon Bright's sermons are always worth reading. There is no better preacher for young men; not that he treats specially of their difficulties, but because his general tone is just that which a sensible young man ought to appreciate—clear, firm, and terse—learned and eloquent, yet making no parade of either gift, always quick to comprehend and respond. The sermons are of the good old Anglican type, always based upon positive dogma, which no one can state more clearly and persuasively. The brief sketches of the relation of faith to reason are admirably done. What can be better put than what is here said about the doctrine of the Three Persons? "We can never think so vividly, so worthily, so affectionately of Him, or seem to get so near a sight of Him, as when we consider that within the One Infinite Life itself there has been from all eternity this activity of love, this communion of thought and will, this fulness of inward relations, this unspeakable richness of moral perfection." The bearing of faith upon conduct, the "application," is not so elaborately drawn out. Canon Bright speaks to educated people who can draw their own conclusions, and need but a suggestion. But there is plenty of food for reflection, especially for those who know that their life is not quite worthy of their belief. Especially good are the sermons on Spiritual Dimness, and the difference between seeing and hearing God. There is not a word of exaggeration in either, but few can read them without a qualm.

Mr. Salter's *Essays* come to us from Chicago, and breathe throughout that freedom whose home is in the setting sun. They are a manifesto of the great Ethical Movement, which we are assured "has a serious aim." The aim is to extend to religion the benefits of the protective tariff, "since a true nation loves its vernacular tongue, and will not import its religion, as we have ours, from Judea." Mr. Salter exhibits some very choice specimens of this vernacular tongue. "The religion of Unitarians," he says in one place, "is too near this world, it offers too few contrasts with it, it does not *rap our souls away* with the vision of an eternal beauty that lies beyond it." This is a real pearl.

Dr. Maclear's new handbook on the Creeds will be found exceedingly useful to students in theological colleges, and candidates preparing for ordination. It is the work of a skilled teacher, who means to bring his pupils to the desired end by the shortest cut, but it has all the merits that a class-book ought to have; it is clear, full, and well arranged; it has good indices, and numerous references are given in the notes to the best modern works on special points. An intelligent student who uses it, as we feel sure the author intends it to be used, as a preparation for more extended reading, will find it an excellent introduction to dogmatic theology.

The lapse of twenty-three years does not appear to have detracted from the freshness and popularity of Canon Liddon's famous Bampton Lectures *On the Divinity of Our Lord*. The present edition, the thirteenth, appears to be merely a reprint as regards the body of the work, but prefixed will be found a striking Preface on what calls itself the New Reformation, though it is in truth neither new nor a reformation.

The Children's Faith is a set of little addresses on the Creed suitable for children's services, but homiletic instead of catechetic in form. This appears to us to be a mistake, but Mr. Osborne clearly understands a juvenile audience. *Deans Rural*, an exhaustingly learned pamphlet by Messrs. Hughes and Baring-Gould, traces the origin and function of those useful officials from the Chorepiscopus downwards. It would have been better if the authors had been less anxious about the keeping of the parish terrier, and dwelt more upon practical suggestions for deepening the spiritual efficacy of Deans Christian. *The Vision at Corinth* is a Sermon on behalf of the Christ Church Mission at Poplar, by Canon Liddon. *Ritualism*, by Canon Furse, is a plea for symbolical worship on general grounds, but does not enter into practical difficulties. We have received also a new volume of Sermons by Canon Knox-Little; a collection of short sayings and selected paragraphs from the sermons of the late Mr. Lynch, an American preacher; a German *Life of Jesus*, by Dr. Delff; a useful interleaved text of the Articles (Latin and English); and the recent *Charge* of the Bishop of Worcester. It is marked by the calm, good sense which distinguishes that Prelate. Perhaps the most important feature in it is the Bishop's declaration against compulsory attendance at schools.

AN ADVENTUROUS LAWYER.*

MR. CLAMPITT, "Counselor [*sic*] at Law," tells us that he has "the frame of a Hercules and a will of iron," and that he has scarcely had a day's sickness in his life save "the customary diseases of childhood and occasional attacks of cholera and smallpox." It was perhaps naturally to be expected that a person so exceptionally gifted should prefer

* *Echoes from the Rocky Mountains.* By John W. Clampitt, Counselor at Law. Illustrated. London, Paris, and New York: Brentano's.

an adventurous life among primæval rocks to a lucrative partnership with one of the leaders of his own profession in an older and more settled State of the Union. He gives us very full information in regard to the famous Lewis and Clark's expedition, of the formation of the Pony Express, the Pike's Peak gold excitement, the Overland Mail, and the Pacific Railroad, and the rapid progress of material success in the Far West. Of the pioneers of the great movement he speaks in terms of rapturous admiration. We only regret that his eloquence is, like the oratory of a famous English statesman, as "stupefying as it is magnificent." The words are sometimes very "hard to understand." He tells us that the "broadest field of romance and of chivalry has been opened up to the unconquerable spirits of the age," and that

> neither the age of Arthur nor Charlemagne, nor Amadis of Gaul, nor the barons of the feudal times, nor the knights of the middle ages, with their traces of stoic philosophy, nor the heroes of Chaucer, of Germanic traditions, or classical antiquity, nor the knights of the Crusades, crowned with their religious orders, nor the legends of the poets, from the days of Trojan heroes to the troubadours, can obscure by comparison the chivalrous and romantic deeds of the American pioneers. . . . Not since the walls of Rome fell beneath the Imperial blows of Tudor and Plantagenet has such a scene been presented as the crumbling of mountain walls beneath the prowess and genius of their descendants. . . . Wherever they are they will be recalled as heroes of the storm beaten heights—gods of the solitude greater than a Spartan band—through whose mountain passes run the electric wires of memory, stretching along the lines of the centuries, and whose blood-dyed walls loom up grander in thought than ancient Thermopylæ.

Never were "praver 'ords at the pridge" than these, if we had only grammar and history enough to parse and understand them. Further on we read of these pioneers as "tall spirits," and we have a description of "Time's mausoleum." Of the mountains traversed by these royally descended pioneers we are told that

> beyond the primæval period, lying back of the misty past, before the years that lie back of the ocean of time—back of the lines of century waves which blend beyond the horizons of remote antiquity—before History was born or legend had painted on the canvas of time the grandeur of departed ages, before the walls of Damascus had risen, with its 4,000 years of hoary antiquity, or the foundations of Baalbec had been laid, or the gates and the spires of the Temple of Ephesus and Thebes had shimmered in the sunlight—these ancient mountain walls had stood as towering sentinels on the pathway of time, crumbling from age to age to enrich the sleeping valley.

In similar transcendental language we are made to admire the "sympathy which proclaims that a brother's suffering demands a brother's pity, and seeks solace from the great heart of nature, that chart of God mapping out his attributes in the shadow of His wisdom." Mr. Clampitt is ecstatically eulogistic of a Western woman, "whose dark lustrous eyes beamed from their soulful depths, and whose raven tresses fell in graceful folds upon her rounded arms and shoulders. I will not attempt to describe her beauty, save that it reveled [*sic*] in both her face and form." He talks of a miner "sleeping in a quiet grave, delivered at last from the bondage of a gold slave, released by the jailor of his soul from the demons that scourged him to his rest like a quarry slave into the freedom of the soul and the kingly reign of a kind and generous nature." But unintelligible as they may be to persons who have been taught to parse their sentences, Mr. Clampitt's rhetorical flights are less displeasing to us than his occasional descents into familiar colloquialisms, and we cannot away with his jocosity. The book bristles with accounts of murders and of rapine. We read of one man shooting another dead, because he did not like the "style of his speech"; of a Mormon who murdered his own son-in-law, screaming out as he did so, "So die all damned Gentiles, enemies of the Latter-Day Saints of Jesus Christ"; of another man who fixed this placard on the breast of his slaughtered victim, "I shot him because he stole my mule." Another ruffian, "with a courage as sublime as the bride of Collatinus, and the fortitude of a Roman soldier, saved the lives of eleven human beings, and died an ignominious death by the halter for robbing a stage coach." Mr. Clampitt has a fixed certainty that Mormon bishops, and the great Brigham Young himself, were active ringleaders in the hideous Mountain-Meadow massacre, that they are very generally addicted to assassination, and that their system of polygamy is detestable. Yet he has almost a blind admiration of these people; and he seems to have enjoyed few things in his life more than a Mormon ball, in which the bishops of the Latter-Day Saints performed *entrechats* with all the vigour and vivacity of Frenchmen. In his remarks on the Salt Lake people he reminds us of the Scotch member of Parliament who, when an Englishman expressed to him his surprise that a Professorship at one of the Scotch Universities had been bestowed on a man suspected of more than common heterodoxy, replied:—"Na, na, sir, Mr. —— does not believe perhaps in revealed religion, or in the immortality of the saul, but in ivery other respect he's a most axcellent Prasbyterian." According to our author, the sons of Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, have strenuously repudiated the practice of polygamy as a concomitant of their faith, and have loudly censured the teachings of Brigham Young in this respect. It is only fair to say that, if Mr. Clampitt seems to admire his own poetical style, he is very generous in his quotations from recognized poets; he speaks approvingly of the person whom he calls "Avon's bard," and of Joaquin Miller he writes as "a minstrel unto the manor [*sic*] born, whose first vision fell upon nature's majestic works, and whose songs are the pictures of its splendour. Long may he live to wield his master pen."

Mr. Clampitt's remarks on the Western American love of dress are shrewd and truthful. He says:—"Have you never noticed that the further a man removes from civilization, the greater the distance he penetrates the wilderness, the more he approaches the savage idea of splendour of dress and accoutrements? Men who in the crowded marts of the East would never think of clothing themselves in aught but the simplest garb, when removed to the wilder regions of mountains and plains array themselves in gaudy dress, wear the brightest colours, and adorn their persons with the richest jewellery." Mr. Clampitt would not have agreed with Charles X. of France, who told his cousin, the Duke of Orleans, that a gentleman should never wear gloves except when riding or driving or to keep his hands warm in exceptionally severe weather. He mentions the fact that a certain Colonel Stone always wore gloves, "for he was a man of great refinement both of mind and person." Some of the American terminology used in this book cannot but provoke a smile in English readers, as when we are told of the remark of a preacher to his wife, "Well, my dear, we will take every precaution, and the *balance* we will leave in the hands of Providence." It is a pity that Mr. Clampitt's publishers have done what he would probably call "their level best" to make the book as cumbrous and uncomfortable in shape and form as possible.

THREE MEN IN A BOAT.*

TWENTY years ago many young persons, who are no longer very young, used to be fond of a swashbuckler lyric of Mr. Swinburne's which has for refrain the lines—

> While three men hold together
> The kingdoms are less by three.

These were certainly "three in a boat," for they were instructed to "push, for the wind holds stiff, And the gunwale dips and rakes." Mr. Jerome's three men, however, are of a less exacting order. They have no wish to master the Devil's riddle, and, happily, show no inclination towards those "kisses that sting," a commodity which seems to have gone out of fashion since 1866. They are without any other mission than that of enjoying themselves innocently, vaguely, lazily, ignorantly, like other clerks from banks and lawyers' offices.

To tell the truth, we hardly know what to make of *Three Men in a Boat*, of which we have no desire to make much, either good or ill. It is not a piece of fiction, as might be supposed, since the author goes out of his way to say in a preface that "its pages form a record of events that really happened." Again, "George and Harris and Montmorency"—that is the dog, a fox terrier—"are not poetic ideals, but things of flesh and blood." There can be no meaning in these words unless we are intended to understand that the book is a more or less realistic account of what it professes to describe—a week's trip, in early summer, on the Thames. The events are, obviously, exaggerated for purposes of humour, but they seem to be real events. "Other works," says Mr. Jerome, "may excel this in depth of thought and knowledge of human nature; other books may rival it in originality and size; but for hopeless and incurable veracity nothing yet discovered can surpass it." On the whole, after reading *Three Men in a Boat*, we come to the conclusion that this is not intended for irony. These are what French novelists call "documents"; this is the genuine relation of a passage in the lives of actual people. We are face to face with a British species of the genus which has produced Amiel and Marie Bashkirtseff. Let not Mr. Jerome think us unkind in making a few reflections on his volume from this point of view. It is the only point of view from which it appears to us to be interesting; and if we do not consider it as "documents" we shall not consider it at all.

The whole chronicle is an account of how the author and two young friends went up the Thames from Kingston to Oxford, and back so far as Pangbourne, in a double-sculling skiff. It reproduces all the minute adventures of such a summer outing, mildly describes, for the thousandth time, but in a novel spirit, the objects on the shore, and is written entirely in colloquial clerk's English of the year 1889, of which this is an example taken at random:—

> She was nuts on public-houses, was England's Virgin Queen. There's scarcely a pub. of any attractions within ten miles of London that she does not seem to have looked in at, or stopp'd at, or slept at, some time or other. I wonder now, supposing Harris, say, turned over a new leaf, and became a great and good man, and got to be Prime Minister, and died, if they would put signs over the public-houses that he had patronized. "Harris had a glass of bitter in this house"; "Harris had two of Scotch cold here in the summer of '88"; "Harris was chucked from here in December 1886."

This is not funny, of course; to do Mr. Jerome justice it is not intended to be particularly funny; but it is intensely colloquial, and, as an attempt to reproduce, without any kind of literary admixture, the ordinary talk of ordinary young people of to-day, it seems to us remarkable, especially as the whole book is kept at the same simple and yet abnormal level of style. It will be observed that in this short passage just quoted there are no less than six phrases which would be wholly unintelligible to a foreigner thoroughly conversant with the English of books, and yet not one of the six is in the least strained, or, though vulgar, would offer the least difficulty to a Londoner. For the future student of late

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* *Three Men in a Boat (to Say Nothing of the Dog)*. By Jerome K. Jerome. Illustrations by A. Frederics. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

Victorian slang, *Three Men in a Boat* will be invaluable, if he is able to understand it, and if, by the time he flourishes, the world of idle youth has not entirely forgotten what a "bally tent" and "sunday-school slops" and "a man of about number one size" are. In some of the sporting newspapers slang of this kind, and indeed of a much worse kind, may be discovered, but we do not recollect to have met any other book entirely written in it. In a sense, too, *Three Men in a Boat* is a much truer specimen of lower middle-class English than are the paragraphs in the coloured newspapers, because they are exaggerated and non-natural, while Mr. Jerome is amazingly real. That it was worth doing, we do not say; indeed, we have a very decided opinion that it was not. But the book's only serious fault is that the life it describes and the humour that it records are poor and limited, and decidedly vulgar. It is strange that a book like *Three Men in a Boat*, which is a *tour de force* in fun of a certain kind, should leave us with a sigh on our lips at the narrowness and poverty of the life it only too faithfully reflects. The illustrations, which are reproduced in some ineffectual modern process, go very well with the text, and are not less modern or faithful or incongruous. The figures in the really clever design on p. 71 give with complete accuracy, and without the least caricature, the outward appearance in the present year of grace of the sort of young men who figure in the pages of *Three Men in a Boat*. How droll and old-fashioned both will seem before the twentieth century opens!

MAITLAND'S DARK AGES.*

IT was not two years from the beginning of the Oxford Movement when the first of the Essays contained in this volume appeared in the *British Magazine*. The aim of the editor of the *Magazine*, the Rev. H. J. Rose, and his friends and supporters, was to counteract the attacks which were then being made on the Church by instructing people as to its history and character, and interesting them in matters connected with it. Some effort of the kind was, indeed, urgently needed, for the tendency of the day was decidedly anti-ecclesiastical, and the general ignorance of the clergy as well as the laity with respect to the foundation of the Church's claims, the prevalence of Erastianism, and the habit of regarding the Church as a mere machine created by the State for the regulation of public worship, gave an immense advantage both to its declared enemies, and to those dangerous friends who would have served it by surrendering vital principles. Ignorance of the ecclesiastical history of the middle ages was justly recognized by the early leaders of the High Church revival as one of the chief difficulties with which they had to contend; for historical misrepresentation was freely used to lower the dignity of the Church in the eyes of the world. On one side Hume, whose dislike of Christianity led him to sneer at the religion and learning of the middle ages, had many followers who adopted his prejudices though they were unable to imitate his skilful advocacy, while on another there had risen up a tribe of Protestant writers who represented Western Europe as steeped in ignorance until it was enlightened by the Reformation. Both parties agreed in speaking of the middle ages with contempt; they were the "dark ages," a "time of universal ignorance"; the monks were slothful and illiterate, and clergy and people alike knew not the Scriptures. The effect of this high and mighty manner of treating the past was that men came to think of themselves as wholly cut off from it. The Church of England was in their eyes a foundation of Henry VIII., with no antiquity, Catholicity, or Apostolic succession, and, as they believed that it had been called into existence by the State, so they considered that it had no rights independent of the will of its creator. They robbed it of its heritage of noble deeds and noble names; St. Anselm and Robert Grosseteste, Roger Bacon and Occam, were, if they ever heard of them, reckoned as members of another Church.

In these Essays Maitland points out the absurdity of the popular idea that the "dark ages," as they were called, were almost wholly destitute of spiritual religion, learning, and literature, and examines and holds up to ridicule the sweeping statements and ill-considered arguments of Robertson, in the opening pages of his *History of Charles V.*, of Henry, Jortin, Milner, and others, who, either from prejudice or ignorance, had done much to foster this silly and mischievous error. He selects as the specially "dark ages" the period between 800 and 1200, and investigates how far it deserved to be so called, discussing, among other matters, the state of learning, the number of books then in existence, and the estimation in which they were held. Robertson had supported one of his attacks on the religion of the middle ages by an extract, copied incorrectly, and taken at second-hand from a homily of St. Eloy, or "Egidius," as the historian—knowing, no doubt, as little of St. Giles as he did of St. Eloy—also wrote the name. This is made an opportunity for giving a charming narrative of the saint's life, as well as an accurate translation of the homily in question. In another place Robertson, in descanting on the scarcity of books, says, "Even monasteries of considerable note had only one missal," and adds an impossible reference to the *Antiquitates Italicæ* of Muratori. Maitland hunted up the passage, which had probably been loosely quoted by some other author and from him still more loosely paraphrased by Robertson, and found that it referred to a single church, that it was written by Bonus, Abbot of St. Michael's at Pisa, and that it was part of his description of the miserable condition of his church before a monastery was founded there. Several of the essays are directed against the vulgar notion, even now by no means entirely eradicated, that the Bible was almost wholly unknown during the "dark ages," and numerous instances are given and many pleasant stories which illustrate the author's position. Other essays deal with the rise of the Clugniac and Cistercian Orders and the lives of some of the more famous abbots, and specially of Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Clugni, whom Milner presumed to call an "ignorant and trifling writer." The essays as a whole are delightful. Although they are full of learning, no one can find them dull or heavy; they abound in well-told stories, amusing quotations, and clever sarcasm. Sometimes diffuse and almost rambling, they read for the most part like the easy talk of a witty and accomplished scholar. It would, of course, be absurd to expect to find them as sound in every particular as they would be were they the production of an historian of the present day as eminent as Maitland was in his generation. For example, if Maitland were living now he would not quote the Chronicle of the pseudo-Ingulf with respect. Yet, even if judged by the present standard of knowledge, his Essays will be acknowledged to be the work of a well-equipped historical scholar as well as of a man of considerable literary ability. Their effect was widespread and immediate. The degree to which they galled ultra-Protestant writers abroad as well as at home may be estimated by the violence of a letter sent to the *Record* newspaper by Merle d'Aubigné, the author of a *History of the Reformation*, which was once, and perhaps still is, widely read in Evangelical families. A nobler and more lasting result of their publication was a general awakening to the interest and importance of the history of the Church during the Middle Ages. Although they are not specially concerned with the Church of England, they did much to correct the mistaken ideas which many of its members entertained with reference to it; they were led to study its history, and so were brought to a truer knowledge of its character and the foundation of its claims. We welcome the republication of this famous book for many reasons, and not least because it is eminently stimulating. Whatever the previous knowledge of a reader may be, he will, we think, be stirred up by these Essays to seek to learn more of a subject which they treat so pleasantly.

* *The Dark Ages: Essays Illustrating the State of Religion and Literature in the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Centuries.* By S. R. Maitland, D.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., sometime Librarian and Keeper of the MSS. at Lambeth. New edition, with an Introduction by Frederick Stokes, M.A. London: John Hodges. 1889.

NONSENSICAL BOOKS.*

NONSENSICAL books must not for a moment be confounded with the immortal *Book of Nonsense* and its supplements. If there flourishes in the United Kingdom a man or woman of a greater age than four years who has no knowledge whatever of the *Book of Nonsense*, that individual is much to be pitied. A striking contrast may be observed by contemplating the enormous mass of merriment and wisdom which Mr. Lear's inimitable volumes of avowed nonsense have added to the gaiety of these islands, and then casting a horrified eye over such works as these, which pretend to lay before the cultivated public the results of peculiar and esoteric wisdom. The casual beholder of such books is, in the first instance, tempted to raise a clamour of protest against the dispensations of Providence whereby the printing press was permitted to become known to a race capable of using it in so appalling a manner, and the art of writing to become the affliction of many instead of the accomplishment of few. "We must not overlook," such a person might say in his haste, "the circumstance that, thanks to the spread of writing and printing, folly which, perhaps, better deserves to be styled madness, can now spread itself abroad like a rabid dog, seeking whom it may infect. In unfortunately bygone days these cranks—to use a civil term—would have been constrained to consume their own imbecility. Those who had the misfortune to be their neighbours would have left them to rave unheeded, locked them up in disused cellars, or knocked them on the head, as convenience might have dictated. Now they force themselves upon the world, endangering all the weak minds whose owners may happen to stumble upon their productions, and fanning the flames of their own folly by the seductive process of gibbering in printed books, which, to the corporal eye, look just the same as they would if they were full of profound wisdom and genuine research." Such blasphemy against human progress is not without plausibility, yet it is probably not to be accepted without qualification. It is pretty certain

* *The Secret Doctrine: the Synthesis of Science, Religion, and Philosophy.* By H. P. Blavatsky, author of "Isis Unveiled." London: The Theosophical Publishing Company.

The Influence of the Stars: a Book of Old-World Lore. By Rosa Baughan, author of "The Handbook of Palmistry" &c. London: George Redway. 1889.

Light and Colour, Emblematic of Revealed Truth. By the late Major R. W. D. Nickle. Edited by Sarah Sharp, author of "My Jewels" &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

A Handbook of Cartomancy, Fortune-telling, and Occult Divination. By Grand Orient. London: George Redway. 1889.

that there were wonder-workers before Madame Blavatsky, monomaniacs before Major Nickle, and false prophets before "Grand Orient." When their follies were less likely to be written and certain not to be printed, their oral announcements probably carried more weight, and, if they can now lay their utterances before a much larger audience, that audience has much less excuse for not knowing what rubbish their utterances are.

Nevertheless, when all is said and done, the existence of four such new books as those now under consideration ought to give pause to the most enthusiastic supporter of the mental superiority of the present age to past times. They would certainly produce profound melancholy in one of those ingenuous magistrates who from time to time express astonishment at the fact that a servant-girl will pay a week's wages to a vagrant fortune-teller, or the mother of a large family pay five shillings to a local sorcerer to perform grotesque incantations for the benefit of a sick child. For it is certainly a remarkable collection. First we have two massive volumes containing a gigantic instalment of the philosophy of Mme. Blavatsky. The covers, of handsome grey cloth, nicely worked, measure ten inches by six. They contain together no fewer than 1,474 closely printed pages of text, besides lxxvii. of introduction and index. They treat, rather exhaustively, of man, the world, and the universe; and, like the other works about to be enumerated, they consist of nothing but sheer, absolute, unadulterated nonsense. Following this we have a handsome volume, bright yellow, with red lettering and ornamentation outside, and red edges to the leaves, wherein Miss Rose Baughan sets forth the principles of "astrology," "chiromancy," and "physiognomy," under the title of *The Influence of the Stars*. It contains nearly two hundred pages. Next, hardly less expensively got up, is the *magnum opus* of the late Major Nickle, who appears to have been an amiable lunatic with a strange turn of piety. It is enthusiastically edited by Miss Sarah Sharp, and sets out the religious significance of the primary colours, and some others, in a sufficiently astonishing manner. It contains a vast number of texts, and many brightly-coloured plates. Finally, there is a little black book, humble in appearance and strictly business-like in style, which tells you your fortune, and teaches you how to tell other people's, in more than a score of entirely different ways, each more childish than the other. The author styles himself "Grand Orient." Individually, perhaps, these works hardly deserve notice. Collectively, they are edifying as a testimony to the gigantic proportions and widespread ramifications of human folly in the present wise and cultivated era.

Mme. Blavatsky's book is considerably the most impressive of the four. Conscience will hardly permit the critic to pay Mme. Blavatsky the compliments which her industry so well deserves, because "the two volumes now issued do not complete the scheme," and "should the present volumes meet with a favourable reception, no effort will be spared to carry out the scheme of the work in its entirety. The third volume is entirely ready; the fourth almost so." A favourable reception of the work would, therefore, be cruel to its author; and for once the voices of justice and mercy plead on the same side of the question. Though Mme. Blavatsky is certainly the author of *The Secret Doctrine*, she modestly prefers to be considered the editor only of the assertions comprised in the work. "For what is contained in this work is to be found scattered throughout thousands of volumes embodying the scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol, and hitherto unnoticed because of this veil." Besides being numerous, the volumes constituting Mme. Blavatsky's authorities are miscellaneous in their character. They comprise MSS. of indescribable antiquity, which may have been found in caves in Thibet or elsewhere, or may have been carefully treasured by generations of esoteric "adepts" and recently permitted to be partly or wholly published. They also comprise the works of all manner of philosophers, historians, speculators, and impostors at all periods of history. The work consists of two parts, of which the first is called "Cosmogenesis" and the second "Anthropogenesis." The former explains how the world was made, and why, and when, and where, and by whom, and how often, and the same for as many other worlds as are considered to be important enough to be worth mention. The latter does the same for the races of men, past, present, and future. To give a notion of the sort of thing, each volume shall now be opened twice, honestly at random, and the result recorded. (Vol. i. p. 187.) "Every Round repeats on a higher scale the evolutionary work of the preceding Round. With the exception of some higher anthropoids, as just mentioned, the Monadic inflow, or inner evolution is at an end till the next Manvantara." (Vol. i. 450.) "'The Dodecahedron lies concealed in the perfect Cube,' say, the Kabalists. The mystic meaning of this is that the twelve great transformations of Spirit into matter (the 12,000 divine years) take place during the four great ages, or the first Mahayuga." (Vol. ii. p. 248.) "Before other Stanzas could be explained, it was, as seen, absolutely necessary to show that the sons of 'Dark Wisdom,' though identical with the Archangels which Theology has chosen to call the 'Fallen,' are as divine and as pure and more so than all the Michaels and Gabriels so glorified in the churches." (Vol. ii. p. 561.) "Now, the primordial system, the double glyph that underlies the idea of the Cross, is not 'of human invention,' for Cosmic ideation and the Spiritual representation of the divine Ego-man are at its basis." Of course, both volumes contain an immense deal of disquisition about reproduction. which wobbles along the margin between pseudo-science and *tabenda*. The best thing Mme. Blavatsky could do with the product of her researches would be to fetch as many glyphs and symbols as might be necessary, and cover it all up again.

The Influence of the Stars is also the work of a lady, but is far less ambitious than Mme. Blavatsky's. Miss Baughan sets forth with touching earnestness all the well-established astrological lore, both simply, and in connexion with the lines on people's hands and the shapes of their faces. "Saturn in the first house, or ascendant, shows melancholy and many sorrows, and if near the ascendant probability of early death," and so on, and so on. Has it never occurred to Miss Baughan that if, instead of telling other people how to prophesy with the aid of the stars, she would turn to and prophesy a little herself, it would be much more effective? It would be difficult to say very much about the late Major Nickle's discourse upon the significance of colours, save at the expense of dealing in an undesirable way with religious topics. The book comes to this, that Major Nickle was persuaded that the three primary colours were in some way or other "typical of" or otherwise appropriate to the Three Persons of the Trinity, and that the other colours of the rainbow somehow indicated divers abstract qualities. This theory he supported both with reason and authority, and any one who feels interested in the subject can buy his book and see what he has to say. But as far as manner and style go the Major is not at all attractive.

The Handbook of Cartomancy is far the most pleasing of the present batch of literature. There is no "fooling around" with explanations, nothing but the barest statement that "You will love many, deceive some, and meet your match in marriage after all," that "You will succeed by dealing in ornamental goods, buying and selling small articles, or in any ingenious line such as paintings or engravings," that "a cheat will confront you," or as the case may be. In a word, it is simply the servant-maid's vagrant fortune-teller in the shape of a little book. The interesting thing is, that the little book is so well got up and contains so much matter that it must have cost something to publish, and that it clearly can be of use only to people who can read. Among other matters, the reader may learn the art of "prediction of things to come by the grounds in a Tea or Coffee Cup," Divination with Needles, Divination with Onions, Margaritomancy or Divination with a Pearl, and many other occult and surprising mysteries. And this is 1889!

CONTINENTAL HISTORY.*

CONSIDERING the difficulty of producing in a small compass a summary of the affairs of Europe during the last hundred years, which shall be at once fairly readable and full of facts, no one should hesitate to commend Mr. Rose's attempt. He begins with the period immediately preceding the French Revolution, and divides his work into subjects, paying less attention to mere chronological sequence after 1848 than when treating of earlier events. In one or two cases the wisdom of his arrangement is certainly open to question; here and there, though by no means often, he writes allusively about a matter which needs a plain statement of fact—his reference to the Spanish Marriage dispute is an instance of this—and, of course, every one with a fair knowledge of European affairs may find some matters treated more cursorily and others more at length than he would himself have treated them. Nevertheless, the book as a whole is extremely well put together. It is accurate, fair, and moderate in tone, and, though necessarily somewhat closely packed, is not uninteresting. A teacher may use it with profit, if he knows how such a book ought to be used, and can supplement it from other sources, and it will be found very serviceable for purposes of reference, as it gives plenty of dates and is furnished with a sufficient index.

TOWNSHIPS AND COUNTIES.†

AS a matter of fact, the local institutions of the United States are, with certain differences, copied from analogous institutions in the parent country. A right understanding of them may therefore be gained without any previous knowledge other than an acquaintance with the system of local government in England in the seventeenth century and with the conditions which have led various American States to adopt modifications of it. Modern, however, as the American arrangements are, their descent may, of course, be traced through their models to those primitive Teutonic institutions, from which the local constitutional system of England is itself descended. An admiration for antiquity, natural to the citizens of a comparatively new country, has, especially of late years, caused a considerable number of American professors of history to expound their local systems by referring them back to early Teutonic customs. This method, which has

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* *A Century of Continental History*, 1780–1880. By J. H. Rose, M.A., formerly Classical Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge. London: Edward Stanford. 1889.

† *An Introduction to the Local Constitutional History of the United States.* By George E. Howard, Professor of History in the University of Nebraska. Vol. I. Development of the Township, Hundred, and Shire. Baltimore: Publication Agency of the Johns Hopkins University. 1889.

been followed here by Professor Howard, is in some respects excellent; it enables the student to grasp the principles which underlie an organization perfectly familiar to him, and at the same time illustrates the past by the light of the present. It is, however, rather an academic way of treating the subject, and is apt to divert the attention from a more instructive line of inquiry. It would, we contend, be sounder to start with an investigation as to the forms and spirit of local government in England in the seventeenth century, and then to proceed to examine the circumstances which led the colonists, when in their new home, to introduce changes in institutions familiar to them, and which brought about further modifications in later times. While such inquiries have not been entirely neglected by Professor Howard, we do not think that they hold their rightful place in his book; they are made subordinate to matters which, as far as his special task is concerned, can scarcely be regarded as of the first importance. However, he keeps clear of a failing sometimes to be met with in the works of authors who adopt the same method; he does not speak as though the colonists consciously copied early institutions. Indeed, he distinctly recognizes that the changes which they made in the English system of local government were simply the effect of circumstances, and exhibit what he expresses as the "revival of organs and functions on recurrence of primitive environment." His book, valuable as it certainly is, seems to lack unity of purpose. If we look at it as a study in political science, we do not grudge the space devoted to the Mark, the *Völkerschaft*, the Shire, and the Gau, and the like, but find it deficient as regards the influences which determined the special developments of constitutional principles in local politics in the various colonies and States, and redundant in particulars about petty offices and other matters of small moment. If, on the other hand, his book is to be judged according to its title, as a *Local Constitutional History of the United States*, we complain of the same deficiency, and further consider that it enters at far too great length on questions which have only a remote bearing on its subject. Nor is the arrangement of his work—which is, of course, decided by his method of treatment—free from inconvenience. The main divisions of the book are headed the Township, the Hundred—which is of scarcely any importance in this connexion—and the Shire. Under these headings we have, first, a discussion as to the character and significance borne by each of these institutions in the earliest times, and the changes which they subsequently underwent in England; and then a treatise on the special point in the local government systems of the various States which more or less represent each of these primitive institutions. This arrangement is irritating, for it prevents the reader from getting a complete and coherent view of any one local constitution. It would, of course, be difficult to deal with Professor Howard's subject in an attractive manner; his book is certainly heavy reading, and is not improved by his habit of using long and hideous words.

Professor Howard's chapters on the ancient Township, Hundred, and Shire present, in a fairly concise form, and with abundant and exact references, the opinions of the most eminent English and German writers on early Teutonic institutions; he quotes Bishop Stubbs with becoming respect, and leans much on his authority. In New England the town, which is, of course, a rural community, appears as the constitutional unit in the three important particulars of rating, militia organization, and representation. Its affairs were managed by the town-meeting, an assembly copied from the English vestry, with some important differences, due both to the circumstances of the early colonists, and also, no doubt, to their desire for self-government. One or two of these differences had the effect of bringing the meeting into a certain degree of conformity with the ancient town-moot; the circumstances of the settlers were analogous to those of their remote forefathers, and accordingly the institutions which they brought with them from the England of the seventeenth century naturally assumed on transportation some features which were conspicuous at an earlier stage of their development. The town-meeting, which consisted of all male inhabitants of full age, appointed local officers, levied rates, made by-laws relating to the common land of the town, and other kindred matters, and provided for education and public worship. Administrative business was transacted by a small Board, the members of which were elected annually, and were called Selectmen; their office was copied from the Select Vestry of an English parish, but they were not allowed to encroach on the prerogative or sphere of action of the Primary Assembly. In the town-meeting the colonists found an opportunity for political training; and it is, Professor Howard remarks, "difficult to understand how without it the English race in America could have grown into an independent nation." Certainly the town-meeting of Boston, under the leadership of Sam Adams, played a great part in the organization of the revolt of the colonies. Compared with the town, the New England county is of small constitutional importance; it is little more than an area for judicial, and in the case of Massachusetts for some fiscal, purposes. Professor Howard considers that the county system of New England has been unduly slighted; but we fail to see that it has any characteristics which make it specially interesting to the student of political science. The county was more prominent in the Southern colonies, and was employed in all the chief functions of government. It was, however, merely an artificial division used by the State for certain purposes of government, and does not, perhaps, even in Virginia, afford quite such "an interesting and profitable" subject for study as Professor Howard would have us believe. The history of the local institutions in the Middle colonies presents some remarkable features which are well drawn out here. In the New Netherlands, for example, under the Dutch rule the local government resided in the "manors, villages, and chartered towns." By the Duke of York's Laws a system was introduced closely resembling that of the New England colonies, in which the town was the constitutional unit, though with some considerable differences, for the town-meeting seems to have had no other powers than that of electing officers. Counties were formed in the province before the end of the seventeenth century, and a few years later a mixed system "of representative township-county government was introduced which now constitutes the highest type of local organization in the United States." It was provided in 1703 that the fiscal administration of the county should be vested in supervisors elected annually by the freeholders of each town. Pennsylvania arrived at the township-county administration by a different process; for throughout three-quarters of a century of proprietary rule its county was a remarkably independent institution, and it was not until "the later portion of that era that there was gradually developed a practice of co-operation in the administration of local affairs," which takes the form of the "commissioner system."

The character of local government in the West was decided by the systems worked out in New York and Pennsylvania. Professor Howard, who has treated this part of his subject with special care, considers that the "Western township-county plan is the most advanced phase of local institutions," and notes the existence of three distinct types of township organization. The lowest of these is exhibited by the States which have adopted the "Pennsylvania plan," Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, and Missouri, where the township has for the most part the power of levying rates and electing its own officers, but can do little besides. The next type in the ascending scale is afforded by Minnesota and Dakota, where there is a town-meeting held each year for the election of officers and some other business. The township, however, is subordinate to the county board, and the members of the board are not township representatives, but are elected by the county itself. Lastly, the "highest form of local organization is that usually styled the New York plan," which prevails in Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Nebraska, where the township is subordinate to the county, but sends representatives to it. Under this system the town-meeting certainly exists, but in a far less perfect form than the old New England meeting. Professor Howard, who belongs at least by residence to Nebraska, sees "no occasion to regret that the excessive publicity and obtrusive functionalism of primitive New England have not been perpetuated." Dr. Bryce, on the other hand, evidently considers that the somewhat artificial character of the town-meeting of the West is a drawback to the "Illinois and Michigan system." The rise of the Commissioner system in the North-west Territory is traced in a section of unusual interest, and this is followed by an equally good account of the gradual development of county organization down to the introduction of the representative township-county administration on the New York plan. While this mixed system of local government, "the result of a fusion of the social elements of New England and the Middle States," was adopted in some cases quietly enough, it was not settled in others without a sharp struggle. A curious illustration of this is found in the history of Illinois, where the inhabitants were for some years almost exclusively immigrants from Virginia and other Southern States, and the entire business of the counties was placed in the hands of County Commissioners. After 1820, however, when Missouri was admitted as a slave-State, the Southerners ceased to settle in Illinois, and the population of the northern district was recruited from the Eastern and Middle States. The new settlers demanded township organization, and a struggle ensued, which ended in a piece of permissive legislation—each county was allowed to form townships. At first the northern counties only took advantage of this permission; but their example has gradually been followed by nearly all the rest. There is much that is worthy of note in Professor Howard's work which we cannot enter upon here, such as his remarks on the relation of the school district to the township, the rise and decay of the hundred in the American colonies, and the character of the parish in Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas. It is a pity that, master as he evidently is of his intricate subject, he has not treated it as it has been treated by Dr. Bryce in the necessarily small space allotted to it in the second volume of *The American Commonwealth*—that he has not adopted a better system of arrangement, and written what he had to say in simple words.

DON QUIXOTE.*

THE completion of Mr. Watts's translation of *Don Quixote* gives us the most carefully-equipped and the handsomest of the versions of that work which we possess. Whether there is

* *The Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha.* By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. A new edition done into English; with Notes, original and selected, and a new Life of the Author, by Henry Edward Watts. London: Bernard Quaritch.

a handsomer and better edition in any other tongue we shall not undertake to decide, but we doubt it greatly. This first edition of Mr. Watts's version has even—in our copy, at least—one of those slight defects which have been found to attract the true book-collector. It is on p. 285 of the third volume, and is in a mild way a mix—being, in fact, the transposition of a line from the top to the foot of a page. With this exception, however, which is, after all, of the nature of a mole or patch, the five volumes are such as a writer or publisher of books may be satisfied to put his name to. The size is convenient without being little, the type clear, the margin sufficient, the paper pleasant to the feel, and not, as so much modern paper is, heavy. Finally, we greatly commend all books which are bound in vellum and blue paper.

When we noticed the first two volumes of Mr. Watts's five, we proposed to leave a detailed examination of the text of his translation till we had seen them all. Now, however, that we have them all before us, there seems to be nothing to add to what we have already said. It would be quite possible to go through this, or, indeed, any translation, doubting and differing over every third sentence. But, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, these doubts and differences would be little better than cavils or varieties of taste. In the hundredth case the right path is commonly obscure. The essential thing about every translation is that it should give the meaning of the original. Now this Mr. Watts's does. How far it gives or can give more than that is another matter. If anybody having some previous conception of the meaning of the words "language" and "style" will ask himself what possibility there is that a Teutonic language, as it is spoken in the latter part of the nineteenth century, can give the real equivalent of a Latin language as it was spoken in the sixteenth, he will be prepared to believe that a great deal must be missed in any translation of *Don Quixote*. All that part, that very great part, of Cervantes's masterpiece which is the Castilian of his time is lost. What remains, however, has been found sufficient to attract many generations of Englishmen. This Mr. Watts gives in good and readable English. We shall not imitate the very bad example set us by the Cervantists themselves (or most of them), and begin to make compar'sons, to dwell on the blunders of So-and-so, and the want of humour of this other. We shall not stop to inquire whether Mr. Watts's version is better or not better than Mr. anybody else's. Enough that he who reads it may feel tolerably certain that he is getting the meaning of Cervantes. How far the reader of translations troubles his head about their accuracy is, to be sure, a matter of obscurity, and we know of no more idle speculation than the inquiry whether the verbal accuracy of the translation avails the reader aught. Except when he uses it as a crib (not the worst use to put it to), its accuracy is a thing he cannot estimate unless he knows the original; but translations are a weariness to him who can go to the source. Not the worst faith is the old one, that the first duty of a translation is to be literature in the language in which it is written, and that fidelity to the original is only the second of its virtues.

The elaborate apparatus of notes and appendices with which Mr. Watts has furnished his translation is an interesting feature of the work. We do not include in our praise the largish percentage of footnotes devoted to informing the reader that Clemencin says this, and is possibly right, or that he says that, and is a dull dog. What is the English reader to Clemencin, or Clemencin to the English reader, that he should care for him? Neither do we think it an addition to the value of the translation that it should contain so many notes written for no other apparent purpose than to inform us that various sinners have held opinions not acceptable to Mr. Watts, and are, therefore, anathema. The Cervantist Church is, as regards the number of its schisms and the limitations of its orthodoxy, very absurdly like the remarkable religious body which had the privilege of containing Douce Davie Deans. But, putting these aside, there is much in the notes which is really explanatory of the text; the appendices containing much more. As we think we have said before, the reader may possibly learn from Mr. Watts to speak of tales of chivalry with "more familiarity and less contempt" than he has commonly done hitherto. It is quite true, as Mr. Watts points out, that the *Amadis* is more readable than not a little modern romance. In these times, when we are for ever professing to have an open mind for all the good of the literature of all time, somebody ought really to say a word for the Tales of Chivalry. Mr. Watts's own analysis of the story of *Amadis* may perhaps show the way. We cannot, however, agree with him that "all internal evidence tends to confirm the hypothesis that the original and typical romance which is *Amadis of Gaul* grew into being with the arrival of the English contingent in Spain in 1367 under the Black Prince." If Lopez de Ayala, who was thirty-five at this time, had read the *Amadis* in his youth, it must have been a known book long before the coming of the Black Prince. Neither are we quite sure that Mr. Watts is right in dismissing the claim of the French to have originated the *Amadis* with contempt. It is at least antecedently probable that whatever Christian art and literature there was in Spain at that time was of French origin. The relations between Castile and France had been close for many generations. French Churchmen and architects had been brought in by Castilian kings. French crusaders had assisted in the reconquest. It is highly probable, therefore, that France exercised influence on Castile as on all her neighbours. The growth of the tale of chivalry out of the *chanson de geste* is, at any rate, more probable than its growth out of nothing. It is not necessary to suppose that there was an *Amadis* in French, though its absence is no proof that it did not once exist. The Castilian version which Vasco de Lobeira is plausibly supposed to have turned into Portuguese is not to be found; but is there a Spaniard who doubts of its existence? Still, even if there was no French original, it would not follow that the inspiration was not French. The Spaniards took all the forms of their chivalry from their neighbours to the north of the Pyrenees, and may have taken their stories also. It is, to be sure, all a matter of supposition as far as the literature is concerned. How completely the chivalry was a copy Mr. Watts enables his readers to see by his appendix on the curious *Bell's Life* account of the famous "Paso Honroso," the tournament at the bridge of Orbigo. A carefully annotated and illustrated translation of this document would make a good pendant to Mr. Watts's translation.

ESSAYS IN LITERATURE AND ETHICS.*

ALTHOUGH, except locally, this book may not command any very large circle of readers, we think that Mr. Axon was well advised in collecting some of the literary remains of the late Rev. William Anderson O'Conor. Mr. O'Conor had no great reputation outside Manchester, the place of his later residence, yet those who only knew him through his books (and it is from such knowledge only that this review is written) must have been able, if they chose, to detect in him ability and character decidedly out of the common. His theological work was not unimportant; but it was, we think, inferior in interest to his work on Irish history, which has been more than once noticed in these pages. Mr. O'Conor was not by any means devoid of the national wrongheadedness; but his treatment of Irish questions was marked by an honesty which is unfortunately not so invariably a national characteristic, and which is never less generally remarkable than in those Anglican divines who have at one time or another taken upon themselves to urge the wrongs of Ireland, standing on the safe vantage-ground and wrapped in the good warm cloak of Anglican endowment and privilege. Mr. O'Conor's work in this department had a peculiar, if a melancholy, interest as showing, under the most favourable circumstances, what those characteristics of the Irish temper or temperament are which make Irishmen equally unable to bear autonomy or government by others. Mr. Axon complains of the scanty preferment which his subject received; but the complaint, though natural, is hardly just. It is a common, but an erroneous, conception of the endowments of the National Church to regard them either as primarily a series of prizes or a *cadre* of promotion. Besides, even the hints that Mr. Axon gives show that Mr. O'Conor, though an excellent and able man and a hard worker, was probably a little difficult at times to get on with. He was, says Mr. Axon, "a man of marked individuality, and at times of morbid temperament." It is not difficult to put a comment on this text.

The work which this volume contains is, with one exception, neither theological nor political, but literary and miscellaneous. We understand that few, if any, of the papers were published in any ordinary way, and that they were mostly written to be read before the Manchester Literary Club. Five are purely literary—on Mr. Browning's "Childe Roland," on the "Palace of Art," on the *Prometheus* (Æschylean and Shelleyan), and (of course) on *Hamlet*. One on the Book of Job, the exception noted above, is both theological and political, and puts the author's views (which are not ours) on these matters rather eloquently. One on "Fables" is itself a kind of fable or parable, and has running through it a vein of rather bitter, though not ill-natured, satire. And, lastly, there is a sort of Voyage Humoristique, "From Lancashire to Land's End" (it should be "the" Land's End), in which the Irish humour, though sometimes a little schoolboyish, is pleasant enough. All these papers are decidedly above the level of the kind of work among which for the most part they must have found themselves—in saying which we intend no discredit to the Manchester Literary Club. They have a slight touch of amateurishness about them, and perhaps here and there another touch of a well-known kind which may be called the pulpit-exegetic. Mr. O'Conor seems to have been by no means a desperately clerical cleric, but it is curious how hard it is for a parson to avoid (even Kingsley did not avoid it) the "and-now-my-brethren-we-may-see-from-these-words" tone. As a literary critic, too, Mr. O'Conor seems sometimes to have lacked insight. We at least see in Lord Tennyson's exquisite "Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea," something not in the least like "a feeble shrinking from death"; indeed, we do not see where the idea of death comes in. It is the far different idea of separation, in life, from scenes associated with some passionate passage of life—the "regret pensif et confus D'avoir été et n'être plus." Nevertheless, the general merit of the essays is considerable, and justifies at once their publication and a regret that their author, whose life was not a short one, had not a more direct and, so to speak, professional connexion with literature.

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* *Essays in Literature and Ethics.* By W. A. O'Conor. Edited by W. E. A. Axon. Manchester: Cornish.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. ALBER JHOUNEY'S *Livre du jugement* (1) (which bears no publisher's name, but which is imprinted, and very well too, by MM. Trabuc and Raviolo, of Marseilles, and has, if not a publisher, yet a *dépositaire* at Paris in M. Sauvaître) is one of a class of books which have an odd attraction for some persons, though others, and the great majority, fly from them as from the pest. M. Jhouney undertakes to tell in verse "the dramatic history of the human Soul and its destiny, recounted by the light of occult tradition and the Kabbala." The verse in which he tells it may be gnostically, if not to the general reader very intelligibly, described as standing to the verse of M. Leconte de Lisle very much as the verse of M. Leconte de Lisle stands to that of Victor Hugo, possessing also echoes of older models, notably Du Bartas. The opening five lines have a strong flavcur of the *Sepmaine*:—

> Terrible Amour, Soleil infini, Loi première,
> Créateur Océan dont la blanche lumière,
> Immobile éternellement, remplit les cieux,
> Puis au-delà déborde en flots mystérieux,
> Père, Néant, Vie Innombrable, Solitude.

It is, at least, very fair of M. Jhouney (who, it will be observed, has a certain *sans-gêne* as a prosodist) to give such an unmistakable foretaste. His readers are thus in a position at once to repeat the immortal words "O dear poet! if all thy dear book be like this, it is no use our reading any more, for we shall not understand it!" They certainly will not. The piece from which we have taken the extract is headed "Ensoph"; whence we proceed to "Jod Heva O Elohim," and thence to "Sacrifice," "La Révolte des Anges," "La Nébuleuse," and a great many other sections, in composing the matter of which M. Jhouney has drawn on science and Christianity as well as on the occult traditions and the Kabbala. His language is often as odd as his prosody; at least, the all-embracing Littré does not, even in his supplement, recognize the word *allouvir*, to "wolfen"—

> ("Sous les lilas géants de l'immortalité
> Hurlaient vers le désir mes forces *allouvies*")—

and he has been happy enough to disinter other more legitimated but scarcely less unusual terms, such as "cerne," in the sense of a magician's circle. This *style tourmenté* and the nature of the subject do not always prevent, and perhaps sometimes assist, a certain grandiosity; but the "Queen of Sheba" style in poetry, the style which "comes from the ends of the earth," is seldom other than a fault.

The work of that exceedingly ingenious and fertile writer, M. Charles d'Héricault, always presents so many elements of goodness that one wonders why on earth (we refer, of course, only to his work in fiction) it is never quite good. He explains in his preface to *Fou d'amour* (2), almost with tears in his eyes, that "ce roman ne peut pas, comme ceux que j'ai faits jusqu'ici, être offert aux jeunes filles chrétiennes." We fear, however, that if any old man heathen procures it with a horrid joy on the strength of this announcement he will be dreadfully disappointed. It talks, indeed, of things which are not permitted to be offered, in fiction, to the young girl Christian in France, with the result, says scandal, that she is particularly prone to offer them to herself, in fact, at the expense of her husband later. But, as M. d'Héricault says, "the light is pure," and so it is. Whether, as in his odd way he also says, "le style est chaud, le récit est haletant, le drame est poignant," must be left to readers to decide. We can only repeat that, if M. d'Héricault has not yet written a good novel, we cannot for the life of us put into brief shape the reasons why he has not. *L'âge de papier* (3) is a book of some power. It deals, indeed, as its title may hint to the knowing, with that society (half, or, let us say, one quarter real, the rest conventional) of fashionable journalists, financiers, and the like, which has occupied the pens of so many French novelists of late—a worthless and uninteresting society, out of which it is difficult enough to make worthy and interesting books. But it deals with its subject in a manner worthy of what, we think, old-fashioned people used to call a better cause—with too much *parabasis*, indeed, and talkee-talkee about the New Revolution, and all the rest of it, but with a lively touch of phrase, and a certain grasp of human and not impossible character; of character drawn from the ordinary street and room, and not from the lazar-house or the lunatic asylum. The tales (for there are three) which are contained in *Andrée de Loze* (4) are, like most of the work of their author, pleasant enough, well enough written, and generally turned out in workmanlike fashion.

Mr. Smith's *Modern French Readings* (5) is a good enough book for its purpose, though Mr. Smith seems to have an exaggerated idea of the special excellence or novelty of its plan. Berquin and the *Ami des Enfants*, indeed, figure rather oddly among "modern" extracts, but we care very little for that. It is the genesis of the book, or rather the account given of it, which seems to us unsatisfactory. Mr. Smith says that he is "indebted for the selection of the extracts" to Professor Knapp of Yale College, and that he has "in some cases borrowed" from Mr. Knapp's notes on the text. This seems to be an odd sort of editing or collaboration. Modern French literature is surely wide enough for an English editor to make his own selections from it, and if American or other work be borrowed, it had better be left as it is, with distinct additions, if such appear necessary. However, as we have said, the Smith-Knapp, or Knapp-Smith, work will be useful enough in its way. The Helps for Composition (these, we think, are Smith, not Knapp) are sound enough, and the notes also, though they sometimes show a little deficiency of information or judgment. For instance, Mr. Smith says that Royer-Collard was "a French philosopher and orator [which he certainly was], famous for the retired, studious life which he led for many years." Would this, if said of an Englishman, suggest to the student that the subject had been for many years an extremely active politician, and for some time Speaker of the House of Commons?

(1) *Le livre du jugement.* Par Alber Jhouney. Edition de l'étoile. 1889.

(2) *Fou d'amour.* Par Ch. d'Héricault. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *L'âge de papier.* Par Ch. Legrand. Paris: Kolb.

(4) *Andrée de Loze.* Par A. Gennevraye. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Modern French Readings.* Edited by A. J. Smith. London and Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE good old times—"all times when old are good"—are pleasantly suggested to readers of antiquarian taste in Mr. J. A. Sparvel-Bayly's *New Studies in Old Subjects* (Elliot Stock), a volume of articles obviously intended to amuse and interest the numerous class of persons who, though neither antiquaries by profession or temperament, are gifted with an archæological disposition. Mr. Sparvel-Bayly is a diligent gleaner in many fields, and without any claim to original research, though evidently the antiquities of Kent and Essex are familiar to him, his book may be opened anywhere and be found easy and agreeable reading. Diverse as the themes are, the writer is no discursive commentator. On such subjects as implements of war, the pilgrim and the shrine, beer and brewers, pipes and smoking, pews, church bells, monumental brasses, Mr. Sparvel-Bayly is a collector of curious and entertaining facts, concerning the origin of which he is never keenly speculative, but seems rather, having set them forth in a pleasing form, to wish the reader a happy digestion. And surely this easy way is better than falling into a vagrant irrelevance. Whether weapons of offence or of defence are of superior antiquity is one of the not insoluble questions touched somewhat too lightly in the opening chapter. Did wooden clubs precede flint implements? and do we owe, as Mr. Sparvel-Bayly thinks, the use of gunpowder to the Spaniards, who learned it of the Arabs? Was artillery, as we now understand the term, commonly employed in Edward III.'s reign, or known at all before that period? Mr. Skeat has pointed out, while demolishing the supposed "anachronism" of an editor of Chaucer, what kind of artillery that was which is mentioned in the spirit-stirring account of the Battle of Actium in the *Legend of Good Women*. Similar questions are again and again suggested by these *New Studies in Old Subjects*, the subjects of study being, in truth, too vast for discussion within the limits set by the author. Nevertheless the harvest of archaic lore is plentiful, and the suggestiveness of the book will commend it to the general reader. Beer and pipes, church bells and pews and brasses, still happily exist among us, and it is always pleasant to be reminded how our forefathers lived and what beer they drank, and how they took their ease in their pews in sermon-time. The "fairy pipes" they smoked, pleased with the mere whiff it would seem if they smoked them, are still dug up, and are called "Roman" in some parts, and the monumental brasses are still piously preserved—despite the too sweeping statements of recent newspaper correspondents—and Mr. Sparvel-Bayly has a good word to say of the modern sentiment for the venerable and the beautiful in such memorials. His remarks on this subject seem to be an anticipation of the recent letter of an indignant vicar, who rebuked an amateur antiquary who had visited his parish church this holiday season, and not finding the brasses he looked for, erroneously declared they had been removed. Great, no doubt, has been the destruction or defacement of artistic work in our churches, yet a good deal, fortunately, remains for reverent preservation.

The new volume of "Knickerbocker Nuggets," the prettiest of the many reprints in pocket form now in progress, is a selection of stories by a German author once very popular with English readers. *Tales by Heinrich Zschökke* (Putnam's Sons) comprises four characteristic examples, three of which were translated in 1845 by Mr. Parke Godwin, and appeared in "Putnam's Library of Choice Reading." These are "A New Year's Eve," "The Broken Pitcher," and "Jonathan Frock." The fourth, "Walpurgis Night," now first done into English by Mr. W. P. Prentice, a capital specimen of Zschökke's fantastic adornment of a moral tale, is altogether worthy of association with the three better-known stories. Before Mr. Godwin undertook his translation English writers were busy with German fiction, and Zschökke received, with others, the attention due to his very individual work. Carlyle, of course, did more than any other translator to establish the taste for German fiction, which was decidedly fashionable before he rendered a page of Jean Paul. For a while there was something like a rage for "tales from the German," and Zschökke proved to be a rich mine. In that curious miscellany of Gothic romance, "The Romancist and Novelist's Library," a newspaper of rich and rare fiction, Zschökke finds a place in the

goodly company of Mrs. Radcliffe, Schiller, Brockden Brown, Clara Reeve, M. G. Lewis, and other wonder-workers. The mine, well worked once, has been long neglected, though it ought to prove still productive and decidedly popular in the attractive form of a "Knickerbocker Nugget."

Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams has been at considerable pains in compiling his narrative of "the great war of the English in France," *The Maid of Orleans* (Hutchinson & Co.) He cites his authorities, and appends documentary and other evidence that may throw light upon his story of Jeanne Darc. The story itself is scarcely told with the simplicity and directness so impressive a story requires. Mr. Davenport Adams promises too much when he says in his introduction, "I am about to tell the story of Jeanne Darc, or as she is popularly but uncommonly called Joan of Arc." He is too fond of interpolating remarks of a reflective kind. And what, by the way, is the meaning of "popularly but uncommonly" in the sentence quoted? The narrative style of the author is none of the clearest. A common blunder is perpetrated on p. 213, where we read, "They had aroused the fury of the soldiers; and the Frankenstein they had created would not be satisfied without a victim." Mr. Davenport Adams would have been better employed if he had held to his original intention as a story-teller, instead of attempting to rewrite history.

Mr. Alfred H. Miles edits a collection of stories by many well-known writers, *Fifty-two Stories for Boys* (Hutchinson & Co.), reprinted from various sources—English and American. The book is strong in the charm of variety. There are stories of the sea and sailors, of travel ashore, of adventures of all kinds, of school days and camp-life, of American backwoods and Indians. Mr. Miles, whose own contributions justify his share in the volume, is entirely successful in his attempt to compile a representative collection of short stories for "boys of all ages." A better book of its class we do not know.

We have also to acknowledge the *Second Part of Henry the Fourth*, edited by A. D. Innes, M.A., with Introduction and Notes, for the "Falcon" edition of "Select Plays of Shakspeare" (Rivingtons); *The Elements of Physiography*, by John J. Prince, Part I., seventh edition (Heywood); a new edition of *Outlines of French History*, by Henry Ince and James Gilbert (Allen & Co.); a second edition of the *List of Bibliographical Works in the Reading Room of the British Museum*, originally compiled by the late Mr. G. W. Porter, now revised by Mr. G. Fortescue; and the Fifth Report of the European and Anglo-Indian Defence Association for the current year.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS *intended for the* SATURDAY REVIEW *should be addressed to the* MANAGER *of the* ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT *at the* OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. *A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.*

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SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

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RESULTS for 1888.

NEW ASSURANCES COMPLETED £1,163,000.

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Improvements in the Strand. *General Faidherbe.*
The New Leader.

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CRYSTAL PALACE. SATURDAY CONCERTS.—The Thirty-Fourth Annual Series of these world-renowned CONCERTS will COMMENCE on October 19 at Three o'clock. Vocalist: Mr. Edward Lloyd. Pianoforte: Madame Roger-Miclos. Conductor: Mr. AUGUST MANNS. Transferable tickets for Reserved Seats for the Twenty Concerts, Two Guineas. Prospectus, post free, on application to the MANAGER, Crystal Palace, S.E.

THE ARTS and CRAFTS EXHIBITION SOCIETY, the NEW GALLERY, Regent Street.—The SECOND EXHIBITION will OPEN Monday, October 7.

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TOUR in the MEDITERRANEAN.—The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their large full-powered steamship "CHIMBORAZO," 3,847 tons register, 3,000 horse-power, from London on the 9th of October, for a Thirty-eight Days' Cruise, visiting Lisbon, Gibraltar, Algiers, Palermo, Naples (for Rome), Leghorn (for Pisa and Florence), Genoa, Nice, Malaga (for Granada), and Cadiz (for Seville).

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September 16, 1889.

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Mount Street, Liverpool, Oct. 1st, 1889. CHARLES SHARP, *Secretary.*

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OF

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THE FRENCH SECOND BALLOTS.

IT is a constant and, on the whole, a sufficiently just reproach to France that she has lost the political sense of late years—has, indeed, been losing it more and more during the last century. To judge, however, from some, perhaps from most, remarks made on the result of the second ballots last Sunday, the confusion and misjudgment implied in this reproach seem to have spread from France to at least some of her critics. These critics perceive, or affect to perceive, a great triumph for what is called "the "Republic" in the recent elections; but it is the most difficult thing in the world to see, even from their own statements, where this triumph lies. It may be at once and of course admitted that the Republic, or rather the actual Republican Government, has not incurred the crushing defeat which was at one time augured for it. The total nominal Republican majority is considerable, though not so large as it was after the last general election. The Exhibition has been in its way a success, and has unquestionably brought a very great deal of money into France—a result to which few nations are indifferent, and to which Frenchmen are least indifferent of any. President CARNOT has made a good mechanical head of the State. If Frenchmen have no particular confidence in their present governors, there is no other pretending group of governors, or single pretender, in whom they have more. Further, it may be admitted, for reasons which are easily explicable, and to which we may return, that the chief nominal foe of the Republic—Monarchism—has received a very heavy blow, the Monarchist party, apart from Boulangists and Bonapartists, numbering barely a sixth, or very little more, of the whole Chamber. Lastly, it is claimed, and with some justice, that though some of the most prominent members of the Republican party have been unseated, the "Moderate" section or sections of that party are much stronger than they were—a strength which should strengthen the whole Republican side.

This is the satisfactory side of matters; now let us look at the others. The wildest pæans are being sung over the defeat, death, and destruction of Boulangism. The Correspondent of the *Times* is sure, for the *n*th time, that the General is *mort et enterré*; there is, he thinks, no Boulangist party any longer. The facts are that the Boulangists have doubled their numbers and more in the Chamber (borrowing the increase chiefly from their kind friends the Royalists), that General BOULANGER has carried nearly half Paris as far as seats go, and apparently has mustered more than half the total votes. This is an odd sort of vanquishment, a very curious kind of annihilation. But it is not really so important as the relative position of the various sections of the Republican party. That party, in the mass, is set down at the mystic number 365, and so outnumbers the three parties opposed to it—Royalist, Boulangist, and Bonapartist—by about 140. But it is as far as possible from being a homogeneous party. The general rough estimate is that two-thirds of it belong to moderate shades, and one-third to immoderate, or Radical, shades. Now even on this estimate the Moderates, though the most powerful party in the Chamber, fall far short of a positive majority. The three Anti-Republican parties would require only a small contingent of Irreconcilables, or a small wavering in the Moderates themselves, to exceed these Moderates in numbers. The Radicals and Royalists together very nearly equal them. Further, the likelihood of even all the Moderates acting together is by no means very strong. The minuter analysts of the composition of the Chamber allow for thirty or forty Republican nondescripts—persons whose politics are practically unknown, or at any rate extremely uncertain. Rejoicings have been indulged in over the growth of M. LÉON SAY'S fraction from a mere "group" of half a dozen into a respectable "section" of half a hundred. These rejoicings are well justified in one sense; for anything that raises the tone of the average French deputy is a gain. But he must be strangely ignorant who does not know that moneyed doctrinaire Liberals of this type have long been the most unpopular of all parties in France, and are far more likely to cause splits than to be a bond of union in any party to which they attach themselves. Lastly, the question may be put, "Do those who anticipate quiet times forget that this "newly-elected Chamber will have to face questions of revi- "sion, questions of foreign policy, questions of all kinds, "which will infallibly redistribute any seeming majority, "just as greater majorities have been redistributed before?" No new statesman has yet been given by these elections to France, and it is excessively improbable that France thinks any better of her old statesmen than she did a few weeks ago.

One thing, however, cannot be denied, and that is that, whether or no the Republic has received a fresh lease of life by the muster of a positively decreased body of adherents after a general election; whether or no Boulangism has received a fresh (the *n*th) sentence of death by more than doubling its Parliamentary strength, the official representative of the principle of Monarchy in France has experienced a very heavy reverse. Not only has the Count of PARIS a less numerous following in this Chamber than he had in the last, but he has lost honour as well as forces. If it be true that, as the inimitable M. DE BLOWITZ remarks, he has "had to reconcile the worst hankerings," much allowance must, no doubt, be made for the incumbent of an office the attributes of which would be wholly incomprehensible if it were not dimly certain, at least, that it must be a very disagreeable one. Whether the Count really endeavoured to reconcile hankerings can never be known. But it is too evident that he endeavoured to pursue that course of political attorneyism which has been the curse of the house of ORLEANS. "There is always," said a severe critic of the greatest novel-heroine of the eighteenth century, "something which CLARISSA prefers to the truth." There is always, it has been said by critics as unkindly, something which an ORLEANS King prefers to straightforward conduct. The talk about the Count having "plotted" against the Republic is, of course, absurd. He owed the Republic no allegiance, and he was and is entitled to bring it under his sovereignty in any honourable and reasonable way he chose and could arrange. But it is impossible to see that the recent disastrous—in every sense disastrous—compact with Boulangism was in any way honourable or reasonable. It was in the nature neither of an alliance between partners on equal terms, nor of the open hiring of a condottiere to do service for a consideration, nor of the acceptance of a proffer of loyalty. In fact, it is extremely difficult to find a form of words accurately describing the confederacy (though perhaps that single term does it well enough) which has resulted so disastrously for one confederate and in such barren gains for the other. It appears to have partaken of the nature of an agreement to wink at the bubbling of third parties by each partner and of a much less distinct undertaking to "pool" the gains afterwards—something not unlike the immortal transaction of the Honourable ALGERNON DEUCEACE with Messrs. BLEWITT and DAWKINS, with, however, the result that, though Mr. DEUCEACE has won from Mr. BLEWITT, he has not won from their intended pigeon. To those who believe that until France comes to some intelligent acceptance of the monarchical principle there can be no salvation for her, this new illustration of the way in which the general political dry-rot has affected the monarchical as well as other French parties must be sufficiently deplorable. In

this sense, if in no other, the Republic may be said to have received the new lease of life so much talked of; in the sense that a fresh demonstration has been given of the incompetence of the monarchical candidate *en titre* to pursue a game at once intelligent and uncompromising, at once constant to principle and observant of fact. Again and again during the last sixty years have the chances of the Monarchy been thrown away, now by timidity, now by unseasonable obstinacy, now by want of comprehension, now (as in this instance) by the fatal attempt to be too clever by half, to nobble and jockey and knock-out, instead of riding straight and making honest bids. Fortunately the monarchical principle is too well founded in reason and in human experience not to prevail in the long run; but the day of its prevalence in France must almost certainly have received a fresh postponement from this lamentable blunder.

DIOGENES HARCOURT.

THE literature of search, if we may so call it, is tolerably copious and varied. JAPHET in search of a father exhibited an audacious confidence in his own faculty of recognition which does not always characterize even the *Audax Iapeti genus*. THOMAS MOORE and BLANCO WHITE sent two Irish gentlemen on competitive travels in search of a religion. Sir GEORGE STEPHEN went in search of a horse, Mr. STANLEY of LIVINGSTONE, and JEROME PATUROT of a Republic. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has recently added himself to the list of anxious inquirers. He has been on the look-out for an honest man, not among his contemporaries, but among the Irishmen who at the close of the last century supported the Parliamentary Union with England. He has been more unfortunate than the Jewish investigators into the census of righteous people who were to save the doomed city. He has not only been unable to find one righteous man in a thousand, but he has not found a righteous man at all. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT appears to think that in making this statement he is paying a tribute to the Irish character. If it were true, the Island of Saints would be more properly designated the Island of Knaves. On his own showing, the country was betrayed by her own sons. To take a bribe to sell one's native land is surely a graver offence than to offer a bribe for its sale. There may be corruption in both cases, alike in the vendors and in the vendees, but there is moral treason and parricide in addition on the part of the sellers.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's personal qualifications for ethical judgment are exemplary. Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat. The man who is on the look-out for political honesty should himself be politically honest. The principle of setting a thief to catch a thief has its converse application. An upright man is alone qualified to detect an upright man. The mind can see only, as CARLYLE was fond of insisting, that which it brings with it the faculty of seeing. It can recognize without it only that which is within it. It requires dishonesty to detect dishonesty. If Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, as the result of his historic inquiries, had declared that everything was perfectly just and patriotic on both sides in the transactions which led to the Union, we should have had no difficulty in understanding the conclusion to which he had arrived. To the pure all things are pure. A simple and ingenuous nature cannot understand baseness and intrigue. The dishonest are the surest to get on the trail of dishonesty. The opposite phenomenon, as exhibited by Sir W. HARCOURT, is with difficulty explicable.

It is a touching spectacle that of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, like a nineteenth-century DIOGENES, exploring the dark places of history for an honest man, and returning disappointed from his quest. Mr. PICKWICK, in one of his many nocturnal adventures, so managed the dark lantern with which he was equipped that, while it shed a bright and dazzling light upon himself and the spot on which he stood, it left all surrounding objects immersed in the deepest gloom. This, we are inclined to think, has been the fortune of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. The lantern with which he explores the past is his own pure and ingenuous spirit, and, in contrast with that, everything else appears dark and stained. Its brilliant light blackens every blot. He applies too high a standard. Ordinary human nature cannot reach the level by which he judges it.

Another circumstance requires to be taken into account. Not only is Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's standard high, but his knowledge of history, and especially of Irish history, is imperfect. Apparently he knows less of it even than Mr. GLADSTONE himself—that is to say, he knows less than almost nothing at all. His knowledge of it is drawn, as it would appear, from an early book of Mr. LECKY's, written when that eminent historian had scarcely passed the years of boyhood, and when he was in the impassioned and rhetorical stage of his intellectual development. The volume entitled *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland* gives promise of many of the admirable qualities which have characterized the later writings of its author. A generous spirit, a chivalrous disposition to espouse the weaker and the vanquished cause, a pure and lofty ethical temper mark it. These things, no doubt, have recommended it to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. But the faculty of weighing historical evidence, the instinct of correct political judgment, which are conspicuous in Mr. LECKY's later writings, were almost necessarily undeveloped in this book of his boyhood, which smacks rather of the debates of the Historic Society of Dublin than of sober and patient inquiry. These very defects recommend it to the generous and impulsive temper of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, always prompt to sympathize with the weak and oppressed.

If we must speak seriously on this subject, we can only say that the statement of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT that every honest man in Ireland was opposed to the Union is too silly for serious refutation or for serious discussion. Except that he has made it, we should have thought it too silly for any one to make. It is certainly too silly for any one deliberately to refute. On a grave question of policy such as this, it is inevitable that there should be two sides among honest men. As a matter of fact, the expediency of a Parliamentary Union with England had often been agitated before Mr. PITT and the rebellion brought it within the sphere of practical politics. It had been urged as the only efficient means of liberating the great bulk of the Irish people from the ascendency of the Anglo-Irish caste. The fact is notorious that it was the ascendency party—the party which was in possession of office and power in Ireland—which mainly opposed the Union, and that it was the necessity of buying off their hostility which led to the means which have since been described as morally invalidating it. There were honest men who resisted the Union to the last, and who have given to that resistance an aspect of patriotism which, taken as a whole, it by no means deserves. But the methods by which the original opposition was overcome show what was its character. The "blackguardism" of Mr. PITT is the correlative of the "blackguardism" which he combated on the principle *similia similibus*. The Catholic priesthood and the educated Catholic laity looked to the Union for emancipation. The venal "undertakers" who were the log-rollers of the Irish Parliament opposed it. If Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had reversed his assertion, it would have been still absurd and wide of the truth; but it would have been a shade less absurd and a degree less wide of the truth than that which it has pleased him to make.

THE ELECTIONS OF THE WEEK.

THE election in North Bucks will not have been decided at the time we write, and its result may not be known till after these words are published, so that nothing can be said about it except to hope that Mr. HUBBARD may get the better of a party which enlists such advocates as the well-known Mr. TUCKWELL. But two elections have already been decided in the present week, and the decision of both constituencies has been adverse to the Government. Although only one of these is a positive loss, we are not at all disposed to attempt to minimize or pooh-pooh these reverses. Of one at least it would be impossible to say anything to match the King CAMBYSES style of the other side. We have no truth, however undoubted, that we can advance to match the solemn assertion of the chief organ of the Separatists (made in "double leads" and as who should advance a novel and immortal truth) that the event at Peterborough "will count on a division as two votes "against the Government." It will; and the news that this is the result of winning, as distinguished from keeping a seat, may be news to Gladstonians. Nor can we attempt to imitate the ecstasies of this organ:—

> The wild kiss when fresh from war's alarms
> Its Hercules, its Clapham Antony,
> Its mailed Morton leapt into its arms
> Contented there to—

be informed that his success would count as two votes on a division. We may, however, mildly remark that the jubilation which has been made over Peterborough overlooks two things. In the first place, that city has been ever since the first Reform Bill a Radical stronghold till Mr. FITZWILLIAM, to the great surprise of the knowing, carried it over to Liberal Conservatism the other day. Almost all sorts and conditions of Tories have attacked it in vain in the past, and it was so little nice in its choice as to be contented for many years with the late Mr. WHALLEY. Further, we wrote here four weeks ago that, "if the "seat is lost, it will be lost by want of preparation." It is notorious that there was no candidate ready when Mr. FITZWILLIAM met with his accident, that much valuable time was lost in search of one, that the reluctance of the FITZWILLIAM family to fight the place exposed the Unionists to the greatest danger of all, the danger of apparently hawking about the constituency (a thing which a constituency always resents), and that Mr. PURVIS, of whom we desire to speak with all honour, who fought the losing fight gallantly, and may fight a winning one another day, was a mere "carpet-bagger." Mr. MORTON was a carpet-bagger, too; but he had packed his bag long before, had groundbaited the place, and had a valuable start. The lesson is as old as the history of elections for at least the last sixty years, but it is apparently not yet learnt by either party, and unfortunately the Conservative party is even slower than its rivals to learn it. Even as we write, two days after the other accident (more lamentable even than Mr. FITZWILLIAM'S) which has created a vacancy at Brighton, it is announced that the Conservative leaders there have not yet selected a candidate, and are unlikely to come to any conclusion immediately. And yet it is not many years since Brighton Tories had the sharp lesson of losing two apparently safe seats, not indeed by want of preparation, but by sheer mismanagement and over-confidence.

To us the result of the Elgin and Nairn election seems far more discouraging than that of the Peterborough contest, although in this case the event does not "count two "on a division," but, on the contrary, leaves matters as they were. Some local reasons might probably be assigned to help out the explanation of Mr. LOGAN'S defeat; but though these ought not to be neglected, they are of the less public importance that they, or something like them, apply in all cases, and probably neither benefit nor injure one side more than the other in the long run. Other considerations are more disquieting. It is the custom of some persons when they are beaten to find comfort in extolling the formidableness of the enemy. We cannot pay any such compliment to Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY. He is, with the possible exception of Mr. CONYBEARE (who, by the way, seems to have come out of prison in a singularly crabbed temper), the nearest approach to the legendary black footman of the legendary boroughmonger that can be imagined. He possesses neither ability, nor distinction, nor public services, nor great wealth, nor local interest, nor family connexion. Except the recommendation of Mr. GLADSTONE, and a collection of heterogeneous and partly self-contradictory fads huddled up at secondhand, he had absolutely no claims on the electors. Nor is this all. An examination of the figures confirms certain prophecies of the CASSANDRA kind which have been made here and elsewhere about Unionist candidatures in many places, and particularly in Scotland. The 1886 contest, when also a Gladstonian candidate beat a Liberal-Unionist, but by a smaller majority and on a much smaller poll, is not particularly instructive; for no Tory stood, and there were evidently large abstentions on both sides. But in 1885 a Tory and two Liberals went to the poll, the latter very fairly representing the moderate and the extreme sections of the Liberal party. Against them the Tory, the late BRODIE of Brodie, polled 1,566 votes; and, as between his two opponents every Liberal of any shade had a chance of voting for a candidate of his own colour, it is improbable that BRODIE polled a single Liberal vote. There were, therefore, four years ago between fifteen and sixteen hundred pure Tories in Morayshire and Nairn. Nor is there any reason of any kind for supposing that there are fewer now. But Mr. LOGAN, the Liberal-Unionist candidate, polled on Tuesday only 2,044, or less than five hundred more than the separate Tory vote of four years ago We do not see that any conclusion but one of two is possible from these facts. Either the Liberal-Unionists, for some reason or other, refused to support their own candidate—one of themselves, a local man, a popular man, and of unblemished Liberal record—or it was found impossible to bring anything like the full Tory strength to the poll in support of a Liberal, even though that Liberal was agent for the greatest Tory landowner of the district and fully accepted by the party leaders. Abstention on the part of one section or of the other must have been the case; and, if so, it is only a fresh illustration of a difficulty which has occurred over and over again in Scotland, and notably at Ayr. The repugnance of individual voters to support or combine with the men, the colours, the side against which they have often fought, and hope to fight again, is too strong to be vanquished, especially in the modified excitement of a bye-election. The determination of voters—the ignorant, blind, but still honest determination—to "back their side" leads them to support even such a candidate as Mr. KEAY. That Mr. KEAY'S wild promises and wilder theories may have attracted fishermen and crofters, labourers and artisans, to some extent is possible. It seems to be believed by those who are on the spot and should know: and it is a very disagreeable possibility. But it cannot have been this alone that seated him.

This is a very serious matter, and it is one which ought to engage earnest attention, all the more so that the cry of "Home Rule for Scotland" is not unlikely to prove a serious difficulty before long, and will put a fresh lever in the hands of Gladstonian candidates, whether they be political adventurers or honest, if absurd, "cranks," such as we believe Mr. KEAY may be pronounced to be. The progress of time has not lessened the difficulty; it has rather increased it. The mismanagement of Scotch electioneering, which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL followed all those who know in commenting upon, has, no doubt, something to do with the matter. It must be remembered, indeed, that the more effective the party machinery on the Tory side becomes, the greater will be the jealousy on the Liberal. But this must be faced. The irrational charm with which the name of Mr. GLADSTONE works on Scotchmen has probably weakened the force of the Liberal-Unionist party among them more than elsewhere; certainly nowhere have they recently made so bad a fight. Perhaps some good might be done by providing candidates not local, so that local jealousy and the memory of old contests might be avoided, but of sufficient distinction to reconcile both parties to their support. Unfortunately the supply of such candidates is neither inexhaustible nor even large; and they can hardly be expected to contest risky seats in Scotland when safe ones in England are open to them.

MR. PARNELL AND IRELAND.

CONSIDERATIONS of health may, as Mr. PARNELL says, have "prevented him from crossing to Ireland "for the opening of the new Tenants' Organization in Tippe-"rary"; but they certainly could not have compelled him to administer a *douche* so liberal in amount and so low in temperature as he has just poured upon the undertaking to which he is unable to lend his personal assistance. Anything more chilly and discouraging than the statement of views which Mr. PARNELL has requested Mr. SEXTON to "lay before the Convention" on his behalf it is not easy to imagine. The very proposition from which he starts—namely, that "the working of the movement should, he "advises, be limited to defensive action"—is a departure from the original principle of that movement, which was to be one, not for defence, but for reprisals. It was, indeed, as good as admitted, almost by the Parnellites themselves, that there was nothing against which nor anybody against whom the Tipperary tenants required to be defended. They were to be invited to make common cause with tenants in other parts of Ireland for whom such defence was required by themselves assuming the offensive. It is true that Mr. PARNELL goes on to say that "special regard should be paid "to certain objects," which he proceeds to enumerate, and that the first of these is described, in English leaving something to be desired, as "the duty of protecting tenants from "the landlord conspiracy, and who are prevented by this "cause from availing themselves of the benefits intended "by Parliament for the tenant's advantage." This, however, as it stands must appear to a faithful follower somewhat disagreeably vague. Protecting *what* tenants from the landlord conspiracy? he may ask. If Mr. PARNELL only means that the organization is to protect those particular tenants who are menaced by a direct attempt on the part of one of the conspiring landlords—their own—to oppressively

and unjustly extract from them the rents they have agreed to pay, then the new and pretentious "Tenants' Organiza- "tion" is simply the old Plan of Campaign writ large, and its programme is a much smaller affair than its promoters set out with when they proposed to get Tipperary tenants to rise against a Tipperary landlord with whom they had no quarrel, in order to punish him for belonging to a "land- "lord conspiracy," which was at that moment prosecuting its machinations against defaulting debtors in another county altogether. There is, in fact, nearly as important a difference between the original and the reduced programme as there was between the limited strike which Mr. JOHN BURNS succeeded in organizing and the "general strike" which, until he thought better of it, he contemplated getting up. Add to this that the very redundancies of Mr. PARNELL'S grammar appear to suggest a further limitation of his advice. To protect tenants "from the landlord conspiracy, and who are "prevented by this cause from availing themselves of the "benefits intended by Parliament for the tenants' advan- "tage," seems intended to limit the intervention of the new League to the case of those tenants alone who are unable to take the benefit of the Land Acts either of 1881 or 1887, which would be to restrict the action of that organization within even narrower limits than that of the Plan of Campaign.

Nor in Mr. PARNELL'S further exposition of what he conceives to be the object of the new movement is there anything which the agitators of his party can regard as much more to the purpose. He proposes to them as another main end of their undertaking "the assertion of the rights "of freedom of speech and public meeting now so wantonly "assailed by the horde of unscrupulous partisans who ad- "minister much of the executive and judicial function of "the country." Talk of this kind does well enough for the English Radical gallery; and of course Mr. PARNELL always has to speak with the consciousness that his utterances must be made pleasing to these far from all-wise gods. But as a leader of Irish agitators addressing his followers he is talking what he and they alike know to be the emptiest bunkum. Freedom of speech and right of public meeting can be asserted, they are both perfectly well aware, by anybody who chooses to refrain from open incitement to breaches of the law; while they are equally conscious of the fact that the action of "the hordes of unscrupulous "partisans" has been almost invariably sustained, when- ever there has been an opportunity of challenging it, by the highest tribunals in Ireland. There must be mighty little satisfaction to be got out of the exchange of these calumnious platitudes between persons who neither deceive nor are deceived by them; and we may be quite sure that the militant section of the Parnellites would much rather have heard from their leader some practical suggestion for carrying on the war against the Government than have listened to mere hollow abuse of removable magistrates. The same species of criticism applies to Mr. PARNELL'S de- finition of the third object of the movement—which he says is to be the vindication of "the same facilities for com- "bination and organization which are secured to English "working-men by the Trades-Union enactments." Now there is no more about confiscating rent or shooting tenants in the legs in the Trades-Union enactments than there is, *teste* Mr. Midshipman EASY, about a bread-bag in the Articles of War; and of course Mr. PARNELL knows equally well with those whom he is addressing that, if combination and organization among the Irish tenants stopped short of the above-mentioned developments, the facilities therefor would be as unrestricted in Ireland as they are in England. We have said that Mr. PARNELL knows this as well as those whom he addresses—as a matter of fact, he knows it better, since he is clearer-headed than many and cooler- headed than any of them. And he surely must have been bent upon adding a perceptible touch of irony to his letter when he closes it with the remark that "these "aims"—that is, the three objects enumerated—"will, if "governed and regulated by the rules and constitution "already suggested at the meeting of the Irish party, "sufficiently meet the crisis which has called the new "organization into existence." His followers must feel, we should think, that, if "the crisis" can be really met by any operations of so limited a scope as those above defined, it must be a crisis of too mild a description to justify it in calling any new organization into existence.

It is little to be wondered at that this singularly un- inspiriting letter of Mr. PARNELL'S has been passed over by the whole party, English and Irish, in total silence. One hardly sees, indeed, how they could well comment on it without calling public attention to certain facts which they would much rather should escape notice altogether. There seems every reason, on the face of matters, to believe that Mr. PARNELL'S real attitude towards the new or- ganization, of which he speaks in terms of such coldly distant politeness, is much the same as that which he assumed from the first and maintained throughout towards the Plan of Campaign; only that, if anything, to put the matter colloquially, it is "more so." What he thought of the Plan was stated by him with much frankness on one well-remembered occasion in the House of Commons. He did not approve of its principle; and had he been consulted, which he was not, about its adoption, he would have opposed it. These, however, being his opinions on the subject of that notable conspiracy of "public plunder"—to use an expression which Mr. GLADSTONE sometimes dreams that he employed in a former state of existence—we may fairly suppose that he holds similar, but even more decided, views with regard to the new movement. For this second enter- prise of Mr. O'BRIEN'S conception was determined upon and set on foot in apparently just as complete independence of Mr. PARNELL'S ideas and wishes in the matter as was the case with the Plan of Campaign; and, whereas the Plan did here and there work after a fashion which, by a little manipulation of the facts, could be represented as suc- cessful, the new movement opened with a ludicrous fiasco. Its complete collapse on Mr. SMITH BARRY'S estate was sufficient of itself to ruin the prospects of any agitation; and, as a matter of fact, until the appearance of the letter from Mr. PARNELL the public had almost for- gotten the very existence of the new organization, which was to combine all the tenants of Ireland against all the landlords, and which was to command the services of an in- definite number of tenants ready to withhold rents with which they were perfectly satisfied and to get themselves evicted from holdings which they had no desire to quit, whenever that magnanimous act of self-sacrifice should be required of them in the interests of some other tenants, hundreds of miles off perhaps, who happened *not* to be satisfied with their rents or to have been bullied or cajoled by agitators into courting eviction by withholding them. These heroes do not seem to have been forthcoming in the expected abundance, and, in consequence, the "new "organization" has receded of late a good deal into the background. This somewhat frigid benediction of Mr. PARNELL'S recalls attention to it; but only to show in the act of doing so, not merely that the Nationalist leader has got tired of the work of agitation himself—for that has been his condition this long time—but that he evidently entertains a considerable doubt, to which he perhaps feels that it would be impolitic to give expression, whether the game of agrarian agitation itself is not played out so far as the English public is concerned, and whether it would not be the best thing for the agitator to sit down and whistle patiently for a Home Rule wind from some other point of the compass.

SCHOOL STRIKES.

NOTHING in the French Revolution was more pleas- ing, to a liberal eye, than the spectacle of children decapitating birds with a toy guillotine. In 1830, as the Laureate says, "The little boys begin to shoot and stab," and "a kingdom topples over with a shriek." Now, in England, the little boys begin to shout and strike, like their elders; a beautiful proof of what imitation can do, and most hopeful omen of the future. The children are striking for Free Education, No Home Lessons, No Punish- ment, One Free Meal, and so forth. These are advanced demands; but who can call them unnatural? If the whole artisan class were to strike for Three Free Meals no doubt they would have sympathizers; and perhaps they might as well do this at once, and save bother with pitiful details. In some districts—some backward, benighted districts—the children on strike are whopped by their very parents, who are not in the modern movement. We understand that they have, however, no trouble with "blacklegs"; that few boys insist on going to school on the old oppres- sive terms, and, therefore, have to be kicked into a more honourable frame of mind. Probably most sympathy will be felt among the ranks of the New Journalism for the boys who strike against Grammar. It is plain that many eminent writers in the more active portion of the

press really had private strikes of their own against this intolerable infliction; just as ST. AUGUSTINE and Sir WALTER SCOTT struck against Greek, and wholly declined to learn τύπτω. Master HARRY FAIRCHILD also struck against Latin, refusing to master its earliest rudiments, not that he could not easily do so, but because, as he said, there would be no end to it if once he began. This strike, as being isolated, was readily settled by Mr. FAIRCHILD. He lived in times of government and order; but we presume that the striking children will carry their point. Their methods differ from those of their ancestors. Of old, in Miss EDGEWORTH's time, boys barred the master out. Now they refuse to go in, which is a far better plan. If their parents are on the side of law and order, the strike of the schools will soon be ended. But, when they take the part of their offspring, as is natural in the ὑστάτη δημοκρατία, then, we presume, Grammar must be abolished, and Free Meals must be paid for at once by the non-striking portion of the population.

We welcome the new agitation the more gladly as it seems to bring us a step nearer to childhood suffrage. To give a vote to every infant who has learned to speak plainly (however ungrammatically) is only a rational and normal development of our present system. Any intelligent child is just as fit to make up his mind on many questions of foreign and domestic policy as a great proportion of the actual constituencies. At a very early age a child can throw stones with accuracy and address; even girls are by no means incapable of this argument, whatever the opponents of female suffrage may declare. Reforms are invariably won by stone-throwing; and *this* boon, perhaps, ought to be conceded before the windows are broken, especially as the movement may coincide with a strike of glaziers. We are in favour of directing and pretending to lead a genuinely popular movement rather than in making concessions after having our eyes and teeth knocked out. That the school strike is the result of the delay in conceding Home Rule is so obvious that we have not thought it necessary to dwell on the point. But it may be agreeable to Mr. GLADSTONE to have this frankly and freely acknowledged before he asserts it himself.

CRETE.

AT last the shriekers about Crete have succeeded in getting what, in their own innocent way, they regard as "evidence" of Turkish barbarities in Crete. That is to say, they have procured an *ex parte* statement containing a certain number of names of persons and places and a very few dates. On examining this statement it is found that, as usual, violent and highly coloured language is used to drape exceedingly vague and slender facts. The inclusion in the list of "persons escaped to Greece" is typical of its character—unless, indeed, it be admitted that the fact of one side having run away is a proof that the other side committed brutalities. The statement that "the "knout works terribly" should be of interest to Russians rather than to Turks. The statement that, "if the Im- "perial troops cannot find any [bread], they demand "it," is not of itself indicative of very terrible or atrocious tyranny. Of the class of outrages out of which, justly enough, most capital can be made absolutely no particulars are given, and the accusation is confined to the statement, worthy of a seventeenth-century *Postboy* or *Newsman*, that "the last advices from the district of Apokorona "report that soldiers have violated Christian women." The names of unarmed persons given as "killed" amount to exactly three, which, even if it were true (and of this not a shadow of evidence is offered), is surely no very large butcher's bill for the suppression of an armed insurrection, where the innocent are sure to suffer with the guilty. In short, the whole indictment, when examined, resolves itself into the usual tissue of accusations hollow within and unsupported from without, which never would be entertained against any thing or person in this world except a lodging-house cat or a Turkish Commissioner, and would never be entertained at all by any person in this world less gullible or less unscrupulous than a Gladstonian journalist.

Let it be most distinctly understood that we have not the slightest intention of denying that rough treatment may have been in some cases inflicted on the Cretans, or of defending oppression. It is true that there is as yet absolutely no evidence of any outrages; and SHAKIR Pasha's repeated denial is, considering the character and intelligence of the speaker, conclusive, as far as it goes—that is to say, as to any widespread or authorized "atrocities." But it is far too likely that isolated acts of misconduct have occurred, and some respectable, though still vague, testimony seems to show that they have. It would have been very strange indeed if they had not. The unscrupulous eagerness of the Atrocity-mongers to implicate SHAKIR Pasha, and the loathsome hypocrisy which makes the party of Mr. MORLEY and Mr. BRADLAUGH raise the cuckoo cry of persecuted Christianity in regard to Cretan Caravats and Shanavests, no doubt magnify in all cases, and in many cases invent, hardships. But whatever these hardships are (and it is most earnestly to be hoped that the Turkish authorities will take trouble not only to prevent them in future, but to disprove those falsely alleged in the past), it is certain, in the first place, that the Cretans have brought them on themselves, and in the second place, that they are not due to SHAKIR Pasha's orders. A correspondent, writing from the very hotbed of lies—from Athens itself—can find nothing to say against SHAKIR except that he "has apparently determined, if possible, "to arrest all those who were in any way compromised "in the late rising." A plain man would suppose that this was exactly what SHAKIR Pasha ought to do; but Atrocity-mongers are not exactly plain men. It is SHAKIR's duty to bring to justice those who were guilty of the rising, to punish those most guilty with moderation but firmness, to let the rest off with a warning, and to re-establish the SULTAN's authority throughout the island. In doing this it is inevitable that some hardships to innocent persons, and perhaps some excessive punishment to guilty ones, should occur. It is the insurgents' fault that a large force of partly undisciplined and uncivilized troops, commanded by officers no doubt in some cases ignorant and bigoted, has had to be drafted into the island. SHAKIR Pasha cannot be everywhere, and his orders are doubtless sometimes disobeyed where he is not. But he cannot possibly exercise too much vigilance over his subordinates, or explain too clearly to them that any unnecessary violence will play the insurgents' game. Meanwhile the Powers will gladly support him and his master in defeating foreign machinations and in punishing proved offenders by due form of law; and fair allowance will, of course, be made for the incidents of what is practically a state of siege, provoked by those who are suffering from its effects.

OCEAN OXEN.

ANY person under whose eyes come most of the new books that are published would surmise, with little hesitation, that nobody had ever been cured of stammering except by his own efforts, and that everybody who had ever cured himself of stammering had written a book explaining how he did it. It seems that this surmise would not be borne out by the facts. Mr. A. G. BERNARD, a gentleman with some medical qualifications, has published his experiences of that nature (London: J. & A. CHURCHILL), partly because, "so far as the author "knows, there is no reliable manual on the subject." It is terrible to think how many such manuals that are not "re- "liable"—assuming, without prejudice, that anything could be—must be scattered about in unconsidered corners of the world. Anyhow, Mr. BERNARD "for many years stammered "badly himself," and he cured himself by a strict observance of nine rules, which are printed in his book for the benefit of stammering mankind. It is only necessary to add that, in Mr. BERNARD's opinion, when stammering is caused or aggravated by "irregularities in or absence of the teeth," these misfortunes "ought, when possible, to be seen to by "the dentist." The advice is cautious, and might be extended to the general reader without any great harm. One cannot say the same of another piece of advice on the same page, which is that the stammerer should fortify his nervous system by the consumption of "one teaspoonful twice daily, "after meals," of a cheerful mixture of arsenic and strychnine.

Of course Mr. BERNARD begins by explaining how speech is produced. Then he gets on to his rules, which are nine in number, and provide substantially that the patient is to repeat the "exercises" which follow, "slowly, deliberately, "and distinctly, six times," and then learn them by heart, and thereafter go on repeating them to himself, "or some "friend, slowly and distinctly, three or four times a day." It is astonishing what obliging friends some people seem to

have. For general purposes of conversation the main rule is, "Do not attempt to speak unless you know exactly what "you wish to say. Then weigh your words, and utter "them in clear and measured tones." Also two dodges are taught. The first is, if it is absolutely impossible to speak the exercises without stammering, to begin by intoning them; and the other is to avoid difficulties where you can by running the preceding word into the difficult one. Thus, if you cannot manage the p in "cumb'rous "pomp," you go on hissing at the end of "cumb'rous" so as to say "cumb'rous—spomp." Spomp is a pleasant word in itself, besides being easier than pomp; but why "cumb'rous" instead of "cumbrous" does not clearly appear.

The exercises consist half of standard works—or standard dworks—and half of original rhymes. The former are, of course, more or less maimed—for instance, "Gray's Elegy" is relieved of the flower that blushes unseen—but the latter are charming. The patient learns lines like these:—"Dee, "devil, diver, dive, Drain, drivel, driver, drive"; and these:—"Inner, idiot, is. Woe, wither, was. Over, ocean, ox. Honey, "haven, hiss." These are to be learnt by heart; and "then whenever you have a moment's leisure go over them "again, slowly, audibly, and distinctly." Then we get to longer lines, such as "Blowing, blighted, blatant, blot," and "Dirty, daughter, dapple, dose," and eventually cast off the shackles of alliteration, and become vigorously rhythmical, as in "Responsive, harmonious, unwomanly, prance, "Detective, disgusting, disorderly, dance." There is a great deal more of it, and it all appears to be open to the objection of being too nearly sense. How can a stammerer concentrate his attention upon articulation when his mind is distracted by speculation as to whether there is any and what difference between a Dee devil and an Ocean ox? The address to the blot, which might be used by any hasty writer, is simply an essay in expletion, so suggestive of still more violent and unseemly expressions that even persons of the softer-spoken sex could hardly refrain from improving upon it, while the prance and dance of the couplet last quoted can hardly fail to set the ill-regulated mind roving in the footsteps of Councillor Macdougall. Altogether Mr. Bernard's method seems to us too exciting for the patient and too disagreeable for his neighbours, and we cannot unreservedly commend it.

THE STRIKE MANIA.

THE good seed sown by Cardinal Manning and Lord Mayor Whitehead appears to be germinating with the rapidity of good seed—and also, according to the proverb, of ill weeds. The movement for creating Unions among women prospers, and an apt illustration of what follows upon Unions has been given by the gas-stokers' strike at Bristol. It is satisfactory to know that even the wise promoters of the former movement do not for the present propose, as it was falsely reported, to include domestic servants in it. It may be confidently said that, if there is a single class of wage-earners in the world who are as a class in clover, it is the class of female domestic servants in England. Such a thing as a good servant who is for any length of time out of place is practically unknown. Competing mistresses jump at any one who is even a decent cook of the "plainest" description; and no girl of tolerable physique who has learnt to put a dish on the table without hitting the heads of more than two sitters thereat, or to carry a tray of cups and saucers without shedding it on the kitchen-stairs more than once out of six times, has the slightest difficulty in obtaining a situation where everything she can want except dress is provided, and a money payment not very much smaller than that on which some agricultural labourers have to lodge and maintain their wives and families is added. The sole purpose for which a Union is really required among domestic servants is that of a friendly Society to encourage them to economize—with a view to marriage, old age, or sickness—the wages on which they have so little real call, and on which they are probably more extravagant, and more foolishly extravagant, than any other class. The sole result which a Union would, as a matter of fact, be likely to bring about would be, not the material benefiting of the class in any way, but the removal of that little remnant of decent behaviour to their employers which still differentiates them from their sisters in Australia and America. If the Bishop of Bedford had really had any such scheme in view he had better, at the same time that he drew up the rules for his Union, have spent a minute or two on the revision of the Church Catechism.

Meanwhile it is agreeable to turn from theory to practice, and observe the real as distinguished from the paper blessings of strikes. The Bristol gasmen, it seems, in order to obtain an advance of wages, not merely from the not exactly starvation rate of thirty shillings a week, but from the five-and-thirty already offered them, threatened their fellow-citizens with darkness tempered by paraffin. That, according to our modern principles, they had a sacred right to do. But, adopting and bettering Mr. Monro's views as to intimidation, they have gone further, and taken measures in order to stop the importation of persons to supply their places which even Mr. Monro would probably regard as fair subjects for, let us say, a report. They picketed all the railway-stations, the gas-works, and the main roads before they themselves left work. They stoned the first batch of blacklegs. They mobbed the railway-station platforms. They barricaded Bristol Bridge with vehicles. They seem, in some cases, to have carried, if they did not use, firearms. The directors, in admiration of men so well "in touch with "modern thought," have knuckled down. Had they not done so, it would only have remained for Cardinal Manning—or, rather, for the so-called Bishop of Clifton, together with the Mayor of Bristol, and, in a half-hearted kind of way, the Bishop of Gloucester—to bestow blessings, aid, and co-operation upon persons who have so thoroughly demonstrated their understanding of the rights and duties of labour. The inhabitants of Bristol, if their pleasures and business (except in the case of such of them as pursue the employment or vocation of burglary with its kindred crafts) had been hampered by darkness, would have held, of course, that it was the fault of the brutal obstinacy of the directors. And so things will go on, until some day or other one of those relapses of common sense which come (generally assisted by some sharp pinch of experience) to all nations opens the eyes of Englishmen generally to the fact that the aggressive, rampaging striker is a public enemy of the worst kind, and that he must be put down at all costs. If that ever happens, the irony of history warrants the expectation that it will happen when a Radical-Democratic Government is in power.

THE SONGS OF THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

FLETCHER of Saltoun, in one of his early leading articles in the *Daily Telegraph*, made a remark about songs which it is needless to repeat. The London County Council goes further than the Scotch gentleman whose fame depends on a single saying. It wishes to make both the songs and the laws of a people, or, at least, to interfere with both. What the L. C. C. will not have is vulgarity and "excessive kicking," which, it seems, in music-halls accompanies the song. Who is to be the judge of what kicking is excessive? The "blackleg" who is kicked in the higgling of the market may think that excessive which a County Councillor looks on as merely adequate. Yet that very amount of kicking might, by the same Councillor, be thought redundant on the lyric stage. Then as to vulgarity, who is to draw the line? If the public may spend its pence and halfpence on the New Journalism, why not on the new comic song? At that haunt of a doomed but profligate aristocracy, the "Rosemary Branch," Camberwell, a song called "A Way they have in the Navy" is chanted. "Mr. Elliott said that, in the opinion of hon. members" (of the L. C. C.), "it might be considered somewhat suggestive." What an indefinite offence is this! In the opinion of hon. members *Measure for Measure* may be "somewhat sugges-"tive." As Mr. Elliott remarked, in the interests of the "Rosemary Branch," it "was very difficult for a proprietor "to draw the line." It *is* very difficult, and we would venture to suggest a method by which the line may be drawn. Do not let the Councillors go about, like Haroun Alraschids, to spy on the amusements of the people. Let every song be submitted to them in Council before it is sung in public, and let the singer be on oath to give the lyric as it will be given on the stage. Then a majority of the County Council can "draw the line," and save the proprietor from his legitimate anxiety. This æsthetic censorship will occupy the time of the Council harmlessly and in the interests of taste. We certainly have no wish that the people, or any of the minority of the population, should take joy in dull or

dirty songs. Nothing would please us better than if the Council published Mr. BULLEN'S Elizabethan song-books with the music, and restricted music-halls to these when they are not suggestive. The privately-printed volume may be suggestive; we do not ask the Council to insist on "A Dialogue between Castodorus and Arabella." The Council might be more eclectic, might give us "The London "County Council's Book of Songs," and include DIBDIN, when he does not write of MOLL and MEG. "The Lass of "Richmond Hill," as Mr. POLAND said, might be included, and some of BURNS'S, in compliment to the name. "Why "don't they do it?" as the song says—the song of disputed elegance. Mr. HURLEY, of the "Rose and Crown," is quite prepared to give only such songs as the Council really appreciates and recommends. Perhaps the Council might write its own songs, because then vulgarity would be quite out of the question. Lord ROSEBERY might try his hand with a chorus, "Dalmeny, O Dalmeny!" It might advocate Land Nationalization. Mr. BURNS might adapt his namesake's verses to the demands of Labour. Even if the time of mere statesmen is too much occupied, if they cannot write their own songs, they might superintend a kind of County Council Hymnal, licensed to be sung in music-halls. There seems to be no other perfect way in which the County Council can absolutely eradicate vulgarity. Yet is it not a pretty thing to hear them *de vulgaritate* (it will not scan, but it makes excellent sense) *querentes*?

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

IF Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL were only sensible of his advantages and disadvantages, and, being aware of them, did firmly and consistently regulate his conduct in accordance with the knowledge, he would be a happier man, a more fortunate man, and useful to his country beyond anything that he can boast of yet. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN is reported to have said of himself, at a critical juncture in his own affairs as well as the affairs of the United Kingdom, that he had as much personal ambition as anybody. So, no doubt, he thought; but in that case he could hardly have cast an observant eye on Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. There stands one whose personal ambition—which of course may be closely joined to ambitions of a different and a nobler kind—manifestly exceeds that of any other politician of the time. Now personal ambition, if it is to be of much use to its possessor, should be associated with a willingness and a capacity for self-appraisement; and perhaps it is one of the reasons why student-politicians fail so often that they study everything but themselves. Lord RANDOLPH is not the student that Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN is, or Mr. MORLEY, or even as Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE; but he reads, he works, he is capable of grubbing even; and yet he seems never to have turned his attention to the prime inquiry, What is my strength and what are my limitations? If he would only grub a little in that field of inquiry, taking fair account of such advantages as some may call adventitious and the equally real disadvantages that he may consider accidental, a chastened but still abounding ambition might carry him to solid ground at last. It is not too late for that investigation, but neither is it too soon; because those upon whose judgment he depends for success have been at work on the same inquiry for a long time, and he is in some danger that a general capacity for failure may be inferred from what is really misdirected effort and the distraction of unguided energy.

That Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has many qualifications for success is certain; and certain it is, too, that those qualifications are precisely the most serviceable for personal ambition. Other aspirants for a high place in the world may be more fortunate in the charm that radiates on all alike and is denied by few or none. But political power is no longer the gift of coteries; a change which Lord RANDOLPH himself has done more than any single individual to bring about. The only charm that works to much effect nowadays is that which is exerted in speech from public platforms; and it would be difficult to name any new man of the time who is better equipped with that rare and inestimable faculty than Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. True, it has never been properly trained in him. The use of it as a kind of musical instrument he has never achieved with the mastery of some other men of a past or passing day, and it is often marred in his hands by a passion miscalculated and the very reverse of artistic. There it is, however; a great endowment. It is not a small matter that a man with so many subtle platform-attractions should be "my lord." It is more that he should be industrious, if the industry is sometimes heedless; more still that he should be gifted with swift perceptions, instant readiness, great courage, a complete audacity. To two of these qualities he owes his sudden uprising from the low horizon to the zenith of political power a few years ago. He saw that the whole body of rank-and-file Conservatives, together with some who hardly come into that description, were on the brink of revolt against the traditional habit of their leaders to treat the party as a kind of private property, to be directed by subordinate agents from a central office in London. Putting their own interpretation on his cry of Tory Democracy, the party "rose at him" when he lifted that cry with all the courage of his character. That made him; and in itself it was as fortunate a stroke for the party as for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. Into what followed we need not enter. The great success of his life is merely recalled in illustration of qualities which he may yet make serviceable, to his own renown, if he will follow the advice tendered herewith in all becoming modesty. If he had never needed such counsel he would never have fallen into the prodigious errors that confounded and destroyed what was almost a complete dictatorship for the moment, and which he fancied a dictatorship assured and unassailable. Had he known himself then, he would have known that he really is not equal to the direction of every department of State at the same time. Had he searched his bosom for fixed principles, he would have found none that were likely to shine through all the storms that some other weaknesses were likely to bring about him. Moreover, reason and observation would have stept in to inform him that the absence of fixed principles is soon detected where there is no Gladstonian glamour (which is unique) to conceal it, and when detected proves surely if slowly fatal. If these discoveries and deductions had been made at the right time, how much of suicidal error would have been avoided when Lord RANDOLPH was Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons—not to speak of some other mistakes, since committed, which we will set down to the disorders of impatience and irritation!

But, as we have said, "too late" is not yet a word of fatal significance for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL; or so we may reasonably think after reading the speech which he recently delivered at Perth. True, this is not the first time since his out-fling from the Ministry that he has come forward as a steady, sober politician, willing to conform to the doctrines of the true Church; but only to break out again in raging heresy. Some such explosion there was not many weeks ago. That, however, we may pass. It need not be always thus, and at any rate there can be no doubt of one thing: the Perth speech was a very good one. Even those who look upon Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL with suspicion and dislike must acknowledge that (as a friendly commentator put it) the Perth speech displayed, not only loyalty to the cause of the Union, but a considerate and even generous attitude towards the Unionist Government; though of course (and here the friendly commentator is equally right) he did not conceal his belief that he would himself have carried out the policy that has been pursued somewhat differently, and more successfully. True; but we need not mind that much. The speech was a good one and a bold one. Its courage, indeed, was the most remarkable thing about it. Addressing a Scotch audience, not every public speaker, however confident, would have ventured on exemplifying the blessings of the Irish connexion with England by reminding his hearers of the poverty, the debasement, the sheer barbarism that prevailed in Scotland before that country was brought into union with more civilized regions in the South. The venture was not too much, however, for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who scrupled not to scourge the tenderest feeling of human nature—the *amour propre* of the Scotch—in enforcing a significant political illustration. Exception might be taken to its aptitude, no doubt; for one reason, because the Lowland Scotch are not of different blood from the English, as the Irish are, and because the Scotch race has flourished in Ireland under English rule already, while the Irish have not—or not as much by far. However, it was by no means a bad argument in its way; indeed, the speech all through was argument of a steady, sober kind. It has been said that Lord RANDOLPH made it so because the Scotch people like

that mode of address best, being a hard-headed people with a taste for reasoning. Could he not be persuaded to try the same method in England? If it failed to do an English audience as much good as a Scottish one, good to himself it would certainly do. Discipline is the one thing needful for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL; discipline of pride, discipline of temper; the cultivation and ordering of principle; the adjustment of ambition to the particular gifts and capacities at his command, and the withdrawal of it from ground to which they do not extend; and if he would govern his speech generally by the thought, reading, and reasoning which he bestowed on the Scotch the other day, he would help himself somewhat to the discipline and the reforms that are needed to replace him in his lost position in English statesmanship.

LORD DERBY ON EVENING SCHOOLS.

THERE are occasions when the least impassioned form of appeal is the most effective, and it is probable that the case for recreative evening schools has never been put in a manner more calculated to impress the judgment, as distinct from the emotions, in its favour than the manner adopted by Lord DERBY the other night at Manchester. Of the "three separate, but not uncon-"nected objects, which the promoters of these classes "have in view," Lord DERBY insisted most, and very wisely so, on the third—for it is the third which is really responsible for the schools' descriptive prefix—and, as their advocate frankly admitted, it is this prefix which is calculated to give pause to the judicious. If merely to provide amusement, even harmless amusement, had been the object of this movement, "I should," he said, "have "wished it well; but I think you would not have seen me "on this platform." We have rather too much amusement in these days. "It seems to be thought that nobody can "possibly be expected to do what is wearisome, and that to "be entertained is one of the first necessities of life." "Personally," added Lord DERBY, "I do not see things in "that way." Nor do we. And it is for that reason that any mere attempt to gild the pill of education has to be called upon to give a strict account of itself. Now its account of itself as regards the first two out of the three objects specified by Lord DERBY is not altogether satisfactory. The evening school which is to "help in the extension of technical instruction" may only too probably turn out to afford a doubtful assistance to a project of which the merits are themselves not free from doubt. Again, the evening school which is to "help young "men who have a turn for culture, whether scientific, "literary, or artistic, to develop their faculties," is an institution which, if it is to contribute to that object at all, ought, in these days at any rate, certainly not to be "recreative." If, or in so far as, the evening school is conducted on the culture-made-easy principle, it will be about one of the worst places to which a boy who has left school with "a turn for culture, whether scientific, literary, or "artistic," could betake himself of evenings. The best thing such a boy can do—in fact, the only thing he can do to discover how much the "turn" aforesaid is really worth, and whether his ambition is or is not a mere "Will-o'-the-"Wisp" luring him fatally aside from his true vocation in life—is to test himself by the old-fashioned methods of hard private study and patient private trial and practice of his own "scientific, literary, or artistic" powers. To go anywhere for the avoidance of the "wearisome," to seek the combination of "amusement and instruction," is for this class of youth, at any rate, to set foot in a snare.

In fact, the pertinent question "Why recreative?" can only be said to answer itself at all in the case of the third object which the evening school proposes to itself; and in that case the answer is, we think, sufficient. This last of its functions is, as Lord DERBY describes it, "to help boys "of the ordinary sort—not exceptionally bright or ex-"ceptionally studious, but boys with a good deal of human "nature in them—to find some decent, harmless, and plea-"sant occupation for the hours which are not taken up by "work, and which, in the absence of such occupation, will "almost certainly be wasted in idleness, and very probably "wasted in mischief." Considered from the point of view of this function, it is, of course, evident that the evening school may be as "recreative" as you please; and, indeed, that it must be recreative enough to please the boys, or they will not come to it. How their scholastic recreation is to be made compatible with the maintenance of that amount of serious study which could alone make the school serviceable to the "extension of technical "instruction," or to the needs of the young man with the turn for culture, scientific, literary, or artistic, is obviously a problem not easy to be solved; but it is certainly not for us to pronounce it insoluble. Inasmuch, too, as we have no overwhelmingly strong faith in the utility of the evening schools for these two last-mentioned purposes, we are the less concerned to dwell upon that part of the subject. There can be no doubt that "What to do with "our boys in the evenings" is, as Lord DERBY says, a grave question in all classes of life, and one which deepens in gravity as you descend the social scale. And we are certainly disposed to hold that an evening school which did no more than compete successfully—even if it sought the, perhaps illicit, aids of draughts and bagatelle—with the gas-lit streets and the refreshment-bars would justify its existence more fully than many a more ambitious institution.

MORE POLICE MAGISTRATES.

IT is not many weeks since the contents-bills of some of the less scrupulous evening newspapers bore the legend, "Loss of a Magistrate," and it was made known to the world that a police-magistrate who had left his home for the purpose of attending at a police-court, in the place of one of his colleagues, had not since been heard of. The public anxiety was on this occasion quickly appeased; for before long the missing gentleman appeared, and explained that he was not to blame for the confusion which had arisen. More recently similar troubles have occurred. A magistrate is requested to take some other magistrate's duty. Not being a bird, and having had his own work to do first, he arrives late. Then, we are told, "only the night charges could be "taken. All the summonses had to be adjourned, and "many of those having business at the court stated that, in "consequence of the delay, they would lose their situations. "Solicitors, doctors, and other professional men have also "had to go away without being able to transact their "business, and insane patients have been kept for hours in "a cab in the prisonyard waiting for a magistrate's sanction "to effect their removal to an asylum."

All this is much to be deplored, and the cause of the evil and its remedy are alike obvious to any one who has any acquaintance with the circumstances. The moving statement about persons who said they would lose their situations may be a romantic touch, or the persons who said so may have been of unnecessarily despondent temperaments; but the idea of a melancholy row of lunatics in four-wheelers waiting to be locked up ought to melt the hardest and most officially hide-bound hearts. The truth is that there are by no means enough metropolitan magistrates. Since the establishment of the present system there has been an increase in their number of about four; while the population for whose needs their services are required has perhaps doubled, and all manner of new duties have been put upon them, some of them of a complicated and arduous kind. They are, on the whole, a hard-worked body of men, and to expect them to do efficiently both their own work and that of any of their colleagues who may be accidentally prevented from attending their courts is unreasonable. As there is rather more than work enough for them all, no margin is left for accident, and the consequence is that the whole machine is thrown out of gear whenever anything unexpected occurs. Not only is one day's magisterial work enough for one magistrate, but when he has to do two, a large fraction of the available time is spent in going from one court to another, as the distances between them are in almost every case considerable. Experiences such as those recorded above show clearly that the existing staff ought to be increased sufficiently to make it practically certain that a magistrate will always be able to attend wherever and whenever a court is appointed to sit. It is to be hoped that the attention of the Home Office will be given to the matter before the meeting of Parliament.

"THE LUCK OF CONYBEARE."

MR. CONYBEARE is to be congratulated on the unbroken run of luck which he has lately had. His obtaining the advertisement of a conviction and sentence under the Crimes Act was not, of course, altogether a

"fluke." He played for it, in a certain sense; but those who remember the circumstances of his offence and the proceedings against him will recollect that he only just "brought it off." It was, in fact, so near a thing that some malicious people professed to suspect him of having intended to keep on the windward side of the law, and to win the honours of the agitator without having to undergo the discomfort of the martyr. This, however, we believe to be a calumny, and we entirely acquit Mr. CONYBEARE of having got himself imprisoned only by pure accident, and against his own wishes or preference on that behalf. Still, as we have said, there was undoubtedly an element of luck about his conviction and imprisonment, and the same vein of good fortune has attended him ever since. No sooner, for instance, is he out of prison than he gets an opportunity, although Parliament is not sitting, of making a wholly gratuitous and unprovoked display of rowdyism in a public assembly. He has been able to give the London School Board a taste—and the first taste—of his House of Commons quality; he has been as rude to the Chairman as he would always be if he dared, or as he is when he can be with safety, to the Speaker; he was able to pose as the champion of a violated right, challenging abashed official Tyranny to remove him by force; and to actually taste the delight of having the hand of a sort of inferior Serjeant-at-Arms "laid on him" by the School Board messenger. We might be in full Parliamentary Session instead of in the dead unhappy recess. No "Scene in the House," we can fancy Mr. CONYBEARE reflecting with a thrill of proud satisfaction, could give him a finer column in Friday's newspaper:—

> Mr. Conybeare then shouted, "You will best preserve the dignity of the Board by acting legally." (Cries of "Order.") "If you want to get rid of me by force — " —cries of "Order" and "Chair" and other remarks drowned the rest of Mr. Conybeare's words, but the purport of them was to the effect that he would not go, that he would insist on speaking as a member.
>
> The Chairman said he did not want to force Mr. Conybeare out of the room. The force he should use would not be such as to bring about a personal conflict.
>
> Mr. Conybeare said he was there by right, and should speak.
>
> The Chairman then asked Mr. Conybeare to retire. This he refused to do, and persisted in speaking.
>
> The Chairman then directed the messenger to lay his hand on Mr. Conybeare with a view to removing him, and this was done. . . . Mr. Conybeare again entered his protest, and made some declaration about taking proceedings against the messenger.

What magnificent "copy"! Especially the scene with the messenger, whom Mr CONYBEARE, unheard amid the uproar, was probably addressing in these historic words:—"Go, Monsieur, tell him who sent you [the Rev. J. R. "DIGGLE] that I am here by the will of the People, and "that nothing but the force of bayonets [or of circum-"stances] shall send me hence."

Would it have been possible, one wonders, for the School Board by any line of action to have deprived Mr. CONYBEARE of the opportunity for self-display which he has so splendidly utilized? Because there are some people of so oppressive a temper as to desire—quite in the spirit of the Balfourian prison rule—to deprive Mr. CONYBEARE of all such opportunities; which, since they are meat and drink to him, is cruel in the extreme. We are not sure, however, whether, even if these tyrannical considerations could have influenced the minds of the School Board and its Chairman, there would have been any way of giving practical effect to them. The Board clearly could not help taking legal opinion on the question whether Mr. CONYBEARE'S conviction and imprisonment had vacated his seat. Nor, when they received Mr. POLAND'S unhesitating opinion in the affirmative, could they escape the duty of acting on it. At the same time, they afforded Mr. CONYBEARE ample facilities for raising the question in a law-court. All they could do, in short, to deprive him of any reasonable, any decent excuse for "making a scene" at the Board they did. But deprive him of the power of making such a scene they could not. They did their utmost in putting him in a position in which any man with the slightest pretension to good sense, good feeling, or good manners would have behaved himself quietly. And to say that is to explain all that followed.

EDESSA TO ALEPPO.

A SHORT five-hours' march from the khan at the edge of the Mesopotamian desert brings the traveller to the gates of Edessa with the first beams of the morning sun. Leaving the caravan outside the walls, he rides through the narrow alleys of the town in search of a khan where we may rest for the day. The Zaptiehs, rich in the possession of a few pieces of silver, go off to revel in the unbounded delights of the bazar. The narrow, tortuous lanes that wind between the grim walls of the houses are roughly paved with large, uneven flags, and down the centre of each alley runs an open drain. The horses flounder on the slippery stones and splash through the black, liquid abomination that oozes through the open channels. There is the usual inquisitive crowd in the bazar, lounging, smoking, and drinking coffee, and the strangers are bidden to go hither and thither, but find the khans full of native traffickers and travellers, with all their beasts and belongings about them. Returning hot and weary, they find the muleteer has picketed the animals in the ruinous courtyard of a khan outside the gates, where they are glad to share with the mules and horses the shelter, at least, of four walls and comparative privacy.

So this is Edessa—Edessa of the Romans, Callirrhoë of the Greeks, Urfa of the Turks—which only seems to live in the records of its stormy history and hides the forgotten splendour of its name under the squalid obscurity of a fifth-rate Turkish provincial town. Syrian and Persian, Roman and Greek, Crusader and Saracen have ruled it in turn; they have vanished from the scene and the Osmanli remains in possession, the political spendthrift of a ruined inheritance. The crumbling ruins of the noble old castle that overhangs the town will continue to crumble, the encroaching desert will continue to advance and beleaguer the useless walls, poverty like an armed man will continue to despoil a poverty-stricken race. And to the end of the chapter the Turk will continue to utter his futile "Inshallah" as long as it is the will of Heaven that these long-suffering lands shall bear the punishment doubtless of their sins; for in all human seeming no help or remedy is destined to come from any wit or wisdom or greed or philanthropy of civilized man. *When* will that much-talked-of Euphrates Valley Railway be laid?

The landlord or lessee of this Asiatic hostelry, with its somewhat mixed accommodation for man and beast, is (or was) an Armenian. As a rule, one would rather not in Turkey have transactions of a pecuniary nature with individuals of this oppressed and downtrodden "subject race." If his master, the Osmanli, insists on governing him after the fashion of the laws of the land, without fear and without favour, he is apt with an Englishman to remember it in the bill. It is somehow the duty of the Englishman to take the Turk by the throat and make him drop the Armenian, while all the other Armenians look on and applaud at a safe distance from the scrimmage. Meanwhile, our fellow-Christian, the Armenian, if a little lacking in loyalty to the laws that protect him, or in a manly resolution to fight his own battles, has wits—where gain may be got. The odds in Turkey are one Greek to two Jews, one Armenian to two Greeks, which makes one Armenian = four Jews. In a remote part of Asiatic Turkey dwelt once a noble old Arab of ancient lineage and reputed wealth. One need not detail here how it all came about; but this gentlemanlike old Hajji, together with a venerable Jewish Rabbi, came to fill the principal characters in a little drama or tragedy in which the poor old Hajji was made to bear the buffets of an undeserved and outrageous fortune which bowed his upright, manly form with sorrow and disgrace. The Rabbi, hardly more fortunate, came damaged (not in sanctity, but in that more worldly reputation which is the breath of the nostrils to all his tribe) out of the closing act where Shakspeare's Moor and Jew of Venice seem to have become inextricably mixed up in the course of a revival which brought them on the scene in remote Asia. The Iago of the piece (a certain Hagob, aptly named!) was an Armenian; the scene, unshifted from the rising of the curtain to its fall, a deserted stable at night; and Iago's weapon was the throw of the dice, on which were staked the money and the reputation of an infatuated Arab and a wily Jew, and Iago won. Which is a parable, whereby we may perceive that, on their own ground, Iago is still more than a match for the Moor and the Jew; and that in Turkey, if he complains of kicks, he knows how to make sure of the halfpence.

The Armenians, on the borders of their own land, form a considerable part of the population of Urfa, where, under the same laws as the Turk, they manage to "live and thrive," following, unhindered, the petty trades they most delight in, and not seldom, by dint of speculation and thrift, accumulating the wealth which they may enjoy unmolested—so long, indeed, as they do not too openly plot against the Government under whose protection they have acquired it. The Armenian church, the day being Sunday, had the merest sprinkling of worshippers, who squatted or lounged on the carpeted floor, and listened or not, as the case might be, to the crowd of black-robed priests and surpliced men and boys inside the "sanctuary" chanting in a vociferous and irregular manner. The large and handsome "Protestant" place of worship was better filled by an apparently devout congregation. An Armenian layman, in European frock-coat, was preaching fluently and lengthily in his own tongue, to the apparent edification of his attentive audience. How this Presbyterian place of worship comes to be known in Urfa as the "English Church" is quite unexplained; unless the American missionaries, to whose labours it owes its existence, are able to reconcile the anomaly. Threading the steep and narrow alleys that lead to one or other of the gaps in the ruinous wall north of the town, we emerge on the rough and precipitous hill-side, dotted with innumerable white graves. Where the tall black cypresses cast their lengthening shadows little groups of natives, chiefly Armenians, sit and smoke in placid enjoyment of the evening air, not, perhaps, particularly

struck with the scene which the English stranger finds so charming, the sight of the picturesque town spread out below. A jumble of ruined walls, of flat-roofed houses, of graceful minarets, of white or painted domes; the ruined walls of the old citadel glowing a rich crimson brown in the rays of the setting sun; dark groves of cypresses overtopping the walls of many a secluded and shady garden, where Moslem women and children may stroll secure from every prying eye; the low range of barren hills stretching away to the left, and away beyond the green and patchy circle of cultivation the open desert to the south receding in a pearly haze, deepening into rosy pink, with the crimson glory spreading from the west. Let us return to our Armenian host before the short twilight closes. A stranger in foreign garb might meet with adventures (if in quest of them) in those obscure and winding alleys after dark.

Skirting the walls of the town, along the edge of the deep and precipitous moat, over the rocky bottom of which rushes the little rivulet that issues from the famed fountains of Edessa, with their sacred fish, which gave to the town its Greek name of Callirrhoë, or "the Beautiful Waters," the road to the west ascends over stony and desolate heights, until, after seven hours' weary and difficult riding, a halt is called where two rock-hewn reservoirs on the sloping side of a rocky hill furnish a welcome supply of cool and discoloured water. The cool shadow of the rocky walls of a reservoir offers a grateful refuge from the burning mid-day heat, and a two hours' leisurely ride in the evening brings us to the Kurdish village of Char Malik, where neither for love nor money will the churlish villagers give food or fodder to man or beast. In the early morning hours, with the inhospitable race of boors a good seven hours behind, the travellers behold from the summit of a rocky gorge the old Euphrates shining through the haze far below. The naked limestone ridges, descending in sharp precipitous declivities to the river-bed, shine white and glistening, as though overlaid with a mantle of newly-fallen snow. Two hours' patient and weary toiling downwards through deep and dusty valleys winding among broken ridges and fantastic cones, and Biradjik, the picturesque old town at the ford of the Euphrates, is reached at last. The steep chalk cliffs rise almost sheer from the river, terrace upon terrace. The walls of the ancient town clamber over the rocks, on the crown of which, seen from below, their crenellated outline, broken by frequent towers, stands out bold and sharp against the sky. These are the "muris sinuosis et cornutis" of Ammianus. In the sides of the cliffs and away up on the precipitous ledges the soft, white stone is pierced with numerous and spacious caves, some of them the abodes of man, others used as stables for horses and cattle, and others vast and empty—quarries, probably, from time immemorial, whence the stone has been excavated for castle and houses that crowd every available spot within the walls. The khan, where strangers and pilgrims may find a fairly comfortable shelter, is built against the entrance of one of these vast and gloomy caverns, which is large enough to house a little army, with beasts and baggage to boot. Biradjik, a bustling little place, where caravans assemble to cross the ford, is the Birtha or Virtha of the Roman itineraries, also the old Apamea of the Euphrates, and by ancient historians has been misnamed Zeugma "at the pass of the Euphrates." It was the seat of a bishopric under the Christian patriarchate of Edessa. Baldwin, Count of Flanders, held it with his crusaders to keep communication between his principality of Edessa and Antioch, but Saladin speedily recovered it for Islam about 1180. Towering at the height of a hundred feet above the town rises the square keep of the castle from its broad platform, reached from below by a subterranean passage.

One must wait for daylight to cross the river, for the ferry-boats will not ply before sunrise. Under a gloomy archway beneath a favourite coffee-house, hard by the embattled walls that skirt the water's edge, the two huge boats lay moored in the rushing stream. Camels and asses, horses and cattle, men, women, and children, crowd or clamber into the unwieldy "Saffinas," the brawny boatmen bend to the long and ponderous poles, and, with much shouting and strenuous labour, the deeply-laden boat is swung round to the current, the boatmen strain every nerve at the labouring oar, the boat shoots obliquely across the rapid current, and it is half an hour before the further shore is gained a mile below the starting-place on the other side. Now one may turn for a last look at the beautiful old town cresting the craggy heights above the broad expanse of the river. Above the tiers of domes and flat-roofed dwellings and climbing walls, dark arches and embattled towers, the rocky gorges in the background are clad with groves and gardens, the dark-green vegetation standing clear and cool against the white and burning cliffs. The noble river in front adds the charm of its mirroring expanse to a scene which, for picturesque details, is hardly matched in the memory of long years of travel in many lands.

The solitude of the rolling plains, broken by rare and distant caravans, is enlivened to-day by the long and straggling procession of the retinue of a Turkish Pasha going to take possession of the governorship of Edessa. Scribes and secretaries, slaves and domestics pass in straggling groups, and those closely-curtained and closely-guarded mule palanquins hide the charms, no doubt, of the fair inmates of his Excellency's harem. The Pasha himself, surrounded by a well-appointed and well-mounted escort of Turkish troops, courteously returns the Englishman's salutation, and then sends a good-looking officer of cavalry to make inquiries and the offer of his services—if he can have the honour to be of any assistance to the English stranger travelling under the protection of his master the Sultan? The mid-day halt is by a Kurdish village again, where the traveller and his men are hospitably allowed to draw water from the village well; but that is all in the way of supplies that can be had from the villagers, and we are perforce content. The night, again, alas! must be passed at a village of Kurds further on, and the same reception awaits the strangers. Woe betide the wayfarer who must depend for his supplies on boors such as these, whom money cannot tempt to be hospitable! The writer has travelled through the wildest regions of Kurdistan, and has had to live on bread made of a mixture of millet and chopped straw. It was the food of the natives, and what they had to spare money could purchase. But what had come to brutalize the boorish nature of these Kurdish peasants, living amidst a surrounding Christian population, that neither for gold nor favour would they spare a crust to a Christian stranger, if but to save him from starvation? May be the Armenians among whom they dwell could solve the problem. One long day's journey on the morrow—a repetition of the toil and monotony of the preceding day. A halt, after dark, on the reedy banks of the Kuweik, the Chalus of Xenophon, where fleas and all manner of creeping abominations will make the unlucky traveller whose lot it is to camp in the open on such a spot yearn with a fervent longing for the steaming and cleansing Hammam that awaits him on the morrow. For on the morrow comes Aleppo and civilization. Six hours more in the saddle and the fragrant orchards of Aleppo begin to cast their welcome shade over the path. Then on through the city of the dead that encircles every Oriental city—Christian graves on the right, Mussulman tombs on the left, the hostile faiths divided in death as in life—then through the well-built and handsome Christian suburb of Al Jadeidah, and the travellers ride under the archway of the Bab-ul-Faraj into the clean and well-paved streets of the city of the living, into the welcome bustle and life of the crowded bazaars. "In crowded mart and busy street" where men mingle and human life is throbbing and surging, they may forget for a while the long and lonely hours in the fearsome and bandit-haunted desert. The lonely solitude of the long march is over. First, to seek a khan where we may unload and house the uncomplaining beasts that have been our companions for many a long day and night; and then the nearest Hammam, where the attendant demon may scrub and belabour and shampoo our weary limbs to his heart's content, and wash off with a foaming ocean of soap the stains of travel.

KEW.

II.

NEARLY ten years ago Mr. Thiselton Dyer read an essay upon "The Botanical Enterprise of the Empire" before the Royal Colonial Institute, which necessarily resolved itself into a broad and luminous survey of the operations directed from Kew. At the outset he laid down a principle:—"We make it a special point to grow every plant which is known to have any useful application, and these we yearly distribute, as they are wanted, to the different Indian and colonial gardens with which we are in correspondence." This would be a grand programme even if it comprised the whole work undertaken by the department. From time to time the authorities publish a list of new plants, which at this present date seem to average five hundred to six hundred per quarter, including those renamed for scientific purposes. From time to time, again, they publish a list of the seeds matured in the Royal Gardens, which are exchanged, on application, with all regular correspondents. Taking the first of such detailed statements as comes to hand, we remark that it occupies forty-two pages of the Bulletin, with eighty to a hundred names upon the page—say, four thousand species. This magazine of seeds is collected, nominally, for the benefit of institutions which may be able, at some time, to return the favour on a small scale; but in practice it is open to all who show that their application is made with a serious purpose. The same rule holds good with plants. No one is sent empty away from Kew if he have due license to beg, and many curious requests are made sometimes. The object constantly held in view is to multiply and enlarge the means of livelihood—in this country and its colonies first, then over all the world. Kew is not a pleasure garden for those who direct it, but an institution of practical philanthropy. They, indeed, seem to be permeated with a sense of their responsibility. In his striking review of "Some Botanical Statistics of the British Possessions," Mr. Baker insists upon this point beyond all others. The population of the globe is increasing daily. In these islands, at least, it has far outrun the means of support. How, he asks, are the millions of the future to be supplied with food and clothing? The authorities of Kew believe that the problem falls specially within their department. They welcome every vegetable product which is reported to have qualities that will serve the great purpose, whether directly as an article of food or indirectly as a medicine, a convenience, or a substance useful in manufactures. They are glad to receive any specimens of the kind, to report upon them, or to obtain the report of trustworthy experts. And we may add that their readiness to oblige in this way is very well known to those who can take advantage of it—too well known, as they think sometimes. When colonists and travellers write from the other side

of the world putting questions which could be perfectly well answered at the local Botanic Gardens, it is somewhat trying to the temper of hard-worked officials. But all genuine inquiries receive attention. Debate has been gravely held, opinions even have been formed and reported, "On Her Majesty's Service," upon such matters as a South African cane which some gentleman in those distant parts thought adapted for fishing-rods; upon the value of West African palm-kernels as material for coat buttons; upon a pithy stem which the government of a West Indian island believed suitable for razor strops.

It is the distracting variety of interests and functions which makes it difficult to keep such a steady eye on the operations of Kew as enables one to deal with them in a short article. The authorized list of those operations will show how vast is the field, perpetually interrupted by curious incidents, large or small, which draw one's attention away. In the first place, officially, stand the botanic interests—to study new plants, and class them. Next, where plants are wanted for cultivation, which cannot readily be obtained in the market, or which the service of the public demands, the Royal Gardens will supply them, if possible. Where diseases, vegetable or animal or insect pests, threaten the local plantations, Kew will look into the matter, and consult with experts at home. This is a very important function. The white fly, which has done such mischief to the coffee-trees of the West Indies, and the still more deadly *Hemileia* of the East; the Borer which attacks the sugar-cane in Demerara, and the Rust which cripples it in Queensland; the Fluted Scale, the Cushion Scale, the coco-nut beetle, the Phylloxera, and many more have received close attention, and the best methods of dealing with them have been communicated to those whom it concerns. Kew is ready also to report and to obtain advice upon new industries which those upon the spot suggest. Furthermore, it keeps an eye on all institutions of the same class throughout the Empire. Dr. Lindley's ideal has not taken shape in the form he understood, nor is it to be desired, seeing how overworked are the officials already, that "all minor establishments of the same nature should be under the control of the chief of Kew." At this present day the notion seems grotesque. But the object which Dr. Lindley proposed to gain by his centralized system is achieved. Such minor establishments do "act in concert" with the great model at home, "and through it with one another." They "report constantly their proceedings, explain their wants, receive their supplies, and aid the mother-country in everything that is useful." Not only they, indeed, but foreign institutions do all this, occasionally. Further still, governors of the smaller colonies which have not yet a Botanic Garden of their own keep up a brisk and interesting correspondence. They describe with spirit perhaps the melancholy purlieus of their official residence, where a young alligator has been habitually wallowing; they detail the *personnel* of their gardening staff, two ancient soldiers pensioned off twenty years ago upon the ground of old age and debility; they tell with pleasing garrulity how the seeds flourish—too often how they die by inches. And, besides all this, there is the scientific work, in which every member of the staff has his part; the thoughtful study, the laborious research, the endless, though delightful, task of building bit by bit, from day to day, that structure of recorded learning which will be the monument of Kew.

Amidst this orderly confusion of detail it seems best to follow certain paths which may be described as beaten. If we trace an operation here or there from the beginning to the point it has yet attained, that will give a reader some distinct impression of the system. The story of the cinchona plantations is a good instance. Some forty years ago both the English and the Dutch authorities in the East took alarm at the growing price of quinine. They made inquiries in Peru, and the information received by no means lightened their anxiety. The forests of cinchona were disappearing at such a rate that in no long time, unless a remedy were found, quinine must cease to be a staple export. In 1852 the Governor-General proposed to make plantations in India, but the Dutch first carried out this excellent scheme. They imported a great number of seeds and seedlings in 1855, and successfully "established" them, at a heavy cost, in Java. But the march thus stolen proved disastrous. We may be allowed to think that it was because they had no Kew to advise them that the Dutch chose *C. Pahudiana*, a species hardly worth growing; those plantations have been long since uprooted. For some years the English Government confined itself to importing seeds and plants, which died on the passage to India. This was evidently futile, and Sir William Hooker urged a systematic course of procedure. Mr. Clements Markham had lately been exploring Peru in the interests of archæology, and in 1859 he went back with a commission from the Government to collect seeds and young trees. The narrative of his adventures, troubles, and triumphs is published. He received the best aid and advice from Kew, but the active participation of the establishment began when Mr. Markham returned with his precious stores. They were received at the Gardens, nursed, and transmitted to India in such admirable condition that the loss was trifling. It is hardly needful to recite the public advantages which have followed. In the plantations of Bengal, laid out and managed by officers recommended by Sir William Hooker, there were about five million trees, at the date of the latest Report, which, including the expense of the manufactory attached, have cost about 100,000*l*. This sum returns five per cent. interest from the sale of quinine, besides the saving effected in the hospitals and the medical service, which represents at least ten per cent. in addition. Having thus provided for India, Kew began forthwith to distribute cinchona-trees all over the world where there was a chance of successful cultivation. Government had no share in its introduction to Ceylon—where the plantations are only inferior to those of Bengal—to Jamaica, where the sales of bark exceed 5,000*l*. a year, to St. Helena, Trinidad, Mauritius, Cape of Good Hope, Queensland, and settlements beyond counting on a small scale. The actual output of the manufacture in "febrifuge" up to 1880 was 87,704 lbs., which, taking quinine at an average value of 8*s*. 4½*d*. per oz., would represent 587,616*l*.—so much saved to the Empire, besides the profit of sales.

Another instance is that of Liberian coffee. Some twenty years ago the coffee plantations of the East Indies were threatened with ruin by a fungoid pest, *Hemileia vastatrix*; while those of the West Indies were suffering as severely from the white fly, *Cemiostoma coffeellum*. The authorities at Kew heard of a new species, native of the Upper and Lower Guinea, which there was reason to think would withstand the attacks of both. Accordingly, they urged their correspondents to forward seed, and in 1872 the novelty was established in the Royal Gardens. Liberian coffee, as it is called, has advantages beyond that of resisting the fungus and the fly. Inhabiting the low hills of West Africa, it will thrive in situations hot and moist where the Arabian variety is unable even to live. Plants have been distributed from Kew over a great portion of the earth's surface. They are now cultivated on a larger or smaller scale at Dominica, Martinique, Guadeloupe, Jamaica, St. Kitt's, and Trinidad; on the Nilghirris; in Queensland, Mauritius, the Seychelles, the Bahamas, Bangalore, Bermuda, Calcutta, Ceylon, Java, Madras, Montserrat, Natal, New Granada, Rio de Janeiro—but this list is long enough. Nowhere, however, has it become the general crop, though fulfilling every promise, and of late the indefatigable inquirers at Kew have looked into this mystery. Explanations will be found in the Bulletin of November last; since the subject has interest for so many, we may observe in brief that the treatment proper for the Arabian berry, after gathering, is not suited to the Liberian, radically different in its pulp. The last illustration we choose is ipecacuanha, which belongs to a different class. Cinchona itself is hardly a greater blessing to mankind, and the importance of securing a native supply has been constantly urged upon the Government of India. But few plants refuse so absolutely to exist under conditions which are not just what they like. In 1866 Sir Joseph Hooker forwarded a specimen to the Botanical Gardens at Calcutta, which died promptly. Three more were sent next year, to a like doom; but some thirty-three cuttings had been taken. The India Office now bestirred itself, and two fine plants were despatched from Kew at its instance in 1869. Six months later they were dead. Then the struggle began in earnest. Dr. Anderson, of the Botanical Gardens, Calcutta, sought ipecacuanha in every direction, whilst the staff at Kew busied itself in propagating and establishing all that could be found. When these reached India the stock there had dwindled to twelve. But new methods of propagation had been discovered by leaf and rhizome, the new arrivals were healthy, and in 1875 Dr. King triumphantly reported that he had more than 100,000 nice young plants. A year later roots were dried, the drug extracted, and positively administered, with the happiest results. Surely all must be well now, thought the anxious Government. By no means. In 1886 the strain received from Kew direct alone survived, less than five per cent.; worse still, the bushes grow so slowly that all hope of successful cultivation has been abandoned long ago. This result, however, was not thought very surprising at the Royal Gardens. Plants had been sent out to Singapore in 1875 with much more lively confidence, and there perseverance found its reward. Ipecacuanha is established in the Old World at last, and the authorities of Kew may be trusted to diffuse the cultivation.

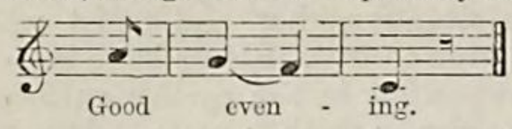
"MUSIC HATH CHARMS ——."

IN view of recent perturbations of the public mind, a humble contribution to the efforts that have been made to solve the problem of causing schoolboys to be happy and good can hardly be out of place. Of the harsh methods of coercion and compulsory games enough has been said, for and against; it is a more artful and conciliatory method of stimulating the youthful mind and keeping the idle boy out of mischief that shall here be recommended. Be it known, therefore, that there is a series of books, apparently of American devising, called the International Education Series, and that a certain volume in this series is entitled *The Education of Man* (New York: Appleton), and that the author of it was Friedrich Froebel, now with the saints. The sixth chapter of that work contains a section marked D, and the name of that section is "Memorizing of Short Poetical Representations of Nature and Life, Particularly for Purposes of Song." In that section a device is recommended which appears likely to solve the difficulty of compulsion by removing the necessity for it. Its general adoption could hardly fail to produce a race of schoolboys, all of whose leisure would be so cheerfully and profitably spent that no question of any kind could possibly arise about it.

The following are the main principles underlying the treatment. "Soon after the first dawn of the consciousness of self" there is "aroused in man the longing to understand life and language of the external world, particularly of nature." Man may then observe that "The seasons come and go as regularly as the times of day; Spring, with its tide of new growth and wealth of blossoms, fills man (even in boyhood) with gladness and new life; . . . [we are told nothing about the effects of Summer]. Autumn, with its falling brilliant and fragrant leaves, fills man (even as boy) with a sense of longing and hope. And rigid but clear and steady winter awakens courage and vigour." "All these things are presentiments of later life," and it is, therefore, of much importance that they, as well as "the relation between man and man," should be impressed on the youthful mind, "though rather more indirectly and by reflection than directly in argument and precept. The direct precept fetters, hinders, represses," while "The indirect suggestion—*e.g.* in the mirror of a song without moralizing applications—gives to the soul and will of the boy inner freedom." And this is how it is done.

Suppose a class of boys assembled for instruction:—

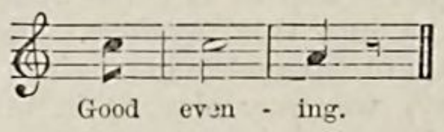
In proper order they await the beginning of the instruction, of the *lesson*, as they call it. The teacher had been called away in the afternoon; it is evening. He enters, and greets them repeatedly in song:



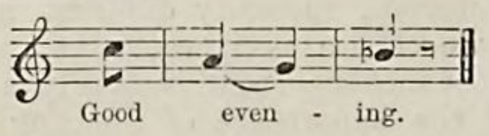
This song-greeting comes unexpectedly so near their inner life that it fills them with pleasure, joy, and merriment.

They accordingly answer variously, some in plain speech, while a few say, in a more singing tone, "Good evening."

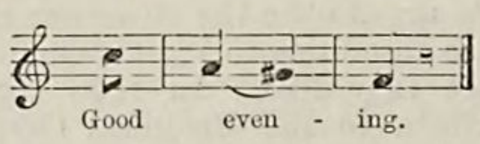
These the teacher now addresses particularly, saying, "Sing the 'Good evening' to me." Softly one sings,



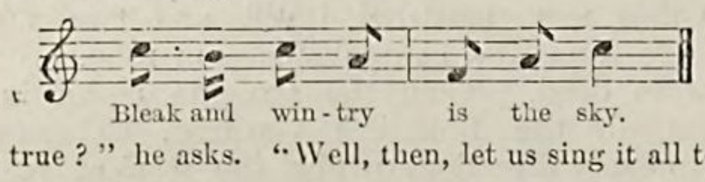
A second one, full of merriment,



A third,

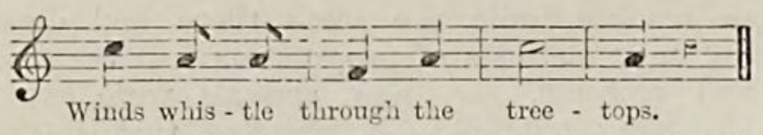


The teacher then continues recitatively, as it were:



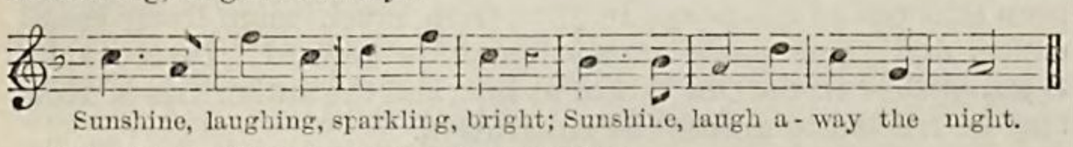
"Is this true?" he asks. "Well, then, let us sing it all together."

Again he continues:



"Is this, also, true? Well, then, let us sing this together." Then one who feels and can express the truth of these words most fully, sings it alone.

Then "the instruction proceeds in antiphonic song," until at last, a lively boy, having sung the same thing again and again, asks: "May we not soon have a song about the sunshine?" This question expresses the boy's inner wish that the sun might shine again after the long-continued rain and fog and blustering wind. The teacher, responding to this feeling, sings to the boy:



Full of joy, all the boys repeat it together.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

THE second exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society was opened in the New Gallery in Regent Street on Monday. The number of objects shown is large, and many of them are so minute as to be easily overlooked. Yet there is no mistaking the general aspect. Amateur work is everywhere present, and not always good amateur work. Of course, as has been often pointed out, it is to the amateur that we must look for originality and "new departures." Here, especially in bookbinding and in furniture, we have too much attempt to outstep the limits of the conventional, and to mistake mere eccentricity for originality. Coupled with failures of this kind we have, of course, many others which result from trying to do too much in a stubborn material or with deficient appliances. The dominant idea of the promoters of the exhibition has been to depreciate what may be called "shop-work," and to appreciate individuality. As a tendency this may not be altogether unwholesome; but there are many arts in which the repetition and similarity here discouraged are absolutely necessary; and it is satisfactory to observe among the preliminary essays in the Catalogue a short treatise by Mr. Lethaby on "Cast Iron." He lays down some excellent rules for its use, and shows very successfully that it is very capable of artistic treatment, while he praises such work as the well-known iron fire-backs, still to be met with in the southern counties of England, and the iron railings, like those of St. Paul's, which were cast in Sussex. To many people it will be new to hear that the little lions on the outer rail at the British Museum "are by the late Alfred Stevens, and are thoroughly iron beasts, so slightly modelled that they would be only blocked out for bronze." Mr. Lethaby is certainly right in saying that they "are proof of how sufficient feeling for design will dignify any material for any object." He does not equally admire the railings behind the lions, which are designed on a false principle, "the result being only a high order of commonplace grandeur." There is much else in this very interesting essay which, beside its neighbours in the Catalogue, sets Mr. Lethaby in the light of an *advocatus diaboli*. He has a word to say even "for poor cast-iron." Among the other essays there is one by Mr. Reginald Blomfield on book illustration, which will interest many readers. Mr. Blomfield inquires as to reasons for the failure and success of certain forms of page decoration and arrangement, contending that "the relative importance attached to the printed type or the drawing is the crucial point for the illustrator." We may well question if it ever comes up in the minds of modern publishers of illustrated books, though we doubt not a good deal of Miss Greenaway's success results from its observance. The artist, says Mr. Blomfield, "must regard the printed type, not as a necessary evil, but as a valuable material for the decoration of the page." An excellent example of the way *not* to do it is afforded by the exhibition in one of the galleries of the Golden Wedding address presented to Mr. Gladstone by some Separatists. Here, though everything is done by hand, and the illuminator was under no restrictions, the result is to contravene every one of Mr. Blomfield's canons of taste. There are better illuminated manuscripts here than this, especially some very faithful imitations of mediæval work by Mr. Reuter. But the best observers of Mr. Blomfield's rules are the designers of the books exhibited in the Upper Gallery by Messrs. Whittingham & Co., of the Chiswick Press. One volume, in particular, *Epistles and Gospels*, printed in red and black on hand-made paper, is as nearly perfect as possible. Here, we cannot but think, "shop" shows its immense superiority to amateur work. In another department of book decoration this is still more apparent, though the professional bookbinders seem to have exhibited very sparingly. The books exhibited in the North Gallery are of two distinct types. The De Coverly family show work which is most pleasing when most conventional, but it does not come up to the level of the modern school of bookbinders in neatness and finish. Design is not everything, a truism abundantly illustrated by the uncomfortable bindings which Mr. Sanderson exhibits. His covers are evidently not intended to protect, but only to ornament, a book; they are much too tight, so that some of the volumes will not close properly, and the backs, instead of being flat—which in itself is a disagreeable innovation—are concave. But the point to which we take most exception is the extreme economy of leather, the covers hardly reaching the edges of the leaves. One thing, however, must be said of Mr. Sanderson's bindings; the gold tooling is simply superb. In beauty of design and manipulative skill we have never seen anything like it. But, as we remarked above, design is not everything, and even the contemplation of this delicate tooling will not reconcile any one who loves a pretty book to the shortcomings we have pointed out. There is some pretty work by Messrs. G. F. Stoakley & Son; but whether they are professional bookbinders or amateurs we do not know. A volume in flexible blue morocco in their case is, perhaps, the most successful example in the room, the tooling being very little inferior to that of Mr. Sanderson; while in all other respects the binding is vastly superior. Miss Harris, Miss Shepherd, and other ladies exhibit embossed leather book-covers, some of which show great skill; but the designs in all are wanting in originality.

Poverty of design is more apparent in the cases containing modern point-lace than in any others. Some of the work is extremely fine and delicate, especially that which comes from convents in the South of Ireland; but the designers seem to have forgotten that lace is not panelling or architectural ornament. Some much less delicate work, in *appliqué* on fine net, is, from the superiority of the design, much more satisfactory, and would in actual wear produce a far better effect. This is particularly true of some lace exhibited by Miss Emily Anderson, of the Cork School of Art. The Poor Clares of Kenmare exhibit the finest point; but, owing to defects of taste, it is almost impossible, except for a very practised eye, to distinguish some of their work from good Nottingham. The stiffness of the pattern and the hard edge go far to spoil some examples of marvellously skilful handling.

The embroidery shown is of every degree of goodness and badness conceivable, and there is an enormous amount of it, chiefly in a style which may be briefly described. It is Mr. Burne-Jones tempered by Mr. Crane. The colouring is seldom quite harmonious, and, as a rule, the drawing of figure subjects is execrable. One piece only need be specially described as a very conspicuous exception to the general rule. Miss Anstruther Thomson has sent a large "wall decoration in appliqué stuffs," in high relief. It represents "A file of Moors led by a fanatic," every figure, of a score at least, being full of individual character, the drawing

excellent and forcible, and the effect produced by a few bundles of dingy rags being marvellous. Yet it seems a pity that so much good drawing and composition should be wasted on what in London will prove a mere trap for soot.

Some of Mr. Morris's carpet and tapestry weaving is very good. He takes great pains with his dyed wools, and with the subdued harmonies which may be produced by using the most brilliant colours. A piece of Arras tapestry, with a design by Mr. Burne-Jones, is perhaps the most pleasing of the forty-six examples shown by Mr. Morris in the West Gallery. A special feature of the exhibition is a darkened room for stained glass; but it does not contain a single example worth mention, and the same must be said of the designs for windows in the North Gallery and elsewhere. Three exceptions are drawings by Mr. Holiday for the American market, and by Mr. Burne-Jones for a two-light window to be executed by Messrs. Morris & Co. Among miscellaneous objects we may mention Mr. Benson's brass and copper work, of which there are numerous examples; the jars and bowls of the Aller Vale Pottery Company, and those designed by Sir Edmund Elton and Messrs. Doulton. A great deal of heraldry might be expected, yet there is little, and that little scarcely worth notice. We may except a plaque in repoussé copper, designed by Mr. Inigo Thomas, and a mirror in a mahogany frame designed by Mr. Prioleau Warren, with prettily painted shields of arms in an Italian style. There are three pieces of very beautiful inlaid ivory and rosewood designed by Mr. Stephen Webb, and cut by Messrs. Smith, Fowler, and Thurtell. In a very different style is a marble chimney-piece by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley, designed by Mr. Lethaby, and very simple and original in treatment. In the South Gallery are two or three good examples of wrought iron, among which we should select for honourable mention one in which ivy is used very well by Messrs. White & Sons, and a grille for a window by Mr. H. Ross. Some caskets in leather, oak, metal-work, and embroidery are in the same room. In the Upper Gallery is a good design for a school copy-book, one of Mr. Vere Foster's series, by Mr. T. Erat Harrison, and some book-plates, by Mr. Houseman, of very unequal merit. In the entrance hall is a case containing some good table-glass by Messrs. Powell, and, beside a great deal of little beauty or value, a clock, decorated by Mr. Spencer Stanhope, which is one of the few things in the Exhibition calculated to make a weak-minded man of taste break the tenth commandment.

The aspect of the whole exhibition is not exhilarating. Art-working within narrow grooves, following blindly certain self-constituted leaders, incomplete too often, and unfinished, wanting on the one hand what may be called "execution," and on the other delicacy, such is the verdict we must pass on most of what we see here. We may take an altar-table in the North Gallery as typical of the whole Exhibition. It is neither Gothic nor Classical. The painting and gilding are inharmonious and tawdry. The carving and cabinet-maker's work are coarse. Yet there are many worse things in the exhibition, the lowest depths being reached, perhaps, by plaster decorations on a flat ground, of which there are many poor specimens. A better effect might be attained if the Committee saw their way to limiting the number of exhibits from one hand. We reckon up two-score mentions of one name in the Catalogue—the name of an artist not one of whose works calls for any special separate mention.

BRAZILIAN FINANCE.

AS the demand for gold for Brazil is disturbing the money markets of Europe and America, exceptional interest is felt just now in the finances of that Empire; and some account of them, therefore, as well as of the causes of the metallic demand, may not be unwelcome to our readers. Brazil has never recovered from the unfortunate Paraguayan war, and the effects of that struggle have been aggravated by a succession of bad harvests, a defective fiscal system, and errors of the Government, especially the lavish guarantees given by it to railways, coffee and sugar factories, and other industrial concerns. In consequence, the Budget ends every year in a large deficit, and borrowing has been almost incessant. According to an ex-Finance Minister quoted by Mr. Gough in a Report lately presented to Parliament, the average deficit for the past four years has amounted to nearly three millions sterling, or over 20 per cent. of the revenue, and the same authority estimates that the probable deficit this year will exceed 3 millions sterling. Under these circumstances rigorous retrenchment would seem to be called for. But the present Cabinet has adopted, on the contrary, a policy directed to the encouragement of immigration and the development of the resources of the Empire. The only direction in which it practises economy is in the conversion of the debt. According to Mr. Gough, the external debt at the end of last year slightly exceeded 28½ millions sterling, and the internal debt was slightly under 43½ millions sterling. The two together somewhat exceeded 72 millions sterling. Unfunded debt brings up the total of the liabilities to about 90 millions sterling, and, in addition, there are the large guarantees which may at any moment, to some extent at all events, become actual liabilities. It is quite proper, of course, to reduce the charge on the debt; but the whole saving that can be effected in this way will probably not amount to a quarter of a million sterling—a very insufficient relief, considering how large the annual deficit is. In their decision that retrenchment would be unwise, Ministers are probably largely influenced by the example of the Argentine Republic. That example, however, ought to be a warning rather than an encouragement in the course upon which Brazil is now entering. And it will appear evident from what is about to follow that, unless the greatest prudence is observed, Brazil will involve herself before long in very serious difficulties. Emancipation having been carried last year without any indemnity being granted to the slave-owners, it has been found necessary by the Government to afford relief in another form. Accordingly it has entered into contracts with the principal banks by which it binds itself to make advances to the banks. They in their turn agree to lend to the planters at specified rates of interest. No doubt the assistance is necessary, but it is another reason why the Government should be careful not to embark rashly in extravagant expenditure, and it offers a warning to British investors that the economic condition of Brazil is not now so quite assured that the Government is justified in the new course upon which it has entered. In order to give the required help to the planters the Government found itself compelled in August last to issue a loan in Rio de Janeiro amounting to about 11¼ millions sterling. Nominally it is an internal loan, but as the interest is payable in gold or in currency at the nominal par value in London, the principal Continental cities, and New York, as well as in Brazil itself, it is evident that the intention of the Government is to place the bonds abroad as soon as an opportunity offers. We believe that this has not yet been done, but it is understood that a very large proportion of the bonds have been pledged with bankers in London, and it is principally by this means that Brazil is now able to take so much gold from Europe that it has excited alarm in the money markets of the world.

Another measure resolved upon, and now being carried into execution, is the resumption of specie payments. It is universally admitted that an inconvertible paper currency is a disadvantage to a country, and that it is worth while to make some sacrifices to get rid of it. It must also be conceded that the present time is favourable to an attempt to resume specie payments. The Brazilian milreis, which is of the nominal value of 27*d.*, was at one time in 1885 worth no more than 17¼*d.* Now it is worth more than 28*d.* It is actually, that is to say, above its par value. From two-thirds to three-quarters of the exports of Brazil consist of coffee, and for some time before 1885 the coffee crops of Brazil were very bad, and the price was very low. The coffee crop of last year, however, was exceptionally good, and the price obtained has been high. Consequently the balance of trade is now so much in favour of Brazil that the milreis is above its par value. But, while all this is true, it may well be doubted whether Brazil is able to permanently maintain a gold standard, and, if able, whether the plan of resumption adopted is a wise one. The present currency consists mainly of Treasury notes, amounting to nearly nineteen millions sterling, and a small amount of bank-notes. The Government has decided to call in and cancel its own notes, and to substitute for them notes of joint-stock banks guaranteed either by the deposit of Government bonds with the Government, or by a paid-up gold capital. The law is modelled to a very large extent upon the National Bank Law of the United States, though in one or two important particulars it departs from its exemplar. The banks which deposit bonds as a guarantee for their circulation can issue notes only to the amount of their capital, and their aggregate issue must not exceed 200 millions of milreis, or 22½ millions sterling. But the banks with a capital paid in gold may issue notes to the amount of three times their capital; their aggregate issues, however, must not exceed 600 millions of milreis. The law does not seem to have commended itself to the Brazilians, for the number of native banks founded under it is not large, and even of those founded some are not issuing banks, but either land mortgage banks or ordinary loan and discount banks. A syndicate of great institutions in Paris, headed by the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas and the Imperial Ottoman Bank, have entered into a contract with the Brazilian Government, in accordance with which they have founded a National Bank of Brazil, with a capital of ten millions sterling, and the right to issue thirty millions sterling in notes. Ten per cent. of the capital was to have been paid on the signature of the statutes, which has already been done; a further 10 per cent. within a month after the constitution of the bank, and the remainder at intervals of at least sixty days, and in instalments not exceeding 20 per cent. It is, however, expected that not more than half the capital, or five millions sterling, will be required to be paid up for some time to come. It will be seen that the establishment of this bank increases very largely the power of Brazil to take gold from Europe. Already the Empire had obtained the command of the London market by pledging bonds of the Internal Loan issued last August. Now the creation of this National Bank in Paris has increased its power by about 2½ millions sterling. It is stated in a circular issued by the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas to the members of the Syndicate that half the shares of the bank were placed in Brazil; consequently only half, or five millions sterling, would remain to be subscribed in Europe. But, as it is understood that only half the capital will be called up for the present, it follows that the European subscriptions will for some time to come not exceed 2½ millions sterling. That, however, is a very large amount when added to the sums already standing to the credit of Brazil in the books of London bankers, and explains how it is

that the Brazilian demand has alarmed all the European money markets.

Practically, the National Bank will take up the notes of the Brazilian Government, and substitute for them its own notes, and the Government, in compensation, will hand over to the bank an equivalent amount of bonds bearing 4½ per cent. interest. But the Government notes amount to between 18 and 19 millions. Consequently the transaction will increase the interest-bearing debt of Brazil by 18 or 19 millions sterling. The Conversion loan brought out here last week adds to the capital of the debt about 2½ millions sterling, and in August last there was an internal 4 per cent. loan issued amounting to about 11¼ millions sterling. Therefore already within the present year the debt of Brazil has been increased by about 32 millions sterling. We saw above that at the end of last year the total debt of the Empire was about 90 millions sterling. Consequently, at the present moment the debt of Brazil, either actually incurred or to be incurred in consequence of arrangements already entered into, amounts to about 122 millions sterling—a heavy debt certainly for a population of about thirteen millions of souls, a large proportion of whom are negroes and Indians. But this is not all. Until quite lately the provinces and municipalities of the Empire had not borrowed in Europe; but within the last few years they have begun to do so, and their reception by the European money markets has been so favourable that they are likely to go on borrowing rapidly in the future. Further, some banks founded in Brazil under the new law are to issue Cedulas like those issued by the National Mortgage Bank of the Argentine Republic and the Hypothecary Bank of the province of Buenos Ayres. The Cedulas are bonds advanced by the banks to the owners of houses and lands who mortgage to the banks those lands and houses. And, apparently, it is the intention of these Brazilian land mortgage banks to follow the example of the Argentine banks just mentioned and make a market for their Cedulas in Europe. We would strongly recommend British investors before buying these Cedulas to inquire carefully into the constitution of the banks issuing them, and the precautions taken to ensure that the mortgaged property is not merely of sufficient value, but that, if through any accident the borrowers should be unable to pay the interest and sinking fund stipulated, it would be possible to realize by selling the properties. This is, however, by the way. The main point to bear in mind is that the Brazilian Government is at present, through its desire to develop the resources of the Empire, adding with alarming rapidity to its debt, and that it is doing so at a time when the industrial organization of the country has just been revolutionized by the emancipation that has set free nearly a million of slaves in a very short time; that, further, the provinces and municipalities are likewise piling up debt in Europe, and that, lastly, dangerous facilities are being afforded to the owners of houses and lands to incur debt. If great prudence is exercised all may turn out well; but if not the consequences are likely to be very grave.

CASTE.

THE chief result accomplished by the revival of *Caste* is the evidence it affords that the adequate representation of the late Mr. T. W. Robertson's comedies required much more art than was generally supposed. At the Criterion Theatre, where this piece is now being acted, the company possesses the advantage of having before it all the traditional stage business of the play as it grew from the time when the author superintended the original production, all that experience has shown to be effective being retained and all that did not tell discarded. Certain well-tried scenes are therefore sure to impress; and yet there is a frequent lack of spirit. The story, in many respects a really admirable one, does not retain throughout the keen sympathies of the house as it used to do, though, when the interpreters are at their best, notably in the last act, the power of the author is felt as it was formerly; from which it can only be deduced that the fault is with the players, and not with the play. That the story has its weak points must, at the same time, be admitted. The behaviour of the Marquise in particular is distinguished by a vulgarity, an absence of taste and good feeling, which render her disagreeable as well as tedious; and the social contrasts are so very extreme that there is little aspect of probability in the plot. It is too obvious that in some of the incidents nothing is aimed at beyond stage effect; but, nevertheless, *Caste* has very sterling qualities, as is conclusively proved by the fact that, in spite of its familiarity, it moves to laughter and also to tears, as the spectator may perceive if he glances down the rows of stalls—and it is not unlikely that his own eyes may be dim as he does so. We now see that there was a delicacy about the original interpretation which is made very conspicuous by the spectacle of players with coarser methods attempting to follow in the paths of their predecessors. Take one example. D'Alroy loves Esther Eccles, and asks Hawtree to accompany him to her home. Hawtree understands that his friend is hard hit, but derides the idea of marriage with a girl of Esther's position. "Can't it be arranged?" Hawtree inquires, and the actor at the Criterion simply puts the question. The line now goes for nothing, but the "Can't it be—arranged?" was full of significance when Mr. Bancroft hesitatingly, with a look at the ground, and a slight pause as if to find the least offensive word, suggestively asked the question. These are trifles; but any one who remembers the representation at the Prince of Wales', and compares it with what is now to be seen at the Criterion, will understand how important such trifles are.

Some good work is, however, done in the course of the performance, which introduces Mr. David James and Mr. Charles Brookfield in the parts of Eccles and Gerridge—in both cases repetitions. Mr. James, if not as genuinely comic as Mr. George Honey used to be, is probably as good an Eccles as could be found. What weakness there is in his acting comes from an effort to be funny which is occasionally not to be hidden, whereas Mr. Honey's comicality seemed to come without being sought. The Criterion Eccles is a little too much given to grimace; but he is amusing, and it is perhaps only by the possibly odious but inevitable comparison with the original, who made a memorable mark in the character, that any shortcoming can be detected. Mr. Brookfield makes his Gerridge rather morose and stolid, endeavouring, and with success, to show something different from the sharp, energetic little plumber of Mr. John Hare, and from the loutish artisan of Mr. Arthur Cecil. Mr. Brookfield cleverly reproduces an easily recognizable type. The hearty way in which Gerridge keeps on munching his great wedge of bread when George D'Alroy has returned, and is talking to his wife and friend, strikes us as a capital idea. Sam is very glad—delighted—but then it is tea-time, and he cannot satisfy his robust appetite with sentiment. A little later in the scene an episode ends in a way which has always seemed to us unpleasing. Hawtree, with great good feeling, expresses a fear that he has occasionally made himself offensive to Sam, and conventional politeness not being in the honest workman's way, he replies, not "Don't mention it!" or "Not at all!" but, "Well, sir, you 'ave!" At the same time Sam is not really deficient in good feeling, and regrets his own intentional rudenesses to the "long swell." There, with mutual apologies, we think, the scene should end; for it jars somewhat to find Gerridge immediately offering the circular he has drawn up to "the nobility, gentry, and inhabitants of the Borough Road," and soliciting patronage. It would, at any rate, be better at the Criterion if the Hawtree did not hurry the incident, so that Gerridge might seem to act on an afterthought when the first effect of the reconciliation has passed. But the Hawtree is ill done, his gesture of wiping his hand after the interchange of courtesy with Sam being one of those mistakes which do so much towards destroying sentiment.

An actor or actress can scarcely have a more trying task than that of assuming a character with which some more famous player is universally associated. Miss Lottie Venne has talent and vivacity; but Mrs. Bancroft made the part of Polly Eccles her own; still, since the comedy is well worth revival, and the best of all possible Pollies is not available, some one must do duty. Miss Venne's fault is over-emphasis; she is too farcical, and has a disposition to caricature Polly, whose picture the author has drawn with sufficient breadth. She is best, in fact she is very good, in the last act—the *Jeanne la Folle* incident. Miss Olga Brandon acquits herself very well as Esther. She displays earnestness and sincerity—most valuable attributes. Force she has yet to acquire; her dismissal of the Marquise from the room of the little house in Stangate lacked dignity; a quieter, more repressed tone would have heightened the incident. Mr. Leonard Boyne, handicapped by an Irish accent, passes muster as D'Alroy. Mrs. Charles Poole does not grapple successfully with the difficulties of the Marquise, and there is a want of distinction about Mr. Elwood's Hawtree. The revival, however, gives pleasure.

SOME TWO-YEAR-OLD RACING.

FOR more than twenty years the Middle Park Plate has been the chief factor in the final settlement of the claims of the two-year-olds of the season. This year, for the first time, its office in this respect, as well as its general interest, has been to some extent threatened by the institution of a more valuable race which was run a few days earlier. The Middle Park Plate has varied in value from 4,840*l.* to 2,105*l.* for the winner, with 200*l.* for the second and 100*l.* for the third in the race; but in the new Great Breeders' Produce Stakes, at Kempton Park, the owner of the winner received 6,000*l.*, and his nominator 300*l.*; the owner of the second 1,500*l.*, and his nominator 150*l.*; the owner of the third 1,000*l.*, and his nominator 100*l.*; and the owner of the fourth 500*l.* It was possible, therefore, that seven different people might each get a share of the stakes, which amounted to 9,550*l.* No one can fairly complain at competition in race meetings more than in other things; at the same time it is to be regretted that two such important two-year-old races as the Great Breeders' Produce Stakes and the Middle Park Plate should take place within six days of each other. On this occasion it so happened that the second of them suffered comparatively little in interest through its predecessor; but, if the same arrangement is to go on in future, it is almost certain that the two great races will more or less clash with each other. Everything promised well for the Great Breeders' Produce Stakes until the middle of last week, when it was announced that Semolina would not run, in consequence of the death of a relative of her owner. She had been unplaced to Riviera on the only occasion on which she had suffered defeat; but then she had run

more than a stone below her best form, so if the pair had now met again she would unquestionably have found backers; her withdrawal, therefore, took away much of the interest of the Great Breeders' Produce Stakes. Mr. H. Milner's Riviera had a splendid record. She had won eleven races, including walks-over; and a good deal more than 11,000*l.* in stakes. Her first defeat had been in her first race, and in such cases excuses may fairly be made for failures; her second had been amply atoned for when she beat her conqueror (Heaume) a week later, so she well deserved her position as first favourite for the Produce Stakes. Considering that Signorina, who was not entered for the Produce Stakes, was unbeaten, there was something to be said for the chance of Mr. D. Baird's Martagon, who had run her to a head for the Whitsuntide Plate at about the same terms as those on which he was now to meet Riviera. His owner had given 2,800 guineas for him as a yearling; his breeding—by Bend Or out of Tiger Lily, which is almost the same combination of blood as that of Ormonde—was unexceptionable, and his appearance was much admired, in spite of the protests made by certain critics to the effect that he had not grown so much as he ought to have done during the summer. For the Chesterfield Stakes, the Duke of Hamilton's Loup had run Heaume to three-quarters of a length and beaten Riviera by a neck; but, as Riviera had afterwards beaten Heaume, Loup was not now expected to beat Riviera; nevertheless, he had his supporters and a good deal of money was invested on him. Riviera was a strong favourite at the post at evens; 5 to 2 was laid against Martagon, and 8 to 1 against Loup, while liberal odds, varying from 33 to 100 to 1, were laid, or perhaps we ought rather to say offered, against each of the remainder of the field.

The afternoon was very misty, and rain began to fall as the twenty-one starters arrived at the post, where they could not be seen from the Stand. There was a long and tedious delay before the flag fell. The most excited and troublesome of the party are said to have been Woodnymph and Riviera, and as the ground was very heavy, it is probable that the favourite took a great deal out of herself in the course of her vagaries. When, after about half an hour had been expended in breaks-away and false-starts, the field was at last despatched, Mr. W. De la Rue's Dearest jumped off in front, with Dame Margaret close to her. In consequence of the fogginess of the atmosphere, accounts of the race must be accepted with reserve until the point at which the horses came into sight, about a quarter of a mile from the finish. Dearest was then leading, and Riviera was next to her. It was soon evident that the race lay between the two leading fillies, and there was already a long straggling tail of beaten horses. Riviera appeared to be running under difficulties; but, instead of stopping, she struggled on very gamely, and kept gaining slightly upon Dearest almost to the last. Dearest, however, maintained the lead, which she had obtained at the start, to the finish, and she won by half a length from Riviera—a victory which does not put her on a par with that filly, as she was receiving 7 lbs. from her. Golden Gate was third, a length and a half off, and Dame Margaret was fourth.

Dearest is a bay filly by Hampton out of Lady Tramp by Albert Victor, and her granddam was by Birdcatcher, out of a Melbourne mare. Criticisms on her appearance were, upon the whole, favourable, and her good shoulders, depth of girth, and lengthy quarters were much admired; the objections made were want of bone, lightness of loin, inequality in the forefeet, and a want of precision in her manner of standing on her forelegs. She cost 1,700 guineas at Doncaster last year, a price at which she has proved an admirable investment. In her first race, the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby, she started at 25 to 1, and ran her stable-companion, Heresy, to three-quarters of a length at 8 lbs. She now started at 50 to 1, from which it may be inferred that her chance was not much fancied by those who must have known most about her; indeed, Ostrogoth, who belonged to the same owner, was backed at a much shorter price. At worst, a beating by only half a length when giving 7 lbs. represents Riviera as the best horse in the race, and great as must have been the disappointment caused by her defeat, and large as were the sums lost in bets by her numerous backers, the money she gained by running second brought up her winnings in stakes to within a few pounds of 12,000*l.* It is probable, however, that Dearest got an exceptionally good start, and that Riviera was somewhat exhausted by her fractiousness at the post; nor should it be forgotten that wet days are proverbial for the success of outsiders. On these grounds it seems possible that Riviera scarcely ran up to her true form on this occasion. Nevertheless, there is another side to the question. Not only before the Produce Stakes at Kempton, but also before her previous race, the Rous Memorial Stakes at Newmarket, Riviera had been exceedingly irritable, and her admirers may do well by making sure that she is not developing an evil temper before they "plunge" on her in the future. It is needless to say that the professional bookmakers are immense gainers by the victory of Dearest.

The race which preceded the Great Breeders' Produce Stakes at Kempton was worth 1,000*l.*; but the inferiority of the form hitherto shown by the twelve starters, in comparison with that of the field in the latter race, may be understood when we say that the first favourite for the Champion Nursery Handicap was Ben, who had been beaten a length and a half at Manchester by Ponza, to whom Loup, the third favourite for the Produce Stakes, had given 7 lbs., besides weight for sex, and a beating by two lengths, at Newcastle. He now ran very badly, and the race was won by Mr. Maple's Lightfoot, a bay filly which he had purchased at the sale of Lord Rosslyn's yearlings for 520 guineas. Curiously enough, the second in the race, Sir J. Duke's Swallowfield, who was only beaten by half a length, had been bought at the same sale for 130 guineas.

For the Middle Park Plate, Semolina and Signorina were to race together for the first time, and the meeting between these two flying fillies was anticipated with interest; by far the greater number of the racing prophets, however, plumped unreservedly for the unbeaten Signorina. If the absence of Riviera's name from the entries was to be regretted, the starting of Le Nord almost made up for it, as he had run Riviera to a head for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, so that his position in the race would enable racing prophets to "take a line," as they call it, between Riviera and any other horse that might run. Martagon's form for the Produce Stakes at Kempton had seemed too bad to be true, and he was now to have an opportunity of showing whether this was the case, as well as whether he had been unlucky when beaten by a head by Signorina at Manchester. The enormous Alloway, also, had once run Signorina pretty closely, and he again was to throw down the gauntlet a second time to that filly.

Odds of 6 to 4 were laid upon Signorina, 7 to 2 was laid against Le Nord, who found many backers at that price, and 7 to 1 was laid pretty freely against Semolina, in spite of her eleven victories (including walks-over) to one defeat, and her winnings of more than 8,000*l.* in stakes. Alloway was considered to have a 14 to 1 chance; a few lovers of a forlorn hope backed Martagon at 25 to 1 regardless of his form at Kempton; and 50 to 1 was offered in vain against Golden Gate, Wildfire, Panthino, and Villejust. The favourite was a little fractious at the post, but the flag soon went down, and the party of nine got off on very even terms. Panthino made the running as far as the Bushes, where he gave place to Signorina. Just at this point Semolina, who was in the front rank, began to tire, and admitting that with her diminutive size she could hardly be expected to make a fight with the best of the larger two-year-olds, now that they have had time to mature, it was inconsistent with her previous form to be outpaced a quarter of a mile from home. Signorina sailed in front down the hill into the Abingdon Bottom, with Golden Gate and Le Nord racing hard against each other behind her; and she came on, up the opposite slope, in an easy, swinging gallop, winning, without being in the slightest degree pressed by her jockey (G. Barrett), by three lengths. There was a sharp contest between Le Nord, ridden by F. Barrett, and Golden Gate, ridden by Mornington Cannon, the former gaining second place by a head only. Semolina was fourth, at a clear interval, and then came Martagon and Alloway.

Golden Gate's close race with Le Nord says much for the truth of the running for the Produce Stakes at Kempton. The net result of the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, the Produce Stakes at Kempton, and the Middle Park Plate appears to be that, even if she had been hard pressed for the latter race, Signorina would be at least some pounds better than Riviera; and that, as she won with the greatest ease, she must be, at present, that filly's superior by many pounds, and unquestionably the best two-year-old that has run in public this season. Riviera, Le Nord, Dearest, and Golden Gate would seem, if we judge from the above running alone, to be very near each other, in the order given; for it must not be forgotten that Golden Gate was giving Dearest 5 lbs. more than weight for sex at Kempton, and something must be allowed for Dearest's advantage at the start. Mr. D. Baird's Golden Gate, who cost 950 guineas as a yearling, will be remembered as having been the winner of the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood. Of the five two-year-olds, including Signorina, only Riviera, Le Nord, and Golden Gate are entered for the Derby; but Surefoot and Heaume will probably add to the interest of that race. Chevalier E. Ginistrelli's Signorina has now won something more than 11,000*l.* in stakes, without meeting with a single defeat. She is a brown filly by St. Simon out of Star of Portici by Heir-at-Law out of Verbena by De Ruyter. After her victory in the Middle Park Plate the critics were almost unanimous in declaring her to be the finest filly that had appeared on the Turf for many years, and without a fault in her conformation.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE exaggerated scare in the money market last week has been followed this week by unfounded confidence. At the beginning of last week brokers borrowed from the Bank of England over 3 millions at 6 per cent., and in some cases as much as 6½ per cent. was paid on the security of Treasury bills, while the rate of discount in the open market was about 4½ per cent. On Thursday of this week the rate of interest in the open market had fallen to 3½ per cent., and the rate of discount to the same figure. The cause of this extraordinary change in the feeling of the market was the efforts made by the two greatest financial houses to obtain gold abroad. It was brought from New York, Paris, Amsterdam, and Brazil last week, and this week it is announced that a million sterling will be received from the Imperial Bank of Russia within a few days. Altogether, about 2 millions sterling will thus be brought. If the joint-stock and private banks had co-operated with the Bank of England, and the discount-houses and bill-brokers had acted with judgment, this

would probably have sufficed. But unfortunately the fall in the rates of interest and discount have enabled gold to be withdrawn almost as rapidly as it has been received. During the week ended Wednesday night 836,000*l.* was sent into the Bank of England, but 610,000*l.* was withdrawn, so that the net gain was only 226,000*l.* Of this amount on the following day 143,000*l.* was lost. The chief demand is for Brazil, the causes of which are explained elsewhere. And, since the fall in rates here, the Brazilian demand seems to be increasing, for there is a handsome profit on the shipment of gold from London to Rio de Janeiro, since the paper currency stands at a considerable premium. The Argentine Republic is, however, preparing to withdraw large amounts. It has arranged with certain great houses in London and Paris for an advance of 8 millions sterling; and it is understood that it would have withdrawn a considerable amount this week were it not for the intervention of Messrs. Baring Brothers. There are also demands for South Africa, Egypt, Portugal, &c.; and the probability seems to be, therefore, that before very long the market will be seized with another fit of apprehension, and rates will rise as they did at the beginning of last week.

The easier condition of the money market has revived confidence upon the Stock Exchange, and there is a general recovery in prices. The French elections, it is argued, have assured peace, and the visit of the Czar to Berlin, as well as the welcome given to the British fleet at Kiel, has made a very good impression. But if peace is preserved it is contended prices must continue to rise. The great financial houses, the argument goes on, are all interested in keeping the money market easy, and may be trusted to do so. They are equally interested in supporting markets. We are to have before a year is out, it is said, the completion of the Russian Conversion. The conversion of the Egyptian Preference Debt, it is also assumed, is imminent. In Germany there is to be immediately an Italian loan. The Brazilian Conversion Loan in London is already followed by a small Conversion loan for the capital Rio. And there are other numerous Brazilian issues projected. The Argentine Government, too, has arranged for a loan of 8 millions sterling, and other Argentine issues are to follow. Then there are to be Peruvian issues and Chilian issues, and there are numerous South African and other Companies in preparation. If all this is to be accomplished, we are told speculators must be encouraged by affording them the accommodation they require on easy terms, and by insuring them favourable markets. It is possible, of course, that the great financial houses, by combining together, may succeed in their undertaking. But it is just possible, also, that events may prove too powerful for them. For example, money is in strong demand all over the world, and, therefore, if very much gold is taken from any one country, the money market of that country may be thrown into confusion and it may react upon other markets. Thus, it may be found impossible to obtain all the gold that is required to keep the money markets easy, and, indeed, we are inclined to think that, as the London money market has gone of late, the task set themselves by the great houses will prove no easy one. Then, again, political accidents of one kind or another may upset all calculations; and, lastly, it is to be borne in mind that speculation has now been rampant for many years, that it has carried prices to an unexampled height, and that it is scarcely possible to carry them much further.

The National Bank of Brazil is coming out at once in Paris. Its capital is 10 millions sterling; but only half is to be offered in Europe, and of that half only half is to be immediately called up. The shares are to be offered to the French public at a premium of 25 per cent. If any of our readers think of applying they will do well to inquire what justifies the premium of 25 per cent. before the Bank is actually established. No doubt the Brazilian Government will be a ready customer, but it is to be recollected that the Brazilian Budget ends every year in a huge deficit. No doubt, also, the chief propertied class—the planters—will be eager borrowers. But then it should be borne in mind that the planters are impoverished by the emancipation of their slaves without compensation. There may be a very large and profitable business to be done, but intending subscribers will do well to assure themselves that there is.

There are some doubts whether the new Argentine Loan of 8 millions is to be offered for public subscription this year. The time certainly seems very unfavourable. For two autumns in succession the London money market has been seriously disturbed by South American demands for gold. Last year it was the Argentine demand; this year, so far, it is the Brazilian. And if now the Argentine Republic has 8 millions set to its credit, it will be able to withdraw gold on the scale of last year. Besides, the Argentine Republic, the provinces, and the municipalities have been borrowing most recklessly in Europe for some years past. Within less than eight years the total of the Argentine issues in Europe has amounted to from 90 to 100 millions sterling, an enormous sum for a population of about 4 millions, not all of them of European descent. Over and above all this the finances of the Republic are in a very serious condition. Legal tender paper is worth less than half its nominal value, and though the Government has promised to stop further issues of paper, it does not appreciate. The land speculation has been carried beyond all bounds, and the country is going through a severe crisis. And, lastly, the Argentine Republic has not strictly observed its engagements with its creditors. It has not, for example, carried out the law which established free banking, and unquestionably its conversion of the Hard Dollar Loan was not according to its promises. It would be well, then, if the Republic were compelled to abstain from adding to its debt for some years to come.

Improved trade, leading to a largely increased consumption of iron and steel, is encouraging an active speculation in Glasgow, where this week there has been a sharp rise in the price of Scotch pig-iron warrants.

THE THEATRES.

A MORE hopeless enterprise than that essayed by Mr. George Cockle at the Opera Comique is not often put forward at a West-End theatre. Without possessing the qualities which are essential for a composer of opera, he has set to music a very bad libretto of *The Lady of Lyons*, has engaged an inferior and unattractive company to perform the work, and leased for the purpose a house at which serious opera was never before given. Mr. Cockle is gifted with a certain amount of musical facility and cultivation. Some of his numbers are moderately tuneful, and if his orchestration is devoid of any special merit or attractiveness, at any rate he shows some knowledge of the business he has undertaken. But there is no reason of any kind why *The Castle of Como*, as the work is called, should be in the least degree popular. We are inclined to sympathize with an ambitious person placed as Mr. Cockle is. He desires to do something, and can do it well enough to avoid harsh criticism, but not nearly well enough to win approval. The hand of the amateur is obvious. He has admittedly tinkered the libretto, but without any knowledge of stage effect. The device of making Claude and Pauline advance to the footlights during their interview in Deschappelles's garden, letting down a heavy bank of clouds behind them and drawing it up to reveal the illuminated castle of Como, proved conclusively that no one who had a voice in the production of the opera was blessed with any sense either of the dramatic or of the ludicrous. Pauline's companions—bridesmaids, or whatever they are—leave the room, making obeisance to her as if she were a Princess. She thinks that she is to be one; but surely the merchants' daughters of Lyons did not thus bow down to another merchant's daughter because she was betrothed to a nobleman? The blunders and absurdities of *The Castle of Como* are, however, far too numerous for comment, and no good end would be gained by dwelling on them.

The second mistake on which we have to remark is *The Bungalow*, now being given at Toole's Theatre. The farce is an adaptation of a French piece, *La Garçonnière*, which was played last year, without bringing much credit to any one concerned in it, at the Théâtre Déjazet. In the process of adaptation it has become absolutely motiveless. There is no sort of reason why an elderly gentleman should have made an appointment to meet a young woman who was formerly his model, and wants to blackmail him, in the deserted bungalow of his prospective son-in-law; nor does it appear why two friends should secretly bring each other's wives to the same place and at the same time. Of course if one searches about for the missing motives they may be found; but that is not the business of the spectator, who should have a comprehensible scheme put before him. The plot, such as it is, or would be if the adapter had not restrained himself—unless it be, indeed, that the Licenser restrained him—is tediously trite. We have so often seen these errant husbands and flirting wives rushing in and out through doors and windows to avoid imminent discovery, and it is inevitable that an innocent man should be suspected of various offences which he has never intended to commit. One ought not, it may be said, to look at a French farce of this sort seriously; but then it is so feeble and worn that it makes one serious; and it is well for adapters to know that we have had enough of it, not to say too much. Mr. Charles Wyndham had the tact to perceive which way opinion was drifting, and he abandoned this class of piece at the Criterion some years ago. A company by which very fair work might be done if the opportunity were provided has been engaged at Toole's Theatre, and the least known member of it does best. This is Mr. F. Kaye, who gave a really humorous representation of that familiar stage figure, the timid husband who lives in terror of his wife. The part was very neatly and well sustained by this comedian, by whom, if he has played in London before, our attention has not hitherto been attracted. Mr. Charles Glenney and Mr. Yorke Stephens are actors of a certain capacity who know their business, and rarely fall below a modest level of competence; and very much the same may be said of the two actresses here associated with them, Miss Grahame and Miss Vane Featherston. A Mr. Compton Coutts almost creates sympathy for himself by his feeble and totally misdirected effort to bestow character upon the part he undertakes, one of the husbands who visit the bungalow. Mr. Coutts awakened in us a feeling of profound melancholy. Miss Helen Forsyth and Miss Cicely Richards do what they can to brighten a play that is deficient in all good qualities.

Very pleasant is it to turn from two mistakes in theatrical enterprise to an undertaking which has proved itself very much the reverse of mistaken. Mr. Buchanan's *A Man's Shadow* (adapted from *Roger la Honte*), at the Haymarket, improves greatly on acquaintance. The inherent weaknesses of the French story are now, by closer playing, far better concealed than they

were, and the whole effect of the play has been improved by many subtle exercises of Mr. Tree's tact and experience. He himself, as we prophesied, has developed his performance of Luversan, the spy, into a very striking and original study of character, and at the same time he has imparted many new and distinctive touches to the somewhat conventional character of the falsely-accused Laroque, which in the early presentments of the piece seemed a little colourless. Both by him and by Mr. Fernandez the trial scene is played to what may be fairly called perfection. Miss Norreys has gained sprightliness as Victoire, Miss Julia Neilson has found more strength as Madame de Noirville. For Mrs. Tree's graceful, yet forcible, performance of Madame Laroque throughout nothing but praise can be found; but the very highest praise must be given to the truth and tenderness of her acting in two scenes of a singularly moving character; that in which she falls fainting at the door through which her husband, whom she loves for all she believes him guilty, has been taken in custody, and the last scene of the piece, where the adapter's ingenuity has provided a succession of stirring episodes. In both scenes the impression produced by the acting is of a kind seldom experienced.

ROGUES ALL!

["*Every honest man in Ireland was opposed to the Union.*"—Sir William Harcourt.]

WHAT! "*every* honest man"? A crushing sentence
From those authoritative lips to fall.
Rogues, all the others?—rogues beyond repentance?
No H-rc--rt to be found among them all?

Almost you have achieved the refutation,
Stern moralist, of Burke's oft-quoted words;
For, if you have not quite arraigned a nation,
You have indicted—well, a good two-thirds.

Rogues all, rogues all, whoe'er acclaimed the Union,
In any rank, of either race or creed,
And whether of the dominant communion
Or of the Church aspiring to be freed.

Rogues all who drafted or subscribed the addresses
Showered upon the Castle fast and thick;
Whole knavish towns with rascals for burgesses—
Cork, Waterford, Kilkenny, Limerick.

Rogues all those county members whom so clearly
Ireland discerned and spurned as false to her
That their constituents punished them severely
By sending them to sit at Westminster.

Vile traitors to their country, all who classed it
Her higher fate an Empire's life to share;
Rogues all who voted for the scheme, and passed it,
A roguery the last great speech of Clare.

A sorry sight, a sight to disconcert you,
This mass corrupt of tricksters, sweetened not
By one faint foretaste of Gladstonian virtue,
By one redeeming H-rc--rt in the lot.

How those pale shades in their Elysian limbo
Must cower to hear this lofty judge condemn;
This brazen-blusterous censor, arms a-kimbo,
Pronouncing thus upon their deeds and them!

Doubtless the damning charge which so doth flutter
That shadowy band of long-departed knaves,
These Unionists had heard opponents utter
Full oft, ere they descended to their graves.

But never, never can the accusation
Have fallen so shattering of all defence,
Weighted with such a weight of reputation,
Strong with such strength of ripe experience.

Is virtue Separatism's nursing mother?
Is Unionism falsehood's hateful growth?
It must be so;—on such a point none other
Can speak like H-rc--rt, for he's tried them both.

The enemy of the Union, once enlisted
For its defence, *must* know, we all allow,
Save by the light of conscience, unassisted,
Whether he was less honest then than now.

REVIEWS.

A CENTURY OF REVOLUTION.*

THE critic is not that member of the human race who least frequently prays to be saved from his friends, with or without the usual apparently arrogant, but assuredly not quite nonsensical, addition that he can protect himself from his enemies. Whether the critical temperament is or is not inimical to the productive—whether the difficulty which a man inclined by nature and trained by practice to be critical finds in "letting himself go," in dismissing the thought "What will the fellows on the other side have to say to this?" is really a great hindrance, or a hindrance at all, to work, is a question which we cannot argue out here. But it is certain that in no books is the critic so sensitive to uncritical faults as in books with the general purport of which he agrees. *He* knows what "the other fellows will say" well enough, and the knowledge which in the case of an enemy converts itself into a joyful "thou hast given a handle" is here a positive pain and grief. Of course there are critics who are not troubled by these fine fancies, who simply set the trumpet to their lips and blow for anybody who speaks on their own side, and either do not care (nor perhaps know) what will be said on the other side, or at least hope to overbray it. That is not the fashion in which we understand criticism, and we hereby register a declaration, which may or may not meet with credence, that we would very much rather tackle the most formidable book that ever appeared, the principles of which we do not agree with (let us say something of Hume's or of Voltaire's), than have to be umpire of the swashing blow of such a champion as the author of the book before us.

Not that there is not much good in Mr. Lilly. He is on the right side to begin with; and his swashing blows are by no means always, or even very often, delivered *dans l'eau*. His book, which attempts to meet in mid-way and fight fairly with the general principle that the French Revolution was in its results, if not in itself (but preferably in itself as well as in its results), a boon to mankind, is an attempt in a direction which is the right direction. On many detailed points his argument is sound and happy. He deals with Mr. John Morley, who is his chief antagonist, very well, exposing the curious contrasts in that very puzzling writer's work, emphasizing the oddly extreme views which, nobody quite knows how, have embodied themselves—both as to religion, as to sociology, and as to politics—in a man who, on some sides of his talent and most sides of his character, seems to be fitted for nothing so much as the office of an intelligent Conservative; and preserving throughout the good manners which are seldom more required than in a controversy with Mr. Morley, who never forgets his own manners, except in reference to the Deity, the Christian religion, and the House of Lords. When Mr. Lilly comes across such a *promachos* of the other side as M. Zola he is still better. We sit unbuttoned on the bench and applaud as we see him "get home" on the various points of M. Zola's uncomely person, with something like the delight, half critical and half ferocious, which might have been felt (but for the very unsportsmanlike close of that mill) by any spectator of the turn-up between the Amateur and the Baker. Every now and then Mr. Lilly goes straight to the point, as where he says—upsetting himself a little, though he does not know it—that "you do not explain a thing by tracing it back to its rudimentary forms." Most assuredly you do not; and the remark simply cleaves all modern "scientism" to the breastbone. The *aperçus* throughout the book to which we might give hardly less praise are numberless. Mr. Lilly, indeed, has nowhere put clearly (we do not know the modern political philosopher who has) the most fatal logical lapse of the revolutionary and Democratic dogma; its oblivion of the fact that, while proclaiming loudly the rights of the individual and the equality of man, it practically abrogates equality and rights in favour of what we have often called here "the absolutely irrational tyranny of the fifty-one over the forty-nine," though every person in the forty-nine has rights and equality just as much as every person of the fifty-one; but if he has missed this fatal blunder he has "spotted" many others. He has, as the Laureate says, "ruining overthrown" the notion that any liberty worth the name exists in France now. He has shown very well, indeed, that the revolutionary doctrine, whether as shown in a dead dog like the late M. Paul Bert, or in a live lion like Mr. Morley, represents nothing so much as a kind of anti-religious mania, as *infâme* as any superstition or religion which it attacks, and wholly destitute of the justification *ex hypothesi* which those religions and superstitions have had. And, let us add, he has taken with his book the trouble which used to be common, but which is now rare, of arranging it in such a fashion with elaborately reasoned contents, an unusually full index, and so forth, that any one may see the drift of his argument and the gist of his principal conclusions. This service, mechanical as it may seem, is not a small one, and for the want of it many books of the present day, some on the right side and some on the wrong, are likely to be and to remain long unread. Few modern men excel in arrangement; hardly any modern man at all takes trouble enough to give his reader a clue to whatsoever arrangement he has been good enough to take the trouble to devise for the purpose of putting his thoughts before those who wish to acquaint themselves with them.

And yet, as we have hinted, we find Mr. Lilly very irritating at times. Minor matters of expression are, perhaps, of little importance. But still, though Thérèse Levasseur was not a nice person in her later days (if she was at any time), what do you gain by calling her Rousseau's "filthy concubine"? It is surely as well to leave language of that kind, especially in reference to a person who was certainly at first more sinned against than sinning, to the other side. Then we have Diderot. Mr. Lilly never seems quite to know where to have his Diderot. At one

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* *A Century of Revolution.* By W. S. Lilly. London: Chapman & Hall. 1889.

time he is a "gluttonous and obscene blasphemer," a "libidinous materialist," an "indescribably filthy writer and no less filthy liver" (we know our Diderot pretty well, but the authority for this last exaggeration of his compliance with certain loose fashions of the time is not known to us), and so forth. But when Mr. Lilly comes to M. Zola, and the affiliation order which that dirty little talent serves on Diderot's great and often quite clean genius, he has to admit the "vastness" of the "genius"; he has to quote the affirmation of artistic truth, which cuts Naturalism at the root, and leaves it a rotting, lifeless weed—the demand for "quelque chose ultérieure à la nature"—he has to allow that "he could discourse on occasion admirably well." These things do not agree admirably well together. That Diderot wrote, and took money for writing, things which he had much better have left alone; that he followed the fashions of his day to decry, not merely conventions, but principles of which his sounder sense should have shown him, and did at times show him, the sacredness, is perfectly true, and is lamentable enough. That he was not a proper moral man (just as his contemporary Bet Flint, whom Dr. Johnson "loved," was certainly not a proper moral woman) is equally true. But we at least ask nothing better than the twenty volumes of Diderot wherewith to smash the revolutionaries in religion, art, literature, and politics out of their own prophet's mouth; and for this, as well as for his "vast genius," which Mr. Lilly admits, and for the admirable humour and humanity which perhaps he does not recognize, we say that the second, and not the first, *Cantica* of any new Divine Comedy describes the place of his lot.

But there is much worse than this in Mr. Lilly; for undoubtedly large parts of Diderot require a very strong stomach to digest them. Mr. Lilly, while directing his swashing blows at revolutionary Liberalism, revolutionary Democracy, revolutionary science, still protests himself a Liberal, a Democrat, a scientist even. He is desperately wroth with "Renaissance Absolutism," and the wicked Stuarts who followed it; he adores "the great event of 1688"; he thinks that "the German type of Democracy, in harmony with the facts of history and of science," is just the nicest thing you ever saw. "In this disciplined law-abiding and architectonic [ah! the blessedness of five syllables!] democracy of Germany [shall we look for it at Vaduz? Is it in Reuss-Greiz that they sell him, the architectonic democracy?] we may reasonably hope to see the great problem of the age receive its solution." "Democracy must be scientific; it must accept the facts of all the sciences." "*Ach! mein lieber Mr. Lilly!*" might a man say, "*er kennt nicht*," and so forth. Far be it from us to use bad language of the great Liberal party in the past. It has furnished, and is furnishing, much valuable resistance, and some valuable aggressive action, on the side of truth. Far be it from us, again, to say that the party which, under various names, has opposed the Liberal party has been always in the right. On the contrary, it has exercised much mistaken tyranny, has fought for many things not worth fighting for, has opposed many things which might have been very well admitted. But the sordid, immovable, inexorable fact remains that a man who opposes the revolutionary spirit, and "cracks up" the great event of 1688, who thunders against Democracy, and then says that there is a kind of democracy which is the solution of all troubles; who attacks the corner-stones of modern science, as we have seen, and urges the wholesale adoption of the building, leaves himself open to the most crushing retorts from his adversaries. You can only attack Democracy with any effect by showing (which it is easy enough to do) that Democracy means unreason, and can only become reasonable in proportion as it denies or ignores its own principles and ceases to be democratic. What are "all the facts of science" which Mr. Lilly wants "recognized"? The facts of science which, as he himself says, and as Hume said long before him, explain nothing? What has science, in any sense of the word usually understood, to do with politics at all? History has to do hugely with them, philosophy has to do, literature has to do, even art in a way has to do—but what has science? Nothing. And when we have the great event of 1688 cried up and the great event of 1789 cried down, it is impossible for a sane critic, even while allowing for the vast difference of manner in the two events, not to admit that the principle of the two was the same. Let us put it for Mr. Lilly in a very simple fashion. Two schools simultaneously "bar out" and succeed. The one elects masters, arranges its work and its play sensibly, abides by the rules in both, and gets on rather better than before. The other makes bonfires of the forms, invites bad characters into the dormitories, abolishes honest beef and mutton for various varieties of "sock," and so forth. A very great difference of result, no doubt. But what has the difference of result to do with the original propriety of the barring out? Will one any more than the other decide the question whether periodical barrings-out are the proper or improper basis of school-government?

NOVELS.*

IF the dialect novel is to be an established institution with us as it is in America, our novelists must be more assiduous students than the author of *The Tree of Knowledge*. Mrs., or Miss, Robins, it is fair to add, obviously tires of her undertaking in this Devonshire story, and after the first volume surrenders at discretion. At the outset, however, moved by the example of Mr. Blackmore, Mr. Baring-Gould, and the author of *Troy Town*, or emulative of the varying success of *Westward Ho! Adam and Eve*, and *The Dwale Bluth*, the writer shows a certain alacrity of confidence. There are the rustic folk of Devon picturesquely presented in juxtaposition to the neighbouring gentry and fashionable visitors from London. The country people speak what purports to be Devonshire speech, but it is of the kind that is manufactured to order, as stage properties are, and will strike a native with the sense of shame that overwhelms the stranger. The scene opens in a fairy-like combe, lying deep in the tolerably bare, well-farmed, uninteresting uplands of the sea-coast. The place is not ill described. Many such luxuriant combes surprise the wanderer over the hills along the coast between Axe and Exe, or between Berry Head and Salcombe. From the geological indications this secluded Devonian Eden, where two murders are attempted, one of them successfully, in the course of a few weeks, is not a hundred miles from the mouth of the Axe or Beer Head. From the dialectical evidence the man of Devon would be justified in identifying the district with the city of *Weissnichtwo*, or where you please. The story, though well enough written, as the average goes, is preposterous in incident, weak in characterization, and mawkish in tone. The heroine is one of the most exasperating specimens of the *ingénue* conceivable. She is reared by three maiden aunts to the age of nineteen in a state of innocence, ignorance, and lack of raiment, which prepares the reader for the disillusion that falls upon the wealthy and mysterious Percivale after his marriage with her. This same Percivale, though a barren prig, does her knightly service. He suddenly appears on the coast in his yacht, *The Swan*, as her champion, when she is suspected by the shrewd, hard-headed country magistrate, Henry Fowler—not Henry the Fowler—of the murder of her half-brother, an odious little brat with large expectations. From the first the real murderer is palpable to every reader—he is the village idiot, and a very proper person for the deed—yet Henry Fowler, whose common sense is much vaunted, and who is a friend of the lovely Elaine, is determined, like another Justice Shallow, to make a case of it—a Constance Kent affair. 'Tis the foolishest business imaginable. Percivale soon tracks the matter out, and is taken for better or worse by Elaine, or for pure gratitude or love of filthy lucre. As she is known by two names, so is he made to play two parts. He is now the knightly Percivale, now the mystical Lohengrin. She is Elaine when Percivale is called upon for the Arthurian part, and Elsa when he is required in the Wagnerian character. By this theatrical doubling the reader is made to feel all the agonies of a distressed call-boy fresh from school. The remaining persons in this Devonshire story pale their ineffectual fires in the company of the resplendent hero. They may be left out of the account. In the end Elaine-Elsa tells the secret of Percivale's mystery to an enemy; and, after a fatuous scene between the two, as dreary, yet not so long as the duet in *Lohengrin*, the *Swan* sets sail with her party from the Devonian valley of Avilion, "to be lost evermore in the main."

The dialect in *The Tree of Knowledge* needs not to be extensively sampled. The following may pass well for English rustic speech in novels, but it is as like Lowland Scots as Devonshire:—"Me mother said a was t'ask yer if yer was goin' to get your dinner aout, same as yesterday, or if yer'd get your dinner here to-day?" Again, p. 37, vol. i., we have, "Well, now, I dû say that it's nice to see you, Miss Ullin, and Jane tû! Come along in out of the heat—come into the rhûme. Is all the ladies well? How dû they like this weatherr, and how dû yew like it yourself, Miss Ullin, my dearr?" This last sample is referred to by the author as "the Devonshire dialect," and the "soft liquid French sound of the *u*" is noticed, contrasted with "the rough burr of the *r*." What is meant by the "burr" in Devonshire dialect we know not, "burr" having but one meaning in speech, and one that is familiar to every one who crosses the Tyne northwards. The confusion of pronouns, "yer," and so forth, and, in other sentences, "them" for "those," instead of "they," is entirely misleading. The old formula ought to have served the author in this particular:—"'Wāt vor this gallers they güsen-chicks?' 'Wāt vor I gallers they güsen-chicks! Wāt vor they güsen-chicks vader bite my leg vor than?'" And better still had it been if the author had studied the vernacular as it is written in the book of *The Astonishing History of Troy Town* (Cassell & Co.) The admirable fidelity with which the Devonshire speech is reproduced, in spirit and suggested to the eye and ear, in this diverting chronicle has been some time recognized by natives and dwellers in the South Hams and adjacent parts. Of the precise locality indicated by the author there is still, we believe, some contention among judges. For aught we know, as Chaucer says of his shipman, "it is of Dartemouth" that "Q." writes. Caleb Trotter, for all his Wellerisms and Ramsbottomisms, is inimitable. That West Saxon speech, with its so-called Americanisms, which the Devonshire folk introduced into New England, where it does still mightily prevail, though corrupted, is immortalized in the mouth of Caleb Trotter. The racy humour, the idioms, the inflexions, are reproduced with unsurpassed truth and purity; while the author's skill in suggesting the pronunciation is as remarkable as it is rare. We take by hap a typical

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* *The Tree of Knowledge*. By G. M. Robins. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1889.

The Scotts of Bestminster. By J. Masterman. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1889.

example, as a lesson for hardy experimenters like the author of *The Tree of Knowledge*:—

> You've heard me spake, sir, o' Joe Bonaday, him as made poetry 'long wi' me wan time when lying becalmed off Ilfrycombe? Well, this Joe were a Barnstaple man, bred an' born. But he had a brother—Sam were hes name—as came an' settled out Carne way; "ould These-an'-Thicky," us used to call 'n. Sam was a crowder, you must know, an' used to play the fiddle over to Tregarrick fair; but he cudn' niver play more 'n two tunes. "Which 'll 'ee ha'," he used to say, "which 'll 'ee ha'—these or thicky?" That's why, though he was chrisn'd Sam, us used to call 'n These-an'-Thicky for short.

To cite more of Caleb's stories at this date is needless. Most people who have been stopping westward this season know all about the humours of Troy, whether it be this side of the Tamar or the other, and have laughed with the irrepressible Caleb "and that astounding Admiral, and the Twins and Tamsin." For the rest there is the new edition to hand, and we trust it may be "jest pull hot foot" to get it.

Mr. Masterman is, or ought to be, a very fortunate man. He deserves the admiration of all the ladies of the land who read novels, not merely that *The Scotts of Bestminster* is bright, wholesome, and amusing, but for the unparalleled and impeccable description it contains of the trials of a young mother and her first born. The story of poor Mrs. Scott, inexperienced, ill, travelling in India with her sick husband, charged with the care of a tender and wonderful infant, is told with admirable truth and a blended pathos and humour that is perfectly unaffected. The situation has never, to our knowledge, been so happily depicted, and if Mr. Masterman had done nothing more than refute the vulgar fallacy that only women know anything of the ways of babies, he is entitled to the sincerest commendation of his book. But there are other good things in store for the reader. The characters are, for the most part, firmly characterized. Life in India and English country life are faithfully presented, and with nothing of over-colour or eccentricity in the treatment. Mrs. Smith, though a little too suggestive of a lady in a Gilbert-and-Sullivan operetta, is an amusing sketch of a vulgar, good-hearted, consequential woman, not altogether unrecognizable as a type of Anglo-Indian society. The episode of a shipwreck on some not unfriendly isles in the Indian Ocean, though rather inordinately spun out, is cleverly imagined, and shows that an old and picturesque device of novelists is by no means exhausted of its interest. Altogether, *The Scotts of Bestminster* is full of capable work, and readable from cover to cover.

NEW ENGLAND.*

IF Mr. Fiske had cut out his first chapter he would greatly have improved his book. It does not seem to have struck him that there was anything ridiculous in beginning a short account of the foundation and early history of the New England colonies with a discussion as to the import of the dethronement of Romulus Augustulus in 476, or that his readers might resent being told how the subject of some of Professor Freeman's lectures at Oxford illustrates his opinion as to the necessity of studying the history of the "Dark Ages." He has prefaced his legitimate work with an introduction mainly on the "English idea" of representation, which has no very considerable bearing on the general contents of his book. Much of what he has written about political representation suffers from his ambiguous phraseology. The term "nation-making" is applied alike to the enslavement of foreign nations by Oriental monarchs, to the denationalizing decrees which extended the Roman citizenship to men of the nations subject to Rome, and to the adoption of Parliamentary representation by the English. Surely there was an English nation before the reign of Edward I. Nor is the author's history above reproach. His choice of Frederic II. as an example of a great monarch in full sympathy with his subjects is certainly peculiar. He misapprehends and overstates the constitutional importance of the Parliament summoned by Simon de Montfort in 1265, when, he says, there was "first asserted and applied at Westminster the fundamental principle of 'no taxation without representation.'" It was unwise to mention Wycliffe without having learnt that he was not a "professor," as the word is now used, at Oxford, and that he was not a "free-thinker," to talk about the punishment of death for heresy without having learnt that there was an unwritten Common Law in England, which did not derive its force from Acts of Parliament, or, lastly, to choose "fine tact" as the special characteristic which Elizabeth must have inherited from her mother. When he at last gets to his proper subject, we find much to praise and very little to blame. The assertion that the abolition of tithes has been adopted by the more civilized portions of the Protestant world is probably a mere bit of hasty writing. The narrative is well put together, and is far more brightly told than any of the numberless short accounts of the early days of New England that have yet reached us. While dwelling with laudable pride on the achievements of the settlers and the results of their work, he freely criticizes their motives and actions. That the Puritan migration was undertaken in the interests of religious liberty is, he justly says, "nonsense," and he pleads that it is consequently unjust to charge the colonists with inconsistency because they were grossly intolerant. They left England in order to establish a theocratic community, and their scheme did not admit of religious liberty. Nor were they likely, in the face of the dangers which surrounded them, to be tolerant of anything which tended to weaken or destroy unity of feeling. Dissent from the general religion almost necessarily implied political discontent, and they acted on the principle enunciated by Arnold, a leading citizen of Providence, with reference to Gorton's case, that "there is no State but in the first place will seek to preserve its own safety and peace." Mr. Fiske's statement of the merits and defects inherent in the theocratic idea, and especially apparent in Massachusetts, where it was most thoroughly followed out, is well considered, and his treatment of the whole question of the attitude of the New England colonists with reference to religious liberty is vigorous and interesting. He carries his narrative down to the grant of the Massachusetts charter of 1692, and appends a useful bibliographical note, in which we are glad to observe a warm acknowledgment of the impartiality and accuracy of Mr. Doyle's work, *The English in America*.

* *The Beginnings of New England; or, the Puritan Theocracy in its Relations to Civil and Religious Liberty.* By John Fiske. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

THE BLIND.*

THIS very industrious Commission, of which Lord Egerton of Tatton was the chairman, was appointed in January 1886. It visited almost all the institutions for the blind and the deaf and dumb, not only in the United Kingdom, but in Paris, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. It also made a thorough inquiry into the principles on which such institutions are conducted in the United States. In the present article we propose to confine our observations to the blind, leaving the deaf and dumb for another occasion; and, as the well-to-do blind are few in number and are usually well cared for, and have the benefit of all the modern appliances which have been invented for the alleviation of their sad lot, it will hardly be necessary to say more about them than that it is from their class, as might be expected, that the most conspicuous instances of energy in the endeavour to overcome the effects of the terrible disqualification under which they suffer have come. The late Mr. Fawcett is a well-known example of that energy, and there are others whom it is unnecessary here to mention. One instance of an effort to overcome the disabilities of blindness which is related by the Commissioners we cannot forbear from quoting. At the college at Worcester, which is a college for the higher education of blind people, the pupils were playing at football with a basket-ball enclosing a bell, and walking on stilts with perfect fearlessness.

To the seeing (we dislike the word "sighted," which is the one most in use among people associated with the blind to indicate those who have sight) blindness is such an overwhelming calamity that it seems almost brutal to do anything with the blind but to enable them to lead comfortable lives at the expense of somebody else. By the statute 43 Eliz. c. 2, it was provided that the relatives of blind people, being of sufficient ability, should maintain them; but in the case of the poor it must often happen that the relatives are not of sufficient ability, and in that case the poor blind had no resource but the workhouse or begging, with or without "a musical instrument"—hence the familiar blind fiddler. By recent legislation the guardians of the poor have been empowered to provide for the maintenance and education of the blind, in schools and other institutions, and to subscribe to the support of such institutions.

That the blind could be taught many things which would make their lives brighter and happier, and make themselves more useful members of the community, has apparently, in England at least, been a discovery of the present century. In 1800 there were but four institutions for the blind in the United Kingdom. There are now sixty-one of various kinds, mostly schools and workshops. The idea that the blind should be provided for comfortably appears to have been acted upon in Saxony, and the result is well told by Herr Büttner, the director of the institution at Dresden, in a memorandum quoted in the Report. After stating the reasons why an asylum was established in which the blind might live, "free from care and the chicaneries of the world" (the ideal condition, be it observed), he goes on:—

> This asylum was not a success, for the expenses were so great that only a few of the blind discharged from the institution could be provided for; the greater number fell back again into beggary. There was great discontent in the asylum. The men thought it beneath their dignity to rise, take their meals, and work by the clock. They only thought of the restriction to their liberty, and, having grown accustomed to the acts of benevolence done them, they demanded them as a right. The women, living without care and distraction, became shrewish, and embittered their own lives for mere trifles.

Experience in other cases shows that this may be taken as a fair account of the results of the comfortable system. We must harden our hearts, and for the sake of the blind themselves and of society, remove them from mendicancy, and teach them what they can be taught.

By the last Census the number of blind persons in England was 22,832, in Scotland 3,158, in Ireland 6,111, and in the Isle of Man and Channel Islands 195; total, 32,296. But the Commissioners think that these figures do not represent the real number, as persons who can see enough to walk about and can distinguish light and darkness are reluctant to include themselves

* *Report of the Royal Commission on the Blind, the Deaf, and Dumb, &c., of the United Kingdom.* 1889.

among the blind. Many causes of blindness are preventible, and it is satisfactory to find that there has been a sensible decrease in the number of blind persons within the last thirty years. More than one-fourth of the blind in the United Kingdom have lost their sight from purulent ophthalmia at birth, a malady which might be greatly diminished, if not almost altogether extinguished, by proper treatment. The Commission recommends that information on this subject should be circulated through the Post Office. In Germany the importance of proper treatment at this stage is recognized, and stringent laws exist providing for the calling in of a doctor in cases where the malady exists and forbidding, under penalties, treatment by anybody but a doctor.

It is obvious, of course, that the numerous so-called accidents from flying shuttles, from burns by fire or acids, and from flying stones or chips in workshops could be greatly diminished by care; and, if English people could abstain from blows, probably there would be fewer blind people by one-third. The blind may be divided into three classes—namely, those blind from birth, those who have become blind in after-life, and the aged blind; and these again may be subdivided into those who are totally blind and those who can see a little light. For educational purposes these latter are rightly classified as blind; but their condition is very different from that of the totally blind, as they are much less dependent.

It is evident to those who are much associated with the blind that those who have lost their sight from birth live in altogether a different world from the seeing—a world in which there is no identification even of their most intimate companions save by hearing or touch—a world in which a person's idea of the human countenance must be derived from feeling his or her own face, and in which there can be no idea of the human eye—a world of utter darkness, in which there is no colour and only such shapes as may be distinguished by touch; in which, in fact, all that is taken in through the eye is absent—a world the dweller in which is supremely helpless. Is it possible that such a world can be otherwise than a sad one? The blind show that it is a sad one by the expression of their faces, which in many cases is singularly distressing; to enter a room in which there are many blind people, and to observe that there is no recognition except by the sound of the voice or the footstep, is a sad experience. It is difficult for the seeing to imagine the lives such people lead; but it is certain that the self-concentration which is the effect of the loss of sight is bad for them; that they can do work, and that they can learn, and that learning and work are good for them. Reading is taught by touch. A book is a number of large sheets of paper which have been stamped in such a manner that small protuberances appear on the other side; these represent letters and words, according to their form. A clever boy can learn to read this raised or embossed type in about one year; but the average time for a child is about two years. When proficient they can read almost as quickly as the seeing. Their literature is necessarily limited; but the Bible, an English history, and other books, have been prepared in this raised type, and there is also a magazine on purpose for the blind. Writing is taught in the same way, the scholars stamping out the letters themselves. There is a most ingenious system of teaching arithmetic by means of a perforated metal plate, a description of which would make us exceed our limits; but by it children can do long Reduction and Rule-of-three sums with great readiness. Basket-making, mat-making, brush-making, and chair-caning are taught with success to men, and chair-caning and knitting to women and girls. But music is undoubtedly the most important subject of education for the blind. It is a mistake to suppose that blind people have a better ear for music than others. Their sense of hearing may possibly be keener from cultivation, but the reason they become musicians is, first, that music gives them one of the few pleasures which life affords, and, secondly, that to those with an ear it is not extremely difficult to learn. In Paris music has been more effectually taught than anywhere in England, and a good percentage of the blind are there doing well by its means. In England some few are gaining a living by pianoforte-tuning, and even by playing the organ and other instruments, but comparatively few who learn music are able to make their living by it.

Of the blind trained in institutions it would appear that 42 per cent. do not after leaving continue to practise the industry taught them, while about 34 per cent. of the remainder do work, but do not earn more than 5*s.* a week. "This," say the Commissioners, "indicates a great deal of indifferent teaching or want of proper facilities for working and disposing of their work." In another part of their Report, however, the Commissioners admit, as might be expected, that the blind cannot compete on equal terms with the seeing. They make some kinds of rough baskets and some kinds of mats so nearly as well that the difference can hardly be perceived, but the blind suffer from other disabilities besides blindness. They very seldom have strong health. When physical weakness is added to blindness, it is difficult to see how they could compete with healthy seeing people.

There is a great desire among the blind to teach their blind brethren, and also a desire among the latter to be taught by the blind, and this is done to a great extent in England, and almost entirely at the Institution Nationale in Paris, but the supervision of seeing persons appears necessary. It is worthy of remark that one or two blind witnesses impressed on the Commissioners that, in the event of there being Government inspection of schools for the blind, the inspectors should be blind men, "because a seeing man would never be severe enough in demanding the full powers of the blind."

But it is time to come to the recommendations of the Commissioners. They recommend that the provisions of the Education Act should be extended to the blind, and that their attendance at a school or institution should be enforced from the age of 5 to the age of 16—that is to say, at a public elementary school from 5 to 12, and at a technical or industrial training school from 12 to 16—and that, where the number is too small to form a class, the educational authority should have power to send the child to an existing institution or to provide one in conjunction with other authorities. And that, to cover the expenses, a capitation grant of half the cost of instruction should be given. Under the London School Board the annual cost of educating a blind child is 9*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.*, and at Cardiff, Bradford, and Sunderland 7*l.* 3*s.* 1*d.* Educating a seeing child in the same school would cost, in round numbers, something under 2*l.* The difficulty of educating blind children in day schools is the trouble of getting them to and from the schools, as they have to be attended, and, therefore, schools in which blind children alone are taught would seem out of the question, unless they could be boarding schools. Probably the best plan, on the whole, if boarding schools cannot be provided, is the special class recommended by the Commissioners in elementary schools, with a grant per head to cover the extra cost; but we hardly see how compulsion could be worked. With regard to the adult blind, the Commissioners recommend the adoption of the system in use in Saxony of supervision and help after leaving the institution; for the details of this system the Report must be referred to.

The Commissioners say "the aged blind in workhouses at present pass a wretched existence," but it is exceedingly difficult to find any remedy for their condition. There are numerous charities for the blind, and the Commissioners recommend improved supervision of and intercommunication between such charities. Under them a good many blind people receive small pensions; if they were better managed, more would have the benefit of them. There is one recommendation of the Commissioners in which we heartily agree—namely, that the intermarriage of the blind should be strongly discouraged; how their intermarriage should come about at all seems odd, but we should very much like some more information as to the form the discouragement is to take.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

THE Sardinian Tales (1) of Signor Giovanni Saragat are admirably illustrative of the manners and customs, patriarchal and picturesque, of the island of Sardinia. When they are descriptive it is with so excellent a sense of proportion that, although we see and breathe the air of a land not often trodden by the tourist, it is but as a background to the sturdy, ignorant, dignified figures of its people. There is a freshness and *maestria* in the writer's character-sketches which bring us nearer to them than any holiday exploration could do. For, although we might meet with an Ignazia, type of healthy feminine vigour, magnanimity, and common sense, with an Antonicu type of village youth and bravery, with an epicurean Tio Antioco and a pious but hot-tempered Tio Francesco-Angelo, with an innocent youth of military experience who has served his three years on the mainland, and even with his sister Mariedda, the fair little saint whose heart is torn between the rival claims of earthly and spiritual love, they would not open their hearts to us as they do in these pleasant pages. It is even doubtful whether they would admit us to their feasts, fights, serenades, and secret meetings, exclusion from which would mean the loss of much quaint and picturesque experience. Other sides of native character are revealed in the burglary of Coixedda, the parish priest disguised as the Devil, the vendetta of Prete Andrea, and the immunity accorded to him by the six jurymen who declared him innocent. All these things are told with an absence of declamatory emphasis, a tenderness, a humour, a suggestive and almost impersonal irony that mark one well acquainted with a people set apart from the commonplaces of civilization.

Sulla Montagna ("On the Heights") (2) is a strong and touching story of peasant life, as true as only the best art can be to nature, reproducing the very atmosphere of the Marches, redolent of its harvests, eloquent of the toils, the simple pleasures, the passions and the beliefs of its primitive people. The idyllic lovers are not more idealized than is the prerogative of all right-minded heroes and heroines; the most carping and least optimistic of critics will hardly cavil at the "illusion" of their steadfastness and innocence. The agony of Antonuccio's unmerited disgrace; how fair Menica and Agnese the witch bore witness for him; what Agnese said to the judge in open court "con rispetto parlando"; the confession of Lo Storto, a village Iago; how the choleric parish priest (whose sermons, beginning "umanissimi uditori," were wont to end with "voi altri canaglia") repented him of injustice, and how happy the lovers were made for ever afterwards, are things so excellently told by the Signora Pigorini-Beci that they are better read than discussed.

Signor F. de Roberto, in a prefatory letter to his publisher, in which he incidentally designates M. Zola as the "master of

(1) *Di là dal mare.* Da Giovanni Saragat. Milano: Brigola & Co.

(2) *Sulla Montagna.* Da Caterina Pigorini-Beci. Roma: Direzione della Nuova Antologia.

masters," apologizes for the idealism of *Documenti umani* (3). These idealistic (?) tales follow closely on the production of *Sorte*, a work so suggestive of the manner of the "master of masters" that Signor Treves declined to publish it, not only on account of its ethical and artistic poverty, but because he held such works "to be injurious to the good taste of the younger generation, and believed the writer's talent to be capable of better things." Signor de Roberto is much imbued with Gallicism. His dissertation on the right of every man to write how and what he pleases is a wordy parody of M. de Maupassant's famous preface. His Duchessa di Neli, in *Studio di Donna*, talks little, but thinks the more. She is elaborately gowned and barricaded by furniture, among which Signor de Roberto stumbles on the last novel of M. Paul Bourget. When, in a *loutre* and sky-blue tea-gown, she is discovered in a remote villa by the object of her choice after days of passionate longing, she asks him, "Cavaliere, do you like sweets?" As she hands him the *bonbonnière* he perceives that the skin of her forehead is slightly stained with hair-dye, banished are the silver threads he had admired amid her luxuriant locks when he last met her *in a grey, tailor-made gown*. More to her surprise than ours, he bids her a cold good-bye and flees to a neighbouring town. Another tribute to M. Bourget is the exoticism of his Princess Borischeff. Four languages are needful for the baring of the lady's unsophisticated soul. This we learn from a polyglot letter written, except for the mixture of tongues, after (a long way after) the manner of a Slav heroine of M. Cherbuliez's. In the blended Americanese and Volapük of her signature, *Toute* (*sic*) *à vous, Caterine P. Borischeff*, we find the first indication of Signor de Roberto's originality. Realism, he remarks, is the truth about things external, idealism the truth about things invisible. This definition will do as well as any other; but why should it induce the author of *Documenti umani* to mistake the Unreal for the Ideal?

The author of *Rosa, scene della vita di villaggio* (4) tells us that his book is not a novel, by which he allows us to infer that it is history. It is, at any rate, a veritable cyclopædia of village types, mostly well drawn. His artists and gentlefolk are less satisfactory. The book is too long and so laden with digressions on art, politics, literature, the adventures of Italian emigrants in America, and a thousand other things, that, when at last we come to the rounding off of this authentic history, we are not quite sure what it is all about.

Noemi (5) begins life with sentiments which would do honour to Mme. Bovary. In the cart which bears her from her rustic home to the nearest station she "wishes that the horse might never stop," she "longs to be borne along unceasingly 'twixt the blue of infinite space and the dewy green of the landscape." But when this too artless daughter of a village apothecary arrives at Milan, it is, to borrow a local idiom, "another pair of gloves." Noemi, no longer Mme. Bovary, but Denise (with many apologies to Flaubert and the younger Dumas), falls a ready prey to the fascinations of a curled and highly-scented Marchesino. The author is careful to warn us in a preface to this "simple story" that therein "we shall find no trace of that old-fashioned morality which awards to every one his or her due . . . for in this wicked world evil is done without either redress for the victim or punishment for the guilty." We are not quite so sure whether the victim in this case is Noemi, or whether it be Arnaldo, the worthy painter whom, after many vicissitudes, she marries, as we are that there is little trace of old-fashioned or of any other sort of morality in this novel. After over two hundred pages, in which the objectionable element is carefully eliminated, Mercedes is delivered of a homily on the possible redemption of too adventurous ladies. We fear that when she has realized that an Arnaldo who is willing to "waive the absurd prejudices which separate one class from another" is *rara avis*, she will have lost her last illusion.

Signor Salvatore Farina has added an epilogue to the sketch published simultaneously some two years ago in the *Nuova Antologia* and the *Deutsche Rundschau* (6). Between the prologue, which opens in a foundling hospital, and the epilogue, which ends in the gain and loss of all the two heroes had wished for, the greater part of their long lives has elapsed. Signor Farina leaves the intermediate novel to the imagination of his readers. He has not written it at all; but so potent is his concentration of thought and expression that, in the presages of the prologue and the few reminiscences of the epilogue, we may read it between the lines, just as in the Odyssey we are conscious of the beauty of Nausicaa, although Homer did not stoop to catalogue its details. The story of Desiderio Coppa and of Desiderio Diodato is told with the art of a consummate *littérateur*, with a purity of language admirably free from the Gallicism which mars so much good Italian writing, and with an ideal, inherent purity of conception as difficult to define as it is delightful to meet with.

Signora Maria Savi-Lopez has not inappropriately dedicated her "Legends of the Alps" (7) to the Queen of Italy, for the best told of her tales are those of the House of Savoy. If our historic sense has a leaning towards M. Henri Carrard's view that to Thomas and not to Peter of Savoy appertained the glory of the battle of Chillon, our artistic sense is not ill pleased when Count Pierre appears before his liege lord with one half of his handsome truculent person clothed in silken raiment and the other half in steel. "'Beau cosin,'" quoth Charlemagne, "'si je ne vous heusse voullu envestir de Chablaix, de Vaudz et d'Ouste, mais que je les heusse voulu avoir pour moi, que heussiez vous fait par vôtre foy?'" "'Monsignieur,'" replied Pierre, taking the words from the lips of Thomas and the kudos from his memory, "'vous en diray-ge sur la foy et fidélité que je vous doi, je vous heusse tourné le costé armé et l'espée, et me fusse deffandu jusqu'à la mort, l'espée au poing.'" The gracefully dishevelled Alpine fairy of Signor Carlo Chessa's frontispiece promises better illustrations than are furnished by some sixty coarse woodcuts. The promise of the Signora Savi-Lopez's introduction shall speak for itself:—"When all the legends that still cling to the Alps have been garnered, I think," says the writer, "that we shall possess an admirable document of all the sweet, grand, or poetic imaginings woven by popular fantasy around the ancient myths and historic emprises of our fathers. And when to Alpine legends shall be added those equally poetic ones of the Scottish and Scandinavian mountains of the Sierras, the Carpathians, and other parts of Europe, and when these can be compared to others, a new, vast, and fecund field will be opened to the learned of every clime." All of which is undeniable. But had these pretty Alpine tales or fragments of tales come to us in simpler garb, interspersed with less pseudo-scientific hypothesis, the cause of science would not have suffered, and lovers of genuine folklore would have been better pleased. So much braying of trumpets is calculated to invite indiscreet questions as to the meaning of Jack Frost's and Karfunkel's *chassée-croisée* in the Alps and the presence of "Mary Morgan's" on the Continent. For the mermaids (*sic*), who under this English designation disport themselves on Baltic strands and in Italian pages, "que font-elles dans cette galère?"

We have received the first number of Signor A. de Gubernatis's *Dizionario degli artisti Italiani viventi* (8) (fascicolo A e B), an excellent guide to the Promised Land of the *dilettante*. The next number will appear in November and every following month until the work is completed.

(3) *Documenti umani.* Da F. de Roberto. Milano: Treves.

(4) *Rosa, scene della vita di villaggio.* Milano: Fior di Spina.

(5) *Noemi da Mercedes.* Milano: Galli.

(6) *I due desideri, Prologo ed Epilogo.* Da Salvatore Farina. Milano: Brigola.

(7) *Leggende delle Alpi.* Da Maria Savi-Lopez. Torino: Ermanno Loescher.

NATURAL INHERITANCE.*

MOST people are accustomed to regard the studies with which Mr. Galton has principally associated his name as at best rather suitable to the *dilettante*, if not absolutely a little frivolous. It is flattering in a small way to be weighed and measured with scientific precision, to have one's "swiftness of stroke," keenness of vision, "strength of squeeze," and the like, tested, and the results solemnly recorded for anonymous incorporation into a book of high repute. Nor is it less pleasing to be sedulously asked about one's secret views of numbers from one to twenty and from twenty to a hundred, about the aptitudes and illnesses, the colour of the eyes and hair, and the good and bad temper of oneself and as many of one's relations as possible. These circumstances account for the fact that Mr. Galton's researches are to some extent considered to be popular, in more senses of that expressive adjective than one. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at if a good deal of disappointment has arisen from the circumstance that Mr. Galton's latest volume is very far from being popular. It is technical in a high degree, and may be colloquially described as a great deal too "stiff" to afford the least entertainment to the casual amateur of heredity. It contains no pictures, but a great many sums and long tables, the meaning of which can be apprehended only after a careful and thorough study of the text.

The present volume largely consists of matter which is not new, but has seen the light before in some of the many articles, essays, addresses, and so forth, which the author has published from time to time. Much of such matter is now set out in a more concise, and at the same time more comprehensive, manner than was possible by the original mode of publication; and indeed the object of the present work seems to be to furnish a text-book to serve as a general foundation for the study of inheritance at large, with especial reference to human beings. The first five chapters deal with the subject generally. In them Mr. Galton explains his terminology, most of which he has had to invent for himself, and indicates such general principles as he believes to be properly inducible from the facts affecting inheritance of all kinds. Chapter vi. deals with the "Records of Family Faculties," known to students of Mr. Galton's researches as the "R. F. F.," and with the famous "Anthropometric Laboratory" established at one of the more recent exhibitions at South Kensington. The four following chapters respectively contain specific records, the result of investigation by Mr. Galton and his friends, as to Stature, Eye Colour, the Artistic Faculty, and Disease. These are followed by a discussion of "latent elements"—that is to say, upon the probability of a given peculiarity in an ancestor reappearing in his comparatively remote descendants after an interval of non-appearance in persons through whom it must be presumed to have been transmitted—and the volume concludes with a summary of results, and eight appendices containing a

(8) *Dizionario degli artisti viventi.* Da A. de Gubernatis. Firenze: L. ed A. S. Gonnelli.

* *Natural Inheritance.* By Francis Galton, F.R.S., Author of "Hereditary Genius" &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

large number of statements in tabular form, being the bases of most of the generalizations asserted in the text.

The most striking of the general characteristics of Mr. Galton's work is its want of precision. Again and again throughout his calculations we meet with an avowed "shot." For instance, in dealing with average human measures, Mr. Galton has found it practically necessary to "transmute" the measures of females into terms of measures for males. "For example:—the statures of women bear to those of men the proportion of about twelve to thirteen." Therefore, for purposes of calculating stature, a woman may be considered as a man with an inch added to his stature for every foot of hers. Mr. Galton uses the proportion of 100 to 108 for stature, and other proportions for female measures generally—*e.g.* for "strength of squeeze," and the like. As regards stature, which is capable of being ascertained with a good deal of accuracy, this method seems reasonable enough; but when widely used it opens a considerable door for error. It is, of course, a weakness in Mr. Galton's methods of research, rendered inevitable by circumstances, that, however careful his correspondents may be in their statements, they must rely a great deal upon hearsay, and even where they report such simple matters as whether eyes or hair are light or dark, from their personal observation, it is impossible to rely with much confidence upon their reports. Any one who will try the experiment of making an assertion which he supposes to be obviously true as to the colour of the hair or eyes of some person well known to each of several listeners will speedily discover how much room there is for difference of opinion—and very confident opinion, too—upon questions of this nature. When it comes to saying that such and such members of a large family are or were "good-tempered," and such others "bad-tempered," or to writing down opposite the names of a long string of relations the diseases of which they died and from which they suffered in life, the information is really so loose that no sensible man would act upon it for any practical purpose. These considerations make us look on Mr. Galton's generalizations about the probable influence upon descendants of ancestors, about the character of the imaginary person whom he rather fantastically styles the "Mid-Parent," and about the curves of frequency into which the actual or probable recurrence of physical peculiarities will naturally fall, as pleasing and ingenious, but by no means irrefragable. The criticism, of course, whatever it may be worth, affects only the question whether a man would act judiciously in selecting a wife in accordance with the teaching of Mr. Galton's statistics. It leaves entirely untouched the further question whether, assuming the former to be unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative, any considerable number of persons are likely to be so judicious as to behave accordingly.

It can hardly be necessary, for the benefit of any one who is acquainted with any of Mr. Galton's work, to add that his language and style are good, that the candour and ingenuity of his observations are alike admirable, and that his discourse abounds in peculiarly neat and original analogies and speculations. For the benefit of others, if any such there be, it may be worth while to mention one or two such passages. In the chapter on "Latent Elements," Mr. Galton devises a most ingenious simile from playing-cards. Suppose a hand of thirteen cards to be dealt from each of two packs, and another hand of thirteen from the twenty-six so obtained. Then any given card in either of the original packs may be dealt in the final pack, while it is certain that most of them will not be. "So," says Mr. Galton, "I conceive it to be with hereditary transmission. No given pair can possibly transmit the whole of their ancestral qualities; on the other hand, there is probably no description of ancestor whose qualities have not been in some cases transmitted to a descendant." This is so artful, and analogies are such a fruitful source of delusion, that it is almost necessary to observe that there is no ground for believing any "ancestral quality" to be nearly such a definite and enduring thing as a playing-card, but rather the contrary. No such criticism need be passed on the following poetical parallel:—

> The population retains its peculiarities, although the elements of which it is composed are never stationary. In these respects a population may be compared to a cloud that seems to repose in calm upon a mountain plateau, while a gale of wind is blowing over it. The outline of the cloud remains unchanged, although its elements are in violent movement, and in a condition of perpetual destruction and renewal. The well-understood cause of such clouds is the deflection of a wind laden with invisible vapour, by means of the sloping flanks of the mountain, up to a level at which the atmosphere is much colder and rarer than below. Part of the invisible vapour with which the wind was charged becomes thereby condensed into the minute particles of water of which clouds are formed. After a while the process is reversed. The particles of cloud, having been carried by the wind across the plateau, are swept down the other side of it again to a lower level, and during their descent they return into invisible vapour. Both in the cloud and in the population there is, on the one hand, a continual supply and inrush of new individuals from the unseen; they remain a while as visible objects, and then disappear. The cloud and the population are composed of elements that resemble each other in the brevity of their existence, while the general features of the cloud and of the population are alike in that they abide.

A VOYAGE IN A NORFOLK WHERRY.*

FRIESLAND Meres and through the Netherlands is the somewhat clumsy title of a very entertaining little book. It was a happy thought of the writer, after exhausting the not very extensive waterways of Norfolk, to transfer his "wherry" to the "greater Broadland" of Friesland, and enjoy the satisfaction of showing the natives the way about their own waters. The land as well as the water is apparently free from tourists, and so little known that we can almost sympathize with Mr. Doughty's friends, who asked him when he came home:—

> "Do tell me, where *is* Friesland? Somewhere near Iceland, isn't it?"
> "What language do they speak?"
> "What did you find to eat?"
> "What! did you go in a wherry? Didn't you get very wet when it rained? It must have been hard work *rowing* her," &c.

A wherry in Norfolk means a river barge, which, owing to the fineness of its lines and the arrangement of its sail, can lie closer to the wind than any craft with which we are acquainted; indeed, the progress of the *Gipsy* through Holland and Friesland seems to have been a continuous series of triumphs over the local "tjalks" and other craft. For sailing on fresh water nothing that floats can beat a Norfolk wherry; like house-boats on the Thames for size and comfort, yet safe and fast and handy under sail; they float in three feet of water, and can lead where nothing bigger than a boat can follow. Mr. Doughty is evidently an experienced sailor-man, and seems to have handled his craft capitally; but we must humbly suggest a doubt as to whether his masthead was the correct place to carry his ensign.

A great drawback to the complete enjoyment of his book is the map of Friesland, which is on so minute a scale that a microscope would be needed to trace the sinuous red thread which marks his route through the countless meres and canals with which the province is veined. He visited nearly all the towns, old walled towns most of them—Sneek, Leeuwarden, Dokkum, Bolsward, Workum, Sloten, and Lemmer—and only on two occasions seems to have met with any incivility. His subsequent voyage by the Ysel to the Rhine, and thence by Utrecht and Leiden back up the western part of Holland, is through better-known scenes, and gives one a charming impression of green landscapes, street canals, picturesque gables, carved oak panelling, and stained-glass windows. Museums are, as a rule, the dreariest of human resorts; but that at Leeuwarden, whose simple name is the "Friesch Genootschap van Geshied oudheid en Taalkende," must be described in the visitor's own words:—

> We went to see the Museum, because, as dear old Hans Andersen has taught us, "You must do it for decency's sake, for you are sure to be asked when you come back, and then you're sure to be told that you have omitted to see what is best worth seeing." And, prejudice against museums apart, we enjoyed ourselves immensely, for we found delights we little bargained for.
>
> Why do not our English museum-makers take a lesson from their Frisian cousins, and, instead of putting separate pieces of puzzle in separate glass cases, fit them together, and instruct us with a harmonious whole? In this museum we found two rooms which seemed to have been taken bodily from the everyday life of ancient Hindelopen, and very fascinating they are.
>
> The rooms were spotlessly clean, and forcibly reminded us of a model dairy by their tiled walls and floor, and the soft light which came in from a small-paned window. Of course the tiles are Old Dutch, with biblical subjects. In the first room were sitting and standing three good people, two women and a man, in the quaintest of dresses. They were discussing the beverage which "cheers but not inebriates," but unluckily they were not alive, but only "stuffed people," as some one called the figures at the "Colonies," and could not invite us to partake.
>
> One side of this room was filled with old oak armoires, two-storied, and with massive doors; beds, we shrewdly suspect they would be, did these "stuffed people" require such accommodation, and there were little painted ladders for climbing into them.
>
> Hindelopen taste in colours was and is almost barbaric, and there were plenty of examples here, almost Indian-looking, with closely blended arabesque patterns, in the brightest colours imaginable. Little square "stoofjes," or foot-warming footstools, openwork with brass handles, a cradle, I think a tea-tray, and many things beside. There was no carpet in the rooms, only a small round mat under the tea-table; but the tiled floor did not need covering. The dresses I cannot describe; but one good dame had a beautiful silver châtelaine, and the mirror which hung against the wall was framed in tortoiseshell.
>
> But no inventory, however complete, can give any idea of the charm of the place; those two ghostly rooms, and the three weird figures sitting for ever over their never-begun and never-finished tea.

There is an equally charming description of a palatial doll's-house at Utrecht: indeed, there are few towns in Holland or Friesland without some sight worth seeing; a gabled street closed by an ancient gate, a tree-bordered canal street, or a very narrow alley between leaning houses, and a glimpse of a broad river at the end of it, not to speak of churches and many-storied Renaissance town-halls and water-towers. The costumes of the women and their extraordinary gold head-dresses complete the picture, and the bright colours, set off by the brilliant atmosphere, made the voyagers feel that they had, indeed, reached a new country. The artists found that they had to use pure colour, instead of the grey half-tones to which they were accustomed under English skies:—

> The clearness of the air and the brightness of the colouring was noticeable. The houses are of red brick, or else painted in audacious colours, looking ever fresh; windows are large, the glass more than merely clean—polished—with immaculate white blinds. Every bit of brass work is burnished; then the sky is pure azure, and the foliage a vivid green. Filthy black smoke never sullies these Dutch towns; peat is the common fuel, and makes but little smoke—polite simple-seeming people; such were our impressions.

For healthy enjoyment, including almost all the delights of yachting, with safety and comfort to the ladies of the party, combining with all this the pleasure of visiting a foreign country

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* *Friesland Meres and through the Netherlands: the Voyage of a Family in a Norfolk Wherry.* By Henry Montagu Doughty, Author of "Summer in Broadland." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1889.

without the ceaseless worry produced by hotels, railways, and luggage, Mr. Doughty's mode of spending his summer holiday, seems unequalled. It seems strange that it has not been done before; but we feel sure that now he has shown the way it will be done again. Many Englishmen, of course, have visited Holland in boats of various kinds. Mr. Doughty heard at Edam of an "Engelsch schip" which had lain there, which his informant, a farmer's wife, told him contained "four men, one a black man, and one a very long man." They slept under an awning, and bought cheese of her; but it was reserved for him to discover the absolutely perfect vessel for the purpose. We feel quite a thrill of patriotic pride as we read of the way in which the familiar Norfolk wherry went away from all the boëyers, tjalks, praams, schuits, aaks, schouws, and boks with which the lakes and rivers abounded; for in Holland, as in China, many are born, live all their days, and die on board their craft; generations succeed each other who have no homes on shore:—

> Of course [says Mr. Doughty] their status varies, from well-to-do families in large new vessels, smart and clean as any yacht, to gipsy-looking folk in a neglected lighter; but smiles and salutes, never an ill word or look, met us from one and all, and the country over; and I never saw a waterman the worse for liquor.

We must not forget to mention the illustrations, done in pen-and-ink, and very cleverly and effectively done, by the ladies of the party. Slight and unpretending though many of them are, they form a notable contrast to Mr. C. Davies's blurred photographs of the same scenes in his somewhat disappointing book, *On Dutch Waterways*. For the benefit of those who have never beheld such a craft, the cover of the book displays, on a seascape ingeniously formed out of the Dutch flag, a stately wherry sailing in the wind's eye, while a local tjalk runs before it. We think it very possible that this simple account of the *Gipsy's* adventures may incline others who love sailing, sketching, and out-of-the-way travelling to be advised by old Thomas Fuller:—"If thou wilt see much in little, travel the Low Countries; Holland is all Europe in an Amsterdam print, for Minerva, Mars, and Mercury, learning war and traffic."

BOOKS ON THE OUTSIDES OF BOOKS.*

BIBLIOGRAPHY must, to some minds, be a very fascinating science. Just as we have heard an amateur architect remark that it must be pleasant to design houses for other people to live in, so it must be pleasant to write about books without having to read them. The worst of it is that the critic who notices bibliographical works cannot be expected, even by the most exorbitantly tyrannical editor, to read even one of them through "from cover to cover," or "from end to 1." The object of a critical notice of such books as those before us is to instruct the patient and obedient reader as to which he may safely place on his shelves for occasional consultation, and which he may hesitate over or reject. To arrive at a right judgment requires long experience of such books and of the kind of disappointment chiefly encountered in consulting them; and it needs also, with an extreme anxiety for exactness, an oblivion for faults of style, or rather for absence of style, and for the constant repetition of the same particulars. A volume of Lowndes may serve, in the almost total absence of anything else, to instruct, if not to entertain, a very omnivorous reader; but the most interesting part of the first book on our list is the introduction, originally compiled by the late Mr. Winter Jones, and continued to the present year by Mr. Bullen. The book itself has been greatly improved in this edition by expanding the subject-index, which previously was of comparatively little use. It now gives the short title and press-mark of every book. The introduction opens with a contrast between the Museum of 1759 and that of 1859, when the first edition of this list was issued. Admission at first, and down to 1810, was by ticket only. Mr. Jones, when he became Principal Librarian, seems to have somewhat modified the views here expressed, and, as is well known, restricted admissions by every means in his power; here, however, he congratulates the public on the large number of readers, a daily average of 420 having been attained. Under different arrangements it has now risen to 620; and the number of books supplied to readers, which in 1859 was 652, has now risen to 2,448. The introduction of the electric light has enabled the authorities "to avoid the enforced closing of the Museum on the occasion of a London fog," and greatly to extend the number of hours during which the Reading Room can remain open. A great improvement was introduced with the electric light when the lowest of the galleries which surround the Reading Room was filled with a second selection of works of reference to the number of 18,000, chosen mainly as being the works most frequently in requisition; and these books can be obtained long after the corridors of the general library have been closed for the day. The body of the Catalogue before us is beyond criticism. To the superficial observer the selection appears highly arbitrary; but no doubt the authorities have good reasons for their choice, and have placed on these shelves the volumes most frequently wanted by the daily reader.

The Catalogue and index of additions to the collection of manuscripts fill a stout, closely-printed volume of more than eleven hundred pages. It comprises all acquisitions made between 1882 and 1887. "The department," we are told, "has, during the six years covered by this Catalogue, been largely benefited by donations from various sources." Special mention is made in the preface of Lord Chichester's munificent gift of the official and private papers of the Duke of Newcastle, who was for forty-nine years a Minister of State, having become Lord Chamberlain in 1717 and having given up the Privy Seal in 1766, two years before his death. Every one remembers Walpole's amusing account of him. This collection consists of 548 volumes, besides 3,483 charters of the united families of Holles and Pelham. The department has also been enriched with a considerable number of illuminated manuscripts, and with the six volumes of State papers and historical documents which belonged to the late Sir Alexander Malet, and were acquired by the Museum in 1883. A wonderfully complete index occupies more than half the volume.

Mr. Sharman has endeavoured very bravely to identify all the books named in two inventories of the library of Queen Mary of Scotland. He has succeeded very well in a great many cases. The Queen evidently not only brought from France a goodly parcel of the beautiful productions of the Parisian press of the early sixteenth century, but kept up the supply at a later period, and also bought a few books printed in England. The number of specimens of Galliot du Pré and of Antoine Verard must have been considerable. On the whole, though we notice some misprints, and though Mr. Sharman's style is not always very clear, this is a book which sets a good example. A considerable knowledge of old French and English literature is involved in such an essay as this; but for an amateur with ample leisure a task like that which Mr. Sharman has set himself must be very pleasant. In quoting *Notes and Queries* on p. 45, Mr. Sharman should have mentioned the series, and we observe that on p. 50 he uses the word "copy" for "edition." At p. 52 there is an amusing example of Miss Strickland's way of writing history. It relates to Queen Elizabeth's translation of Boethius. Mr. Sharman might have found a more exact account of the work. Bowyer, who kept the Tower records, wrote to the Queen in 1593, and sent her a computation that the work had occupied her in all for twenty-four hours, at the rate of two hours a day. Mr. Sharman's heraldry fails him at p. 132, where he speaks of Queen Mary as "quartering" the arms of Queen Elizabeth. On the whole, however, this is an interesting volume not to the bibliographer alone, but to any historical student, and throws some side light on an obscure period.

* *Books of Reference in the Reading Room of the British Museum.* Third edition. Printed for the Trustees. 1889.

Catalogue of Additions to the Manuscripts in the British Museum. Printed for the Trustees. 1889.

The Library of Mary Queen of Scots. By Julian Sharman. London: Stock. 1889.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. JULIEN TIERSOT, some four years ago, received an Institute "crown" for an essay on a certain period of French popular song-writing, and has now amplified it into a volume which contains a very large amount of matter (1). It must be a question for opinion to decide whether it is desirable or not to keep the purely literary and the purely musical sides of such a subject apart. M. Tiersot has not kept them apart, and in handling them together has ventured into the very perilous region of the musical notation of the ancients, designating the "mode" of this folk-song as "hypodorian, concluding on the dominant," of that as "a mixture of the major and hypophrygian modes," and so forth. We think we are not rash in saying that such matters are too technical, if not too contentious, for it to be satisfactory to treat them otherwise than by themselves. The purely literary part of the matter, and the border-ground between the literary and the technically musical, offered an ample field, of which M. Tiersot has availed himself not ill. He has covered in his view a very wide space, extending from the early romances, of which "Fair Isabel" is a specimen, to this present nineteenth century; he has endeavoured to "rationalize" the songs into love-songs, songs of the *maumariée* or unhappy wife, war-songs, drinking-songs, historical and other ballads, and the like; and, finally, he has, as we have said, devoted very considerable pains to the airs as well as to the words. It would appear that he has acquainted himself with most of the literature of the subject, including the recent researches of "folklorists," and his book contains very copious references to other works where the inquirer may fill up his stock of information. If a fault is to be found with it anywhere, it must probably be that, while it offers much more information in detail than is necessary for an essay, we have still nothing like an exhaustive history of French folk-song. To give this in full with all the variants of the different songs, after the fashion of Professor Child's monumental collection of English ballads, would, of course, be impossible in any single volume of a less size than Webster's Dictionary. But we think that M. Tiersot might have given a rather smaller, but still representative, collection of extracts in his text, and have thus made room for a nearly, if not quite, exhaustive catalogue of songs (not, of course, given in full) in an appendix or a separate

(1) *Histoire de la chanson populaire en France.* Par Julien Tiersot. Paris: Plon.

division of the book. There are, however, always difficulties in the enlargement of a prize essay into a book, and M. Tiersot's volume is more than interesting enough as it is to justify itself, and also the fuller notice which we hope to give it elsewhere.

It is less surprising that *La nouvelle Héloïse* (2) should make her appearance in M. Jouaust's extremely beautiful "Petite Bibliothèque Artistique"—the most satisfactory, on the whole, of the numerous collections of the kind which are now produced in France—than that she should have waited so long for a place in it. True, Julie is not the attraction that once she was—that she was, as has just been shown in the letters published by Mr. David Ritchie, even to a girl so little sentimental as Jane Welsh (soon to be Carlyle), sixty years ago. The magnificent lines (perhaps, on the whole, the finest and most genuine that he ever wrote) of Byron in *Childe Harold* remain, and will remain for ever, to show what that attraction was to two generations, not the foolishest that Europe has known; and more than one prose passage of Hazlitt, a person sufficiently different from Byron, might be cited to accompany them. Even to this day, out of fashion as the style is, deliberately as Rousseau went out of his way to choke his book with surplusage of sentimentality and to starve it with penury of incident, no one who has what its own day called an *âme sensible* can read the immortal "Oh! mourons, ma douce amie," or any one of a dozen other passages, without acknowledging that here at least the author attained to that greatest triumph of literature—the embodying of a particular phase of thought, of feeling, of experience in words more adequate, more vivid, more forcible than any other writer has given to it. But almost from the first there has been a strong party against poor Mme. de Wolmar. Even on the Continent, and still more in England, those who prize (and there is something to be said for them) reticence about the delights of passion have always looked on the book as an unmanly, if not a positively immoral, piece of gush. It has been urged—and, indeed, it is very hard to deny it—that Saint-Preux was not only not a gentleman by birth (which he could not help), but was also, like his very gifted, but sometimes very despicable, creator, the reverse of a gentleman now and then in his sentiments and behaviour. The opinion of the saner part of the civilized world—even of the saner among those who fervently admire parts of the book—has always been that, if the passages referring to Mylord Edouard Bomston and M. de Wolmar respectively could have been separately hung round the necks of those two personages, and the whole parcel have then been drowned in the profoundest corner of the Lake of Geneva, it had been a blessed riddance. Still with the more capable students of literature the book, even with this heavy load, will survive and float unmerged in the other lake of Oblivion for ever and ever—all the more that the old reproach of immorality brought against it has, since the advent of Naturalism, been exchanged for that of insipid dulness. It can hardly be necessary to say at any great length that M. Jouaust's presentation of the first instalment of it is immaculate in all respects of workmanship. The illustrations are charming, and only too few—the frontispiece of Jean-Jacques, in his famous Armenian dress, is more prepossessing than usual, and the two etchings by M. Hédouin, the famous Bosquet scene, and the last farewell, where Saint-Preux grovels on the stairs, are among the most successful book illustrations that we have seen for a long time. In the first-named plate the action of Claire playfully pushing Julie forward is charmingly given; and in the second, all suspicion of the ridiculous—a peril especially incident to the treatment of such a scene in miniature—is avoided. The text appears also to have been printed with the greatest care, and divers faults, which always creep into constantly reprinted matter, have been removed. If we have a fault to find, it is with the introduction. M. John Grand-Carteret has done most excellent and agreeable work as an iconographer, and knows his eighteenth century well; but we had not previously any reason to think highly of him as a literary critic, nor have we now. To class Scott with "gens qui n'ont pas d'âme," and a good deal more of the same kind, because he did not like a book which it is extremely probable he never read in the original, and his dislike for which is easily accountable for, is uncritical to the point of imbecility, and there is much else both of praise and blame, which is equally questionable. But the introductions play but a small part in these beautiful editions, and may almost be neglected.

(2) *J.-J. Rousseau—La nouvelle Héloïse.* Première partie. Edition Jouaust. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AN appropriate start is made with "The Temple Library" by Dr. Birkbeck Hill's *Select Essays of Dr. Johnson*, with etchings by Mr. Herbert Railton (Dent & Co.), two volumes clad in the prettiest Quakerish hue imaginable, the type and paper delightful to sight and touch, the selection and notes altogether such as good Johnsonians must expect of an editor of Dr. Hill's equipment. Perhaps it is a sign of the hopeless loss of influence sustained by the Johnsonian essay that these charming reprints are offered, no doubt wisely, to the few. The issue is limited, and there is a "large paper" form, also limited. And yet there was a time, after its publication was abandoned, when the *Rambler* circulated freely, and there is plenty of evidence to show it was piously preserved. *Ramblers* and *Idlers* may be even now picked up by the book-hunter, substantially bound in leather, although the original reception was, as Dr. Hill remarks, not encouraging. The fate of Johnson's essays is sad, indeed, though scarcely so melancholy as the neglect of Cowley, with which Dr. Hill compares it. There is a fashion in periodical literature, and the bulk of readers obey it and follow with fervour. It is not to be expected that a public given over to *Tit-Bits* should fall back on the ephemeral or light literature of the last century. Dr. Hill's selection is, it is needless to say, a good one. It includes a fair sample of Johnson's contributions to Hawkesworth's *Adventurer*, and, it is well to note, though the *Rambler* does much more abound, a capital gathering of *Idlers*. If, as bookseller Cave confessed, "Mr. Johnson is the Great Rambler," it may with truth be asserted that he is the greater Idler. Those persons whose regard for Johnsonian criticism is much the same as the attitude of Coleridge's servant towards the author of the *Watchman*—"La, sir! it's only *Idlers*" is the mark of the tribe—might do worse things than study the opinions of Mr. Minim.

An instructive and suggestive summary of the last ten years of English political history is put forth as "a handbook for Unionists," under the title *Mr. Gladstone and English Politics* (Woodford, Fawcett, & Co.), by Mr. George Brooks, whose record is not merely exhaustive and searching, but peculiarly interesting, because of the writer's recent conversion from the Gladstonian faith. If we had not too much evidence of the extremely limited reading of the average good Gladstonian, both in past history and recent, we should be hopeful of excellent results from the publication of Mr. Brooks's plain-spoken, forcible, and convincing book. The writer hailed Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure with joy; but he was previously a vigorous critic of Mr. Gladstone's older Irish policy of sops and tinkering. A visit to the United States during the last Presidential election cured him of all belief in Mr. Gladstone's newest panacea for Irish "disaffection," and it is obvious that such an experience must necessarily lead any earnest inquirer, free from partisan spirit, to the same conclusion arrived at by Mr. Brooks. In America, as the writer observes, the Home Rule movement has "its base, its centre, its life, and strength"; and there he found the professed enemies of his country banded together in support of it. Hence Mr. Brooks was impelled to reconsider his position, and the vindication of his changed convictions should be read by all who have any respect for or faith in Liberalism.

Your voyager who keeps a journal and prints it at request of friends is not always so frank and fearless a chronicler of small beer as is Mr. Marchamp Longway (J. C. P. W.), whose *London to Melbourne* (Remington & Co.) is made up of the ordinary impressions of a voyager on an Orient Line steamer from London to Australia. In addition to the unutterable excitements that ever attend a sea voyage, the author provides a pitiless account of a visit to Naples, Pompeii, and so forth, of which we can only remark that, having read it, we would not invite our worst enemy to incur the "yawn of such a venture."

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we have new editions of Kingsley's *Play and Puritans, and other Essays*; Mrs. Oliphant's *Sheridan*, "English Men of Letters" series; Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's *Chantry House*, and Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* a reissue of the famous Devonshire romance at sixpence, printed in double columns of good clear type by Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh.

With due allowance for the lessened range available, Mr. Alfred H. Miles has succeeded quite as well with his collection of short tales, *Fifty-two Stories for Girls* (Hutchinson & Co.), as with the companion volume for boys, already noticed. The editorial aim and method are the same. The stories, from many sources, are classified under the various heads of Home and School, Heroism, Adventure, Domestic Life, Historical and Fairy Lore, and, with all this uncommon variety, there does not appear to be one of the fifty-two without merit.

We have also received the new volume of that well-established favourite *The Quiver* (Cassell & Co.), compact of wholesome reading and pretty illustrations; the *Handbook for Jamaica* for 1889-90 (Stanford), edited by Messrs. A. C. Sinclair and Laurence R. Fyfe, comprising statistical and other information, with a map of the island prepared from the Government survey; and *The Republic of Uruguay*, 1888-9 (Liverpool: Rockliff), an official description of "the country at the Paris Exhibition," with statistics and illustrations that offer striking evidence of its progress and prosperity.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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This ASSOCIATION has been formed for the purpose of holding an ANNUAL CONGRESS, in the Principal Manufacturing Towns of the Kingdom in rotation, to discuss problems of a practical nature connected with the welfare of the Arts, Fine and Applied. By invitation of the CORPORATION of the City of Edinburgh the SECOND CONGRESS will be held here during the WEEK COMMENCING October 27, 1889.

The SECOND ANNUAL CONGRESS of the NATIONAL ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of ART and its APPLICATION to INDUSTRY will be held at EDINBURGH, from October 27 to November 2, 1889.

President.

The Most Noble the MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T.

CONGRESS ARRANGEMENTS.

SUNDAY, October 27—
3 P.M. The Congress Sermon will be preached in St. Giles's Cathedral by the Rev. Professor FLINT, D.D., LL.D.

MONDAY, October 28—
8.30 P.M. Presidential Address by the MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T., President of the Association.

TUESDAY, October 29—
10 A.M. Section of Painting: Presidential Address by BRITON RIVIÈRE, R.A., followed by Two Papers.
2.30 P.M. Section of Applied Art: Presidential Address by WILLIAM MORRIS, followed by Two Papers.

WEDNESDAY, October 30—
10 A.M. Combined Meeting of the Sections of Sculpture, Architecture, and the National and Municipal Encouragement of Art.
10 A.M. Meeting of the Section of Painting.
2.30 P.M. Section of Sculpture: Presidential Address by E. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A., followed by Two Papers.

THURSDAY, October 31—
10 A.M. Combined Meeting of the Sections of Painting, Sculpture, and Applied Art.
10 A.M. Meeting of the Section of Architecture.
10 A.M. Meeting of the Section of Museums and National and Municipal Encouragement of Art.
2.30 P.M. Section of Architecture: Presidential Address by R. ROWAND ANDERSON, LL.D., and Two other Papers.

FRIDAY, November 1—
10 A.M. Combined Meeting of the Sections of Sculpture and Architecture.
10 A.M. Combined Meeting of the Sections of Applied Art and the National and Municipal Encouragement of Art.
2.30 P.M. Section of Museums and National and Municipal Encouragement of Art: Presidential Address.
4 P.M. General Meeting.

The Presidential Addresses of the Sections will be delivered in the Queen Street Hall, the Section Meetings and Combined Meetings will be held in the Rooms of the New National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh.

The FREE EVENING MEETINGS for WORKING MEN in the Lecture Hall of the Museum of Science and Art.

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The Subscription for Members is One Guinea; for Associates, Half-a-Guinea. Associates will be entitled to attend all the Meetings of the Congress, but will not be invited to the Entertainments given by the Association, and will not receive the Volume of Transactions. Tickets may be obtained direct from the

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EAST AND WEST.

ALMOST before the visit of the CZAR to Berlin was over its interest was eclipsed, at any rate in the eyes of the quidnuncs, by the speech of Signor CRISPI at the banquet given to him at Palermo. Even before the provision of this new subject the interest excited in the older one had been but languid. A laborious comparison of versions in order to ascertain whether or no the EMPEROR had spoken more and the CZAR less cordially than was at first reported, an attempt to discriminate between the official and the popular welcome, some stories as to personal conversations between the CZAR and Prince BISMARCK on the subject of Bulgaria—these were things which did not evince any very lively curiosity on the subject or testify to any great importance in it. Nor, in fact, was there much of either. The delay of the visit and the rather singular tactics adopted in regard to it by the press of a country where the press is specially under official control, of one kind or another, had given to the thing a wholly factitious attraction. It would certainly have been singular if the visit of the Emperor WILLIAM had not been returned; but its return was exceedingly unlikely (or, rather, it was wholly impossible for it) to alter the relations between Russia and Germany in any appreciable degree. That it is practically impossible for these relations to be actively friendly has been shown here over and over again. But it is possible that the visit may have allayed some personal soreness, and so have done good; while it is exceedingly unlikely that it can have done any harm. If any attempt was made to remove the strange and unworthy sentiments which occupy the CZAR'S mind in relation to Bulgaria, we fear it was foredoomed to failure; and no other question of high policy is likely to have been mooted.

The curiously empirical character of most handlings of foreign policy could hardly be better illustrated than by the fact that, while some critics have affected to regard the Italian PRIME MINISTER'S speech as directed, with as little disguise of aim as is consistent with usage, at the attack on Italian policy which Mr. GLADSTONE recently made or inspired, others have seen in it a "severe avoidance" of the subject. For ourselves, we incline decidedly to the former view. Signor CRISPI could hardly have held a regular disputation with a masked opponent in a foreign periodical, and he did not hold one; he could hardly have passed over remarks attributed, without contradiction, to a statesman whom Italians, wisely or unwisely, hold in peculiar estimation, and he did not pass them over. His speech, of course, dealt with many subjects, and we fear it must be added that no increase of good taste or good sense can be discovered in that part of it which had reference to the Church and the Papacy. Signor CRISPI is past praying for on that head, and it must, we suppose, be left to some younger politician to perceive and carry out the elementary principle of statesmanship that, when you have a great force in your own country of which it is practically impossible to get rid, common sense dictates alliance with it, and utilization of its energy, not defiance and exasperation. In other respects Signor CRISPI'S apology for the apparently heavy burdens which have been bound on Italy, and for the attitude in which that country finds herself towards France, was sound enough, and, indeed, followed pretty closely the lines which were indicated here, a fortnight ago, as those which an intelligent Italian would take. That the newly-established Great Power neither intends to be a spoilt child of Europe, nor desires to build a wall of brass round her so as to shut herself off from the rest of the Continent, nor wishes to sit defenceless under vine and olive till the spoiler comes once more, is the gist of the speech, and we need not endorse arguments which we have anticipated. The recent announcement of the new relations between Italy and Abyssinia, or, as it seems we must call it, Ethiopia, supplied Signor CRISPI with one of those touches of "bite" of which public speakers know the value. It is easy to see why this policy should be adopted. Although headlong colonization, as both France and Germany have recently found to their cost, is a profitless and thankless blunder, it is difficult for a nation to keep up and exercise either land or sea forces without some such possessions. Intelligent Americans, for instance, admit that the want of such things has not a little to do with the extreme difficulty which their country finds in maintaining an efficient navy. England, which has studiously welcomed the efforts of Italy in this direction, and which (for what reason it is unnecessary to discuss) has declined herself to enter into the country travelled by BRUCE and conquered by NAPIER, could make no reasonable objection to the Italian protectorate. It may, indeed, be observed that the claims of Italy's ally to the sovereignty of Ethiopia are by no means yet recognized by all the blameless Ethiopians; but Italy will probably be wise enough to remember her own proverb, and "go softly" in this district.

From the various centres of disturbance where the enemies of the Turkish Empire are trying to make mischief the news is chequered. It would appear that Greek lying, and English repetition of the lies, with agitation to match, have at last prevailed on the Cretan insurgents to take up arms again at their favourite old post of Sphakia. Six Turkish soldiers are said to have been surprised and butchered in their sleep—a transaction described gleefully by the organs of humanitarianism, who shriek when a Cretan is sent to prison, as the lessening of "the number of ruffians in Crete by six." These good men, therefore, may possibly succeed in renewing the bloodshed to which the firm and wise proceedings of SHAKIR had put a stop, and they may rub their hands in the thought that, if Turks are killed, it means only the extirpation of ruffians, while if their own protégés fall, the blood of the martyrs will be the seed of—they probably do not quite know what. In a similar spirit (for with the Turcophobe it is always "Heads I win; tails you lose") when it is reported that MOUSSA Bey has been convicted of misconduct in Armenia, and that in the investigation gross corruption and mismanagement have, to the SULTAN'S great displeasure, been found to exist in the official world, this is held to prove that the Turk is not fit to govern; while, when it is said that the result of the inquiry has been not to acquit MOUSSA and the officials, but to refer the matter to local tribunals, it proves the unfitness still more clearly. There are no blanks in the pleasant lottery of atrocity-mongering; there is no wood of which the Turcophobe cannot make arrows. It should be needless to add that the real meaning of the news, both from Crete and from Armenia, is that the Turkish authorities are doing their utmost to get the country in each case into an orderly condition, and that the agitators are doing their utmost to prevent them. In Servia the pranks of Queen NATALIE continue, as also the more dangerous pranks of the Regents themselves. Probably no more hare-brained act (unless a harsher name is to be given to it) has been recently committed by any European Government than the reported installation, at Servian expense and in Servian territory, of fifteen hundred Montenegrins on the Bulgarian frontier. If these valiant, but not too scrupulous, heroes do not "see their duty and go for it," with all the keen sight and prompt action of that other hero of Colonel HAY'S, why then the Servian Regents may either congratulate themselves very much or be very much disappointed. The absence of Prince FERDINAND from his Principality at the very moment of the CZAR'S German visit was sufficiently curious, and has excited even more than sufficient curiosity. As we have already hinted, it was not

very likely to do any good. On the subject of Bulgaria the CZAR is quite *toqué*; and only time and tide can bring him, if he is ever to be brought, to his right mind. The escapade of Prince DOLGOROUKOFF, and its treatment by that very intelligent politician M. STAMBOULOFF, for whose "removal" Russophils are openly praying, adds yet another anecdote to a most piquant chapter of anecdotic history. That anybody in the world, except a Russian, should in any part of the world, except Bulgaria, coolly propose to celebrate a public requiem for a foreign Prince, *à propos* of nothing at all, would, of course, be impossible except as an incident in a comic opera. But the dealings of Russians with the Principality have always been of the nature of comic opera, except when they have rather inclined to tragedy.

LORD HERSCHELL ON IRELAND.

LORD HERSCHELL does not often favour the world with an exposition of his political views. In his place in the Upper House, indeed, he has occasionally to make out as good a case as he can, from the lawyer's point of view, for a party which has sent legality to join political economy in a distant planet; and, considering the inherent difficulties of this task, and the fact that in performing it he has to wage a very unequal battle with legal authority on the opposite side of the House, he probably thinks that he does enough for his cause without volunteering his services in the Recess. The Liberals, however, of his old constituency have succeeded in luring him to the platform; and, as in political matters he is lawyer first—and, perhaps, if we may say so without offence to him, last also—his speech at Durham the other day was largely devoted to an attempt to show that the policy of the Government in Ireland was to be deplored and reprobated even by persons who approach it solely from the legal point of view. With this view, he began by laying down the propositions that "they had always prided themselves in England upon "two things in connexion with our administration of the "law—one, that, where inferences were to be drawn as to a "man's conduct and his intentions, those inferences should "be drawn by a jury of his countrymen; and the other, "that the magistracy should be absolutely independent." To this the readiest reply would be, that of the "two "things" on which we are said to pride ourselves, that which exists in England exists also in Ireland, and that which is wanting in Ireland is wanting also in England.

Indeed, Lord HERSCHELL himself appears subsequently to abandon his implied denial to Ireland of the second of the advantages; for, though he goes on to question the judicial competency of the Irish resident magistrates, he virtually drops the insinuation against their "independence" altogether. A vague half-muttered remark, so to speak, about the magistrates depending on the Executive for giving them a "comfortable" or "uncomfortable" district cannot be regarded as a serious attempt to establish the charge. It is creditable to his sense of justice and decency that he should not have stooped to a repetition of the slanders which the tagrag and bobtail of his party are continually flinging at the so-called "removables," and of which even Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT have not been ashamed to make themselves the mouthpieces in the House of Commons; but justice and decency are only saved in his case at the expense of argumentative coherence. Lord HERSCHELL, after having by implication declared that the Irish resident magistrates are not "independent"—an allegation which, if it means anything to the purpose, must mean that they decide cases which come before them, not according to truth and justice, but in subservience to the wishes or the supposed wishes of the Executive—should either have substantiated that grave charge or, if he did not intend to make it, have expressly amended the sentence which appeared to convey it. To go on to complain that the Irish magistrates are men "the greater part of whose functions "are connected with police duties," men who have "had, for "the most part, no legal training," "half-pay officers in the "army," and Lord HERSCHELL "knows not what," is to wander widely indeed from the proposition to be proved. It was magisterial good faith which he had challenged, not magisterial competence—though, if he cared to argue that point, we should be quite at his service. He said, as we have seen, that Irish resident magistrates, beyond being half-pay officers, &c., were "he knew not what." Well, we know what else they are, and we will tell Lord HERSCHELL. They are persons of whose legal attainments the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for the time being had to satisfy himself at the time of their appointment, and something like three-fourths of them were appointed by Lord-Lieutenants belonging to the party and the Government to which Lord HERSCHELL himself belongs.

As to his other proposition—namely, that we pride ourselves in England on the fact that where inferences have to be drawn as to a man's conduct and intentions, these inferences are drawn by a jury of his countrymen—a more mysterious topic of national self-congratulation was surely never propounded. One might really suppose that these so solemnly described inferences were matters of such prodigious weight as to require at least twelve men to draw them. But the whole administration of justice, civil or criminal, consists almost entirely of drawing inferences as to men's conduct and intentions; and most of Lord HERSCHELL's predecessors on the Woolsack have spent the greater part of their professional lives in endeavouring to get inferences favourable to their client's conduct and intentions, or unfavourable to the conduct and intentions of an adverse litigant, drawn not by twelve men, but by one. If Lord HERSCHELL should reply that we are here speaking of civil, and not of criminal matters, the answer to that would be that every stipendiary magistrate throughout the country is continually engaged in drawing inferences of the precise kind which Lord HERSCHELL says that we pride ourselves on reserving for juries alone; and, further, that hundreds of men in England are at this moment undergoing short terms of imprisonment because magistrates, sitting singly, have drawn inferences sufficiently unfavourable to their conduct and intentions to justify the drawer in summarily convicting them. Further, their rights of appeal, as Lord HERSCHELL must well know, are neither more nor less extensive, neither more nor less valuable to the prisoners, neither better nor worse securities against a miscarriage of justice, in Ireland than they are in England. It is a truly melancholy sight to see an experienced and highly respectable English lawyer labouring thus at the futile but invidious task of showing that liberties and privileges which only Irish mendacity can represent to English ignorance as assailed by the Executive authority have been in some unaccountable and inexplicable manner compromised.

It is almost with a sense of relief that we see Lord HERSCHELL emerge from the region of legal criticism, in which it is difficult to avoid charging him with conscious sophistry, into that of political ethics, where every politician has a chartered right of obfuscating his intelligence by partisan controversy up to the point at which he becomes himself incapable of distinguishing sound reasoning from fallacy. "Some people talked," he said, "of the successes "that had been achieved by the Government in Ireland." Well, yes, some people do talk of them; and not Englishmen, or even Unionists, alone. It is a sore but a very, unfortunately, pressing subject of conversation, we may be pretty sure, in the private councils of the agitators, for all the bold front which they contrive to put upon matters in public. Unionists, however, have no right, according to Lord HERSCHELL, to regard these successes with any satisfaction at all. "Order might be main-"tained and rent paid," he said; "but if the people "are discontented with their lot, hated the Government "under which they lived, and desired to thwart the ad-"ministration of the law, sympathized with those that were "against the law, felt not with the judge, but with the "person who was sentenced and who was charged with "crime—was it well with a country in which such a state "of things existed"? To the extent to which that state of things exists—and it is, as usual, grossly exaggerated by one of those singular friends of Ireland who endeavour to establish her right to self-government by describing her people as destitute of the rudimentary virtues of civilization—to the extent, we say, to which such a state of things exists, it is undoubtedly "not well with the country" in which its existence is observable. In like manner "it is "not well" with any individual who exhibits the symptoms of a dangerous disease; but the point to be proved by those who denounce his physicians is that it would be better with him if they reversed his treatment and dealt with his malady in a different way. It is, therefore, for Lord HERSCHELL to convince the country that, when a people "desire to thwart the administration of the law," in so far as it prescribes the fulfilment of contracts and the payment of debts, and when they "sympathize with those "who are against the law," in so far as it forbids men to

shoot their neighbours in the legs, or to mutilate their cattle, and when they "feel" so strongly, "not with the "judge, but with the person who was sentenced and who "was charged with crime," that they will violate the juror's oath rather than convict him of the crime and procure his sentence for it, the proper treatment of these symptoms of social disease is to permit that people to break their contracts, to repudiate their debts, to shoot their neighbours in the legs or mutilate their cattle, and to rescue criminals from justice by the violation of the juror's oath. It is for Lord HERSCHELL, we say, to advance a step beyond the proposition admitted on both sides, that it is not well with a community which desires to do these things, and establish the much more disputable proposition that it would be better with such a community if it were permitted to do them, instead of being prevented by whatever exertion or reinforcement of the existing powers of the law may be required for the purpose. This, we repeat, is what Lord HERSCHELL has got to prove; and, until he succeeds in doing so, his lamentations over the assumed state of affairs in Ireland—a state of affairs which, as regards the great bulk of the Irish people, is a mere figment of Irish agitators, adopted for controversial purposes by a Gladstonian lawyer—are mere and sheer irrelevancies.

"SWEAR'ST THOU, UNGRACIOUS BOY?"

THE "appalling revelations" of "ETONENSIS" continue to horrify pavid matrons. He is particularly concerned this week at startling intelligence from the old school which he adorned so long and loves so dearly. "ETONENSIS" has had a letter from his nephew, the father of a new boy. At Sandhurst of old, if we mistake not, they called a new boy "a something snooker." This terminology is not Etonian; yet we fancy the new boy may be regarded as rather a snooker if he does not keep his secret. He informs the parent, who informs "ETONENSIS" (who is, we repeat, his respected uncle), "that he likes Eton very "much, except for the compulsory football four times a "week." Well, if the only crumpled rose-leaf in the couch of Eton life be football four times a week, that boy must indeed be a sybarite who complains. What does the boy propose to do with the time in which at present he plays football? Indeed, what *can* he do with it? He will scarcely pretend that he wants to employ it in reading the Elizabethan dramatists. The nights of winter are long enough for his studies. Does he want to go on the river at that very time or to play fives? or would he prefer to loaf about and consume the ambrosia known as "sock"? To any one of the last generation, except "ETONENSIS" (who, indeed, belongs apparently to a generation older yet), this great-nephew of "ETONENSIS" seems uncommonly hard to please. We sincerely trust that most boys have more respect for our old friends TOM BROWN and HARRY EAST, who went into the Rugby game with a will from the first time of asking. As we said before, a boy must be made to take exercise, if not at football, then at runs (also most obnoxious to lazy boys) or in the gymnasium. A recent article in the *Field* exposed the defects in a bodily training of pure gymnastic. Open air is as necessary as exercise, and in football you get both, while a gymnasium only provides one of these advantages. We are not prepared to go as far as the *Field* about gymnastics; for the Germans are not a feeble folk, and, except for what they do with the sword, the gymnasium is their favourite field. Perhaps "ETONENSIS" would prefer compulsory duelling—for which, no doubt, a great deal is to be said. Is his objection to enforced exercise in general, or only to football? That seems the most economical of sports; it wastes less money, and it occupies less time than any other. The amount of dawdling in cricket has been not unjustly censured; you cannot dawdle at football if you play the game at all. Perhaps the great-nephew of "ETONENSIS" prefers golf. It is a game for his elders, it is *tardior et remissior*, as a medical authority of the sixteenth century says. But it is hardly uncharitable to believe that the great-nephew is a loafer, and "ETONENSIS" an elderly muff.

The great-nephew brings another charge against his new school, a charge which we are sorry to hear, but which has nothing more to do with football than with fives. The father, not the great-nephew, speaks thus:—"Strong "language is among the modern developments at Eton. "In my time it was thought 'bad form'; but E. says "that the boys swear most frightfully at football and when "they are angry." Swearing, whether plain or fancy, is undeniably an execrable habit, but "ETONENSIS" talks about "this latest development of football's moral effects." Could anybody but "ETONENSIS" talk such nonsense? The boys swear, if swear they do, as our men did terribly in Flanders, because they are "angry." They may get "angry" at any occupation in the world. A man has been known to damn even an examination paper; and, in fishing, when a salmon breaks him; at golf, when he tops into a bunker; at cricket, when he is given out l.b.w. Nay, even in coaching an eight on the river, many a person has uttered a choleric word, if not a flat blasphemy. If the boys do swear frightfully, that is neither because they play football nor because football is compulsory. Perhaps there is some mistake. In Scotland the goals are, or were, called "Hales." A Scotch boy was informed by the Headmaster that his language (like that of the Master of Ballantrae after his service with the pirates) was couched "in terms "not proper for a chairman." Happily the lad chanced to remember his exact expression, "DANIEL, you little "beggar, go to hale." This had been misunderstood to an extent painful but obvious. Let us hope that the "frightful swearing" at Eton is also a misunderstanding. "ETONENSIS" thinks he has quite demolished "the deniers" of compulsory football. But *quis negavit?* As to his "not "unfrequent deaths from football," let him produce statistics from Eton. His contention that football is the cause of profanity, or profanity the moral consequence of football, is too childish for argument. "ETONENSIS" is old enough to know better.

MORE ELECTION LESSONS.

THE manner in which the reverse in North Bucks, following upon those at Peterborough and in Morayshire and Nairn, has been received by Unionists in general is fairly satisfactory; but there is still need of rubbing in the lesson—not, of course, by attempting to explain away the defeat. The exultation of Separatists has, indeed, been chastened and moderate when compared with the wild horns blown to celebrate the return of one of the most Radical towns in the kingdom to its Radical allegiance, and the retention by a somewhat larger majority of two Scotch counties which for fifteen years have unswervingly followed Mr. GLADSTONE in all his swerves. Indeed, the failure of Captain VERNEY to recover more than about one-seventh of his 1885 majority, and the steady growth of the Conservative vote during the last three contests, were things which only the most feather-brained Gladstonian could overlook, or the most impudent pretend to ignore. But the seat is gone for the time, and once more, though the fact has been less emphasized, "two votes on a division" are lost to the Government. It may be hoped that, while these successive lessons can hardly fail to encourage and, in a way, to strengthen the Gladstonians of Brighton, they will at the same time brace the Tory party there to use every effort for Mr. GERALD LODER. The contest is rather a serious one. That Sir ROBERT PEEL, Mr. LODER'S opponent, though no one wishes to say anything unkind about him, or has anything to say that is positively bad of him, possesses a record probably unequalled in the kingdom for political levity, for chances thrown away, for experience and position squandered, will do Mr. LODER little good. The party which counts Mr. CONYBEARE and Mr. KEAY among its representatives is not likely to attach much importance to anything of that kind, and Sir ROBERT has been described, in English well matched with wisdom, as a "splendid candidate." He has, indeed, certain personal gifts which may tell with such a constituency as that of Brighton, while his opponent must depend to some extent on the most troublesome and untrustworthy classes of electors—busy professional men, who can with difficulty be persuaded to spare the time to vote, and more or less well-to-do idlers, who, of course, can spare it still less. It is, however, quite certain that the seat can be held by intelligent management and hard work, and that these are what must be given to the holding of it.

North Bucks comes on the other side to reinforce Elgin and Nairn in showing how the hard work must be applied. It does not appear that such work was spared in either the Scotch or the English county constituency, yet, as has been seen, it was thrown away in both. And in both, far distant as one is from the other, and apparently

different as are their characteristics, the same causes seem to have brought about the same result. Captain VERNEY had, indeed, some advantages which Mr. KEAY lacked; but Mr. HUBBARD was correspondingly superior to Mr. LOGAN. Captain VERNEY has shown little or no ability as a politician; but he has not made himself a laughing-stock, he has considerable political experience, and his name is justly popular in the county. Yet these advantages did not avail to seat him three years ago, and something else was required to recover for him a portion, and only a portion, of the great majority which he obtained a year earlier. This something else seems to have been found in exactly the same two causes which combined to carry the day for Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY—that is to say, the tendency of persons calling themselves Liberals to revert to the side which is nominally that of their old party, and the lavish use of appeals to the cupidity—at any rate, to the interests—of the agricultural labourers and their fellows of similar classes. It is not merely asserted by the apologists of the Unionist defeat in the North of Scotland, but admitted freely by those who exult in it, that the hopes which Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY held out to the Morayshire labourers and small tenant-farmers of agrarian legislation similar to that of Ireland, and to the fishermen of the throwing open of the valuable salmon and other fisheries along the Moray Firth, practically carried a candidate who might have whistled to the gulls in that same Firth to come and help him if he had confined himself to advocating Home Rule for Ireland or even for Scotland. There is no Spey and no Findhorn in Buckinghamshire to make miles on miles of coast, as well as the river mouths, a succession of salmon preserves, so valuable that fisheries let for hundreds a year have been known to be relet for thousands at the expiration of a lease. But there was the allotments question. Friends and foes agree that the trumpery and half-unintelligible business of the Twyford allotments—where somebody, not Mr. HUBBARD at all, seems to have made a fool of himself or themselves, and to have persuaded the labourers that the Act of 1887 was being somehow evaded—had more to do than anything else with Captain VERNEY'S return. This is, of course, as we have said before now, a very disagreeable business. These Buckinghamshire labourers, like the Oxfordshire farmer on whose threats in relation to tithe comments were made some time ago, have been taught by their political advisers to regard a vote as a commodity, traffickable—not, indeed, for a five- or a fifty-pound note, or (as happened, if we remember rightly, to one lucky elector of Totnes in the last heroic appearance of that famous old town as a Parliamentary borough) for an income of three hundred a year, but for an allotment of Lincoln College land, honestly to be paid for at first, of course, then to be "landcourted" some day, and perhaps to be finally enjoyed free. The Morayshire fishermen looked in the same way to a share of Lord MORAY'S or Mr. MONRO-FERGUSON'S or the Duke of RICHMOND'S fishings. Elsewhere voters are promised that they shall keep the parson's tithe in their pockets if they will vote for Gladstonian candidates. Mining royalties form another obvious variety of the new Gladstonian bribe indirect—if there can be said to be anything of indirectness left about the practice—and plenty of other things are going the same way. The only difference that our obtuse faculties can discern between the new bribery and the old is, that the latter was generally, if not always, done at the briber's own expense, while the former is effected much more satisfactorily at the expense of somebody else.

It is, however, only with the lowest class of voters that these tactics are ever effectual, and though they are formidable enough for a time, they threaten too many interests to be long successful except in a country like Ireland, where the circumstances are quite different. So-called "Liberal" voters in Bucks have told the world, quite unabashed—indeed with an apparently smug sense of virtue—that they were Unionists, that they are Unionists, but that they cannot any longer assist Tories, or keep out important Liberal measures (they usually forget to say what these are). It is tolerably certain—the comparison of the three sets of figures for 1885, 1886, and 1889, indeed, sets it beyond doubt—that it was folk of this sort who carried the seat for Captain VERNEY. Although the allotments blunder may have gained Captain VERNEY some votes, it can have caused no serious defection from Mr. HUBBARD'S side, as the steady growth of the Tory vote shows. The mischief must have lain in the purely unreasoning fanaticism which made a certain sufficient number of the majority of 1885 who abstained in 1886 either swallow Home Rule or (as the wise persons above referred to confess in their own case) simply put it aside in order to be no longer "with "the Tories." These are the persons (and what we say of them we should say equally of any Peterborough or Morayshire Tories who held back wishing not to be "with "the Radicals") who lose elections and who are the real trouble. Nor is it at all easy to see what is to be done with them. They must have a certain amount of interest in politics, yet they have by their own confession so little rational comprehension of them that they prefer names to measures, or at the best unimportant measures to important ones. Home Rule may be the panacea that Mr. GLADSTONE thinks it, the inevitable evil that Mr. MORLEY thought it (we hardly know what he thinks it now), the intolerable but perfectly evitable evil that it seems to us. But, whatever it is, it is infinitely the most important thing that has been before the British and Irish electorate during this century. And yet there are Buckinghamshire Liberals who almost in so many words declare that in their eyes it is of less importance than playing further childish tricks with the franchise, than enabling the London County Council to play the fool on a larger scale than at present, or even than changing the names of the occupants of certain rather ramshackle mansions looking upon the Horse Guards Parade!

LORD GALLOWAY'S CASE.

IT is not necessary to dilate on the satisfaction which every one must feel that a nobleman of good repute has been completely exonerated of a foul and sordid charge. Upon the evidence given, as far as appears from the reports in the English newspapers, no civilized tribunal could have hesitated for a moment to pronounce a verdict of acquittal. But there is a general aspect of the case which is too important to be passed over in silence, and the interest which the prosecution has aroused, solely because of the conspicuous position and character of the accused, may be useful in directing public attention to a danger from which no one is altogether free, and to which those who happen to be well born, rich, or eminent in almost any way, are peculiarly exposed.

The facts were simplicity itself. The Earl of GALLOWAY, having to wait a long time for a train at a country station, strolled along the road, and came to a place where some children were playing. One, a child of ten years old, was sitting on a rather high wall, and Lord GALLOWAY patted it in a friendly manner on the leg. It was broad daylight, and a number of people were about. One of these, a woman, observing Lord GALLOWAY'S action, came up and charged him with having indecently assaulted the child. At the trial the child seems to have stated that Lord GALLOWAY behaved in a manner amounting to indecent assault, and to have been more or less contradicted by other witnesses called for the Crown; but the story as here given is that told by Lord GALLOWAY, and that which the jury obviously believed. Every one who has any acquaintance with the ordinary course of criminal justice at assizes and sessions knows that in this country trumped-up charges of this kind are always frequent, and have been more frequent than ever since the unsavoury episodes which immediately preceded and accompanied the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885. It is perfectly right that children should be protected by every possible means against the outrages and insults of depraved and brutal men. But it is a cruel thing that an honest man should be subjected to the ignominy and anxiety of a profoundly disgraceful charge, when it is obvious to any man of sense that that charge cannot possibly be supported. Everybody knows, except perhaps extremely ignorant women and unsexed men, that the bare statement of a little child, in whose presence such a charge has been recklessly made, is worth nothing at all. But there are many dirty-minded persons who are never so happy as when they find an opportunity of making this sort of charge, which they do to their own prurient gratification, and to the injury of the child they profess to be befriending only less than to that of the unhappy man whose character they wantonly assail.

Though all men are nowadays more or less exposed to this danger, no men are so much exposed to it as rich or distinguished men, and especially peers of the realm. It is undoubtedly the fact—and a very deplorable fact too—that

the mere circumstance of distinction is unfavourable in such cases to the chance of acquittal. It is but a few years since a verdict of Guilty in a case of this character was returned at the Central Criminal Court upon evidence so manifestly insufficient to support a conviction that the distinguished judge who tried the case passed a merely nominal sentence, with the complete approbation of the public. The Sheriff-substitute at Dumfries is reported to have addressed the jury to the following effect:—"He had never in the "whole course of his experience, which had been considerable, known a case in which such a charge was brought "where the circumstances attending it were of so slight a "nature. The law was no respecter of persons, and as "part of the law at that particular time they should deal "with the case as they would with that of any ordinary "man. The Advocate-depute had told them that the Crown "had so dealt with Lord GALLOWAY. He (the Sheriff) was "not quite sure of that, for he had never seen a case of so "slight a nature sent to be settled by a jury." In other words, a person holding a great public position gets harder measure than "any ordinary man." This is not justice, for he ought to get the same measure. Our Courts are happily as free as possible from any reproach on the score that the poor are in danger of not getting fair play. We ought to be on our guard against erring in the opposite direction.

THE OLD NEW WORLD.

THE Americans are often reproached with being indifferent to the antiquities of pre-Columbian America. Perhaps they have been too busy with their own antiquities, with the life of WASHINGTON, and histories of the Revolution and the War, to have time for more ancient and more speculative matter. But the recent discoveries of Mr. FRANK CUSHING with the Hemenway South-Western Archæological Expedition are interesting, and are a proof that real American archæology is beginning to have its serious students. Mr. CUSHING found nothing which can be called "sensational" in mysterious towns and temples like those of Cambodia or Yucatan. But what he unearthed did throw light, we think, on that difficult and interesting problem, the early stages of the native civilization which the Spaniards encountered and destroyed. A brief account of Mr. CUSHING'S researches by an eye-witness, Mr. SYLVESTER BAXTER, the secretary of the Hemenway Expedition, is published, reprinted from the *Boston Herald*, in a separate pamphlet. Mr. CUSHING'S own report will be still more satisfactory and complete.

It is in the valley of the Salado, in a desert overgrown with sage-brush, that Mr. CUSHING has found remains of a rude essay in civilization. Low mounds, sherds of pottery, stone implements, and the lines of ancient irrigation-canals, tell of a time when the desert was cultivated. Nothing but water is needed to make it a garden, and water the ancient inhabitants managed to introduce. Their pottery, if we may judge by a sketch printed in the pamphlet, is very like that of the modern Zuñis. It has many shapes, not inelegant, and is painted in dull reds and blacks on a yellowish surface. The colours and geometric designs might almost be taken at a first glance for archaic Greek work.

Indian corn, beans, and pumpkins were the staple of the vanished people. Their houses were three or four stories in height, surrounding a much taller central structure, and a great oval building of one story. Canals, bordered by trees, ran through their towns, and carried water to the fields. The towns were very much larger than the modern pueblos, which, perhaps, are their degenerate descendants, as, indeed, the patterns on the modern pottery prove. We have noticed a feature on the vases, deer drawn with the heart coloured red, and with a red line running to the tongue, which also occurs in the drawings of the Red Indians much further North and East. Their circulating medium, perhaps—their jewels, certainly—were rare shells from the distant Pacific or the Gulf of California. The shells were used as a base for inlaying. One curious jewel has been found, in the shape of a frog, a creature often imitated in the rude ancient gold-work of Central America. The shell is covered with a kind of lacquer, made from the gum deposited on the grease-wood "by a species of "lac-insect." Little fragments of turquoise and red stone were embedded as a mosaic in the gum and then polished. Examples of this art are still treasured by the esoteric priesthoods and guilds of the Zuñis, as aggrey beads, of unknown *provenance*, are valued by the Ashantis. Mr. CUSHING has traced the development of the pottery and its patterns out of basket-work. The society was "co-"operative," and the people had public ovens for cooking, perhaps had public *syssitia*, like the Spartans. The central buildings were temples, colleges of the priests, and citadels in time of war—developing, it may be, into the palaces of Aztec monarchy. The common people were cremated after death; the members of the hereditary priesthood, which governed the community, were buried in the temple or beneath the floors of their houses. The portable property of the dead, or enough of it to secure a fair start in the world of spirits, was buried. Major POWELL, of the Smithsonian Institute, calculates that a comparatively small town had 13,000 inhabitants. There are canals to the river of seventy miles in length, which implies great command of labour. The large reservoirs for surplus water are also a proof of the considerable population. Mr. BANDELIER believes that some of these cities were inhabited at the time of the Spanish conquest. Earthquakes have, apparently, been the reason why certain cities were deserted. Household articles were found in these places, indicating a sudden flight from the old home; a wall had fallen, and a skeleton was discovered beneath it; the remains of a girl, with objects consecrated to the Zuñi Chthonian gods, indicated a sacrifice to the powers which shake the earth. Mr. CUSHING'S knowledge of modern Zuñi ritual enables him to elucidate these matters. Perhaps the cities indicate the kind of life where Aztec civilization arose and of which Zuñi "culture" is a survival. This appears to be Mr. CUSHING'S view, and he gives the name Toltecan merely as a name without ethnological assumptions to the civilization of the Rio Salado valley. The knowledge of metallurgy was very faint, and it is certain that, if the culture of the Aztecs came from this origin, it had risen very far above those beginnings in the time of CORTES.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S EXPLANATION.

THE first shock of disappointment having passed away, it must be apparent to all men that the Unionist party is not so much overcome by the results of the recent elections as its enemies might wish. They, of course, are in a most excited state of jubilation; but their present happiness is measured by their own preceding griefs, and has no corresponding degrees in the sorrow of their opponents. Of all the many members of the Unionist party, not one, perhaps, is more distressed than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN by the bye-elections of the last fortnight. His political education naturally disposes him to watch such conflicts as these with concern, and to rate their significance at the highest. Before they were fought out he spoke of the contests at Peterborough, North Bucks, Nairn, and other places as "a "miniature general election"; and this alone is enough to prove that he does not underestimate their importance. And yet Mr. CHAMBERLAIN never spoke with a more aggressive confidence and animation than in the Guildhall at Plymouth on Wednesday night.

To be sure, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN addressed himself almost exclusively to the past on that occasion. The reproach, the misrepresentation, the insult which Mr. GLADSTONE'S partisans shower upon the "Dissentient Liberals" is as copious as ever, and its ingenuity is as unflagging as its hardihood. Whether it has as much effect as ever may be doubted. It may be questioned whether the mud-flingers are not allowed a gratuitous delight in the never-ending exclamations of protest against their monotonous attacks. But, since Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and the rest propose to rule the country, and since truth and honesty are expected of all persons who aspire to Ministerial honours and Ministerial authority, the little historiette with which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN regaled his Plymouth audience on Wednesday evening may have its uses.

No one has been more active than Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in persuading his fellow-countrymen that in seceding from Mr. GLADSTONE on the Home Rule question certain Ministers, including Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, were consciously treacherous to their great leader, false to the interests of their party, and untrue to their own convictions. He never mentions that it was his own misfortune, only four months before the rupture, to agree with Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in opposing the Parnellite plan, and to

have avowed his agreement with them publicly. In none of Sir WILLIAM'S harangues against political inconstancy does he remind us that at this time he made the following announcement:—"We are the only leaders and the only "party which have the courage and the honesty to face "Mr. PARNELL." He takes his examples of treachery from another source and a later date, insinuating that, whatever may have been the opinions of Mr. GLADSTONE'S colleagues before he took office on the last occasion, they all knew they were to join him in a Home Rule Cabinet. They were aware of it; in accepting office they assented to well-understood conditions—after overhauling and reconsidering their principles, we are to infer; and therefore, in breaking away from their revered leader almost immediately afterwards, the dissentients played traitor. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN certainly knew that this administration of Mr. GLADSTONE'S was pledged to a policy of Home Rule which would revolutionize the government of Ireland; and he was not opposed to that policy either. His motive in abandoning Mr. GLADSTONE was mere personal ill-will. This was Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S account of the matter at Salisbury the other day; and, coming from a man who could hardly be mistaken in his facts, it must have looked rather formidable to many innocent persons. Now Mr. CHAMBERLAIN explains, not without some natural heat and irritation. He says it is true that he joined Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government knowing that he was pledged to a policy of Home Rule. But this is also true: "Mr. GLADSTONE told me at the "time that he had no plan and no definite scheme, and that "all he wanted was a full and careful inquiry into the Irish "demand." To put himself on a safe footing, however, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN did not accept Mr. GLADSTONE'S offer of a place in the Cabinet till he had warned him by letter that, in his (Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S) judgment, "it would not be pos-"sible to conciliate the integrity of the Empire, the supre-"macy of Parliament, and the rights of minorities with "the establishment of a national legislative body sitting "in Dublin." Above all, in this letter Mr. CHAMBERLAIN "took note" of the fact that "you have explained that in "these things I shall retain unlimited liberty of judgment "in regard to the rejection of any scheme that may ulti-"mately be proposed." Thus it appears that if Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT can boast that he was true to his chief though false to his principles, the man whom he denounces for treachery was false to neither. And even so, the question remains whether he is a faithful friend who abets the calculating perfidy of another by the cheerful sacrifice of public faith and his own character for honesty.

After this, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S account of the Round Table Conference will not be preferred to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S by any one who was not present at that inharmonious board. The one would have us believe that at the Conference everybody was at first agreed in accepting Mr. GLADSTONE'S plans, substantially. For instance, a Parliament in Dublin, and an Executive dependent upon it, was agreed upon. The other declares that he made a note at the time which reads thus: "Not one word was said about a "Parliament in Dublin and an Executive dependent on it." What was discussed was a proposal to establish some system of provincial authorities; a proposal which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has not yet abandoned, apparently. However, we need not trouble ourselves about that for the moment, though it does seem to include a proviso that "the Imperial Parliament "is to have concurrent jurisdiction and a concurrent right "of making laws and levying taxes." (Concurrent jurisdiction?—concurrent right?) In fact, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may be congratulated on having thoroughly carried out the purpose of this speech, which was to vindicate the honesty of the "Dissentient Liberals" against the attacks of one who has often sighed at his own too-precipitate dissidence from their dissent.

And now we may hope that there has been explanation and vindication enough on these points; unless, indeed, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will find some means of informing the world more explicitly what he means when he says that if "the blackguard PITT" employed corruption to establish the Union, another eminent statesman, who is no blackguard, "employed corruption to destroy it." "What does "he say," exclaims Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, speaking of this other and purer one—"what does he say to the men who "owe their titles and their social distinction to the fact that "they voted against their convictions upon the second read-"ing of the Home Rule Bill?" What does he say to the "blandishment, entreaty, threat, and even bribery" that were employed to get the Bill through? It does not matter much, perhaps, what he may say, if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S unqualified accusation is warranted in fact; but the rest of us, who are as much concerned with whatever corruption may survive to these days as with the blackguardly procedure of statesmen deceased, hope to be assured that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is scarcely accurate. This is new matter. It is "per-"sonal," but it demands public explanation. The old quarrel about the treachery and inconstancy of this and that kind of Radical at the time of the great disruption may as well cease. It has gone on long enough, and it belongs to days that are past and measures which (as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself maintains) are abandoned. They are abandoned, and no man knows what is to take their place in the Gladstonian programme. Till we are better informed on that point it would be wise to devote a little less attention to Home Rule plans withdrawn, and a little more to the "doc-"trines of public plunder" which are a newer and a graver danger, and as hateful to Liberal-Unionists, we understand, as to other sensible people. Doctrines of public plunder they are in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S opinion; and we humbly submit that the union of the Unionists cannot be better employed (pending the production of Mr. GLADSTONE'S plans revised) than in fighting against them.

MANSFIELD COLLEGE.

TO people (there must be some such) who are weary of the perpetual cant of the present day, a brief letter from Mr. THOMAS CASE in the *Times* of Wednesday must have been a blessed relief and refreshment. As most persons who take an interest in University matters know, there has for some time past been in course of erection at Oxford a rather pretty building, in a site also rather pretty, though somewhat remote and almost Mesopotamic, which is called Mansfield College, and has been built by persons who are believed to be members of the sect which used to call itself Independent, and now calls itself Congregationalist. It was long supposed, and appears to be still supposed by some people, that this was to be a kind of Nonconformist Keble, if not a real "College," yet at least a real "Hall," in the Oxford sense, in which Nonconformist youth were to have those benefits of the University which they have long enjoyed without the drawbacks of associating with benighted prelatists. And it was pointed out long ago that, though this attempt at sectarianizing University education had its bad side, nobody need much object to it, as the general effect of Oxford was likely to do more good than the particular effect of Mansfield could do harm. As it turned out, however, Mansfield was something quite different, and Professor CASE, after a fashion which will certainly have caused the shade of his great predecessor, Dean MANSEL, to smile benediction on him, has politely but firmly pointed out that Mansfield College is "a Congregationalist seminary, built "within the precincts of the borough of Oxford," and possessing "no connexion whatever with the University." Not only will its members not necessarily, or as its members at all, be members of the University, but it will have no undergraduates, will not aim even at the status of a hall, public or private, and, in short, might, but for the accident of position, and the fact that some of its students, like some of the students of the Reading-room of the British Museum, may be Oxford men, as well be at Cambridge or at Camelford. It is to be a kind of sectarian-unsectarian theological college in Oxford, or just outside of it, and that is all.

Although we can hardly pretend to much sympathy with an institution which aims at studying, as a system of open questions, a science which is mere floating cobweb unless certain of those questions are taken as not open, we certainly should not go out of our way to throw half-bricks at Mansfield. It may come to good ends yet, even short of the unkind suggestion that it may go bankrupt or prove a total failure, and that so Mr. CHAMPNEYS'S pretty building may fall into better hands. But Professor CASE'S quite polite reminder was certainly wanted as a corrective to the stuff talked at the opening ceremony. Of the Congregationalist speakers we say little, though the spectacle of Dr. FAIRBAIRN calmly lecturing a University, to which we are not aware that he even personally belongs (in one report the Rector of Exeter is made to say that Dr. FAIRBAIRN is "on the list" of that College; but "on the list" is not an Oxford phrase), on the blessings conferred on it by an additional institution which has nothing to do with it, is rather funny. But the persons who do belong to the University might have re-

membered the facts which the Waynflete Professor has brought to their notice. The Master of Balliol's approval will, of course, at once stamp Mansfield as orthodox, but how came he to talk about "the *other* colleges"? As a Bachelor of Divinity Mr. JOWETT speaks without appeal; as a Master of Arts and an ex-Vice-Chancellor he should have known better. The President of Corpus is a most amiable man, and once wrote a book on logic; but when Dr. FOWLER speaks "on behalf of the University of Oxford and "the Church of England" he surely rather magnifies his office and his person. After this the Rev. Dr. RAY PALMER, an American gentleman, may be excused for talking about "the return of Nonconformity to Oxford after 227 years "[precisely] of exile," and even for the still more absurd statement that Mansfield is an actual "widening of the "basis" of a University with which, *qua* University, it has as much to do as if it were a non-affiliated college in Kamtschatka, and not so much as if it were an affiliated one. By all means let courtesies pass when gentlefolks meet; and we would have it most particularly understood that it is to the self-styled representatives of "the Univer-"sity of Oxford and the Church of England," not to Dr. FAIRBAIRN and his fellows, that these remarks are addressed. But what is the good of saying the thing which is not? If, when the Pusey House was founded, Anglicans had talked about widening the basis of the University, the enemy might have girded justly; though, short of actual connexion with the University, that institution has everything which Mansfield lacks. How much more absurd is it to talk about "wide bases" and "broad bosoms" (for the metaphors are delightfully mixed) in reference to a Nonconformist seminary possessing no connexion whatever with the University, but occupying, like the gaol and the workhouse, a site somewhere near the site of University buildings?

MR. LABOUCHERE AMONG THE SCOTCH.

OUR memory does not enable us to say, and it may be that a reference to the newspaper files of past years would not assist us to ascertain, whether Mr. LABOUCHERE ever addressed a Scotch political meeting before this week. Perhaps he may have done so in days before he became "the pillar of a party's hope," and when he was, to put the matter bluntly, not considered worth reporting. But we incline to the belief that his appearance at St. Andrew's Hall, Govan, was "his first appearance on any stage" in Scotland in the character of Radical stump-orator; and, if so, he has certainly made a spirited début. No one who came away from that meeting would require to write a letter to the speaker of the evening to protest against the colourless or ambiguous character of his political creed. It was as precise, compact, and well-defined a confession of faith as it could possibly be. In the condensed form in which even the *Daily News* is obliged to report it, it appears to us that it must have gained rather than lost in effectiveness; and that report, as it stands, would form an excellent manual of Radicalism for the use of students desiring to know how many institutions there are in England which a politician of spirit with sufficient backing might, and therefore should, destroy.

It is worth while to run through the list of Mr. LABOUCHERE'S proposed reforms, if only for the sake of noting how admirably comprehensive it is. To begin with, of course he wants "One man, one vote," in order to ensure sending to Parliament "good, sound members." And when he has got that he wants the following changes:—(1) Returning officers' expenses to be paid from the rates; (2) payment of members, as the only way to get a truly democratic Assembly in a rich country like this; (3) repeal of the Septennial Act and reversion to Triennial Parliaments; (4) abolition of the House of Lords, as "a lot of hereditary "old women" who would probably object to confiscating the property of Irish landlords; (5) separate Parliaments for the four countries; (6) Disestablishment for Scotland, if the Scotch wish it, or doubling of the existing Establishment, if the Scotch wish that, Mr. LABOUCHERE being "quite willing to vote with the majority"; (7) increase of the taxes on property; (8) increase of the death duties; (9) abolition of indirect taxation; (10) an entirely new agreement with HER MAJESTY'S successor on the throne, so as to enable the country to maintain Royalty "at a much "cheaper rate than now."

These being the things that Mr. LABOUCHERE wants, and that the Scotch people are invited to help him to, one is naturally curious as to his suggestions for attaining them. The first step, of course, is to get rid of the Parliament that does not see its way to satisfying Mr. LABOUCHERE in the matter and to elect another that does. But how to get this first step promptly taken? It is not easy with that detested Septennial Act in the way, and in his first speech to the Glasgow Junior Liberal Association Mr. LABOUCHERE was pensively silent on the subject. On the following evening, however, he had an idea, which he imparted to the Govanhill (Glasgow) Liberal Association, and which was almost the only one of his valuable remarks on that occasion to reach London. He "criticized," we are told, "the recent "utterances of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Lord HARTINGTON, and "Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL." He would do that. "Coer-"cion in Ireland," he said, "would have to be abolished "and Home Rule granted." That, too, he would be likely to say; nor the less so because he had said it the night before. It is to the means, the programme, the *modus operandi*, the Plan of Campaign, that one looks as to a possible novelty, and Mr. LABOUCHERE went on to state it. But ah! what a disappointment! "It was the duty," he said, "of "members to render government difficult, if not impossible, "by the present Ministry." One can fancy the faces of the Govanhill (Glasgow) Liberal Association when this startlingly original and buoyantly hopeful scheme of Parliamentary tactics was unfolded to them. Alas! (they must have said to themselves) it has been tried, this game of rendering government difficult, if not impossible, by the present Ministry. It has been tried by our dear and distinguished guest himself; nay, it has been tried by him twice and thrice already. He is always trying it, or boasting that he will, or rebuking other people who will not. If we are not deceived—so must have run the thoughts of the Govanhill (Glasgow) Liberal Association—we have heard this selfsame Mr. LABOUCHERE proclaim again and again, in Parliament and out of it, that he will render government difficult, if not impossible, by the present Ministry. Yet it has been noticed that before he has succeeded in making government impossible, or even particularly difficult, for the present Ministry, so many of his supporters have turned tail and left him, and so many more are beginning to doubt whether their constituencies really want the "government to be made difficult, if not "impossible," that Mr. LABOUCHERE'S plan of tactics ignominiously collapses. And the Govanhill (Glasgow) Liberal Association may look long without finding any reason to doubt that this experience will go on repeating itself until the period fixed by the accursed Septennial Act has expired.

SENSE AT LAST.

THE singular consciousness of virtue which most of those persons who meddled in the late Dock strike continue to show has, of course, nothing in it very surprising to a tolerably careful student of human nature. But there is, perhaps, some faint surprise—not much—still possible over the fact that other people should continue to regard the meddlers as public benefactors. They do so, however, unless (as no less an authority than the *Daily News*, which should know, broadly hints) the dinner of last Monday night at the City Liberal Club was only in appearance a compliment to Mr. BUXTON and Lord BRASSEY, and was really an attempt to show that "Liberals" are not so very much divided after all. It appears to have been a rather successful meeting, the comic element being provided by Mr. CONYBEARE, who seems to have been appealed to for a speech as a former member for Peterborough used to be for a song; while the present representative of that city, Mr. MORTON, exhibited his notion of manners by crowing over his victory in the face of a company which avowedly comprised some, if not many, Unionists. The guests of the evening were a little better mannered, but equally cock-a-hoop. Lord BRASSEY avowed that "his sympathies were "with the dockers" (by the way, does not this throw rather a lurid light on Lord BRASSEY'S acceptance of the position of arbitrator in what was practically part of the dockers' strike?), and delivered a lecture to dock shareholders on the unwise expenditure of capital. It is much better, no doubt, to invest capital comfortably and go about the world in *Sunbeams* on the strength of it; but then we cannot all do that. Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON "wigged" Mr. NORWOOD soundly, forgetting that indirectly he owed Mr. NORWOOD his dinner, talked about the "self-control" of lime-throwers and blackleg-bashers, and exhibited his own

wisdom by asserting that he did not believe the trade of London would suffer. Which belief if Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON really entertains, he is probably in the proud position of being absolutely alone in his creed.

Against this fatuous optimism it is fair to set the excellent words which a kind of colleague of Mr. BUXTON's, the Bishop of LONDON, has addressed to a body calling itself the Anti-Sweating League. Dr. TEMPLE has all his life—certainly since his participation in *Essays and Reviews*—held the curious position of a man of ability who is constantly doing unwise things and then striving to repair them. His collaboration in the meddling which helped Mr. JOHN BURNS so much, and in return for which Mr. JOHN BURNS treated the meddlers so cavalierly, was but partial, and it may be pleaded that his hand was forced by the dexterous play of Cardinal MANNING, who had nothing to lose, and something to gain, by the demagogue game. The Bishop went not all the way with the meddlers; and now he has administered a sound rebuke to other meddlers of the same stamp. Even now his right reverend unwariness and unworldliness appear in the words "If a "man employs another man, he must give him wages on "which he can live." But the context shows that the Bishop's "must" applies only to the moral obligation, in which we all agree. Otherwise Dr. TEMPLE's position is sound enough and refreshing enough after the sickening rubbish talked by the "sympathizers." "I do not know," says the Bishop, taking up the Anti-sweaters' words, "what the 'legitimate fruits' of any man's labour are," and such language seems to him "misleading and mis-"chievous." "If a man cannot live on his wages, he had "better be driven to transfer his labour to some other "place [or, we suppose, some other trade] where he can "get wages on which he can live." Even in regard to the employer's "must" the Bishop is careful to add that "there are businesses which would cease to exist if it were "adopted, and the workers would get nothing." There is, of course, no extraordinary or heaven-sent wisdom in such utterances. They are simple common sense, the result of universal intelligent experience, such as but a very few years ago nobody would have thought of questioning, while every one would have assented to them as soon as proposed. To speak so now, however, requires a certain amount of courage, and for plucking up his courage, such as it is, the Bishop shall not lose his meed. If a few more people will pluck up theirs, the tyranny of "sympathy" and simpletonism may soon be overpast.

WALES AND CORNWALL.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S visit to Carnarvon may be regarded as the attempt of the Gladstonians to administer an antidote to the bane of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. For, besides what Sir WILLIAM had to say about Lord RANDOLPH by name—which was a good deal—a large portion of the rest of his speech was employed in combating, directly or indirectly, the appeals made by the member for Paddington to the good sense and patriotism of the Welsh people. He appears, for instance, to have been rendered specially uneasy by their late visitor's defence of the Established Church in Wales; and, after reviewing the question at considerable length from the Radical standpoint, he evidently came to the conclusion that there was only one way of cutting short the controversy. It was necessary for him to exercise the powers vested in him by his own authority, and to pass sentence on the offending ecclesiastical institution. He accordingly delivered himself of what Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN subsequently described, with touching enthusiasm, as the "magnificent passage "in which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT pronounced the doom "of the alien and anti-national Church in Wales." Sentence was passed in these terms:—"I believe that I ex-"press the clear conviction of the Liberal party when "I say *in memorable words* that the time has come "when the Church in Wales must cease to exist." It seems evident from the above description of his utterance that Sir WILLIAM rather "fancies" the "mag-"nificent passage" himself. He may be right in thinking that it will be remembered, for he is a good hand at uttering "memorable words." We can at least recall one phrase of his which the political world will not willingly let die, and which has reference to—but no. We should but mock its immortality by appearing to think that any one needed to be reminded of it. Let us leave Sir WILLIAM's memorable words, whether about churches or juices; and, indeed, on the former it would be obviously useless to dwell. If he has really "pronounced the doom "of the alien and anti-national Church in Wales," there is, as there was at the death of "FRED," no more to be said. It only remains for the friends of the doomed institution to assist it in winding up its affairs.

We may, perhaps, be considered partial judges; but it certainly seems to us that, of the two speakers and speeches, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's appeal to the Methodists of Cornwall in his address at Bodmin was of a more persuasive character than Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's roystering encouragement of Welsh Dissent. We can conceive the former, for instance, as at least giving pause and matter for reflection to an opponent; while it is pretty notorious, and the truth was certainly well illustrated at Carnarvon, that you must start from agreement with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to be able to endure him at all. The address of the Irish Methodist to the English Methodist Conference, whatever else can be said of it, is a document which no member of that denomination in either country—unless, indeed, he has hopelessly sophisticated his religion with politics—would think of treating with disrespect. That the Irish Methodists must know "much more about Irish affairs, their own "affairs, about the probabilities of the change, and "how it would affect them, than any Englishman is "likely to know," is a proposition which commends itself to the commonest common sense and the force of which no Gladstonian sophistry has ever yet done anything to weaken. It is, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says, for the Methodists of Cornwall to consider it by the light of their own reason and their own religious instincts. The appeal has been addressed to them on grounds from which party politics have been carefully excluded, and they should weigh it themselves with equal freedom from partisan bias. Whether they will allow the political Dissenter—who, as they must know well, thinks much more of his political than his religious creed—to "caucus" them into subservience, or whether they will revolt, we cannot say; but the attempt to persuade them to take the former course was at least worth making, which is more than can be said for a good deal of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's effort at Carnarvon.

HIC JACET MR. QUILTER.

IN the current number of the *Universal Review* Mr. HARRY QUILTER writes as follows:—"Mr. ANDREW "LANG, who for the past two or three years has found a "fertile source of amusement and income in writing con-"tinued and (unanswered) [*sic*] most offensive personalities "about the present writer, gets up—of course anonymously "—in the *Saturday Review*, and sneers down WILKIE "COLLINS for the purpose of dragging in a gibe at my "expense."

We notice this for one purpose only, and in as few words as possible. Comment has been once or twice made here before on the absolute falsehoods which certain journalists are fond of publishing nowadays. This is a good instance. Whether the article on Mr. WILKIE COLLINS was a sneer or not may be left to readers to decide. But it happens that not a line or word of it was written by, or with the slightest privity on the part of, the person to whom Mr. QUILTER—writing as one who knows, and knowing that he does not possess the knowledge—impudently attributes it.

ANTHROPOMETAMORPHOSIS.

MANY whimsical treatises, laden with curious learning, were published by English scholars in the seventeenth century; but few are so entertaining as John Bulwer's *Anthropometamorphosis: Man Transform'd; or, the Artificial Changeling*. The writer was among the first to devote serious attention to the education of the deaf and dumb; but his literary fame rests—and rests securely—on *Anthropometamorphosis*. The first edition appeared in 1650, 12mo.; but the second edition 1653, 4to., is more highly valued by collectors and more interesting, for it has a fine portrait of the author by Faithorne, and numerous cuts.

Bulwer's design was to present the reader with "an enditement framed against most of the Nations under the Sun; whereby they are arraigned at the tribunal of Nature, as guilty of High Treason in abasing, counterfeiting, defacing, and clipping her coin instampt with her image and superscription, on the Body of Man." In other words, he proposed to show how people, all over the world, disfigure themselves in obedience to the caprices of fashion. The

subject offers ample scope for investigation, and he has handled it with masterly thoroughness. He proceeds from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot.

In the fourth chapter, which treats of "Eye-brow Rites, or the Eye-brows abused contrary to Nature," he informs us that the Peruvians make a practice of plucking the hair from their eye-brows and dedicating it to the sun. The Brazilians stripped not only their eyebrows but their eyelids. Some Ethiopian races were accustomed to turn the eyelids backwards towards the forehead, "so that their skin being all black, and in that blacknesse shewing the white of their eyes, it is a very dreadfull and devilish sight to behold them." The Peruvians admire great rolling eyes, a taste that would hardly commend itself to a Chinaman. In Tartary women pare their noses between their eyes, so as to become saddle-nosed. Many tribes of savages wear rings or other ornaments in the nose; but the inhabitants of St. Kitts seem to have been singular in using their noses as pincushions. Ancient authors—Pliny, Solinus, and others—are quoted to prove the existence of "a Nation of *Fanesions*, who, being otherwise naked, have eares so large that they invelope their whole bodies with them." Strabo, indeed, had his doubts on the matter, but Pomponius Mela and other authorities stiffly maintained the truth of the relation. In parts of the West Indies were to be found people who had made their ears of enormous size by hanging to them heavy weights; and the same fashion prevailed in Guinea. It is strange to learn that in many places a wide mouth is regarded as a beauty in women. One can understand that the cannibals "of Port Famine, in the country of Africa," should pride themselves on having mouths that stretch from ear to ear, but it may well excite surprise that in any civilized community sparrow-mouthed women should attract admirers.

Our author comments severely on the "ridiculous activity" that some African tribes display in their endeavours to increase the thickness of their lips. "Verily," he remarks, "unless it were to sweep a manger, they can have no use of such lips." The Azanaghi, a people of Æthiopia, have the under-lip hanging down so low that they take the precaution to season it with salt, lest it should gather infection from the air. To-day it is not regarded as a heinous offence to shave the chin; indeed, a bearded bishop is a *rara avis*. But Bulwer insists that every man should allow his beard to grow, and declares that the practice of shaving the chin dates from the time when Alexander became effeminated by Persian luxury. It will be news to many readers to learn that the Tovopinambaultians and the Chiribicensians go beardless. In the neighbourhood of St. Vincent the sight of a bearded man throws the inhabitants into a state of wild alarm.

Red teeth are greatly prized in parts of India, and Sir Francis Drake once came upon an island (in eight degrees from Nova Albion) where black teeth were the rage, as they were in Java and many other parts. Some simple people in Pegu blacken their teeth from foolish pride; they have noticed that dogs' teeth are white, and so (to avoid odious comparisons) they choose black. The women of Caridian, the chief city of Cathay, gild their teeth—a far less objectionable practice. In Peru there are people who pull out all their teeth (as they pull the hair from their eyebrows) for a sacrifice to their idols. Some Tartar tribes, from no religious enthusiasm, but simply from choice of change, discard their natural teeth, and substitute others of gold or silver, steel or iron. Turks paint their finger-nails red; but in the kingdom of Goer yellow is the polite colour, and "the nobler any one is, so much the longer is his nails; so that he is the best gentleman whose nails appear like eagles' claws." At the river Thomeros are men who kill fish and cut wood with their finger-nails.

The custom of swathing infants in tight bands is strongly condemned by Bulwer. He also denounces the "foolish affection in young virgins, though grown big enough to be wiser, but that they are led blindfold by custome to a fashion pernitious beyond imagination, who, thinking a *slender-waste* a great beauty, strive all that they possibly can by streight-lacing themselves to attain unto a wand-like smalnesse of waste, never thinking themselves fine enough untill they can span their waste." More sensible are the Venetian dames, who never lace themselves, but use every effort to become round and full-bodied.

In China the ladies who have the smallest feet are accounted the greatest beauties; and for this reason their feet are bound up hard in infancy. Bulwer supposes that the custom arose from the jealousy of men, "that have brought it in to the end that they shall not be able to go but with pain, and that going slowly and with a bad grace, they should have no great desire to go out of their houses." Spanish women are noted for their small feet; but Bulwer could not discover whether they used any artifice to attain this elegance. A proverb says that a handsome woman should be English to the neck, French to the waist, and Dutch downwards; but Howell, who had lived long in Spain, would have her hands and feet Spanish. Bulwer was not of a sceptical turn of mind, but he cannot swallow the story about the Indians that had but one leg and are expert runners. There must be some mistake, he mildly suggests; these people had doubtless two legs, but "for the most part made use of but one leg." Turks are averse to using even one leg; they like to sit quiet themselves, and they dislike to see others moving about. It may be true that the chief use of feet is for progressive motion, to afford a man means of going in the direction where his business lies; but Nature "never intended to debar us from taking a turn or two for contemplation or healthful recreation."

The Chiribicensians anoint themselves from head to foot with a slimy ointment, and then cover their bodies with birds' feathers. In Spain magicians are similarly treated when they are to be led out to execution. Gaga Calando, King of Gagas, used to have his body smeared every day with man's fat, and was afterwards painted red and white; the cannibals called Pories were painted red and black; and at Sierra Leone both men and women "race and pink over all their bodies, thinking themselves thereby as fine as fivepence in a shower of rain."

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

THE stormy weather in which the Newmarket Second October Meeting opened had the effect of making the attendance very small on the first day. Jennings, the trainer, won the first race of the meeting with Father Confessor, an outsider at 12 to 1 that had hitherto lost all his races throughout the season; a 10 to 1 outsider won a Selling Plate for Sir Frederick Johnstone; Sturton and Donna Dolores, both of whom started at the same liberal odds, won the Welter Handicap and the Visitors' Plate for Chevalier Ginistrelli and Mr. G. Cleveland, and Mr. D. Baird's Marcia won a Nursery Stakes with 16 to 1 laid against her. This only left two races to be won by the favourites, so backers had a terrible day of it. The Duke of Hamilton's Fear Disgrace won her first victory in the October Produce Stakes. Although she is admired for her abundance of quality, her forelegs are criticized as being straight and stilty. Right Away won the Clearwell Stakes rather easily by a length from Vermillon, who finished three-quarters of a length in front of St. Serf. The winner has made great improvement since July, in which month he was beaten by Loup when receiving 11 lbs.; whereas now Loup was unplaced to him, although giving him only 6 lbs. His pedigree is worth studying, as he is very in-bred; for his two grandsires and one of his granddams were grandchildren of both The Baron and Pocohontas, and, in addition to this, he has three strains of Touchstone blood within the fifth degree. His dam met with an accident within a day or so of his victory in the Clearwell Stakes, and had to be destroyed. He is a good-looking, level, and compact colt, with splendid hind action, and the stakes he has already won leave a handsome balance on the 1,150 guineas which he cost as a yearling. Vermillon and St. Serf are both big, overgrown, and somewhat backward colts. The former, a chestnut colt by Tristan, is one of the largest two-year-olds in training; but some critics considered his shoulders inferior to those of his half-brother, Le Nord, and others thought that, although he showed speed in his race, he did not run like a stayer. St. Serf, who was purchased as a yearling for 1,200*l.*, is a fine mover, with excellent shoulders; but he has been found fault with for being a trifle leggy.

On public form there could scarcely be a doubt that Donovan would beat Minthe for the Royal Stakes on the Tuesday, when only giving her 7 lbs. more than weight for sex; so the Ring were not exorbitant in asking for 14 to 1 on him, and it proved the hollowest victory imaginable. Lord Hartington's good-looking and short-legged two-year-old, Morion, won the Severals Plate, after a close race with Mr. J. B. Leigh's Westminster, and Mr. J. E. Savill's little Australian horse, Ringmaster, won his first race since May in the handicap which ended the day; but these were the only favourites which won races throughout the afternoon. A Maiden Plate fell to Lord Penrhyn's Ornatus, a Bend Or colt, running in public for the first time, that started at 10 to 1. Lord Hartington won a Nursery Plate, in a field of twenty-one, with Ronaldina, a 12 to 1 outsider, and a Selling Plate and a Welter Handicap, both of which brought out fields of sixteen, were won by Southill at 7 to 1 and Tartarus at 10 to 1. Altogether, coming as it did after the disastrous Monday and the ruinous Friday at Kempton, the day was most depressing for backers. About eighty horses ran in the course of it, although there were no stakes of great value; but, if there is any truth in a statement, which appeared in a contemporary on Saturday last, that there are 1,500 horses in training at Newmarket, the fields on the Heath might well be large.

The Middle Park Plate, which we dealt with last week, was not the only event of interest on the Wednesday; but, with the exception of the Kennett Plate, no other race was won by the favourite. "Mr. Brampton" won the Ditch Mile Nursery with his 1,500-guinea Oddfellow, a good-looking colt by Barcaldine out of the celebrated mare Geheimniss. Six days earlier he had been unplaced to Lightfoot at Kempton, and he now won in a field of fifteen, although giving weight—27 lbs. in one instance—to all his opponents. His jockey, Calder, mistook the T.Y.C. winning-post for the D.M. winning-post, an error which was not then made for the first time. Fortunately he discovered it in time to "win a second time" at the real goal. The Kennett Plate produced a splendid race, which Mr. H. Milner's Whistle Jacket won by a head from Lord Penrhyn's Noble Chieftain, who finished only a neck in front of Prince Soltykoff's Mephisto. The winner was receiving 21 lbs. from both the second and the third in the race, so the inferiority of this expensive beast was very apparent.

One of the greatest of the many reverses which backers experienced during the week was on the Thursday, when they laid 4 to 1 on Ayrshire for the Champion Stakes. In descending the hill from the Bushes he fell lame; and, although he struggled valiantly on, he was beaten by three-quarters of a length by

Prince Soltykoff's Gold, and by half a length by Mr. H. Milner's Antibes. Enthusiast showed how much he had deteriorated since winning the Two Thousand, by taking no part whatever in the finish. It was a grand race, and two others during the afternoon were likewise won by heads, the second and third horses being separated by a similar distance. In noticing the Cesarewitch it will be necessary to look back to the time immediately following the publication of the weights. One of the first horses backed was Baron de Hirsch's Vasistas, the winner of the Grand Prix de Paris, and at 8 st. 4 lbs. the most heavily-weighted three-year-old in the race. His present owner was understood to have given 6,000*l.* for him; but he had lost every race for which he had run since he came to England, and, although his action in his gallop was greatly admired, it cannot be said that he altogether pleased the English critics, who thought him leggy, narrow, mean-looking, and an awkward walker. When Lord Bradford's Davenport had run third for the St. Leger he was backed at 5 or 6 to 1 for the Cesarewitch, and he remained one of the firmest Cesarewitch favourites from Doncaster to the Second October Meeting that we can remember. He had exactly a stone less to carry than Vasistas; yet his numerous backers were paying a very high compliment to Donovan in making Davenport favourite for the Cesarewitch at so short a price; for Donovan beat Davenport by six lengths for the St. Leger, and, assuming that Davenport was ridden out on that occasion, he received about a 30 lbs. beating; therefore, if Davenport could win the Cesarewitch under 7 st. 4 lbs., Donovan could win it under 9 st. 6 lbs., or under 10 lbs. more than the weight ever carried to victory for that race by a three-year-old. This, said Davenport's backers, Donovan might well be able to do, as the Cesarewitch field would be the worst in the history of that stake. The day before the race Davenport was supplanted in favouritism for a few hours by Ingram, a powerful and handsome colt by Isonomy out of Pirate Green, a mare said to have been once sold for eighteen guineas, yet the dam of many winners. He had met with an accident as a foal and had not been regularly trained until he was three years old. At that age he ran twice unsuccessfully in the late autumn, and this season, after being unplaced for the City and Suburban, he had, somewhat inconsistently, won the Goodwood Stakes. He had been handicapped for the Cesarewitch as if he had been ridden out to the very last ounce to win at Goodwood, yet in the opinion of many able judges the exact opposite was the case, for they considered that he had won it with a good deal in hand—moreover, it was contended that, under any circumstances, a four-year-old who had won the Goodwood Stakes (a race which had so many characteristics in common with the Cesarewitch) ought not to have been put into the latter handicap at so low a weight as 6 st. 10 lbs. At one time, on the Wednesday, Ingram was first favourite at 6 to 1; then he fell to 12 to 1. and eventually he started at 7½ to 1. He was the property of the clever trainer, A. Taylor, and he had a large number of eager backers, in spite of his mysterious fluctuations in the betting market. The first favourite at the start, although by a mere fraction only, was Mr. W. J. Legh's Veracity, the winner of the Liverpool Cup and the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood. Although he had won many important handicaps in the course of his life, he had never yet won over a course at all approaching the length of that of the Cesarewitch, and he was rather a small horse to carry 9 st. 1 lb. Mr. Noel Fenwick's Mercy had won only two races out of eleven this season, but at 5 st. 13 lbs. she was believed to have a 12 to 1 chance, as she had been placed seven times. Primrose Day, a four-year-old filly entered under the name of Goater, the trainer, was not on a very large scale, but deep-bodied, short-legged, high-withered, and angular hipped; she had never won a race—indeed, she had only run once before during the present season, and but four times in her life; yet at 6 st. 1 lb. she was almost "turned loose," as it is termed. Eight days before the race 66 to 1 was laid against her; two days later she had risen to half those odds, and she started at 11 to 1.

The twenty-two starters got off after one break away, and a horse called Assassin made the running at a strong pace through the long grass in Choke Jade; but soon after passing through the Gap and entering the Flat he began to tire, and at the Rowley Mile starting-post the lead was taken by Mercy. In the course of the next half-mile one after another of the field was beaten, and half a mile from the winning-post the only horses left in the race were three light weights—Mercy, Ingram, and Primrose Day. In descending the Bushes Hill Mercy and Ingram began to show signs of exhaustion, and Primrose Day, ridden by W. Wood, came to the front on approaching the Abingdon Bottom. Breasting the hill with wonderful freshness, she achieved one of the easiest victories ever seen in a Cesarewitch by three lengths. Ingram was second, and Mercy a bad third. Of the heavy weights, Mill Stream, with 8 st., and Sheen, with 8 st. 11 lbs., ran best, finishing fourth and fifth. Primrose Day is a dark bay filly, without white, excepting a star on the forehead, by Sir Bevys, out of Bonny Spec (Carlton's dam), by Speculum out of Bonny May by Newminster, and after her victory she was at once made first favourite for the Cambridgeshire. This year's Cesarewitch was one of the least interesting and most unsatisfactory that we can remember; nor did the rumours, during the settling, of possible difficulties in respect to the ownership and nomination of the winner improve matters. The mess, however, may be said to have reached its climax on Wednesday, when Messrs. Weatherby received a telegram from A. Taylor, the owner of Ingram, objecting to the stakes being paid to W. Goater, on the ground that Primrose Day was not in reality his property. And this after most of the bets on the race had been paid!

Backers had a lucky escape over the Newmarket Oaks, for which they had laid odds very freely on Minthe, who was beaten by Pamela. After the race it was found that Lord Marcus Beresford had started them from the wrong post—an error for which he was fined 10*l.* The race was ordered to be run again on the Friday, when Pamela walked over, and, on the ground that the other competitors were never "under the starter's orders" at the legal starting-post, the Committee of Tattersall's decided that all bets on the race were void. The Great Challenge Stakes brought out Baron de Rothschild's two-year-old, Heaume, Lord Penrhyn's Noble Chieftain, and Lord Zetland's Caerlaverock. The two-year-old had 2 lbs. the worst of the weights, but he was first favourite, and won easily by four lengths—a very smart performance! The surprise of the race was that Caerlaverock should have beaten Noble Chieftain, and immediately afterwards he was backed for the Cambridgeshire at considerably shortened odds. There is no safer guide in racing than public form; but some allowance must be made for attendant circumstances, and when backers laid odds that Mr. E. W. Baird's Golden Gate would beat the Duke of Portland's plain, but improving, filly, Memoir, for the Prendergast Stakes, they did not sufficiently remember that he had had an exceedingly severe race with Le Nord for second place in the Middle Park Plate only two days beforehand, to say nothing of running a good third for the Produce Stakes at Kempton in a fast-run race through heavy ground that day week. Too much importance, therefore, ought not to be attached to the hollow defeat which he now received. Jennings, the trainer, won a race for the second time during the meeting with an outsider, when his Dulce Domum, who started at 10 to 1, won a handicap in a common canter by six lengths; but backers won on the last race of the meeting, the Newmarket Derby, in which Lord Durham's Testator exactly confirmed his form with Gold in the Newmarket St. Leger, which had been the last race of the previous meeting at Newmarket.

KEW.

III.

THE last point to be considered in a sympathetic survey of Kew is the Garden. In 1840, when the Crown surrendered its rights, it had an area of eleven acres, containing, says the Commissioners' Report, "many fine exotic trees and shrubs, a small collection of herbaceous plants, and numerous specimens of grasses." There were ten greenhouses, of one sort or another. Sir William Hooker promptly begged permission to annex the Orangery and the land adjacent; then a part of the Pleasure Grounds, no less than forty-six acres; and then the Royal Kitchen and Forcing Grounds. All these prayers being heard, by 1847 the Garden had reached its present dimensions, about seventy acres. Three years later the rest of the Pleasure Grounds was granted for the establishment of an Arboretum, making the total area little less than two hundred and fifty acres. The Arboretum is the richest in Europe, no doubt, but probably inferior to that of Harvard University, where special attention has been paid to this department. Some may find it a relief to hear that Kew is not supreme all round. The soil, indeed—sandy and shallow, resting on a stratum of gravel—is unsuited to many trees. In former times, also, when an Imperial collection had to be got together as quickly as possible, and as cheaply, specimens were not planted with the care which might have overcome the disadvantage. It became necessary to reconstruct the Arboretum twenty years ago on this account, and in very great measure to renew it—a distressing sacrifice of time. A singular example of the influence of fashion in gardening then came to light. The British public had been running after evergreens so hotly and so desperately that nurserymen had ceased to grow deciduous species. It seems incredible that the authorities of Kew should have asked in vain for young aspens, for instance, throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland for months. As for American oaks, maples, and so forth, they absolutely could not be found in the Kingdom. Very little remains now of the collection formed in 1850; but unscientific lovers of the beautiful may rejoice that it has not yet been found necessary to interfere with the old forest trees, planted, perhaps, by Lord Capel, with the advice of "Sylva" Evelyn. That must come in time, no doubt, but not before the foreigners have made such growth that the loss will be compensated. These latter are arranged by genus; all species of willow, for example, around the pretty lake, with the alders; pines here, cedars there, oaks, nuts, maples, tamarisks, camellias, ranunculus, almost, it may be said, every tree and shrub that can be persuaded to live in our climate, set forth in all its varieties, for convenience of study. And the unlearned find a charm of sylvan scenery that cannot be surpassed. People wander far in search of "views" not more beautiful—since that could not be—than the long dell called the Rhododendron Walk, or the noble vista closed by Sion House, two miles away across the river. The "Seven Sisters," perishing of old age unhappily, still show that dense and stately foliage which Raffaelle loved for his backgrounds. There is, indeed, a small cohort of painters here in summer-time.

On the Garden proper, the beds, and the flowers, it is not necessary to dwell—they speak for themselves; but there is a detail here and there which not every one remarks. The Economic section has few visitors, and they are not tempted to carry exploration far. Its value, however, has received a curious illustration within the last fortnight. In a village of Northamptonshire several persons lately died under puzzling circumstances. Their drinking-water was obtained from a brook, and a gentleman of the neighbourhood convinced himself that therein, somehow, lay the mischief. Finding suspicious roots in the stream-bed, he forwarded some fragments of them to Kew, where they were analysed and compared with plants in this department, proving to be Aconitum Napellus. The condition of the tobacco plants is well worth notice in this month of October, when their leaves should be fit for harvest. Enthusiasts who hoped to find a remedy for "agricultural depression" in this culture received no encouragement from Kew. This year we have enjoyed, upon the whole, a moderate sort of season, and the state of the tobaccos is pitiable. No list has been taken of the species represented at Kew since the days of William Aiton, junior, in 1810, but at the present time this laborious work is approaching its end. Some departments have been catalogued already. Of orchids there are about fourteen hundred species; ferns eleven hundred; stove plants twenty-five hundred; succulents a thousand; palms and cycads, five hundred; greenhouse plants, three thousand; herbaceous, four thousand; trees and shrubs, three thousand—in several cases, however, the figure is a guess as yet. Though it should prove to be doubled in an accurate survey, the total will bear but a small proportion to the sum of nature's wealth. If we take the flowering plants alone, as enumerated in Bentham and Hooker's *Genera Plantarum*, there are two hundred natural orders, ten thousand genera, and one hundred thousand species—and this leaves out of account the ferns, and all the lower orders of Cryptogamia. Our British Empire alone furnishes forty-six thousand species, as Mr. Baker computes, of which, however, not less than thirty-six thousand are tropical or half-hardy. Of the remainder, very nearly all the fifteen hundred belonging to Great Britain are arrant weeds; while a good many of the three thousand found in Europe are too common or too insignificant to be worth the space they would occupy, and the attention they would demand. It is absolutely needful to draw a line, even though we have seventy acres of garden. To display, for example, all the culinary and medicinal herbs in use would be absurd. Not a few of them are found in this section. If by some fatal chance the onion of commerce should be exterminated in our back gardens, Kew is prepared to replace it. Side by side therewith grow the Patience Dock and the Skunk Cabbage, the briony, the cuckoo pint, the Japanese yam, and the All-Good—to which hangs a long and significant tale, no doubt, if we knew it; antiquaries may recognize this mysterious boon under its ingenuous Latin name, "Bonus Henricus." In ferns the collection is exceedingly rich. It has had three special benefactors in this department—Messrs. Joad, Carbonell, and Cooper Forster—to the former of whom the public is indebted for the very charming Rock Garden, opened in 1881. Sir Joseph Hooker had long been praying for this boon; and he was backed by a general petition of visitors and scientific persons, addressed to the Board of Works. The bequest of Mr. George Curling Joad brought the matter to a crisis. This earnest and ingenious amateur left all his collection at the disposal of Kew, to take what the authorities desired. Mr. Cooper Forster was the Principal Surgeon at Guy's Hospital, an enthusiast upon the culture of filmy ferns. He grew them on the roof of his house, in Grosvenor Street, most successfully, and set an example to others of his estimable class by bequeathing them for the nation's enjoyment when his own interest ceased. The legacy of Mr. W. C. Carbonell is specially curious. This gentleman devoted himself to the careful cultivation of hardy ferns, particularly to the crossing of them, and to the development of "sports." His success was astonishing—indeed, bewildering. It is not yet twelve months since the "Carbonell Ferns" were re-established in their new home, and that large section of the public which interests itself in this order is not yet familiar with them. Experienced students who pass by may well suppose that a great part of the British species represent foreigners as rare as strange. The natural vagaries which this gentleman secured and the extraordinary combinations he effected by skilful crossing must really be seen to be believed. It gives some vague notion of the facts to learn that there are more than one thousand distinct varieties of British ferns alone.

The glass-houses at Kew would seem a small proportion to the area in a private establishment. But they are grand buildings mostly. The Winter Garden covers more than an acre and a half of ground. The Palm House is three hundred and sixty-two feet long, a hundred feet wide. The new Orchid House is a hundred and forty feet in length, adding the two wings together. These latter are not wholly satisfactory—an orchid house on the imperial scale never is, nor can be. Supplemented, however, by the low, neat range from which the public is excluded, nearly all these fourteen hundred species which form our national collection thrive admirably. British orchidists are proud of Kew—nowadays; for it was not so satisfactory in this department a few years since. The Order, indeed, must be irritating to those in charge of a great "show-garden." They built a fine house some time ago expressly for the genus Phalænopsis, designed with all the skill, of course, that science and experience could furnish. It was admirable and beautiful—but Phalænopsis resolutely declined to live there; after science and experience had done all they know in the way of persuasion, the house was abandoned to other uses. So the lovely and most interesting group of Anœchtochili used to flourish here luxuriantly; but something has been changed—they alone know what—and they barely submit to exist. A new house is urgently required for the Nepenthes, a collection beyond all rivalry.—But for the public these are details. They may well think the Nepenthes comfortable in their quarters, seeing the dense array of "cups" which droop pendent from their leathery leaves—enough to supply a troop of monkeys with a morning draught.

One function of a national institution very seriously regarded at Kew is the training of young men to fill botanic situations in the colonies. While carefully and publicly disclaiming "the least desire to see Kew become a general dispenser of patronage," Mr. Thiselton Dyer finds it more and more urgent to keep a supply of trustworthy and capable gardeners whom he can recommend for colonial service. Something is demanded of such young men beyond the practical knowledge which suffices at home. They should be acquainted with the principles of scientific botany, at least, and those general conditions which rule the practice of horticulture under differing circumstances. For many years such instruction has been imparted by members of the staff, in the form of lectures, to all who chose to attend; not till of late did they receive any remuneration for this public service. The applicants mostly belong, as is natural, to the superior class of gardener. They must be at least twenty years old, and not beyond twenty-five, with not less than five years' record in a "good private garden" or nursery. None are admitted to the list of applicants unless they have had some experience of the management of plants under glass. The advantage of this system all round scarcely needs illustration. While serving the interest of the colonies, it widens the influence of Kew, since all these emigrants keep up more or less of a correspondence with the institution which was their *Alma mater*. In no long time we may hope to see an *esprit de corps* arising which cannot fail to work for good. The day is not remote possibly when colonial officials of this class may be organized into a service, with a system of promotion from one establishment to another. By the communications and reports exchanged, the authorities at Kew are able to form a good idea of the capacity which its *alumni* develop in their new homes, and thus, as vacancies occur, the best men might be selected to fill them. But this is a mere suggestion, which the colonies themselves must formulate. Meantime, Kew performs its Imperial work in supplying them with competent servants at their demand.

PASTELS AT THE GROSVENOR.

THE Grosvenor Gallery leads off the dance of the winter exhibitions with a creditable series of modern pastels. The show is, however, limited this year to the work of living hands, and, as a matter of fact, is largely the contribution of amateurs, or else of artists whose names have not yet made very much noise for themselves. It is plain that pastel is on the high road to becoming a very popular branch of art, and there are many reasons why this should be the case. No other medium gives so brilliant an effect with so little effort. No painting is so rapid and, within the limitations of skill and practice, so satisfactory. The artist has not to wait for his colours to dry; he has no anxiety that he may not be able to make a necessary correction; if he has learned, as every student must, to sketch in chalk or charcoal, he has no new process to master. If he has a good instinct for colour, he may surprise his friends by the ease with which he throws off a pastel which will really not be without merit.

Two French artists of distinction and members of the French Society of Pastel Painters contribute to the Grosvenor, and should in courtesy be considered first. The pastels of M. Emile Lévy, indeed, are almost fatal to what hangs around them, so solid are they, so masterly in touch and so fine in colour. His "Tête de Vieille Veuve" (17) is an astonishing performance. The keen eye of the old woman looks out from her wrinkled parchment face, to which her black cap and black ribands form a sombre frame. On the opposite wall hangs the same artist's "Étude d'Enfant" (68), a little naked child sitting up in bed. The arrangement of colour in this piece is simple, but extremely effective—the dull brick-red of the wall-paper above, the snow-white bedclothes below, and the delicate mass of flesh-colour in the centre. M. Lévy's third pastel is "Jeune Fille en Costume Japonais" (106), a little less original than the former, but not inferior to them in executive skill. M. Blanche, his eminent companion, challenges comparison with M. Emile Lévy in a portrait of "Sir Rivers Wilson" (105) and in a curious composition of "Little Simone and her Doll" (123), but we cannot think that he sustains it with success. Another foreigner, but this time one who has settled amongst us and has adopted our art life, is Mr. Hubert Vos. His "Abdallah" (115) hangs in the place of honour in the West Gallery. This represents a dark, plain woman, in a sort of gipsy costume of artistic chintzes, doing nothing particular but scowl at the passer-by. This is a large work, dashed off with a good deal of spirit, but trivial in senti-

ment and without beauty. Mr. Vos's portraits are striking, and, indeed, his head of "Mr. Spielmann" (176) is vivid and lifelike to an astonishing degree. We are puzzled to know how Mr. Vos uses the medium. From the appearance of the surface of his pastels we are inclined to fancy that he grinds the dry tint to a powder, and really paints with it in a thin liquid solution. This is hardly legitimate pastel, however, and seems to be the result of an erroneous theory. Pastel is not a form of water-colour painting, but a kind of dry parallel to oil-painting. M. Emile Wauters, of Brussels, exhibits a very spirited head of "Mr. Hubert Vos" (2).

We must now pass through the rooms, drawing attention to whatever has specially attracted our notice. The majority of the more creditable pastels are to be found in the West Gallery, and it looks as though other parts of the exhibition had been rather carelessly stocked with anything that might cover the nakedness of the walls. Mr. Ellis Roberts's "Mrs. J. G. Menzies" (10) is a good example of what seems to be the average condition of British pastel at this moment. This portrait is pretty in colour, and the drapery, in its diaphanous lightness, is delicately indicated; but the face is weakly modelled, and the foreshortening of the limbs leaves very much to be desired. If the face and arms of this figure be compared with the body of the child by M. Lévy which hangs opposite, it will be seen that they are desperately chalky, merely through a lack of that force of touch which the French master has acquired. Miss Florence Small has reached a higher point of executive skill. Her tall girl in white, reading a book, absurdly named "The Poet" (19), is exceedingly promising, and her "Little Quakeress" (33) still more so. Mr. Henry Tuke's misty sketch, called "Barking Nets" (21), is full of beauty. The best landscape at the Grosvenor, without question, seems to us to be Mr. Llewellyn's "The River Camel—Padstow" (35), largely treated in a deep, serene atmosphere, a strip of land between pearly sky and iridescent sea. Of full-length portraits none is much cleverer than Mr. St. George Hare's "Mr. Montfort" (37), in evening dress, smoking a cigarette. By the way, cigarettes and cigars abound in every exhibition of pastels. The focus of smouldering fire can be represented more truthfully in pastel than in any other way, and forms an effective point of bright colour. We do not care for Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Mauve and Gold" (40), a sort of ideal Sarah Bernhardt crudely clothed in glittering raiment.

Mr. Swan has, we are obliged to confess, annoyed us by sending a very rough sketch, just knocked in, called "Polar Bears" (57). It is very clever, and doubtless would, with a couple of days' more work, have become very effective. But to send in work in this condition is an impertinence to the public, and looks as though Mr. Swan were not unwilling to abuse his new and sudden popularity. We admire him exceedingly, like the rest of the world; but we do not admire even Mr. Swan enough to wish him to come in his shirt-sleeves to public places of social resort. Mr. Stott of Oldham is another artist of whom the art-world has been apt to talk with some exaggeration. Mr. Stott has been to the Alps, and he has brought home some pastels which the emotional are now discussing with bated breath. We have examined these little "impressions de voyage" with curiosity, but our breath has not been taken from us. Our heads are where they were, and so are our heels. In "Morning Alps" (73) we say without hesitation that Mr. Stott has attempted to give a certain Alpine effect, and has failed. In "Jungfrau" (113) he has failed again. But "The Little Bay" (117) is pretty; and the "Eiger" (120) is much more than pretty—it is a very remarkable study. The mystery of moonlight hangs over the mountain, and there is given a sense of vast height of rock and depth of atmosphere. Moreover, the snow on the peak is painted as we hardly ever remember to have seen snow painted—light and feathery, crystal cold, and radiant in the limpid moonlight. Mr. Stott has a very unlucky pastel of "Mme. Nevada as 'Lackmé'" (94), childish in drawing and hot and bad in colour. His is evidently an unbalanced, though a genuine, talent. Mr. J. McLure Hamilton's pastels are interesting and curious. The "Studio of E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A." (99) and a "Study of Children in White" (60) are excellent. Mr. Llewellyn's "Mrs. Raymond Radclyffe" (77) is ablaze with azure-blue and orange-pink ribands, underneath all which suffusion of colour the flesh-tints are obscured. Mr. Solomon Solomon's nude "Amazon" (83), lying on a tiger-skin, in violent foreshortening, is a clever *tour de force*. A very strong portrait in chalks—hardly a pastel—of "Mr. R. B. Martineau" (129), by Mr. Holman Hunt, rivets the spectator's attention at the doorway into the East Gallery. But before we leave the West Gallery we must spare a word of praise for the pastels of Mrs. Stanhope Forbes and of Mlle. Anna Bilinska.

In the remainder of the exhibition there is not much that need detain us. Very curious and rather ingenious is Mr. Charles Shannon's "The Sheep hear His Voice" (197), strong rays of light proceeding to every corner of the picture from a central lantern. Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Nerina" (223) deserves a glance. There are some pleasing landscapes by Mr. Peppercorn (whose atmosphere has become, like Niobe, "all tears"), Mr. Muhrmann, Miss Osborne, and Mr. Aumonier. In the vestibule are hung portraits by Mr. Rudolf Lehmann of himself (282), of "Miss Ellen Terry" (278), of "Alma" (279), of "Mrs. W. H. Wills" (284), and others, forming an elegant group of heads. Mr. Frank Emanuel's full-length of "Mr. Charles Emanuel" (300), in cap and gown, is remarkably good. In the fourth and fifth rooms mediocrity reigns almost unopposed. There is some creditable sculpture scattered over the galleries, although little of it is new. Mr. Woolner's pretty, sharp-nosed "Ophelia" (449) is an old friend, and so are Mr. MacLean's bronze statuettes of the arts (450-454). Mr. Roscoe Mullins's "Morn wak'd by the circling hours" (460) is an accomplished marble, but it is not seen for the first time. But we are not sure that we recognize the simply-composed and cleverly-modelled terra-cotta study (457) signed by the same sculptor.

OUR ROYAL SELVES.

IS it possible that "the prophetic soul of the great world dreaming of things to come," which, as the Hegelians would say, became conscious of itself in Shakspeare, had any obscure prevision of Sir William Harcourt (who, we are really sorry to see, is again angry with the *Saturday Review*)? There are passages in our great dramatist which may be interpreted in this sense. We do not refer to the character of Falstaff, though it has been thought to foreshadow in some essential features that of the later hero. Nor are we thinking of the knight who so ingeniously contrived to avoid forswearing himself on the merits of the pancakes. We have rather in view him who, being presumably fond, as Sir William Harcourt certainly is, of playing with edged tools, never cut his fingers, as Sir William frequently does, without exclaiming, as Sir William Harcourt possibly may, "There is some of the King's blood spilt." Every one recollects the generosity with which, when the announcement was made of the Marquess of Lorne's approaching marriage with a daughter of the Queen, Sir William Harcourt, in his own name, and in that of the other members of the Royal Family, cordially welcomed the son of Maccallum More among them. We have been in the habit of considering the kingly descent of Sir William Harcourt as a rare, if not a unique, distinction. All the world has, indeed, heard of the bricklayers and cobblers, the butchers, turnpike-keepers, and sextons in whom the undisputed blood of the Plantagenets flowed, and Sir Bernard Burke and Mr. Jesse have traced it there with something of the ingenuity which Hamlet showed in following Alexander's dust to a bunghole, and with a closer attention to historic evidence. Not long ago, it is said, a lineal descendant of the charcoal-burner who found the body of William Rufus in the New Forest was pursuing his hereditary vocation in the same place, and a little disturbance of chronology might have brought him face to face with the collateral descendant of the Red King, who, by some hereditary instinct, perhaps, has fixed his dwelling there. Sir William Harcourt cannot, indeed, have figured in the ghostly procession of those at whom the blood-boltered Banquo pointed and smiled at them for his, for they, we believe, actually mounted the throne, and there are still many lives between the Crown and Sir William.

There are, indeed, apparently more than is usually supposed. An ingenious German writer, Professor Dr. G. M. Asher, has contributed to the October number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* an article which bears the title "Die Gentry und deren Abstammung von Englischen Königen." The thesis which the writer sets himself to maintain is that the great body of the English gentry are descended from the English kings. We cannot say that in our view the proposition is conclusively established. The writer proceeds rather in the way of illustration than by statistical proof. One typical instance which he takes is that of the noble family of Bathurst, which springing, so far as authentic history extends, from a Director of the East India Company, allied itself, in the person of one of the earlier peers of that name, with a daughter of the house of Lennox, and so is affiliated, to use a term not inappropriate in this connexion, to Charles II. Charles II., indeed, is credited with many contraband contributions of the royal blood, and a part of Dr. Asher's essay is a prose rendering and amplification of a celebrated couplet in Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*. Another example we approach with more awe and reverence. Dr. Asher prints a genealogical table, beginning with the name of Edward III. and ending with that of "Will. E. Gladstone"—the diapason closing full in the grand old man. From Edward III. and John of Gaunt and Catherine Roet—has German erudition discovered this to be the real name of Catherine Swinford, and was she, like John himself, of Flemish birth?—the list proceeds through the semi-legitimate Beauforts, and the noble houses of Athol, Sutherland, and Huntley, to the more familiar patronymics of Gladstone and Robertson. But Dr. Asher must be allowed the use of his own tongue in tracing the lineage of "the greatest of living Englishmen," if that be the proper phrase:—"Die Descendenz, aus welcher Gladstone entsprossen, bewegt sich, aus der einen Seite durch fünf, und der anderer durch vier Generati onen, von Johann Beaufort herab, in der hohen Nobility, und geht dann durch Töchter—auf der einen Seite Jane Gordon, Tochter des Grafen Sutherland, auf der anderen Elizabeth Stewart, Tochter des Grafen Athole, die unbetitelte Männer heirathen—in die unbetitelte Gentry über." In the days of Darwin and Galton researches of this kind are something more than matters of idle, or rather industrious, curiosity. Dr. Asher appreciates their significance. It is well worth remarking, he says, that "men of so pronounced and truly kingly a consciousness of power [wahrhaft königlichem Autoritätsbewusstsein], as for instance, Gladstone, Parnell, Wolseley, Tennyson, and Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Academy of Arts, though sons of not-

to-the-nobility-belonging fathers, nevertheless have demonstrably sprung from kingly ancestors." Confining ourselves to Mr. Gladstone, and neglecting for the moment the kingly qualities of Mr. Parnell and "Sir Fred. Leighton, Präsident der Akademie der Künste," and the rest, we may remark that to be the descendant of Edward III. is much more than to be the descendant of Edward III. and his Norman and Saxon ancestors—it is to be the descendant of Edward III.'s mother and of Philip V. of France, and all the preceding Philips and others of that kingdom. Mr. Gladstone represents not merely Midlothian and the House of Plantagenet, he represents the House of Valois, too. Perhaps this fact accounts for the sympathy he has always shown for France, and may explain his interference in the recent French elections, though it was not on behalf of the royal house of which he is an offshoot. He is moved by a kind of genealogical nostalgia.

By taking into account the various Fitzes who have emanated from Charles II. and other sovereigns, and especially by reckoning in the contributions made to the nobility by the Duchess of Suffolk, Henry VII.'s daughter, amounting, as one of her descendants proudly proclaimed in 1855, to a fourth of its total number, and by further keeping in mind the manner in which in England royalty, in its younger branches, subsides into the nobility, and the nobility into the gentry, and the gentry into the nicht-gentry, Dr. Asher leaves a gratifying impression on the mind of the reader that there is scarcely any one in England, including the said reader himself, who may not have at least a drop or two of royal blood in his veins. As all Irish women in Ireland are chaste, and as all Irishmen out of Ireland are the sons of kings, and have been to Trinity College, so all Englishmen, let us proudly believe, are of the blood royal, more or less.

Apart from his genealogical speculations—most of them based on English authorities—Dr. Asher has some very sensible remarks on the part which the English gentry have played, and still play, in the public and social life of England. The idea of the true gentleman and the true lady—"die Ideale des volkommenen Gentleman und der volkommenen Lady"—shapes conduct, as he points out, in other ranks than their own, and has created a noble type of man- and womankind. Dr. Asher has really a very fair knowledge of English society. He understands what we may call the Odo-Russell paradox, which puzzles so many foreigners—how the nephew and brother of a duke remained a simple Mister until he mysteriously became a lord, under the inexplicable name of Ampthill. He records a fact in connexion with the British army which he can only bring home to the minds of his readers by bidding them suppose a son of Herr Kranzler, confectioner, in Berlin, having a high command in the Prussian army. The most serious blunders which we have observed in his essay are due to a too implicit belief in the *Financial Almanack*, and an apparent ignorance of the fact that the useful and honourable order of solicitors have something to do with success at the Bar, which he attributes solely to aristocratic influence. He describes, among novelists, Thackeray as the most useful guide to a knowledge of the gentry (der nützlichste Führer der Kenntniss der Gentry), the other authorities whom he mentions combining the rather strangely-assorted names of "Bulwer, Trollope, Mrs. Craik, Mrs. Gaskell, Ch. Kingsley." On the other hand, we are told, Dickens is in this respect absolutely untrustworthy (hingegen ist Dickens in dieser Hinsicht absolut zuverlässig). We fear we must admit it. Dickens never understood that Lord Frederick Verisopht could not be at the same time Lord Verisopht; and he died impenitent in the conviction that Lord Decimus Barnacle was a peer. We are rather surprised that Dr. Asher does not mention some American novelists and other American writers as sources of information with regard to the manners, dress, and conversation of the nobility and gentry. They live and breathe, they bathe and swim in an atmosphere and ocean of lords, and are the interpreters not only to their own countrymen, but to the humble Britisher, of "The home-life of your aristocracy, sir."

SPECULATION IN GERMANY.

FOR several years now there has been a rampant speculation in Germany. The country undoubtedly has made great economic progress of late. There has been a marked development of industrial enterprise and a very considerable accumulation of capital. This, of course, has engendered a speculative spirit, and the spirit has been exaggerated by the policy of the Prussian Government in converting its debt and buying up the railways of the kingdom. Investors, dissatisfied with the low rates of interest obtainable from the public funds and railroad securities, turned in search of better paying investments, and speculators eagerly rushed in to secure profit by buying before the investors had made up their minds, in the hope of selling again to them at higher prices. At first speculation directed itself towards foreign Government bonds, and more particularly towards Russian bonds. Russian credit was very low at the time, and the great capitalists of Berlin conceived a plan for getting control of Russian finance, and ultimately converting the debt, thereby hoping, not only to make large profits, but to acquire political influence. The plan appeared very wild at the time, and most people predicted a crash; but failure was averted by French competition. The leading bankers of Paris took up the design originally conceived in Berlin, and they have already succeeded in converting a large part of the Russian Debt. In so doing they raised the price of Russian bonds considerably, and the German capitalists, who had bought at much lower quotations, were able to sell a considerable proportion of their holdings on very profitable terms. Encouraged by this result, they have extended their operations to Austrian, Hungarian, Italian, Egyptian, Turkish, and South American bonds, and they have been eagerly followed by a crowd of speculators. The courage of speculators has grown with each success, and during the past year or two they have run up to an unprecedented height the prices of domestic industrial concerns. The coal and iron trades are very prosperous. The protective tariff ensures to them the monopoly of the home market, and the demand for iron and steel is very large for military purposes, for railway construction and equipment, and for canals. Of late, indeed, the demand has exceeded the supply, and the imports of iron and steel from this country, Belgium, France, and Spain have become very large. Prices in consequence have risen above all precedent, and with the rise in the prices of iron and coal there has come an extraordinary rise in mining shares. A Frankfort journal published a week or two ago a list of nineteen industrial Companies, with the prices of the shares, at the beginning of January and the beginning of October. In three cases the rise has been from 100 to 136 per cent., in five cases it has been from 50 to 66 per cent., and in the remaining eleven cases from 18 to 50 per cent. And this is but a sample of what is going on in all directions. Naturally a speculation such as this has created grave apprehension. And careful observers are warning the public that a crisis cannot be long deferred. It is not merely that the prices of old securities have been run up in this wild way. There has also during the past few years been an extraordinary number of new loans and Companies brought out. In the year 1888 the total issues of all kinds in Germany amounted in round figures to about 95 millions sterling. And in the first half of the current year the amount was 49 millions sterling. Of course, many of those issues have not been subscribed for by the public; but yet the fact that nearly 150 millions sterling have been asked for from the German public in the course of eighteen months illustrates how great has been the absorption of capital of late. Rapid as has been the economic progress of the country, it is scarcely credible that its savings are large enough to supply the new demand, to run up old prices at such an unheard-of rate, and to purchase at the same time so considerable a proportion of foreign bonds. It is not surprising, then, that the liquidation on the Berlin Bourse at the end of last month was an exceedingly difficult one, and that Bourse borrowers were charged from 6 to 15, and in some cases even 20 per cent., for the accommodation afforded them. And our readers, therefore, will be prepared to hear that there is much anxiety as to the approaching liquidation at the end of this month.

The speculation has lasted much longer than most people expected. It has been favoured, of course, by the preservation of peace, and by the improvement in trade all over the world. Yet it could not have been maintained but for the peculiar constitution of banks on the Continent, and particularly in Germany. In this country business is highly specialized. Our banks, for example, are institutions which receive deposits from the public, and employ them in discounting good bills and lending upon readily realizable securities. Except for their regular customers, the banks, as a rule, do not themselves take even good bills directly from those who draw them. That is done by the discount houses and the billbrokers. And from these the banks purchase the bills. Thus the banks have not only additional security but, what is much more important, the advantage of the special knowledge and special experience of men whose whole lives are engaged in this particular branch of trade. As a rule, again, our banks do not issue loans and Companies. That is the business of great private firms, with partners of vast wealth and long experience. Lastly, our banks do not buy and sell upon the Stock Exchange. Of course they will undertake to invest for their customers, but they do not themselves buy and sell. They employ brokers for that. In Germany, on the contrary, lending and discounting constitute only a small part of a bank's business. Almost universally the banks are loan and Company mongers. Sometimes they bring out new issues alone, but generally they form syndicates for the purpose. They also combine a large Stock-Exchange business. Nearly every bank of any standing has one or more agents in the local bourse. It will be seen that banking in Germany is as yet in a rudimentary state. But the point to which we would direct the attention of our readers is, that the banks there are much more interested in Stock-Exchange quotations than are our banks. Our banks are, of course, interested in doing a large business; but if they are properly managed their chief care is that the business shall be safe. A German bank which itself undertakes to bring out an issue, or is largely interested as a member of a syndicate, is tempted to look rather to the success of the operation than to the safety of any particular loan it may make to a customer. The temptation is evidently strong to tout for business, to induce customers to buy shares or bonds, and, in order to do so, to make loans often far in excess of their means of repayment. As long as everything goes smooth the system is more effective for Stock-Exchange purposes than ours. Our banks often nip speculation in the bud by calling in loans when they think speculators are going too rapidly. But the German bank which has risked a large part of its capital in some grand operation is hardly in a

position to refuse accommodation to its customers. On the other hand, the crash is sure to be all the greater if a crisis comes. It is not merely individual speculators scattered all over the country who are in danger of ruin, but the banks themselves. Up to the present, however, audacity, skill, and combination have availed to avert the danger, have kept up the confidence of the general public, and have carried prices continually higher and higher.

The most immediate source of danger is the dearness and scarcity of money in Berlin. The home trade of Germany is very prosperous, prices, as stated above, are exceptionally high, and wages have been raised in all directions by strikes and threatened strikes. Therefore, there is this year an unusual expansion of the internal coin circulation. On the other hand, the foreign trade of Germany is less favourable than in recent years. There are very large imports, especially of coal and iron, while owing to the high prices exports have fallen off. Consequently, the balance of trade is just now against Germany, and, therefore, the stock of gold held by the Imperial Bank is decreasing. To protect that stock the Imperial Bank has raised its rates of interest and discount every time the Bank of England has made an advance, and yet the outflow has not been stopped. It is said that the liquidation on the Berlin Bourse at the end of last month would have been even more difficult than it was but for the pecuniary assistance rendered by certain French banks. The rates of interest and discount were much higher in Berlin than in Paris, and it was profitable, therefore, for French bankers to employ their surplus money in Berlin. Besides, no doubt, the French banks in question were anxious to prevent such a disturbance of the Berlin money market as might have caused a fall upon the Bourse. It is feared that the coming liquidation in Berlin will be even more difficult than the last. There are strong doubts entertained whether the Imperial Bank will be inclined to lend largely. The note circulation of the Bank is already considerably in excess of the amount which it can issue without paying a royalty to the Government. Its loans and discounts are exceptionally large, and the drain upon its stock of gold is causing some apprehension. Therefore it is feared that the Bank may not be willing to afford such accommodation to the market as will tide the Bourse over its difficulties. The other banks, no doubt, will do what they can; but it is not generally believed that their power is equal to their will. Of course the Seehandlung-Societät, which is a Government institution, may be in a position to afford much accommodation, and it is possible, too, that French banks may once more give the assistance which they afforded at the end of last month. The great banks of Paris are interested in all sorts of financial operations which require for their success an easy money market and rising stock markets. At the same time, the Paris money market is very well supplied, and therefore is in a position to give assistance to Berlin. A fall in Berlin must inevitably cause a fall in Paris, and therefore it is probable that the assistance will be rendered if the amount required is not very large. Foreign bankers cannot to any very large extent take the place of local bankers. They may supplement the efforts of the latter, but they cannot act as a substitute for them. It depends, therefore, upon the ability of the German banks themselves to continue the accommodation to their customers, which they have hitherto been giving, whether the coming liquidation will pass over smoothly or not. It seems clear, however, that the wild speculation which has lasted so long has been carried nearly as far as it can be taken. The prices of coal and iron are higher now than they have been since the extraordinary inflation of 1873-4, and the prices of mining shares have been similarly run up. Every reader will remember that the inflation of 1873 ended in a crash that was followed by a long period of depression, and it will be strange indeed if the present speculation has not a like ending.

THE LEEDS FESTIVAL.

I.

THE reputation which the great Yorkshire musical gathering at Leeds has acquired since its revival in 1874—a reputation which culminated in the Festival of 1886, at which three such remarkable works as Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, Dr. Mackenzie's *Story of Sayid*, and Professor Stanford's *Ballad of the Revenge* were first produced—caused the performances which took place at Leeds last week to be looked forward to with more than usual interest. The policy of the Committee in commissioning works by native composers had been so successful in 1886, that in 1889 it was resolved to confine the novelties to be produced entirely to works by British musicians, the only foreign composer invited to contribute—Herr Brahms—having declined to accede to the Committee's request for a new work. The Festival was, therefore, essentially English in character, and afforded a very good opportunity of estimating the position taken up by English composers, and of judging both their strong and their weak points. As in 1886, Dr. Mackenzie and Professor Stanford were represented by new and important works. Dr. Hubert Parry, whose *Judith* (produced at Birmingham last year) placed him in the first rank of native composers, contributed a setting of Pope's "Ode to St. Cecilia," and other novelties were given by Mr. Corder and Dr. Creser, a local musician; while Sir Arthur Sullivan, in addition to superintending the whole Festival, was represented by the music written for the recent performances of *Macbeth* at the Lyceum. The Committee are to be congratulated for their courage in relying upon native talent for the main attraction of the Festival, and for not, as is too often done on these occasions, depending upon performances of familiar standard works in order to swell the receipts. It is all the more gratifying to learn that, from a pecuniary point of view, the Festival has been a success; if the artistic result has not been altogether so satisfactory, the reason must be sought in another direction.

Of the performance of Berlioz's *Faust*, with which the Festival began on the morning of the 8th inst., there is no occasion to speak in detail, as the work is now thoroughly familiar to amateurs, and all the soloists who took part in it have been often heard in London. The performance, moreover, was not, as far as the chorus went, up to the standard which previous Festivals had entitled the audience to expect. The weakness of tone of the sopranos and tenors, the uncertainty of intonation and general lack of attack were attributed to over-fatigue, the two previous days having been devoted to long and exhausting rehearsals. Unfortunately, matters did not mend in this respect throughout the week. It is understood that the chorus had been almost entirely drawn this year from Leeds itself, and that Huddersfield and Bradford, which on former occasions had contributed large contingents, were practically unrepresented. If this was the case, it may explain many of the deficiencies which were so noticeable. Such a policy of local favouritism should be abandoned immediately if the Leeds chorus is to maintain the reputation it won in past years. It is pleasanter to turn from the deficiencies of the chorus to the excellence of the orchestra, which—with the exception of the occasional weakness of the horns—throughout the week won golden opinions, and reflected great credit upon the conductor.

The second concert, on the Wednesday evening, witnessed the production of the first of the Festival novelties, Mr. Corder's cantata, *The Sword of Argantyr*. Mr. Corder is a musician of whom great things have been expected since the days when he won the Mendelssohn scholarship. His compositions have always possessed a certain amount of originality, and their uncompromising character, especially in his younger days, led musicians to hope that, when he had sown his musical wild oats, he might produce something which would be an honour to himself and his country. His opera of *Nordisa*, which was performed under Mr. Carl Rosa's auspices two years ago, somewhat astonished his admirers by its apparently wilfully commonplace character. This was set down in some quarters to cynicism, and it was hoped that *The Sword of Argantyr* would retrieve the reputation of the composer. Whether it has done this or not may be a matter of opinion; but the verdict pronounced at Leeds was certainly not altogether favourable. The work is in many respects a return to the composer's earlier manner; but at the same time it contains many of the very commonplace features which distinguished *Nordisa*. No one will deny that *The Sword of Argantyr* is the work of a man of considerable talent; the orchestral writing shows this throughout; but, on the other hand, hardly a page of the score does not contain combinations and passages which can only be characterized as wilfully ugly. The solo parts are for the most part absolutely ungrateful; where they are not this, they are—to use the mildest terms—trivial and commonplace. In a man of less talent than Mr. Corder much which is objectionable in *The Sword of Argantyr* might be let pass; but his talent, if wayward, is so undoubted that it would be only mistaken kindness not to point out how fatal to his reputation such vagaries are. Even if space would allow, it would serve no purpose to examine the work in detail. The libretto—which is apparently the work of the composer—is laid out with great skill, and (if the absurd affectations of archaism in the argument be excepted) is written with much literary ability and considerable poetic feeling. It deals with a Scandinavian legend, in places strongly recalling passages of the Nibelung myth as treated by Wagner in his Trilogy. Possibly it was this resemblance which prompted Mr. Corder to reproduce many of the least agreeable features of the Bayreuth master's style. The performance, considering the very great difficulties of the work, was entitled to much praise. The chorus sang much better than in the morning, and the orchestra, as usual, was excellent. The very exacting and ungrateful soprano music was sung by Mme. Valleria, who struggled bravely against the too-evident effects of severe indisposition. The tenor music was sung by Mr. Piercy, while Mr. Barrington Foote sang that allotted to the baritone. The excellent performance of the small but difficult part of the Spirit of Argantyr, by Mr. Arthur Ferguson, a young bass with a good voice and method, deserves special mention. The second part of the concert consisted of Act III. of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, with Mr. Edward Lloyd as the hero, Mr. Barrington Foote as Wolfram, Mme. Valleria as Elizabeth, and Fräulein Fillunger as Venus. In spite of the inevitable loss incurred by performing an operatic work without scenery, costume, or action, the selection proved very interesting and a welcome relief to the first part of the concert. It is almost needless to say that the chief honours were gained by Mr. Lloyd, whose Tannhäuser was altogether masterly.

The programme of Thursday morning's concert, though it suffered from excessive length, was admirably selected, consisting as it did of three masterpieces in such different styles as J. S. Bach's *Actus Tragicus*, Schubert's Mass in E flat, and Handel's *Acis and*

Galatea. In Bach's Cantata there was almost no fault to be found with the performance; the work was sung and played by soloists, chorus, and orchestra in a thoroughly admirable manner. The solos, though not very important, were done full justice to by Miss Hilda Wilson and Messrs. Iver McKay and Brereton. Schubert's Mass was probably a quasi-novelty to most of the audience. In London it was performed some years ago by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and every successive hearing reveals in it fresh beauties. Performed in a concert-room, it doubtless loses much of the effect which it would produce in a church, and the fact that it is written throughout in flat keys gives rise to a certain amount of tonal monotony. But, apart from this small defect, the work is so full of charm and beauty that it deserves to be heard again and again. The solos were sung by Miss MacIntyre, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Piercy, Iver McKay, and Brereton. The soprano and the two tenors especially distinguished themselves in the lovely "Et incarnatus." Schubert's orchestration is never his strong point, and on this occasion some slight changes were made in the score, such as the occasional introduction of the organ and the suppression of the trombones in certain passages. Though this is a proceeding which is bad as a precedent, the result must be, on the whole, pronounced satisfactory. The accompaniments throughout were played without a fault; it is a pity the same cannot be said of the choral singing. Though the work is by no means difficult, the intonation of the chorus was at times distressingly bad, and one or two serious blunders were made which were, unfortunately, only too apparent. It would also have been an advantage if the chorus had received some instruction in the accepted manner of singing Latin. The contrast between the pure pronunciation of the soloists and the broad West-Riding dialect of the chorus was occasionally ludicrous in the extreme. The morning's concert ended with *Acis and Galatea*, in which, as was to be expected, the choralists showed themselves fully at home. In spite of the work coming at the end of a long programme, the singing was better than had previously been heard at the Festival, the basses, in particular, distinguishing themselves by their magnificent tone. Miss MacIntyre sang charmingly the music allotted to Galatea; and Mr. Brereton, if somewhat inclined to force his voice beyond its resources, was excellent as Polyphemus. Mr. Piercy was Acis and Mr. McKay Damon. The performance—especially so far as concerned the soloists—would have been better for more rehearsal; but, considering the amount of work to be got through in a short time, it is perhaps not to be wondered at if such a familiar classic as Handel's "Serenata" should be less rehearsed than newer and stranger works. The evening of Thursday was principally devoted to the production of two more of the novelties specially written for the Festival—namely, Dr. Creser's cantata, *The Sacrifice of Freia*, and Dr. Mackenzie's so-called *Pibroch* for violin solo and orchestra. The former is a setting of a fragment of a larger work left unfinished by the late Dr. Franz Hueffer. Its plot—if plot it can be said to possess—is almost identical with that of Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, and treats of a sacrifice to the Scandinavian Goddess of Spring, who is invoked to protect her votaries from a Christian invasion. The work ends as the worshippers rush to attack their foes, who are heard singing the old hymn, "Pange lingua," in the distance. The subject cannot be said to be very interesting; but the work is short, and Dr. Creser has not expanded it unduly. In this he shows some experience and a sense of dramatic effect with which the libretto can hardly have inspired him. His scoring is clever, and throughout the work there are many passages which show that the composer has considerable ability. At present he is evidently in a stage of transition. He has studied his Wagner, and is clearly much impressed by the system of leading motives which that master carried to such an extreme. Dr. Creser's adoption of the device is sometimes distinctly able; but he will, nevertheless, do well in his next work to abandon it, and to trust more to his own inspiration. The result will certainly be more spontaneous, and therefore more pleasing. With Dr. Mackenzie's *Pibroch* the only fault to be found is its name. Why a composition for violin and orchestra should be called by a name which is exclusively applied to bagpipe music, it is difficult to understand, especially as true pibrochs generally consist of three or four variations on either a dirge or a march, winding up with a quick movement, while Dr. Mackenzie's work, on the other hand, is made up of three distinct movements, styled respectively Rhapsody, Caprice, and Dance. The second of these consists of an introduction and nine variations on the old Scotch tune, "Three Guid Fellows," while the first subject of the Dance is taken from that treasure-house of Scotch song, the Skene MS. The whole work created a most favourable impression on its first performance. Dr. Mackenzie is never so happy as when writing for the orchestra, especially when his subject is a Scotch one. His *Pibroch* will rank with the best work he has produced; merely considered as a show-piece for the solo instrument it has qualities which will secure it a wide popularity, but its merits are far higher than this. For beauty of themes, ingenuity of treatment, and masterly orchestration, there is no work of its class which has been produced for some time to which it is inferior. The solo-part was admirably played by Señor Sarasate, who shared with the composer the hearty and well-deserved applause with which the new work was greeted. The remainder of the programme does not call for much remark, though mention must be made of Miss MacIntyre's admirable singing of the pathetic scena "L'altra notte," from Boïto's *Mefistofele*. Throughout the whole Festival the young Scotch soprano increased in favour with the audience, and her really admirable singing of Boïto's air created quite a sensation. The programme also included a very graceful Pastoral Chorus, "The Rosy Dawn," the composition of Mr. C. H. Lloyd; Spohr's Symphony, "The Power of Sound"; the Trial Songs from Wagner's *Meistersinger*; two numbers from a Suite for Violin and Orchestra, by Raff; and Gounod's overture to *Mireille*.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO.—LEPIDOSIRENS.

THE Manatee is dead, and its tank in the Reptile House is now occupied by Lepidosirens, or African mud-fish (*Lepidosiren annectens*). Thus one very old-world form has given way to another immeasurably older; for these fish are representatives of the Dipnoi—a type reaching back to the time when the Devonian rocks were in course of formation. The Dipnoi, once extremely plentiful and widely distributed, are now represented by four species only—*Lepidosiren paradoxa*, a very rare American species, an inhabitant of the river Amazon and its tributaries, of which little is known; two species of *Ceratodus* or *Barramunda*, plentiful in the Burnett, Dawson, and Mary rivers in Queensland; and *Lepidosiren annectens*, the African species, specimens of which are now living in the Zoo. The last-named is by far the commonest and most widely distributed, being found throughout the whole of tropical Africa, in the Upper Nile, in the Central Lake region—in some parts of which, Baker tells us, it is eaten by the natives both fresh and dried—on the Zambesi, and in all the rivers of the West Coast. Little was known of these animals until the year 1837, in which year this species was described by Professor Owen under the name *Protopterus*; while in the same year Dr. Natterer published an account of the allied American species under the name *Lepidosiren paradoxa*; after which Professor Owen, considering that both species must be referred to the same genus, adopted Dr. Natterer's generic name, and called the African species *Lepidosiren annectens*, the name still in general use and adopted by the Zoological Society. Authorities, however, are not agreed, as Dr. Günther, as we find by reference to the collection of fishes in the British Museum, is of opinion that the African form should more correctly be described as *Protopterus annectens*, and that it is generically distinct from the American Lepidosiren.

From the point of view of ordinary visitors to the Zoo the change from the manatee, or "mermaid," as many of them preferred to call it, to the Lepidosiren, is eminently uninteresting, and many are the expressions of disappointment called forth by the sight of what is apparently considered to be some species of eel in the place of the expected "mermaid." Yet though so generally treated with contempt, and passed by with a mere glance, Lepidosiren is a creature of more than ordinary interest. In appearance it certainly bears some faint resemblance to an eel, or better still, to an eel-pout, in that its body is somewhat eel-shaped, but here the resemblance ends. One difference between the Lepidosiren and the eel must strike the least observant—namely, that the former has four limbs, occupying the places of the pectoral and ventral fins in other fishes, which, to quote Professor Owen, "are round, filiform, gradually attenuated to an undivided point, resembling tentacles or feelers rather than fins or legs," and are the simplest form of limb known. Though they have no other very noticeable outward peculiarities, the Lepidosirens are very remarkable creatures, approximating to the amphibia, and possessing in reality far more peculiarities than it is possible even to mention in an article of this description. A few, however, of the most important must be given. The respiratory organs consist not only of gills, but also of lungs, or rather lung-like sacs; the skeleton is very peculiar, being partly cartilaginous and partly bony, the bony part being green, as in the common gar-fish; the dentition is also very peculiar, the jaws being armed with two slender conical and slightly recurved teeth and with strong dental plates on both the upper and lower sides of the mouth; and, lastly, the nostrils, of which there are two pairs, are placed within the opening of the mouth, and these nostrils by their structure determine the class to which the Lepidosiren belongs; for, as Professor Owen says, "in the organ of smell we have at last a character which is absolute in reference to the distinction of fishes from reptiles. In every fish it is a short sac communicating only with the external surface; in every reptile it is a canal with both an external and an internal opening. According to this test, the Lepidosiren is a fish; by its nose it is known not to be a reptile; in other words, it may be said that the Lepidosiren is proved to be a fish not by its gills, not by its air bladders, not by its spinal intestine, not by its unossified skeleton, not by its generative apparatus, nor its extremities, nor its skin, nor its eyes, nor its ears, but simply by its nose; so that at the close of our analysis we arrive at this very unexpected result, that a reptile is not characterized by its lungs nor a fish by its gills, but that the only unexceptionable distinction is afforded by the organ of smell."

Though Lepidosirens are without doubt fishes, they spend a considerable part of their existence out of the water, as they inhabit shallow waters which periodically dry up. During the dry season they enclose themselves in balls of clay, which are lined with mucus, and have small holes at either end to admit the air. In these they remain torpid until the rains refill their pools, when they emerge and resume their existence in the

water. The balls of hardened clay enclosing the fishes in a torpid condition are sometimes brought to this country, and specimens of them may be seen in the British Museum. These fishes are said never to leave the water voluntarily; but from time to time they rise to the surface to fill their lungs with a fresh supply of air, a habit which cannot escape the notice of any one watching those in the Reptile House. The Australian Ceratodus, on the contrary, is believed to go out among the reeds and rushes on the flats which are left uncovered by the tide. Lepidosirens attain a length of from three to six feet; they are carnivorous, feeding on frogs, fishes, and other aquatic animals. The specimens in the Zoo, however, are small, averaging about a foot in length, and are fed on small fishes.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE money market has continued easy throughout the week. Most of the gold hitherto received has been taken away again, so that the Bank of England's stock has not been materially increased; but another million is coming from St. Petersburg, and the prospect of its receipt is keeping down the rates of interest and discount. There are reports, indeed, that most of it will be sent away to South America, and there are fears that a demand for Germany may arise. But brokers and bankers comfort themselves with the reflection that the great financial houses have undertaken to keep the market easy, and that they will do so.

The fortnightly settlement upon the Stock Exchange at the beginning of the week was one of the heaviest for a considerable time past. It covered a period of nineteen days, the usual period being fourteen or fifteen. And during the account there was a large speculation in Home Railway stocks, in South African diamond, gold, and land shares, and in miscellaneous securities. Although the settlement officially ended on Wednesday night, it actually was not concluded on the following evening, and even yesterday many offices did not know how they really stood. The supply of money was plentiful, and Stock Exchange borrowers were not charged unreasonable rates. But within the Stock Exchange itself the rates charged to speculators for continuing their accounts in some departments were extraordinarily heavy. In the South African department, for instance, rates of continuation ranged from 20 to 40 per cent., and in some instances even higher. The time and labour involved in completing the settlement and the stiff rates checked business. There was also some disappointment felt with several of the railway traffic returns. But apparently the speculation in South African land shares, as well as in gold and diamond shares, disconcerted for the moment, is likely to recover and to continue merrily for some time yet, and in Paris preparations are being made for a general rise in prices. The Bank of France is very strong, money is cheap and plentiful, the Exhibition has proved profitable to Paris at all events, if not to all France, and generally there is a good deal of money to invest. Besides, the great French banks have entered into arrangements for bringing out new loans and new Companies for very large amounts, and they are intent upon preparing the market. If they succeed, they will, of course, relieve Berlin of some of its difficulties. Berlin will naturally co-operate; and, although the most dangerous speculation in Berlin is in domestic mining shares, yet, if the Berlin speculators are able to sell the international securities they hold at high prices, they will clearly be in a better position to get through the coming *liquidation* on the Bourse. In New York the rates of interest and discount have continued unusually high for this time of the year. According to past experience, money ought to be flowing back freely from the interior. But the supply seems to be exceedingly scanty in New York, and rates are very high. Still, the New York Stock Exchange has been very firm, and as soon as ease returns to the money market the general expectation is that the rise in prices will be carried much further.

The condition of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway Company is, no doubt, a great obstacle in the way of an advance. The Board of the Company a few years ago adopted a grand policy of extension, which was to do wonders, but, in fact, has ended in practically making the Company bankrupt. The shares a little while ago stood at 140; they are now under 30, and the Directors have to propose a reorganization of the debt, or, in plain language, a compromise with the creditors of the Company. The proposals put forward, however, are not very acceptable. The rate of interest on the existing loans is generally 5 or 6 per cent., and for the higher rate it is proposed to substitute a General Mortgage Bond bearing 4 per cent. interest. This would be reasonable enough were it not that the bondholders are asked to surrender all bonds bearing higher interest for a smaller amount of the 4 per cent. bonds, and as a compensation they are offered a certain proportion of 5 per cent. Income Bonds. The interest on these latter, however, is payable only if and when it is earned. The sum and substance of the scheme come to this; the shareholders have ruined their Company by an over-ambitious policy, and they now ask the bondholders to take upon themselves all the sacrifices. It does not seem probable that the bondholders will consent; and if they do not the Company may have to make default in its interest, and a receiver may have to be appointed.

According to a private telegram received in London at the beginning of the week, the Argentine Finance Minister has laid a Bill before Congress proposing to reduce the note circulation to 100 millions of dollars, and to create a gold reserve fund of 80 millions of dollars. Where the fund is to come from is not stated. The new loan, of course, will provide part of it, but it is not easy to see how the rest is to be obtained. And without a real reserve the Bill will effect little. Apparently the Argentine public do not put much trust in the Government proposals; for, although the premium on gold at first fell to 100 per cent., it rose in a day or two to 104 per cent. And, indeed, it is obvious that, if there is a rapid and violent contraction of the circulation, a crisis in the money market must be caused, prices must fall alarmingly, and there must almost inevitably be widespread ruin.

The speculation in the iron market has been carried forward very actively all through the week. Comparing Glasgow prices on Thursday of last week and of this week, there is a rise of about two shillings per ton. The lowest price touched at the beginning of the year was 40*s.* 10*d.*, and the highest price this week has been 55*s.* 10*d.* This is a rise of 15*s.*, or over 36 per cent. As a natural consequence there has also been a considerable advance in mining shares. On the Manchester Stock Exchange, particularly, there has been a very active speculation this week, and the advance compared with twelve months ago is very great.

The price of silver has touched this week the highest point of the year, the highest, indeed, since November of last year. The Government is engaged in calling in half-sovereigns coined previous to the present reign, and in their place it is paying out silver. It is said that it is paying the workpeople in the Admiralty dockyards and in the workshops generally to the full limit of 2*l.*, for which silver is legal tender. To do this the coinage has been considerably increased. There has also been a good demand for some of the colonies and for Japan. In consequence, the price of silver has been during the summer higher than the Indian banks have been willing to pay, and the result is that for purposes of remittance the Indian banks have been buying India Council bills and telegraphic transfers much more largely than is usual at this time of the year. Generally there is a great falling off in the demand for Council remittances during the summer. But since the 1st of April—that is, the beginning of the financial year—the India Council has sold bills and transfers realizing about two millions sterling more than during the first twenty-eight weeks of the last financial year, and the price obtained has, nevertheless, been about the average of the corresponding period of last year. Last year, although the sales were so much smaller than they have been this year, the price tended downwards from the very beginning to the very end. This year the increased sales have not depressed the price. From all this it would appear that the supply of silver at present prices is very much smaller than is generally supposed. Apparently the number of silver mines that can produce at the present price is not very great, and any material increase in the consumption will, therefore, necessitate such an advances in prices as would enable other mines to resume working.

THE EXQUISITE REASON.

["That addle-pated newspaper, the *Saturday Review*, has the sense to see ——."—Sir William Harcourt at Carnarvon.]

(*A bewildered Gladstonian speaketh.*)

"OH! good Sir William, tell to me
—My wits are quite checkmated—
Why when your foes 'have sense to see'
You call them 'addle-pated'?"

(*The good Sir William answereth wrathfully.*)

"Degenerate Gladstonian!
You talk but fiddle-faddle;—
Can there be sense in any man
Except his brains be addle?

"Is Home Rule sense, sir? Speak, I beg"—
"Why, yes, Sir William, truly"—
"And in all the world was e'er an egg
Addled more through-and-throughly?"

REVIEWS.

THE CARISBROOKE LIBRARY.*

THE third, fourth, and fifth numbers of the "Carisbrooke Library" all present, in handsome, convenient, and cheap form, work which deserves to be a great deal better known by the readers of cheap books in England than it is. We have before now had occasion to comment on certain defects of Mr. Morley's editorship, which do not become less evident as he emerges from professorship into the greater freedom and less responsibility of his present state. These defects are by no means trivial; indeed, we have never known any person who loved literature so much and yet seemed to possess so few of the qualities of that "liberal education" as Mr. Morley does. Except industry and a generous

* *The Carisbrooke Library.* Edited by Henry Morley. *The Earlier Works of Daniel Defoe. Early Prose Romances. English Prose Writings of John Milton.* London: Routledge.

determination to make others share his love, we can find but little to praise in him. He does not write well; his faculty of arrangement is defective; his judgment in all questions, literary and other, is anything but strong. And yet, by sheer dint of the two merits we have mentioned—a great, if not a reasonable, love of what is good, and a steadfast will to make others sharers in the good things he sees—few people have done or are doing sounder work than he does.

The Defoe volume is a particularly useful one, though the defects of arrangement, if not of judgment, to which we have referred are specially noticeable in its curious fragments of biography, which are scattered about in different places of the book, as if Mr. Morley had not been able to keep pace with his printers, and had stuck in a chapter of "life" here and a batch of "works" there to keep them going. Defoe is to the possessor of a library for use, not show, one of the most heartbreaking of authors. There is no collection of his work which is complete; the various collectors of it have, with a fiendish ingenuity, taken trouble not to supplement each other, and they have omitted, supplied, and duplicated in such a way that the unhappy reader must possess many things three or four times over in order to have as much as is to be had. And the present volume, though not entirely a complement, is a very useful addition to the cheapest and most accessible of all the reprints, that in Bohn's Library. It contains *The Essay on Projects*, *The True-Born Englishman*, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, *The Hymn to the Pillory*, the very interesting and curious *Consolidator*, and, of course, *Mrs. Veal*. All these are extremely well worth reading, and if Mr. Morley, still not disdaining to keep an eye on "Bohn," gives another volume (there is room for two) equally well selected, it will be at last possible by the expenditure of some five-and-twenty or thirty shillings to get together a fairly representative collection of a very remarkable English writer. At present, with an immensely unnecessary expenditure of shelf-room for reduplications, it cannot be done under from five to ten pounds, excluding the biographical information, which is very fairly summarized as to fact in these chapters. Of course Mr. Morley harps on the old "irony" of *The Shortest Way*. To people who do not understand irony it is probably in vain to point out that there is none here. But Defoe, though he had little irony, had the most astonishing faculty of assimilating other people's moods that ever man had, and he wrote *The Shortest Way* exactly as a highflying Tory would have written it. Any one who can understand irony may be asked to read Swift's *Argument Against Abolishing Christianity*, to imagine how Swift would have written *The Shortest Way*, and then by comparison to discern at once why *The Shortest Way* is not ironical. Mr. Morley's own work on Swift is sufficient guarantee that he could never himself perform this exercise if it were his neckverse at Hairibee.

The second volume of the batch is of a different, but a not less welcome, nature. The "Early Prose Romances" which Mr. Morley has selected consist of certain of the *Hundred Merry Tales*, eleven to begin with, and a second batch as a kind of make-weight at the end. The *History of Reynard the Fox*, *Robert the Devil*, *Virgilius*, the *History of Hamlet*, that of *Friar Bacon*, *Guy of Warwick*, and *Friar Rush* come between—a goodly company. We are more particularly glad to see this volume, because a pestilent growth has sprung up of "Stories from So-and-so," "So-and-so Modernized," and the like, which threatens to bereave the youth of the present and near future of half the benefit of this delightful folk-literature. For your modernizing men and women are generally a very detestable crew. It is not long since we came across an apparently well-intentioned book of the kind which interlarded and commented its narratives with cheap wit of the penny-a-lining 'Arry type in such a manner that we really thank Providence for not having put the throat of that 'Arry within reach of our snickersnee at the moment. Things are not always as bad as this. But we really do not know whether the desperately archaic modernizer for whom the old English of the tales is not old enough, and who goes to Wardour Street for older, or the piously mystical modernizer who adapts them to a system of moralizing which is half *Story without an End* and half *Agathos*, or the historical and local-colour moralizer who pins his faith to Mr. Freeman or somebody else, or the march-of-intellect modernizer (but, thank Heaven, he is getting rare now), or any other of the numerous types of the fiend, is the most horrible and damnable. Professor Morley, of course, lets his texts (which are mostly fifteenth or sixteenth century) alone, for which let him have endless thank. His brief introduction of some twenty or thirty pages may be skipped without great loss and read without great irritation, though in his account of *Reynard*, for instance, he is far too prone to take theories for gospel and hypothesis for fact. Indeed, Mr. Morley's pretty copious references to literatures other than English are considerably lacking in exactitude. He says, for instance, that the most famous of Virgilian centos (a matter which, by the way, has nothing on earth to do with with his text) is "a nuptial cento in which the pure Virgil [of course he writes the absurd form Vergil, which is neither Latin nor English] is made to speak immodestly"; if he had known the original, he would surely have entered the limitation that only part of the poem is at all immodest. But no matter for this and other trifling things. The text is the thing, and Mr. Morley has given us the text very desirably, so that all may read and see what much better men our fathers that were before us were than ourselves, and what much better books they read. To compare *Reynard* or *Virgilius* with the popular novels that Mr. Gladstone reviews is enough to make one cry.

The pricking of our thumbs told us that Mr. Morley's selections from Milton's prose would be more debatable, and they certainly are. Even here, however, things might have been worse. For one thing that Mr. Morley has written—the sentence no less just than chivalrous, "there is no reason whatever why we should think ill of Mary Powell"—we could forgive him more than there is to forgive. His selection of the works might, perhaps, have been improved; he gives both the *Reformation of Church Discipline* and the *Reason of Church Government*, when one would have sufficed; he gives the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* (being apparently blind to the ludicrous want of sense of the ludicrous which it displays), and he gives the *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, the *Treatise of Civil Power*, and the *Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth*. The *Areopagitica* and the *Letter to Hartlib* come in as a matter of course. But he refuses to give any of Milton's strictly controversial works—that is to say, his answers to others, or attacks upon them. Certainly there is much in these controversial works which every admirer of Milton would wish away; but there are also in them many of his finest and most of his most characteristic passages; and we do not know, little as we like the "gross scurrility" which shocked even the late rector of Lincoln, that it is not better than the pedantic and unpractical doctrinairism of much of the work that Mr. Morley gives. Milton, though not a pretty or elegant, was a vigorous enough, fighter; he was anything but a good preacher. Yet Mr. Morley must needs emphasize his tendency to preach by adopting such headings as "God and Man," "Man and Wife," "Man and Child," "Man and Man," as if Milton—than whom we should have supposed even those who at times agree with him would have admitted that no more unpractical adviser ever existed—were a Socrates or a Solomon. In his introduction Mr. Morley tells us that "the common idea of Milton's austerity is a vulgar error." It is very easy to apply this or any other term to an opinion with which you do not agree; but we confess that for ourselves we should have liked a little proof. Mr. Morley produces none, except the fact that Voss described Milton to Heinsius as "mitis comes multisque aliis virtutibus præditus" (as if such phrases in a Latin letter of the time meant any more than "obedient humble servant" means now), and an affectionate speech of one of his daughters many years after her father's death. To set against this we have the overwhelming weight of tradition, the positive testimony of Ellwood—certainly not an unfavourable witness—and, what is far better, the evidence of Milton's own works and the ways of thought revealed in them. We do not refer to the savage scurrility of the controversial writings, for much of this was as merely conventional as the *mitis comes* itself, and, besides, it is matter of common knowledge that a man may be a very Draw-cansir with the pen in his hand who in private life is as mild as a sheep and much more tractable. But every line that Milton wrote (even when he was holding out a prospect of wine and music) shows the very opposite of the "good fellow," the precise, formal, anxiously self-regarding, self-esteeming man who, with a little less genius, would have run the risk of being nothing but a mere ascetic or an acrid prig. Here, again, no doubt, the text's the thing. We cannot help being sorry that Mr. Morley did not give some other things, notably the charming and fantastic History of England. After all, however, the important thing was to give a sufficient number of whole examples of Milton's extraordinarily vigorous and, in kind, almost unmatched style. The *Areopagitica*, good as it is, has been run to death, and, besides, is not by any means an exhaustive collection of Milton's literary manners. The extracts, longer or shorter, which have been often attempted, have the disadvantage which is common to all extracts, but to which no writer is so much exposed as Milton—the disadvantage, to wit, that they show him either "prettified" or mutilated, or both. No one endures either process much worse than he, though the longer we live the more out of conceit with extracts in general do we grow. It is the great merit of this "Carisbrooke Library" that its volumes are sufficient, in the case of almost all authors, to give either entire single works of considerable length, or a collection of entire single works of a varied and representative character without mutilation and without onesidedness. And therefore, however frequently we may disagree with Mr. Morley's opinions and desiderate in him merits which he does not possess, we hope that he will be able to push the series to a real bookcase-full of volumes, if not to such a bookcase-full (it was to be ten feet square, if we remember rightly) as that which the late Mr. Pattison declared would hold all really important literature.

NOVELS.*

HAD *The Master of Ballantrae* appeared anonymously, the naming of the author could have caused none of Mr.

* *The Master of Ballantrae.* By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Cassell & Co. 1889.

Marooned. By W. Clark Russell. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Darell Blake. By Lady Colin Campbell. London: Trischler & Co. 1889.

The Pennycomequicks. By S. Baring Gould. 3 vols. London: Blackett & Hallam. 1889.

Stevenson's readers the least pretext for hesitation. No other living novelist could have written this remarkable and in some ways masterly romance. The style alone were conclusive evidence. The distinction, for this very reason, is notable. *The Master of Ballantrae* is essentially a story of incident and adventure, and these are of the most romantic, yet also of the most plausible, complexion. Stories of adventure are not commonly distinguished, in the present day, by any sort of style whatever; style and artistic method are, in fact, the last literary qualities one thinks of associating with them. With Mr. Stevenson style is the first consideration. In one of his ingenuous essays he informs a curious public how, in the tenderest years of his literary apprenticeship, he was deliberate and assiduous in seeking after style. The evolutionary process is perhaps not readily made out—there are passages in *The Master of Ballantrae* that vividly recall Mr. Stevenson's earliest essays in literature—yet there can be, with regard to the attainment, but one opinion. It may not be so divinely unobtrusive as some have judged that a writer's style should be, and is, in fact, a little self-conscious at times, arresting one at intervals when the charm is in full working with a curious effect of personal intervention. But neither in *Treasure Island* nor in *Kidnapped* do we feel the charm of style more potent and subtle and well sustained than in the narrative of Mr. Ephraim MacKellar and the pleasant interludes of the Chevalier Burke, wherein is preserved the strange history of the fraternal feud that long troubled and well-nigh wrecked the fortunes of the Duries of Durrisdeer and Ballantrae. The piquancy of contrast is finely illustrated in the narrative of startling and unprecedented events by the "homespun" MacKellar, the steward of the family, and by the characters of the two brothers—the gallant, daring, and graceful Master of Ballantrae, and his homely long-suffering brother, who for the honour of the family endures incredible persecution at the hands of the Master. Mr. Stevenson's skill and insight are strikingly exhibited in the conception and development of these characters. Nor is the humorous self-revelation of MacKellar's less complex but very interesting nature less masterly in its way than the more searching and subtle analysis of the Master's character. On the one hand, we have recitals of stirring adventures on sea or land, as moving as any in *Treasure Island*, in which pirates, adventurers, Indians, smugglers, and other picturesque ruffians adorn the ever-shifting scene; and with these brave and ever-welcome things we have studies of the mind of man and the human heart, the motive springs of action, the passions of ambition, hate, and revenge, presented with wonderful power, influence, and fascination. The Master of Ballantrae is, with all the repellent features of the portraiture, an imposing and truly romantic figure. The character may well engage the polemical ardour of a people addicted to the free discussion of the nature of free will. His hatred of his brother and his diabolical plottings against him sometimes find a frank and brutal way of speech and action, though more often the meditated evil is cunningly disguised by courtly speech and a mock-submissive air. Extremely artistic is the skill with which Mr. Stevenson enlists the reader's sympathies with the hero at the outset. The Master has but to die to inherit popularity, and when the false report of his death is spread abroad we are made to feel how natural and honourable is the regret expressed by all but Mr. Ephraim MacKellar for the loss of a bad man. Circumstances are against him at the first, perhaps; but his evil-doing and persistency in it are obviously of his own free choice. By the toss of a coin with his brother it falls to him to represent the family as a Jacobite in the rising of the '45. He becomes a fugitive, attainted by the Government, and consorts with all kinds of villanous company. Something of chivalry, and not mere recklessness, may have inspired him to stake so much on the toss of a coin; but after the fight at Culloden, when he is given up for dead, neither chivalry nor any other virtue, save courage, brightens his dark and tortuous career. He reappears on the scene to find his brother in possession of his place, married to the lady he was himself engaged to, and his old father, his brother's wife, and the whole countryside full of regretful and romantic adoration of his gallantry. In such circumstances does he open his campaign against his brother, pursuing him with vindictive and spiteful provocation, blackening his character by secret and injurious arts, and by not less ingenious sophistries and blandishments establishing himself in the goodwill of his father and sister-in-law. And it is after a long succession of insults and injuries, culminating in a duel with his brother, in which he is worsted and left for dead, after a foul attempt at fratricide, that the Master calmly acknowledged to the excellent MacKellar that his malignant course was deliberately chosen. "'Ah! MacKellar,' said he, 'do you think I have never a regret?' 'I do not think you could be so bad a man,' said I, 'if you had not all the machinery to be a good one.' 'No, not all,' says he, 'not all. You are there in error. The malady of not wanting, my evangelist.'" There is much in this confession, no doubt, though "the malady of not wanting" is, in truth, far too simple a key to the intricate machinations of the Master. As is the case with his brother, who develops after the duel a hatred only less intense, and is reasonably suspected of insanity by the devoted MacKellar, the actions of the Master are not always such as accord with perfect sanity. There is a touch of extravagance in the episode of the Master, fallen from his high estate to be a clouter of clothes in a mean shanty in New York, while his wealthy brother gloats daily over his position, seeking vainly to provoke some furious outburst. In the striking and dramatic climax of the story Mr. Stevenson still more decidedly forsakes the patient and logical evolutionary process, the method and skill of which remind us of Balzac, and carries us off into his own kingdom of the grimly fantastic. The final scene, however, is extremely effective, and nothing Mr. Stevenson has produced is more finely imagined or more graphically realized than the last narrative of the Master's forlorn hope and the quest after buried treasure in the American wilds.

Mr. Clark Russell has written stories of the sea more interesting and more exciting than *Marooned*, which will strike the landsman at least as curiously circumscribed in development and a yarn inordinately spun out. The story is all about the voyage of a young man and a young lady on board an unpleasant sailing vessel with a brutal skipper and mutinous crew bound from London to Rio. The young man has gallantly undertaken to convoy the young lady to her affianced swain, at his importunate and rather singular request, and the confiding youth of Rio lives to reap the almost inevitable consequence of his faith in friendship, but survives, in spite of it, to his own unmerited consolation. The lady is beautiful as a houri, and her courage is more than enough for the horrors of a mutiny and the marooning of herself and the hero on a West Indian islet. Companions in adversity, thrown together on a tight little island of their own, there is little for them to do but to make love; and this they do in a timid and fugitive way, as if the ghosts of the buccaneers who once haunted their underground dwelling might arise and interrupt them. They do not so much as fear that the figure of the unhappy lover at Rio might visit their dreams. It is all very innocent and natural in the circumstances, which, though intended to be dreadfully trying, appear to the susceptible reader to be really very enviable. The account of the voyage is, however, of such tedious monotony that we are ready to welcome anything or excuse anything, and never have we so keenly felt the truth of Dr. Johnson's implied preference of a gaol to a long sea voyage. Mr. Russell revels in the sea and in things marine, and no one should be disposed to quarrel with him on this score; but he does not, in *Marooned* at least, provide sufficient variety of entertainment to stay the stomach of landsmen. We are quite sorry when the skipper makes a strange disappearance. He is an intelligible and interesting personality. The sailors also are capitally painted, and of navigation and the mysteries of rigging and the like we have more than enough. The mutiny is a good ordinary mutiny; the marooning is not less ordinary, and the adventures on the island are of the most unexciting kind, after a spell of Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Rider Haggard. And, finally, all our romantic hopes are dashed when we learn that the defrauded lover at Rio has, on hearing of the loss of the ship, which the mutineers have scuttled, taken to himself another lady, and is not ill content with himself when the pretty perfidy of his old love and older friend is made known to him.

Darell Blake is, what it claims to be, "a Study," a fact of peculiar significance when we consider how prevalent is the abuse of the term by the professors of a so-called scientific method in fiction. It deals with "things as they are," to quote the Godwinian phrase, not in the philosopher's way of a presentment of life predetermined by theory, but as they are in "the world of all of us," and the study has at once the depth and the sparkle of vitality, in its lighter as in its darker passages. It has been well said that the studies of great artists do often more consciously proclaim individuality and mastery than their finished work. Thus the sketch has precedence over the projected work in another sense than the literal. It is charged with a higher interest to students because of the potentiality it suggests. The character of Lady Colin Campbell's hero is intensely interesting. It reveals uncommon acuteness and freshness of observation, and that reserve of power which the possession and artistic control of power can alone suggest. Lady Colin Campbell is certainly gifted in the art, so like intuition it may well be intuition, that impels the unfaltering hand to stay at the right moment in the process of characterization, to give the required accent of light or nuance of shade with the simple and delicate touch that is most effective. Darell Blake is vigorously drawn and harmoniously developed. There is no disaccord between what he is at the outset and what he becomes, though the first state of the man compared with the last is as the garden state of innocence contrasted with the seventh circle of Dante's Hell. By nature he is, though ambitious, compacted of simple and healthy aspirations; fate and circumstance re-fashion him and develop the man he becomes. But to us the evolutionary process presents no flaw. There is none of that common and profitless working in circles, around and around the central conception, till the writer's aim is blurred, the effect nullified, and nothing is left to the reader but the burden of overlabour and the superfluity of iterated effort. When Darell Blake, the Radical editor of a reputable provincial paper, finds himself appointed to an important Liberal metropolitan daily journal, he is like a man from another planet in the society to which his promotion gives him the *entrée*. That society—society represented and interpreted by the "Society" papers—is depicted with exceeding cleverness. There are types drawn from life that, singularly enough, do, nevertheless, live—the man about town, the *flâneur*, the cynic, the *gandin*—a very amusing sketch—the fashionable parson, the lady who would lead, and the lady whose ambition is to preside at her own *salon*. With the confidence that is one of the most valuable fruits of his political faith, Darell plunges into the new and invigorating life. He is young,

ardent, cocksure, ingenuous, inexperienced, and supercharged with sincerity—the most unfashionable and perilous of mental habits. He is, moreover, the happy and contented husband of the daughter of the proprietor of the provincial paper he had edited, and she is "prosaic, timid, sluggish," with an unbounded gift of unselfishness, and an ineradicable provincialism of temperament. She is and remains an unassimilated item in their new life, and hankers after the flesh-pots, literally the heavy dinners, and solemn gatherings of Middleborough. But Darell develops apace, under the guidance and patronage of Lady Alma Vereker, the beautiful and baleful star of the heaven of his ambition. This woman, not less ambitious than Blake, though cold as ice, hard as steel, without ideal or principle, flatters, lionizes, and fools the young editor till he loses his head and avows his love. Love, and indeed all sentiment, save "the cause of the people," had lain dormant in him. The crisis is not reached, however, before the conspicuous companionship of the two arouses the jealousy of the wife and causes a scene of remonstrance and irritation which is painted with admirable delicacy and truth. The infatuated Darell trembles, nevertheless, when he thinks of his hopeless servitude, and the "divided kingdom" of his mind is impressingly suggested in more than one powerful scene. A mere chance brings his idol to the ground, and when he knows that she has been trifling with him and his disillusion is complete, the passion of the man is stirred to the depths and his revenge is remorseless and of primitive savagery. Through some over-heard gossip Lady Alma fears that she, the wife of a judge, is compromising her name with "a vulgar Radical journalist," as her friend Sir Hugh puts it, and she is bent on being rid of him. What are his love and devotion to her social security? She dismisses him in a letter. He pursues her with violence, pours out the pent-up forces of his scorn and fury upon her in the presence of her friends, flings a compromising letter of hers in their midst, and behaves as if all his Irish blood were in his head. It is all unavailing. The wretched man turns in thought to his wife, and a telegram arrives informing him of her dangerous illness. He reaches her only to find her dead, and to read her touching farewell. His health gives way, and there is nothing for the ruined and miserable Blake but a sea voyage to the colonies. It is the saddest curtain-fall imaginable. We would, for "the pity of it," have had another ending, and yet we would not, while we commend the artistic spirit that has ordained otherwise.

Mr. Baring Gould's humour has before now shown a tendency towards the grotesque. His characters in fiction are often "characters" in the local or more limited significance of the word, and of such we have some excellent specimens in *The Pennycomequicks*, one of the lighter and more genial of the author's novels, and one we can recommend to overworked or extra-bilious persons with the virtuous confidence that comes of experience. The story does not belong to the *genus* of *Mehalah* and *John Herring*. It is not romantic, it does not deal with the wild or wonderful, nor is it built up of overlooked fragments of old superstition and folklore, which, indeed, make but an allusive show in its pages. Despite the title, which may move the inhabitants of Plymouth and its parts to false hopes, *The Pennycomequicks* has nothing to do with the Western county. It is a Yorkshire story, and Mr. Baring Gould has found the "fresh woods" he has sought to be productive in diverting ways. The family circle of the Pennycomequicks and their acquaintances provide the novel-reader with excellent entertainment. The story, too, is told with the author's accustomed skill, and with all his persuasiveness in *vraisemblance*, if only we except the rather extravagant episode of Earle Schofield, *alias* Colonel Beaple Yeo. Yet we should be loth to part with this sportive and delightful sketch of an adventurer. His schemes for raising the wind are exhilarating by reason of their impudence and ingenuity. Especially pleasing is his device for obtaining customers for a Swiss hotel and commissions for himself by preying on the fears of health-seekers and tourists with stories of his marvellous watch, which registers with fatal precision on its sinister metal the insidious taint of fever and sewer-gas common to all rival establishments. For the rest, the old mill-owner and his stiff-necked, self-satisfied nephew, Philip Pennycomequick, Mrs. Sidebottom, the shrewd, worldly-minded, heartless sister of old Pennycomequick, and Salome, the charming heroine, are cleverly characterized and the story of their fortunes is interesting to the end.

THE REAL HOMER.*

MR. WHITE has very kindly done for Homer what somebody else has done for Shelley and Byron. He has given us The Real Homer, including a criticism of his works, "whether surviving, lost, or only contemplated," like the treatise *Sur l'incommodité des commodes*. He is justly surprised that, in the 2,842 years since the death of the poet, nobody has ever done this before. His materials are in part "Herodotus's unadulterated biography" of the author of the Iliad, and in part the autobiographical details which Homer, like Shakspeare, scatters in his books. When once we know that the Odyssey, though a fairy-tale, is practically full of autobiography, a task like Mr. White's becomes comparatively easy. There may be students who will find in Mr. White a satirist. He is laughing at such works as the account of Shakspeare in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, they will say; he is having his quiet fling at Professor Dowden, and at the gushing biographer in general. It may be so, or Mr. White may be in earnest. His scholarship is rather wide than elegant. He refers airily to "The Egyptian inscriptions," which are documents of considerable extent, where a rather more precise quotation might be thought desirable. He does not bother himself with archæology nor epigraphy, with Dr. Schliemann and Mr. Flinders Petrie. His proof of the antiquity of writing partly consists of "abusing the plaintiff's attorney," the learned Wolf. He thinks "Haysman's" edition of the Odyssey the best in England; and in Germany likes that of Nitzsch. No Ameis for Mr. White. Like the women in the *Adoniazusæ*, he "knows all things—how Zeus married Hera." Being a friend of tradition and a foe of hypercritical scepticism, he is intimately acquainted with the private affairs of Tyro (an ancestress of Homer's), of Io, and of Epaphus. We, too, are friends of tradition, and about Homer almost conservative enough for Mr. White. But to believe in eponymous heroes as real persons is straining the faith a little.

Mr. White has to admit that Homer, like many other famous persons, was illegitimate. Quite in the modern biographical manner he speculates about Homer's father. "The poet appears to have retained a loving feeling towards a father I cannot find that he ever saw." If Mr. White cannot find it, nobody can. Mr. White refrains from cursing the father, as he had intended to do. If Homer does not mind, it is no affair of Mr. White's. "His part in the life of Homer is as slight as that of the hero's father in *Tom Jones*. We know next to nothing about him. . . . Whether unprincipled or merely unfortunate, how has his sin found him out!" Certainly nobody else has found him out.

Kleanax, the father of Homer's mama, was "meanly cruel and heartless in the extreme." He packed her off to Smyrna, a city just then founded; and we do not wonder at the conduct of Kleanax. "Homer never makes the most distant allusion to it or him, which alone in one so kindly is sufficient condemnation." Homer was born beside the Meles, on a festive occasion, but Mr. White does not believe that his mother called him Melesigenes. That would have been as bad as labelling him "Riverside base-born beggar's brat," the last thing that a mother would do. He was not named Homer because he said *Homou* = "and me too," though, as a matter of fact, we have known "me too" applied as a friendly nickname to a pertinacious and self-assertive infant. Homer was a name in the poet's maternal family, probably from his great-great-grandfather, born 1104, at Cyme, and respected in the parish. His mother was a serving-girl, a Smyrnæan grisette; and hard work it was to pay for the boy's education. Homer has described his early youth in the verses about the orphaned Astyanax. Here we can hardly doubt that Mr. White is parodying the biographers of Molière, so skilled at deriving the poet's early history from his comedies. Note especially the passages in which Molière is said to satirize his stepmother. One Mæon was kind to the boy (Homer, not Molière), when, as Mr. White finely says, "the child" (Professor Dowden would have said "the babe") "had just touched the cup of dawning prosperity with his lips it was dashed from them by the grim King of Terrors." From a passage on p. 14 we infer that St. Luke was an authority on Homer; but perhaps Mr. White has failed to express himself quite clearly. Homer's mother was employed by Kretheis, a schoolmaster, to work up the wool in which his pupils paid their fees. Mr. White adds:—"Speaking as a pedagogue, I do not quite wish that I had lived in those days. I prefer cash payment myself." Young Homer was "a bright-eyed glorious boy," as might be expected, "intelligent, and of very good parts." He hated the Amazons of the period, though on the mausoleum frieze they look very nice girls. He became a schoolmaster himself, and, we think, was the solitary exception to what Sir Walter Scott says about schoolmasters. Mentes used to step into the school and chat with Homer, Mentes being a cultivated skipper who "read fluently, wrote boustrophedon, and could strum an air or so on the fiddle." With Mentes Homer went yachting as far as Ithaca. Here he "fancied that he saw the ghost of Ulysses," for which manifestation we are referred to "Philostratus's *Heroica*." Here his eyes began to give him trouble, but it was at Colophon that he became blind. He probably visited Egypt; but Mr. White agrees with Mr. Gladstone that he "never travelled in Egypt in the modern sense of the word." He merely saw the country as first mate to the vessel of Mentes. He probably just looked in on "the Seirens, worthless women, that our poet made acquaintance with on landing, but scorned to be beguiled by; still he visited them for information sake, but took the precaution of bringing no money with him for them to rob him of." Whether all this is quite worthy either of Homer or of the Sirens we doubt, and we are not certain that, in Homer's time, the Greeks had any coinage. Mr. White thinks he need not say much more about Homer's voyages. "I presume every reader of this work has either Pope's, or Cowper's, or Chapman's, or Worsley's translation of the Odyssey, and with that and the map he can beguile a pleasant hour in filling up the above sketch." It really needs no filling up, being, if anything, too full already.

Homer did not make a good thing, in a commercial sense, of his seafaring. "Mentes had it all; Mentes was the publisher

* *The Complete Life of Homer.* By F. White, B.A. London: Bell & Sons. 1889.

with his fine place in Surrey; Homer the poor Grub Street author." Homer should have joined the Society of Authors; it appears that he was put off "with a certain small lump of pay." At Colophon Homer became an usher again, was blind, and did his *Margites*. "Wilkie Collins tells us that he wrote his marvellous book, *The Moonstone*, under precisely similar circumstances of severe mental and physical suffering." Homer now went back to Smyrna, and set to at his best known work, "The Kuklos." From the various readings in his epigrams, Mr. White discerns that Homer undoubtedly wrote his poems down, "else all these variations would surely not have been preserved even during his lifetime, much less for 300 years after." At Cyme Homer offered to the Town Council "an unlimited supply of the finest poetry the world has ever seen, or will see, in return for board, costing, say, sevenpence a day—namely, bread a penny, potatoes a halfpenny, tea a halfpenny, milk a halfpenny, sugar a farthing, fish or eggs a penny, meat threepence; pens, ink, paper and gum, a farthing; lodgings, washing, and a suit of clothes every other year." It will be plain that Mr. White has all a schoolmaster's humour. But the Cymeans refused this advantageous proposal. Hark to "the mournful song of the heart-transfixed wild swan of the Meles:—

> Nor will I any longer stay
> In thy holy streets, O Cyme,
> But to some other city go,
> Since thus you do deny me."

The "Curse of Chryses" was also suggested by this circumstance.

We shall not distress the reader with the sickness, old age, and death of Homer. Mr. White finds only one flash of humour in all his works—which, perhaps, is not surprising in Mr. White. The flash illuminates the riddle about the fleas. In the life of Homer Mr. White, like Mark Twain, discerns "not one Homer, but two, and we have to stagger about like drunken men as we strive delicately to ravel the mingled threads of two distinct human lives." The dog Argus belonged to the Real Homer. Mr. White, who knows everything, knows that the Odyssey is the source of Mr. Stevenson's *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll*. "As Minerva translates the hero of the wreck from hero to beggar, he becomes alternately Jekyll and Hyde, Ulysses and Homer." So common is the vice of plagiarism in this age that, though Mr. White expresses no indignation, we may expect to see Mr. Stevenson held up to the contempt of people who never read anything but the New Journalism.

Homer's sources are interesting. The Iliad and Odyssey he got, more or less, from two works by Phantasia, an Egyptian lady, "based doubtless on the statements of Menelaus and Helen and other travellers of various times," and preserved at Memphis. Ptolemy is Mr. White's authority. Believing that Homer could write, Mr. White cries, "Would he have gone on composing, stupid, ostrich-like, without remembering?" Do ostriches compose without remembering? Besides, Seth invented writing, and Homer lived after his time. We fear Mr. White proves too much. "Homer, in a sense, proves the invention of writing," he cries; and here, perhaps, he is nearer the truth than some more sceptical critics.

Mr. White's book is no common specimen of Homeric study; but we can scarcely say that we never saw anything like it. The modern *diaspontes*, the modern theorists of Germany and of England, have often written things quite as absurd on the other side of the question. Indeed, it is probable that there is more nonsense and less common sense in the Homeric controversy than even in any other discussion that has perplexed the brains and wasted the time of the learned. Mr. White has, consciously or unconsciously, burlesqued the whole affair, and hardly to exaggeration.

AITKEN'S STEELE.*

THE star of Richard Steele has suffered a kind of occultation. He is no longer regarded by Court ladies and Lombard Street bankers as "the greatest scholar and best casuist of any man in England." Nor is it now claimed for him, as it was further claimed by John Gay—in what was probably an unconscious imitation of a fine passage in the preface to Blackmore's *Prince Arthur*—that he "had rescued Learning out of the hands of pedants and fools, and discovered the true method of making it amiable and lovely to all mankind." His fame has been gradually obscured by that of Addison. Something of this is, in a measure, due to Steele himself. That frank, self-effacing admiration for his friend of which Fielding makes fun in the *Journey from this World to the Next*, those loyal acknowledgments of the aid which he had received from his accomplished colleague, have been taken, as such utterances and admissions generally are taken, to mean not only exactly what they imply, but a great deal more. When upon these followed the publication by Tickell of Addison's contributions to the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, coupled with a studiously insinuated depreciation of Steele's part in those performances, the general impression of Steele's subordinate attitude was revived and intensified. Addison, it was plain, had been the real presiding spirit. Addison it was who (were there not Steele's express declarations to that effect?) had raised the undertaking to a far greater thing than had ever been dreamed in the philosophy of its first fortunate but blundering projector. This conclusion lost nothing of its force under the word-picking ingenuity (the phrase is Johnson's) of that "old maid in breeches," Bishop Hurd. Into note after note of his edition of Addison he pours the verbal vinegar of his contempt for Steele. If Tickell happens to say that Steele assisted in any paper, Hurd follows suit by adding, "One sees this by the pertness of the manner in which many parts of it are composed." Or he sneers at the one-sided character of the combination. "When two such writers as Mr. A. and Sir R. Steele join in composing one of these papers, the misalliance is not only great, but the contrast ridiculous." The petty malice of these deliverances and the dryasdust pedantry of others stilled the impulses of lesser voices, and Steele faded more and more into the undistinguishable background. Now and then a frank impressionist, like Leigh Hunt, openly avowed his preference for Steele's Nature over Addison's Art, or bolder spirits like Hazlitt went further still, and not only preferred it, but gave it higher praise. Then came Lord Macaulay's famous essay upon Addison, by which, as it seemed, Steele's struggling reputation was once more contemptuously tossed back into the limbo of forgetfulness. His wit and humour, it was said, were of no high order; what ordinary readers took for comic genius was only gay animal spirits; his writings, in point of fact, were just "a pleasant small drink," tolerable only upon the condition that it was "not kept too long, or carried too far." As for the *Tatler*, it was Addison who made it; as for the *Spectator*, why Addison *was* the *Spectator*. Such an onslaught, from such a quarter, was a real disaster; and although, ten years later, Mr. John Forster made a chivalrous and sympathetic appeal on Steele's behalf, his defence, tardily put forth, was not powerful enough to turn the tide, and Macaulay, moreover, had addressed his thousands where Forster but addressed his tens. Notwithstanding Mr. Thackeray's lecture—perhaps even by reason of it—matters were so little mended that, in 1863, when M. Taine wrote his brilliant *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, he mentions Steele only to quote what Steele says of Addison. Style, which preserves so much, must, no doubt, always keep Addison at the higher level; but of late years there have been indications that popular opinion is gradually lifting Steele upwards as a writer, and that, if he can never be placed upon a line with his old assistant and chief contributor, he may justly be credited with several estimable qualities to which that assistant could make no pretence.

Meanwhile, Steele's life has at last been written in a way which, if those illustrious shades still hold converse in the region where Fielding last encountered them, must certainly put Mr. Joseph Addison in need of further consolation. Comparatively speaking, his biography by Miss Aikin was a perfunctory piece of work, neither conclusive nor extensive. Macaulay calls it (in his letters) shallow and inaccurate, and it is known that it would have been worse in this latter respect if he himself had not corrected some of its more glaring blunders while it was yet at press. Mr. Aitken's performance, on the contrary, is certainly not perfunctory. His volumes are of the largest and most imposing library size, and, as regards the matter in hand, must be practically exhaustive. In their treatment of the subject they are certainly not shallow, if shallow means superficial, and he has evidently been at considerable pains to make them as trustworthy as possible. Indeed, what strikes the reader most forcibly is the extraordinary labour which they must have involved. Every chapter, every page even, is sown with the traces of painstaking investigation; the foot-notes bristle with references to out-of-the-way authorities, and the final bibliography would do credit to trained bibliographers, like Mr. H. R. Tedder or Mr. Anderson of the British Museum. What is more remarkable is, that at this lapse of time he has been able to make genuine discoveries. We knew nothing of Steele's father and mother, Mr. Aitken has found precise particulars respecting them; we were ignorant of the name of his first wife, Mr. Aitken has ascertained it, as well as the names of her "cousins to the fortieth remove." He has disinterred and reproduced a most attractive portrait of the "Ruler" who so vexed Sir Richard's ardent soul by her "coynesses and particularities," and he has established, beyond a possibility of doubt, the date and place of that hitherto half-mythical duel in which the "Christian Hero" ran his antagonist through the body. He has thrown a flood of light upon those mixed dramatic essays in which the versatile Captain of Lucas's (not "Fusiliers," it seems) endeavoured to conciliate Comedy and Collier; and he has, in general, pieced the imperfections of Steele's story by a crowd of minor details respecting his hopes, projects, trials, difficulties, and pecuniary embarrassments. These last, like a certain ailment of Mr. Pecksniff, must, it is feared, be described as "chronic." Never, we suppose, in the annals of literature have so many actions, suits, writs, pleadings, and processes been accumulated upon the unhappy head of one individual. And yet somehow they do not produce upon us the effect of, let us say, the debts of Sheridan, or even of Leigh Hunt. One feels, and Mr. Aitken's researches tend to show, that they were partly due to Steele's fluctuating income, partly to his inconsiderate generosity. And, in any case, he made special sacrifices to discharge them before his death, a fact which should be set down to the credit side of his account.

In some collateral branches of his investigations Fortune has not favoured Mr. Aitken. He has not been able, for example, to find out the date and place of Steele's marriage to Miss Scurlock—although, by the way, he has discovered that Mr. Gazetteer had

* *The Life of Richard Steele.* By George A. Aitken. 2 vols. London: Isbister. 1889.

a predecessor in his addresses to the imperious beauty who absorbed so much of the time which should have been devoted to the chronicle of the siege of Lille. Mr. Henry Owen, of Glassalt, in Carmarthen—the suitor in question—belongs to a race of fortune-hunters which is not yet extinct, and by the Libel and Answer which Mr. Aitken has printed in connexion with his proceedings against the future Mrs. Steele for breach of promise, he seems to have been an unusually contemptible specimen. Another point upon which Steele specialists will probably look for light is the secret history of the termination of the *Tatler*, a difficulty of which, in all probability, the most reasonable solution is that there is no secret history to relate. Again, they will seek unsuccessfully for some dispersion of the oft-repeated tradition about Addison's execution to recover his loan to Steele. Mr. Aitken's explorations in the records of the law courts have, it is true, disclosed no trace of Addison's action. But the evidence (and in this case one is constrained to agree with Lord Macaulay) is unusually strong, and the story is probably true. On the whole, it is more discreditable to Addison than to Steele; but this is a matter which may be left to Addison's apologists. A fourth point is rather the expression of a personal disappointment on our part than a failure to discover on Mr. Aitken's. Dennis taunted Steele with his bloodless military service, and we confess to have hoped that some trace of something beyond garrison duty at Landguard Fort might have been forthcoming. It is depressing to think that Marlborough was fighting Blenheim, and Peterborough besieging Barcelona, while Captain Steele was merely drilling recruits at home, or frittering away his pay in seeking for the philosopher's stone. What would not have been the gain to us if, with his generous admiration of military gallantry, he had been able to knock off a *Tatler* of memories on the surprise of Monjuich, or the reckless bravery of the *Maison du Roi* at Ramillies! The author of *Valentine and Unnion*, and the editor of the epistle of Sergeant Hall of the Foot Guards, should surely have made a graphic picture of those "well-foughten fields."

We have already observed that there are signs of a revived interest in Steele's work. That the current view of his character will be greatly altered by Mr. Aitken's Life can scarcely be affirmed. His mission, and we speak it in no spirit of depreciation, lies more in the rectification of minor details, and the revelation of accessory facts, than in any material modification of the essential lines of the portrait. Nevertheless, he has discovered so much, and brought together in one place such a store of interesting information, that, in due course, we may fairly look for the disappearance of many of the venerable fables which are now in circulation respecting his hero. "In due course," we say, because it is notorious to all concerned in labours of this kind (and probably no one knows it better than Mr. Aitken himself), that nothing is so difficult to extirpate as a popular misconception, especially if it be a picturesque one. He must still, for some time to come, resign himself to reading, in magazine articles, that Steele ceased to write plays because the *Lying Lover* was "damned for its piety"; that the loss of the *Gazette* entailed an alteration in the plan of the *Tatler*; that the "Christian Hero" was educated under his "ever-honoured Tutor," Dr. Ellis of the Charterhouse; that he was born in 1675, and that the date of his duel is unknown. Smart newspaper paragraphists will continue to talk of his "dicing himself into a spunging-house," or "drinking himself into a fever," and they will gravely explain how he was dubbed "Little Dicky" by Addison. Then, by-and-bye, the exacter particulars will filter into handbooks, and dictionaries, and brief memoirs, where they will probably be quoted without acknowledgment, or quoted in such a way as to suggest that they are really as ancient as the *Biographia Britannica*:—

> Such is, alas! the luckless fate
> Of those who most investigate!

To the more enlightened, however, it will remain unquestioned that, in a plain and unaffected style, Mr. Aitken has written a biography of Richard Steele which is unsurpassed for its exhaustive collection of material and for its patient pertinacity of inquiry.

A GENTLEMAN USHER, V.C.*

THIS is a story of the relations between a gallant and distinguished officer of Her Majesty's land forces and a singularly accomplished little girl of the lower-upper-middle class. There does not seem to be any purpose in it. It is just a beautiful story. It therefore gives the author high rank amongst those whose calling it is to supply the intelligent public with pleasing fiction to the profit of both. It is domestic and scholastic, pathetic and picturesque, interesting and unaffected. In the neighbouring country of France it would, in all probability, be crowned by the Academy.

Colonel Russell was an officer of great fame and gallantry, and a V.C. Having been gloriously wounded in savage warfare, he came home to his residence at Fleetmouth on long leave. Being rich, virtuous, and energetic, he busied himself in local affairs. There was an Institute at Fleetmouth where young men and maidens received miscellaneous instruction. When Colonel Russell arrived it was languishing; so he helped to reorganize it, and himself took charge of the young ladies' Latin class, as he happened to be a capable scholar. His age was forty.

Lily Eversley was ten. Her father had come to Fleetmouth to be editor of the weekly paper, and her mother was dead. Lily was delicate and clever. She had been overworked at school before the family came to Fleetmouth, and therefore she was not to work too hard, but only to attend six weekly classes at the Institute "besides music and drawing." It cannot be discovered that she was at this time proficient in many branches of learning, except that she knew Latin, French, Literature, History, Science, and Mathematics, and was expert in drawing (especially caricatures), and in music, being a correct and effective singer, a really good violin-player, and capable of playing the piano and composing simple, but original and taking, melodies (her favourite musician was Beethoven, and the "Eroica Symphony" and "Violin Concerto" were the sort of pieces she preferred); and that she knew all about animals, had a reasonably complete command of the American language, and was one of the most intrepid and indefatigable flirts in fiction. Still, she was certainly clever. She had a brother called Wilfred, who went to school at the boys' college. He was twelve, and rather less brilliant than his sister; but then boys develop more slowly than girls. As a specimen of the way they talked when they were alone together, we extract the following from a conversation they had when they were deciding which six of the Institute classes, besides music and drawing, Lily should ask her papa to send her to:—

> "I'm glad I'm to be in Colonel Russell's class—if he doesn't mind my frocks being pretty short still—and I'm sure I shall do what he says, so that he won't feel like wanting me to be shot. I'll have History. And, Wilfie, can't we do the very common ones at home? I want to know how to find the places where they fought the battles and did the other great things."
>
> "Yes, we'll look for them in the second-best Atlas. Next comes Natural Science. Lily, I love that. We've such a jolly class at school for Physics, and we are going to make a thermometer."
>
> "Oh, Wilfred! How lovely! A real one?"

When Lily joined Colonel Russell's Latin class, where the other girls were from fifteen to eighteen years old, she immediately went to the top of it and stayed there. The other girls were mostly idle, because, though they wanted to flirt with the Colonel, they did not want to learn Latin. Lily not only wanted to learn Latin and to flirt with the Colonel, but saw with the eye of genius that the Colonel was an appalling prig, and that furious devotion to Latin was the best way to ensnare his affections. She did not, however, disdain such humble devices as bewitching her pedagogue with artlessness, which she made more *piquant* by addressing him in American:—"I went," she said, "to the High School at Camford before we came here. I went there all the time after I hadn't a mamma." The military heart is ever susceptible, and the Colonel naturally fell hopelessly in love the first day Lily came to him. But he manifested his passion oddly. He observed that Lily's bright example of industry was infecting her idle class-mates. (Even "the cloak-room conversations, when class was over, grew at the same time longer and more creditable; the cloak-room *coteries* more loyal and sincere, ... while talk was higher in tone, gossip declared vulgar and unanimously tabooed, lest a pair of big, astonished eyes should offer their innocent rebuke.") So he determined that she should go on and make the best use of the advantages which God had given to her. To this end he punished her with ever-increasing severity for every mistake she made—for being mortal she did occasionally make mistakes—by making her write impositions, for which purpose he generally kept her in when all the rest (who had done much worse) were allowed to go. By this means he got more of her society, and her hold over him increased. Also he ordered her to sit up at night, rise early in the morning, and stay at home on half-holiday afternoons, to learn her lessons better, and as he commanded so she did, for she reciprocated his affection, and lived only to please him. Her health, therefore, failed; she became more and more nervous, and had to write longer and longer impositions. But she never complained, because the Colonel had once said that she must not be cowardly.

At the end of the Institute "Session" there was to be a prize-giving and a concert, so it was naturally ordained that Lily should sing a solo. She was always shy about singing, and by this time she was so ill from overwork that she said she could not sing. Her papa said she must, and, according to a custom he had, locked her up in her own room, and said she should not come out except to attend her classes until she consented to sing. But Lily was a truthful child and persisted in saying she could not. So her papa asked the Colonel to try what he could do. The Colonel rode over to Lily's papa's house, and found her looking very ill asleep on a sofa. He woke her up and said she ought to sing. She said she could not. He reasoned with her and said she ought to give pleasure to others. She remained obdurate. He then commanded her to say she would sing. With a breaking heart she refused. In the Colonel's opinion disobedience must be overcome at any cost. He "lifted his riding-whip from a chair beside him and made an imperative motion to the child. 'Come here, Lily, and give me your hand.'" * * * * (The asterisks are our own). "The Colonel did his best to subdue his little pupil" and failed; not even when her Colonel horse-whipped her would she say she would sing when she knew she couldn't. In despair, having "employed in vain the arguments

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* *Colonel Russell's Baby.* By Ellinor Davenport Adams. London: Smith & Innes. 1889.

both of persuasion and force," the Colonel withdrew; but in the evening he came back prepared, if necessary, to "repeat his arguments of the morning with an emphasis which should of necessity compel attention." Then it occurred to him to ask her to promise to sing in order to please him, and she answered "I didn't know *you* cared. I can do it for you."

The prize-day arrived. Lily had hardly ventured to hope for a prize, but she was almost as successful as Prince Gigli, obtaining those for Latin, French, Euclid, Literature, and Music, besides a gold watch and chain, and a great many kisses, thrown in by her kindly teachers because she had been such a good little girl. Then she sang the solo for love of Colonel Russell, and at the end of it fell into his arms, smitten with paralysis of the lower extremities. This consequence of overwork, horsewhipping, and mental agitation was soon complicated with brain-fever. The Colonel was much distressed and nursed his little victim assiduously. In the course of a week or two a little war arose, and a campaign became necessary in Rajpur, the scene of some of the Colonel's finest exploits. The nation, the army, and the Commander-in-chief all agreed that Colonel Russell was the man for the emergency, and he was ordered to go out and take command. Lily had a horror of his going into battle, and he knew his going would kill her. So he went to see her for the last time, and in two minutes she made him promise not to go away from her—"never any more." He kept his promise, and sent in his papers. The country rang with comments on his conduct. The "enterprising editor" of "a Society paper of high standing" sent Ellis, a famous war correspondent with a "powerful face seamed and scarred," to find out the explanation. Ellis was a bosom friend of the Colonel's, so the Colonel told him all about Lily, and Ellis went straight off and wrote out the whole story. "The enterprising Society editor held his head high that week. His journal sold by thousands; and all the town was talking of the article signed by a well-known name, and speedily copied everywhere." It is not stated whether the article mentioned that the Colonel had flogged Lily; but the public, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Queen very much approved of what he'd done, and he stayed at home, and Lily soon recovered the use of her legs.

A GUIDE TO THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.*

THE French Exhibition of 1889 has done much for France and for the universe. It has proclaimed once more to a world growing somewhat sceptical, but now happily reassured, that the Republic has been a triumphant success; that Paris is now, as it always has been, the focus of civilization; and that France is still the most liberal, the most orderly, the most pacific, and the most enlightened country in Europe. It has welcomed to a participation in its glories many thousands of more or less uncultured foreigners, and sent them one and all away with minds "profoundly impressed" and pockets substantially lightened; it has helped to tide the French Government over the treacherous shoals of a general election; and it has served as a gigantic advertisement to many hundreds of enterprising tradesmen. The French Exhibition has done all this; but it has done even more; it has given us a most entertaining guide-book. Universal exhibitions, excellent in every other respect, are never very amusing, and guides to universal exhibitions are, for the most part, the dullest of dull reading; but the little work of which we are writing is a bright exception to the rule; for, while it is full of the most varied and recondite information (as every exhibition guide-book should be), it sparkles with fun from beginning to end. The author modestly conceals his name, and we can hazard no conjecture as to his identity, save that the happy audacity with which he treats each subject in turn, his intimate knowledge of the manners and customs of foreign nations, and his accurate acquaintance with the intricacies of the English language are all eminently Parisian. His work, as critics say, "will well repay careful perusal." Every page contains a gem, and we propose to extract a few of them for the benefit of our readers.

Our author begins his preface by asking the natural question "Who was giving the idea of the Exhibition?" and he answers it as follows:—

> The first idea of an Exhibition of the Centenary belongs, in reality not to anybody. It was in the air since several years, when divers newspapers, in 1883, bethought them to consecrate several articles to it, and so it became a serious matter.
>
> The period of incubation (brooding) lasted since 1883 till the month of March 1884; when they considered the question they preoccupied them but about a national Exhibition. Afterwards the ambition increased.

This tribute paid to the influence of the press, we are informed, under the head of "General Informations," that the Exhibition can be entered by "39 wickets," and then that "Constables are affected in a permanent manner at the service of every wicket." We pass in safety these emotional guardians, who recall somehow a flavour of *Pilgrim's Progress*, and our guide proceeds to descant upon the beauties of "the Exhibition seen in a straight line"; these are his words:—

> Placed under the circuit portic of the Trocadero, in the Centre even, in the axis of the pont d'Iena and the tower Eiffel, let us embrace at one glance the splendid panorama.
>
> In the first of the perspective, in front of the above mentioned portic, are erected the gilded statues of the parts of the world which are hooking the sunrays; at our feet we see the green declivities of the plat-bands, the sheets of the bassins, and we hear the bubbling of the Cascades. At the bottom of the garden the pont d'Iena, covered with velum and adorned with elegant kiosques and beyond the Tower Eiffel, whose summit is lost in the clouds.

We are first conducted, it is needless to say, to the "Tower Eiffel," which is thus apostrophized:—

> And nevertheless how many people have prophetized that the tower would never been constructed. How many critics have fallen upon this audacious project! It was erected, however, and one perceives it from all Paris; it astonishes and lets in extasy the strangers who come to contemplate it.

We climb to the top, and a marvellous spectacle awaits us:—

> At your feet the houses are very plainly, because you see the four sides which are holed by the windows, symetric like points of dice, so well that Paris has an appearance of a vast party of bi-ribi played by a giant on a green carpet.

We descend, and admire the Fountain under the Tower; the description given of it is delicious but lengthy. Our guide then takes us for "The first walk," prefacing the excursion with the following considerate observation:—

> Thus we begin, at present as we have let him see these two wonder-works which fly at the eyes, the Tower and the fountain, to return on his steps to retake with order this walk of recognition which will permit him, thanks to our watchfulness, to see all in a short time.

A few remarks are offered on the various "pavillions" as we pass them; the pavilion of "Suez and Panama" is dismissed with contemptuous brevity:—"Horrid little building in cement, of a hebrew style, which is of little signification" (we hope our Virgil holds no "Panamas"), and at last we come to "The Palace of the children," which is thus eloquently described:—

> The aspect of the Palace of children is very characteristic. On each side of the pavillion are erected two high piles covered with pointed roofs and surmounted with turnpikes which turn at the wish of the wind. A beautiful harlequin dominates the Entrance of the Centre, and at the front of the two others, on the front roof, a polichinel at the appearance of a good child is sitting. And everywhere dancing-jacks, horses, puppets, toys of colossal dimensions, an entire decoration for children the whole of the most curious sight.
>
> . . . . Enter there with your little family and you will certainly not annoy you. There is united all what concerns the childhood, raiments, furnitures, toys, works for children, hygiene and even therapeutic. Your babies will find there a kermess with a shooting for macarons, turnpikes, divers games, wafles and milk.

Whether our little family will annoy us or not when they have undergone this varied experience we are not informed.

We visit in order the industries of the world, and our Guide is ever at our elbow with an appropriate remark. For instance:—

> Class 36.—*Garments for both sexes.*—It is here the sanctuary of the dresses, there are some therein which would render mad the less prideful women.
>
> Then artificial flowers, which one would gather so much they are well done, flowers and feathers, &c.
>
> At last the raiments for men, livrees, uniforms, hatter-works of all kinds, since the melon until the silk hat, which is a true museum, since the Yokohama of 15 cent. until the Panama of 1,500 francs.

Have we in the first sentence some obscure allusion to the divided skirt? We are led gently onward to the region of science, and those of us who fear her frowns may draw comfort from the following assurance:—

> The anthropology and etnography are presented under a more curious than scientific aspect, in order not to frighten the visitor little in acquaintance with these questions. Rocks, truncs of trees, figures and scarecrow, arms and prehistorical objects show to our eyes the history of man, which the modern science commences hardly to unveil.

We listen to the strains of musical instruments, and we commend our Guide's description of the concert to all true votaries of Wagner:—

> Unfortunately all this harmony is lost in the enormous noise produced by so many melodious machines or not. The brass instruments burst, the organs roar, the pianos mourn, and the violines mew, without counting the orchestrions, which commence to acclimate them in France, which is not a recommendation, and of which some ones are monuments.

We leave the glitter and clatter of Europe behind us, our eyes and ears are refreshed by the subdued lights, the hushed murmurs of the languid East, or as our Guide, describing "A Street in Cairo," more felicitously puts it, "When one comes out of the Palace of the divers Industries, a little giddy pate and aching of a blustering decoration, the eyes rest them there instantly." We see an endless variety of remarkable things too numerous to be mentioned, and our Guide discourses upon them in a series of remarkable passages, all worthy of quotation, but too long to be quoted. He leads us at last to the "Fairy Palace"; and we feel that with his description of it both he and we shall make a glorious ending; it is as follows:—

> Still an attraction for the children and, we dare add, for the grown up persons! Nothing more astonishing than this fairy Palace (enchanted garden) as it is called. All what the childish imaginations are dreaming, worked by the tales of the good grand-mothers and the lectures of the tales of Perrault, is assembled there, like by the virtue of a good fairy, a friend of the little ones.
>
> It is avenue Rapp that is situated the Palace of these divinities with their light feet, which charmed our first youth, to all as much as we are. It occupies a vast emplacement, in front of the avenue, and certainly, for a strange front, that is one. At the entrance, the ogres, in the exercise of their functions, then the saloons of the donkey's hide. Cendrillon, the Belle in the dorming wood, the cavern of Ali-Baba, twelve under ground

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* *Universal Exhibition, Paris* 1889, *Practical Guide.* Paris: Bertels & Florent.

rooms where are dwelling the forty thieves,—lighted by the electrical light. Then still the mill of the booted cat, where one sells cakes, the turning tree of the witches, the farm of the little Poucet, the house of the Ogre, the cottage of the Petit Chaperon Rouge (little Red-Riding Hood) and the tower of the Barbe-Bleue (blue beard) whereby the Russian mountains and a little theatre where are played the tales of Perrault.

Finally the blue Elephant, which measures not less than twenty metres of height, and is built all in sheet-iron.

All this fantastic evocation was made after the inspirations of M. Ch. Bonnet, and under the direction of M. Morin Goustiaux, architect. This creation makes them certainly an honour to both.

We need only add that this remarkable book is nicely got up, with a picture of the "Tower Eiffel" on the cover; that it contains two maps and a copious index, that it is to be bought for two-and-sixpence, and that it is dirt cheap at the price.

EROTIDIA.*

EROTIDIA, by Mr. C. Sayle, is a dainty little volume with white linen cover, rough paper with uncut edges, and plenty of margin round the nicely printed little poems which it contains. It is quite a book for the drawing-room table, but as a book to read it does not seem very "nutritious," as Mme. Mohl was wont to say. The title is interpreted by Liddell and Scott to mean "a Feast of Love," and, indeed, the word "Love" occurs in several of the lyrics at the beginning of the book; but Mr. Sayle's treatment of the subject is academic rather than amorous, and he seems merely to use it as a peg whereon to hang his "serenades," "versets," "hand-shakes," and so forth. He has never, apparently, read *Modern Painters*, or he would remember how one of Charles Kingsley's best-known poems is therein gibbeted. "The sea is not cruel, nor does it crawl," says Mr. Ruskin; in spite of which (perhaps arbitrary) dictum we find here a disjointed poem with the refrain, "The cruel and sinful and sighing sea." Mr. Sayle succeeds better in his sonnets, that to Milton being really good; yet, while we are looking for something equally good, we fall in with "A Thames Idyll," which we forbear to characterize. The writer is not without cleverness and power of expression; he is not lacking in audacity, as his poem on "The Ceasing of the Oracles" proves; but he should not puzzle his readers with such words as "dispassion," "Unhonour," and "recreance," nor should he write "Hesperidæ" when he means "Hesperides." We trust that he will consider our criticism of his somewhat crude productions as kindly meant, and not intended to discourage him in the practice of writing English verse, which we think is "a useful and humanizing exercise," as Dr. Arnold of Rugby used to call it. But he must learn to "prune away green passages" unshrinkingly; he must bear in mind that the art of "using words like jewels" is one of the most complex and difficult in the world; and he will be fortunate if, before publishing his next volume, he can prevail upon some friend of mature judgment to act as "Warrington" to his "Pendennis," and aid him in separating the wheat from the chaff.

THE ATTIC THEATRE.†

IT has been recently remarked that in the younger generation of Oxford men there are several who have done much to remove from their University the reproach of classical sterility. To the small band of scholars not content with absorbing the knowledge acquired by others Mr. A. E. Haigh is a noteworthy recruit. His account of the Attic Theatre combines a German thoroughness in research with a lucidity of exposition which is certainly not German. For the last fifty years, he tells us, the subject which he has selected has been left untouched by English scholars; but it has recently acquired fresh interest and importance owing to the discovery of many theatrical inscriptions and to excavations which have been made on the sites of several ancient Greek theatres. Mr. Haigh has come forward to summarize and criticize the work of scholars abroad and to bring English knowledge up to date. But it must not be supposed that he has merely compiled and arranged the results of other men's labours. He has himself made several important and original contributions to our knowledge of the Attic Theatre; and on more than one point of archæological interest he has ventured to dissent from the conclusions reached by other authorities. Indeed, it is hardly in want of confidence that Mr. Haigh can be called deficient. If he has established a slight preponderance of the probabilities that is quite enough for him; and if he has occasion to refer to it afterwards he treats it as an ascertained conclusion. We could give several instances of this tendency from the early chapters in the book; though in every one of them we admit that Mr. Haigh could set up a far stronger case for his own view than we could bring against it. But it must not be forgotten by immature students using his book that they must make a certain allowance for Mr. Haigh's somewhat sanguine use of such argumentative terms as "conclusive evidence." Beyond this defect (which is an amiable one, especially when it proceeds from a University where it is the fashion to talk as if there was a great deal to be said on both sides of every question, and nothing much for either side) we have but one more complaint to bring forward. He has a habit of repeating himself almost in identical language—a fault which is the more surprising because his book has been so neatly arranged and divided that any reader who knows what he wants need have no difficulty in finding it. It would be unfair not to compliment Mr. Haigh on the living and modern interest which he has thrown into a subject which might have been made dull and profitless to anybody but a determined archæologist. This account of the Attic Theatre is written with so much vivacity and sympathy that it would repay the perusal to anybody who wished to obtain a comprehensive and historical view of the gradual development of the actor's art.

We are inclined to think that Mr. Haigh, with many other enthusiastic scholars, overrates "the moral influence" of the Greek drama. It is extravagant to say that the regular but infrequent performances of the new plays at Athens formed "an equivalent for the books, magazines, and newspapers of modern civilization." It is extravagant, again, to insist, so strongly as Mr. Haigh insists, upon the religious character of the representations. It is quite true that distraints for debt were forbidden during the festivals, that prisoners enjoyed a holiday from gaol, and that assaults and outrages committed at such a time were punished with especial severity. It is true, of course, that the drama was in origin a religious celebration. But it is going too far to say, with Mr. Haigh, that "every spectator who sat watching a tragedy or a comedy was not merely providing for his own amusement, but was also joining in an act of worship." To say this is either to use the words "religion" and "worship" in a forced and unnatural meaning or to forget the real character of the Athenian audience and the Athenian plays. Here we may remark that Mr. Haigh has abundantly made out his case as regards the long-disputed admission of boys and women. Some scholars, arguing from their innate or acquired ideas of abstract decorum, have held that boys and women were altogether excluded from the theatre; others, making a half-and-half concession to clear evidence, have declared that the imaginary restriction applied only to the comedies. The latter position is absolutely untenable when it is remembered how the comedies were interwoven in representation with the tragedies. The idea of "ladies being requested to leave the theatre" when the comedy began is one that would be somewhat less applicable to ancient Athens than to modern Paris. Indeed it is quite clear, as Mr. Haigh says, from several passages in Plato, that anybody who could get a seat was permitted to see the acting. It will be enough to cite the passage in which Plato speaks of tragedy as a kind of rhetoric addressed to boys, women, and men, slaves and free citizens, without distinction. So much for the tragedies. As to the comedies, it is again sufficient to recall the famous passage in which Aristophanes takes great credit to himself for having dispensed with a certain highly indecorous theatrical property, chiefly used "in order to make the boys laugh." Besides this, there is the positive assertion put by Lucian into the mouth of Solon, that the Athenians educated their sons by taking them to tragedies and comedies and showing them examples of vice and virtue, so as to teach them what to imitate and what to avoid. It must be admitted that the liberty granted to the women on the occasion of these public performances was a violation of that (sometimes exaggerated) seclusion in which they were supposed to pass their domestic lives. But the explanation lies in that "religious" character which the plays never quite lost. Here we may quote Mr. Haigh's words:—"Where the worship of the Gods was concerned, the practice of keeping women in strict seclusion was allowed to drop into abeyance. Women and even girls were present at the phallic processions in honour of Dionysus. Their appearance on such occasions was regarded as a mere matter of course. It need not, therefore, surprise us that women and boys should have been present in the theatre at the performances of the Old Comedy."

Not the least interesting part of Mr. Haigh's book is the selection of theatrical inscriptions in his appendices, taken from Köhler in the *Corpus Inscriptionum Atticarum*. These public records show what an important part was played in the national life by the drama and those who took part in it. The fulness of the details is both curious and instructive. Here is one relating to the tragic contests at the City Dionysia in the year 340 B.C.:—

Ἐπὶ Νικομάχου· σατυρι(κῷ)
Τιμοκλῆς Λυκούργῳ·
Παλαιᾷ. Νεοπτόλεμ[ος]
Ὀρέστῃ Εὐριπίδου·
[Π]οη[ταί]· Ἀστυδάμας
Παρθενοπαίῳ· ὑπε(κρίνετο) Θετ[ταλός]·
[Λυκά]ονι, ὑπε(κρίνετο) Νεοπτόλε[μος]·
. . . οκλῆς δεύ(τερος) Φρίξῳ,
[ὑπε(κρίνετο)] Θετταλός·
[Οἰδί]ποδι, ὑπε(κρίνετο) Νεοπτό(λεμος)
[Εὐάρ]ετος τρί(τος)
[Ἀλκμ]έ[ονι], ὑπε(κρίνετο) Θετται[λός]·
. . . η, ὑπε(κρίνετο) Νεοπτό[λεμος]·
[ὑπο(κριτὴς) Θε]ττταλὸς ἐνίκα.

Not the least significant point in this and other inscriptions is the importance assigned to the actor, and Mr. Haigh has devoted special pains to describing the gradual rise of the profession. Even in

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* *Erotidia.* By Charles Sayle. Rugby: George E. Over. 1889.

† *The Attic Theatre: a Description of the Stage and Theatre of the Athenians, and of the Dramatic Performances at Athens.* By A. E. Haigh, M.A., late Fellow of Hertford College, and Classical Lecturer at Corpus Christi and Wadham Colleges, Oxford. With Facsimiles and Illustrations. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1889.

early times it seems to have been honourable; but the conventional limits within which the art was for so long a time restrained did not prevent the Greek actor from making himself so important a factor in the tragic contest that a poet who had an inferior actor allotted to him was considered to labour under an extremely heavy disadvantage, even if the other plays were in literary merit far inferior to his own. To remedy this unfairness Mr. Haigh reminds us that a new system was introduced by which the talents of the actors were divided with perfect equality among the poets. "Each tragedy was performed by a separate actor. All the actors appeared in turn in service of each of the poets. Thus, in 341, Astydamas exhibited three tragedies. His Achilles was acted by Thettalus, his Athamas by Neoptolemus, his Antigone by Athenodorus. The three tragedies of each of his competitors were performed by the same three actors." By this device it was hoped that the three competing poets would all enjoy a fair field and no favour—except such favour as they might obtain from the partiality of the judges or of the audience, whose outspoken applause or condemnation no doubt went a long way to decide the official verdict.

The value of Mr. Haigh's book is considerably increased by the numerous and excellent illustrations and plans which he has introduced—notably the ground-plan of the theatre of Dionysus at Athens and another of the theatre at Epidaurus. It is on the structural and mechanical arrangements of the ancient theatres that Mr. Haigh has spent the greatest and most fruitful part of his labours. The reason why we have devoted so little of our space to this part of his work is that, without the diagrams and illustrations, it would be hard to write about it in an intelligible manner. On many matters Mr. Haigh admits that he stands under great obligations to Dr. Dörpfeld; but he is not afraid to differ with him—as, *e.g.* on the date to be assigned to the construction of the auditorium of the theatre at Athens. It is agreed that the existing remains are those of the original building, and that there has been no later reconstruction of the auditorium, as in the case of the orchestra and stage buildings. Following the tradition of Suidas, that a collapse of the wooden benches in 499 led to the construction of a stone theatre, Mr. Haigh assigns the present auditorium to the early part of the fifth century. Perhaps the matter might have been settled by reference to a certain slab with an inscription upon it, but unluckily the date on the inscription is not a matter of certainty. That is just like inscriptions; you feel sure that they could tell you just what you wish to know, but unluckily you cannot make out what it is that they are telling you. Putting the inscription aside, and admitting that the construction of this vast auditorium may have been a work prolonged through a number of years, Mr. Haigh still entertains a "totally different opinion" from Dr. Dörpfeld, who assigns the auditorium to the latter part of the fourth century. Up to this time Dr. Dörpfeld holds that the seats of the spectators were merely wooden benches. But Mr. Haigh points out that both at Epidaurus and at the Peiræus stone theatres had been erected by the middle of the fourth century, and he does not like to believe (apart from the positive tradition of Suidas) that Athens would have been behind her own seaport, not to mention Epidaurus, in providing herself with a permanent theatre. Again, if the Athenian structure had in reality been subsequent to the one at Epidaurus, it is hard to believe, Mr. Haigh thinks, that it would have been so inferior in symmetry of design. We cannot say that we attribute much force to this last (somewhat rhetorical) argument, especially as it is partially discounted by the following sentence in which it is mentioned that the shape of the building was due to its being adapted to the natural conformation of the ground. Nevertheless we are inclined, on the whole, to follow Mr. Haigh's conclusion that the auditorium was substantially the work of the fourth century; later additions may have been made by Lycurgus, and the completion of details may have been carried out by him, but that is the furthest that we can go with Dr. Dörpfeld's view. We have entered at some length into this matter, partly because it is in itself interesting, but chiefly in order to give a sample of the solid and thorough, and yet attractive, manner in which Mr. Haigh has conducted his researches. He may be congratulated on having thrown much new light on a portion of classical archæology sufficiently important in itself, but more especially important from the literary point of view, because without knowing something about the Greek theatre and the Greek stage it is not easy to have a proper understanding of the Greek plays.

THE SWISS CONFEDERATION AND CONSTITUTION.*

THE institutions of Switzerland are at length beginning to receive from English-speaking people the attention which they have long deserved, which they did receive to a fair extent in the eighteenth century, and which in the present century has been strangely intermitted. A land so centrally situated in Europe, so compact and yet so complex, presenting such a variety of laws and constitutions, both successive and simultaneous, and provided with so complete a chain of authentic history, might well be regarded by an enthusiastic publicist as a political microcosm appointed by the special bounty of Providence to promote the studies of his tribe. It is much that Switzerland alone in the European system preserves the unbroken record of a Republican form of government. Alone, for of such competitors as Andorre and San Marino one must be allowed to say *de minimis non curat historia*. It is more that in Switzerland we have the one pure and adequate example of a living Federal State which Europe can set against the United States, the Dominion of Canada, and the various imitations of the United States in Spanish-American Republics. Perhaps the modern development of mountaineering, and the general Alpine nature-worship of which it is partly a symptom and partly a concomitant cause, are in some measure answerable for having thrust political Switzerland into the background in the estimation of ordinary travellers.

Two of the books before us, however, show that among mountaineers there are some who are aware that the balance is in need of redressing, and are anxious to bear their own part in redressing it. Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Cunningham are both active members of the Alpine Club, and have contributed in different ways to Alpine literature. Mr. Coolidge is one of the small number who have been able to combine with the pleasures of mountaineering a varied and extensive study of Alpine topography. Not long ago we noticed his historical bibliography of Swiss guide-books; his article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* gives a concise and convenient summary of the general history of Switzerland, and two articles lately contributed by him to the *Law Quarterly Review* deal in a more technical manner with some fundamental points of her modern constitution. Mr. Cunningham's senior and colleague, Sir Francis Adams, unhappily did not long survive the publication of their joint work on the Swiss Confederation. For many years he worthily represented this country at Bern, and he will be specially remembered by diplomatists and men of letters for his part in the International Copyright Convention. After a century and three-quarters he was the first to emulate the example of his predecessor in office, Abraham Stanyan, whose account of Switzerland, anonymously published in 1714, is pronounced by Mr. Coolidge to be "perhaps the best ever written by an Englishman on Swiss political matters." Sir Francis Adams could not be called a mountaineer according to the somewhat exacting modern definition; but he was a true lover of the Alps, and is believed to have set as high a value on the honorary membership of the Alpine Club, which he enjoyed for some years before his death, as on his well-earned official distinctions. This we may be allowed to mention, although the book of which he was joint author is in no way an Alpine or mountaineering book. *The Swiss Confederation* deals with Switzerland as a State; useful political information is not commonly reputed or expected to be amusing; but this is a thoroughly readable book. For this quality it is doubtless much beholden, not only to Sir Francis Adams's diplomatic experience at Bern, but to his knowledge of mankind at large and the genial disposition which will be remembered by all who knew him. The best living authorities in and about Switzerland appear to have been consulted for their respective departments; and, while the majority of readers will find enough to satisfy them on such matters, for example, as the military system or the scholastic institutions of the Confederation, more determined students may, with no less profit, use the work as a starting-point for further research. We do not know how much attention our War Office has paid to Switzerland; but it is certain that the Swiss keep fully abreast of the times in all details of equipment (they had a repeating rifle years before other people had begun to think about it), and at the same time manage to combine efficiency with economy in an even more remarkable degree than the Germans.

One exception or reservation must be made from the utility of *The Swiss Confederation* as a political work of reference. The publicist intent on the comparative examination of constitutions will come away from it disappointed, if not empty. Certainly facts are given, but they are not given in the way that is convenient for technical students, and a chapter purporting to compare the Constitutions of Switzerland and the United States is, to speak plainly, too meagre to be of any serious use. The gap thus left open seems to be precisely filled by the more severe and elaborate essay which Professor Moses, of the University of California, has still more lately brought out. Dr. Moses has apparently studied the Swiss Constitution only in books and documents, but he has studied his documents thoroughly. Nor does he strictly confine himself to his text; now and then he seeks further illustration in the Federal Constitutions of Canada, Mexico, and some of the South American States, and he has not forgotten the German Empire. In one chapter, entitled "The Distribution of Power," he enters on the more general consideration of the tendencies of political evolution in federal and democratic States. His remarks, though they perhaps do not contain anything positively new, are in our opinion judicious and deserving of attention. He holds that there is a drift of things, resulting from the constant conditions of human nature and society, which the legal machinery of constitutions may retard, but can only retard.

> Our national history [he says] shows that in the United States there has been a marked drift of power towards the central Government, and in the

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* *History of the Swiss Confederation.* By W. A. B. Coolidge. Reprinted from the Encyclopædia Britannica.

The Swiss Confederation. By [the late] Sir Francis Ottiwell Adams and C. D. Cunningham. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

The Federal Government of Switzerland. By Bernard Moses. Oakland, Cal.: Pacific Press Publishing Co. 1889.

central Government itself a drift of power towards the lower House. In short, every representative Government in which the representatives of the people have the right to initiate laws, however the political power of the nation may have been distributed at first, tends to move in a certain course whose end or culmination is the nearest practicable connexion between the voters of the dominant party and the actual business of government.

The English Cabinet system has brought us very near this end; for the Cabinet is, in fact, a governing committee of the representatives of the dominant party, predominance being measured in terms of the parliamentary voting power resulting from the composition of the House of Commons. When the business of government becomes, as before very long it must, evidently more than such a committee can carry on, some new form of reinforcement or delegation of political power will have to be devised. Some political speculators have sought this in a reform of the House of Lords; some, perhaps more hopefully, in the putting forth of some new shoot from the ancient but still living trunk of the Privy Council; others have suggested that the Swiss *Referendum* (which so far has been in practice rather a conservative institution than otherwise) may have something to teach us. Dr. Moses thinks that the United States will have the same problem to face, though it may be later.

We should add, to our Californian author's credit, that the puzzles of legal and political sovereignty, in which writers of great reputation have been brought to confusion ere now, have no terrors for him. He takes the point quite straightforwardly and correctly:—"Since the Swiss Constitution is the fundamental law of the State, its makers are recognized as the legal sovereign in Switzerland." To find the sovereign, therefore, we have to ascertain from the Constitution itself who those makers are; or, to use terms more familiar to English and American readers, where the power of constitutional amendment resides. Those who are or who have been compelled to use Austin's lectures, either as learners or as teachers, may well wish that he had been as clear-headed as Professor Moses when he attempted to make the Constitution of the United States fit into his theory.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

A POSTHUMOUS book by the late M. Charles Blanc on the Renaissance (in its artistic sense) in Italy (1) is not a book to be finally despatched by a brief notice; and we shall hope to return to it. Its genesis, and the reasons for the considerable delay in its appearance, are detailed in a modest preface by M. Maurice Faucon, the editor, a pupil of the author's, and a well-known archæological writer. M. Blanc, it seems, expressed a wish that M. Faucon should act as his literary executor in regard to the partly unfinished book, and ill health has prevented M. Faucon from discharging the duty earlier. The book would appear to be, at least partly, based on M. Blanc's lectures at the Collège de France in his latest years. It takes the mixed form of what may be called a history-biography-catalogue—that is to say, the author surveys the whole period, from Nicholas of Pisa and Giotto down to Mantegna, with a certain amount of anecdotic detail, and with frequent elaborate description of the works chiefly commented upon. The criticism of this criticism from the special and technical side must be here postponed. We may now safely commend the literary skill once more observable in M. Blanc's disposition and handling of his material. Few art critics have surpassed the sometime Directeur des Beaux Arts in these respects—indeed, his literary faculty has often been considered superior to his brother's by good judges. The natural consequence is that his books are pleasant to read merely as books, and quite independently of any technical interest in their subject. This characteristic is very marked here—not the less marked, perhaps, because of the immense expenditure of ink on the same subject, or subjects closely connected with it, which the last half-century has seen.

M. Masséras's essay on Washington (2) (for it is rather an essay than a history) was avowedly written with a view to the late elections in France; but, unlike most books with a similar history, it is quite worth reading when its immediate purpose is out of date. The author, a journalist of both French and American experience, has treated his subject with much knowledge, and, on the whole, in a very sober spirit. He, indeed, undervalues, and was almost forced by his purpose to undervalue, the element of sheer good luck in American history; though, of course, he does not ignore it. His "look on this picture and on that," as addressed to French readers, is intended to urge on these latter the importance of driving a nail where it will go, of not being in a hurry, of preferring a *modus vivendi* to an elaborate theoretical settlement of a question, of believing, in short, and acting up to the belief, that "une génération doit se borner à vivre son temps en laissant à celles qui lui succéderont le soin d'écarter ou surmonter à leur tour les obstacles de leur route." And he very broadly and very truly hints that this is exactly what France has not been doing for the last century. In illustration he reviews the action of Washington himself before, during, and after the rebellion of the colonies, continuing his survey over the constitutional, and especially the financial, history of America till the present time. A great deal of what he says is perfectly true, though the praise falls more justly to England than to America. But still, as we have said, he seems to undervalue the element of luck—of the enormous mechanical advantages which the United States have enjoyed. The sculler who runs aground, and, without any apparent splashing or getting out to push behind, gets off again repeatedly, may seem to be a wiser and more dexterous pilot than he who exhausts his efforts in vain, or only forces the boat off with damaged keel. But, if the first has a perpetually rising tide underneath him, and the other is rowing in dead water, judgment must be altered a little. The resolve of American financiers to pay off the war debt, for instance, was worthy of all praise; but would they have been able to maintain it against a stationary or sinking revenue?

This is a book rather unequal, and by no means faultless, but decidedly amusing, and of a kind rare in France—the *roman honnête* which is not a mere children's book. M. de la Brète (3) has, we think, studied English and American models, and he has not always followed them wisely in making his independent and unsophisticated heroine, Reine de Lavalle, occasionally trench upon pertness, if not upon actual vulgarity. But in the revolt against *candeur adorable* before marriage and stealthy infidelity afterwards, some exaggeration was always inevitable. Both Reine and her more staid and stately cousin, Blanche de Pavol, otherwise "Junon," are very agreeable girls, such as it were well for the French nation if it would more commonly take for heroines. M. de la Brète has been equally uncompromising and unconventional in taking for hero a young man, good-looking indeed, but with a fat round face, an enormous appetite, a great sense of healthy fun, and apparently a decided preference for the daughters as opposed to the wives of his friends. The *curé* is less novel, but very pleasing, and the "uncle," M. de Pavol, who has a theory that man is a helpless victim conducted to the altar, and is half fond of, half-scandalized at his niece's pranks, is good likewise, as indeed are most of the minor characters, though an aunt who fortunately dies early has a touch of American exaggeration in her unpleasantness. The whole book, however, can be recommended. The genuine, breezy, almost riotous fun of it (Reine, a young lady of sixteen, announces, with perfect innocence, that she intends to get married directly, and describes young men in mixed society and to their faces as being *charmants* and *gentils*) contrasts in the most agreeable way with the dull filth, the arid pessimism, the Ouidesque fine writing, the mere vulgarity, or, worst of all, the maundering agnostic sentimentality of the average French fiction of the present day.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ONE of the pleasantest exercises is offered to the armchair leader of locomotive fancy in the historical and archæological reminiscences collected by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange, under the title *Royal Winchester: Wanderings in and about the Ancient Capital of England*, with illustrations by Mr. C. G. Harper (Blackett & Hallam). The book overbrims with curious and interesting information, delightfully presented, and with such sympathetic art, that assimilation will be found an easy and unconscious process with the most inveterate home-stayer. Some topographical acquaintance with the city of Winchester, its cathedral, school, and the many antiquities of the neighbourhood, is really the one qualification, and slight it is, necessary to the reader's enjoyment of the perambulation and the company of his agreeable and well-equipped guide. Mr. L'Estrange discourses of the past and present of Winchester in a manner equally persuasive and interesting. All Dryasdust instincts, with the tiresome and contentious disquisitions they breed, are as remote from his method as any other form of many-headed pedantry, and his itinerary is altogether what the ideal British Association holiday should be. It is a recreative excursion, the pleasure and profit of which is duly apportioned and fitly combined. On such subjects as the history of the cathedral, the castle, and the school Mr. L'Estrange has gathered from many sources and supplied much illustrative comment of an antiquarian nature. Further afield, beyond the city bounds, the author's wanderings embrace St. Catherine's Hill, St. Cross, with its noble church, the quaint village of Twyford, Wyke, Sparsholt, and other villages, the county proving scarcely less productive of antiquities and stories of times long past than the venerable city itself. Altogether, with Mr. Harper's excellent drawings, the book is one of the most attractive of its class.

Two volumes of Wordsworth are before us—*Selections from Wordsworth*, edited by Professor Knight and other members of the Wordsworth Society (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), and *Selections from Wordsworth*, by A. J. George, M.A. (Boston, U.S.A.: Heath & Co.) There are good features, such as the chronological arrangement, common to both books, though Professor Knight's selection may justly claim precedence, on the ground of its somewhat fuller representation of the poet's work. The notes are brief and sufficient, and the selection shows at all points extreme care and excellent judgment. The book certainly merits the approbation of all Wordsworthians, and should, if any selection may, ensure the attainment of the compiler's aim, which is to popularize the poet among "the masses" and increase the number of the "fit audience" that reads him gladly. Mr. Grove's volume

(1) *Histoire de la renaissance artistique en Italie.* Par Charles Blanc. 2 tomes. Paris: Firmin-Didot.

(2) *Washington et son œuvre.* Par E. Masséras. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Mon oncle et mon curé.* Par Jean de la Brète. Paris: Plon.

comprises an excellent selection and a more liberal annotation, such as American readers who have not Professor Knight's edition of the poet at hand may be grateful for.

Mr. Joseph Hudson Yong's *Lyrics* (New York: Funk & Wagnalls) may be said to do no more than respond to the moderate expectations aroused by the present standard of the American minor bard. There are sonnets and songs, the verse of which flows smoothly enough, though it were hard to designate the purport or to shape the impressions they yield. A bolder spirit is Mr. Thomas James Macartney, who offers *A Bid for the Laureateship* (Simpkin & Co.), a volume of ballads dedicated to warlike themes and others, most of which are modestly commended by the author in an introduction, wherein we are informed that the poet does not in good faith put in a claim to succeed Lord Tennyson, but is convinced, all the same, that he is satisfied with his work and has produced "true and high-class poetry." Few there be, we fancy, who will accept Mr. Macartney's estimate of himself and labours. His ballads are of the ordinary "recitation" order, and may be effective with platform elocutionists. That they will find readers of the other sort we are exceedingly doubtful.

Mr. Cameron Macdowall, reversing an old and familiar process, has made of a drama, written some years since in what he candidly owns to be "blank, very blank verse," a romance in prose entitled *A Queen among Queens* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.). Of the two productions, if our recollection of *The First Empire of the East* serves us, we must prefer the present. "The great and wise Zenobia" is decidedly a more imposing figure in the story than in the play, and Longinus has more of the sublime. Only Mr. Macdowall really should not be so diffident concerning the introduction of his poetry into his romances, and it is always a gratuitous error to bid the reader to skip it. The reader generally does nothing less without the suggestion. Let Mr. Macdowall follow the example of the unabashed Mrs. Radcliffe, whose heroines made poetry when and where they had a mind to it. We should be better pleased with Longinus and Glaucus if they did the like, without any disillusionizing modesty or any affectation for the delusive privacy of a foot-note.

Two pretty stories for small children we have from Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.—*Bert*, by Janie Brockman, told with excellent fidelity to nature by a little girl, the victim of the hero's love of mischief, and *Evie*, by E. G. Wilcox, a more placid narrative, yet wholesome and cheerful.

We have previously commended Mr. J. R. Tutin's way of selection, and have nothing further to say of his excellent selection of *Early Poems by Wordsworth*, recently added to "Routledge's Pocket Library." It is as satisfactory as the *Keats* that preceded it, and to better that were a task for the most fastidious lover of poetry.

The "reciter," by the way, appears to flourish in our midst, to judge from the literary provision set forth in *The Overton Reciter* and *The Browning Reciter* (Hutchins & Co.), two volumes of the "Platform Series," edited by Mr. Alfred H. Miles. The latter of these is a fairly good miscellaneous collection in prose and verse, including "Hervé Riel," and a few other poems by Mr. Browning. The character sketches of Mr. Robert Overton may do very well to vary the reciter's programme, but we should not willingly incur the responsibility of recommending a night with the *Overton Reciter*. These "character sketches" are written in a dreadful kind of dialect, for the most part, and, though not without humour of a sort, are apt to pall if persisted in. Tempered with *The Browning Reciter*, however, the prospect improves.

A Masque of Honour, or *A Saratoga Romance*—both titles hold good—by Caroline Washburn Rockwood (New York: Funk & Wagnalls), introduces for the *n*th time that prodigy of American civilization, the Boston Girl. She is not the girl of our dreams, nor, we imagine, of anybody's fancy, and long before we have done with her the dead weight of an extremely tedious novel has reduced us to indifference.

The new volume of "The Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature" comprises *Cur Deus Homo?* with a selection of the letters of St. Anselm, and a brief biographical introduction by "R. C." (Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh).

We have received new editions of *A Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy*, by George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S., with considerable additions, the first of three volumes (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); *Tom Brown's School Days*, with illustrations by Arthur Hughes and Sydney Prior Hall (Macmillan & Co.); *George Sand*, by Bertha Thomas, "Eminent Women Series" (Allen & Co.), and *The Confessions of a Young Man*, by George Moore (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.).

We have also received the *Key to Todhunter's Integral Calculus*, by H. St. J. Hunter, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Arithmetical Reviews*, by J. L. Patterson, D.Sc. (Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.); the *Catalogue of Hindustani Printed Books* in the Library of the British Museum, with title and subject indices, by Mr. J. F. Blumhardt (Longmans & Co.); and *Caspar's Directory of the American Book, News, and Stationery Trade* (Milwaukee, Wis.: C. N. Caspar), a bulky reference book, with a biographical notice of the late Mr. Frederick Leypoldt, "the martyr of American bibliography," a mighty index-maker and a benefactor to American bookmen.

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AN UN-MANIFEST MANIFESTO.

IT is always rather rash to speak for others, but impartial and careful observers may perhaps be permitted to discover not a little disappointment in the Gladstonian mind over the suddenly-arranged and much-discussed oration at Southport. For some days the paragraph-mongers and the writers of "notes" had been furiously busy over the goings and comings at Hawarden, and over the hasty resolve to deliver a great speech last Wednesday. It was more than whispered that, if not an elaborate revelation, at least significant hints of new departures in Gladstonian policy, would be given. Mr. GLADSTONE was to frame an anathema on the wicked Government and an indictment of its crimes which would not only seat Sir ROBERT PEEL triumphantly at Brighton, but sweep a Tory member into the vast inane "at" (as one of the finest and least hackneyed of Jacobite songs has it) "every whiff of his tartan plaidie." Some very sanguine or very credulous souls even whispered that that new Home Rule scheme for which Mr. GLADSTONE has been so politely, so unwearyingly, and unsuccessfully asked would make its appearance. Alas for the vanity of human expectations! All the mysterious doings, as of a kind of Catilinarian conspiracy (which communicated to the frames of a certain class of newspaper reader a delicious horror as they read how Lord This had driven from Chester, and Mr. That had walked from somewhere else), all the precautions of stage caballing which had been observed, led up to a very ordinary platform speech, with rather more of the usual Gladstonian ambages, and rather less of the usual Gladstonian fire, without a hint of new programmes or new departures, without (is it necessary to say it?) what Mr. GLADSTONE might himself call the ghost of a scintilla of a suspicion of any new Home Rule "plan"—a speech in whose Gladstonian commentators it is surely not fancy which makes us detect a disappointed turning to the sound and fury even of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT himself.

Such disappointment is certainly warrantable enough. Mr. GLADSTONE may not be quite "the ruler of the world," as some enthusiastic Southporter called him; indeed, we had thought that that position was otherwise and already filled. But he is the most important person on one political side in England. And the most important person on one political side in England does not usually break the arranged order of political events to deliver a "first-class" speech (especially after heralding the sudden resolve with mysterious conciliabules and conferences) without some special purpose. The special purpose in the Southport speech can only be found by supposing that some system of passwords was arranged in the dead of night at Hawarden, and that apparently trivial platitudes about the control of the police, and the wickedness of the Turks, and the secret of cohesion among Irishmen, have, on some cryptographic or cryptolalic system, a quite different meaning. In that case we must leave it to the political Mr. DONNELLYS to piece together the scattered keywords, and elaborate the hidden significance. On the face of it the ruler of the world can hardly be said to have delivered a very intelligible allocution to his subjects. It is noticeable, no doubt, that even Mr. GLADSTONE, while availing himself of all his sleight of tongue to make censures of the conduct of the Turks thirteen years ago sound as if they were descriptions of the conduct of the Turks now, gives only the most cautious and gingerly sanction to the reports of Cretan outrages, and distinguishes (in a manner which would do him some credit if we could suppose that he wished to draw his audience's attention to the distinction instead of to make a political "pass") between Cretan "reports" and Armenian "evidence." When he came to criticism of the Government, he seemed to be surprisingly out of pocket. The Jubilee coinage is, it seems, ugly, and apparently it requires no argument to prove that, if Mr. GLADSTONE had been in power, it would have been beautiful. The Government has not passed all the measures indicated in the QUEEN'S Speech; and it is notorious that Mr. GLADSTONE'S Governments have invariably carried through everything proposed in that elastic and sanguine document. There was a Minister of Agriculture before Mr. CHAPLIN; it is true that Mr. GLADSTONE admits that he was not a Minister of Agriculture, but still, when he had nothing else to do (it was "almost nothing," again admits this wonderful controversialist), he sometimes agriculturally ministered. Such Bills as have been carried, and as are good Bills, were carried by the help of the Gladstonians; such Bills as the Gladstonians did not help to carry, were either not carried or were bad Bills. The Irish Union was associated with "shameful proceedings." Irish combination is "peaceful and "not criminal" combination. If the Southport meeting had been held under Irish circumstances, it would not have been held under English circumstances. "Municipal and Local "Government can scarcely be said to exist in Ireland" (this is said when an inhabitant of Southport can hardly open his newspaper without finding some instance where municipal and local governors in Ireland have lavished silly insult on the Government of the country, or refused to do their proper work). And then, with a little of the weary old jangle about the statistics of offences in Ireland and the statistics of votes in England, Mr. GLADSTONE closed a speech in which, for a wonder (or rather for no wonder), even his most frantic partisans have not discovered the greatest speech he ever made, but have, on the contrary, been hard put to it to find any epithets of praise whatever, and still harder put to it to disguise their own disappointment.

We confess to a certain sympathy, or at least a certain condolement, with Mr. GLADSTONE. He has had what seems to his followers an extraordinary, and what is certainly a not inconsiderable, run of luck in the late elections, and it appears to have occurred, either to his own sanguine temperament or to some of his advisers, that it would be well to take it at the flood and make a great speech. He has taken it at the flood, and he has made a speech which, by the tacit confession of his own followers, is not exactly great—indeed, which contains scarcely more matter, and is put with scarcely more force, than the ordinary platform harangues which half a dozen of his followers can produce, and do, as a matter of fact, produce about once a fortnight. There is neither light nor leading in it for his friends, neither dazzlement nor discomfiture for his foes. The electors of Brighton primarily, and the people of England generally, are invited to vote for a Home Rule Bill which is still sealed up; for Disestablishment in Scotland and Wales, if Scotland and Wales wish for it (which puts the question no further than both were put before); for a foreign policy which is only indicated by the reminder that one half-European, half-Asiatic nation did shocking things thirteen years ago; for a home policy which contains little more inspiriting than a few amendments to the Local Government and Allotments Acts; for an Irish policy which reduces its intelligible expression to the statements that the Union was very shameful, that boiling-water throwers are very peaceful, that it is disgraceful of policemen to go into a shop, not because they want anything, but to see if they will be refused (the action of inspectors of milk in this country must seem to Mr. GLADSTONE a base mixture of tyranny and fraud); that there is a great deal of sympathy between different classes (except landlords) in Ireland, and that England ought to afford Ireland a "sisterly embrace"—from which we can

only suppose that when the Prodigal Son asked for the portion of goods that fell to him Mr. GLADSTONE would have described this as a "filial hug." All this they have had before a hundred times, even the cautious advance of Mr. GLADSTONE's approval of boycotting and the Plan of Campaign being so cautious as to be all but imperceptible. If they find the repetition, with less force and less sweetening of ornament, stimulating, they may be congratulated on their freedom from the usual course of the dram-drinker, political and other; but they can hardly be congratulated on anything else.

THE CENSORSHIP OF MUSIC-HALLS.

THE London County Council has earned for the first time warm approval by the manner in which it discharged last week the most important duty transferred to it from the Middlesex magistrates. So far as the Council as a body is concerned, the praise has been well earned and justly bestowed. The decisions at which the majority—the very considerable majority—of members arrived were in accordance with reason and common sense. As much cannot be said for the recommendations of the Licensing Committee, which had in several instances to be overruled. Lord ROSEBERY, whose consent to be again nominated as Chairman gave almost universal satisfaction, thought it necessary or politic to congratulate Mr. MCDOUGALL upon his energy and vigour as a self-constituted Inquisitor-General. It should be said in Mr. MCDOUGALL's favour that in the Council Chamber he conducted himself with decency, and avoided the deplorable example set by Mr. CHARRINGTON. The language repeatedly adopted by the latter Councillor, in reference to the morals of women who frequent music-halls, was not only indecorous, but unmanly and unchristian. Mr. NATHAN ROBINSON's emphatic protest against the cruel and hypocritical policy of hunting from pillar to post every woman susp c ed of vice is far more in accordance with the principles which Pharisees like Mr. CHARRINGTON profess, and do not follow. While, however, giving credit to Mr. MCDOUGALL for the comparative self-restraint which he observed, we would venture to point out the utter absurdity of the course which he pursued. Instead of travelling for health or recreation, this gentleman, says Lord ROSEBERY, nobly employed himself in going round from one music-hall to another, accompanied by a pencil and a note-book. It is impossible not to be struck by the similarity of this proceeding to that of another notorious busybody four or five years ago. Fortunately for Mr. MCDOUGALL and for the public, the County Council are not called upon to grant or withhold licences for the places visited by the inquisitor of 1885. Most people will agree with Lord ROSEBERY in thinking that the ordinary music-hall song, especially when read by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, is not particularly amusing. But if anybody's morals are capable of being corrupted by it, they must, in the famous phrase of JUNIUS, have reached that maturity of corruption at which the worst examples cease to be contagious. The extreme silliness of these ditties is really distressing. Their impropriety is ridiculously exaggerated.

Whenever the Committee recommended that the structure of a music-hall was unsafe, the Council rightly supported the Committee, and refused the application. The question of ethics was obviously a very different one. Mr. MCDOUGALL's difficulties in the performance of his task may be imagined. The songs sung at these entertainments are not printed, so that the unhappy man must have been reduced to relying upon his note-book for the jokes and upon his memory for the style. Lord ROSEBERY reminded the Council that the duties cast upon them were quasi-judicial, and ought to be discharged in a judicial spirit. But it is a fundamental rule of judicial procedure, at least in this country, that a judge cannot be a witness in a cause tried before himself. The business of the Licensing Committee is to take evidence, not to make it. They did communicate with the police, through Mr. MONRO, and the police reported that there was no ground of complaint against any of the institutions for which renewed licences were sought. Of course the Committee were not bound, though they would perhaps have done well, to be satisfied with this negative result. They might fairly enough have given a hearing to any respectable person who could prove any gross violation of decorum. But, if the Council encourage or tolerate the efforts of any "represen-" tative" PAUL PRY who may have a fancy for what Scotch lawyers call "vicious intromission," they will bring themselves into general disrepute, and a clean sweep will be made of them two years hence. There are many worthy persons—we do not know whether Mr. MCDOUGALL is one of them—who regard all public amusements as unedifying, and theatres or music-halls as downright wicked. They are entitled to hold their opinions, and to abstain from going to the play. But the reign of the Puritan will require a greater man than Mr. MCDOUGALL to re-establish it in London. If Lord ROSEBERY, instead of patting this rather grotesque personage effusively on the back, had administered to him a mild snubbing, he would have increased his own reputation for sagacity at the cost of a little temporary unpopularity.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

AT the meetings of the Fox Club, after the names of FOX, and GREY, and HOLLAND, "nephew of Fox and friend "of GREY," have been honoured, a toast is drunk to "The "memory of Lord JOHN RUSSELL." The inheritors of the true Whig traditions ignore the later peerage, and recognize only the title most durably associated with the fame of the last of the Whigs. Mr. SPENCER WALPOLE, in the biography which he has just published through Messrs. LONGMANS, has followed this example. He has given us the Life of "Lord JOHN RUSSELL." The usage of history has been very capricious in the matter of titles. As Lord MACAULAY pointed out, it has peremptorily refused to acknowledge Viscount ST. ALBANS and Baron VERULAM, and knows only Lord BACON; which is as much as if a future generation should ignore the Earl of BEACONSFIELD and Viscount HUGHENDEN, and insist, to the horror of Garter-King-at-Arms, or whoever may be the proper person to be horrified, on speaking and writing of Lord DISRAELI. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE and PULTENEY have survived the titles of ORFORD and BATH; CARTERET remains CARTERET in spite of the GRANVILLE earldom; and SHELBURNE is SHELBURNE, notwithstanding the Marquisate of LANSDOWNE. On the other hand, HARLEY is indifferently HARLEY and OXFORD; BOLINGBROKE, thanks partly to POPE, is scarcely less familiar to posterity as ST. JOHN than as BOLINGBROKE; and the elder PITT is as frequently CHATHAM as PITT. As a rule, a man will naturally be remembered and spoken of by the name which he has borne longest, and which is associated with his greatest achievements. Lord JOHN RUSSELL's work was almost done when he became Earl RUSSELL. This, indeed, he himself felt in the speech in which he bade farewell to his constituents of the City of London just before his elevation to the peerage; he said that he felt much as CHARLES V. must have done when he attended as chief mourner at his own symbolic funeral. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, indeed, at one time contemplated, as appears from Mr. WALPOLE's pages, associating, as Lord SALISBURY has done, and as CANNING for a time thought of doing, the Premiership with the office of Foreign Secretary, and leaving the Commons for the Lords, as CANNING did not think of doing. This was in the midst of his troubles, and those of the Court, with Lord PALMERSTON, during his first Administration. If this plan had been carried out, the course of events might have been different. The knot of rivalry between these two competitors for place and power, which was with much difficulty untied, might have been cut. The name of Earl RUSSELL might possibly have become as famous as that of Earl GREY, of whom no one speaks or thinks as Mr. GREY. The title and substance of Mr. SPENCER WALPOLE's biography might have been different. It would, no doubt, in that case have been, as it is now, an excellent biography.

The association of the names of RUSSELL and WALPOLE on the same title-page has a historic appropriateness. The descendant of the greatest of the House of Commons Whigs, of the inventor and ablest practitioner of the art of government by debate and Parliamentary management, has a sort of hereditary qualification for writing the life of the last of his political line. Mr. WALPOLE's lineage is indeed curiously crossed. He is the grandson, and has been the biographer, of SPENCER PERCEVAL, and he is the son of a Conservative statesman, now living in honoured retirement, whose uprightness and purity and scholarly cultivation recall the best traditions of Parliamentary life. But there has been a reversion to the Whiggism of the original stock. Mr. WALPOLE has other more positive qualifications than these sentimental ones for being the bio-

grapher of Lord JOHN RUSSELL. The historian of England, from the year 1815 to the Crimean War, he has a minute and full acquaintance with the events of the period which is covered by Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S political life. The background of the picture was already filled in in his mind before he undertook the special task which he has successfully accomplished. Mr. WALPOLE'S *Life of Lord John Russell* is of a high order of excellence. It is not, perhaps, quite of the highest order. It is a work of skill rather than of genius, of the artisan rather than of the artist. There are some biographies which, by charm of form and style, have taken a permanent place in literature, independent of the secondary interest attaching to their subject—such as, to confine ourselves to contemporary instances, CARLYLE'S *Sterling*, and, perhaps, Mr. DISRAELI'S *Lord George Bentinck*. There are others in which both sources of interest combine, as in Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN'S *Early History of Charles James Fox*. If Sir GEORGE could have been contented for a few years, instead of only for a few months, with the pursuits of an English gentleman in exile from politics, and so restored to letters, if he had not suffered himself to be beckoned away by a meaner ambition to meaner things, we can conceive him writing a Life of Lord JOHN RUSSELL which would have taken its place side by side with his Lives of FOX and of MACAULAY. If, again, Mr. LECKY could have been released from the *lien* which the eighteenth century has upon his time and faculties, and handed for a time over to the nineteenth, we can imagine his producing work which would have joined the charm of personal portraiture — for which his intimate acquaintance with Lord RUSSELL well equipped him—with philosophic insight and grasp of political principles, and the mastery of a style tinged with the colours of imagination, but still transparent to the light, firm, yet flexible, to every movement of thought.

Though Mr. WALPOLE'S Life of Lord JOHN is not the best of all conceivable biographies by the best of all conceivable biographers, it is a valuable and well-executed work, worthy of the author, and not unworthy of the subject. It was almost inevitable that it should be somewhat marred by the controversial character scarcely separable from it. Mr. WALPOLE has had to vindicate Lord JOHN from serious accusations of personal and self-seeking ambition, which subordinated good faith to his colleagues and the welfare of his country to his own advancement. We think he has done so successfully. But, in order to do so, he has had to go with much minuteness into rather paltry details. His pages are strewed with documents which might better have been banished to an appendix of *pièces justificatives*. They litter the ground in large blocks and masses, instead of being worked up into the building. A great part of the book—notably that portion of it which deals with Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S retirement from office under Lord ABERDEEN'S Government, his conduct at the Vienna Conference, his retention of his place in Lord PALMERSTON'S Administration after the rejection of the plan of peace which he brought from Vienna—is rather the pleading of counsel for the defence than biography. Lord JOHN is not, we believe, chargeable with anything worse than infirmity of purpose in these transactions, with not knowing his own mind soon enough and acting upon it promptly enough. His proposal, in the early and disastrous stages of the Crimean War, that the dual government of the War Department should be abolished, by the merging of the offices of Secretary for War and Secretary at War, was sound, and was afterwards acted on; and, if he had resigned office when his advice was refused, he would have been clear in the eyes of the country and the end which he aimed at would have been gained. But he yielded, without any selfish motive, to the pressure put upon him to remain, and so timed his resignation as to suggest the suspicion that he deserted his colleagues in a moment of peril which he ought to have braved with them. He ought to have resigned when what he thought satisfactory proposals for peace were rejected by his colleagues; but he could not have done so, or so he fancied, without disclosing matters, affecting France, which he was bound in honour to keep to himself. He therefore remained in office and held his tongue, and the result was his almost ignominious expulsion from office when the part which he had played at Vienna became half-known. He bravely endured obloquy, not disclosing the whole truth, which would have to a great extent set him right, but as to which he deemed his lips to be in honour sealed. If he had left office earlier and held his tongue, there would have been surmise and suspicion, but he would have been free from the imputation of consenting to an unnecessary war.

On these points, which for a time weakened the public confidence, not merely in the statesmanlike capacity of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, but in his straightforwardness and integrity, Mr. WALPOLE puts his conduct in a new and better light. It relieves a character which, as it appears in these volumes, is singularly engaging and impressive, from the stains which imperfect information left upon it. Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S title is vindicated to a high place, not only among English statesmen, but among English worthies. There was a certain mountain air breathing round him, thin and keen, perhaps, but pure and bracing, untainted by the exhalations which are given out on lower levels of character. There was a granite basis in his character on which the foot could firmly rest; and though the soil seemed bleak and bare and rugged, it was better than the shifting sand and treacherous swamp, often covered with luxuriant vegetation, which betray those who trust them. Lord JOHN was sometimes suspected of shiftiness and slyness. There is, as has been remarked, such a thing as the simplicity of knavery. The cheat is often the most credulous of men. There is, on the other hand, such a thing as the astuteness of simplicity, the self-complacency of an ingenuous mind in little artifices of the most transparent kind which deceive no one. It was the recognition of this side of Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S character which led SYDNEY SMITH to say of him that if he once began to intrigue he was lost. He hid his designs in a speech as the conspirators in the *Rovers* hid theirs in a song. Perhaps the moral quality which stood him most in stead with his countrymen was his pluck and his love of combat. The impulse which led him when a schoolboy at Westminster to play truant from his writing lesson in order to go and see a prize-fight was that which led him when still a lad to the Duke of WELLINGTON'S lines before Torres Vedras, and which later made him drink delight of battle in the windy halls of St. Stephen's. It was not the victorious cause or the beaten cause which pleased him, but the struggling cause. He rallied to the forlorn hope; and when his own fortunes were most desperate his courage was highest, his step lightest, his bearing most gallant. It was this unfailing courage, springing in part from consciousness of resources and in part supplying them, which made a public speaker who was rarely an orator always a consummate debater. Lord JOHN RUSSELL is one instance among many of the falsity of the doctrine that courage is a function of health, a result of the vigorous action of the heart, the consequence of the steady and adequate supply of blood to the brain. The infirm health from which he suffered through life is probably accountable for many of his mistakes. There is traceable in his public career, in his thoughts and actions, a want of sustained continuity. He was flighty and apparently capricious. The audacity which DANTON thought the first requisite in a statesman and the patience to which PITT gave the highest place may be useless without sound lungs and a good digestion. The physical basis of statesmanship was insufficient in Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and his projects were often like the walls which BALZAC built round his garden without foundations, and which the first gust of wind overthrew. No one was more ingenious than he, or more prolific in plans. The sketch of the Reform Bill which he drew up on a sheet of notepaper is only one of many projects which he drew up in the shape of Cabinet memoranda, schemes of national defence, outlines of foreign policy, and the like, with an Abbé SIEYÈS fertility. Many of the schemes to which later statesmanship has given effect were suggested long before by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and overruled by the Cabinet. In 1848 he proposed a scheme, in principle similar to Mr. GLADSTONE'S, for limiting the power of ejectment in Ireland, and giving security to the tenant. He anticipated Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S plan of Provincial Councils, and proposed, with a further access of unwisdom, as we deem it, to apply the same system to the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. But for opposition in his Cabinet many of the measures—politic or unpolitic, we are not speaking of that—which have made the fame of succeeding Liberal Governments might have been associated with his name. Of the beauty and charm of his private life and character, his sportiveness with his children, his harmless verses, his genuine but sober and rational piety, we have no space to speak. Many illustrations of them will be found in Mr. WALPOLE'S volumes. His dying declaration that, in spite

of all his mistakes, he had aimed at the public good, the rudest adversary will not question. If with him, as well as with others, the spirit of conflict sometimes obscured this aim, it was not the less truly there.

THE OPENING OF THE REICHSTAG.

WHILE the German EMPEROR has gone off on peaceful pleasuring, with a wedding and perhaps some little business thrown in, to give it an object, his representative in Berlin has read a Speech from the Throne which was nothing if not businesslike. The reported flatness of the proceedings illustrates not ill the intensely personal character which politics still have in Germany; but the actual hearers of a Royal Speech form in no country the really important portion of its audience. There is assuredly nothing in the Speech to allay the fears of those who look forward to a Battle of Armageddon, nor anything to disturb the forecasts of those who, while fearing nothing, anticipate not a few evil things. If there is no defiance in the Speech, there is a great deal about defence. There are references, of course, to that peculiar policy which will probably, as far as domestic affairs go, be the special point of Prince BISMARCK'S history to which the historian will devote his attention—the combination, namely, of active measures against unauthorized Socialism with measures no less active for the propagation of the Socialism which is authorized. Attempts in this direction have, of course, been made elsewhere; but it was reserved for Prince BISMARCK to make a kind of *régie* of Socialism. There is, further, reference to the affairs of East Africa; and there is the announcement (which will bring a grim smile to English countenances) that "the costs of the expedition "could not, for various reasons, be kept within the sum "made available." The occasions when the costs of such an expedition could be so kept, in all the ample experience of England, are uncommonly far to seek, and the Germans will find it the same. But all these things are uninteresting beside the fresh appeals for aid "to develop the efficiency of "the army and its readiness for action," of course only with a final regard to "the securing of peace," and with cheerful hopes that, "with GOD'S help" (and the EMPEROR'S visits to friends), "peace will be maintained in the coming "year." Meanwhile Germany, wise in her generation, makes herself ready for battle.

It is not unnatural that the somewhat eccentric action of a junior member of the other great ruling House of Germany should have attracted attention in connexion with this very Speech. There is not a little oddity in the HAPSBURGS, and the Archduke JOHN has always had the reputation of possessing his full share of it, combined with a share at least as full of the remarkable, though intermittent, ability of the House. But his desire to unprince himself is said to be connected with despair or despondency at the present condition of the Austrian army; and it must also be remembered that no royal line in Europe has produced more soldiers of ability, if not always of good fortune, than that of HAPSBURG-LORRAINE. The matter is only important because, if the Archduke's motives are correctly reported, and his judgment not over-estimated, a serious discouragement will have been given to those who attributed the repeated recent attempts to run down the Austrian army partly to Russian jealousy and boastfulness, partly to a merely mechanical reminiscence of the ill-luck of Austria in recent contests. It may be said safely and unhesitatingly that there is no army in Europe on the strength and efficiency of which the maintenance of the peace of Europe depends more, even if there be any on which it depends so much. No nation has better military material, nor has any a more plentiful supply of the class of officers which, as even tolerably sensible Democrats are beginning to discover and allow, it is almost impossible to replace by any other class. But, for this reason and that, mismanagement has been chronic in Austrian armies for centuries. It was hoped that considerable improvement had been made, and it would still be unwise to take what may be the crotchet of an individual as final evidence to the contrary. But it may be admitted that the symptom is not reassuring, especially when the other side of the Galician frontier already swarms with Russian soldiers like an anthill with ants, while reinforcements are constantly arriving.

A JUDICIAL ALLANTOPOLES.

TOM CANT, butcher, of Colchester, achieved unexpected success on Tuesday in the Bankruptcy Court of his native town. He succeeded madly, as the French say. Whether he obtained his discharge or not is a point of minor importance, on which such records as we have been able to consult are silent. But he procured from the Bench a recognition of his merits as a man of business, and a gratuitous advertisement of his wares such as his fondest imaginings can hardly have anticipated. TOM, it must be admitted, has entirely cleared his mind of the objectionable quality which his name connotes. He is a practical cynic, who believes that if you want a thing you should not only ask for it, but pay in advance. He wanted his discharge, he believed in the goodness of his pork sausages, and forthwith he sent some to the Judge. The practice is an old one—older than sausages, or Western civilization. From the days of CLODIUS to the days of PALMER accused persons have not hesitated to supplement the rectitude of conscious innocence by the persuasive offer of succulent morsels. PALMER, if we remember rightly, sent the Coroner a turbot, a brace of partridges, and a barrel of oysters. The Coroner ate them, and was severely censured by Lord CAMPBELL, who probably thought the transaction extravagant as well as corrupt. A certain judge, as the Greek ARNOLD describes the functionary who was pursued by a black hen, and who had an upper chamber whenever he stayed in town—a certain judge of the superior Courts in our own day received a present of game from an unknown source. He consumed it, and gave GOD thanks. Shortly afterwards he was favoured with a letter from the donor, suggesting that he should decide an election petition in favour of the sitting member. He swore, but not all the oaths in Christendom could help him to return those pheasants or those hares. As he did not happen to be one of the election judges, he had not even the barren satisfaction of declaring the seat vacant on account of bribery. Mr. SPEDDING defended BACON on the ground that, having taken gratification from both sides, he proceeded to determine the case by the principles of law or equity. According to this view, Magna Carta should provide only against undue preference in the sale of justice. But even Mr. SPEDDING'S theory, which was perhaps invented under stress of Baconian enthusiasm, would not have helped Judge ABDY of Colchester. For, in the first place, it does not appear that any one sent him sausages except TOM CANT; and, in the second place, few people would be at the expense of buying sausages for the sake of preventing the discharge of a gentleman in difficulties. A more eccentric piece of ill-nature it would indeed be difficult to conceive.

It might be supposed, by the loose and hasty thinker, that the judge would have returned the sausages, or given them to the poor, and either committed the sender for contempt or said nothing about the matter. But Judge ABDY has peculiar ideas of judicial dignity. He delivered an allocution which must have been impressive to hear, and which it would be sacrilegious to abbreviate. "Are you "the person who sent me some sausages?" he exclaimed. "You really must not do it. I am afraid you did it in "view of the application. I thought it was a parcel from "a gentleman who sends me roses; and, when I found they "were sausages, I was obliged to take them, because I did "not know where to send them back. I must say that "they were extremely good; but you must not do it. You "really must not." Upon the consideration of this passage several reflections arise. There is the subaltern question of style, or, as some have propounded it, how to be vulgar without being witty. Then, again, a point might be taken as to how the judge identified the "person" before him with the sender of the sausages. Are all senders of sausages alike? Then it would be interesting to know whether the gentleman who sends Judge ABDY roses is also an uncertificated bankrupt or some one otherwise desiring the favour of the Court. The use of the word "must" is also very curious and singular. "I *must* say," "you *must* "not do it." It cannot mean compulsion in both instances, because the Judge was clearly not obliged to say that the sausages were good. Does it, then, imply necessity in either? There are occasions when "must not" signifies rather less than this, as when the feminine Quaker, in the well-known story, observed "Thou must not make a practice of it." Uttered by a great actor, the phrases "You must "not do it—and yet I must say they were very good—but "you must not do it" would be most effective, though

doubtless not in the way intended by Judge ABDY. We do not know whether Judge ABDY feels towards sausages as HURRELL FROUDE used to feel towards buttered toast. The saint succumbed when that esculent appeared, and sausages seem to be too much for the self-restraint of the learned person who settles the litigation of Colchester.

A DEATH AND A WEDDING.

THE announcement of the death of Dom LUIS, late King of Portugal and Algarve, and the approach of the wedding of the Duke of SPARTA, have during this week kept up the hackneyed mixture of passing and wedding bells in the parish of Europe. What is called the political significance of such events is always of a disputable and (as a popular, but not ignorant, writer once enraged those critics who hate to have to turn to a dictionary and are too ill educated to escape that necessity, by saying) "aleatory" character. But, such as it is, it attaches rather to the wedding than to the funeral. Dom LUIS of Portugal, though he had not had by any means a long life, had had a long reign, as reigns go, and, as reigns go in Southern Europe, a quiet one. He had had time, and had availed himself of it, to put Portugal on a level with Saxony, and above all other kingdoms, as having produced a Royal author who, if he did not produce literature of the very first class himself, at any rate occupied himself only with such. The Saxon monarch chose DANTE, the Portuguese SHAKSPEARE; we are not aware that there is, or has been, any crowned Homerist to make up the triad. In fact, the Portuguese sovereign had not much else to do. Once during the last thirty years Portugal has had an important internal disturbance—that brought about by the *coup-d'état*, revolt, rebellion, candidateship for the mayoralty of the palace, or whatever it may be called, of the Duke of SALDANHA in 1870. The blow was parried with sufficient adroitness by King LUIS, who gave way, only to get the better afterwards. Otherwise the internal politics of Portugal have attracted, and perhaps deserved, little notice from outside. The credit of the country, once deeply sunk and never very stable, has somewhat recovered of late years; but doctors differ as to the cause of the recovery, some assigning it to Stock Exchange devices, others to a solid prosperity. A considerable increase in manufacturing industry has also lately been noticed. But the part played by the reigning family in all these matters has not been very large. Indeed, in both the Peninsular kingdoms, which by so odd a coincidence were, within a few years, thrown under the distaff in the first generation of this century, constitutional government has done its best, or worst, to reduce the sovereign from the position of a captain whose orders are obeyed to that of a helmsman who can, indeed, run the ship on the rocks by his clumsiness or save her by his skill, so long as he is at the helm, but who cannot count upon the submission of the crew. And this would seem—whether in consequence of the difference of character between the dead MARIA DA GLORIA and the living Queen or ex-Queen ISABEL or not—to have been even more the case in Portugal than in Spain.

It is impossible that Portugal should not be a subject of interest, and not merely of sentimental interest, to Englishmen. The long period during which the greater Power safeguarded the lesser, while the lesser supplied the greater with that admirable liquor the consumption of which helped to produce our greatest statesmen, soldiers, and savants, cannot easily be forgotten, crowned as it was by the almost unparalleled relation of England to Portugal in the Peninsular War. Then, when their rulers ran away, when their armies ran away in a different sense likewise, when they lay a helpless prey to the spoiler, we took the Portuguese up in earnest. The obligation was, indeed, not wholly on their side; for the honour of providing a site for the lines of Torres Vedras was, it must be confessed, something balanced by the inconvenience of being made subject to invasion by Marshal MASSENA. But the Englishman may certainly say that he was *bon prince* to Portugal. He fought her battles, he paid for everything he himself took or spent, he lent her great sums of money (much of which has never been paid off till this day), he taught her sons, under BERESFORD and PACK, to become something more than decent soldiers, he gave her the glory of being the one kingdom in Continental Europe which, save for the briefest moment, made head continuously against NAPOLEON, and started the resistance which rolled the tyrant off his throne. M. CHERBULIEZ would, of course, account for what followed by the well-known and deplorable want of sympathy of the English character with other races—a want of sympathy which seems something to resemble that which exists, let us say, between Swiss and Frenchmen. Portugal had seen so much of England, and owed so much to her, that she began to dislike her. Others put the estrangement down to the Liberal craze which came upon England and made her force Liberal sovereigns on peoples who did not want them. It pleased Englishmen, not of one shade of politics only, to represent Dom MIGUEL as a mixture of brute and fool; some impartial historical students have difficulty in avoiding the conclusion that Portugal really preferred him. However this may be, things have notoriously for many years been becoming cooler and cooler between those who were once the fastest friends in the European family. Whether Dom CARLOS, who now succeeds, will be able or will be disposed to do anything to alter this remains to be seen. He would be a sanguine person who entertained high hopes in the matter. King CARLOS has married a daughter of the Count of PARIS, and every French Pretender knows that a slight put on England is a recommendation to Frenchmen. Moneyed men in Portugal (except part of the wine interest) want Protection to enable their new manufactures to compete with English trade, and the ancient pride of the nation revolts at the idea of handing over its shadowy sovereignty in Africa to English newcomers. This kind of international sulking seldom comes to any good end unless the stronger party either shakes the nonsense out of the weaker or coaxes it into sense again. Nowadays we call the former process "brutal" and the latter "degrading."

The marriage of the Duke of SPARTA with a German Princess has the possibilities of a larger political influence, but only the possibilities. An alliance nearer to England than one in which the daughter of an English Princess Royal marries the nephew of a Princess of Wales is not easily imaginable. But the modifications of constitutionalism on the one hand, and of the—at first sight—rather unconstitutional practice of supplying kingdoms and princedoms with foreign incumbents of their sovereign office at so much per head, have introduced strange changes in such matters. The kingdom of Greece is but just over the half-century in years, and that half-century has seen one dynasty upset, and another (unless rumour lies very much) thinking more than once of abdicating. The mischief of such arrangements is that the real relation of monarch and people can hardly be established by them. It has come nearest to establishment in Sweden, perhaps, but even there it is a little precarious. It is not merely that the "Supper of CANDIDE" has now nothing surprising about it, and that anybody could get together not only a small supper party of doubtful adventurers, but a large dinner party of authentic ex-holders of crowns, or claimants to them on the most undeniable title-deeds. The fault rather is that the new kind of king, even if he is prosperous and popular, stands towards his people in a quite different relation from the old. He is rather like a secretary of a public institution under whose care that institution has prospered, or a popular stationmaster, or a "powerful" curate. The sincerest efforts may be made to retain him in his situation, all men may say good things of him, slippers, teapots full of gold pieces, portraits of himself in oils by the best masters, or their equivalents, may positively rain on him. But the nation does not feel itself the king's *chose*, does not identify itself, its weal and woe, with his, would regard *Moriamur pro rege nostro* (all contention as to that contentious phrase being here waived) as mere unbusinesslike lunacy. It is, therefore, impossible to pretend any intense political interest in the coming alliance. Nevertheless, it is almost certainly intended as a buttress, slight in itself, but possibly useful, of the structure which, chiefly by one man's energy and foresight, has been built up in the middle of Europe against the levity of one end and the greed of the other. As such it is welcome enough, especially to a nation which can still send a fleet to the Piræus to fetch off hard-bestead royalty, if it be necessary.

DOGS AND THEIR COMMENTATORS.

THE person using the rather clumsy signature "Dog-"hater" has certainly "drawn," in a highly effective manner, a considerable company of those who write letters to newspapers. He wrote with his pen what a good number of persons habitually think in their minds. They are, for the most part, scattered individuals, and seldom express their "misocyny," as Miss Frances Power Cobbe calls it, articulately. They are rather to be pitied, because there are so many dogs about that it is inconvenient to hate them all. No one, therefore, should grudge "Dog-"hater" the mild pleasure of having provoked a good number of antagonists to give themselves away in a picturesque and abject manner.

All the antics of the persons who think it sacrilege to dislike dogs pale into insignificance beside a contribution to the literature of dogs and muzzles which some anonymous person has given to the world, in pamphlet form, with engravings on wood. The pamphlet is called *Hydrophobia of* 1889*; its Cause and Cure* (London: W. Roberts). It is described on the title-page as "Written by a Dog with a "Sore Nose." The greater part of the text, however, purports to be written by a man owning a dog; but occasionally, for a few sentences, the author has remembered his cunning device, and put his observations into the mouth of a supposed dog. The author, speaking in his own person, summarizes his account of the existing Muzzling Order in these words:—"Now the matter is this: The governing classes "find every year that it is more difficult to govern the "country, and, therefore, they must have resort to super-"stition, for rabies in dogs is nothing more than super-"stition." The dog, by the way, appears to be of a slightly different opinion; for he—at least it seems to be the dog—surmises that the early stages of diphtheria, especially when complicated with "anxious thoughts," is what "is called "by party feeling and party scientific men 'Hydrophobia.'" There is certainly some difference between diphtheria and superstition; but it should be added to the credit of the man that the dog is not absolutely faithful to its theory of diphtheria, for it remarks on the same page that hydrophobia "is nothing more than breathing impure air."

These opinions of the author and his intelligent quadruped are further supported by anecdote. "It is not so long ago "that an old lady died with the symptoms of hydrophobia, "whom [*sic*] it was proved had never been bitten by any "dog. It came out, she once had a pet dog; so the intelli-"gent jury brought in their verdict that the lady had been "licked by a dog, causing hydrophobia; and at the time of "the trial of the Crofters in Edinburgh, one of the wit-"nesses, when he came into Court, howled like a dog, and "shortly after died;——" there is a little more, but after a line so strictly decasyllabic and in its matter so suggestive of "Maud," it does not seem necessary to say more about the story than to point out that the Crofters' case and the old lady's case had nothing whatever to do with each other. The essay further contains a disquisition upon witchcraft, because all those persons who believe in rabies in man, or "hydrophobia in dogs, would believe in woman having the "power of bewitching others, and bringing ill-fortune and "disease upon them by their 'touch' or look." The author sees in the current apprehension of rabies, and some other circumstances, signs of a recrudescence of belief in witchcraft. It has been growing upon us. "Fifteen years ago "England was in a much more advanced state as a great "Power than it is now. Something had to be done to" check "the rising colossal thoughts of such men as "Charles Bradlaugh, and the Government had no other "resource than their old game of superstition; and to "encourage the Salvation Army through such despicable "men as the late Mr. Newdegate. . . ." Since 1874, therefore, superstition has increased among us, "and "when witchery and hydrophobia have thoroughly grown "into the minds of the millions, they will be nicely in the "hands of the power who rules the wand." In order that there may be no mistake as to what wand-ruler it is that is gradually enslaving the millions by pretending to believe in rabies, there here follows a spirited woodcut of Lord Salisbury, somewhat tightly draped in a wizard robe, waving a long wand, and wearing an oval Union Jack across his chest. Briefly, but earnestly, the dog—who has relieved the human author at some unspecified point—dwells on the powerful nature of superstitious motives. "Look again at the actor and the stage; how jealous the "Dissenters are of the money which is spent by the people "in listening to a moral sermon, with sublime music and "scene-shifting." The essay breaks off rather suddenly. The concluding sentence is:—"Most persons will accept of "a pup-dog for their children to play with, not having to "pay a tax till it is six months old, and by that time it is "taken to a distance on purpose to be lost." We do not precisely understand how it helps to demonstrate the identity of rabies with superstition—or even with diphtheria.

CRETE AND ARMENIA.

THE political dissenter is rarely a man of much literature, and it is improbable that Messrs. Wigner, Owen, Pattison, and the others who, in the name of the Baptist Union, have petitioned Lord Salisbury on the subject of the Cretan "atrocities," know where the following words are to be found:—"They are not historians of an action, "but lawyers of a party. They are retained by their "principles and bribed by their interests. Their narrations "are an opening of their cause: and in the front of their "histories there ought to be written the prologue of a "pleading, *I am for the plaintiff*, or *I am for the defendant*." But the reverend gentlemen would have done well to remember the words, and will do well to read and mark them before they again take for gospel the assertions of the Special Correspondent of the *Daily News* about Crete. Indeed, the Correspondent himself might upbraid them, for they credit him with "giving details of the horrible viola-"tion and mutilation of women of the island"—which, no doubt, he would have been very glad to give, but which he certainly did not, while even "details" are not evidence. The exaggeration (we use words carefully ourselves, and, therefore, we do not use a stronger term) as to the four regiments who were reported to be mutinying and chasing Shakir Pasha is another case in point. It may be said (and the ultra-guarded language of Mr. Gladstone himself at Southport is the best proof of it) that, up to the present time, we have no trustworthy details, and very few details at all, about any Cretan "atrocities," though, no doubt, the unwearying efforts of the atrocity-mongers have made Shakir's almost accomplished task somewhat more difficult, and have rendered actual bloodshed and suffering far more probable.

Turcophobe mendacity about Armenia takes a somewhat different form. In Crete it is a little monotonous, even the mutiny being a bright relief to the dull uniformity of invented or unproved outrage. The vicissitudes of the inquiry into Moussa Bey's misdeeds present better opportunities, and the newspaper people, spurred by these, show some ingenuity in devising perpetually different results, all of which can be equally adjusted to show the wickedness of the Turk. Impartial onlookers have always admitted that there is a danger of partiality in this case. The Sultan is not the only person who has adopted the great principle of an English patriot, that "it is not well to discourage "friends." It is odd that people who admire Mr. Gladstone for shutting his eyes, and do their best to shut their own, to the sun-clear evidence of Irish Nationalist crime, should be so angry with the Sultan for not washing his hands at once of Moussa. Moussa is a much more respectable person than some of the advanced wing of the Parnellite party, for the simple reason he is more than half a barbarian, and they are *censés* to be civilized. But, if the Sultan has any such weakness, and if he indulges it, he will commit a tremendous blunder. Exaggerated as the charges against the Kurds doubtless are, there is also no doubt that they are in part true, and that it is in the very highest degree unwise to give, in the most vulnerable side of the Empire, an excuse to an enemy who is only too willing to wound. The error of the Turkish Government in the matter seems, indeed, to be the error, not of tyrants, or ruffians, or bigots, but of people deficient in common sense and appreciation of the facts of life. If you are strong enough to bid foreigners to mind their own business when they make representations about the misgovernment of your subjects, it is a capital thing to do so. But if inquiries have to be granted, they should be full, free, and prompt, and every possible precaution should be taken to remove real causes of complaint. Invented causes it is, of course, impossible to remove; but they are almost harmless unless they can be mixed up with a little of the real thing. And that is why the real thing should be stamped out as soon as found. No service that Moussa can ever render

the Porte will compensate for the harm done to it by his adoption of those twelfth- or thirteenth-century ways which during the nineteenth century are tolerable to Gladstonians only in their own friends.

THE CONSERVATISM OF CATS.

CATS are being exhibited at the Crystal Palace. It is not an emotional show. Mr. MAX MÜLLER tells a pretty anecdote of how his dachshund recognized him afar off at one of the canine exhibitions, and did his best to make up for the want of articulate language by affectionate demonstrations. Cats are noble animals, but not demonstrative. In an effusive age the cat remains calm, dignified, impassive, the Red Indian of the animal creation. The cat is not like the dog; it is melancholy to think what man has made of *him* and what he has made of man. Every vice of the age reflects itself in the modern dog. He is self-conscious, affected, communicative, gushing, the victim of *ennui*; he thirsts for excitement, for society, for public notice. From room to room he speeds, looking for that in which he finds most society and is most brought forward. He is vain of his accomplishments, and delights in begging, in refusing or accepting, bits of cake "from "Mr. GLADSTONE," in "giving three cheers for the QUEEN," in saying "WILLIAM." Mr. ROMANES mentions a dog in Dumfries who could say "WILLIAM." Nobody ever heard of a cat who attempted anything of that sort. It is told of a dog, living in a small country house, that when the local magnate had other magnates staying with him, that dog would go away, and desert his master for the more diverting and distinguished society. The dog is all expression. He communicates every one of his numerous emotions. He is so vain that a large and, it must be admitted, handsome colley has been known to contemplate himself all day in a mirror. The dog must always be "in evidence." How much of his acknowledged gallantry in saving life and attacking robbers is due to a mere desire to see his name in the papers can never be certainly discovered. In fact, he is bitten with all the sentimentality and effusiveness of the period. Even his friends, even Miss FRANCES POWER COBBE, will admit, on reflection, that the dog has been thus degraded by associating with mankind. He is by way of being a philanthropist. "That dowg 'll speak to ony "beggar," said a Lowland shepherd of his own hound, which had gone up and wagged his tail to a passing angler.

In contrast with all this demonstrative philanthropy consider the example of the cat. The cat has *retenue*. He has his hours of sportiveness, as MONTAIGNE observed; "thus "freely speaketh MONTAIGNE about cats," says IZAAK WALTON. He will not disturb himself at other moments for anybody. The blandishments of strangers he neither shuns nor seeks—he endures them. He is not the victim of the craze for society. He suffices for himself. He is never bored with his own company. Of all animals he alone attains to the Contemplative Life. He regards the wheel of existence from without, like the BUDDHA. There is no pretence of sympathy about the cat. He lives "alone, "aloft, sublime," in a wise passiveness. If you tread on a dog's tail by accident, he utters "the lyric cry," and then dissolves in the elegies of apology. The cat suffers and is silent, or firmly applies his claws without remark. He is excessively proud; and, when he is made the subject of conversation, will cast one glance of scorn and leave the room in which personalities are bandied. He disdains accomplishments, and it is a fact that cats are losing the art of purring. All expressions of emotion he scouts as frivolous and insincere, except, indeed, in the ambrosial night; when, free from the society of mankind, he pours forth his soul in strains of unpremeditated art. The paltry pay and paltry praise of humanity he despises, like EDGAR POE. He does not exhibit the pageant of his bleeding heart; he does not howl when people die, or explode in cries of delight when his master returns from a journey. With quiet courtesy he remains in his proper and comfortable place, only venturing into view when something he approves of, such as fish or game, makes its appearance. On the rights of property he is firm; if a strange cat enters his domain, he is up in claws to resist invasion. He is the reverse of the bandicoot, if that animal is correctly described by the poet as "a wildly sympathetic brute." It was for these qualities, probably, that the cat was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians.

It may be urged, on the other side, that a kitten has lately made the ascent of the Matterhorn. A party of climbers found him halfway up, and he was condescending enough to accompany them. But this was a kitten, and youth has its errors and excesses. The kitten must have been in bad company. But there was even in this young thing no ostentation. He set forth alone, and without announcing his ambitious intention. Had he succeeded, unaided and unroped, without a guide, he would never have swaggered about the performance. It is not impossible that he dreamed of opening a new field to feline industry—that of the Alpine guide. But this was a solitary instance. The cat is not ambitious. From the dawn of creation he knew his place, and he has kept it, practically untamed and unspoiled by man. Though he has many enemies, the sage will still prefer, in a future state of existence on earth, to be a comfortable and contemplative cat.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

THERE is always plenty of good reading in Mr. BALFOUR'S speeches, but there is one passage in his speech at Manchester which will have more interest for all to whom politics mean something more than mere platform wrangling than anything else that he said. Not, of course, that Mr. BALFOUR can avoid mingling in the *mêlée* of disputation, or that the part he plays in it is by any means a superfluous one. Well able as he is to handle the weapons of ridicule and rebuke, and easy as it would be for him to retort in kind, or rather in better kind, on the irrelevant abuse or pinchbeck epigram which form so much of the stuff of Gladstonian speeches, the CHIEF SECRETARY, nevertheless, abstains from doing so. He has evidently made it a rule never to enter into personal controversy, except with the object of exposing some "mendacious "calumny" or other of Parnellite invention and Gladstonian adoption. To be sure, that is enough in itself to give him plenty of occupation, and indeed, were it not that Mr. BALFOUR acts on the wise plan of making a collection of these spurious coins, and nailing them to the counter in batches instead of singly, he would have to pass the greater part of his life on the platform. The work he has thus set himself is undoubtedly a necessary one, and he performed it at Manchester as usual in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. A particularly agreeable example of Mr. BALFOUR'S style was his exposure of those profound Gladstonian jurists who had been protesting against the employment of "that old "and rusty weapon furbished up anew for the purposes of "tyranny," the Act of EDWARD III., under which many persons in Ireland have been recently bound over to be of good behaviour. Little suspecting that this old and rusty weapon had been kept shining with all the polish of perpetual attrition, in the hands of English magistrates and justices of the peace from time immemorial, Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, a "gentleman who has a great passion for Parlia-"mentary returns," applied to the Government for a return of the number of persons proceeded against under that statute—an application which has resulted in his being informed that they are to be numbered by thousands. So that Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE'S return may be packed up in a neat parcel along with the famous return moved for by Sir WILFRID LAWSON, with the intention of showing that the increase of sentences on appeal was unprecedented, and with the result of showing that it was not at all uncommon; and the parcel may be inscribed with the words "The "Fruits of Indiscreet Curiosity."

There is matter for pleasing reflection, too, in Mr. BALFOUR'S remarks on Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN'S lamentations over the state of County Donegal, and the mourner's unlucky ignorance of the responsibility therefor of the energetic Mr. KELLY, a gentleman whom Mr. GLADSTONE'S mild Government deemed it necessary to imprison for six months without trial, but against whom the minions of the Oriental despotism under which the country now groans have obtained a conviction and sentence by regular process of law. We must, however, quit these not uninteresting though personal passages in Mr. BALFOUR'S speech, to turn to that which is the true centre of interest from the political as distinguished from the polemical point of view. We mean, of course, the CHIEF SECRETARY'S report of progress in Ireland. His report, it may be objected, was on this point sure to be, was bound to be, favourable; and that no doubt is true to the extent that any utterance on such a subject from a Minister in Mr. BALFOUR'S position must necessarily be hopeful. Even if disappointed with

the results of his policy, he would, of course, know that any avowal of his disappointment would tend to perpetuate it, and that the first step to success in almost anything is to appear confident of attaining it. But everybody, or every experienced student of political oratory, knows the ring of those cheerful commonplaces with which a Minister puts a good face on disappointment; and it is equally well known that, as a matter of prudence no less than of principle, no conscientious Minister ever goes beyond such commonplaces when he is inwardly dissatisfied with the state of affairs. He certainly does not use the language of Mr. BALFOUR'S "perfectly clear and unequivocal "answer," as he described it, to the question whether the policy that has been pursued in Ireland has been productive of the good results which had been hoped. "Every ex- "pectation," said the CHIEF SECRETARY, "which in my most "sanguine moments I ever ventured to frame with regard "to the results, the happy results, that might follow from a "firm administration of the law in Ireland, and from the "course of remedial legislation which we have begun, "though we have not finished—every such expectation, I "say, has been fulfilled, and more than fulfilled." The progress of Ireland, Mr. BALFOUR went on to say, had been steady and continuous; and he added the significant remark, for which we have no doubt he has derived plenty of warrant from his own observation, that even those who hold Home Rule opinions, "if they be men who are engaged "in any business which requires the maintenance of "public confidence, rejoice in their hearts, and sometimes "venture to rejoice openly that the majesty of the law has "been vindicated." Plenty of evidence to the same effect is within the reach of those who have not access to Mr. BALFOUR'S special sources of information. One of the most noticeable proofs of improvement in Ireland is the difficulty which the agitators now experience in getting together any effective following. Audiences no doubt they can find easily enough, and will always be able to find easily enough in that country; but their hearers evidently listen now without being moved to any sort of action. It would even seem that they are not more than momentarily excited by the agitator's eloquence, and that the species of vague popular ferment which he found no difficulty in exciting some time ago, he now appears quite unable to raise. No doubt it would be a mistake to attach too much importance to this fact as evidence of a genuine change of Irish feeling; for of course it is due in some measure to a change in the attitude of the public on this side of St. George's Channel. The Irishman has throughout his history played persistently to the English gallery, and when the gallery has become indifferent the player naturally grows spiritless. The mere fact, however, of the subsidence of the agitation is the main thing. The cause of that subsidence is a secondary consideration, and indeed it would be enough in any case, so far as the Unionist contention is concerned, to have shown that the pretence of Irish discontent is abandoned as soon as the English public seems no longer capable of being taken in by it.

The conviction of the prisoner COLL of the minor offence of manslaughter for his share in the savage attack upon the ill-fated Inspector MARTIN is satisfactory in more ways than one. It showed, on the one hand, that the Maryborough jury was prepared, in defiance of the disgraceful hectoring of the Parnellite press, to do their duty fearlessly; and, on the other hand, that they were as ready as any English jury could possibly have been to give the prisoner the benefit of any reasonable doubt. As a matter of fact, indeed, we think it quite possible that twelve Englishmen, trying the case in an English assize court, might find more difficulty in seeing their way to an acquittal of COLL on the count for murder. That he was an active participator in the cowardly maltreatment of the deceased officer was proved beyond dispute, and there can be no doubt that his moral bloodguiltiness (to use a word which Mr. GLADSTONE seems now to have forgotten the meaning of) was little, if at all, less than that of the ruffians, whoever they were, who actually battered the unhappy man to death. Under such circumstances it is not always easy to get a jury to recognize the somewhat fine distinction between moral and legal responsibility. In COLL'S case the distinction has been recognized, and that fact alone is a sufficient answer to the envenomed abuse which has been heaped upon the ATTORNEY-GENERAL in connexion with the stale and ridiculous charge of jury-packing. It is noticeable that this accusation has hitherto been heard only from the irresponsible scribes of the Parnellite persuasion, and has not as yet been re-echoed by any English politician who has had official acquaintance with the administration of the criminal law in Ireland. Probably, however, the silence in these quarters is only temporary. We fully expect before these trials are over to hear the cry against "jury-pack- "ing" taken up by Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN or Mr. MORLEY; though both of them must be perfectly well aware that at no trial held under their rule in Ireland was it ever found possible for the Crown to obtain an impartial and independent jury without a liberal exercise of the right of challenge. Much as they might have preferred in those days to impanel a jury against whom not even Parnellite malice could allege that their prejudices would predispose them to a conviction, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN and Mr. MORLEY well knew that this was the only alternative to impanelling a jury who by their fears or their partisanship were not merely predisposed but pledged to an acquittal. Under these circumstances it would have been fully admitted in those days by either of the two Chief Secretaries in question that the Crown prosecutor would be wanting to his duty if he did not challenge every juryman reasonably suspected of entering the box to register a foregone conclusion. But neither of these two eminent men will be able, we fear, to evade the duty of denouncing the system which they themselves administered, if orders to that effect are issued to them from the Parnellite headquarters.

INCOMPATIBLES IN THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE County Council was engaged on Tuesday—not for the first, and probably not for the last, time—in showing how hard it is to reconcile business and sentiment when money has to be spent in getting work done. Its task, from the business point of view, was a simple one enough. It had to decide whether it should accept two tenders recommended by one of its own Committees. The first, sent in by Messrs. W. BRASS & SON, London, was "for the exe- "cution of the works for the extension of Cane Hill "Asylum for the sum of 79,763*l*." The second came from Mr. E. GABBUTT, of Liverpool, and was "for the execution "of the work of erecting the superstructure of the Asylum "at Claybury, for the sum of 337,945*l*." If the Council had thought only of business, its course would have been clear. On this supposition, its Committee would already have considered the solvency of these firms and the guarantees they offered. The Council would have had no more to do than to confirm the recommendation of the Committee. If, on the other hand, the Council wishes to make all London workmen happy, and intends to sink business, its course would be, we do not say so easy, but at least comparatively clear. It would have announced that it meant to have such and such amounts of work done for such and such high rates of pay—and then it might have set about bringing in the millennium at the expense of the ratepayers.

The County Council, however, took neither of these courses fully. It showed its wish both to consult the natural wish of ratepayers not to spend money, and also to satisfy the equally human liking of workmen for the enjoyment of regular work and high wages irrespective of the state of the market. The tender of Messrs. BRASS & SON was referred back to the Committee on the ground that this firm was able to offer good terms because it paid low wages. Mr. BURNS, who moved the amendment, made a host of allegations, which have since been denied by the contractors, and on the charges made by him the tender was, if not rejected, at least hung up for the present. So far the County Council would appear to have gone on the rule that business is *not* business. But then the tender of Mr. E. GABBUTT came on for consideration, and was opposed by Mr. BURNS on grounds quite consistent with his former amendment. He complained that Mr. GABBUTT is a Liverpool man, that he would employ Liverpool men, that the money paid him would go to Liverpool to the detriment of London workmen. In short, Mr. BURNS laid down the great and generally acceptable principle that the County Council should keep its own fish-guts for its own sea-mews. He met with a considerable amount of support. A friendly reporter credited Mr. D. H. MACFARLANE with the sensible remark that, if London work is kept for Londoners, country work will be kept for countrymen, which in conceivable circumstances might be awkward. Mr. D. H. MACFARLANE has

written to deny that he deviated into business considerations to this extent. As a matter of fact, he asserted his belief that London money should be kept for London men. But the County Council had apparently had sufficient sentiment for one day, and accepted the Liverpool tender. It is to be noted that, whereas one of the charges made against Messrs. Brass & Son was that their tender was too low, Mr. E. Gabbutt's was complained of for not being low enough. These two decisions, and the discussions which preceded them, make an appreciable addition to the already considerable mass of evidence we possess as to the value of the present County Council as an administrative body. They are utterly incoherent. It is surely unnecessary to insist on the character of some of the remarks made about the firm of Messrs. Brass & Son. The immunity which his position gives a County Councillor will become an intolerable nuisance if his language is not to be restrained by some regard for courtesy. A more important consideration for ratepayers than the manners of the County Council is its method of doing business. What that is, the transactions of Tuesday show—or rather they show that it has no method at all. One considerable section of the Council is openly anxious to administer on the principle that all money raised in London should be spent primarily for the benefit of the London workmen alone, without the slightest regard for other ratepayers. They would sacrifice alike efficiency and economy for the sake of their clients. This section, indeed, by the sentiment or the incapacity of others, gets its way till it is checked for a moment by a reaction to common sense. Then it secures the upper hand again, and so the Council sways from side to side. The result of such confusion can only be in the long run the maximum of extravagance and inefficiency.

HOMERIC BLUNDERS.

IT has often been noticed that style is catching, and an Homeric critic may be expected, if he can do no better, to blunder on an Homeric scale. Mr. White, the author of the unusually copious and minute *Life of Homer* which was noticed in the *Saturday Review* last week, points out to us that his critic has not failed in this portion of his duties. He makes Mr. White speak of Kleanax as the father, not the guardian, of Homer's misguided mother, and of Kritheis, not Phemius, as his schoolmaster. Mr. White perfectly accurately gave those respectable persons their proper titles of relationship. By an error which may, perhaps, be called an Homeric slip of the pen, Mr. White is made to say "300" years, when he really said 3,000. But nobody, we trust, could have been misled by this. Nobody could suppose that Mr. White really meant to say that Homer wrote his poems in 1589 A.D. Mr. White explicitly remarks that Homer died 2,842 years ago, so it is not in nature that he should have been so *serus studiorum* as to begin composing in 1589 A.D.

The third error, according to Mr. White, is where the *Saturday Review* speaks of the "riddle of the fleas." "Fleas are not lobsters, damn their souls," says (we think) Sir Joseph Banks. These Homeric insects, whereof the fishers kept what they could not catch, and threw away what they did capture, were not fleas either, says Mr. White. Mr. White calls them "sacred insects whose name, in this "queer England of ours, it is not lawful to utter." Does he mean lice? and if so, why does he not say so? The courtly Larcher calls the insects *vermine*. "Après avoir "long-temps balancé, si je ne proscrirois ce terme, j'ai "pensé qu'on pouvoit recevoir dans une traduction une ex- "pression que l'usage ne permettroit pas dans un ouvrage "original. Si par délicatesse on vient aussi à proscrire "ces expressions dans les traductions, on n'aura plus que "les équivalens." Well, the insects were not fleas. What they were may be gathered from the original, and, of course, absurdly apocryphal life of Homer: *καθήμενοι δὲ ἐν γῇ ἐφθειρίζοντο.*

We present Mr. White with the accents; his Greek, as a rule, is, like that of ladies, "without the accents." So Mrs. Browning described the Greek of a sex now so learned. And now we hope we have done Mr. White full justice. The truth is that Homeric scholars no longer look on the pseudo-Herodotean Life of Homer as a book which concerns them more than the "History of Jack the "Giant Killer." Neither the modern editions of Homer nor of Herodotus include it, as a rule, and people are not expected to be interested in the statement that an Egyptian lady called Phantasia wrote the books from which Homer procured the substance of the Iliad and the Odyssey. Thus it is difficult for the best-conducted pen not to stagger a little, "like drunken men," as Mr. White says, in trying to understand an Homeric critic who seems to believe in the Herodotean Life, who calls Dr. Hayman "Haysman," and who spells the name of the learned Nitzsch in a manner unprecedented among the learned. However, Mr. White's *Life of Homer* can richly supply the reader with native curiosities, and we trust that nobody has accused him of not knowing all about the entomology of Arcadian vermin, and all that has been narrated concerning Phemius, and Kleanax, and the rest of them.

As Dr. Garnett has lately been reconsidering the problem of Homeric translation, it may not be uninteresting to give an example of Mr. White's performance. Of all translators he most reminds us of Dr. Maginn:—

> The quarrel of Ulysses
> And Achilles, son of Thetis,
> How once they quarrel'd at the feast
> Of the immortal de'ties.
>
> While 'Trides chuckled to himself,
> "I wish they'd come to blows,"
> And thus began, by Heaven's deep scheme,
> Of Greece and Troy the woes.

FRAPPEZ TOUJOURS.

SOON after the Dockers' Strike came to an end Mr. Gladstone said a few words on the subject—a few words, but well worth considering and well worth remembering. In effect, they expressed the speaker's deep satisfaction that Labour had at last found a way of forcing its demands upon Capital. To his mind, one inference from the story of the London strike was clearly this:—In future, the working classes of this country intend "to "make common cause" of the general desire for higher wages and shorter hours of work. "Labouring men," he said, "have learned to adjust the machinery by means of "which Labour can act in the mass;" and the natural result of such an adjustment must be "greater efficiency of the "power of Labour in its competition with Capital." In Mr. Gladstone's opinion "the lesson had been learned "from Ireland." Watching the operation of the Parnellite Leagues, the working classes had seen what might be done by "people in different parts of the country, who have no "connexion with each other, in assisting for a common "object what they believe may be vital to all."

Of course there was no originality in these observations, except in one particular. Till Mr. Gladstone spoke no one had ever suggested that resort to combination-strikes had been learned from Ireland; and we are at liberty to doubt whether that was precisely what Mr. Gladstone meant to insinuate. He has a great admiration for the processes—call them "extra legal," if you will—by which the Irish conspiracy has worked; and it is easier to believe that he wished to point them out to Mr. Burns for imitation than that he intended to express the absurd opinion that Trades-Union combinations were never thought of till the Land League was founded. As for the rest, the prospect which Mr. Gladstone rejoiced in was no discovery of his own. It never occurred to anybody else that if society is likely to be disturbed by combination-strikes extending half over the country, the trick had been learned from Ireland. But it was obvious to all of us that labouring men were learning "to adjust the machinery by means of which Labour can "act in the mass"; and that we, too, might presently see what could be done "by people in different parts of the "country, who have no connexion with each other, in assist- "ing for a common object what they believe may be vital "to all."

Since the conclusion of the London strike, and even since Mr. Gladstone proclaimed a patronage which no doubt will become more marked as the time for the general election draws nigh, there has been an unending agitation for better wages and more leisure all through the country. We do not say that in every case, or even that in most cases, the agitation has been unreasonable. However that may be, there has been a good deal of compliance, though it must not be ascribed to one cause alone. No doubt the explanation of it is a sense of social terrorism on the one hand, and, on the other, ability to pay out more wages on account of general improvement in trade. So far, however, these strikes have not been worked on the combination

system which peculiarly marked the Dock Strike, and which Mr. Gladstone recommends for general adoption. In spite of what is reported from Bristol, where the dockers are "out," of making "common cause" there has been little. It is more than likely, however, that, if this remark were addressed to Mr. Burns, he would reply with a fervid exhortation to patience, and a promise that before long we should see what we should see. There can be no doubt that he is a shrewd and careful manager, though not unapt to blunder when he becomes excited. He has obtained enormous influence amongst working people; and he is evidently bent on establishing a Trades-Union Syndicate, which is not the less likely to succeed if it continues to receive the support of that distinguished economist Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Burns has his plans, and his idea seems to be to found them on a basis of union amongst two great bodies of working-class people—the servants of the Post-Office, and the 360,000 men who are employed on the railways. He may not succeed in doing much with either; but, when the numbers and the particular employment of these two bodies of working-men are considered, it becomes manifest at once that no better choice could be made as a foundation for his and Mr. Gladstone's Labour League. On Sunday afternoon there was a meeting of some two thousand men—mostly railway servants—in Battersea Park, the business of the meeting being to support the newly-formed General Railway Workers Union. Mr. Burns was there and said several impressive things. Experience had taught him, he remarked, that one and only one union for each trade was desirable; it was, indeed, the only principle upon which complete and thorough organization could be secured. Each union should control its own funds, elect, instruct, and dismiss its own officials. Then, when each class of workpeople had its union so constituted, they might all be federated under one committee of council; the business of which should be "to see how the "interests of Trade-Unionists, as Trade-Unionists, could "best be protected and permanently improved." Here is the scheme complete. This is how to adjust the machinery by means of which Labour can act in the mass upon any particular point. Establish a Union for every trade; delegate a member of every Trades-Union Committee to a federal Council; make it the business of this Council not only to protect the interests of Unionism generally, but to bring the whole weight of the federation to bear upon this or that order of employers, and it will be impossible for Capital to haggle much over what Mr. Gladstone calls "a fair prin-"ciple of division of the fruits of labour." That principle will be settled by the Council; though not, Mr. Burns would doubtless tell us, in such a way as to reduce Capital to downright despair. As to the means of compulsion, Mr. Burns does not shrink from stating them quite frankly. There is no such Trades-Union Federation yet as he proposes; but he warns the Directors of the London, Brighton, and South-Coast Railway Company that, though they may reject their servants' petition for more rest and better wages to-day, they "will not reject it six months hence, "when the system is blocked, when financiers from the "City cannot go down to Brighton by the 5 o'clock express, "and when the traffic is dislocated." Give Mr. Burns his Federation, and the railway system would be equally blocked, or postal delivery suspended, or the gas put out over an appointed area, if any considerable body of master barbers or bootmakers ventured on contumacy.

We are not to make up our minds yet awhile that these delightful plans will be carried out, or even that they will obtain any substantial footing. But it is evident that a sturdy attempt will be made to push them through; while, on the other hand, it is vain to suppose that the most convincing representations as to the utter ruin of trade thirty years hence will weigh much with the labourer of to-day. Undertake to show that it must be ruined three years hence, and he will listen to you, no doubt; but in nine cases out of ten he cares no more for the generations to come than for the generations that are gone. Still, he might hesitate if no mere economist, if no mere business pedant or political Conservative, but a great popular leader or two warned him against the prodigious destructive tyranny that Mr. Burns proposes to create. But where is the great popular leader to tell the "workers" a little wholesome truth in this matter? One there is, who, believing himself the greatest, best, and wisest of all, is taken at his own valuation by tens of thousands of working-men; but he lends his word and his name to Mr. Burns. He is foremost in exhorting them to "adjust the "machinery by which labour can act in the mass," and, when the machinery has been adjusted, to bring it to bear on obstinate employers after the fashion of the Irish Leagues in dealing with landlords. And none of Mr. Gladstone's friends have uttered a word against the tenor of his suggestions and his counsel.

THINGS COLONIAL AND INTERCOLONIAL.

IT is the good fortune of the Colonies, and notably of Australia, to enjoy a degree of quiet prosperity which does not supply much matter for comment. Their internal affairs we do not consider ourselves competent either to understand or control, and of foreign affairs they have very little. No doubt there are well-known exceptions to the rule; but it obtains none the less. Moreover, when their doings do touch us, it is apt to be in a way which it is melancholy to touch upon—and futile to complain of. We are interested, no doubt, in a passage of Victorian Parliamentary history lately reported. It does concern us that the already severe protective tariff of Victoria should be made more prohibitive than before. Makers of hats, whose goods are taxed on arriving at Melbourne, may be concerned to learn that the duty on each will be five shillings instead of four. Exporters of "quilts—sewn, cosies, and cushions," may be displeased to hear that their goods must pay thirty per cent. *ad valorem* duty, instead of the twenty which Mr. Patterson, Chief Commissioner of Customs, had proposed to impose on them. But, however little they may like this, they can hardly hope to do any good by making, or listening to, remarks about the policy which commends itself to the majority in Victoria. The colony has the right to impose a protective tariff if it pleases, and it does please. Protests are idle. A long experience has shown that the mind which comes spontaneously to the conclusion that it is better to have everything dear for the sake of the seller will never take in the propositions which appear self-evident to the mind which holds that, in the ideal state, everything should be cheap for the sake of the consumer. Neither do we know that there is much novelty in the spectacle presented by the Victorian Ministry, which brought in a tariff and then gave it up when the opposition looked too strong. Mr. Zox, of Melbourne, who remarked that when a "Government "comes down with a policy it should be adhered to," laid down a doctrine occasionally heard of in the House of Commons in not altogether dissimilar circumstances. But the Ministry did not mean to come down.

The water difficulty which has arisen between New South Wales and Victoria is, as a political question, more remote from our experience. As a private quarrel it is common enough. Victoria has, in fact, been tapping the Murray for purposes of irrigation, which, as the *Times'* Correspondent justly observes, not only means water, but a great deal of it. New South Wales, finding the industrious sister colony running away with its water, has protested. The quarrel is a pretty one. In those benighted times when the Colonial Office did not show a lively comprehension of Australian interests—partly, it may be, because there were no Australian interests in particular to know—the Murray was assigned to New South Wales. This monstrous blunder on the part of the Power without which there never would have been any New South Wales or Victoria to quarrel about water, or tax the produce of the nation which created them, is, it seems, the root of all the trouble. For, as the Murray runs through New South Wales, the "New South Walesers" hold that the water is theirs. But, as several of the affluents rise in Victoria, the Victorians tap them. Now the water which is tapped at the sources of the affluents cannot also run into the river. Further, the Murray is but a narrow river at all places, and in summer is apt to run underground, if it goes on running at all. When the Victorians take its supplies away for their own selfish purposes, there remains all the less for the New South Welshmen. These last protest and insist on getting their river back again. Here, as we have said, are the materials of a quarrel. As between private persons it would, we imagine, be held that the fault lies with Victoria. You must not go to the source of your neighbour's water-supply and drain it away, to the detriment of his mill and the diminution of his washing and drinking water. But there may be some difficulty in treating either New South Wales or Victoria

as private persons. If the case comes, as apparently it will, before the Colonial Office or the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, it may be easy enough to decide that one party or other is in the right; but how is the award to be enforced? Can Victoria be compelled to destroy its irrigation works? and, if not, how is New South Wales to get back the water? Nations have fought on a smaller quarrel. Victoria and the neighbouring colony will probably not go so far as blows, but they may very conceivably come to more unfriendly words. Let us hope that it will go no further, and that nothing will happen to disturb the prosperity which has enabled Victorian workmen to subscribe 16,000*l.* in a few days to support a strike which might have brought more immigrants among them to compete for wages. This form of the interest they continue to take in the old country was at least more intelligent, and a hundred thousand times more mannerly, than the hissing at the QUEEN'S name which disgraced the mass meeting of sympathy at Melbourne.

South Africa is a part of our colonial possessions which most assuredly secures abundant notice; and for the best of reasons—not the least of them being this, that it is precisely the portion of the Empire in which we have committed the most, and the most scandalous, blunders. According to reports, which appear to be not unfounded, we are about to be guilty of another. It is said that Swaziland is about to be handed over to the Boers. The first comment which a story of this sort suggests takes the form of the question, What conceivable reason can there be for handing Swaziland over to the Boers? There are considerations of honour and interest which forbid that it should be done. We have helped to disorganize the Swazi organization such as it is. Englishmen have formed a large part, or even the majority, of the adventurers who have swarmed into the country, have besotted its King with bad spirits, fomented its quarrels, and filched its substance. It will be a peculiar infamy if we now hand the unhappy people over to masters who regard them as immeasurably inferior to their cattle. Then it will be utterly disgraceful if, after allowing the Boers to impound a part of Zululand, we further permit them to seize this country. Again, it is not our interest to allow more of the country on the road to the Zambesi to pass under foreign control. The argument that Swaziland is surrounded by the Transvaal on three sides and is not immediately accessible from British territory is absurd. Its eastern border is Amatongaland, and it is perfectly competent for us to assume the protectorate of the Amatongas. They are willing that we should do so, and it is our interest to satisfy them, for their country lies on the coast, and is on the road to the interior which is being opened by the new African Company. It is no small consideration that Swaziland is well supplied with minerals and coals, which make it worth having. Finally, there is something in the fact that, according to the last reports, the English seem to be for the moment, at least, the ruling faction among the white adventurers who are scrambling for the country. But if all these and other reasons which could be alleged were wanting, there would still be a very satisfactory reason for not making the Boers this or any other present. It is contained, as we have already said, in the question, What are we to gain by such a piece of generosity? There is no reason whatever why we should give the Boers anything for nothing. There can hardly be any one who doubts that nothing is exactly the price we should receive for this gift, or for the Isle of Wight either. It is midsummer madness to believe that the Boers would attribute our concession to any motive but fear or weakness, or would take it in any other light than as an encouragement for further demands. The measure would, therefore, be barren of any good. If, again, it is supposed that the English immigration which is pouring into the Transvaal will shortly swamp the Boers, and so relieve us of their hostility, the concession is superfluous. An English majority would be, by position and race, friendly to the Empire, and it has no interest in pleasuring the Boer farmers. From any point of view, therefore, the concession is to be condemned, and we sincerely hope that nothing more will be heard of it, for the sake of the Ministry, in the first place, and then in the national interest.

SOME SPEECHES OF THE WEEK.

IT would be absolutely impossible for us—even if there were the slightest reason for supposing it worth while to attempt—to keep pace with the political oratory of the week. The panting critic would toil after it in vain—that is to say, if he were unsophisticated enough to endeavour as a matter of supposed duty to catch it up. As it is, he will be quite content if he is a judicious person to "fall out"; and though perhaps he cannot exactly "jouk and let the "jaw go by" altogether without note or comment, he will certainly exercise a very rigid parsimony in the selection of any specimens of it for remark. In fact, he must confine himself as far as possible to "business," and search the speeches for any matter which is of other than a decorative or *de*-decorative character—for oratory, that is to say, which has some other object than that of showing what fine fellows the speaker and his party are, and what poor creatures the other fellows are. The application of such a rule will of course considerably lighten the critic's task. For, in the first place, it enables him to wash his hands of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—of Sir GEORGE, who apparently went to Fraserburgh to tell the Fraserburghers how shamefully Lord HARTINGTON had "surpassed the limits of political controversy" in remarking that Mr. GLADSTONE had broken up his party; and of Sir WILLIAM, who was invited to appear in his celebrated part of DEBORAH (with a song) before the National Liberal Club, and performed with his usual spirit. If we linger by his side for a moment longer, it is only to remark how delightful it is to hear Mr. GLADSTONE'S somewhile Home Secretary talking of "WILLIAM O'BRIEN"—just as he will soon perhaps be prattling in the same familiar style of "PAT FORD" and "good old JOHN DEVOY." We suppose Mr. O'BRIEN likes, or, at any rate, doesn't much mind, these endearments; but, we confess, we sometimes expect one of these gentlemen to turn upon Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT with the protest of the indignant advocate against the too elaborate civilities of a certain witness of doubtful reputation, "Don't 'dear sir' me, my good man; I hate these "sudden friendships."

There was a little, but very little, more in what Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN had to say to the Aberdonians, before whom he appeared in company with Mr. LABOUCHERE; but, unfortunately for him, his irrepressible companion's observations rather detracted from the effect of his own. Mr. LABOUCHERE is certainly not the most appropriate of speakers to "follow on the same side" when you are endeavouring to show that the policy of the Liberal party is one of genuine and spontaneous Liberalism, and not of Radicalism, forced down the reluctant Liberal throat. "With you, Mr. LABOUCHERE," is not the most felicitous endorsement of a brief for the defence of the Gladstonians as against the charge of advocating and supporting "dangerous "and extravagant fads." In this case the junior, if, indeed, we may call him so, considerably hampered his leader in the construction of his argument, and promptly knocked the bottom out of it when it was completed. It would not, of course, do for Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN to admit, in Mr. LABOUCHERE'S presence, that there was any large section of Liberals who "regarded the advanced programme of "the party with suspicion and alarm"; and he was therefore shut up to the proof of the proposition that there was not, is not, nor ever could be, anything in that advanced programme which answered to the description of a "dangerous and extravagant fad." With what success he attempted this the very nature of the enterprise is sufficient to declare; but had he been tenfold more successful than he was, Mr. LABOUCHERE would have taken the shine out of the success. "The Tories," said that master of innocent malice, "asserted that the tail had now begun to wag the "Liberal dog." They said this because their creed was that "the people should sit still and be thankful for anything "they could get, and not move at all themselves in the way "of progress. But that was not the Radical creed. The "Radical creed was that the dog must wag the tail, and the "business of the tail was to see that the dog wagged in the "right direction." This is an unusual function for a tail, and one which, whatever may be the case in politics, has no analogue, that we are aware of, in animal life. The Radical who thus modestly disclaims through Mr. LABOUCHERE all pretensions to directing the Liberal party in any other sense than that it is not to stir a foot in any direction other than that which the aforesaid Radical presents to it, may, we think, be very well contented with the position.

Whether Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN and the other Front Bench gentlemen have as good reason to be contented with theirs it is not for us to say.

Lord SPENCER is one of those colleagues of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's in Mr. GLADSTONE's last Administration (which Sir GEORGE quitted for some reason or other which we cannot now recall) who prefer to talk about Irish rather than English politics. The taste, we cannot but think, is in Lord SPENCER's case a little morbid; but it is not without example in those forms of mental malady in which the sufferer's mind seems to brood perpetually over matters which one would have expected him to be more anxious than any one else in the world to forget. His remarks on the Home Rule scheme, and on the shape originally taken by it, contain, however, one point of considerable interest. Lord SPENCER, it appears, "full well remembers" that, when the subject of Home Rule was being first discussed, it was "taken as a matter of course among those whom he "saw, and they were among the leaders of the party, "that the Irish members should be retained. That "was probably before the Cabinet was formed. It was "only on discussion, and after hearing opinions from various "people, that they were excluded as they were excluded by "Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill." Lord SPENCER's account of what was "taken for granted" will, indeed, be a surprise to the public. For, if men were more sick of any one argument for Separation than of another, it was the argument that the concession of a separate Legislature to Ireland would set the English Parliament free to do its own work without let or hindrance from Irish obstruction. However, assuming Lord SPENCER's historical retrospect to be accurate, it presents us a very pleasing picture of the process by which Mr. GLADSTONE's "great scheme of constructive legislation" grew to that condition of final completeness which has since induced him to demolish it altogether, and to inform his countrymen that he is willing to rebuild it, if they like, on totally different lines. The process, it appears, was as follows:—First, Mr. GLADSTONE and his fellow-statesmen "took it for granted" that the Irish members ought to be retained. Then they had had "some discussion" and heard opinions; and thereupon they decided that the Irish members should be excluded. Then they had some more discussion, and heard some more opinions, and they came to the conclusion that the Irish members should be retained. And now we are all waiting to see whether, after more "dis-"cussion" with people who want, like Mr. MORLEY, to get rid of the Irish members, and more opinions from persons who, like Professor FREEMAN, are indisposed to restore the Heptarchy, Mr. GLADSTONE and the other statesmen will not come round yet again to the views embodied in the Home Rule theory that the Irish members ought to be excluded. Lord SPENCER had better not be too rash in committing himself to the defence of either position. Better were it to await the time when Mr. GLADSTONE may condescend to inform them which horse he means to ride. But that will not be, in all probability, till the very eve of the race.

MR. JOHN BALL.

IN Mr. JOHN BALL we have lost one of the most active and successful pioneers of a branch of physical exploration, combined with healthful and fascinating adventure, which was in its infancy when he was in his youthful vigour. He lived to see it flourishing in every part of Europe, and it is hardly too much to say that this change was, in great part, due to his own labour and example. The development of mountaineering and scientific mountain topography within the last thirty or forty years, not one of the least remarkable developments of modern enterprise, must always be associated with the name of JOHN BALL. He was a mountaineer, and, what is more, a mountain traveller of wide and varied experience, long before the mountains of Europe had been opened to the general travelling public by high-roads, railways, well-appointed inns, trained guides, and all the luxurious apparatus now implied in the mention of Alpine excursions. It was in 1858 that Mr. JOHN BALL was elected to be the first President of the Alpine Club, as the person clearly indicated for that office by familiarity with the regions of the Club's operations. He was a searcher-out of nature, not a seeker of isolated difficulties to be overcome by feats of climbing; but his general knowledge of the great ranges, as it was then unequalled, has probably never yet been surpassed—if, indeed, it has been approached—among mountaineers of a newer generation. In the words of the late Mr. LONGMAN, himself one of the founders of the Club, Mr. BALL "possessed "an extraordinary acquaintance with every portion of the "Alpine chain, having crossed the main chain forty-eight "times by thirty-two different passes, besides traversing "nearly one hundred of the lateral passes. This extensive "experience subsequently bore fruit in the *Alpine Guide*."

There is certainly no injustice to the living in doubting whether any one is left who can claim to fill Mr. BALL's place in this kind of encyclopædic Alpine wisdom; for we can hardly apply the name learning to an intimate knowledge derived from first-hand observation. Mr. TUCKETT, unlikely as he would be to make any such claim for himself, is probably the one on whom most mountaineers would fall. And the cause of Alpine exploration, as distinguished from (though by no means inconsistent with, and indeed including) the athletic recreation of climbing, is well represented by some who, though born in a younger generation than Mr. BALL's, began their training betimes in the old school. Mr. FRESHFIELD, we understand, has brought home a good account of work done in the Caucasus this summer, work of a kind thoroughly on the lines of the founders of the Alpine Club who still had the unconquered Alps of Switzerland before them. Mr. BALL's working days were over some time since, but his removal leaves a blank which will be felt wherever mountain exploration is pursued and honoured.

As to the *Alpine Guide*, it were superfluous to praise it. Rapid as are the changes in matter which guide-books ought to take note of, Mr. BALL's book, or rather series of books, contains so much that is of permanent scientific value that it must long be a classic in its department. At the same time, we would suggest to the Alpine Club that there could be no more fitting tribute to the memory of its first President than a new edition of his *Guide*, thoroughly revised in the spirit in which he would have revised it himself, and issued under the authority of the Club.

Mr. BALL's figure and manner will not easily be forgotten by those who knew him. He combined a presence both winning and dignified with the charm of old-fashioned courtesy, and was always ready with frank and generous approval for the triumphs of younger men in his old hunting-grounds. We do not think he ever became involved in a controversy; he certainly escaped the personal controversies from which the history of Alpine physics and of mountaineering has unhappily not been free. He leaves an example fit to be fully and sincerely commended to the lovers of the Alps who still rejoice in their youth.

TAUROMACHIE IN PARIS.

WHETHER the Moors did a good work when, as some authorities have it, they introduced bull-fighting into Spain about the middle of the eleventh century or not is a question upon which, no doubt, opinions are widely divergent. The young Spanish nobles took up the Moorish sport with an enthusiasm which soon made bull-fighting the national pastime of the Peninsula, and it remains to be seen whether the similar enthusiasm which even the curtailed performances of the *Plaza de Toros* in the Rue Pergolèse have elicited from the *blasés* Parisians may be taken to indicate the permanent adoption of the Spanish sport. Certainly it is evident that the builders of the colossal arena and the surrounding stables and *corrals* meant the buildings they erected to last longer than the season of the Great Exhibition of 1889. The sign-manual of the jerry-builder is conspicuous by its absence. The "museum," that faces the Rue Pergolèse, and through which one reaches the galleries above the corrals, is a great, lofty building, with a wide gallery running round the walls at the top of a broad staircase. Down below is the magnificent Court chariot, the panels emblazoned with coats of arms, in which the two *caballeros en plaza* make their first entry into the arena in the opening procession. In this detail the Parisians are more fortunate than the Spaniards; for it is only at the royal fêtes, given in Spain for either the marriage of the king or the birth of an heir to the throne, that the *caballeros en plaza* appear. They are always young men of good family, and may be said to be the representatives of the former days, when bull-fighting was the pastime of only the *grands seigneurs*. The Emperor Charles V. himself condescended to appear in the bull-ring on the occasion of the birth of his son Philip II.; and until the days of Louis XIV.'s grandson, the Duc d'Anjou, who set his face against bull-fighting, the sport had remained entirely in the hands of the nobility. But no amount of royal frowns were sufficient to displace bull-fighting in the affections of the people of Spain; and when the nobles gradually gave up the arena the "professionals" began to make their appearance therein. The greatest of these, whose

names still live in the affections of their countrymen, were the two famous *toreros* of the last century, Francisco Romero and Castillares. The former of these was the first man who fought and killed the bull on foot; up to that time all the men in the ring were mounted. The particular style of fighting practised by Romero is still continued in the Ronda school, and is known as *toreo fino*, being distinguished by its elegance, quietness, and grace. The rival school of Seville was founded in 1830 by order of Ferdinand VII.

It is only on visiting a museum and corrals, such as those at the Rue Pergolèse, that a distinct idea can be obtained of the importance of the sport from the Spaniard's point of view, and of the consequent care and attention which is lavished upon every detail. The upper gallery of the great hall is adorned with trophies of *banderillas*, bunches of wide ribbons (the *divisas* or colours of the various breeders of fighting-bulls, which the bull wears on his shoulder when he arrives in the arena), the various dresses of the *matadores*, *banderilleros*, *picadores*, and *chulos*; the first glorious with gold embroidery of so heavy and valuable a description that 150*l.* is no uncommon price for a full *matador* costume. The *banderilleros* confine themselves to silver embroideries; the *picadores* are encased in thick yellow buckskin; while the *chulos*, the novices in the art of *tauromachie*, are only allowed to adorn their persons in sober brown with black embroideries. The heavy saddles, with their huge Moorish stirrups, the gay trappings of the mules employed to drag out the corpses of the horses and bulls, and many other minor accessories, all figure on the walls of the museum, where are also a number of copies after Goya's pictures celebrating the exploits in the bull-ring. Passing through another room one reaches the gallery of the first corral, and from this safe vantage point one looks down on a number of bulls wandering about the vast enclosure. And here one begins to realize how different is the popular ignorant idea of bull-fighting from the reality. The accepted idea amongst Northern nations is that any bull, no matter which, the first that "happens along," is caught and turned into the ring, there to be played with, tortured, and finally killed in a cruel and brutal manner. The reality is that no breeder of thoroughbred racers is more particular about the breeding and quality of his animals than the proprietor of a Spanish *ganaderia*. By no means is every bull fit to appear in the ring; and as every bull presented to the public not only bears his breeder's colours on his shoulder, but is branded on the flank with what may be termed the breeder's trade-mark, the *ganadero* knows that his reputation is at stake should the animals he provides be slow or cowardly. He, therefore, seldom fails to be present in person at the *tienta*, or trial, which is made every year on the yearling calves. These are tried singly in a courtyard against a man on horseback armed with a pole and aided by a man on foot with a cloak. This mimic trial of the ring suffices to show the mettle of the young bull. If he is prompt and furious in his attack on his enemies, he is accepted as a worthy descendant of his illustrious race; he is branded on the flank with his breeder's mark, and his right ear is slit. From that moment he is left to roam the great pastures at his own sweet will, never seeing a man except his own herdsmen, until four or five years old, when his speed and ferocity may be said to have attained their maximum. If in this first *tienta* he proves docile, easily mastered, and of an amiable disposition, he is speedily translated to the reward of his virtues through the medium of the butcher. In spite, however, of all the breeders' precautions to ensure the courage and ferocity of their bulls, it sometimes happens that disappointments take place, and that a bull will be so bewildered by the noise of the crowd, the sight of so many people, that, instead of his becoming more furious, he is simply dazed and stupid. When this occurs the rage of the public knows no bound; for a Spanish audience at a bull-fight is one of the most curiously impartial set of sightseers that it would be possible to find. They will be as ready to applaud a brave bull who sends the *cuadrillas* flying over the barrier, as they will be to hiss their best-beloved *matador* should he happen to drop the red *muleta* in the last supreme moment when he and the bull meet face to face. It is this very uncertainty in the method of the bull's attack which is the great danger to the *matadores*, and it is with the idea of learning the minds of their coming adversaries that they never fail to be present at the *apartado*, the choosing of the bulls on the morning of the bull-fight. These men have a theory that the bull's eyes magnify to a considerable extent, which consequently enables the *toreros* to avoid the charge by slipping the least possible bit to one side; and at the *apartado* the men study the eyes and action of the bulls more than anything else. Not long since in Spain a famous *matador* was with his brethren at the *apartado* before a bull-fight in which he was to take part. The eyes of one of the bulls attracted his attention, and, after studying the animal for a few minutes, he said to one of his companions:—"That bull sees *true*; and, if it comes to my turn to be his *espada*, he will kill me!"—a prophecy which proved exact.

In Paris, where the bull-fights, beautiful and enthralling as they are to the simple amateurs, are looked upon as the merest child's play by the great artists of the ring, these artists seldom give themselves the trouble to assist at the *apartado*; but to the ordinary stranger a visit to the corrals on the morning of the bull-fight is recommended, if he wants really to know more about *tauromachie* than the tinsel and glitter of the ring. Around each enclosure, under the network of low galleries which connect them, is a sort of narrow passage, separated from the enclosure by a strong brick wall, shoulder high. At close intervals in this wall are openings, just wide enough to admit a man; and that even in the corrals, where the animals are feeding peacefully, and in no way excited, it should be thought necessary to take such precautions for the safety of the few men who enter the corrals, and whom the bulls know by sight, gives one some idea of the danger so recognized. As soon as the bulls have been selected, six or eight in number, they are driven by the herdsmen on foot, and led by one or two of the tame oxen (the sheep-dogs to the fighting bulls) out of the last corral into a smaller covered one; from thence two or three will be induced to pass into the next compartment, and then they are separated and enclosed singly, each one in a sort of loose box into which the *toreros* and spectators look down from the narrow passages above. There is often much difficulty in inducing the bull to pass from one compartment to another, and then all sorts of expedients are resorted to. The enclosure is darkened in which he is, the next one flooded with daylight—a ruse that generally succeeds—and once he is through, the heavy doors, which are all opened and shut from the galleries above, close with a clang that makes *toro* wheel round and snort with bewildered rage and fury. His *mona*—the bunch of ribbons with the colours of his *ganadero*—is planted on his left shoulder, and he is passed from one box into another until he is left in one of the compartments or *chiqueros* of the *toril*, which opens on the ring. Here, in absolute darkness, he spends three or four hours, by which time the *corrida* begins, and the imprisoned bulls, their naturally amiable dispositions being aggravated by the captivity and darkness, are in the required state of frantic rage. When an animal thus trained from babyhood for fighting, as quick on his legs as a cat, as cunning as a fox, and with a strength which has become proverbial, is let loose in a ring, it is ridiculous to say, as many people do, that the odds are unequal and in favour of the men who meet him face to face. The sport of bull-fighting may have very many things to be said against it, especially amongst Northern races; but there can be no doubt that the nerve required to be a successful *espada* is of a rare and distinct quality that must be as finely tempered as a Toledo blade, and is one that merits the respect of all admirers of those somewhat rare qualities—courage and coolness and dexterity.

THE DECLINE OF COMEDY.

THE theatrical season has opened briskly enough; the doors of nearly every West-End theatre are open, and report speaks goldenly of the managerial profits; at any rate, the present autumn is as yet unmarked with any disastrous failure. It may be worth while now, while there is for the moment an abatement in the rapid succession of new plays and revivals, to glance at the various playbills and observe with what sort of fare theatrical caterers are supplying the demands of metropolitan playgoers. There are in all at the West End of London twenty-five theatres, a number now practically reduced to twenty-three, as the Olympic is closed for rebuilding and the Novelty is rarely opened for a regular dramatic season. Of these twenty-three houses, twenty-one either are now or will in a few days be open to the public; while the St. James's lacks a tenant until Mrs. Langtry occupies it, and the Vaudeville awaits Mr. Thorne's return from his country tour.

If we attempt a classification of the programmes of these twenty-one theatres from which fashionable London is this season to derive its amusement, we shall find serious "drama" and melodrama at seven houses—namely, Drury Lane, the Lyceum, Haymarket, Shaftesbury, Adelphi, Garrick, and Princess's; various forms of light musical entertainment (ranging from comic opera to burlesque) at seven others—the Prince of Wales's, Lyric, Gaiety, Savoy, Avenue, Opera Comique, and Royalty. "Farcical Comedy"—otherwise farce in three acts—constitutes the attraction at four theatres, the Strand, Comedy, Court, and Toole's; at the Globe a nondescript domestic drama, imported from America, which is scarcely worth the trouble of classification, has just been produced; while at the two remaining theatres, the Criterion and Terry's, are to be found the only plays in London to which it is in any way possible to apply the name of "Comedy."

"Comedy," indeed, is in a parlous state, and in speaking of "Comedy," let us say that we refer to the delineation of men and manners, amusing without extravagance, in which the present age of the drama (which we are told to consider a palmy one) is almost entirely deficient. Of twenty-one London theatres, but two are playing pieces which can by any possibility be called comedies, and of these, one, Robertson's *Caste*, is more than twenty years old, and in no way represents the productive power of the present day, while the other, Mr. Pinero's *Sweet Lavender*, though possessing much charm, is conceived and written in too essentially *bourgeois* a spirit to be wholly acceptable as the solitary specimen of what a living English dramatist can achieve in the field of pure comedy. The contemporary drama runs sorely into extremes, and appears to know no mean between a gloomy tale of crime or of vice, with Scotland Yard, either expressed or understood, for its *deus ex machinâ*, and the athletic and even acrobatic humours of farcical comedy. The historian of a future age who attempts to form a conception of us from a perusal of our contemporary drama

would imagine that our knowledge of the humours of life was confined to chasing each other in and out of doors and windows, to concealment in silly and impossible hiding-places, and generally to a line of conduct which any average public-school boy would consider beneath him as childish and absurd.

In thus pleading for the dignity of Comedy we have no desire to judge the matter by too high a standard. There are those who, when they wish to pulverize a comic dramatist, proceed to place side by side with the dialogue of their victim a few quotations from *The School for Scandal* or *She Stoops to Conquer*. This is somewhat unfair; but, without expecting our playwrights to become at one bound Sheridans and Goldsmiths, there are other writers of plays comparison with whom would probably deeply offend the highly-paid dramatists of the day, of whose work we would gladly be reminded by them. To grumble because a fresh *School for Scandal* is not yearly added to the dramatic literature of the country would be unreasonable. Sheridan only wrote two wholly admirable comedies, Goldsmith only one, and one must go back over a century to reach them. But there are other plays, to which it is not so far a cry, for the like of which we may sigh in vain nowadays. Take the works of Robertson. When written, some quarter of a century ago, they incurred (notwithstanding, or perhaps we should say in consequence of, the favour with which they were received by the general public) the displeasure of the critical and the would-be critical, because they were not something they never pretended to be. They lacked robustness; they represented an ephemeral taste, they would never live, was the cry of their censors, one of whom, in epigrammatic vein, invented for them the title of the "teacup-and-saucer drama." Well; the work of Robertson, even that which he did for the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, which is undoubtedly his best, is by no means perfect; *Caste* alone is a thoroughly good play throughout; *Ours* and *School* are unequal in workmanship, at times excellent, at times taxing unduly the credulity of the listener, and prone to inopportune excursions into the realms of farce. Still, with all Robertson's faults, the lapse of twenty years has justified the verdict of the public rather than that of the critical few; and for this reason, that he was intensely human; his work goes straight to the heart; his types of character, his form of dialogue, are directly drawn from nature; to him, in fact, it was given to be in earnest without becoming gloomy, to be funny (farcically funny if you will) without descending to buffoonery. Messrs. Tom Taylor and Dubourg's *New Men and Old Acres* is another excellent comedy of a type our dramatists of to-day never attempt. Even Mr. Henry J. Byron, whom, perchance, the modern playwright regards with scorn as a concoctor of burlesque compounded of jingling rhymes and excruciating puns, wrote at least one play—*Cyril's Success*—which is conceived and executed in the true spirit of English comedy.

Now these plays—and we could multiply such instances at will—are by no means made of such enduring material as *The School for Scandal* and *She Stoops to Conquer*; still they give us something we never get from our living dramatists—a picture of the life of the day wherein pathos and humour are blended together, wherein the characters are recognizable types of flesh and blood, not fantoccini invented merely to embody some psychological crank of the author, or to perform those robust antics which until a recent date were only seen upon our stages at Christmas-time.

Is it too much to hope that the undeniable cleverness of many of our writers for the stage should not be above taking a lesson from the works of their immediate predecessors, and restoring to our playbills the almost obsolete name of "Comedy," which is nowadays seldom seen there, save in the composite form of "farcical comedy," "comedy-drama," and the like, wherein it is safe to predict that the prevailing element will not prove to be the "comedy," but that with which for the time being it is allied? We do not plead for the extinction of any form of theatrical entertainment now before the public. Let there even be burlesques in three acts if people can be found to sit them out; but we do plead, and that earnestly, for an occasional attempt to perpetuate the line of healthy English comedy unmixed with any alloy of farce, drama, or opera.

It would be unfair to conclude without acknowledging with satisfaction that a survey of this season's playbills shows a marked preponderance of original work over translations and adaptations in the London theatres; in only one instance is an important piece now before the public from a foreign source, and in that case the English adapter has so improved on his original as to invest his work with considerable claim to originality. Time was, and that not long ago, when to keep open some twenty London theatres with hardly any recourse to foreign authors or composers would have seemed an absolute impossibility; that the dramatic art of England should have made such progress in originality and independence is a most hopeful sign for the future, and encourages us to watch with increased interest the art work of the forthcoming dramatic season.

THE INDIA MUSEUM.

IT need not be regarded as surprising that Englishmen should usually be better acquainted with the museums of Paris and Italy than with those at home, for sight-seeing is a part of the business of travel. But museums are not maintained merely for the amusement of sight-seers, nor even as lounges for the British workman on strike. They are properly places for study. The collections in them are the raw material from which historians, artists, decorators, architects, anthropologists, and all sorts of workers can gather such knowledge and suggestion as may enable them to produce or interpret something which will tend to the benefit of the community.

The India Museum is a place of this kind. If properly developed and properly housed, it should be a representation in miniature of all that is finest and most notable in Indian civilization. The student should be able to find in it a complete historical collection of Indian art and antiquities. The architecture and sculpture of the various districts and races of India should be thoroughly represented by means of such original specimens as may be attainable (without damage to India), freely supplemented by models, casts, and reproductions of all sorts. There should be a large and well-arranged collection of permanent photographs, in which every ancient temple and building of importance should be thoroughly represented. The bulk of the Museum should be devoted to the products of industrial art, in which India has always occupied a foremost position. The finest specimens of Indian ornament should be secured and so displayed that the history of the ornament and the methods of manufacture should be, as far as possible, rendered evident to the eye. The history of Indian ornament is the most important in the world. India as a manufactory of beautiful things is probably as ancient as Chaldæa and Egypt. The processes of handicraft employed there to-day have had at least sixty centuries of trial. They should be studied and maintained; every hindrance should be put in the way of their destruction by the competition of Manchester and Birmingham. The India Museum should be their bulwark of defence and the monument of their excellence and worth. Instead of desiring to make India more and more the market for our rubbish, we should do better to discover what we can with advantage buy of her. The greatest benefit the rich can confer upon the poor is to purchase their good work and not to purchase the bad. The more we learn to buy the products of the ancient village industries of our great Eastern Empire, so much the more beneficial will our influence be upon the people of those villages. We can ruin India by setting up Art Schools of the South Kensington pattern all over the country, with payment by results and all the rest. We can cause her people to flourish exceedingly by raising our own taste to the level of that of the Indian peasantry, and buying the beautiful products, which, after six thousand years of practice, they know how to make better than any other people in the world. This work, most important both for India and for us, can only be accomplished by the India Museum. At present, in our ignorance and folly, we are discouraging the ancient handicrafts and, by Government interference, introducing machine manufactories to take their place. Piece goods of the ordinary type are being turned out in place of the beautiful old fabrics with which India used to supply the world. The effect of this is disastrous, both to India and to us. The effect of our present policy, if successful, would be to make India not a market for our goods, but a rival with us in every market in the world. The effect of a contrary policy, on the other hand, would be to make India complementary to ourselves. We might go on producing the useful and necessary machinery which Providence seems to have made us to make; India might supply us and the rest of the world with fabrics far more beautiful than any we can hope to produce in this sun-forsaken land. The richer India grew the more steel rails and freezing-machines, locomotive-engines, lightning-conductors, and telephones would she buy of us, the more of our ships would she fill with freight, the more of our commercial men would she employ to sell her goods to all parts of the world. She might be our biggest customer; we are making her our most dangerous rival.

The development of the India Museum is, therefore, a matter of practical importance to the great interests of India and England. Some such idea seems to have been grasped by its founders. Originally it was under the control of the Indian Government, and its cost was borne by Indian taxpayers. The expenditure on its behalf was continually increasing, but it was not wisely directed, and left little permanent results. The money was frittered away on exhibitions, instead of being devoted to the increase and study of the permanent collection. Such increase, moreover, as there was, was not accompanied by wise arrangement. Beautiful things, purchased or presented, were not made to tell their story. Historical completeness was not aimed at. In fact, the Museum became more and more a mere storehouse of curiosities, a chaos in which study was difficult or impossible, useless for any purpose except that of the mere preservation of certain objects against a better day. The Indian Government eventually grew tired of the whole thing, and got rid of it by a disastrous arrangement. It presented the antiquities to the British Museum, and the other collections to the Science and Art Department. The damage thus done is irreparable, for the industrial art collections are of little use unless they are accompanied by historical collections showing how the designs arose and developed.

In all museums it is a mistake to group the objects according to material or method of manufacture—textiles in one place, pottery in another; stonework here, wood-carving there. To only one possible arrangement can no valid objection be made, and

that is arrangement in historical order. All products of a given date should be together. Only so can the virtues of a decorative style be appreciated. Imagine, for example, a miscellaneous collection of mediæval European works of art divided up according to the orthodox official manner—all the carved ivories together, all the terracottas together, and so forth. Such a collection would convey an entirely false impression. In a thirteenth-century ivory the figures would be seen under fine Gothic canopies. In the fourteenth century the architectural accessories would be found to be more elaborate. Later, all such appendages would disappear, and the nude human figure would be discovered. These changes, however, did not result from any development of ivory-carving as a separate art. They can only be explained and understood when the simultaneous developments of all the arts are grasped—developments which took place under the leadership, now of one art, now of another. If thirteenth-century ivories are grouped with specimens of architecture, painting, illumination, embroidery, goldsmith's work, and the like, all of the same date, it at once becomes possible to see how the ivory-carver has applied to his material those general principles of design which were abroad in his day. That is the lesson which it is worth an artist's while to learn. The present South Kensington system of grouping merely encourages a sort of aimless eclecticism, which is largely responsible for the pernicious and meaningless mingling of elements dragged from all manner of incompatible styles so common in the decorative design of the present day.

It follows, therefore, that the collections now housed in the India Museum need considerable increase before they can be of the full value to India and to us that they are capable of being. The Department of Antiquities, so ruinously destroyed by a stroke of the official pen, must be reconstituted by help of casts, reproductions, and the like, as well as may be. An excellent beginning in this respect has been made, and with the expenditure of incredibly little money. It is not too much to say that in no museum in England or abroad has so interesting and valuable a collection of things been brought together at so cheap a rate as the collection illustrative of Indian architecture in the first two halls of the India Museum.

It is stated that the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 are going to diminish the area of land at the disposal of the India Museum, and especially that portion of it which is devoted to the architectural courts. The Commissioners are on their trial now before the bar of public opinion; they will do wisely to consider whether such action will not deal a heavy blow to the public interests of the Empire. They will, at all events, make no friends by the operation. It happens to be the case that it is exactly these architectural courts which need to be at once and permanently enlarged. Then only will it be possible so to arrange the wonderful collections now warehoused in the Museum that they may become a source of continually increasing utility both to the Empire from which they have come and to the nation to whose keeping they have been entrusted.

THE LEEDS FESTIVAL.

II.

THE performances on Friday, October 11, both in the morning and the evening, were by far the most interesting of the whole Festival; for at these two concerts were produced new works by the two native composers whose progress has for the last few years been watched with most interest by all who have the good of English music at heart. The high aims which both Dr. Parry and Professor Stanford have always set before them, the unflinching earnestness which has enabled them to resist all temptation to debase their art for the sake of mere gain, would have alone entitled any works from their pens to a respectful hearing, even if the former in *Judith* and the latter in *The Revenge* had not raised great expectations as to their future productions. That the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* and the *Voyage of Maeldune* have fully satisfied these is the highest praise which can be awarded them. In selecting for musical treatment the Ode which Pope wrote for one of the annual celebrations of St. Cecilia's Day, the composer has evidently been more influenced by the opportunities the words offer for variety of expression than by their poetical merit. Though the Ode contains much which is graceful, it bears throughout the stamp of the period at which it was written, and many of its phrases raise an involuntary smile where least intended. For this reason the choice was a dangerous one, and it speaks well for the strength of Dr. Parry's music that it is able successfully to tide over these weak places in the libretto. Nowhere is the composer's power more manifest than in the opening chorus, "Descend, ye Nine," where the changes in sentiment in the words are so frequent that the difficulty of duly expressing the poet's meaning, and at the same time of preventing the musical setting from appearing disconnected, seems at first sight insuperable. How Dr. Parry has done this it would be impossible to explain without musical quotations; but the result is a triumph of art, and is attained, moreover, by means which are apparently so simple that the number appears admirable alike for its tunefulness and spontaneity. Indeed, the consummate manner in which throughout the whole work the composer's wide erudition is employed, without the least parade or display of learning, shows more than anything that he has reached that stage at which his studies have become so thoroughly assimilated that what to others may seem mere hindrances to clear expression are with him the readiest means of enunciating his ideas. Though the *Ode to St. Cecilia's Day* contains numerous examples of the composer's mastery of the forms of musical science, yet his individuality is so strong that the music is never for a moment laboured, and there is no straining after mere effect or display. The style also is thoroughly English; in places recalling Purcell and Arne, yet never for a moment affectedly archaic, or such as could have been written by any but a composer thoroughly in sympathy with what is best in the latest developments of his art. As an instance of this happy combination of new and old, mention might be made of the scene for soprano solo and chorus, "But soon, too soon," in which the poet relates the story of the death of Orpheus; a scene which for melodic beauty and dramatic force is equal to anything of the kind produced for many years, while at the same time the means employed are such as the veriest purist could not find fault with. Equally good is the final solo and chorus, "Music the fiercest grief can charm," the climax to which is a magnificent piece of writing. It is almost needless to say that the work was a triumphant success, and at its close Dr. Parry was greeted with the heartiest applause heard throughout the Festival. The performance was excellent, the chorus singing throughout *con amore*. The soprano solos were admirably sung by Miss Macintyre; her delivery of the "Orpheus" scene especially being quite perfect. The remainder of the concert was devoted to Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, in which Señor Sarasate once more secured a familiar triumph, and to Beethoven's Choral Symphony, the solos in which were sung by Fräulein Fillunger, Miss Damian, and Messrs. McKay and Brereton. The performance was a fairly good one, though hardly up to the level which was to have been expected under the circumstances.

Professor Stanford's *Voyage of Maeldune*, which was the chief attraction of the concert on Friday evening, is a setting for chorus, soli, and orchestra of portions of one of Lord Tennyson's later poems, with which have been incorporated parts of *The Sea Fairies*, one of his earliest works. The book affords the composer an opportunity for picturesque writing of which he has not been slow to avail himself. In this respect Professor Stanford has never shown himself stronger. The series of pictures presented by the various isles is remarkable for the extraordinary variety of musical colouring with which the composer has treated them. From the Silent Isle,

> Where a silent ocean always broke on a silent shore,

with its delicately-written solo passages and accompaniment of muted strings, all through the various strange places which Maeldune and his followers visit, the interest is sustained by the wonderful diversity and ingenuity both of the orchestration and the vocal writing. It is difficult to signalize any of these scenes as more striking than the others, for they all of them are full of remarkable writing; but at a first hearing those which created the greatest impression were the Isle of Flowers, with its singularly graceful and beautiful melody; the Isle of Fire, in which the composer has succeeded in inventing an entirely new manner of describing (musically) a conflagration; and especially the lovely quartet in which the poet's description of the "Undersea Isle" is described. But the scene with the witches, and the final portion of the work are fully equal to these; indeed, it would be very difficult to point out weak places in any part of the score. The success which *The Voyage of Maeldune* achieved was striking, and the composer, who conducted in person, was greeted at its close with true Yorkshire warmth. The performance left but little to be desired. The solos were entrusted to Mme. Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Barrington Foote; the chorus sang the difficult music allotted to them with plenty of spirit and enthusiasm. The beautiful orchestration, which is one of the most noticeable features of the work, was done ample justice to by the band. The second part of Friday evening's concert was devoted to a miscellaneous selection, which included Beethoven's Leonora (No. 3) Overture, the Scena, "Leise, leise," from Weber's *Der Freischütz*, sung by Mme. Albani, Wilbye's fine Madrigal, "Sweet honey-sucking bees," and Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The latter was one of the best performances of the Festival. Sir Arthur Sullivan seemed more thoroughly in sympathy with the music than in more massive works, and the result was an admirable rendering of the charming composition. The singing of the Madrigal was not so satisfactory. The chorus was too large to do justice to all the delicate effects of light and shade which it demands, and the beautiful ending was spoiled by the introduction of an ill-advised *rallentando*.

The performance of Brahms's fine "German Requiem," which took place on Saturday morning, had been looked forward to with considerable interest, as the work had not previously been heard at Leeds, although it has for some years taken its place on a level with the greatest compositions of its kind. It is, therefore, all the more disappointing to be obliged to chronicle the fact that the performance was so much below the mark that it would have been better to have withdrawn the work altogether than to have done it in such a manner. From the outset it was evident that the music had been insufficiently rehearsed; and though in some numbers the chorus was better than in others, the false intonation, wrong notes, and want of attack were only too conspicuous

throughout. The soprano part was to have been sung by Mme. Valleria, but her place was taken by Fräulein Fillunger, who sang as admirably as she always does. The baritone part was sung by Mr. Watkin Mills. In Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, which followed the "Requiem," the chorus were much more at home, and the performance was accordingly a great improvement on the first part of the concert, especially as the soprano music in it was sung by Mme. Albani, who replaced Mme. Valleria. With Saturday morning the Festival proper came to an end, but an extra concert was given on Saturday night, at which Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Legend* and his music to *Macbeth* were given to a large and enthusiastic audience.

Looking at the Festival as a whole, it is evident that, if Leeds is to retain the supremacy for choral singing which it has hitherto done, more care must in future be taken in selecting voices, and all purely local considerations must be absolutely set on one side. Apart from the mere question of tone, the causes of the very great inequality in the performances are more difficult to determine. Certain mistakes, such as wrong notes and bad entries, must be laid to the door of the chorus master, though allowance must be made for the immense amount of unfamiliar music to be studied. It might be worth considering whether it would not be possible to do away with the arrangement by which the chorus is trained by one conductor and the performances are under the bâton of another. Such dual control must have a bad effect, however conscientiously and well both conductors work together. Though the Festival has witnessed the production of no works such as it is the fashion to call "epoch-making," yet it has added at least three compositions to the repertory of first-rate works by native composers, and as such, if for no other reason, it will be memorable.

THE ARMY AND THE WAY TO IT.

A SHORT time ago a distinguished general officer gave his views to the world upon the subject of the army as a profession. Thereupon a considerable discussion immediately arose upon the advantages and disadvantages of sending a young man into the army, and as to the amount of money upon which he could contrive to live when once he managed to secure a commission. The matter is, of course, one of very great interest, for in most families there is sure to be one son at least to whom the army is obviously the fittest career. But, as things stand, it is positive cruelty to send a lad into the service without giving him a sufficient allowance to meet the numerous calls upon his purse. How much assistance a young officer will require from home will naturally depend in a great measure upon the character of the regiment. In some corps the colonel will discourage unnecessary expense, do all he can to show that he disapproves of it, set the young man a good example himself, encourage the senior officers to do the same, and generally discharge those duties which usually devolve upon the head of a college. Regiments of this kind are well known, and a young man of limited means has only to select such a one. A military officer, like a naval officer, must live like a gentleman, of course. But in the army there is a very general disposition to make things easy for a poor man who has the courage not to be ashamed of his scanty means. There is no pressure to oblige him to drink champagne, or to hunt, or drive, or play cards, or to take part in those lesser excursions and amusements which fritter away far more money than is needed for the most liberal subscriptions towards the regular regimental hospitalities. If a young man is bent upon riotous living, he need not go into the army to gratify his tastes; and probably many more young fellows have come to trouble at Oxford and Cambridge, or in the first few years of their professional life, than in Her Majesty's service. We may also add that the military authorities have of late years done everything in their power to discourage high living among young officers. As for the exact amount required to supplement the pay which an officer receives on joining his regiment, the matter is one in which it is extremely difficult to lay down any hard or fixed line. None of us need to be told that it is impossible for a man to live in the Guards without a handsome private income, or that the cavalry is more expensive than the line, or that even in the line there are certain "crack" regiments in which it is out of the question for a poor man to hold his own. In every profession, and in every walk of life, we have to learn the wholesome lesson of cutting our coat according to our cloth. The mess expenses of a subaltern will come to about six or seven shillings a day, and his subscriptions to the band, to "guest nights," and to other regimental entertainments, will come to twenty-five pounds a year, or thereabouts. Then there is the renewal of his uniform, the pay of his regimental servant, his laundress (usually a soldier's wife, who contracts to do his washing for fifteen shillings a month), and other small incidental expenses. All else that a subaltern needs is pocket-money and the annual cost of his "mufti," or plain clothes, and in these, of course, everything will depend upon himself. If a subaltern receives an allowance of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty pounds a year in addition to his pay, he may consider himself extremely fortunate, for he will be able to live perfectly well within his income.

But this discussion sets us thinking of another question connected with the army which is, to our minds, of far greater importance—we refer to the examinations that the would-be officer has to pass before he can qualify for a commission, and the method in which he must be trained to pass those examinations. In these days no boy, unless he possesses exceptional talent, can pass for Woolwich or Sandhurst direct from his school. The examinations are competitive, and they are becoming every year more and more severe; and so it is that the young gentleman who is ambitious of carrying the Queen's sword must be sent to a "crammer" if he is ever to be in a position to gratify his laudable desires.

There are many reasons why the "cramming" system is undesirable. In the first place, the boy fresh from school, and probably scarcely yet seventeen years old, is brought in contact with men many years his seniors—officers studying for the Staff College and others—whose influence experience has proved to be in many cases highly detrimental. Then, too, the whole idea of "cramming" is completely rotten. The victim really learns nothing that is of lasting value. He is merely "coached" by an expert at the business with a view of his getting through a certain examination. All deep and thorough study of his subjects is ignored, the sole object being to furnish the crammed one with a parrot-like knowledge of all questions *likely to be asked*. And the "crammer" possessing an abnormally "prophetic soul" is the most successful in his craft. It seems to us to be little short of scandalous that, to undergo this process, a promising youth must of necessity be removed from school just at the time when the school is likely to do him some real good, and when he for his part can be of some service to it. And yet, as we have said before, if he is to get into the army, this must be his fate. Many youths somehow or other get through the ordeal. Others, we do not hesitate to say, are irretrievably ruined in brain, heart, mind, body, and soul.

And now the question naturally arises, What is to be the substitute for this state of things? We reply unhesitatingly as far as Sandhurst is concerned, go back to the old system. Let the candidate, as he used to do in the past, pass a qualifying examination, and let him receive his cadetship and afterwards his commission, as vacancies may arise. This is what used to happen, and when it was the rule it worked uncommonly well. A most promising field-officer of hussars, unhappily killed in the Soudan, passed last into Sandhurst, and last out of the Royal Military College, and this, too, when it was only necessary, to obtain a qualifying number of marks—fifteen hundred. In these days he could never have entered the army at all, except through the ranks. And yet he was a born cavalry leader and a most efficient officer in every way. Nor is this an isolated case. There are scores of such men whose proper places are usurped by those who are utterly unfit to fill them, but who have, nevertheless, been skilfully trained to satisfy the examiners. The amount of knowledge that they have managed to absorb is of about as much real use to them as is the Roman law to the average Bar-student, who makes haste to forget what his "Coach" has taught him as soon as he has passed his examination. We are confident that there are very few military men, whose opinion is worth having, who will venture to say that the British army is better officered than it was in the old days—in days in which, were the present regulations in force, in all probability many of the most brilliant leaders in the Peninsula, the Crimea, and the Indian Mutiny, nay even Wellington himself, would not have been permitted to serve their country.

A NEW NORWEGIAN ROAD.

IT was on a beautiful afternoon in August last that we found ourselves on the deck of the little Geiranger steamer moving across a sort of huge dripping-well towards Meraak, a spot we had not visited for six years. There lies its cluster of boat-sheds and dwelling-houses at the head of the black fjörd, with its trim white church standing high above it, angel-like, in an act of benediction. And higher yet hover those well-remembered domes and peaks which seem to savagely defy the stranger to penetrate inland. But as we approach we find that six years have not left this well-hidden retreat wholly untouched by the "improving" hand of progress. That white house yonder, we are told, is a new hotel, which by its more conspicuous position and its gay colouring threatens to eclipse the plain, old-fashioned hostelry of our recollection. This, however, is a trifle compared with another novel feature. There lie at the head of the fjörd two big excursion steamers, one of which is just now piping in doleful tones, while a little steam launch plies fussily between it and the shore. These, we hear, are excursion yachts that bring across the North Sea deckloads of picnickers for a week or so's cruising in the fjörds. On landing, we find the little village overrun with the familiar "free-and-easy" tripper, idly clad in gaily-coloured flannel, "hooking" his female companion, and indulging in the customary holiday frolics. The jocund throng looks odd in its new surroundings. Can they, one wonders, be wholly untouched by the deep quietude of the place, only intensified by the murmur of the distant cataract, or by the majestic scenery that everywhere meets the eye? It must be so; for they are actually trying their clumsy horseplay upon those grave and dignified peasants who stand by, wondering at this unwonted mirth. They get for their pains a look which would tell them, could they fathom it, of something akin to horror. For the Norwegian peasant is not only a true gentleman himself, but has hitherto

firmly believed in the good breeding of his English kinsmen. He cannot yet understand the juxtaposition of the English tongue and rude behaviour.

The new sight set us thinking. It is evident that Norway as a holiday resort is passing into a third phase of its development. Not many decades ago she was visited only by the keen and hardy lover lured to her domain by rumour of unexplored wildness or of adventurous sport. Then she was beset with a band of half-hearted, flippant admirers, who thought it vastly funny to sleep in a saeter, eat fladbröd, and otherwise play at leading the primitive life, and who shared their amusement with the less fortunate stayer-at-home by publishing, under some quaint title, the journal of their merry doings. This period also is now passing away. A far denser throng repairs to the picturesque Scandinavian coast—of such as make no pretence at desiring hardy exploit, but frankly demand the ease and comfort of modern travel. "Going to Norway" is rapidly losing all suggestion of adventure even for discreet spinsters and anxious mothers. Those steam-yachts lying out there mark the completion of the revolution.

But the outlook is not so very black even for old-fashioned persons like ourselves, who love retirement. There is a zigzag line climbing up above the village and losing itself in the inaccessibilities of the mountains. It is the new road that daringly scales these steep, rocky mountains to a height of 3,500 feet, and then joins itself at Grotlid to the old road that leads into the Gudbrandsdal, and so to Christiania. The road, we are told, is within a week or two of completion, and can even now be passed by carriole or stolkjaerre. Here, then, is a way of escape. Six years ago only a small piece of the road was built, and the pedestrian had a stiff climb to Grotlid. The new road will take us in about seven or eight hours to the quiet of the upland valley, where the air is dry and invigorating and the tripper will cease from troubling.

The next morning we were off at an early hour. The well-built, smooth-surfaced way winds up at a gentle and pretty even gradient. It is easy driving, but our pony thinks otherwise, and, turning his blinkerless eyes on us, plainly suggests a lightening of the load. So we leave him only the stolkjaerre and the baggage, and do the rest of the climb on foot. It is pleasanter so, for the pony keeps at the customary up-hill pace, and we have time to look about us and enjoy the view of the dark waters below us, walled in by lofty precipices, veined here and there by a white thread-like cataract. After a time the steady incline of the road gives a little, and we find ourselves in one of the greenest of upland valleys, well sprinkled with farms (gaards), and threaded by a serpentine stream, that looks as if it had been the model for the new road. Up new acclivities about the most ingenious windings, the road in one place passing over itself in a loop. Now the scene changes; the arm of the fjörd shrinks to a dark-blue eye, the mountain peaks, as seen from below, lose themselves in the loftier and ampler perspective. A saeter, with groups of warm-tinted cattle, marks the limit of human habitation. The bright green verdure soon begins to give place to the dark slate-coloured rock of the Blofjeld (Blue Mountain). The hard gneiss is polished smooth by the action of glaciers; and our Skydsgut points out to us some perfectly rounded basins in the gritty substance. Above us snow-fields and glaciers reveal themselves, wan and ghostly below their heavy cloud-canopy. The ascent becomes more easy; we are nearing the pass. The scene is as savage as Loch Coruisk itself; nothing but bare rock, dreary lakelet, and drearier snow-patch. One can see that this part of the road is only recently finished. Wheelbarrows, planks, and other apparatus of the navvy lie huddled up under the rocks at the side. The cunning horse stops, and again turning bids us mount. He doesn't like the cutting wind that drives through the gulley of the pass, and he knows that shelter and rest are at hand. We must be near the highest point, for there stands proudly graven on the rock an inscription telling of the building of the road, with the dates of its beginning and its completion. After a short drive along fairly level ground we come on the magnificent Djupvand, whose waters seem to have taken a preternatural intensity of blue from the nearer sky. Six years have changed things here, too. Then there was but a miserable hut, where one could get nothing but a cup of coffee. Now, thanks to the enterprise of two women of the neighbourhood, a snug little châlet invites the weary and half-frozen traveller to warmth and an excellent repast. Comfort has spread even to this wild region. After an hour's rest we begin the easy descent to Grotlid, past a chain of lakes, each with its own hue, to the queen of them all, the Breidalsvand. The scenery rapidly changes again. A broad valley begins to form itself, strewn with picturesque boulders, on which are perched the bizarre imp-like forms of mountain birch. Between these stretch lovely blue lakelets set in boggy tracts of bright green and gold and red, for the dryness of the summer has brought on shrub and fern the brilliant autumn tint earlier than is usual. The sides of the valley are gently sloping mountains, their base fringed with a pale yellow by the reindeer moss that here abounds, and their rounded summits whitened by the purest snow. Here, we thought, were lovely groupings of colour for the artist; and there is the needed complement of life in the shape of a herd of cattle. But in the midst of this smooth progress and quiet enjoyment we are suddenly pulled up. There is a gap in the road, with only the under layer of big stones laid down, and ominous planks and heaps of stones. We descend, take off the cart fishing-rods and other loose articles, and anxiously watch our Skydsgut lead horse and vehicle across the ugly chasm. After a series of awful lurches and bumps, which make us shudder sympathetically with certain fragile treasures secreted in our portmanteaus, both horse and stolkjaerre land safely on the smooth road beyond. Three such ugly gaps having been duly weathered, we are able to mount again, and a short drive brings us to our destination.

We found the little station at Grotlid altered too, a considerable enlargement having taken place in anticipation of its important future. Here we were fortunate enough to meet the engineer of the road, Captain Rosenquist, whom with his family we had met on our last visit, and who tendered us a thoroughly Norwegian welcome. It was a rare pleasure in the cold evening to sit with our pipes over the hospitable hearth—the delightful "peis" which, alas! is all too rare in Norway—and hear the Captain discourse of the making of the road. It was, he told us, begun in January 1882. Its length is 40,360 metres (about 25 miles). The long time taken to complete it is due partly to the amount of blasting, but mainly to the circumstance that the work could only be carried on during two and a half summer months. The highest gradient (between Meraak and Djupvand) is about 1 in 12. This road—this was told us with special pride—had only cost eight kronor (about 9*s.*) per metre, and has been finished without any loss of life or serious accidents. The mining had been done by means of an electric current, a single machine firing simultaneously forty-two mines. Captain Rosenquist may well be proud of his engineering achievement, and disposed to content himself for the future with his less onerous military duties. To have planned and carried out a new road is one of the few unquestionable services to humanity. The new Geiranger road, moreover, will be one of the sights of Norway, making the much-frequented zigzag at Stalheim look small by comparison. It does not, of course, rise to the height of some of the Swiss roads; but, in respect of the mechanical difficulties overcome and of the quality of the scenery opened up, it will certainly take its place among the fine mountain roads of Europe. Its value depends on the circumstance that it offers a new and magnificent route from one of the most picturesque fjörds to Rösheim and the Iotunheim mountains, to the Dovrefjeld, to the Romsdal, and to Christiania itself.

We resolved to return the same way, so as to try the descent, and did not regret the decision. The meandering down at a gentle trot was delightful. It was an absorbing puzzle to make out the real course of the road amid the intricacies of curve that lay below us. Our delight was completed by the circumstance that we had a diminutive Skydsgut, wisely selected, perhaps, on the ground of light weight, who had never done the journey before. He gurgled over with laughing prattle the whole way, shouting inquiries about each new farm to a more experienced comrade who sat at the back of a cariole in front of us. His joyous wonder burst out into wild shouts as he saw the cunning windings of the road and the blue corner of the fjörd. The new road will help to take the Norwegian to the coast, and it may be speed him to the far-off Western country, where some relative or friend is pretty sure to have preceded him.

Each new road in Norway is a boon to the congested tourist world. It relieves the traffic and offers to the old-fashioned seeker of byways and sequestered nooks new opportunities. The need is great. The "tourist stream," to use the Norwegian expression, has this year been greater than ever. The American has joined himself to the Britisher, and the German, loyally following his Emperor, has come in unwonted force. Next year the English tourist will be able to cross from Newcastle to Bergen thrice a week instead of once, and the opportunities from Hull are, we believe, to be increased also. A German doctor has recently been writing to a Berlin paper urging the advantages of Norway as a health resort, on the ground that it offers in close juxtaposition a marine and a mountain "kur." The article closes with the magnanimous challenge, "Build railways and supply comfort, open up your country, and we shall not keep away." Well may the Norwegian paper that quotes these lines indulge in a smile. The truth is, the Norwegians themselves travel in their country, and are doing so more and more. Naturally, therefore, they do not wish their land to be turned into another Switzerland. No, worthy Doctor, we agree with the Norwegians that railways can be postponed. More good roads like this Geiranger route, and more ample steamboat accommodation along the coast, are what is needed the better to disperse the crowd, or rather to give a ready way of escape for those who want to get out of the reach of Byer's *Weekly News* and all similar "comforts." If to these are added a few good mountain stations, after the pattern of those on the Dovrefjeld, the worst of the pressure will be relieved. Happily Norway is large enough to offer retirement and delightful intercourse with its simple and worthy people in spite of a good many steam-yachts. There is, for example, the fine and unexplored province of Nordland, which rumour says the Tourist Club are thinking of opening up. So that, after all, there seems little immediate danger of the noisy excursionist driving quieter folk out of the country.

MR. MARKS'S BIRDS.

THE public is not often more legitimately entertained than by the collection of drawings and paintings of birds which Mr. H. Stacey Marks, R.A., is now exhibiting at the Fine Art Society's Gallery. These pictures are eminently amusing, fresh,

and lively. Nothing exactly like them has been seen before. The colours are bright, and the drawing is quite correct enough for all ordinary purposes. The success of the collection, from a practical point of view, was instantly assured; and by the middle of the present week hardly one of the eighty or ninety examples remained unsold. This is all very satisfactory so far as it goes; but we hope we shall not be thought very disagreeable if we hint that it does not go quite far enough. Are these drawings presented to us as amusing bric-à-brac? If so, nothing could be better. Are they presented as fine art? Because, in that case, there is something to be said.

It is always pleasant to praise, and we will begin by dwelling on what there is in Mr. Marks's exhibition which we can commend almost without reserve. The rough sketches in water-colour—painted apparently at a sitting, with the living bird before the artist—are often excellently done. The modest drawing of the "Long-Billed Butcher Bird" (48) would have won the praise of Alexander Wilson. No work on the parrots but would be enriched by the five studies of "Macaws" (31), or by the drawing of the "Banksian Cockatoo" (17). These are washed in rapidly and cleverly, with a wet brush, and all that is essential in the plumage and habit of the bird has been caught. "A Night Heron" (61) is exquisitely painted; of the figures which are at all highly finished in Mr. Marks's collection this appears to us to be distinctly the best. Of but slightly less value are the groups of caique, touracou, conure, tanager, crested crane, and aracari (5 and 8). All these, in their rather humble way, are really artistic.

The next, and a little the less satisfactory, section of Mr. Marks's work consists of faithful studies of birds into which an element of intentional humour has been introduced. Of this class the most pleasing examples are the "Yellow-cheeked Amazon" (1), a parroquet with a wheedling, amatory smile; the "Guillemot" (4), sitting in a precarious and crazy position on its heels; the "Iceland Falcon" (12), which has puffed itself out into an absurd balloon of black and white feathers; the "Bampton Canaries" (37), with their silly little heads, conversing like a pair of foolish young mashers; and the "Bateleur Eagles" (44), who have quarrelled, and who glare vacantly out of the picture with wrath in their inflamed and scarlet faces. These the cynic may still do more than tolerate. But what we have no patience with are Mr. Marks's composed pictures. Here we see, piteously revealed to us by himself, how little of an artist he is. It is strange that his own limitations have not occurred to him as he hung these drawings side by side. It is strange that he could have placed his vigorous sketch of "Lear's Macaw" (22), which is a simple and competent piece of work, underneath the concentrated feebleness of "The Siesta" (19), a large expanse of jarring pinks and light greens which sets the teeth on edge. This picture is not merely shocking in colour, it is poor in execution. The flamingoes are fairly well drawn, but so painted that it would be impossible without previous knowledge to decide of what substance their plumage was formed. The birds might be modelled out of wet clay, so little has the airy elasticity and dry feathery character of the plumes been suggested. Another example of artistic futility is "By the Moonlit Shore (Jabirus)" (16), which really resembles, if we may be allowed to say so, one of those decorative panels which are manufactured in Italy to be sold in this country. Mr. Marks is not often so unfortunate as this; but he seldom really succeeds in anything more elaborate than a sketch from life. His largest picture at the Fine Art Society—the frieze of puffins called "Dominicans in Feathers" (36)—is very far from being painted in a masterly or interesting way. The light is monotonously distributed all over it, the brush-work conceals feebleness by smoothness, and the whole effect is one of insipidity. We like Mr. Marks's toucans and pelicans, his cockatoos and his vultures; but we like them as he saw them, not as he imagines them. We do not like him to make unconvincing compositions of "American Kestrels" (34) fighting, and, as for the vaunted "Love-Birds' Wedding" (6), it is simply a preparation for a childish chromolithograph, on a level with comic wall advertisements and humorous valentines. Mr. Marks's birds are either ornithological studies, the real merit of which consists in their fidelity, or they are very pretty and expensive toys. We do not see that there is anything else to be said about them.

Mr. Marks has written an interesting preface to his Catalogue, in which he makes some sensible and entertaining remarks about the lack of perception which people show. "I have often wondered," he says, "notwithstanding the general spread of education, at the singular ignorance of many of the visitors [at the Zoo] on the commonest matters of natural history. When I was drawing the Cassowary (42) a well-dressed girl of ten or twelve years cried out, 'O auntie! come and look at this *peacock*!' There appears to be a rooted conviction that all the animals at the Zoo, including the fish-eating seals, will eat bread, and that peppermint-drops and gingerbread-nuts are the daintiest delicacies that can be offered to the larger carnivora." The success of Mr. Marks's collection shows that, if the public knows little about birds, it wants to know more, and we hope it will encourage him to stick to what he says one of his brother Academicians calls his "poultry."

THE IRON TRADE.

As coal and iron are the great instruments of modern production, their condition has come to be regarded as the best index to the economic state of the country. When manufactures generally are active the demand for both coal and iron must increase, and labour, therefore, must be in greater requisition. The present revival in trade was, in fact, heralded by augmented activity in the coal industry. For two years past the price of coal has been rising, the number of men employed in it has been increasing, and wages have been rapidly advancing. In some cases there have been strikes on a large scale before the demands of the men were conceded; but in very many instances the employers have given way without dispute. The iron industry, however, for a long time did not give evidence of increased activity. In 1886, indeed, the state of the trade was so bad that the manufacturers in Scotland agreed to reduce the output 25 per cent. Shortly after this the stock of pig iron in public stores in the Cleveland district, which is the largest producing district in the United Kingdom, began to decline. In 1886 the stock of pig iron in the public stores in Cleveland amounted to very nearly 730,000 tons, in 1887 that stock was reduced about 100,000 tons, the following year the reduction was as much as 200,000 tons, and during the current year there has been a further decrease of about 170,000 tons. In the three years so far, therefore, the total reduction has been about 470,000 tons. In other words, not only has the total production since 1886 been completely used up, but considerably more than half the surplus then existing has likewise been drawn upon. Strange to say, however, there was for a long time no reduction in the stocks in public stores in Scotland. On the contrary, between the beginning of 1885 and the beginning of the present year the stock in Scotland nearly doubled, being at the beginning of the current year nearly 1,030,000 tons. During the past few weeks, however, a reduction has been visible; but even now the stock is little under a million of tons. The vast accumulation in Scotland, in spite of the diminution in Cleveland, weighed so upon the market that prices continued to decline until nearly the end of last year. At one time last year the price of Scotch pig iron was as low as 37*s.* 1*d.* per ton, the lowest quotation for a quarter of a century. With the beginning of the present year, however, a rise set in. It was checked early in the summer. But within the last few weeks there has been a very active recovery, and at one time last week the price was as high as 55*s.* 10½*d.*, being an advance of about 50 per cent. from the lowest price of last year, and the highest quotation since 1880. As long as there was no reduction in the Scotch stocks merchants doubted whether the improvement in Cleveland was more than temporary and accidental. They saw that there was no great increase in the foreign demand for British iron and steel, and they assumed, therefore, that the activity in Cleveland would not last very long. Therefore, they abstained from buying largely, contenting themselves with supplies sufficient for their immediate requirements. When at last, however, the Scotch stocks began to decrease, even though slightly, they judged it wise to purchase more freely, and as soon as the trade began to buy speculators thought they saw an opportunity to make money. They were eager to anticipate the trade demand, hoping that they would be able to sell to merchants at better quotations by-and-bye. The increased consumption of pig iron is the result of a greatly augmented demand for manufactured iron and steel, and the rise in prices of manufactured goods has been greater decidedly than that in pig iron. As a consequence of all this, there has sprung up during the past few weeks a considerable speculation in iron mining shares. Those shares are now not largely dealt in upon the London Stock Exchange; but on some of the provincial Stock Exchanges the business being done is very large, and the rise in prices is remarkable. Within twelve months many of those shares have doubled and even trebled in price.

What is most satisfactory in the recovery of this great industry is that it is mainly the result of improvement in the home trade of the country. There is some slight increase in the foreign demand; but it is slight compared with the augmented consumption at home. Shipbuilding, which during the three years that followed 1883 greatly fell off, has once more become active. Wear-and-tear, accidents and wrecks, and the growth of the international carrying trade, about 1887, caused a fresh demand for new shipping. Since then there has been a very satisfactory activity in the shipbuilding yards throughout the United Kingdom. At the same time there is no appearance of undue speculation as there was in the last period of active shipbuilding, and Government orders have lately given a new stimulus. At the same time the railway Companies are buying far more freely than they did during the recent period of depression. Then they were obliged to stint as much as possible their outlay for repairs, renewals, and improvements of all kinds; but now that their earnings are once more large they are not only making up for what was left undone in the past, they are making provision, too, for the future, when again there will be a decline in earnings. Moreover, the general manufacturing industry of the country is very active, and is consuming iron and steel in steadily increasing quantities. And lastly, the foreign and colonial loans and Companies which have been brought out in London in such great numbers of recent years have stimulated the industry. A very considerable proportion of the money raised has been

spent upon railway construction and other industrial works, and has led, therefore, to a very largely increased demand for iron and steel manufactures. Regarding the foreign demand, there has been a falling off in American purchases since the excessive railway construction in the North-West and South-West came to an end. During the past year or two, indeed, the iron industry in the United States has been so depressed that it has not been profitable to import from Europe. But, on the other hand, the Continental demand has decidedly increased. There has been extraordinary activity in Germany more particularly, where the expenditure on naval and military works and railways is very large. The home production is quite insufficient to meet the demand, and the imports, consequently, from this country and Belgium are on a greatly increased scale. There is every reason to expect that the Continental demand will continue, and probably will increase rather than fall off, for some time to come. True, the rise of wages and of prices in the coal trade here at home has increased the cost of iron manufacture, and in the iron industry itself there has likewise been a considerable advance in wages, more particularly in the wages of the engineering branches of the trade. Consequently the recent rise in price has become a necessity, and there is little fear that the rise of price here will check the Continental demand, since the advance in wages and prices upon the Continent, and more especially in Germany, has been proportionately larger than here at home. It looks probable, too, that American purchases will increase in the immediate future. There has already been a rise in the price of pig-iron in the United States. Trade there is improving in all departments. The crops this year are unusually large, and, with the exception of wheat, they were also very good last year. Two good agricultural seasons in succession have stimulated industries of all kinds, and iron has naturally felt this stimulus. Besides, there is a probability that the expenditure on railways will be much larger in the immediate future than it has been in the immediate past. It is not likely, indeed, that we shall see a very great increase in the construction of new railways, for railway building has been overdone for some time past. But the growing prosperity of the South calls for an extension of the Southern railway system, and in the East, the Middle States, and the North-West and South-West the railway mileage is so immense that the mere demand for maintenance and renewal consumes an immense quantity of iron and steel. With regard to South America, it is to be presumed that the Argentine demand will fall off. But, on the other hand, we may reasonably expect a considerable increase in the Brazilian, Chilian, and Peruvian demand. So far, therefore, as the foreign trade is concerned, the likelihood is that we shall do more business in the immediate future than has been done in the past.

Here at home the prospects of trade generally are exceedingly good. There is every reason to hope that the revival will prove more lasting than any recovery since 1873. And, if general trade continues good, there are grounds for believing that the prosperity of the iron industry will be maintained. There are at the same time two dangers; one is that speculation may carry prices too high, and may thus defeat its own market. Hitherto speculators have been very prudent. But they have undoubtedly become more active during the past few weeks than they had been before, and it is possible at least that they may grow reckless. The other, and perhaps the more serious danger, is that the production may be unduly augmented. We have seen above that the recovery in the trade was made possible by the restriction of output to which the Scotch manufacturers agreed three years ago. They have so far abided by their agreement; but now that prices have so far risen they may be tempted to very largely increase the production. Before 1873 the producing capacity of this country was unduly stimulated. It was then the chief iron producer of the world, and as much of the capital needed for railway construction all over the world was obtained in London, a very large proportion of that money was employed in purchasing iron for the new railways. Since 1873, however, there has been an extraordinary development of the iron industry in foreign countries. The United States, Germany, Russia, Belgium, and France have all greatly increased their production. The development is a natural result of the growth of wealth in those countries, and, of course, it has been immensely aided by the protective tariffs imposed. We have, therefore, no longer the command of the world's market, and we are consequently not able in the best years to work to nearly the full extent of our capacity. On the contrary, we have every now and then to limit even our reduced production. If the production here at home, then, were to be increased very largely and very suddenly, not only would the rise in prices be checked, but probably there would follow a considerable fall. The cost of production, however has been so much increased by the advance in wages and the rise in the price of coal and coke, that the trade would become unprofitable if there were to be any considerable decline in prices. Of course, it is not desirable or expedient that the output should be unduly restricted. That would mean such an advance in prices that probably our foreign competitors would undersell us. What is to be hoped for is a gradual and prudent increase in production such as, while keeping pace with the growing consumption, will allow on the one hand of reasonable profits being earned, and will prevent on the other hand such an undue rise in price as may enable our foreign competitors to undersell us in the foreign market, and may check prosperity here at home. This, of course, is difficult, considering how much greater the productive capacity is than the actual production. But, unless it is accomplished in some way or other, the brighter future that now seems opening to the iron trade will again become overclouded.

THE CHOROLISTHA.

"MAY I have the pleasure of a dance?" "I can give you the next chorolistha but two." Will such an exchange of amenities as this ever arouse emotion in a male or female heart (or both) in an actual British ball-room? It is to be hoped not, because all change is hateful in itself, and for persons sound in head and limb the British ball-room does very well as it is. It is also to be hoped so, because Mr. Edward Scott, "Professor of dancing and scientific grace-culture," who has invented the chorolistha, and hopes to force it upon the dancing world, is the only man who has ever printed any sensible instructions on the subject of waltzing, and discourses upon the terpsichorean art with genuine enthusiasm and appreciation. As far as we know, Mr. Scott now makes his first appearance as a composer both of dancing and music.

To begin with, the name of his dance, if classical, is inconvenient. He derives it "from *χορός*, a dance, and *ὀλισθάνω*, to glide," and explains that, "in regard to sequence of steps and rhythm, the chorolistha is different from any other known dance." Naturally, if it was not, it would not be the chorolistha, but some other known dance. "By comparison, however, it may be said to combine something of the sprightliness of the polka with the elegance of the waltz; yet withal to possess a dignity and refinement belonging rather to movements that were in vogue when dancing was recognized and taught as one of the fine arts." Never having been privileged to dance the chorolistha, or see it danced, we cannot say what it feels or looks like; but, judging from Mr. Scott's verbal description, and from the time, it appears to be, as he says (only more elegantly), something between a waltz and a polka. The partners hold each other, it appears from the letter-press and also from the picture on the back, as if they were waltzing; the tune is in common time, and is one of those melodies that sounds rather hackneyed the first time it is heard. It resembles a slightly funereal polka—perhaps, something like the "grisly polka step" that the nephew of many uncles dances "all down the silent street," in Mr. Anstey's recitation—and is not altogether unlike the airs appropriate to a weird gambol called the polka mazurka, which was rather popular twenty-five years ago, and is still to be met with occasionally in old-fashioned ball-rooms. One of the advantages claimed by Mr. Scott for the child of his fancy is that it does not make the dancer giddy, because of a "prolonged glide, which causes the figure described in rotation to become elliptical rather than circular." It may well be so, because, as far as can be discerned from the description, the dancers turn one way round for one bar and the other for the next; but all such problems will be solved by the first people who habitually dance chorolisthas. The question whether a new dance will ever become fashionable is as difficult to answer beforehand as the question whether the 1*l.* shares of a new gold mining Company will ever sell for 20*l.* As far as concerns Mr. Scott personally, we wish him well; but, on principle, the blood of martyrs ought to be exacted before young men and women of the world consent to learn a new round dance.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF COOKERY.

THE new buildings of the National Training School of Cookery in the Buckingham Palace Road were opened to the public, last Tuesday, very appropriately by an excellent luncheon, which was cooked on the premises and by the superintendents and pupils, and certainly was a warrant that the public restaurant, which will be opened in a few weeks, may possibly prove to be one of the most successful in London. The premises are large and spacious, and the kitchens are supplied with all the latest novelties. The building, which was designed by Mr. Purdon Clarke, is in that peculiar style of architecture which is a sort of a cross between the Dutch of Amsterdam and the Elizabethan, and which is popularly known as "Queen Anne." Mrs. Clarke, the lady superintendent, whose energy is so well known in connexion with the cheap dinners during the successive exhibitions at South Kensington, managed to save a considerable sum of money for the Committee during those halcyon days, with which they have been enabled to erect the present commodious structure, where ladies and servants can be properly educated in that most necessary of domestic arts—gastronomy. The lecture-halls, of which there are two, and in which what are known as "demonstrations" take place, are already crowded daily by a number of ladies eager to be initiated in the mysteries of how sauces should be made and soups concocted, jellies rendered stiff and shapely, hares jugged, and sundry odds and ends of meat and poultry manufactured into dishes with elaborate French names. There is a tendency all over the country just now to graft on to plain English cooking a sort of nondescript *cuisine* popularly known as "entrées." And we trust that the National School of Cookery will not neglect the good, old-fashioned plain

English cookery of our ancestors, which, unfortunately, since the introduction of the all-prevalent gas-stove, has become more or less a thing of the past; for sound, wholesome English roast beef refuses to be "done" in a gas-oven, and there is as great a difference between the parboiled roast beefs and muttons of our restaurants and the succulent dishes thereof which so rejoiced the hearts of our forebears as there is between night and day; and the same may be said of the roasting and preparing of poultry and game—an art, by the way, in which English cooks of the past excelled—for there can be no comparing an English capon prepared after the fashion of a well-conditioned country-house kitchen and that multitudinous-legged fowl who generally brings the *table d'hôte* of France to a close, and flourishes on the *menu* as "poulet au cresson." Mrs. Clarke and her lady teachers, cooks, and pupils, we are assured, have determined to study hygienic cookery; and it may perhaps interest them to know, if they are not aware of the fact, that the leading scientists of the day have condemned dish-covers, as causing the almost instantaneous decomposition of the viands beneath them, owing to the confined and hot moisture. They are utterly abolished from Bignon's, at the instance of great authorities. Be this as it may—and we only give it on hearsay report—there can be no question as to the importance of the School of Cookery, if it performs its mission, as a national institution of the highest importance, and it has the best wishes of all lovers of well-prepared and wholesome food.

CATS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE "coming-of-age" show of the National Cat Club, which has been held at the Crystal Palace this week, may be said to have been remarkable more for its feline curiosities than for any extraordinary beauty on the part of the exhibits. The Persian and Angora cats left a good deal to be desired, and, on the whole, the short-haired cats shown were far finer animals than their long-haired relations. The black Persians, in particular, were poor in number and quality, which may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that they are no longer as "fashionable" as their "chinchilla" or "blue" brethren. In the class for the latter uncanny-looking animals, Mrs. H. B. Thompson took the first prize with her "Winks," a winner of many prizes during its four-and-a-half years of existence, but to our mind not an altogether satisfactory cat, owing to its "blue" colour having a yellowish tinge through it. The class for pure white Persians was a good one, and Miss L. Abbott's "Beauty," which took the first prize, was a superb cat, of extraordinary size for its age of eleven months. Perhaps the fact of its being born on "India's coral strand," at Bombay, may have accelerated its growth. In Class 24, for "blue or silver tabby, with or without white," Miss F. Moore took not only first prize with "Felix," but also the special prize for the best long-haired cat in the Show; to both of which awards we take decided exception, as to our mind "Felix" was handicapped by an ugly head and an inferior coat, and altogether was not to be compared to Mrs. T. Fry's "Billy," in the same class, who, though a winner of upwards of thirty prizes in less than two years, was entirely passed over at the Show this week. A most beautiful and remarkable cat was the first prize in Class 25, Miss D. B. Gresham's "Donovan," only seven months old, with a coat like that of a Russian black fox, dark smoke-colour underneath, with black tips to the hairs, a peculiarity which we do not remember having ever seen on a cat before. There were two classes of Manx cats, with three entries in the one and two in the other, which no doubt simplified the judges' task considerably. The special prize for the best short-haired cat in the Show went to Mr. K. Hutchinson's red-tabby "May Queen," as well as the first prize in Class 13. One of the curiosities of the Show were the three tortoiseshell tom-cats, whose rarity may be judged from the fact that in the twenty other Shows held by the National Cat Club before this one, only one other male tortoiseshell has been exhibited. Indeed, so rare was this colour amongst the feline male sex, that a good many years ago a large prize was, we believe, offered for a specimen; and it is, therefore, to a certain degree comprehensible that Mr. T. Huntley, the proud owner of the first prize in the male tortoiseshell class, should price his cat, "Tote," at 200*l.* In Class 8 were two cats worthy of remark, the first and second prize-winners. Both were short-haired cats, the first, Mrs. Herring's "Roguey," a pure blue Russian cat of lively and playful demeanour. The second, a Siamese cat, "Banglempoo," belonged to Mr. H. A. Badman. The latter was a very peculiar-looking animal with a smooth fawn-coloured coat, dark brown ears and nose, and blue eyes. It looked as if it must have some relationship to the Lemur tribe. Another odd cat was Mrs. Mowser's Abyssinian cat, "Tomee," with a coat much resembling that of the Suricates and Ichneumons at the Zoological Gardens. Mr. Venables deserves praise for the careful housing of the cats in the padlocked cages of galvanized iron. That the appetites of the exhibits did not suffer from their enforced confinement may be judged from the fact that it was found necessary to provide no less than eighty gallons of milk and over three hundredweight of meat for their consumption during the Show.

MONEY MATTERS.

AS the week draws to a close the bill-brokers and discount-houses, who lately were so confident that the great financial houses would keep the money market easy, are beginning to doubt whether they have not been too sanguine. And in consequence there is a decided, though only a small, advance in the rate of discount in the open market. At the present time the receipts of revenue at the Bank of England are about a million a week, and those receipts are passed from the control of the other banks to that of the Bank of England. Further, within the next fortnight from half a million to three-quarters of a million in gold will have to be sent from London to Scotland. And, over and above all this, gold shipments to Brazil have begun again. On Wednesday and Thursday of this week they amounted to 342,000*l.*, and it is said that as much more will be sent very shortly. It is very profitable at present to send gold from this country to Rio, and therefore, over and above what is required by the new banks that are being started, the metal is being shipped, for the sake of the profit, by financial houses. Then gold is going in smaller amounts to South Africa, and it is beginning to be feared that a drain for New York may spring up. Altogether, therefore, it looks as if we were about to see a revival of apprehensions in the money market.

There is a struggle going on just now between the Mint and the bullion-brokers. For months past the Mint has been buying silver very largely. According to the City, it has bought about a million's worth. Of course this has raised the price of the metal. Last week it advanced to 43*d.* per ounce, a quotation not reached before since November of last year. The authorities of the Mint rightly or wrongly believe that an attempt is being made to make them pay more than the real market value, and they stopped buying for some days. The price in consequence fell half a farthing per oz. But when they began buying again at the beginning of this week there was a rise of twice as much, or a farthing per oz. The Mint has again stopped buying, but the price is steady. It remains to be seen whether the belief of the Mint authorities is well founded, or whether the production of silver has been so reduced by the continuous fall in the price that the available supply in the London market at present is so small that any considerable further demand causes a considerable rise in price.

Operators on the Stock Exchange are for the moment waiting upon events. The Czar's visit to Berlin has come off, and the speech from the throne in the German Parliament is very peaceful. But nothing has come of either event. It is feared that the *Liquidation* on the Berlin Bourse which is about to begin will be a difficult one. Speculation has been carried too far and money is scarce. It is hoped, nevertheless, that all the money wanted will be supplied, and that, in some way or other, the operators in difficulties will be helped over for the time being at all events. Still speculators like to be sure that nothing serious will happen before they increase their risks. Here in London, too, operators are beginning to fear that we are about to have another money scare. It may not last very long or do much harm, but it for all that may for a few days knock down prices. Above all, the situation in the Argentine Republic is disquieting. For months past a crisis has seemed imminent, but by some means it has been postponed. The public is not reassured. It fears that the agony is only being prolonged, and it dreads that when the crisis comes it will be all the more severe for the delay. Lastly, drought in the Transvaal has threatened to deprive the mines of the water they require, and temporarily at least has depressed the market. Therefore, operators are looking for some leader bold enough to take the initiative, and powerful enough to move the markets. From Paris the lead was expected. The money market there is abundantly supplied, and the great banks are known to have entered into important engagements that require stronger and more active markets. But the Paris operators have not as yet, at all events, moved effectively.

Meantime new Companies are coming out here in immense numbers, and most of them are being floated with success. The promoters take care, of course, to ensure that they are underwritten before they are offered for subscription. And they thus ensure themselves against serious loss. That they are able to get them underwritten affords the clearest proof that the public generally expects speculation to be carried much farther, and to continue for a considerable time yet. The expectation is based upon the flourishing state of trade, not only all over the United Kingdom, but on the Continent and in America. Good trade gives larger profits, out of which to make investments, and, therefore, little real difficulty is encountered in getting Companies underwritten. Every now and then, however, there is no real occasion for underwriting. The public becomes eager to subscribe, and there is a literal scramble for application forms. The latest example occurred on Thursday when the Exploration Company, Limited, was brought out. Messrs. Smith, Payne's bank, where applications were received, was besieged long before the doors were open. A body of policemen had to be called in to keep order, or the struggling crowd would have injured one another, and damaged the premises. At the Company's offices also, and at those of the Company's brokers, the services of policemen had to be secured. Before the Company was brought out, the ordinary shares were at a premium of two, and the founders' shares were quoted about 300.

The new system of founders' shares gives to promoters means of attracting underwriters. Usually one founder's share is offered to any one who will underwrite a considerable number of ordinary shares. And the inducement, as we have said, proves sufficient. Bearing in mind that founders' shares are usually of the nominal value of 1*l.* or 10*l.*, and that they in most cases take half the profits after the ordinary shareholders receive a specified percentage, it will show how much these shares have struck the fancy of the public, when we state that in one Company the founders' shares are quoted at 7,000*l.*, in another at 2,000*l.*, in another at 1,900*l.*, in another at 1,750*l.*, and in a fifth at 1,250*l.* In two cases the quotation is from 600*l.* to 700*l.*, in three cases from 300*l.* to 400*l.*, in two cases from 250*l.* to 300*l.*, and in two other cases from 140*l.* to 200*l.*

DOM LUIS I.

THE ceremonious words addressed by Queen Dona Maria Pia of Portugal to her son Dom Carlos after she had, according to an ancient Portuguese custom, shut the eyes of her dead husband, "The King is dead; long live the King!" closed rather dramatically a long reign of over twenty-eight years. When, in 1861, Dom Luis ascended the throne, his brother, the youthful King Dom Pedro V., had just died of typhus fever at the Palace of the Necessidades; whilst his younger brothers, Dom Ferdinand and Dom João, having contracted the same malady, were sinking fast. By a curious coincidence, nearly thirty years later the surviving brother, the Duke of Coimbra, died a few hours before the King, both Royal brothers being fatally stricken at the same time. His Majesty, however, had been long suffering, and a fatal termination of his malady was expected any day during the last four or five years. He was, indeed, so ill when his youngest brother expired that it is doubtful if he was ever made aware of the sad fact. Dom Luis was a man of considerable attainments and natural ability, and few sovereigns in modern times have enjoyed greater or more deserved popularity. A fairly long service in the navy when he was Infant had made him acquainted with many countries, and had considerably widened his views. Again, his father Dom Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, King Consort of Maria II., possessed exceptional ability and taste. He directed his son's education, and, above all, his artistic culture. If we compare Dom Luis with the majority of his predecessors, we find him standing out in very favourable prominence, for nothing can be imagined less intellectual or more bigoted than the Portuguese sovereigns and their Court, from Dom Sebastian of romantic fame to Dom Pedro IV., the grandfather of the late King. Beckford, who lived a good deal in Portugal in the last half of the eighteenth century, has described the Court as "insufferably dull when it was not insupportably vicious." Dull the Court of Portugal has remained, but its moral tone has under Dom Luis and Dona Maria Pia been excellent. His Majesty thoroughly understood his duties as a constitutional monarch, and although he invariably took the lead in all intellectual movements, he carefully abstained from interference in politics, except on one occasion, when he very nearly came to grief. In 1869 he strongly backed the Left in the Cortes to obtain the passing of a Bill for the sale of the considerable property still possessed by the Church after the confiscation of the lands and chattels of the enormously rich monasteries and nunneries suppressed in 1833. In this measure he was ably supported by many politicians; but Lisbon, especially, came close on witnessing some most ugly scenes. Whether an impoverished Church is to be desired in a country the inhabitants of which refuse to belong to any other than the Roman Catholic religion, or else become blatant and exceedingly frivolous Freethinkers, remains to be seen. Hitherto it has not been pre-eminently successful, and an impoverished clergy has had a hard struggle for existence, and the spread of that peculiar kind of noisy atheism which has gained so much ground under the present Republic in France is giving serious alarm to the best thinkers among the Portuguese. Very skilful was Dom Luis in pioneering himself through the shoals created for him by General Prim, when that hot-headed personage was active in Spanish politics, and Queen Isabel II. of Spain was residing comfortably at the Palais de Castille on the Champs-Elysées, in what she was pleased to call her "charming exile." It was then proposed that Spain should be annexed to Portugal and formed into one kingdom under the Portuguese dynasty. Dom Pedro very wittily recalled to the Commission which was sent to make this proposal to him the famous story of the man who tried to sit down between two stools and fell to the ground in consequence. He had no intention, he said, to follow his example. Between these two events, and his occasional visits to Paris, London, and Turin, sometimes with and sometimes without the Queen, the late King's life was, for a sovereign, one of the quietest imaginable. However, he has witnessed great changes in his two capitals. Lisbon and Oporto, formerly the two dirtiest cities in Europe, are now about the cleanest. Tramways have succeeded amazingly well in Portugal, and Cintra and Lisbon are now connected by one of those unpicturesque means of communication which are the delight of the rising generation of citizens, who look upon "O tram!" as a sort of incarnation of that big word they so dearly love—Progress. The electric light, too, has been introduced all over the capital. The railway is still, however, a stumbling-block, for it has a tendency to progress in Portugal more slowly than in any part of the known globe unless it be Northern Spain. Education has spread with great success, and it is difficult to find a Portuguese now under thirty who cannot read and write. Blessed with a perfect climate, lovely scenery, and many interesting old cities, Portugal is perhaps the country to be most envied in Europe. It has so many fewer troubles, and goes on its onward march very slowly, but surely; and Dom Carlos has but to follow the pacific and *dolce far niente* policy of his father to live and reign a happy and prosperous monarch. King Luis made many efforts to elevate the intellectual status of his subjects, but this was almost beyond his power. The Portuguese, a brave and sensible people, have produced fewer poets and artists than any other nation; and although they were very proud that their King should have translated *Hamlet* and *Richard III.* into excellent Portuguese verse, as a rule they contented themselves with admiring the costly binding in which the Royal version of the masterpieces of the Bard of Avon were produced instead of perusing the text. The majority preferred, and still prefer, *Frou-Frou*, and the last Parisian sensation by Sardou or Meilhac, to Shakspeare. King Luis will be sincerely mourned, and a kindly people will sympathize keenly with his gentle widow, the youngest daughter of Victor Emmanuel, Dona Maria Pia, a lady who has endeared herself singularly to her subjects. The new Queen is a daughter of the Count of Paris, and has already, as Duchess of Braganza, made herself popular.

PAR NOBILE FRATRUM.

[Mr. Barnum, who chances to be at Southport just now, is currently reported to be casting longing glances upon Cambridge Hall, where to-morrow Mr. Gladstone is to address the Lancashire Liberals.—*Daily News.*]

WHO could doubt your "longing glances"?
Surely it is plain to all
What might urge you to advances
For the hire of Cambridge Hall.

Not the grand accommodation
You would for your wonders win,
But the Unparalleled Sensation
With the hall itself "thrown in."

Yes, my Barnum! Even so men
Balked of their grand *coup* may be—
Yes, Napoleon of showmen,
You have missed your destiny!

Had the laggard Fates but brought you
Some days more "before the fair,"
Had some prescient instinct taught you
What a chance lay waiting there;

Had your stars but favoured—darn 'em!
You had made an earlier start,
And the Transatlantic Barnum
Bagged his English counterpart.

Ah! what day of radiant glory!
Ah! what hour of swelling pride!
Had you told, with him, your story
On one platform, side by side.

Saying:—"Fooldom's vast abysses
I have dropped my plummet through
In America; and this is
He who plumbs its depths with you.

"*I* exhibited the Mermaid,
Now, alas! laid on the shelf;
He has quite an equal stir made
With that nondescript—himself.

"*I* have brought you over Jumbo;
He provides you, it is clear,
With an ever-present Mumbo-
Jumbo for your worship here.

"Neither ever found resist him
Barriers to his march sublime;
Each has deeply traced his 'system'
On the records of his time.

"Both are certain of survival
Evermore on history's page;
None can say which noble rival
Likeliest is to name the age.

"Brothers kept too long asunder,
Potentates of kindred stuff,
Hail us, lords of gaping Wonder!
Crown us, kings of *blague* and puff!"

Thus would you have told your story,
Doubtless, in two nations' ears;
Thus illumined with your glory
Two awe-stricken hemispheres;

Had not stars unfriendly—darn 'em!
Ordering you too late a start,
Made the Transatlantic Barnum
Miss his English counterpart.

Yes, O Yankee Gl-dst-ne! so men
Balked of their grand *coup* may be—
Yes, Napoleon of showmen!
You have missed your destiny.

REVIEWS.

THE WINNING OF THE WEST.*

PERSONAL experience of a ranchman's life in the Far West has given Mr. Roosevelt a peculiar interest in the deeds of the men who extended the American frontier from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi. His *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman* is no doubt familiar to many of our readers, and those who know it will turn to his two new volumes with pleasurable anticipation. They will certainly not be disappointed. The story which he has to tell is full of adventure, and he tells it with abundant animation, and, though he is perhaps rather too diffuse, with considerable skill as regards both the treatment of his materials and the arrangement of his matter. His picture would not have been less effective if he had here and there refrained from elaborating details. Still it is excellent as it is, and such as we think that no one else could have set before us. He has gone to original sources for his facts, and exposes the errors of two or three popular American historians less industrious or less critical than himself. His narrative is prefaced by some admirable chapters on the characteristics of the French inhabitants of the Ohio Valley, of the Indians of the Appalachian Confederacies to the south of the Tennessee, and of the Algonquin tribes which lay between the Ohio and the Great Lakes, and of the frontier-folk, or backwoodsmen, "the vanguard of the army of fighting settlers, who with axe and rifle won their way from the Alleghanies to the Rio Grande and the Pacific." Independently of the picturesque and stirring incidents which they present, the exploits of these men are well worthy of the attention of the American historian, for they may almost be said to have laid the foundation of the greatness of the American people, inasmuch as they saved them from being cooped in between the mountains and the sea. While the actual cession of the Western territory was brought about by diplomacy, the land had already been won during the progress of the Revolutionary war.

The men who accomplished this work were not generally descendants of the early colonists; they were, as is pointed out here, for the most part the representatives of the Irish Presbyterians who came over to Philadelphia and Charleston after the beginning of the eighteenth century, and finally settled in the western portions of Virginia and the Carolinas. Along with these, however, there was, of course, a considerable admixture of men of English descent from the eastern colonies, together with a considerable number of Germans, some Dutch, and a good many French Huguenots. Colonizing and fighting independently of State help, and usually with little concert between themselves, these men won for their people the lands which now form the States of Kentucky, Illinois, and Tennessee. They were men of extraordinary courage and self-reliance, able and willing to endure extreme privations, and to pass their lives in the midst of terrible dangers. Strong, active, and keen of sight, they possessed all the qualifications necessary for tracking game and carrying on war in a wild country. While they were generally thrifty and industrious, they were also fierce, boastful, and quarrelsome. The cruelty of the Indians—a revolting subject which Mr. Roosevelt necessarily treats at some length, though not without a laudable reticence—was, of course, unmatched among the whites, yet it was the cruelty of men who knew no better, while the ferocity of the Presbyterian backwoodsman was the outcome of a partial abandonment of the restraints of civilization and Christianity. An enemy's scalp was prized as highly in his cabin as in an Indian's hut, and, as may be seen by an instance quoted here, a man of the better class among them would write a letter to his wife full of expressions of a not unrefined affection, and would end it by telling her that he was bringing home a scalp. War between the backwoodsmen and the Indians was carried on in a ferocious fashion on both sides, and, though the worst excesses of the Americans were "the misdeeds of a few uncontrollable spirits," they seldom excited any marks of disapproval on the part of the more respectable settlers. For many acts of violence and bloodshed committed by them there was, as Mr. Roosevelt urges, considerable excuse; men whose wives and children had been tortured to death by the Indians are not to be judged severely if they took a heavy vengeance. On the Indian side the war was by no means unprovoked. In correcting the follies of sentimental historians on this matter, Mr. Roosevelt once or twice leans too much in the other direction. The fact that "the Indians had no ownership of the land in the way in which we understand the term" has nothing to do with the question. Although the land on which the settlements were formed was not private property, and was, indeed, in some cases claimed by different tribes, yet not the less did the Indian see his ancient hunting-grounds on which he and his people mainly depended for sustenance taken from him and made the exclusive property of the stranger. Mr. Roosevelt puts the matter in its only true light when he says that the struggle could not have been avoided. A stronger people found it necessary to their welfare to take the lands of a weaker and savage race for themselves, to settle upon them and cultivate them, and they accordingly took them. No one who is not given over to sentimentality can doubt that they were right. On the other hand, the Indians were sorely provoked, and, as will be learnt from these volumes, were often cruelly wronged. The first attempt to extend the frontier westwards, which was destined to have permanent results, was made in Kentucky by the famous hunter Daniel Boon, about whom we have many interesting particulars. At one time he was "absolutely alone in the wilderness for three months without salt, sugar, or flour, and without the companionship of so much as a horse or dog." While he and other hunters were exploring Kentucky a settlement was formed, in 1769, on the Watauga, in the present State of Tennessee, chiefly under the leadership of James Robertson, a man of remarkable natural abilities, though of no education, and John Sevier, the son of a Huguenot gentleman. In the course of a pleasant account of this settlement Mr. Roosevelt gives the only sign of being affected by the mania for finding primitive institutions in America; he calls a little Committee elected by the settlers to carry on the actual business of government a "Witanagemot" (*sic*). His comparison is as unfortunate as his spelling. The importance of Lord Dunmore's war is well marked. As regards its cause, we are told that the "chief offence of the whites was that they trespassed upon uninhabited lands, which they proceeded forthwith to cultivate," and that in the frequent outrages which had taken place on the Border they were "more often sinned against than sinning." It would, perhaps, be a fairer way of stating the case to say that the war was caused by the appropriation, in defiance of treaties, of the hunting-grounds of the Indians for "tomahawk improvements"—a matter about which Virginia and Pennsylvania nearly came to blows. It was opened by a deed of horrible treachery and bloodshed on the part of some of the backwoodsmen. The war cowed the Northern Indians, and consequently enabled the work of settlement to proceed uninterruptedly in Kentucky during the early years of the war with Great Britain. The new communities gathered strength, and the Americans made further advances into other wild lands and into territory held by the British.

Mr. Roosevelt says a good deal about the base conduct of the English in employing Indians in the War of Independence; it must, he declares in one place, "ever rest a dark stain on their national history." Of course it is contrary to the usages of modern warfare to set a savage people to attack a civilized enemy, and a considerable party in the English Parliament protested vehemently against the proceeding. But will Americans kindly look at home? Mr. Roosevelt owns that his own people are not quite clear in this matter, but passes lightly over the unpleasant subject. It is a matter of fact that repeated efforts were made, with the full approval of Congress, to engage the services of Indian auxiliaries, and these efforts evidently did not shock educated Americans in the way that the employment of Indians in the war shocked a large number of Englishmen both in and out of Parliament. Nor is this strange; for the colonists had certainly shown no objection to profit by the help of the Indians—when they could get it—in the war with the French. In truth, the Indians were certain to join one side or the other; both the English and the Americans tried to engage them, and the English succeeded in doing so. During the first year of the war Kentucky was settled mainly through Boon's exertions; it was preserved by Clark, a young Virginian of great military capacity, who in 1777 determined to defend it by carrying the war into the country north of Ohio. Mr. Roosevelt gives a picturesque account of the surprise of Kaskaskia:—

> Inside the fort the lights were lit, and through the windows came the sounds of violins. The officers of the post had given a ball, and the mirth-loving Creoles, young men and girls, were dancing and revelling within, while the sentinels had left their posts. One of his captives showed Clark a postern-gate by the river-side, and through this he entered the fort, having placed his men round about at the entrance. Advancing to the great hall where the revel was held, he leaned silently with folded arms against the doorpost, looking at the dancers. An Indian, lying on the floor of the entry, gazed intently on the stranger's face as the light from the torches within flickered across it, and suddenly sprang to his feet, uttering the unearthly war-whoop. Instantly the dancing ceased; the women screamed, while the men ran towards the door. But Clark, standing unmoved, and with unchanged face, grimly bade them continue their dancing, but to remember that they now danced under Virginia and not Great Britain.—Vol. ii. p. 45.

Clark followed up his success by taking the British post of Vincennes, and before long, unaided as he was by the central authority, conquered the whole of the Illinois territory. His conquest overawed the Indians and strengthened and encouraged the Kentucky settlers, though they were still perpetually harassed by the Indians and were often in much danger. He formed a plan for attacking Detroit, but it was brought to nothing by jealousies and bickerings between Virginia and Pennsylvania, and between the backwoodsmen themselves. The notable battle of King's Mountain is admirably described. Cornwallis, triumphant in the three

* *The Winning of the West.* By Theodore Roosevelt. Vols. I. and II. From the Alleghanies to Mississippi. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889.

southern provinces, had marched northward with his main army, leaving Colonel Ferguson to secure his conquests. Ferguson reduced South Carolina, and was threatening North Carolina, when, at the call of McDowell, the commander of the Whig militia in the district, the mountaineers of the Watauga or Holston Settlements gathered to oppose him. Their victory at King's Mountain, in South Carolina, changed the whole aspect of affairs in the South. While they were thus facing the enemy, Robertson, the chief founder of their settlements, was engaged in planting a new colony further west on the great bend of the Cumberland river. The solitary journey which he made to Kentucky to get ammunition for the new settlers was a feat which could only have been performed by a man of extraordinary endurance and courage. On his return he successfully defended his colony against the Indians, and showed considerable skill as a civil as well as a military leader. Mr. Roosevelt's concluding chapter on "What the Westerners had done" by the end of the Revolutionary War contains a capital summary of his narrative, and some noteworthy remarks on the characteristics and circumstances of the new communities. As we did not find out his very helpful maps until we had read a large part of his book, we warn our readers to look for them at the end of each volume.

THE BLUE FAIRY-BOOK.*

EVERY generation ought to have a Fairy-Book of its own; not that alterations are required—God forbid!—but that much childhood, and that not the worst, is extremely destructive of its treasures; so that, if those treasures were not renewed, some of the most precious literature in the world would run the risk of being, even as the "Pastissier François," the exclusive possession of persons with money more certainly predicable of them than brains. There must have been Fairy-Books in the course of the last thirty years—indeed, we have seen some. But the last that you could really recommend to a friend was published some time (we think) in the forties, and was very fat, very square, and rather small in size. We have not seen it for many years; may it be blessed with as many blessings as there have been hours in them!

It would appear, however, that the absence of proper Fairy-Books has had (happily) the same effect on Mr. Andrew Lang as (*teste* Wolfram von Eschenbach) the omissions of Chrestien de Troyes had on the Mrs. Harris of the Graal legend, the Provençal Guyot, or Kyot. *Daz mac wol zörnen Kŷôt.* "This made Kyot in a great rage." Kyot wrote, *if* he did, a large poem. Mr. Lang has not exactly written, but collected, a large book; the only fault to find by a chartered fault-finder is that the print is a little small. True, the eyes of forty-year are not the eyes of ten or twelve; but, as far as we remember, the eyes of ten or twelve were more leniently treated than this, and if they had not been the eyes of forty-year would probably have been worse than they are. Still the exiguity of the letter affords room for more of the subject, and that is always a gain. Also there are "cuts"—generally good cuts—and gilt edges (which is necessary for the young), and a very superior witch, with moon and stars, on the cover, and everything that can reasonably be expected.

The contents are worthy of the care taken with them by their editor and a bevy of contributresses—Mrs. Alfred Hunt, Miss Sylvia and Miss Violet Hunt, Miss Minnie Wright, and Miss May Kendall. As marshalled thus they consist partly of old matter and partly of new—that is to say, of matter newly presented with the freedom of the miscellaneous Fairy-Book. Those stories which had the immense good luck to be crystallized just at the right time and in the right manner by Perrault are here in early versions from him. Mme. d'Aulnoy is well sampled, though we own to a rebellious and revolutionary desire that "The Yellow Dwarf" had lost his rights of citizenship. This ugly legend has always seemed to us a spot and blemish on its company. It is contrary to all principle for the good Mermaid to have been defeated as she was, and for the "Fairy of the Desert" to have, without any reason assigned, taken part against those who wished to consult her. Moreover the story is ill-told, and we believe it does gross injustice to the Yellow Dwarf—all the more that Bellissima is the least interesting of all fairy-tale heroines, and the King of the Gold Mines a stupid young chuckle-head. However this is not Mr. Lang's fault, or Miss Minnie Wright's. A contingent has been drawn from Grimm, and we need not say a stout contingent too, with the immortal "Little Tailor" and the young man who did not know how to shudder at generals. The "Cabinet des Fées" furnishes not a few, most of which will, or at least may, be novel. But the newest new comers in a book of the kind have yet to be mentioned. The Norse collections of Asbjörnsen and Möe have supplied several which are interesting and curiously different in tone, not only from the English and French classics, but even from the Grimm tales, to which they come nearest. "East of the Sun, West of the Moon," has little more than part of its framework in common with Mr. William Morris's delightful poem, and combines therewith a Cupid-and-Psyche-like central incident, some machinery recalling that of Andersen's "Garden of Paradise," and a rather grotesque conclusion. "The Master-Maid" is very Grimmish and pleasing; also here may you discover "Why the Sea is Salt," and read an agreeable legend of a male Cinderella in "The Princess on the Glass Hill." To these add two specimens of the Scotch tale, "The Red Etin" and "The Black Bull of Noroway"; one experiment by Mr. Lang himself, "The Terrible Head," a fairytalizing of the story of Perseus; some "condensations" from *Gulliver* and the *Arabian Nights*; with a few of the old "Nursery" tales, such as "Whittington" and "Jack the Giant-killer." Mr. Lang complains of the difficulty of getting a good version of these chap-book stories, and the complaint is justified. A very well-known student and reproducer of old English literature once excited lively hopes among his subscribers by promising them early seventeenth, if not sixteenth, century versions of them. But he proved to be faithless and mansworn, alleging the impossibility of finding early copies. How little old the accepted versions are may be seen from the reference to "The Royal Academy of Arts" (unless, indeed, this be a waggishness of Mr. Lang's) in the present "Whittington."

This makes beyond all question an excellent bill of fare, objections to which can only be made with the proviso that the dinner as it stands *is* excellent. On some grounds we might have preferred the omission of the "condensations" from *Gulliver* and the *Arabian Nights*, both of them books which children ought to read as wholes. "To be acquainted with you, sir, must be a pleasure in whatever company you choose to appear" may a man justly say (slightly altering his Grace of Hamilton's words) to Captain Lemuel, to that admirable gentleman Prince Ahmed, who had luck equal to his deserts and deserts equal to his luck, and even to Master Aladdin, of whom not quite so much can be said as far as the deserts go. There is no Wonder-book that these persons would not adorn, and none that can show more excellent matter. But the separation of them from their proper "surroundings" may perhaps encourage the detestable neglect of classics as classics and wholes which is too common nowadays. Youth is a light if not a holy thing, and even if it chanced upon the precious *Nights*, and happened to open one already read tale, it might chance to say "Oh, I've read that!" and turn away. As for *Gulliver*, there is another objection, that Swift is too great an artist for it to be safe or right to meddle in any way with his own presentment of his own masterpieces. Mr. Lang's "Terrible Head" (the only possible objection to which title is that it suggests the morning after a feast) is, on the other hand, a most excellent experiment. The throwing of Greek *märchen* into recognized *märchen* form has, indeed, been tried before, notably by Kingsley. But in most of these former trials the attempt to moralize has too often mastered the adapters. Mr. Lang has not succumbed to this evil lust, and we should have been glad of more specimens. Also we should have liked to see, in the place of the "condensations," some more of the old favourites, such as the "Seven Champions" (it is quite ghastly to find how ignorant the present generation is of the "Seven Champions"), "Valentine and Orson," and so forth. But, after all, any one can refashion a book according to his own fancy, and the process is something idle and also something ungrateful. The actual collection is unrivalled in one point—the number of different styles which it exhibits. The opening tale, the "Bronze Ring" (said to be Minor-Asiatic), a curious and interesting medley of the Youngest-Brother motive and of *Aladdin*, strikes of itself this note of variety, which is kept up throughout both in individual tales and in the juxtaposition of the contents.

Of the delightfulness of those contents in general it should be necessary to say very little. Perhaps the best thing we can say is that, though hardly a page in the book is new to us, it has given us two evenings' reading of the most satisfactory character. For this kind of stuff has the peculiar charm which belongs only to the very finest literature, and to certain matter which is not, at least designedly, literature at all. Let us take two examples as opposite as possible. One is from the baldest and weakest of all the versions—that of "Jack the Giant-killer." It runs: "Jack having hitherto been successful in all his undertakings, resolved not to be idle in future: *he therefore furnished himself with a horse, a cap of knowledge, a sword of sharpness, shoes of swiftness, and an invisible coat, the better to perform the wonderful enterprises that lay before him.*" Can anything be nicer than this? There is no nasty modern attempt to explain how and where these wonderful things were "furnished." The chronicler mentions the furniture just as he might have mentioned a Gladstone-bag, rug-straps, a hat-box, and a hansom cab—as things attainable round the world in all civilized communities. To take a very different example—one of the most delightful of all—"Beauty and the Beast." When the clock rouses Beauty by "calling her name softly twelve times," when she "sees herself reflected on every side, and thinks she has never seen so charming a room," when "wax-candles in diamond and ruby candlesticks begin to light themselves" everywhere, is this mere childish exaggeration? Not at all. It is the protest of literature, of art, though in the simplest forms of both, against a dull and stupid Naturalism. With that protest you cannot soak the human mind too early or too thoroughly, that so it may be warned beforehand against sciolism and *das Gemeine*. A good stock of fairy-tales will carry a man, provided he has a tolerably stout heart and not too stupid a head, through anything. He never knows whether the fairy Paribanou will not take it into her head to be one who *dignabitur cubili* even his insignificant self, whether the bronze ring or the shabby old lamp will not make him an Aladdin; whether the stratagem of the leathern

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* *The Blue Fairy-Book.* Edited by Andrew Lang. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

bag will not come to his thoughts in time to rid him of the Welsh giant; whether the fiery cats and dogs will not turn out to be beasts easily mastered by help of a "carving-bench" and knife. *Fata* (and *fata* means fairy, though Virgil did not know it) *viam invenient* is his motto. And, even if the way never opens to any good purpose, if Beauty never appears (he must be an uncommonly unlucky Beast if she never does), at any rate he has these happier things to fall back upon, and to console himself with, in the impregnable seclusion of fantastic memory.

HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES.*

THE first edition of *Haydn* appeared forty-eight years ago. The late Mr. Joseph Haydn continued to edit and revise it until 1855, when it had gone through six editions. Mr. Vincent corrected the seventh, and has since, he tells us, thoroughly renovated the book, "by revision and correction and copious additions," so that, as he adds, "little of the original work remains." There are few books more often referred to in any literary workshop, and few more useful. It stands, in fact, without a rival, and is so good—we regret to say it—that it should be a great deal better. In making a careful examination of this new issue we must not be understood as wishing in any way to depreciate a most valuable publication, and cannot do better than take Mr. Vincent's own "three heads" as our guide. We may test the "copious additions" first, and here we can only stand amazed at the care and industry with which recent events have been chronicled. The battle of Toski, and all the events which led to it, are entered up; the opening of the Savoy Hotel, the Maybrick trial, the latest Parnellite imprisonment, the invention of carbodynamite, and the journey of the Shah of Persia, are among the latest additions. Of course, events so old as the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, the early vagaries of the London County Council, and the annexation of Socotra are to be found under their respective heads. In this department, if there is a fault to be found, it is that the entries are, if anything, too copious; but as the volume has not yet grown to an unmanageable size, this may well be passed over. In fact, for any event which has happened, here or elsewhere, within the last twenty years or so this *Dictionary* is marvellously exact and full. We may say the same for all dates back to the beginning of the sixteenth century at least, although a few minutes' examination will show that it is in recent and contemporary history that Mr. Vincent is strongest. We find, for example, both "Sepoy" and "Spahi" in their respective places, though Mr. Vincent does not note the identity of the names, giving the former to Hindostanee, and "Spahi," apparently, to Turkish, although it is far more probable that both are Arabic. This is not a matter of much consequence, and has nothing to do with chronology. So, too, we find the modern signification of "Separatist" duly given with its date, as well as the date of an obscure religious movement of the same name. Dr. Kenealy's *Englishman* is mentioned, and so is the extinction of the *Examiner* in 1881. The chronology of Irish history is admirable for the last two or even three centuries, but is more than vague in the mediæval and ancient periods.

This brings us to the second and third points in Mr. Vincent's preface. He asserts that by revision and correction little of the original work remains. A copy of the fifth edition is before us, the last but one which Haydn himself corrected. Many people are familiar with the curious chronology of forty years ago, and know where to look for the choicest flowers. Here, however, we may take one or two passages as far apart as possible. Under "Universities" Haydn assigns doubtfully the year 626 as the foundation of Cambridge, and more positively 900. Oxford was founded in 886. Wishing to correct our views by the light of the present year, we consult Mr. Vincent's new volume. Here is the entry about Cambridge:—"Cambridge, began about 635 (?); revived, 1109." This is surprising enough, but we turn to the sister University. Under "Oxford" we are referred to a separate notice, which begins as follows:—"An academy here is described as ancient by Pope Martin II. in a deed 802. Alfred founded the schools about 879." A few entries like these are calculated to shake our faith in Mr. Vincent's knowledge, not so much of mediæval history as of modern research. We look at "Guilds"—a word prudently avoided by Haydn. Mr. Vincent informs us that the London guilds "became Livery Companies in the fourteenth century." This provokes us to look for some further London entries. True, the early history of London is not very clear, but a great deal has been done of late to clear it, and we expect a book of this kind to have the latest light on such a subject. We look in the old edition, and find that Haydn, as was to be expected, made, under the heading of "Common Council," at least two mistakes. He says its "formation commenced about 1208," and goes on to confound it with the Folk Mote, a totally different body. We look at Mr. Vincent's volume to obtain more exact information, and find that he has simply repeated Haydn's words, adding some notes, not corrections, of his own. This discovery stimulates us to further research under "London." Haydn tells us that London was enlarged by the Romans in A.D. 49; that it was walled in and a palace built in 306; that it was made a bishop's See, and Restitutus appointed first bishop, in 514; that Theonius was the second and St. Melitus the third bishop. There are some further entries of a similar character; and we may stop at the date 1242, when, we learn, aldermen were appointed with important privileges. At the foot of the page are some notes quoted from a writer named Leigh. Leigh is apparently unmentioned by Lowndes; but he may have been a London authority in 1851. We now turn to Mr. Vincent's edition. Here we find 179 as the date of "Theanus," and Restitutus omitted; 306 is repeated as the date of the walls, though in a foot-note 379 is offered as an alternative; the appointment of aldermen in 1242 is repeated; and the mysterious Leigh is quoted as before. This is discouraging; but, after all, London chronology is a little difficult, and we had better look for a subject of a different character. The name of the Pyramids attracts attention, and we read that "the first building commenced, it is supposed, about 1500 B.C. The greatest is said to have been erected by Cheops, 1082 B.C.; but earlier dates are assigned." We had imagined that every learned individual, every schoolboy, by this time knew that in 1500 B.C. the eighteenth dynasty was on the Egyptian throne; that in 1082 B.C. Egypt was under the rule of the dynasty of Sheshork or Shishak, while Cheops belonged to the fourth dynasty. But Mr. Vincent shuts his eyes to all the researches of M. Maspero, the late Mariette, Mr. Petrie, Sir Erasmus Wilson, Miss Edwards, and the dozens of other writers of the day who have published works which are not in the least recondite on the subject. He quotes three authorities, Belzoni, Vyse, and Mr. Piazzi Smyth. Our experience of Mr. Vincent on Pyramids tempts us to enquire further what he has to say about early Egyptian chronology, the more so as we remember an exceedingly amusing passage on the subject in Haydn's edition, in which a knowledge of Egypt, its kings and gods, is displayed which proves that in 1851 we had not advanced beyond the level of Milton with his "Isis and Orus and the dog Anubis." Haydn begins with Mizraim, who built Memphis B.C. 2188. His authority for this statement is "Blair." We are unacquainted with the name of Blair as an Egyptologist. But to continue. Athotes invented hieroglyphics in 2122; and Busiris built Thebes in 2111. This last statement has the name of "Usher" appended to it. Can this have been intended for the great Archbishop Ussher, whose chronological scheme is somewhat out of date now? Further on we are told about Osymandyas, who flourished in 2100, which would be about the time of the twelfth dynasty. Although, as we have seen, Athotes invented hieroglyphics, Memnon, in 1822, invented the Egyptian letters. Lastly, not to quote too much from this wonderfully superannuated system, we may look at the notice of Thuoris, "the Proteus of the Greeks, who had the faculty of assuming whatever form he pleased, as of a lion, a dragon, a tree, water, fire," and who reigned in 1189. Of this remarkable potentate Haydn adds a cautious note culled from the before-mentioned Blair:—"These fictions were probably intended to mark the profound policy of this king, who was eminent for his wisdom, by which his dominion flourished."

We may now turn to the pages of Mr. Vincent, remembering that, absurd and even childish as some of Haydn's entries are, they really represented the state of knowledge of Egyptology forty years ago. There are things just as silly in Wilkinson and in Sharpe. Since then, of course, Birch in England, Brugsch and Wiedemann in Germany, De Rougé and Chabas in France, to mention only a few names, have given us clear chronological tables, and have showed us that it is possible to date approximately, but still with due regard to succession, every Pharaoh, from the time of Aahmes down. In a *Dictionary of Dates* we naturally expect some kind of synopsis of the systems of these authorities—such a synopsis as is to be found in *Murray* and in *Baedeker*, and other not very rare books. What is our surprise to find that Mr. Vincent's knowledge of Egyptian chronology varies hardly at all from that of Mr. Haydn. He begins—this is a fact which any one may verify who will look at p. 294 of this nineteenth edition—with "Mizraim, the son of Ham, the second son of Noah, 2188 B.C.," and we have the quotations from Blair as before; and the date of Athotes, who invented hieroglyphics; of Busiris, of Osymandyas, and of Memnon, who invented Egyptian characters. The notice of Thuoris is somewhat abbreviated, and there are a few other minor alterations; but the Egyptian chronology which was bad enough in a book of this kind even so far back as 1851 is actually offered to us, mainly unchanged, in 1889. Our judgment upon this nineteenth edition must unfortunately be that it is useful for contemporary history, not quite so useful for dates two hundred years old, and absolutely misleading, not to say ridiculous, for ancient chronology. In order to give the book the fairest trial possible, we have taken our examples from subjects as widely apart as possible. We cannot but fear that Mr. Vincent has been so busy with what is going on around him that he has forgotten to fulfil the promise of his preface. Not only does a great quantity of the original work remain, but a great quantity which is ludicrously inaccurate and ignorant in the present year of grace.

* *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates and Universal Information relating to all Ages and Nations.* Nineteenth edition, containing the History of the World to the Autumn of 1889. By Benjamin Vincent. London: Ward & Lock. 1889.

REMINISCENCES OF A LITERARY AND CLERICAL LIFE.*

THE anonymous writer of these "Recollections" has collected materials in the course of a rambling life for a couple of

* *Reminiscences of a Literary and Clerical Life.* By the Author of "Three-cornered Essays" &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

entertaining and instructive volumes. The arrangement, or rather the disarrangement, of their very miscellaneous contents necessarily compels a desultory notice. He has known many celebrated men, and he tells not a few amusing stories. But in his first volume he scarcely does himself justice. To tell the truth, some of the anecdotes rather reminded us of Captain Sumph's reminiscences of "poor Byron" at Mr. Bungay's famous dinner in Paternoster Row; and some of his impressions of foreign travel are more true than original. It is indisputable, for example, that the Rhine scenery is less sublime than that of Switzerland, and it had struck us before that the visits of English tourists were not unprofitable to the hotel-keepers in the Confederation. But as we said, in spinning out some of the earlier chapters with remarks of the kind, he has hardly been fair to himself. The book gets better and better as we read on, and the second volume is decidedly superior to the first. He always writes brightly, even on serious subjects, and he has much to say about clerical work in London and the country; about hospitals, charities, and the condition of the poor in crowded city parishes as well as in rural districts. He seems to have had somewhat exceptional experiences. Thanks to the delicate constitution, which doubtless he considered anything rather than a blessing, he has been a rolling stone, although a busy man. He has been always, as the Americans say, recuperating the health which refused to be permanently established on any terms. Just as he was getting into the swing of good work the doctors would send him away for change of climate. So he has been serving as curate or incumbent and inhaling the fresh sea-breezes in a variety of southern parishes and popular health-resorts. He has spent a good deal of time abroad; he has made many flying trips besides to the Continent; and he boasts that he has gone abroad with a conscience void of offence, since he knows picturesque England far better than most other men. Moreover, as he has had neither the luck nor the health to get and hold a snug living, he has had to eke out a limited income by his pen; which explains the literary side of the Recollections, as in the course of his labours as a literary "casual" he has come in contact with editors, more or less distinguished, publishers, and fellow-authors.

The Recollections are carried back to those of his father and uncle, and some of these are not the least piquant or suggestive. His father used to repeat a curious dialogue illustrative of the old school of orthodox scholasticism. An inquisitive boy demanded, "Pray, Mr. Simon, what became of Socrates and Plato and Cicero, and all the virtuous heathen?" "All gone to Hell, boy, for the glory of God," was the summary and unhesitating solution of the difficulty. He had an uncle who perhaps made one of the most profitable speculations on record, even in the good old days of purchased offices and pensions. He had bought for 1,000*l.* his place as Registrar in Chancery. He drew the emoluments for fifty years, retired upon full pay, and lived five-and-twenty years longer in the enjoyment of it. But the old official, with all his experience, was weak enough to be once let in for a Chancery suit. Lord Eldon was naturally astounded to see him in the court as a suitor. "Is it possible," he asked with melancholy astonishment, "that you can yourself be one of the parties in this cause?" And the Registrar was compelled to acknowledge, *coram publico*, "I am grieved and ashamed, my Lord, that such is the case." Judgment in due course was given against him, and he may have consoled himself with the reflection that it served him right. The old Registrar had been an acquaintance of John Newton, who, having led a wild and wicked life in his youth, and having been a dealer in "black ivory" on the Slave Coast, declared himself afterwards, with better reason than John Bunyan, to have been one of the vilest of sinners. Certainly his subsequent career proved the sincerity of his penitence. He became a burning and a shining light, and ladies in especial fluttered round him like the moths round a lamp in West Africa. He preached to the last; but in his old age he would often come to a pause in the middle of the sermon. He had a servant stationed behind him in the pulpit to remind him of the point at which he had broken off. He gave breakfasts, like Rogers and Lord Houghton and other illustrious men of letters, though, as may be supposed, in a different style and to very different company. The guests were admirers and worshippers, who literally hung upon his lips, and when the lips were seen to move or when a sound proceeded from them an anxious whisper circulated, "What did he say?" "He only cleared his throat" was latterly too often the unsatisfactory answer.

The author's first clerical charge was not remunerative. The most virulent Dissenter could not have asserted that he was likely to fatten on its loaves and fishes. The stipend was ten shillings, and the vicar owed him the money. The vicar does not appear to have overworked himself, though the field of what should have been his labours carried a heavy crop ripe for the harvest. In answer to a question of the new curate he estimated the number of his parishioners at about eight thousand. A census chanced to be taken immediately afterwards, and it turned out that the population was exactly the double of that. With an unpaid professional income of ten shillings the young curate naturally tried to supplement it and sought to turn his pen to profitable account. He gives a humorous account of various of his earlier experiences. He had offered a paper on some ecclesiastical subject to the editor of a religious serial. The editor handed it back with a light-hearted and friendly apology. "No, my dear sir, this sort of paper will never do. It has not got the light touch." "Now here," he went on, taking up a rival periodical, "we have an article of the right kind. If you could only write like this fellow it might do." "This fellow," as it happened, was the rejected contributor, and the editor, with the unblushing coolness of his craft, is said to have at once accepted the contribution. There are queer and somewhat satirical stories of his many medical consultations. He had a feeble chest or lungs, and the pessimist doctors would insist on condemning him as hopelessly consumptive. One of those who hesitated over the case hastened to apologize for presuming to differ from so many eminent authorities. After giving some faint gleams of hope, he went on:—"Not that I for a moment mean to assert that you are not in a consumption. Very likely you are." The author was ready enough to seek fine air and sunshine by way of remedies, but he objected to the cod-liver oil which was invariably prescribed. But tastes differ, as he discovered when he once asked a consumptive friend to lunch. Being facetious, like Dominie Sampson, he said he was sorry he had no wine, and could only offer cod-liver oil. "Nothing I like better," exclaimed the jovial guest; and "there he sat, after lunch, sipping his cod-liver oil as contentedly as I have seen people take their '34 port." At St. Leonard's he made the acquaintance of another clerical eccentric. The two invalids had seen a good deal of each other, of course talking over their symptoms and prospects. But gradually the stranger's face came to wear scowls instead of smiles. "One day he approached me with the air of a man unmasking a hypocrite, and said in a withering tone of voice, 'You're not in a consumption,' and turned on his heel and contemptuously left me." That patient acted conscientiously up to his principles, like Mr. Weller's acquaintance who blew out his brains after the surfeit of forbidden crumpets, for he went and died immediately afterwards.

If space admitted, we should gladly touch on the graver aspects of the author's observations on prisons and hospitals, which are well deserving of attention. He shows that, on the whole, there has been a remarkable and very steady improvement in prison discipline, though probably the problem will never be satisfactorily solved of meting out punishment fairly in equal proportions to the different classes of offenders. He was curious to see the unfortunate nobleman, who, after laying the unlucky Tichborne family under relentless contribution, was serving out his well-merited sentence at Dartmoor. He saw the gang in which Orton was at work, but could not distinguish the culprit. Regular life and the daily spell of hard labour had trained down that portly form into the semblance of normal humanity. He has much to say in praise of the general management of hospitals, and the care bestowed on the patients by the nurses and medical attendants. He mentions, by the way, when speaking of his visits to the Consumption Hospital at Brompton, that one of the wards bears the name of Whyte-Melville. It appears that the brilliant novelist, with unostentatious generosity, had endowed it out of his literary gains; a fact which throws a light on the serious and religious tone of some of the scenes in his later books. *A propos* of missions, the writer has much to tell of his friend Bishop Hannington, who crowned a career of good works by winning the crown of martyrdom. A year before that he had the remarkable escape which puts the saint and martyr in a very comical light. One day, when taking his walk abroad in the jungles, he saw a pretty little creature, which came fawning up to him like a puppy. He picked it up and began to fondle it. Whereupon some natives who were with him howled and bolted. Knowing what was likely to follow, the panic-stricken niggers were hardly to be blamed. The good missionary had taken a lion's whelp to his bosom, and the infuriated parents made their appearance on the scene. The Bishop showed equal pluck and presence of mind. Dropping the cub, he put up his umbrella, and gallantly charged the lion and lioness, dancing and yelling as if he had been one of the unconverted pagans celebrating some diabolical rite. Terror at the hideous sight and sounds got the better of paternal and maternal affection, and "the great cats turned tail and rushed back to their lair in the forest." We cannot profess to enter on the numerous reminiscences of men who, though perhaps less deserving of fame, are better known than the admirable African Bishop. But we may say that, unavoidably, we have left unnoticed what are perhaps the most interesting chapters in the book.

STAGELAND.*

STAGELAND, by Jerome K. Jerome, is only a trifle, but a merry and witty trifle. Stageland, as most of our readers are aware, is situated on the north-eastern littoral of Bohemia, and by some publicists is called Scribia, after its first discoverer, M. Scribe. In this work the characteristics of its leading inhabitants are described, as are also its ethics, laws, language, costume, and modes of thought. The subject has already been touched upon by Thackeray in "A Night's Pleasure," but we do not find the archetypes of Frank Nightrake and Bob FitzOffley in Mr.

* *Stageland: Curious Habits and Customs of its Inhabitants.* Described by Jerome K. Jerome, Author of "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" &c. Drawn by J. Bernard Partridge. Second edition. London: Chatto & Windus. 1889.

Jerome's gallery of portraits, nor even "that impossible valet of English comedy, whom any gentleman would turn out of doors before he could get through half a length of the dialogue assigned to him." Nor do we find the village innkeeper, the white-haired villager, the good young man, Cousin Jack (of the mercantile marine), the old family servant, the gipsy woman, the choleric Major (in undress uniform), the Jew, the wicked squire and the "instruments of his purpose," the smuggler ("once on board the lugger, and then—!"), and many other familiar faces. Mr. Jerome, wisely perhaps, confines his observations to a few leading types, such as "the hero," "the villain" (the central pivot of all melodrama), "the comic man," &c. His description of the hero's incapacity for keeping out of hot water is delicious, and we quite agree that, if the heroine married the villain and went to live somewhere abroad well out of the way of the comic man, she would be much happier than the hero is ever likely to make her:—

> The stage hero [remarks Mr. Jerome] never talks in a simple, straightforward way, like a mere ordinary mortal.
>
> "You will write to me when you are away, Dear, won't you?" says the heroine.
>
> A mere human being would reply:
>
> "Why, of course I shall, Ducky, every day."
>
> But the stage hero is a superior creature. He says:
>
> "Dost see yonder star, Sweet?"
>
> She looks up, and owns that she does see yonder star; and then off he starts and drivels on about that star for full five minutes, and says that he will cease to write to her when that pale star has fallen from its place amidst the firmament of Heaven.

We cannot resist quoting the following "points of Stage law," being the only ones, the author assures us, as to which he is at all clear:—

> That if a man dies without leaving a will, then all his property goes to the nearest villain.
>
> But that if a man dies, and leaves a will, then all his property goes to whoever can get possession of that will.
>
> That the accidental loss of a three-and-sixpenny copy of a marriage certificate annuls the marriage.
>
> That the evidence of one prejudiced witness, of shady antecedents, is quite sufficient to convict the most stainless and irreproachable gentleman of crimes for the committal of which he could have no possible motive. But that this evidence may be rebutted, years afterwards, and the conviction quashed without further trial, by the unsupported statement of the comic man.
>
> That, if A forges B's name to a cheque, then the law of the land is that B shall be sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.
>
> That ten minutes' notice is all that is required to foreclose a mortgage.
>
> That all trials of criminal cases take place in the front parlour of the victim's house, the villain acting as counsel, judge, and jury rolled into one, and a couple of policemen being told off to follow his instructions.

The descriptions of "The Lawyer," "The Adventuress," and, above all, "The Villain," are capital; and so are the illustrations. We recommend *Stageland* to all who love the country where, as one of its poets tells us,

> lovers go in fours,
> Mistress and master, man and maid;
> Where people listen at the doors,
> Or 'neath a table's friendly shade;
> And comic Irishmen in scores
> Roam o'er the scenes all undismayed.
>
> A land where virtue in distress
> Owes much to uncles in disguise;
> Where British sailors freely bless
> Their limbs, their timbers, and their eyes;
> And where the villain doth confess
> Conveniently before he dies.
>
> A land of lovers false and gay,
> A land where people dread a "curse";
> A land of letters gone astray,
> Or intercepted, which is worse;
> Where weddings false fond maids betray,
> And all the babes are changed at nurse.

THREE MEDICAL BOOKS.*

IN writing a treatise for the instruction of mothers as to the proper means for keeping their children in health Dr. Starr has undertaken a task of the highest responsibility. Few women will read more than one such book, hence it is essential that it should be free from error. Such being the case, we think a somewhat detailed criticism of this work due to our readers. The first chapter contains a description of the features of health, and the most common and easily recognized symptoms of a departure from the normal condition. It is thoughtful and well written, but the difficulty of setting down in black and white an exact analysis of the numerous, and often fleeting, indications of the various diseases and disorders to which children are subject is very great. In the second chapter the situation, size, lighting, furnishing, heating, ventilation, and cleaning of the day and night nurseries are considered. Most of the remarks on these subjects are judicious, but there are one or two to which we must take exception. In our opinion a ten, not an eight, feet cube should be considered the minimum size admissible in a room for a single child. Unless the nursery be unusually spacious we look upon gas as a highly objectionable mode of lighting it, both on account of the impurities it throws into the air and the great heat it evolves. On the subject of furnishing we do not agree with Dr. Starr in thinking the most satisfactory decoration of the nursery walls can be carried out by putting up "a few highly-coloured striking prints." The child's education in art cannot begin too early, and it would be a pity that the refining effect of the beautifully illustrated books for children, which are now so numerous, should be marred by doubtful taste in their daily surroundings. In recommending that a few plants, a bird, or a globe of fish should be placed in the day-nursery we are entirely at one with the author. We think that the temperature advised for this room—namely, 68° to 70° F.—too high, and that from 63° to 66° would be a better range for both day and night nursery. The characteristics which are desirable in the nursemaid are well set forth in the third chapter. We look upon the directions for clothing children, in the next chapter, as most excellent. There is, however, a curious though unimportant error on p. 97, where a plate, on the following page, of the sole of the *left* foot is spoken of as a tracing of the *right*. We do not think, with the author, that the heel of the shoe should be made decidedly thicker than the sole as soon as a child begins to walk. Chapter V., on exercise and amusements, is admirable as far as the former is concerned, but the latter receives scant notice; indeed, there is not much advice beyond a somewhat unnecessary protest against bicycles and roller-skates. In the sixth chapter the hours which should be devoted to sleep are mentioned, and the little bed with its proper furniture and surroundings is carefully described. Chapter VII., on bathing and washing, leaves nothing to be desired. In Chapters VIII. and IX. the natural and artificial methods of feeding infants are intelligently and completely discussed, as also the dietary of older children. In the last chapter, headed Emergencies, instructions are given for the guidance of parents in case of accident or sudden illness. The guardian of the child would be justified in acting without skilled advice in a few of the circumstances here mentioned, but in the majority it would be wiser to consult a medical man. It is suggested, in the paragraph on convulsions, that bromide of potassium should be administered; we do not think this drug should be prescribed except by a medical man, or occupy a place in the family medicine chest. The assertion in the note on p. 244 that "heat and cold act in the same way upon the blood-vessels, contracting them and preventing the transudation of blood," is apt to be misleading. It should be explained that the water must be *very* hot, for *warm* water dilates the blood-vessels.

The subjects which are ordinarily considered in introductory addresses at medical schools are worn somewhat threadbare. Having regard to the number which are delivered each succeeding October, and the limited range of topics suitable for discussion on these occasions, this is not a matter for surprise. On this account we think that the republication of such addresses, unless they contain something novel and original, is to be deprecated. We fear that Sir James Sawyer's notes on medical education cannot be held to possess either novelty or originality. The address delivered in 1879 opens with a eulogy of the Birmingham Medical School and its founder. We do not doubt that it is well deserved, but that it is of much interest outside that flourishing town. The remainder of it consists of advice, excellent for medical students, but not adapted to the requirements of the general reader. The other two addresses are much in the same style—wholly unobjectionable, displaying much good feeling and considerable literary knowledge, but forming, with the first, a whole which is scarcely of sufficient importance to merit the dignity of forming a book.

Dr. A. Crum Brown's address to the medical graduates of Edinburgh is open to similar criticism. It is, however, published in the less pretentious form of a paper-covered pamphlet. Its morals and manner are unexceptionable, and we trust that its sentiments were as fully appreciated by Dr. Brown's hearers as they deserve. We cannot, however, see that it is more worthy of publication than an ordinary sermon or good after-dinner speech.

* *Hygiene of the Nursery.* By Louis Starr, M.D. London: H. K. Lewis.

Notes on Medical Education. By Sir James Sawyer, Knt., M.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Address to Medical Graduates of the University of Edinburgh. By Alexander Crum Brown, M.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

LIFE-SAVING APPLIANCES AT SEA.*

A SHORT Explanatory Commentary on the Merchant Shipping (Life-saving Appliances) Act is an unpretending little *brochure* intended for the use of shipowners in calculating the number of extra boats and "buoyant apparatus" which the law will insist upon all vessels being provided with after the 30th of March, 1890. It may be news to some of our readers that, after that date, every one who goes to sea in a British merchant ship will have a life-belt provided for him, and also, if he ventures out of fresh or smooth water, a place in a boat or on some "buoyant apparatus" sufficient to support him. The intention of the Act is that no vessel shall proceed to sea without sufficient boats to contain all the souls on board of her; and this provision we cannot but think a very praiseworthy one, though we anticipate con-

* *A Short Explanatory Commentary on the Merchant Shipping (Life-saving Appliances) Act*, 1888 (51 & 52 Vict. c. 24). By F. W. Brewster, M.A. Published by "The New Patent Buoyancy and Unsinkable Boat Co.," Greenwich.

siderable friction when it is first attempted to be carried out. Beyond the great steamship Companies, few shipowners as yet seem even aware of the existence of the Act; and as most seafarers feel as much contempt as Rob Roy himself for "a twa-legged creature that goes about on the quay plaguing folk about permits, and cockits, and dockits, and a' that vexatious trade," we can hardly expect that so sweeping a measure can be put in force without some trouble at the outset. When, however, the public discovers that, if its ship sinks under it at sea, it has a legal right to something to float upon, we think that the officials may, at any rate, count upon its sympathy. It is strange, however, to observe how apathetic people seem about disasters at sea. The breaking of the axle of a London omnibus or a block on the Metropolitan Railway will interest thousands who are quite unmoved when they read of scores of people drowning off the North Foreland for want of proper life-saving apparatus; and it is hard to help people who do not seem to care to help themselves.

Coming to details, we find two classes of lifeboat, (A) and (B), the (A) variety consisting of a

> properly constructed Life Boat of wood or metal fitted *inside* with at least 1½ cubic feet of strong buoyant compartments (such that the water cannot find its way into them) to every 10 feet of the boat's capacity. These boats are deemed fit to carry one adult person to every 10 feet of their cubic capacity.
>
> The (B) variety consists of a properly constructed Life Boat of wood or metal fitted *outside* with at least ¾ cubic foot of buoyancy apparatus to every 10 feet of the boat's cubic capacity, and fitted *inside* with sufficient buoyancy apparatus to make up the total buoyancy apparatus to 1½ cubic feet to every 10 feet of the boat's capacity.

By "outside buoyancy" is understood "that which is external of the usual lines of any particular form of boat, and therefore is of the nature of an excrescence."

> These boats are deemed fit to carry one person to every 8 feet of their cubic capacity, and have exactly the same outfit as the (A) variety.

Now, as Mr. Brewster points out, these paragraphs will clearly lead all shipowners to adopt the (B) variety; for, not only will the outside buoyancy—carried in the form of a rubber or wale running the length of the gunwale, and stuffed with cork, &c.—make it the better sea-boat of the two, but, as both boats have the same amount of buoyancy, what owner will not prefer the cheaper form, in which each person, instead of 1½ cubic feet of buoyancy, will have only 1⅕ cubic feet allotted to him? The (B) variety is the better sea-boat of the two; but surely she should not be allowed to carry over twenty per cent. more people. But this is but a slight flaw in the Act, compared with the rule for boats of the (D) variety, where the number of people to be carried is, again, twenty per cent. more than the (A) variety, and they do not have *any buoyancy at all* provided for them. Lord Byron tells us that "a tight boat will live in a rough sea Except with breakers underneath her lee"; and this fact seems to be all that some of the passengers or crew will have to trust to when abandoning their vessel; for, as "no ship," we are repeatedly reminded, "is obliged to carry more boats than will accommodate all on board of her," it follows that, in the last resort, a certain number of persons would have to make use of the (D) variety boats (of which two are allowed to be carried), and the occupants of these boats would consequently have a far worse chance of saving their lives than any of the others, and this for no better reason than that the lighter a boat is the less trouble she is to get up to her davits.

There is another very unsatisfactory paragraph in the Act—that, namely, on p. 8, in the Rules for Class VI.—a class, our readers may be reminded, which includes all the Dover and Folkestone packets:—

> (*b*) They shall also carry other boats, approved buoyant apparatus (Rule 9, p. 10), [and] [or] approved life-belts (Rule 10, p. 10), sufficient (with the boats) to keep afloat all the persons on board the ship.

The *or* here seems to leave it optional whether this additional provision shall consist of anything more than life-belts, in which case there would be no buoyant deck-fittings at all, and perhaps only two boats for several hundred persons. Moreover, in Class VII. it is distinctly allowable to carry belts instead of buoyant apparatus; while in this same class sailing-packets seem to have been lost sight of altogether.

As far as the provisions of the Act relate to boats, the defects which we find in it are of a comparatively unimportant character; but when "buoyant apparatus," as it is officially termed, is counted upon as an equivalent for boat accommodation, we cannot help picturing to ourselves the scene on a Channel boat when the bulk of the passengers would have to trust to these contrivances. If there were any sea running, none but the strongest men could get upon these deck seats, rafts, &c., and none even of them could long remain upon them alive. The sufferings of the two poor men who were picked up a few weeks ago off the Isle of Man, one of whom died in the very act of being rescued, show us what fate is in store for those adrift on "buoyant apparatus," even in well-frequented waters, in summer weather, and within a few miles of land. The provision of a life-belt for every person on the ship is undoubtedly an excellent one, and will help to save the lives of those who may accidentally fall into the water; but, unless they are speedily picked up, they will in most cases succumb to cold and exhaustion before many hours have passed, whether they be floating in life-belts or clinging to buoyant makeshifts of any description. We could have wished, therefore, that the Act had been of an even more sweeping character; as it is, however, it goes far further than could have been expected. Those who wish for a concise and intelligible commentary on the text of the Act will do well to consult Mr. Brewster's little pamphlet.

CHEAP FICTION.*

"ANYBODY," said a wise, but savage, Innominate, "can write a shilling dreadful, but it takes an idiot to read one." It would be unfair to recall the name of the work which suggested this shocking reflection, and it would also be superfluous. Comparisons, again, are mostly odious, and there is no particular purpose to be served by contrasting nothing with nothing—the book of which we prefer that the name shall be untold and such desperate nonsense as *The Professor's Last Experiment*, the one virtue of which is that, being the dream of an anti-vivisectionist, it is *not* inscribed to Miss Cobbe. It tells the story of a son of the planet Mars. This gentleman is despatched by his fellow-Marsmen (who have attained a high degree of culture) to explore the earth, and place them in communication with the human race. He succeeds in traversing space and in effecting a landing somewhere in England, and he is presently discovered and hospitably entertained by a clergyman. After some months of communion, his host reveals the fact of the Marsman's existence to the Royal Society, and requests that learned body to send down a number of experts, to the end that his guest may be examined, and steps be taken to demonstrate the correctness of the theory of a plurality of worlds. Unfortunately for science, however, the Marsman attracts the attention of the notorious Professor Altenstein, who contrives to lure the stranger (who is winged, and downy all over) away to London, to shut him up in his own house, and by means of drugs and terrific scientific appliances to keep him there for five or six years, during which time he makes him the subject of continued study, exhibits him now and then (under the influence of soporifics) as a novel and dreadful species of ape, and ends by dissecting out his pinions, and sending his electrical car (in which he had made his journey through space) to an eminent firm of coach-builders, "to be left till called for." As the Marsman is a man of his hands, and is possessed of strange and deadly secrets, his capture and detention are not accomplished without a good deal of rather obscure intrigue, and the suppression by the Herr Professor of several objectionable persons. Among them is his own niece, who tries to save his visitor from the pleasures of vivisection, and whom he finds it convenient to shut up in a madhouse. To say that, when last we hear of her she is on her way to the planet Mars, is to tell as much of the rest of the story as is desirable and more (it may be) than is necessary.

Mr. Colmache's *Under Spell of the Dark Powers* is much better fun than *The Professor's Last Experiment*—is, indeed, quite cleverly invented and by no means ill-written, and, being merely a good old-fashioned tale of the good old-fashioned D——l, may be cordially recommended to those (if any such there be) for whom that sort of thing hath charms. There is a ghost in it as well; but the ghost has nothing to do with the tragedy at the end, which is all the work of the Gates of Machecoul, a pair of portals in hammered iron, produced, long ages ago, under the personal supervision of the Evil One. The purpose of the Fiend (who took the artist away with him) was one of general damnation; but (it is scarce necessary to state) he was foiled by an artful priest, and the miracle of iron-work, in whose production he had deigned to assist, became in course of time a simple work of art. As such it was sold to an eminent antiquary, Sir Walter Worledge, of Graywood Abbey, and with its transfer to England its power of working mischief was renewed. What happened, and how its devilish quality had leave to operate, we do not propose to tell. It must suffice to say that the story is quite well told, that the characters are quite practical and useful, and that some pages of the book—as, for instance, those in which the narrator sets forth his experience of Breton life and manners—are very readable, apart from the pleasant piece of fiction whose interest they serve to quicken and sustain.

In *Monkey Mephisto* our swift scene flies to modern Paris. Raymond the painter has a lovely daughter. There is a mystery about her birth, but Villon, the Wicked Nobleman, loves her, and to clear up that mystery is for him mere child's play. Having cleared it up, he behaves in the most ungentlemanlike way; indeed, he goes so far as to tell Raymond that either Helen (her name is Helen) must be his or he will blaze abroad her secret to the whole of Paris. Fortunately, Helen has bestowed her young affections upon Somebody Else, and, as Villon insists upon playing the fool, and publishing the fact of an engagement that does not exist, it is arranged that he and Somebody Else shall fight a duel. That duel (it is needless to add) is never fought. Villon has been intriguing against Raymond with a magnificent opera singer, the celebrated Féralte; and when Féralte (who is in love with Raymond, but is vexed with him because he wants to leave

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* *The Professor's Last Experiment.* By Stanley and Ritson Stewart. London: Swan Sonnenschein.

Under Spell of the Dark Powers. By G. A. Colmache. London: Ward.

Monkey Mephisto. By Henry Murray. London: Dicks.

The Hunting of the "Hydra." By Henry Frith. London: Routledge.

off sack and live cleanly) comes to find that she has been made the catspaw of this bold, bad man, she pays him a visit, and strikes him down with a family dagger. That night, though, she had to create a part in a new opera; and, finding her indiscretion public property, and that she is "wanted" by the police, she stabs herself before the fall of the curtain. So Helen and Somebody Else were married; and Raymond lived respectable ever after; and Mr. Murray was able to write *Monkey Mephisto*, which is sold for a shilling, and may (considered as literature) be worth as much as a farthing.

The theme of *The Hunting of the "Hydra"* is pirates. True it is that they are neither very picturesque nor very lifelike; but *enfin*—they are *pirates*, and that makes them interesting, if not altogether irresistible. They haunt the Indian Ocean, and they ply their heroic trade in prahus; but they sail under the Jolly Roger, they make their captives walk the plank, they give a good deal of trouble, and in the end they are hanged at the yardarm, as many gentlemen of fortune were before them; so that, although the manner in which their works and ways is narrated is scrambling, and the adventurers by whom they are pursued are so pictured as to be impossible out of the pages of a book for boys, one reads of them with a certain pleasure, and takes leave of them with a certain regret. It is not for nothing, indeed, that Bartholomew Sharpe, and Kidd, and Roberts have been. The writer of literature for the young has only to work in a pirate, and his book is safe. For the ghosts of these great sea-artists command good fortune.

MR. LOWELL ON IZAAK WALTON.*

IS Mr. Lowell an angler? It seems that he is not very fond of the craft; perhaps, like Sir Walter Scott in his later years, he is

> No Fisher,
> But a well-wisher
> To the game.

At all events, Mr. Lowell has written a biographical introduction to a pretty edition of Walton and Cotton, in two volumes, without criticizing Izaak as a fisherman. The book was printed in America, at the Cambridge University Press; and the type and paper are excellent. Mr. Lowell speaks of the dangers of illustration; there is one ghastly tailpiece here, at the end of Walton's preface. Two repulsive logger-headed boys, like Walton's logger-headed chub, are looking over what may be a fly-book. This monstrosity is not due to an American pencil, but to Kenny Meadows. Most of the illustrations, except the red-brown etchings, are old friends; but the fish, by Cooper, Smith, Lance, and their contemporaries, are excellent. Some of Major's editions we prefer to this for handiness; and that of Sir H. Nicolas, with Stothard's plates, and the elaborate Life, is excellent. But the American edition is very desirable, in spite of its mysterious remark that Sir Henry Wotton was educated "at Winchester School in New Oxford." "And in New, Oxford," may have been intended; but it is wiser to say "New College."

Mr. Lowell's Introduction is, of course, to this edition what old Oliver Henley's oil of ivy-berries was to his worms in salmon-fishing. This magic it is that takes the purchaser, in spite of Mr. Lowell's indifference to Walton's pastime. He speaks of "a certain artificial fly, made by a handsome woman, and with a fine hand." Walton, of course, was talking about an artificial minnow, not a fly, sewn in coloured silks, and the parent of all our phantoms and angels. Why, when Mr. Lowell wants to cite Walton's "own words," he should write,

> Linger long days by *Swaynham* brook,

when Walton really wrote

> Loiter long days by *Shawford* brook,

does not now appear (xxxviii. and 132). We really ought to verify our references in this world of Maya and illusion. From Mr. Lowell, then, we cannot expect a discussion of Walton's merits as an angler. He was a confirmed bottom-fisher; probably he is Wotton's friend, attentive of his trembling quil, while Wotton himself was casting the fly. His advice to let only the fly touch the water may be a counsel of perfection; we should like to see Izaak trying it, except by dipping or dabbing. Indeed, by quoting Thomas Barker (1651), Walton practically admits that his knowledge is at second-hand, and by his alliance with Cotton that he is no great clerk in the nobler branches of the art. Richard Franck, of the *Northern Memoirs and Contemplative Angler*, clearly regards Walton as a pottering old creature. Franck had met him and argued with him; but, as Franck was a Cromwellian soldier, the pair were not likely to understand each other.

There is not much use in criticizing Mr. Lowell for what he has not cared to do. He does not censure Walton's perfunctory remarks on salmon, and his indifference to the use of a reel, a mysterious machine in his innocent eyes. Mr. Lowell is concerned with Walton as a man and a writer, not as a fisher. It is a great pleasure to study Mr. Lowell's pleasure in Walton, now happily removed by two hundred years from the Paul Prys of modern biography. "Malice domestic, treason, interviews, nothing can touch him further. The sanctities of *his* life, at least, cannot be hawked about the streets or capitalized in posters as a whet to the latest edition of the Peeping Tom." No biographer can smother him between two octavos. He was twenty-two when Shakspeare died, and he might have read *Absalom and Achitophel*. He knew Ben Jonson; and called Drayton his friend. He passed through the Revolution, and, according to Anthony Wood, found London "dangerous for honest men," in 1643. Mr. Lowell does not mention that, after Worcester, "the trusty hands" of Izaak carried a jewel of Charles II. to Colonel Blague, then in the Tower, who escaped with it. Nicolas gives the story from Ashmole's *History of the Order of the Garter*; Ashmole had it from Blague and Walton, "a man well known and as well beloved of all good men." We rather regret Mr. Lowell's omission of Walton in the part of D'Artagnan, carrying Royal jewels across the disturbed country, and dealing with imprisoned Royalists. It is as germane to the matter as a brief but trenchant reference to the affairs of an island "famous for its verdure and its wrongs." In the dubious matter of Kenna and Chlora, Mr. Lowell does not hold that Walton, like Edgar Poe, made verses for one lady and used them again for another. Certainly Chlora is a very queer anagram of Rachel—the name of the first Mrs. Walton. We prefer to believe that Walton used Chlora, in early editions, as a mere empty pastoral name, and changed it to Kenna, later, as a posthumous tribute to his second wife. Mr. Lowell laughs at Mr. Major for trying to prove, by the smallness of Walton's shop, the greatness of his trade—a wholesale affair. Certainly Walton's house is not called a shop in contemporary documents, as Nicolas observes. The point is uninteresting, except that some may marvel how a very "small" tradesman came to be so very intimate with the higher clergy. Probably he made their acquaintance through being Donne's "convert," as he says, in St. Dunstan's, though it is difficult to believe that Walton needed much "converting." He is of the people whom Plato speaks of as being born good. About his style Mr. Lowell remarks that it is less artless than it seems. The sentence "These hymns are now lost to us, but doubtless they were such as they two now sing in heaven," is not a piece of unpremeditated art. "On the inside cover of his Eusebius Walton has written three attempts at this sentence, each of them very far from the concise beauty to which he at last constrained himself." We presume that this Eusebius is in the Cathedral Library of Salisbury, at least Nicolas mentions it among Walton's books there. We give the various attempts at the passage quoted by Mr. Lowell:—

> Twenty eight himns and psalms which was his holy recreation the latter part of his life and is now his employment in heaven, where he makes new ditties in praise of that god in 3 persons to whome be glory.
>
> And his better part is now in heaven doing that which was most of his employment on earth magnifying the mercies and making himns and singing them, to that god to whome be honour and glorie.
>
> In heaven where his employment is to sing such himns as he made on earth, in praise of that god to whom be honour and glory.

This clearly proves that Izaak's beauties did not come without labour.

It is noted that, in writing about an author, the critic is apt to be affected by his style. In this interesting essay Mr. Lowell himself writes with a quaintness which we have not observed in his other studies. For example:—"Walton had not the strong passions which poets break to the light harness of verse, and indeed they and longevity such as his are foaled by dams of very different race." If this means that poets, having strong passions, are shortlived, we may point to Sophocles, Landor, Victor Hugo, not to speak of the chief or only honours of contemporary song. But we are not certain that we do take the meaning of Mr. Lowell's curious phrase. Cotton, according to Mr. Lowell, was "an excellent poet, and a thorough master of succulently idiomatic English." The same praise may be given to Cotton's critic, but in this essay Mr. Lowell does occasionally surprise us by reminding us of modern "stylists" too fond of artificiality and research in language. Perhaps it is hard to read Walton much without catching his undeniable love of a curious word, an unexpected turn. By way of a fairer example of Mr. Lowell's manner, we quote a passage on Walton's piety, its happiness, and its charm:—

> Length of days is one of the blessings of the Old Testament, and surely it might be added to the Beatitudes of the New, when, as with Walton, it meant only a longer ripening, a more abundant leisure to look backwards without self-reproach, and forwards with an assured gratitude to God for a future goodness like the past. There is, perhaps, if we condescend to a purely utilitarian view, no stronger argument for belief in a personal Deity than that it makes possible this ennobling sense of gratitude; and in a time when such possibility has been so largely analysed and refined away, Walton's habitual recognition of so direct and conscious an obligation that he cannot resist the interjectional expression of it is a chief cause of the solace and refreshment we feel in reading him. As we read we inhale an odor from the leaves as if flowers from the garden of childhood had been pressed between them, and for a moment, by the sweet sophistry of association, we stand again among them where they grew. Here is incontaminate piety, wholesome as bread. It is a gush of involuntary emotion like that first sincere and precious juice which their own weight forces from the grapes. A fine morning, a meadow flushed with primroses, are not only good in themselves, but sweeter and better because they give him occasion to be thankful for them. We may be wiser, but it may be doubted whether we are so happy, in our self-reliant orphanhood. He had two pleasures where we have but one, and that one doubtingly now that the shadow of the metaphysic cloud has darkened nature.

On *Thealma and Clearchus* (1683) we are happy to be in agreement with Mr. Lowell. John Chalkhill is, practically, Izaak

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* *The Complete Angler.* With an Introduction by James Russell Lowell. London Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Walton. The very references to angling in the poem, though Mr. Lowell does not say so, seem to us Waltonian. In his edition of 1820 (with a frontispiece by the abominable Wainwright, the poisoner), Mr. Samuel Weller Singer expresses the same opinion. The language, as Mr. Lowell points out, is not of Spenser's time, yet Walton says that his Jon Chalkhill knew Spenser. "The invariable use of the possessive *its* and the elision of the *e* in the past participle would be conclusive." "I am convinced," Mr. Lowell declares, "that *Thealma and Clearchus*, whoever may have sketched it, is mainly Walton's as it now stands, and I believe it to be the work of his middle or later life." If Walton was the author, Mr. Lowell "does not think the artifice very culpable." There could not be a more harmless *supercherie*. All the conclusion of Mr. Lowell's essay on Walton's humour, piety, and love of nature is delightful, ending with the happy quotation,

Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt.

So, even if Izaak fished with a fly like that of his friend, which Cotton "hung in his parlour window to laugh at," farewell to him, for an old man truly fortunate.

NEW PRINTS.

THERE is now on view at the Galleries of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co., in New Bond Street, a new etching by M. F. Gaulet, of the "Église de Gréville," by François Millet. This is a picture of exceptional interest. It was found, as will be remembered, in Millet's studio after his death, and it was one of a few works which he was so fond of that he had not been able to persuade himself to part from them. The "Église de Gréville" was painted, we believe, in 1872. It was secured for the Luxembourg, where it now rests. The parish church of Gréville holds a prominent place in the annals of Millet's life. Gruchy, the hamlet where he was born, is in the commune of Gréville, and there the artist was baptized. In his autobiographical notes he speaks of his being taken there as a child, and of his admiration of its "great windows with their lozenge-shaped leads." He has taken his view from outside the low churchyard wall, so that a corner of the characteristic Norman sea is visible in the canvas, and the eye perceives that the church and village are on the top of a cliff. The building itself is one of those low, straggling churches, so common in La Manche, the broad nave and squat tower of which give the edifice a look of clinging to the ground lest it should be blown out to sea. M. Gaulet has translated this interesting example with a great deal of skill, keeping the general key soft and light; the sky is delicate and large. A little more atmosphere is wanted, perhaps, in the treatment of the yew-tree at the back of the church; but, on the whole, the etching is remarkably successful in the relation of its tones.

We do not recall the precise title of the "Village on the Oise," by Daubigny, which M. Greux has etched on a large plate with considerable success. Daubigny would paint the Oise, and his good pictures of it are not more numerous than his bad ones. This particular example, which is in the Exposition Universelle, is excellent. It has less than usual, or M. Greux has taken the liberty of improving it, of Daubigny's smear, his gross evidence of the passage of the brush unrevised. On the other hand, it has the charm of his composition. M. Greux is not to be confounded with the veteran Gustave Greux, who was so widely known in this country through his etched plates for Lièvre's *Works of Art in the Collections of England*. He bids fair, however, to become as distinguished; he etched the "Semeur" of Millet which enjoyed so much success last year. He is, we believe, one of the staff of engravers and etchers employed at the Asnières *ateliers*.

The same publishers have added a number of examples to their attractive series of "Miniature Engravings." The new plates comprise works by Kaemmerer, Bouguereau, Fildes, Bayard, Mlle. Fornier and Geoffroy. These little "engravings," as they are called, seem to be really autotypes or goupilgravures, done by process. They are not serious, but they are very pretty and amusing. Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. are on the point of publishing an *édition de luxe* of three of Lord Tennyson's poems, "To E. L.," "The Palace of Art," and "The Daisy," with twenty-five illustrations by E. L. himself, who, as everybody knows, or ought to know, was not merely the laureate of nonsense, but a very refined and talented artist, with an adoration of Tennyson which almost amounted to deification. The drawings are reproduced in goupilgravure, and are really charming. During his lifetime Edward Lear, we believe, never succeeded in finding a publisher who would bring out these illustrations as he desired. He is justified after his decease.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I.

AMONGST the new books specially intended for our adventure-loving boys, *Blown to Bits: a Tale of the Malay Archipelago*, by R. M. Ballantyne (London: Nisbet & Co.), ought to please any youth who not only craves for excitement, but likes to have his wildest imaginations satisfied. He will find in *Blown to Bits* the finest of hairbreadth escapes, the most herculean of feats. A German Professor who joins a party of travellers buries himself in a hole he makes in the ground, determined to shoot a tiger or die. The tiger comes out, stands over the Professor's hiding-place, and is shot dead. The Professor is not hurt; but he stands every chance of being suffocated, as the tiger falls across the mouth of his enemy's hiding-place. However, on the Professor shouting out, in answer to his friends' question "Where are you?" "Here oonder zee tigre! Kveek, I am suffocat," this remarkable feat was performed. "Instantly Van der Kemp seized the animal by the tail, and, with a force worthy of Hercules, heaved it aside as if it had been a dead cat, revealing the man of science underneath, alive and well, but dishevelled, scratched, and soiled; also as deaf as a doorpost." Another astonishing trial of strength is described in the death of a "huge python" which was discovered coiled up in the thatch of a hut in which the travellers had spent the night. "'We must get him out of that,' remarked Van der Kemp as he quietly made a noose with a piece of rattan, and fastened it to the end of a long pole. With the latter he poked the creature up, and, when it had uncoiled sufficiently, he slipped the noose deftly over its head. 'Clear out, friends,' he said, looking round. All obeyed with uncommon promptitude, except the Professor, who valiantly stood his ground. Van der Kemp pulled the python violently down to the ground, where it started a tremendous scuffle among the chairs and posts. The hermit kept its head off with the pole, and sought to catch its tail, but failed twice. Seeing this, the Professor caught the tail as it whipped against his legs, and springing down the steps so violently that he snapped the cord by which the hermit held it, and drew the creature straight out—a thick monster, full twelve feet long, and capable of swallowing a dog or a child. 'Out of zee way!' shouted the Professor, making a wild effort to swing the python against a tree; but the tail slipped from his grasp, the Professor fell, and the snake went crashing against a log, under which it took refuge. Nigel, who was nearest it, sprang forward, fortunately caught its tail, and, swinging it and himself round with such force that it could not coil up at all, dashed it against a tree. Before it could recover from the shock, Moses had caught up a hatchet and cut its head off with one blow. The tail wriggled for a few seconds, and the head gaped once or twice, as if in mild surprise at so sudden a finale." The Professor's comment on this exciting scene is as good as any we can give—"Zat is strainch—very strainch." The descriptions of the islands in the Malay Archipelago are better illustrated by the letterpress than the drawings; and there is a wonderful description of the volcanic eruption in Krakatoa in 1883, which must interest any reader of *Blown to Bits*. The romantic element in the story is prettily introduced; and, if some of the instances seem very far-fetched—notably the extraordinary coincidence of a canoe containing the travellers, amongst whom is the son of a certain captain owning a vessel called the *Sunshine*, being hurled by a great wave during the eruption in Krakatoa on to the deck of the *Sunshine*—no doubt our boys' imaginations will be able to soar to them.

The Romance of the Forests, by Ascott R. Hope (London: John Hogg), is, to quote the author's own words, "an entertaining miscellany for all tastes." Truly, as he says, "the forest is the natural home for romance"; and in his book we have it in great variety. There are the old English forest legends; legends of German forests, amongst the more romantic of which is "Eginhard and Emma"; and, going on to Switzerland, we have "A True Romance of the Trient," where the woodcutter's life is described. Some of the stories of hermits are very interesting. Then we come to thrilling and horrible tales of the Backwoods, "The Red Men and the White Men." Then beautiful descriptions of the tropical forests, curious accounts of the wild men of the woods, and vivid ones of the destruction of the forests. Altogether, we can recommend *The Romance of the Forests* as an interesting book for old and young.

In *Our Stories*, by Ascott R. Hope (London: Biggs & Debenham), we find a collection of tales principally relating to school-life, which contain, not only amusing incidents, but good moral lessons, put in the form of personal experiences, which must appeal to a boy's heart, instead of setting him against what he is pleased to call "sentimental" or "religious bosh." The first story, "Our First Pipe," is a true and vivid description of the pleasure, pain, and subsequent consequences of the schoolboy's first pipe on the sly. "My First Scrape" is one which will prove no inducement to its ambitious reader to go and do likewise; and "My Last Scrape" will touch and stir all the good feelings in any boy whose love for his mother rules the greater part of his life. The other stories, "My Foreign Friend," "Our Holiday Tour," "The Greatest Trouble of My Life," "Our Serenade," "Our Volunteers," and "My Deed of Darkness," will all in their turn prove interesting, touching, and exciting.

Lil, by the author of *Tip-Cat* and *Pen* (London: Smith & Innes), is a pretty story of a girl who, when she was thirteen, slipped downstairs and injured her spine, thereby becoming an invalid for life; but, luckily for her five brothers and their great boy friend, an invalid whose life consists in being their helper and their sympathetic friend in all their joys and troubles. Her horror of being "a proper invalid"—which she describes as a person "speaking in a very gentle voice, reading good books, wearing a knitted shawl, and using Eau-de-Cologne"—is very

pathetic. "I can't bear to be sympathized with. I'm not a bit like Mrs. Wyatt and never shall be. It doesn't make my head ache a bit when there's a noise, and I hate people speaking in whispers," she tells her father. The father is, of course, a widower—fathers generally are in stories nowadays describing home life. The love story which comes into Lil's life, not affecting herself personally, but which she enters into as affecting those near and dear to her, is a pretty romantic element in the book which will be specially pleasing to girls.

Ada Norman's Trials and Difficulties, by M. Seymour (London: Hogg), is another story which will be attractive to girls. It begins with Ada Norman's leave-taking of her school and first introduction to her aunt and cousin, with whom she is going to live. She is an orphan and dependent on her uncle and aunt for a home. Here her trials and difficulties begin, and "It was just when she was feeling most weary and most heartless that a friendly smile and a friendly voice came to help her out of the depth of her discouragement—such voice and smile belonging to a silver-haired old lady who was the nearest neighbour of the Doctor's family." This old lady becomes her firm friend, and when Ada's uncle dies and Ada has to get employment for her living soothes and encourages her. Ada's trials and difficulties continue many and great until she becomes governess to a little girl whose mother died when she was born, and whose father and maiden aunt are kind, good people who appreciate Ada and make her life a happy one. She finally leaves them to take care of her kind old friend until she dies. The book ends up happily with Ada's marriage.

Laurel Crowns; or, Griselda's Aim: a Story for Brothers and Sisters, by Emma Marshall (London: Nisbet & Co.) The principal characters in this story are members of two families—Blunts and Carringtons—neighbours in a small village near London. It is needless to say that in both families the mother is dead. Why cannot we have interesting stories about children without depriving them of their maternal parent? However, Sir Thomas Blunt has married again, and his second wife is the typical, selfish, self-indulgent stepmother, who, though not unkind, takes no trouble for her stepchildren, so that the Carringtons, who have a good father and kind cousin to look after them, are far better looked after and a far more united and happy family than their neighbours. The story keeps up its interest all through, and its vicissitudes are depicted simply and touchingly without harrowing children's feelings too deeply. It introduces, too, the Missions to Seamen in a way that must make the more serious reader feel the good of this noble work, and, finally, everything is brought to a happy conclusion, such as young people love—for as long as "everything ends happily" they do not mind having a good cry in the course of their book.

Prince Vance: the Story of a Prince with a Court in his Box, by Eleanor Putnam and Arlo Bates (London: Smith & Innes), carries one back to the old fairy-tale days. The art of writing fairy-tales seemed in a great measure to have died out, and it is refreshing to be reminded, as in *Prince Vance*, that it still exists. It is impossible to give an adequate sketch of such a tale. We can only advise our children whose spirit of imagination has been allowed scope to read it. The illustrations by Frank Myrick add much to the attraction of the book. They are fantastically designed and cleverly executed.

Amongst the numerous books written for younger children, Ismay Thorn's *Max or Baby: the Story of a Very Little Boy* (London: Blackie & Son) comes first. "Max," or "Baby," as he chooses to be called, is a most fascinating little person of four, who, when we are introduced to him, is much puzzled as to what the doctor can mean by saying his father is overdone and wants rest and country air. His mother's explanation, on the question being suddenly put to her by Baby "What is overdone?" puzzles him still more. "Like the mutton at dinner, or your rice-pudding sometimes." "But what does it look like zen?" "Oh, all black and burnt." Baby next appeals to one of his sisters. "Farver isn't all black and burnt, is he?" "Why no, of course not." "Doctor *did* say zat farver was looking pale and ill, and overdone, and muvver says overdone means black and burnt." Baby has a decided character of his own, and expresses his opinions with more firmness than politeness. He by turns amuses and amazes his grandfather, with whom he and his sisters go to stay whilst their overworked father is abroad with their mother. He is prompt not only to pick up ideas, but to act upon them. He hears that his father wants money to enable him to stay abroad longer. On happening to go for a walk in the garden with his grandfather, he listens to a conversation between him and the gardener, and discovers that one way of getting money is to sell flowers and fruit at the railway station. Then follows an amusing, but touching, account of Baby's immediately acting on this discovery, how he engages his small sister's help, how between them, having found a large, empty basket, "they filled it with more zeal than discretion," and finally, unseen by any one, went off to try and find the railway station. What with losing their way, and what with the heaviness of the basket, the poor little things got overweighted with their cares and were beginning to break down, when a kind and wise friend luckily came in sight, and, easily persuading the children to give up their laudable intention, took them home. "Max or Baby's" sayings and doings are so cleverly and amusingly told, that older people than the young children for whom they are set forth must enjoy them.

Paul's Friend: a Story for Children and the Childlike, by Stella Austin (London: Smith & Innes), introduces us to two little children, twins, called Paul and Paulina, who have not only that rare happiness in story-books of having a father and mother alive, but of their being all that is kind and good. Consequently the children are happy and good and wise. Even being told by his father that they are so poor they must give up their beautiful house and all the delights of it does not affect the boy in any way except to enable him to remark:—"If we have not got our garden and park, we have God's part of the world. . . . I like God's part of the world that belongs to everybody." Indeed, from the way in which he receives the news his father dreaded to tell, he proves himself "a philosopher as well as a Radical." There are pretty descriptions of the leave-taking between the children and their friends—both people and animals; but we are not introduced to "Paul's Friend" until they are settled in France. He is a man who avoids all his fellow-creatures, who is hard and tyrannical, who shows no mercy, and who has no heart. The children burst in upon him suddenly in his lonely house when rushing after a favourite dog who had escaped from them in pursuit of a cat. The gentleman begins by resenting the intrusion, but by degrees becomes very fond of Paul, who by his gentleness and goodness brings about a reunion of friends, and happiness to those he loves best. There is so much sentiment nowadays mixed up in our children's books, that it is a relief when we can pronounce it as healthy sentiment without morbidness—as is certainly the case in *Paul's Friend*.

In *Exiled; or, when Great-Grandmother was Young*, by Catharine Mary Mactorley (London: John Hogg), we have a sketch of an English girl's school and home life in those days—not so very different from ours, after all. The interest of the book chiefly consists in the introduction into it of a French Marquis and his daughter, who had escaped from France just before the Revolution and taking of the Bastille. How the poor little French girl, who had to work for her living, was snubbed by the English school-girls to whom she taught French, how eventually she unconsciously taught "our great-grandmother" the virtues of unselfishness and kind thoughts for others, is all well put before one in this little book.

We Four Children, by M. A. Hoyer (London: John Hogg), is a story of four children who start what they call a "literary and scientific Society" amongst themselves, which is to meet once a week. It is, fortunately for the children, joined by an uncle, who contributes to its amusement by telling original stories. There are few children who will not understand and sympathize with the difficulties as well as interests which beset this little Society.

We have also received *The Ups and Downs of a Sixpence; or, Guess the many Curious Places I've been in*, by M. Seymour; *Noël and Geoff; or, Three Christmas Days*, by Frances Armstrong, and *Dolly's Adventures; or, Happy Days at Cranberry*, by Yvonne (London: John Hogg), pretty harmless little stories for children, without much in them.

We cannot imagine a much greater treat as a Christmas present for our little ones than *Golden Days and Silver Eves*, designs by Maude Goodman, Alice Havers, Fannie Moody, and Marcella Walker. Poems, by Arthur E. Scanes and Helen Marion Burnside (London: Raphael Tuck & Sons). We are told that the pictures, which are all of them clever and artistic, have been designed at the London studios, and printed at the Fine Art Works in Germany. They certainly do all credit to the designers and printers. The poetry and illustrations on each month in the year which compose part of this fascinating book are alike charming.

The Prince of Nursery Playmates, "containing seventy-four nursery rhymes and nursery songs, illustrated with two hundred and seventeen pictures in oil-colours by the first artists" (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington), and *Old Mother Goose's Rhymes and Tales*, illustrated by Constance Haslewood (Frederick Warne & Co.), are collections of all the well-known nursery rhymes and tales, put into an attractive form for the children of the present day, whose tastes in literature of all kinds are so much consulted and administered to.

The Royal Progress of King Pepito, by Beatrice T. Cresswell, illustrated by Kate Greenaway; *A House to Let*, by Mrs. Molesworth; *The Zoo* (Second Series), by the Rev. J. G. Wood, illustrated by Harrison Weir; *Short Tales for Little Folk*, by Frances Epps, C. Selby Lowndes, and others (London: S.C.P.K.), are all good specimens of children's books, and *The Golden Sunshine Story Book*, by Muriel Evelyn, "with many pretty pictures" (London: Ward, Lock, & Co.), is a capital book for children just beginning to read.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

TO notice a German book under the head of French Literature may seem anomalous; but it is not really more anomalous than noticing a history of French literature under the head of German. Herr Birch-Hirschfeld (1) is already known as a student of some parts of early French literature, and now he seems to have undertaken a regular history of the later part from and including the Renaissance. The part before us, extending from the beginning to about the middle of the sixteenth century, is a clear and

(1) *Geschichte der französischen Literatur seit Anfang des xvi. Jahrhunderts.* Von Adolf Birch-Hirschfeld. Stuttgart: Cotta.

sufficiently erudite summary of existing knowledge on the subject, furnished with notes which, useful as they are, would have been perhaps better redacted into the form of a bibliographical index, well printed in (thank heaven!) Roman type, and exhibiting that competent study of the subject which one expects from a German. Much further than this we cannot at present go, for Herr Birch-Hirschfeld has other Germanisms which are not so desirable. It may, perhaps, be said without arrogance that literary criticism, pure and simple, is not the strongest point of the German literary character, and without impoliteness that confident dogmatism too often takes its place. We are unable to find any other epithet than *bête* for the positive statement, in reference to Rabelais, that "die später (1564) erschienene Fortsetzung des Romans hat er nicht geschrieben." No doubt a positive assertion on the other side would be almost as foolish; no doubt the authorship of the last Book is one of those questions on which wise men will perpetually agree to differ and lovers of literature will perpetually delight to argue each his own side. But Herr Birch-Hirschfeld certainly has the learning, and ought to have the sense, to be aware that positive evidence sufficient to settle the matter of fact there is none, and he should have the modesty to admit that on the question of opinion persons at least his own equals in competence think that Rabelais *did* write, though he may not finally have revised, it. A positive assertion, as if the writer had in his breeches-pocket a document signed François Rabelais, and saying, "I did not write the last Book," is silly, is rude, and is—German.

Madame d'Épone (2) is a very curious example of that radical difference of sentiment which never can get itself adjusted between the two nations of France and England. The heroine is the second in order of a remarkable quaternity of great-grandmamma, grandmamma, mamma, and little daughter, of whom the youngest is very young and the eldest by no means old. She has been ill-treated and deserted by her husband; and her daughter (number three) has married an excellent, but not absolutely wise, gentleman, whom she is supposed to adore. To them enter *le séducteur*, Vincent de Mottelon. "Le séducteur" is as contemptible a person as your professional lady-killer usually is—that is to say, he is a person who, putting all moralities out of the question, forgets the elementary truth that, falling, or imagining yourself to fall, deliberately in love with anybody is no fun at all. Next to the less common, but not unknown, proceeding of buying a ream of paper, mending a pen, and then sitting down to write an epic poem also deliberately, this has always seemed to us the *ne plus ultra* of human folly, for the winds of Venus blow where they list and nowhere else. However, Berthe de Rollo is a little fool, and without ceasing to love her husband or going very far, permits Vincent to go some way. The catastrophe is only avoided by a fantastic and unnecessary piece of devotion of Mme. d'Épone, who, being still young and handsome, goes to the rendezvous which Vincent has appointed for her daughter, and is found there by her son-in-law. We do not say that very great art might not make the situation effective; but here, though the book is not ill-written, that is not done. And then the way in which the assignation is asked for! This dragon, who lives only to chase the helpless *mariée*, actually puts a note in the case of *one of* a parcel of books which he sends to his proposed victim. Why any schoolboy might know better!

There is always considerable talent in M. Louis Létang's work, the chief drawback to it being his adoption of the modern fancy of writing by "episodes," which involves irritating references to some other book. *Madame de Villemor* (3) opens very well with a quiet, but exact and interesting, sketch of a little girl's life in Dauphiné. Afterwards the tale grows more animated, and we have Italian princes, a diamond room, wicked Russians, and we know not what else. So the book appeals to more tastes than one. Whether a similarly double aim had anything to do with M. Lomon's (4) adoption of his title, we cannot say. The "love," however, is only "not fit to be named" in appearance, not in reality, though the lover is not a good man. He, in consequence of an accident at sea, rather cleverly described, finds himself at liberty to exchange with the smallest possible risk of detection, and also without much injury to any one, the position of a ruined and resourceless gambler for that of a prosperous ex-merchant with fifty thousand pounds. Unluckily one part of his inheritance is a daughter, and in after years he falls in love with her. The situation, though with risky possibilities, is not offensively carried out, and there is a good deal of interest in the book, though it sometimes grazes the preposterous.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

So determined has been the praise of modern science, and so prodigal the incense of flattery offered to its prophets and priests, that Mr. Samuel Laing's *Problems of the Future* (Chapman & Hall) seems a trifling addition to the burden. The first portion of this glib and rather smartly-written summary of scientific progress is one prolonged pæan on the discoveries of science. In the interests of "the semi-scientific reader" Mr. Laing reviews the scientific field to date. His popular views of the triumphs of Darwin and his followers are well suited to the audience he addresses. The antiquity of man, the Glacial Period, the duration of solar heat, the composition of the universe, animal magnetism and spiritualism, and our old friend, still invisible and undiscoverable, the Missing Link—these are some of the problems presented. Treating these Mr. Laing is exceedingly at his ease. He passes from one to another of these mighty themes with a sure-footed pertinacity and a fearless confidence that will certainly favourably impress the average reader, who is of loose reading habit and does not so much as think of thinking. The profit of it all is hard to discern. For example, Mr. Laing wrestles with the Glacialists, and prefers the estimate of an observer on the Mersey to Professor Prestwich's 20,000 years. The truth is, in these matters you are invited to make a choice, the more plausible the better, the data for either estimate being alike meagre and inconclusive. And so it is with the geological "idea of cataclysms," which Mr. Laing asserts is now "completely exploded," while on another page he refers to the authentic record of the upheaval "by the shock of a single earthquake" of the Pacific coast of South America to the extent of five or six feet for some six hundred miles. Is not this something of a cataclysm? And what warrant has he or any one else that the like has not happened repeatedly, or that volcanic eruptions infinitely more extensive than that of Krakatao have not occurred and may not be repeated? Then with regard to the "missing link," after remarking that the truth or falsehood of Darwin's theory of natural selection and the survival of the fittest was staked on the discovery of missing links, Mr. Laing observes "the case was almost similar to that of the truth of Halley's calculation as to the orbit of his comet, being staked on its return at the predicted period." There may be much virtue in the "almost," but a falser or more misleading analogy could scarcely be conceived. At present no one has ventured to predict where the missing links—their name should be legion—that connect man with his arboreal ancestors are to be found. Mr. Laing does, indeed, hint that some day there may be discovered in the Miocene or Eocene formations "some missing link"—only one, be it marked; ready made, it would seem, like a museum specimen—"bearing the same relation to man as the Hipparion and its ancestors do to the horse." Despite this insignificant hiatus in the evolutionary evidence, Mr. Laing derives much consolation, at a cheap rate, too, from the results arrived at by distinguished comparative anatomists in the study of man and the anthropoid apes. He thinks that "all, or nearly "all," of man's "higher intellectual or moral qualities" appear in animals "in a rudimentary state," though this amazing statement is substantiated only by citing the arithmetical powers of "Sally" at the Zoo and Sir John Lubbock's dog, and by contrasting the gorilla in his forest, living "respectably with "a single wife and family," with certain husbands and parents "of our Upper Ten who figure in the Divorce Courts." Even this pleasant report of the excellent gorilla is based merely on "accounts of travellers." Between a young negro and a young chimpanzee the difference is not very great, says Mr. Laing; and this may be true to the superficial eye or to the prying anatomist. Yet there is the insuperable fact that the one remains a chimpanzee and the other grows to be a man. Of course something may be done, as Mr. Laing suggests, for the anthropoid apes; and now that Equatorial Africa is being opened, it is to be hoped that Mr. Laing may persuade some "scientist" to attempt the experiment of selective breeding. Let him go to school with the chimpanzee and the rest, and see if he can produce Sir Oran Haut-ton.

Those who enjoyed the fancy and humour of Mr. T. E. Brown's *Fo'c's'le Yarns* will find much to their liking in *The Manx Witch, and other Poems* (Macmillan & Co.) Mr. Brown tells a story, as a story should be told in verse, with simple force and directness. When he digresses, as in "The Manx Witch," the digressions are admirably characteristic of the narrator, who is a sailor, and not altogether acclimatized to life among the Isle of Man miners. Tom Baynes proves his powers once more in the dramatic story of the courtship of pretty Nessy by Jack and Harry, their jealousies and quarrel, the evil-working of the Witch, and her horrible fate. The characters of the two men—the victorious Jack and his "dooiney-molla," or chief backer and commender to the beloved—are vigorously drawn, and charming are the pictures of the "sooreyin," or courting, in the sweet spring weather. The manner of it is graphically painted. With Nessy at the window, Jack would mount on the shoulders of Harry, who was nothing but "semperthizin":—

> "Get down," says Nessy, "don't ye see
> That Harry is tired?"—"Not me! not me!"
> And just like a mason with his hod,
> As stiff—and beggin for the love of God
> They'd go on; and gevvin a surt of a coo—
> "Aw keep it up! aw do! aw do!"

The poem is remarkable for its terse and strong emotional power. The irregular rhymed metre is fluent yet nervous, and the dialect is nothing to boggle at. Of the remaining poems we like best "Peggy's Wedding," though readers who abhor dialect may prefer the sentiment and pathos of "Mary Quayle," a tragedy of desertion and death.

My Mistress the Empress Eugénie (Dean & Son), an "Authorized translation" from the French of Mme. Carette, is a tedious

(2) *Madame d'Épone.* Par Brada. Paris: Plon.
(3) *Madame de Villemor.* Par Louis Létang. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(4) *Amour sans nom.* Par C. Lomon. Paris: Plon.

volume of gossip, not very well done into English, and by no means a model of literary arrangement. The devotion and loyalty of the writer are qualities more pleasantly apparent than any power of observation or delineation. We can hardly believe that Mme. Carette wrote of "Louis XIV (*sic*) and Marie Antoinette," or that an unpleasant passage of her recollections (p. 182) takes an equally disagreeable form in the original.

Stray Leaves of Literature, by Frederick Saunders (Elliot Stock), though apparently a book that is intended for book-lovers, is scarcely worthy of more than a cursory inspection. There are among its contents papers on old books, ballads, and songs, the survival of books, and so forth; but these attractive themes produce little but platitude and slovenly writing. Mr. Saunders subjects the poets, by the way, to cruel treatment. He misquotes and misrepresents Coleridge's exquisite music thus:—

> Many a hidden brook, in this leafy month of June,
> To the sleeping woods all night singeth a quiet tune.

He audaciously calls this "Coleridge's couplet." Of Mr. Saunders and the ballad we have, indeed, too much when we find Peacock's "War Song of Dinas Vawr" referred to, without acknowledgment, as "This rollicking Welsh ballad," and as "an illustration of the utter absence of pathos," arranged in couplets, as in the Coleridgian extract, with five misprints.

The annual volume of *Atalanta* (Hatchards) is one of the most comely of illustrated magazines, and one to be commended to all who are in search of a gift-book that is certain to please and to profit young people. The illustrations are varied and good, especially the Goupil plates and the reproduction in colour after Bastien Lepage that forms the frontispiece. The fiction, verse, essays, the contributions to the *Atalanta* Scholarship and Reading Union, and the papers on artistic themes, are all interesting and readable.

Amabel Jenner's *Half-hour Plays* (Smith & Innes) is a capital collection of dramas for juveniles, founded on old fairy-tales, and ought to prove as popular as the *Terra-Cotta Plays* of last season. Intelligent children should readily play with excellent effect, either at village entertainments or in the drawing-room, "Jack and the Beanstalk," "The Snow Queen," "Silverlocks," and the rest. The scenery is not indicated, and is not necessary. For costume the directions will, if followed, cause a run on "Kate Greenway dresses."

The Rev. John Macgowan tells "the story of the Army Mission" of the London Missionary Society in an interesting and fluent narrative, under the objectionable title, *Church or Confession, Which?* (London Missionary Society). When taste and grammar protest, it may be feared that the reader may go further, and turn altogether from a harmless and fair-minded chronicle.

Whether Sir William Harcourt's benevolent legislation has tended to thin rabbits to any great extent we cannot say, but Major Morant's *Profitable Rabbit-Farming* (L. Upcott Gill) goes far to persuade us there are not enough rabbits in the country. Major Morant points the way to successful farming of rabbits in hutches in the open, and shows how the operation may pay the farmer.

We have received *Dr. Arnold of Rugby*, by Rose E. Selfe, a well-written biographical sketch in "The World's Workers" series (Cassell & Co.); *Autumn Leaves*, a poem by E. J. Naish (St. Ives: Jarman & Gregory), and Mr. Hugh Callendar's *Primer* and *Reading Practice of Cursive Shorthand*, "Cambridge System" (C. J. Clay & Sons).

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POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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MEMORY AND IMAGINATION.

A FEW years before his death Lord RUSSELL received a call from an old friend of his who was engaged on the biography of a statesman with whom Lord RUSSELL had been closely associated early in his political life. He conversed freely with his visitor, and was copious in interesting anecdote, of which his friend took mental notes, congratulating himself on materials for an attractive chapter. Lord RUSSELL, however, wound up the interview with a characteristic caution:—"If you think of publishing what I have "told you," he said, "I would advise you to verify it by "other testimony. Consult So-and-so. I am conscious "that my memory is not what it was, and I may have "confused persons and things." A similar confession, marked by the ingenuous candour which in all his personal relations belonged to Lord RUSSELL, is found in the preface to his *Recollections and Suggestions*. He had intended, he there says, to enlarge the reminiscences which he had published in a former work. But, when he had proceeded some way in his task, he found that his memory of the past was not so lively as it had been some years before, and he renounced the attempt. Mr. GLADSTONE some time ago spoke, with a natural pathos to which the sympathy of his audience responded, of his own memory as overburdened with the events of a long life. Mr. GLADSTONE has found relief in calling in the aid of another faculty. He has summoned Imagination to assist Memory in bearing the load to which the latter alone is unequal, and in some of his narratives appears to rely on the former faculty almost exclusively. We do not in the slightest degree question Mr. GLADSTONE'S good faith. In one of his essays Mr. BAGEHOT has insisted very strangely that belief is an affair of the emotions rather than of the intellect, that conviction is a passion rather than a judgment. An enthusiastic girl believes with an intensity which a careful weighing of evidence cannot produce, and on no evidence at all, circumstantial narratives which tend to the glorification of the hero of her worship or to the discredit of the object of her aversion. She embraces an entire scheme of theology, of which she understands nothing, with an ardour that the deepest divine may envy.

Mr. GLADSTONE illustrates the doctrine. He believes implicitly because he feels strongly and conceives vividly. He is capable of constructing narratives of the past in order to justify his position in the present, with which imagination has a good deal more to do than memory, and of giving them to the world with a good faith which defies the almanack and the *Annual Register*. An instance has occurred this week. Mr. CHARLES M. CLEERY, of Lowell (Mass.), appears to have accused Mr. GLADSTONE, in the *Morning Mail* of that town, of working for party ends in his agitation for Home Rule. Mr. GLADSTONE has replied with a brevity and succinctness unusual to him, and imposed upon him presumably by the limited space offered by an international postcard. If Mr. GLADSTONE had simply denied the accusation, there would have been nothing for it but an acquiescence as grave as possible, unaccompanied by play of face or shrug of shoulders. But Mr. GLADSTONE has not been content with giving his conclusion; he has given his reasons—which are three, and which it is not presumptuous to canvass. "On the dissolution of 1885, I "used every effort, public and private, to induce the Tories "to take up Home Rule, and promised them my support. "Only on their refusal did it become the cause of the "Liberals." Whatever Mr. GLADSTONE'S private action may have been on the dissolution of 1885, he certainly did not take any public steps of the kind which he now supposes himself to have taken. The question of Home Rule was raised on the Liberal side only by statements such as that of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—that the Liberal party and leaders were the only men who could be trusted to resist Mr. PARNELL, and who would decline to submit themselves to the culinary process which he described in language borrowed from Prince BISMARCK. Mr. GLADSTONE'S Mid-Lothian address contained an obscure paragraph about local government in Ireland, so worded as to command the assent of Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. GOSCHEN. The Liberal party was divided, not on the question of Home Rule, but on the respective merits of the authorized and the unauthorized programme. The Irish vote was given with unanimity to the Conservatives, because while Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues were pledged to the continuance of coercion in a mitigated form, Lord SALISBURY'S Government were, as it was believed, disposed to try the experiment of doing without it.

The steps which Mr. GLADSTONE certainly did not take on the dissolution of 1885 he may possibly have taken, and probably, nay, almost certainly did take, after the General Election of 1885. That election left Mr. GLADSTONE in a minority of four votes as against the Ministerial and Parnellite forces taken together. If he could gain over the Parnellites without detaching any of his supporters he would have a majority of about eighty votes. It was then that Mr. GLADSTONE'S conversion to Home Rule was first covertly hinted at. Disclosures of his intentions were made in the party newspapers—most clearly in a journal not unconnected with the constituency which Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE represented. Slips of note-paper, it is said, each headed with the intimation "My father thinks," were handed about, collectively embodying the Home Rule scheme much in the form which it took in the Bill of 1886. In the meantime, Lord SALISBURY, on the strength of a misunderstood sentence in a speech in South Wales, was supposed not to be wholly disinclined to a scheme of Federal Home Rule. Lord CARNARVON had had a ghostly sort of meeting with Mr. PARNELL in an empty house in Grosvenor Square. In these circumstances there was no time to be lost. Mr. GLADSTONE'S private intimation of his readiness to support the Government of the day in a measure of Home Rule was the necessary preliminary of his taking up the measure as leader of the Opposition. It was the equivalent of Miss SALLY BRASS'S reminder to the Marchioness: "You can't "say that you were not asked." The subtle self-deception by which Mr. GLADSTONE transfers to the period immediately following the dissolution the private manœuvres and the public declarations which followed the general election, is unconsciously inspired by the aim to remove from them the character of factious intrigue which assignment to their proper place and circumstances brands upon them.

Mr. GLADSTONE alleges, in the second place, that he has always discouraged the promotion of party ties with the Nationalists. Again we take his word for it. But this only shows how slight is his influence over what was once his party. The repeated visits of Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE to Ireland, the mission of that noble lady and that eminent statesman, Mr. STANSFELD and Lady SANDHURST—the distribution of the parts is immaterial—the presence of Mr. CHILDERS and Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN on the same platform, the public embracings of Lord SPENCER and Mr. PARNELL, are, it would seem, disapproved by Mr. GLADSTONE. His third statement, that Home Rule "will practically take "away from the Liberals a large number of votes usually "given them in ordinary British politics," means necessarily one of three things: either (1) that the Irish members will not be retained at Westminster, and that Mr. MORLEY and Mr. FREEMAN are right, and Lord SPENCER and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT are wrong, in their interpretation of Mr. GLADSTONE'S intentions; or (2) that, being retained, they will remain in permanent secession, as a protest against

their inclusion, and with a view to its annulment; or (3) that they will act and vote with the Tories—as, indeed, they are likely enough to do on most questions of education, social reform, and foreign policy. In any case, Mr. GLADSTONE proclaims that Home Rule will weaken, in British politics, the force of that Liberal party which in 1885 he declared he remained in public life simply for the purpose of strengthening, as the most potent instrument of progress and improvement. This is no concern of ours; our notions of progress and improvement may not be his; but we commend his candid confession to English Radicals and Nonconformists.

GREECE AND CRETE.

THE Greek wedding appears to have gone off very well; and certainly no country, not even one of much greater importance, could expect a more brilliant array of royal personages and personages connected with royalty, a more formidable array of ships of war, to be present at such a ceremony. One country, indeed, which used (no one quite knows why) to be ostentatiously, if not very effectually, philhellene, was not very importantly represented. But France could hardly be expected to appear in great force at an entertainment where the German EMPEROR'S sister was the central figure and the German EMPEROR the most exalted guest in nominal rank. Consolation has been provided to Gallic sensitiveness by a speech of the Greek Minister in France and to Gallic common sense by the knowledge that France, not England, is furnishing Greece with ironclads of the very newest box-of-machinery pattern. Greece has some good sailors, and if she will make a wise use of them and can afford them, nobody will grudge her ironclads. It may be hoped that one of the effects of the new alliance will be that she will make a good use of them. Her dynastic connexions are such as to make very happily for strengthening the position of not contemptible, but also not aggressive, neutrality which it is best for her to assume in the Levant; and the fact that a pull one way is compensated by a pull the other way may, and it is to be hoped will, prevent her from pursuing that other career of removing her neighbour's landmarks, and jealously quarrelling with rival removers of them, which a certain section of her politicians at home and her self-styled friends abroad would have her pursue. The rejoicings of the week have notably lessened for the moment the cry for such a policy; but M. TRICOUPIS will, no doubt, have his hands full when the reaction from this excitement comes.

We regret very much to see that those who, without a shadow of evidence, brought accusations against SHAKIR Pasha's administration in Crete have endeavoured, not merely to evade the force of Lord SALISBURY'S reply to the Baptist ministers, but to repeat allegations which they have been in vain challenged to substantiate. Such conduct goes far to confirm the unpleasant suspicion that the original charges were made, not in good faith, but in reckless dishonesty. It was pointed out here that the loose and exaggerated gossip on which the Baptist ministers founded their complaint did not itself, on the widest construction, justify the complaints which they made; and Lord SALISBURY has only made this exposure more clear by pointing out that "violation of women" has not been the subject even of any trustworthy or circumstantial report, much less of any evidence. Our Turcophobes, from Mr. GLADSTONE downwards, seem to have determined to illustrate, each in his own person as a corporation sole, the fable of the Three Black Crows. First, they rake up loose gossip and take it for proved fact. Then they describe the fact in terms which the gossip itself does not justify. Then they embroider on their own descriptions, and out of somebody's story that he saw a prisoner on a road, who looked exhausted and used violent language, conjure up a whole Sack-of-Magdeburg and Spanish-Fury rolled into one. The faint attempt at argument which sometimes accompanies this bluster ignores altogether the fact that there are European Consuls in Crete, and that not only have these Consuls either failed to hear of or actually denied, after investigation, the rumours of serious "atrocities," but those of them who represent Powers either distinctly unfriendly to Turkey or professedly friendly to the so-called Christians of Crete have been unable to furnish to those who sympathize with them any proofs, or even any sober accounts, of "atrocities" at all. It may be merely stupidity which fails to see the inevitable conclusion from this; but it must be something worse which first assumes that unproved things exist and then violently blames the QUEEN'S Government for not preventing or punishing what, so far as the QUEEN'S Government has been able to ascertain, has no existence. It is said that the refugees at Athens (most of them, be it remembered, insurgents, not against Turkey, but, as Mr. GOSCHEN well pointed out on Tuesday, against Cretan Home Rule) have drawn up a list of outrages. The sooner that list is published and looked into the better.

THE BYWAYS OF THE LAW.

THE experience of Mr. TULLIVER induced him to form the opinion that rats, weevils, and lawyers were made by Old HARRY. In these enlightened days it is the intense respectability of the ordinary solicitor which first "leaps to "the eyes" of those who behold or consult him. It is impossible not to feel a swelling sense of gratitude to Mr. HENRY FLETCHER VALLANCE, lately of Doctors' Commons and Chancery Lane, for having revived in the flesh a type of lawyer now mostly confined to farces. Mr. VALLANCE did not even exclaim, after approved theatrical precedent, "Where shall we all go to?" He simply wished to go to his mine in Algeria, if he has a mine in Algeria—for all his words are clouded with a doubt—in company with a gentleman who had stolen some bonds! The Incorporated Law Society is compelled in the performance of its duties to investigate some very shady places and transactions. But it cannot have often encountered a queerer specimen of the professional half-world than Mr. VALLANCE. It is said that in Chicago prisoners' counsel have exceeded their functions, if not their instructions, by endeavouring to tamper with the jury. Mr. VALLANCE'S services were urgently required and freely rendered before matters had reached that comparatively ripe stage. JOHN ROBERT OLIVER Ross stole some bonds and concealed the loss. Their books his employers proceeded to balance, while he went and called upon Mr. VALLANCE. Mr. VALLANCE entreated him not to be silly, but pack up his trunk, and be off to Chili. "In Chili," says he, "you've a safe position. "With her we've no Treaty of Extradition. The climate "is lovely; the life is not hard; you may snap your fingers "at Scotland Yard." But it is time that we should leave the poetry of the Master's Report and descend to the style which creeps along the ground. Ross, who was a solicitor's clerk, and supplemented his salary in the manner already described, had a confederate in his brother-in-law, JOHN BRUCE, and BRUCE was an intimate friend of VALLANCE ("their ancestors having been," doubtless, "acquainted," as the Prince said to General CAMPBELL, in the thirteenth century). Why these two rogues should have wanted a third is a question not easy to answer. Perhaps, like many rogues, they were also fools. At all events, they were soon caught, and have paid and are paying the penalty of their misdeeds. The only information for which they asked VALLANCE he was unable to give them without assistance. He visited two police-courts to ascertain what are the countries with which England has no Extradition Treaty. Perhaps he thought, like the *Spectator* and the late Mr. PIGOTT, that there was none with Spain.

First they tried the Lambeth Police Court, these dismally stupid conspirators, and from it they were sent to Bow Street, where such things are conventionally supposed to be understood. The Chief Clerk at Bow Street, not being an idiot, suspected that the strangers who wanted to know where a criminal would be most likely to be found were not quite so anxious to promote the ends of justice as they professed to be. He, therefore, gave as little information as he could, and only mentioned Chili. Why he should have given any information at all is not obvious. It was not his business. The proper way to recover a fugitive thief is to put a warrant in the hands of the police, who are bound to execute it, if they can. It surely cannot be the fact that a swindler has only to call in Bow Street and ask where he had better go. The criminal classes may, however, be invited to consider with some attention the powers of foreign Governments. It is quite true that in England an Act of Parliament is necessary to authorize the surrender of a foreigner to the agents of his State, and that the Extradition Acts only apply to those States with which we have treaties. But on the Continent and, for all Mr. VALLANCE knows, in South America things are very dif-

ferent. Not only the despotic Emperor of Russia, but the free Republic of France, can order an alien to leave their territories either with or without the escort of the local police. In such cases a treaty makes compulsory that which before was optional; but it does not, as in England, create the right besides the duty. The Divisional Court which struck Mr. VALLANCE off the rolls had an easy task. His representation that he took fifty pounds to get Ross where extradition was unknown, because Ross wanted to escape from his wife, is distinctly thin. It must be admitted that, having taken Ross to Bruges, which is not in Chili, nor yet in Algeria, VALLANCE came home and gave information against him for the sake of the reward. But two blacks do not make a white, and VALLANCE'S treachery to his friend was an insufficient reason for keeping him on the Roll of Solicitors. The sort of business he carries on should be conducted strictly upon his personal responsibility.

ELECTIONS.

ALTHOUGH the Brighton election is now a week old, it is hardly possible to pass without comment, at the earliest occasion when comment is possible, so extraordinary a rebuff to the boastful jubilation of Gladstonians last week over preceding successes of theirs. And an additional reason for such comment may be found in the inability of the sufferers themselves to keep silence. Their lamentations and their explanations are, indeed, intelligible enough. In no recent election has so heavy a blow been dealt to the defeated party. Peterborough was merely the reversion of a constituency to its old love; Elgin and Nairn merely a fresh pledge of affection in a little warmer terms; while in North Bucks the successful candidate could only muster a very small part of his own former majority. But Brighton seems to exist for the purpose, among other things, of warning political parties at once of the folly of *outrecuidance* and of the necessity of work. In 1880 two practically safe seats were lost to the Tories by boasting and idleness; in 1889 boasting accompanied, not by idleness, but by very hard work, and by the prestige of a run of luck, has inflicted on the Gladstonian Liberals a defeat much heavier, when all things are considered, than their defeats either in 1885 or in 1886. If their candidate on the present occasion was weak, they at least cannot say so; for it was their contention that he was "a splendid candidate." If he had a more than dubious record, he presented himself with ample certificates of discharge from the heads of his present party. If he had had rather too much political experience, his opponent had had little or none. No wonder that even the least sanguine Gladstonians expected a vastly diminished Tory majority; while not a few sanguine Gladstonians openly hinted at a possible win. And what happened was this. So far from bringing off their favourite "as in 1885," the Gladstonians only succeeded in getting beaten by a majority 400 heavier than that which beat them on that occasion. So far from being a real improvement on 1886, the actual majority was within more than three-fourths of that obtained in 1886 by two popular sitting members over a candidate who never had any chance at all, and in the full flush of the just indignation against Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill. Turn the figures where you like and how you like, no other result than discomfiture is possible for Gladstonians, unless some be hardy enough to confine their attempts to the majority, and even then to neglect the respective totals, of 1886. Mr. LODER polled more votes than Sir WILLIAM MARRIOTT in the hard fight of 1885. Sir ROBERT PEEL could not reach the poll of the then Liberal candidates. The now seated Tory member mustered twelve hundred more than came to the Tory flag in the contest of 1886. And yet everything had been done that could be done, even to the heroic and possibly unfortunate measure of "turning on" Mr. GLADSTONE himself for the Southport speech. It is agreed that Sir ROBERT PEEL, though he hardly improved his position with sober students of politics, was very successful in his personal canvass. His supporters were never weary of telling the world during that canvass how the railway men (some twelfth of the whole constituency) were going straight for PEEL, how the profligate machinations of the Primrose Dames were being counteracted by the chaste appeals of Liberal women, how the great heart of Brighton was shaken by the idea that an Irish peasant is not allowed to cheat his landlord, starve his neighbours, and reduce policemen's heads to marmalade with impunity. And the end of it all was what has been said, a defeat by a majority so crushing that Mr. LODER could have spared votes enough to win the three seats of Elgin, Peterborough, and North Bucks twice over, and yet have come in. It is not even necessary to be sorry for the defeated candidate. Sir ROBERT PEEL'S antecedents warrant the supposition that, in any case, his next political appearance would be anti-Gladstonian, and this little contretemps will make the probably inevitable gyration easier to him.

Yet, gratifying as the result of the contest is, mere exultation over it as a victory would be equally silly and ignoble. What it is neither silly nor ignoble to rejoice over is, that the victory was won in the right way, and by the means which ought to win us other victories. There was, indeed, a very little delay in the selection of the candidate, and it has been whispered that organization on the Ministerial side was at first found a very little rusty. But the lesson of three defeats had been well learnt, and was applied promptly and vigorously. For each of the three mishaps which caused such wild delight to the Gladstonians, there was a more than sufficient reason. At Peterborough there was the excessive delay in the selection of a candidate, ending in the selection of one who had no special acquaintance with the constituency to fight a prepared and organized party. In Elgin and Nairn it was the selection of a candidate whose occupation, if not his person, was obnoxious to very large classes of the electors, and who represented the smaller instead of the larger portion of two allied parties, never very easy to get to work together. In North Bucks (as has become more evident than ever since the election) it was the unfortunate business—adroitly seized on by Mr. HUBBARD'S opponents, and worked up with their usual unscrupulousness, though Mr. HUBBARD had nothing whatever to do with it—of the "Twyford allotments"—a business which, we say in passing, does strangely little credit to any persons concerned in it, whether they be labourers, landowners, Guardians, officious but well-intentioned meddlers from outside, or officious but by no means well-intending political wire-pullers. At Brighton a good candidate was chosen—the Gladstonian objection to Mr. LODER'S youth is rather amusing, considering the hymns of praise which have been sung for ten years or so over the (it is true in some cases now rather elderly) babes and sucklings of the Eighty Club. Birmingham was met by Birmingham *et demi* in the matter of organization. The necessary speeches and letters, which seem to produce nowadays an effect so great and so surprising to those who are apt to form their political opinions for themselves, and not to take them from Mr. A or Lord B, were duly forthcoming. His Majesty the independent voter received with gracious acceptance that tribute of attentions which has succeeded the tribute of 5*l.* notes. Nothing seems to have been forgotten, and therefore everything was won.

Let us most heartily hope that no weariness of well-doing will succeed this good deed. The Conservative organizers and the Brighton Tories have shown that "TODGERS'S can do it when it chooses"; it remains that "TODGERS'S" should go on choosing. Never—never any more until our summers have deceased—will it be safe, if it is even possible, to lapse into the easy-going electioneering of not so many years ago; while so long as the Conservative-Liberal alliance lasts against the Gladstonian revolutionaries the management of elections will be naturally more difficult than ever. That they can be won, won against "splendid candidates," hard work, and divers advantages, and won by thumping majorities, Sleaford some time ago and Brighton now have shown just as clearly as Elgin and Nairn, North Bucks and Peterborough showed that they can be lost by slackness and blunders. But one election which has not been much referred to shall add something to this lesson of ours. The Gladstonians have crowed and crowed, we think legitimately enough, over the unopposed return of Mr. LENG at Dundee. We are aware that even among strenuous and able electioneerers there is difference of opinion on the point; but we are ourselves all but certain that no seat, however apparently hopeless, should ever be left uncontested. That you cannot win a seat if you don't compete for it is, no doubt, something of a truism, though not perhaps quite so great a one as it looks. But it seems to be constantly forgotten that the loss of a seat in this manner has a specially bad effect on contests elsewhere. Nothing gives a greater feeling of that strength which comes from

seeming to be strong than the ability to frighten the enemy out of the field without fighting. That there ought to be a fight for every seat, that there ought to be, if not an actual "understudy" for every holder or recognized candidate for a seat, at any rate an ample supply of sufficiently various candidates to fit most unexpected vacancies at the disposal of the party managers, that these managers cannot possibly take too much pains to keep themselves thoroughly informed of local feeling in every borough and county division, and that every fight should be fought as if each individual vote decided the winning or losing of the seat—these are the not very recondite or novel, but, we are persuaded, the sole true and valid, maxims for successful electioneering. Politics at such high pressure may seem to some people a game not worth the candle; but, if it be so, they must lay their account with losing, for politics is a game from which no one can in reality stand out.

RELICS OF WAR.

SOME visitors to Edinburgh this week may have been less amused by the Art Congress than interested in the Naval and Military Exhibition—the very best of the kind that has been seen for years. It is the historical and sentimental aspect of the Exhibition that is most alluring; for here are the old swords that were drawn in so many causes, fortunate or forlorn; the dirks that did so much secret service, the pennons of the Border wars, the broidered gauntlets that the Douglas won from the Percy—a whole treasure, in short, of romantic relics. The show of weapons begins with elf-shots, flint arrow-heads, hammers, axes; then come Roman blades of bronze and the camp kettles of the legions, and then the swords of historic Scotland—the true double-handed claymore, and the basket-hilted blade which in later times usurped the name of "the big sword." Mr. Craig Brown, the historian of the Forest, exhibits a sword left by an officer of Montrose's army in a cottage near the field of Philiphaugh. Leslie, coming through the mist on the Linglea hill, did not leave this unlucky leader even time to belt his blade about him. Here are Jacobite broadswords, with "God save King James the VIII." etched on the steel; swords worn "when all was done that "man can do, and all was done in vain." The same weapon is inscribed "Prosperity to Schotland, and No Union," showing the desire, revived by Mr. Gladstone, to eat your cake and have it. But this sword did not cut that cake. The so-called Deuchar sword of Harlaw (1410) was no more drawn at Harlaw, we fancy, than at Roncevaux, and might almost as well be called Durandal at once. It belongs to a much later period than Harlaw. Most of these arms are marked "Andrea Ferrara," though that maker can scarcely have turned so many out of his forges as Scotch tradition fondly ascribes to him. An interesting sword is that which broke in the hand of Sir Thomas Hay, of Park, when he fell at Preston Pans across the body of Colonel Gardiner. Yet more moving is the basket-hilted broadsword of Rob Roy—a very well-balanced and serviceable tool in a strong hand, though a little heavy on a hanging guard. Beside it is the weapon with which Alistair MacIan, son of Macdonald of Glencoe, cut his way through the English troops at the massacre. Next comes the plain, unadorned cut-and-thrust rapier which Dundee was waving at Killiecrankie when the silver bullet struck him. It came into the hands of the Rev. David Lindsay, minister of Cockpen, who held it in great reverence, and it now belongs to Mr. Tytler, of Woodhouselee. There are plenty of swords from Falkirk and Culloden, and Covenanting blades from Drumclog; and there is a Ferrara rapier—an extremely long and awkward toasting-iron it is. Dugald Dalgetty's own blade is here, or something very like it, the sword of Veitch, of Dawick, with portraits of Charles I. and Gustavus Adolphus. Perhaps the motto, "Constant and True," would scarcely have become the heir of Drumthwhacket. Prince Charles's target, made in France, is a very queer Frenchified modification of a Highland shield; it is now the property of Cluny Macpherson. The younger Macpherson of Cluny carried a charmed blade through the Indian Mutiny; it is exhibited here, a "medicine" sword—the wearer is never wounded. King Padella's objection to this class of weapon as unsportsmanlike is well known to students of history. This sword was in the Argyll family before Cluny's people got it.

The pistols and muskets are interesting, because the series shows the whole process of evolution from match-locks through wheel-locks, snap-haunches, and flints, to the percussion-cap and the modern breech-loader. The amount of intricate mechanism in the wheel-locks and snap-haunches is extraordinary, and must have been bewildering. The gun with which Bothwellhaugh shot the Regent (1571) is exhibited here "with a modern lock," and a modern stock and barrel too, in the opinion of some critics. Indeed, the weapon really seems much later than the date assigned. Here, less apocryphal we trust, are Colonel Gardiner's pistols from Preston Pans, and here is a genuine and most interesting ancient claymore, of the fifteenth century, with a Celtic pattern on the ivory grip. Gordon's sword is here, but of course it is not, as the label declares, the sword he wore at Khartoum. A Soudanese cross-hilted sword is not of the Crusading period, as the Catalogue absurdly states, but has a European blade, probably German and of the last century. There is, indeed, a good deal of mythology in the collection. But there is no doubt about the immense heavy sabre with which Sergeant Ewart, of the Scots Greys, took the French eagle at Waterloo. He cut the bearer of the eagle through the head, parried a lance *thrown* at him by a lancer in Homeric style, and cut him, with an upstroke, from the chin to the brain. A foot soldier fired at Ewart, missed, and thrust at him with the bayonet. Ewart parried, and cut him through the head; his genius favouring the upper guard, like that of Alan Breck. The General then told Ewart he had done enough for one day, and sent him to the rear with the captured eagle. This sabre occupies, and we think deserves, the place of honour. The eagle was flown at Jena, Austerlitz, Eylau, and Friedland before Ewart came across it with that prodigious blade of his, and clipped its wings. As useful a weapon is that of McLachlan, of Auchintroig. When the colours of the 20th were taken at Minden, he cleared his way to them and recaptured them, for which he got his company. The 20th was Kingsley's regiment; it was nearly annihilated at Minden; an order was issued that it should cease to do duty, but, at the petition of the survivors, it "at its own request resumed duty as part of the line." There is here a Turkish sabre from Acre. When found after the siege the owner's hand was still clinging to the hilt!

Besides English arms there are many from all quarters of the world. The Assam dirk, a very broad-bladed and short weapon with a bone handle, is exactly the same as a dagger from Lamu, near Zanzibar. Either the dirk is wrongly described in the Catalogue, or there must be some rude factory which supplies East Africa and Assam. A weapon more "home-made" looking, untanned sheath and all, cannot be imagined. From the Soudan wars comes a brass axe, with so large a circular opening in the metal that any one may understand Odysseus's feat of shooting "through "the axes." The Egyptian shipwrights, on the tombs of Sakkarah, used axes exaggerated from this pattern. (Duemichen, *Fleet of an Egyptian Queen*, Plate XXI.) Other axes equally capable of being shot through are figured on the metopes of Selinus. It is impossible even to hint at all the relics in the Exhibition; but here, to conclude, is the uniform of the heroic Ettrick Shepherd, which the martial James wore as a member of the Border Bowmen, perhaps during the False Alarm.

The whole show is excellently arranged, and the Catalogue is "as interesting as a novel," more interesting than nine-tenths of novels.

MR. GLADSTONE ON PROGRESS.

IT will generally be admitted by Mr. Gladstone's foes, as well as by his friends, that he has as good a claim as most of our statesmen to "open" such an institution as that which he opened on Saturday last. He has always shown a genuine and generally a well-directed interest in literature, and few people could deliver a more interesting or appropriate speech on such an occasion than he. No man has a greater command of illustration and application, while not many can have experienced more often and more thoroughly the advantages of "Reading and Recreation" (the technical purposes of the Saltney Institute) as carrying out the generous toast of the commercial traveller, "doubling "joy and dividing sorrow." And, if the many excellent discourses which have been delivered on the subject of late years seemed to Mr. Gladstone to have hackneyed it too

much, no one could have deflected the topic more ingeniously and yet appropriately than Mr. GLADSTONE himself. The "uses" of the text are infinite; and not merely the most dexterous platform speaker of the age, but any fairly skilled practitioner in public speaking, could have chosen from them at his pleasure.

Mr. GLADSTONE, however—and, perhaps, it is one of the secrets of his success, for the god of his special idolatry, the demos, is a god who, unlike some others, can be propitiated by much speaking—has always been more or less, and has of late been conspicuously, given to enforcing his particular political doctrine of the moment in season and out of season. As the Chevalier STRONG, in his graceful compliments to Mr. PENDENNIS on his approaching marriage, took the liberty to point out that there was no requisite for a happy domestic life more important than good sherry, which his own connexion with the Duke of GARBANZOS fortunately enabled him to supply, so does Mr. GLADSTONE improve the text of the Saltney Reading and Recreation Rooms to urge the remembrance of the wicked way in which the classes used to oppress the masses, the virtues of revolutionary France, the importance of studying (in his sense) the history of Ireland, and so forth. It is due to the Saltney people to say that they were in no way to blame for this. Their address was a little florid and flattering, and now that they have got a library, it will be well for them to verify their references. The reference to any passage where "the grand PENELOPE" is called a model "of perfect wifehood and pure womanhood" will be welcome. We can only think of the Laureate's ISABEL, who was the flower "of perfect wifehood and pure *lowlihead*." But if their quotations were vague they entirely shunned politics. Mr. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, started off at score to glorify progress, and especially the progress of the working classes. Thankfulness, as Mr. GLADSTONE justly urged, is one of the noblest of virtues; but there is a particular kind of thankfulness which always includes the parenthesis "No thanks to *you* for it"; and this would seem to be the particular variety which Mr. GLADSTONE is anxious to inculcate. There are thousands of schools and libraries now; but Mr. GLADSTONE is bound to state that not so long ago the bad "classes" were in doubt whether a working-man ought to be educated at all. You can send a letter now for a penny, but Mr. GLADSTONE recalls with alacrity and shame the time when "the poor" paid sixpences and shillings; while "the rich" paid nothing, owing to franking. The working-man is much less taxed than he was; and Mr. GLADSTONE'S joy over this circumstance is heightened by the recollection that the object of the taxation formerly was "to increase the landlord's rent." And so on, and so on. Never, perhaps, was a hymn of thanks associated in so curious a fashion with an incantation of hatred. There seems to run through the speech a sort of devil's *Benedicite*—"Blessed be light taxes; but the greed "of the classes endureth for ever. Blessed be easy postage; "but the rich used to post for nothing," and so on. Whether this sort of thing is worthy of a statesman in Mr. GLADSTONE'S position must be left, we suppose, to individual opinion to decide; but we should hardly have thought so. Perhaps, however, he is of the mind of the unutterably silly person who comforted himself and his friends last Monday in the columns of the *Daily News* by remarking that Peterborough, North Bucks, &c., were won by "the people of "Great Britain and Ireland," and Brighton by "members "of the Stock Exchange and the adherents of the aristo-"cracy." Such a party may naturally produce such a leader.

There is, however, one sentence in Mr. GLADSTONE'S address which requires a different style of handling. It is known that, partly from blind animosity to anything done by Lord SALISBURY'S Government, partly from susceptibility to the flattery of certain Frenchmen, partly, perhaps, from an actual growth of sympathy with the revolutionary sentiment, Mr. GLADSTONE'S admiration for France has blossomed lately into a new efflorescence. But even Mr. GLADSTONE has never been betrayed by his personal sympathies into so outrageous a statement (even it be only a statement of opinion) as the following:—"The French as a nation are "extremely friendly to us, and desire to be united to us in "bonds of brotherhood." We cannot mince words about such a statement as this. It is simply untrue. That Mr. GLADSTONE believes it to be true is quite possible—there is, it is well known, no limit to his power of believing what he wishes. But we do not believe it to be possible to find twelve honest and intelligent Englishmen well acquainted with France who will accept Mr. GLADSTONE'S view; and, if it were possible to find them, we should be forced to disable their judgment. Every witness of competence during the last three-quarters of a century gives the lie direct to Mr. GLADSTONE'S assertion. Every reference at the present time to England in French books, in French newspapers, in French public speaking, almost, we may say, in French private conversation, echoes in reality the denial, whether it be in appearance friendly or hostile. There are individual Frenchmen who actually like England and understand Englishmen, though there are not many of them. There is a larger number who are not ill-willers to, though not exactly in sympathy with, us. But the nation as a nation dislikes, distrusts, and misunderstands English ways, grudges English success, rejoices at English discomfiture. In this JOHNSTONE and MAXWELL, Boulangist and Republican, Royalist and Bonapartist, Clerical and Freethinker, agree. It is of all things the sentiment which divides Frenchmen least. It is the one to which a French statesman may most safely appeal. It shows itself at times even in those Frenchmen who have acquired better knowledge and more liberal sentiments As a sentiment we are neither condemning nor accusing it. Many competent authorities, from Mr. THACKERAY to Mr. HAMERTON, have shown how it exists, and that it exists partly owing to historical causes and partly, no doubt, owing to faults in the English quite as great as any faults in the French character. With that side of the question we are not concerned. What we are concerned with is the fact of the existence of the sentiment which Mr. GLADSTONE denies, the fact of the utter non-existence, the dangerous and deluding falsity of the sentiment which Mr. GLADSTONE attributes. THACKERAY'S "My dear sir, they *hate* us," is as true as on the day when it was written; and nothing but Mr. GLADSTONE'S superhuman power of averting his eyes from fact could blind him to the truth. The sentiment is not, indeed, of the acrid character of French hate for Germany, but it is deeper-seated. Its existence can induce no sensible politician to take an opposite side to France in politics out of revenge, and it need not prevent the existence of an *entente*, not exactly *cordiale*, but reaching the point of a fair *modus vivendi* such as has prevailed for many years past. But if any politician, on the other hand, is given over to such strong delusion as to believe in the "extreme friendship," the "brotherly" yearnings of the French nation for the English nation, he can only act on that belief with the certainty of the disaster which invariably follows denial of fact and assertion of falsehood.

GUNS AND SHIPS.

WE do not propose to do more for the moment than notice the continued existence of that controversy as to the value of our naval ordnance which has gone on for so long—now dying down, and now again reviving, but never coming to a settlement. If there were no other reason for merely skirting it, an excellent one could be found in the utterly contradictory character of the available evidence. On the 25th of this month, for instance, we find one "Correspondent of the *Times*" writing to assert, in good round terms, that our guns are badly constructed, of bad metal, and backing the charge up with such figures as these:—"Without going into details, it is sufficient to state "that at the works of one firm alone one 105-ton gun, one "12-inch gun, two 10-inch and two 8-inch guns have had "to be condemned while undergoing proof; and, reticent "as the authorities have been on the subject, there is not "much doubt that both the 111-ton guns of HER MAJESTY'S "ship *Victoria* are practically *hors de combat*. If such a "number of guns have collapsed after a few rounds, what "may we expect with rapid and continued firing in action?" What, indeed? But a few days later comes another correspondent of the *Times*, and contradicts the first flatly, declaring that our guns are subjected to such severe trials that it is a wonder any of them survive, and yet wondrous few fail. As for the *Victoria's* guns, there has been gross exaggeration. Only one of them is bent—a mere nothing, which, were it ten times as great as it is, could be got over by allowance in firing. Plainly there must be a great deal of ignorance or dishonesty on one side or the other here. In the absence of controlling evidence we shall not undertake to decide the great debate.

In the meantime we are the more disposed to leave the gun question alone because there is another, much more

intelligible to the layman, which is very fit for preliminary settlement. It is briefly, whether we are not simply trying the impossible with our ships, machines, and guns altogether. The quality of metal and the exact effect of kinks in guns must needs be left to founders and gunners to settle. But any man of average intelligence can come to a rational conclusion on such points as whether, if you have a gun which cannot be worked without the use of a long chain of complicated machinery, it is not extremely likely to be thrown out of gear at sea and in action; whether, if your weapon is so potent that it knocks you to pieces in the use, it is not likely to prove as dangerous to yourself as to the enemy, or more so; and whether, if you are entirely dependent on mechanical devices which may be twisted, unshipped, or otherwise damaged by the straining of your vessel and the shock of your guns, you are not very likely to be paralysed in battle by your own exertions. These are matters which it requires no very elaborate technical training to understand. On every one of them Admiral Scott answers in the affirmative in the *Times* of Tuesday. Twenty-nine hydraulic machines, he points out, are needed to work the 111- or 67-ton gun. The failure of any one of them might paralyse the gun, and they cannot be replaced by manual labour. As for the effect of these big guns on the ships which use them, Admiral Scott points out that whenever they are fired they start everything, smash the bulkheads, and make the decks gape, so that, when the vessel is steaming against a moderate sea, "the mess-deck is always afloat." To illustrate, too, the unquestionable truth that one blunder breeds a thousand, we have, in order to use these kicking monsters, been compelled to so build our ships that they are as near as may be unseaworthy. The guns must be so mounted as to be fired over the deck from a central position, which means that the vessel must have a low freeboard, which again means that she will ship everything which comes in her way higher than the wake of a duck. "When," for instance, "the *Collingwood* was off "St. Kilda during the last manœuvres, the waves rose so "high as to cover her foremost barbette, and drench her "bridges above it, and, rushing aft, to swamp her ward-"room and cabins." It does not need a storm to set these ships awash. The merest capful of wind which would not trouble a North Sea fisherman can do it. The chain of folly is complete. The bad gun—and its size makes it bad, whatever its metal may be—has led directly to the bad ship. It is surely time that we gave up these wild plunging experiments, and took a space to think out the necessary conditions of war, and the limitations of human nature, before wasting more money on vessels which are very likely to be a repetition or an exaggeration of what we have already.

BISHOP AND BOANERGES.

THE cheerful exclamation of youth, "Well done our "side," has seldom been more in place than in reference to certain recent utterances of the Bishop of Peterborough, and certain comments thereon of a much-advertised and much self-advertising light of Nonconformity who is called the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. These two deliverances can hardly be called a debate, for the Bishop did not invite Mr. Hughes's participation in his Diocesan Conference; but they bore on the same subject. In Dr. Magee's own words there was a refreshing gust of that curiously sturdy and at the same time curiously unphilistine common sense which has often distinguished his speeches. Ranters and canters have of course howled over his statement that it is not for the State as a State to act upon the principles of the Sermon on the Mount—a statement, one might have thought, clearly enough and sufficiently enough demonstrable out of the words of the Scriptures themselves. The Bishop was bolder and more original when, descending from generalities as to which none but idiots or hypocrites disagree, he came to the particular subject of gambling. Except on the subject of drink, no such arrant rubbish is usually talked anywhere as on this, and the Bishop swept all this rubbish into the dustbin, appropriately laying it down that the State may have no business to interfere with a thing *per se* wrong, and much business to interfere with a thing not *per se* wrong, and that betting as betting could not be called a sin. And then Dr. Magee (who, be it understood, was not defending gambling in the least, but, on the contrary, denouncing it) made one of those scores off the sillier kind of cleric which have so endeared him to his brethren. A reverend Canon had defined betting as a "waste of "money," and the Bishop asked whether this applied to the winner. In short, Dr. Magee talked as we should have expected him to talk, and as an Anglican prelate ought to talk, not paltering in the least with irreligion or with immorality, but showing a clear perception of the difference between counsels of perfection and the duty of common life, between the function of the Church and the function of the State, between ethics and politics on the one side and ethics and religion on the other.

It may seem strange that the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, considering certain recent passages, did not employ himself in considering "The Ninth Commandment in all its "Bearings," with particular reference to the Aquarium licence. He may have had his reasons for avoiding this subject, and yet, as we shall see, he practically touched it. To him, it appears, the language of the Bishop seems "not "only awful, but comic." That "a well-paid officer of the "State," a person "possessing a palace and five thousand a "year," should talk thus seemed to Mr. Hughes a matter requiring the instant resignation of the Bishop, who "held "his place in the House of Lords on the theory that he "was there to teach our legislators to administer [we were "not aware that legislators administered] in harmony with "the principles of our national religion." Who taught Mr. Hughes this "theory" we do not know; perhaps it was the gentleman who knew the young lady who recently—that is to say, two years ago—received a document which has not been proved to have had any existence. But, speaking as persons moderately acquainted with English history and constitutional law, as well as pretty strong defenders of the presence of bishops in Parliament, we can assure Mr. Hughes that his theory and the Aquarium invitation are, as far as proofs go, on a par. His application, however, seems to have been even more interesting than his theory. Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden thought differently from the Bishop: therefore the Bishop was wrong. Mr. Ruskin did not agree with the Bp.: therefore the Bp. was wrong. Mr. Herbert Spencer did not agree with the Bp.: therefore the Bp. was wrong. Here we can only admire Mr. Hughes's logic. But it is still more interesting to find him in fresh difficulties with that troublesome Commandment. For he charged Dr. Magee with "confessing the practical "impossibility of obeying Christ." Now Dr. Magee had not confessed anything of the sort. He had said that States, as States, could not adopt the principles of action which are incumbent on Christian individuals as Christian individuals—which is a perfectly different thing, and one which, we may add, has never, till the present reign of cant, been denied by any but a few crack-brained fanatics, not usually remarkable for Christian orthodoxy. We do not care to argue the point, which would be simply to argue that the Golden Rule forbids resistance to a robber, a murderer, or a ravisher, because the robber, murderer, and ravisher would, *ex hypothesi*, wish for a non-resisting victim. But it certainly is interesting to find Mr. Hughes still in difficulty with that Commandment.

THE HISTORY OF A BANKNOTE.

THE famous "Adventures of a Guinea" were less important, if more amusing, than the biography of a banknote as told, not for the first time, in the Queen's Bench Division last Saturday. The plaintiff was the administrator of an estate, the defendants were the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. The plaintiff asked for a thousand pounds in payment of a Bank of England note for that amount, and the defendants asked to see the note. The reply was that the note had been lost, or, at all events, like the ship's kettle, which went to the bottom of the sea, could not be found. But, whereas everybody knew where that kitchen utensil was, the whereabouts of a document entitling the holder to live like a gentleman for a year remains a mystery. It disappeared ten years ago, and, though notes be so gay that they remain "out" for thirty years, these are usually humble "fivers" and "tenners." As Aristotle, or an equally wise man, observes, one must assume something. Even the Bank of England assumes that all its notes will not be presented on the same day, and the old lady of Threadneedle Street might fairly have speculated on this particular bit of paper not being handed over her counter in this world. But the old lady is not of a speculative turn, and refused to be content with negative evidence. Mr. Justice Field and Mr. Justice Manisty both

ventured on the expression of a positive opinion that the note had been lost, meaning, we suppose, that it is no longer in presentable existence, and cannot, therefore, be presented. The Bank appeared to think that somebody wanted to cheat them, whether by lulling them into a false sense of security, or by holding over for a rise, in the hope that amid the confusions of Bimetallism this particular form of money would go up to a premium. The whole of the case suggests the good old academic inquiry, What is a banknote? Most people are content to regard it as a promise to pay. The late Mr. Bonamy Price was dissatisfied with the commonplace answer, which did, perhaps, give an unfair advantage to the happy possessor of Mr. May's signature, and would almost dance about the lecture-room with delight when an old stager, who knew the ropes, called out "evidence of a "debt." If the debt can be proved in other ways, as it could in Gillett *v.* The Bank of England, then the particular form of evidence which is so much the most satisfactory may be dispensed with. So the plaintiff got his new note, and the fate of the note remains obscure.

Banknotes for 1,000*l.* are not so common but what the adventures of this one may be worth a brief narration. They connect themselves with a sad tale of the dangers incurred by inheriting a fortune. Edward Gillett, the last owner of the subject of this memoir, was a bricklayer, who, in his old age, became possessed of considerable wealth. Thereupon he followed the example of the man who was told that the authenticity of the Three Heavenly Witnesses had been disproved, and "took to drinking." In December 1879 he received the note as part of his legacy, and kept it in his pocket a month. The pocket of an elderly drunkard is no place for a respectable note to remain in; and at the end of the month this specimen of portable property took its flight. At the time of the escape Gillett was helplessly intoxicated; and he spent the evening of his days in Darenth Asylum. Mr. Gillett is described by his daughter, with filial insight and candour, as "childish, self-"willed, obstinate, and hardly ever sober." He was in the habit of "flourishing the note about"; and the only wonder is that it was not speedily flourished into the pocket of somebody else. The son gave the number to the police, the note was stopped at the Bank, and nothing more has been heard of it from that day to this. At last the Gilletts have succeeded in getting another. The Bank kindly offered to invest a thousand pounds for them in Consols and pay them the interest. But the Bills of Exchange Act, passed in 1822, gives the public better terms than these. It provides that where a banknote has been lost, the holder may obtain a similar one by giving an indemnity in case the note should turn up and should have to be cashed. This the Gilletts were willing to do, and the Bank has therefore been ordered to pay them the sum demanded. This is obviously fair, for nobody loses, whereas if the plaintiff had failed, there would have been a dead loss to the family of a thousand pounds. Mr. Justice Denman at the trial directed a nonsuit on the extraordinary ground that the whole matter was in the dark. If a jury be good for anything, it must surely be the proper tribunal to interpret doubtful or conflicting facts. Mr. Justice Denman would not easily find twelve intelligent men to share his hesitation over so simple a story.

THE MARYBOROUGH TRIALS.

IF the issues at stake in the Maryborough trials had not been so discreditably complicated in some English minds with partisan considerations, it is to be supposed that the net result of these judicial proceedings would have been, in England at any rate, regarded with satisfaction. That justice has exacted full retribution for the savage and cowardly crime committed in the chapelyard at Gweedore is not, of course, to be contended. Somewhere or other among that flock of Father M'Fadden's—the individual members of which he seems to show so strangely unshepherd-like an inability to recognize—there must be one or more men whose consciences tell them that they are murderers, not in the moral sense of the word only, but according to its strict legal meaning. That is to say, they must know that blows sufficient to destroy life—and one of which must actually have destroyed it—were delivered by them upon the prostrate body of District Inspector Martin; and we will add that, though they may have, under the peculiar circumstances, a natural delicacy in communicating this fact to the reverend Father at the confessional, their guilt will probably become, if it be not now, as well known to the country-side as if they had confessed it in the market-place. That there are men living who should have been hanged for their share in this brutal business is undoubtedly true; and the fact that these men, whoever they are, have escaped, would, in a healthier state of English party opinion, have been universally deplored. Nevertheless, it would be unreasonable to feel any serious disappointment at their escape. The principal actors in such a scene of bestial fury as that in which the murdered man—the "suicide," as the gentle Mr. Labouchere has called him—had his life battered out of him are almost sure to be indistinguishable from their fellows by the objects of their attack; and, when it was found impossible to bring home anything more than the crime of manslaughter to the first prisoner who was placed in the dock, it became pretty certain on the evidence that none of them were likely to be convicted on the capital charge. This being so, it was certainly better that the convictions on minor charges should have been obtained as they have been under pleas of Guilty than that the cases should have been tried out to verdict. The confessions of the prisoners at least ensure us against the possibility of any mistakes on the part of identifying witnesses, and the public will be quite willing to compound for a little extra leniency in the sentences in order to obtain assurance on that head.

As to the sentences themselves, which the Parnellites, followed in slightly milder terms by the Gladstonian press, are already denouncing as "barbarous"—although they have been beslavering with flatteries which were really insults, if those delicate-minded persons had only known it, the Judge by whom these sentences were apportioned—we have no particular fault to find with them. It is certain that the offence of a criminal who is seen in the act of striking a prostrate man, afterwards taken up dead or in a dying state, approaches as closely to murder, even in the legal sense, as it is possible for manslaughter to do; and the sentence of ten years' penal servitude passed upon Coll for such a crime as this is certainly very far from excessive. The same observation applies to the cases of Patrick Roarty and Dominick Rogers, whose position in fact, except in so far as it was modified by their plea of Guilty, was scarcely distinguishable from that of Coll. They get off cheaply, in our opinion, with their seven years of penal servitude, as does Connell M'Gee with his sentence of five, and the other prisoners—every one of whom, to the least active among them, deserves a lesson—with their various terms of imprisonment.

As to Father M'Fadden himself, his own plea of Guilty to the fourth count of the indictment against him is the best reply to all the Gladstonian bluster about the "enormity" of arraigning him in the first instance on graver charges. His submission to judgment on the charge of obstructing the police is a confession of legal guilt in respect of one offence, which of itself involved him in distinct responsibility, certainly moral, and possibly legal, for the terrible crime to which it directly led. The course of the inquiry went to show that no responsibility of the legal description could be brought home to him; but his moral responsibility remains exactly where it was, and it is shocking to find Englishmen of high pretensions to morality and religion displaying so callous an indifference to the plainest ethical considerations of the case. Father M'Fadden's defiance of the law—which he has Scriptural injunction to obey, but which he himself confesses to having resisted—has led to the cruel murder of one of his fellow-creatures. The Executive were not only justified in inquiring, but bound to inquire, to what extent his initial unlawful act had implicated him in legal liability for its resulting crime. It is found that no such legal liability attaches to him, and Father M'Fadden returns home to his cure exempt from legal penalty, but with a moral guilt attaching to him for which, as a priest, he ought to prescribe penance to his soul, if not to his body, for the remainder of his days. Yet the Christian partisans of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell in this country appear to think that the feelings appropriate to the occasion should consist wholly of "indignation" at Father M'Fadden's trial, and of exultation at what they foolishly call "Mr. Balfour's "defeat."

LORD HARTINGTON AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

LORD HARTINGTON was not amongst those who doubted whether the later extensions of the suffrage would be a public good, and yet few men have occasion to regret them more. Liberal as he may be, it is not in the

nature of him to depart from the belief that public affairs should be decided by knowledge, reason, and justice alone; with no more concession to prejudiced ignorance, however passionate, or even to the expediencies of party management, than seems downright compulsory. When he speaks to the general public, it must be in the same language that he would address to a senatorial Chamber; or if not in the same language, then at any rate with the same arguments and to the same effect. He feels, of course, that it is no disadvantage to kindle an enthusiasm of personal devotion, and is as well aware as other politicians that no statesman can hope to do much in our day without a preponderance of brute votes at his back. But for Lord HARTINGTON there is only one way of addressing the popular mind—by appeal to reason, and to those considerations of the general good which are the foundation of law, the better part of patriotism, and the only defence against social warfare and the disintegrations of anarchy. This puts Lord HARTINGTON, and all men like him, at a great disadvantage when they have no longer to address a certain number of minds more or less educated, more or less warned by observation and inference against the danger of yielding to the persuasions of sentiment or the incitements of selfishness. In effect, they have now to move "the mob"; and to do so in competition with men who are content to draw the mob behind them by whatever is most likely to work upon their prejudices, their passions, and their uninstructed notions of self-interest.

Look at the speech which Lord HARTINGTON delivered at Wolverhampton lately, mark its limitations, and say what its actual effect is likely to be in deciding what we must still call the great question of the day. It was a reasoning speech from end to end. As such it was most admirable. Its one great defect was the fault of the courteous, high-minded controversialist, who, with a candour that may pass into excess, takes up the argument of his adversary as something that will be abandoned if it can be refuted. At this his adversary smiles, of course; but, careless of that, your Lord HARTINGTON goes on with his refutation, step by step, to the end. In this case it is a necessary thing to do, no doubt; and it is well that it should be thoroughly done. But when the exposition is complete, what then? It has touched the more instructed and dispassionate intelligence of the country, strengthening and confirming it; but the speaker himself can hardly hope by this time that "our masters," who have their own prophets, will be much affected by it. The main point of Lord HARTINGTON'S argument was that the Gladstonian statesmen have never defined what they mean by Home Rule—that is to say, what they mean by it now; and this he made perfectly clear for the twentieth time. In truth, there is no definition of Home Rule for Ireland before the world; nobody can say what Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends propose to make of it; but the cry goes up as loudly as ever for the unknown and unconceived! When such a state of things has lasted, with full light upon it, for a year or two, we may fairly suppose ourselves confronted by a something that laughs at reason, as love is said to laugh at locksmiths. Passing from the general to particulars, Lord HARTINGTON dwelt at some length upon one great change which Mr. GLADSTONE is supposed to have made in his Home Rule scheme. In 1886 he said:—"I think it perfectly clear that, if Ireland is given a domestic Legislature, Irish peers and Irish representatives cannot come here to control English and Scotch affairs. That I understand to be admitted freely. I never heard the Irish urge the contrary. There cannot be a domestic Legislature in Ireland dealing with Irish affairs, and Irish peers and Irish representatives sitting in Parliament in Westminster to take part in English and Scotch affairs." But the proposal to exclude the Irish members from the Imperial Parliament proved very unpopular indeed, and for good reasons. Therefore, it is said, Mr. GLADSTONE intends now to do what he described as impossible, and retain the Irish representatives in Westminster while conferring a "domestic Legislature" on Ireland. In other words, his substitute for an intolerable reconstruction of legislative authority is another more intolerable still, and one that was by himself pronounced absurd. Both plans were again examined by Lord HARTINGTON in public; and, in the coolest, most logical, and conclusive manner, he showed that if the one was too impracticable for endurance the other would prove merely destructive of the whole Parliamentary constitution of the country. His argument will never be answered; but, when it had come to an end, Lord HARTINGTON must have been sadly conscious that, for all the effect it will have on the minds of his political opponents, it might as well have been a lecture on the moon. The followers of Mr. GLADSTONE are no more likely to ask him for explanation or reply than to cease shouting for Home Rule till they know what they are shouting about. There was one passage in Lord HARTINGTON'S address, however, which must have a good effect generally; for no convincing expression of sincerity and courage fails to make its mark on the public mind. This was where he rejected all fellowship with men "to whom success at the polls is everything, and to whom the justice of their cause, the patriotism of the cause in which they are engaged, are matters of comparatively small significance. . . . For us who acted on our own judgment, without considering whether we should find ourselves in a majority at the polls in the next election or not, I cannot admit that there is any cause for depression, much less for any change of conduct. Our votes will be given in opposition to the return to power of what we consider a Separatist Government, and it can make to us in the future no more difference than it has made in the past whether our efforts are to be crowned with ultimate success or not." There spoke the man of character; and character still counts for much all the country through.

When we come toward the end of this speech of Lord HARTINGTON'S we find newer matter; and it is to be hoped that more will be heard of it from the Unionist side in politics. His Lordship remarked on the fact that the issue of the recent elections did not by any means turn exclusively on the question of Home Rule. He cited the admissions of Mr. ATHERLEY JONES, Mr. RUSSELL, and other Radicals, that the masses in this country are but little stirred by the wrongs and woes of Ireland; and that if the great heart of the people is to be warmed to enthusiasm for the Liberal party, the Liberal party must weep less over Mitchelstown and more over the lot of the shopkeeper, the artisan, the tenant-farmer, and the agricultural labourer nearer home. Beyond all doubt they are right, and to a certainty their counsels will prevail. Lord HARTINGTON is of opinion, indeed, that it is not possible for the leaders of the Opposition party—"at all events at present"—to put every institution in the country up to auction for purchase by votes, or to promise the indiscriminate satisfaction of any demand made by any class in the country. Yet he thinks "their promises indicate a tendency in that direction." He marks what Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had to say on this subject a little while ago, and how shrewdly that statesman opines that, if ground-rents, leaseholds, &c., are judiciously handled, "these things will help Home Rule and Home Rule will help these things." It is certainly not too soon to take account of such devices, and even to meet them with something more than denunciation. Lord HARTINGTON pleads that questions of disestablishment, of land-law reform, free education, rating, ground-rents, leaseholds, and the rest of it, should not be so treated as to import into the highest regions of statesmanship the arts of the log-roller, or be turned into baits and bribes. He thinks that these subjects—"worthy of consideration and some of them ripe for settlement"—ought not to become a matter of traffic and sale. No, nor should the "settlement" of them become a matter of competition between the Ins and the Outs, either now or when the days of the next general election draw nigh. Amongst others, Lord HARTINGTON, we hope, will see to that; keeping well in mind, under all temptations, that "success at the polls is not everything."

MR. MORLEY'S EVASIONS.

IT appears from the opening sentence of Mr. MORLEY'S speech at Bristol the other day that he was under an engagement, or half-engagement, of two years' standing to deliver a speech to the faithful in that city. Perhaps, therefore, he felt that his visit could not be longer deferred, and has paid it just at this moment rather as a matter of necessity than of choice. At any rate, we are willing to assume as much, in order to save Mr. MORLEY'S judgment in the selection of times and seasons; for assuredly, if there ever were a time when silence would have served him better than speech, or better than any speech which he was in the least likely to have leave to make, that time is the present. We must, however, regretfully admit that Mr. MORLEY'S judgment, as illustrated in this very speech at

Colston Hall, rather severely taxes the indulgence of the critic who would think and speak well of it. What, for instance, is to be thought of the discretion of the controversialist who undertook to answer the Mr. CHAMBERLAIN of to-day by quoting the speeches of the Mr. CHAMBERLAIN of the past? It is no business of ours to dispute the effectiveness of the process; but for Mr. MORLEY to resort to it, of all people in the world, and against, of all people in the world, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN! Why to do so was simply to invite the reminder that this is precisely the process which Mr CHAMBERLAIN has recently applied with a simply destructive effect in the case of Mr. MORLEY himself. Nothing that the member for Newcastle can possibly unearth from the platform-record of the member for West Birmingham could by any possibility rival in disastrousness that one quotation which the member for West Birmingham quoted the other day to an astonished world from the platform-record of the member for Newcastle. To show that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had once used hard words of "Coercion," and words inconsistent with his present views as to the necessity of enforcing obedience to the law in Ireland, can surprise no one. Everybody must have known that utterances of that kind could be brought up against him. There is nothing in Mr. MORLEY'S showing that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was once an "anti-Coer-"cionist." But what of that terrible quotation whereby Mr. CHAMBERLAIN showed that Mr. MORLEY was once an anti-Home Ruler? That was indeed a blow to the Separatists, who had imagined—as, indeed, had most Unionists too—that, whatever record leaped to light, he never could be shamed. For, if it were too much to say that he was shamed by the record which leaped to light in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech of a few weeks ago, it is certainly true that it reduced him to a very much less dignified position than he had formerly occupied. There is nothing, we fear, in the *dossier* of any of Mr. MORLEY'S most vulnerable adversaries which can compare for compromising effect with that unlucky declaration of his to the electors of Westminster. "I will not vote for a separate Parliament for "Ireland; and I will not vote for any measure or propo-"sition or inquiry which could lead it to be supposed that "this is an open question in my mind." On the whole, we think that Mr. MORLEY acted wisely, if a little theatrically, in tearing up the paper which he held in his hand after reading from it one passage expository of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S earlier opinions. Had he torn it up without reading anything from it at all, he would have acted more wisely still.

In this matter, in fact, Mr. MORLEY went out of his way to make a mistake. That the mistake of delivering any speech on Home Rule at all at this particular juncture was an equally gratuitous one we do not say. Indeed, we have already suggested as a possible excuse for it that the orator may have felt himself compelled to fulfil a platform engagement which could not be deferred. Otherwise the moment was certainly a most inopportune one for breaking silence. For Mr. MORLEY must, or should have been, well aware that the extremely awkward questions with which the Unionist leaders have been so persistently plying Mr. GLADSTONE and his lieutenants of late are addressed to none of these officers so pointedly as to himself. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, with that incapacity for self-valuation in terms of public opinion which sometimes makes men as ridiculous as a positive lack of humour, has taken the lead in protesting against being "catechized" as to the principles of the newest new Gladstonian Home Rule. The notion of anybody's thinking it worth while to catechize Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on such a point as this will provoke a smile even from Sir WILLIAM'S colleagues. He may rest assured that no sensible Unionist is the victim of so idle a curiosity as could alone suggest such an inquiry. His resolute refusal to answer will be met with the most cheerful acquiescence on the part of his political opponents. Even if they had the old machinery of the torture-chamber at their disposal, they could not possibly think his evidence of sufficient value to justify them in "putting him to the "question." But Mr. MORLEY'S position is a very different one. Whatever he may have thought or said on the subject of Home Rule in the days to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S inconvenient memory goes back, he is at least known to have held at least one very definite opinion with regard to it within a very recent period of time. He was firmly convinced at the time when Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill was introduced that Ireland ought to be excluded under the Home Rule arrangement from representation in the Imperial Parliament, and he even went so far as to recommend Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill to acceptance on the express ground of its effecting that exclusion. Since then, however, it has been more or less ambiguously hinted by Mr. GLADSTONE that this provision will or may form no part of his revised Home Rule scheme; and what the leader will do no more than ambiguously hint has been lately put with considerably greater plainness and precision by one of the most important of his colleagues. Lord SPENCER'S declaration on this subject, moreover, contains other matter to be dealt with by Mr. MORLEY. For Lord SPENCER not only makes it clear enough that what Mr. MORLEY once regarded as the chief merit of the Home Rule scheme is to disappear from it, but he also pretty clearly indicates one at least of the persons to whom it originally owed this element of value. It was, in the first instance, "taken as a matter of course," he said, "that the Irish members should be retained at West-"minster"; and it was only on discussion, after the Cabinet was formed, and after hearing opinions from various people, that they were excluded as they were excluded by Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill.

Now it will not, we suppose, be doubted anywhere that one, and probably not the least influential, of the various people who counselled the exclusion of the Irish members was Mr. MORLEY himself; and what the public, therefore, have a right to know is, whether he has abandoned the opinion for which he thus obtained practical recognition; and if so, why, and with what views as to the scheme of Home Rule which is to be substituted for that which he formerly favoured. With a public, we say, legitimately expecting enlightenment on these points, it will not redound to the credit of Mr. MORLEY'S already seriously compromised political reputation that he has made a speech in which these grave questions are only touched upon to be dodged. It is idle for him to suppose that he will be allowed to handle such topics with the irresponsibility justly permitted to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. Mr. MORLEY is nothing if not a serious politician, and will lose ground by any speech in which he deals otherwise than seriously with politics. Nor can he, an academic disquisitor on political subjects—if ever such a disquisitor there was—expect to ride off on the pretext that the question as to the form of Home Rule which Mr. GLADSTONE now advocates is a purely academic one. Even if the difference between colonial and federal Home Rule were a difference of a theoretical rather than of a practical kind, it would not be in the mouth of a politician of Mr. MORLEY'S stamp to decline the discussion of it on that ground. But as a matter of fact, and as he is well aware, the difference between the two is not merely practical—it is vital. No one knows better than he that, whereas the establishment of a system of colonial Home Rule would primarily and directly affect Ireland alone, while its bearing upon the United Kingdom at large would, however serious, be but secondary and indirect, the establishment of a system of federal Home Rule would in logic presuppose, and in fact necessitate, a revolutionary reconstruction of our whole constitutional arrangements. And, knowing this, he cannot surely intend to advance so preposterous a pretension as that any serious politician who has openly and strenuously advocated the former of those systems of Home Rule, and who now finds it a matter of general belief that his leader and his party are about to adopt the latter, is justified in preserving a blank silence as to his own personal attitude. Either he has or he has not become a convert to the new and revolutionary Home Rule policy which Mr. GLADSTONE announces himself willing to adopt if he finds it necessary to do so, as he would be willing, on a similar proof of necessity, to adopt any other policy which would enable him to regain office. If Mr. MORLEY has become a convert to this policy, it is his manifest duty to the public to acquaint them with the grounds of his conversion. If he remains still unconverted, it is his duty to separate himself formally from the leader and the party who have deviated from what he must still believe to be the true path. The one course which is not open to him to take, without dealing the deathblow to his reputation as a sincere, consistent, and patriotic politician, is that course of evasion and mystification which he is, in fact, pursuing.

LORD DUFFERIN ON INDIA.

IT is hardly a compliment to any roomful of Englishmen to take it for granted that they require to have the value of the British Empire in India pointed out to them; and yet Lord DUFFERIN was right to insist on that theme

to his hosts of the London Chamber of Commerce at the Hôtel Metropole. Doubtless, he knew that he would have them with him, and was speaking to others behind them. In any case, he stated in an abundantly luminous way the reasons why those persons who are in the habit of talking of India as a burden should come to an understanding of the folly of their words. Lord DUFFERIN was also absolutely in the right in explaining the deposition of the Maharajah of CASHMERE in terms which showed his firm grasp of the fact that those who are most likely to blame the measure are quite sure to have no knowledge either of the position of that ruler, of the nature of his administration, or of the rights of the Indian Government. The Indian princes whom we protect from such enemies either as NADIR SHAH or as HYDER ALI are under our control. That is true even of the few who can claim to represent ancient Powers. It was doubly true of the Maharajahs of Cashmere, whom we created. The unhappy young man who has just been pensioned off might, but for the action of the British Government after the fall of the Sikh Power, have been nobody and nothing. He would certainly not have been a ruling prince. If, having once set his family up, we could have stood completely neutral between it and its subjects, he would, supposing rebellion had not occurred under his predecessor, have been removed himself by some enterprising gentleman of the HYDER ALI stamp. The badness of his government in sheer imbecility, if not in a more violent way, was notorious, and can only be denied by ignorance. He has to thank us for saving him from the ordinary rough Oriental method of reform. Sentimental people who show some inclination to make a case of oppression out of his deposition forget, or rather do not know, that it is only by the removal of such rulers as he was that the peoples of India can be defended from abominable misrule. It is unnecessary to point out what a danger such a ruler was to our power in India as long as he was in possession of one of the gates of the country. Those who can feel the force of that argument are already some respectable distance on the road to salvation.

Lord DUFFERIN insisted on the value of that power to ourselves in terms of money with great force. This is, perhaps, not the noblest argument for the retention of the Empire, but it has weight, and may be fairly insisted on. A possession with which we do a trade of sixty-four millions, if it is a burden, is one which several of our neighbours would be glad enough to take off our hands. That the trade is dependent on the power is made pretty clear by the example of China. China is as populous as, or more than, India. It possesses what the peninsula never did—a settled Government. The Chinese have the will, and the means, to trade. They have more commerce with us than with any other external Power, and yet it is small compared with the trade of India. In India we can make sure that our goods will not be taxed for protective purposes. There may, it is true, be people who believe that an independent India would have been so well educated in sound principles that it would cling to the benefits of Free-Trade. People have been found to believe that a vote and emancipation would between them turn a negro into a civilized being. To them this proposition may seem credible. It may even impress them as likely that there would be a government in "India" to select Free-Trade as its policy, and not a welter of anarchy. Some, again, there are who would have the virtue to maintain that India should be allowed to take its own way, whatever the consequences might be to our interests. It is very desirable that they should be compelled to make their meaning clear. If it is once well understood, the importance of their activity will, unless human nature has altered marvellously of late, become small indeed. When humanitarian virtue and love of liberty are once well seen to mean loss to the enlightened voter, we shall look to see their popularity shrink into very small limits indeed. Not the least remarkable thing about Lord DUFFERIN'S speech is that it was delivered at all. That a man of the world, one not accustomed to talk superfluously, or to kick at open doors, should have convinced himself that it was necessary to insist on all the elementary facts Lord DUFFERIN set forth is in itself a striking comment on the political sense of the body politic of to-day. Yet Lord DUFFERIN did well to say it all.

M. FERRY.

IN the midst of the general want of character which is painfully conspicuous in French politics at present, there is something very refreshing in the toughness of M. FERRY. He has suffered a series of disasters. His Government was upset violently. During several Sessions he has been compelled to remain silent in the Chamber, because his appearance in the tribune would have produced a storm of howls and insult. Finally, he has been defeated in a constituency in which he was thought to be safe. A tenth of this would have swept most other Frenchmen into obscurity. But M. FERRY is not obscure. His countrymen may hate him, but they cannot neglect him. And his survival is due neither to claptrap, nor to scandal, nor to popularity-hunting. He forces Frenchmen to recognize his individual force and faculty. When one road is shut to him he takes another. This tenacity of his is at least infinitely respectable as compared to the limpness of his contemporaries. We do not profess to respect his vitality the less because its last manifestation has taken the form of an indirect answer to a recent platitude of Mr. GLADSTONE'S. The article in the *Estafette*, which he may safely be taken to have inspired, if he did not write it, is the answer of one who knows his countrymen well to the absurd assertion that Frenchmen are anxious for the friendship of England. M. FERRY had perhaps not the advantage of having his contempt stirred by this particular piece of nonsense, but he answered it none the less. In substance what his inspired paper says, and what the vast majority of Frenchmen believe, is that friendship with England is impossible for them. They wish for her removal from their path or her submission to their power; but her friendship, if by that word is to be understood a mutual exchange of good offices on terms of equality, they neither believe in nor desire. M. FERRY'S reminder that it was Mr. GLADSTONE'S own Government which did France the shrewdest turn she has suffered since the loss of Alsace and Lorraine is amusingly timely.

The article in the *Estafette* is, however, only a part, and a small one, of a campaign which M. FERRY has been fighting for some little time, just to remind his enemies that he is not yet extinguished. On the whole, he has been remarkably successful. Formally he has been engaged in putting some Italians right as to the history of the transactions which led up to the occupation of Tunis. On a survey of the controversy an impartial judge will, we think, come to the conclusion that both parties are much in the right. Prince BISMARCK did not say at the Berlin Conference "Prenez Carthage," or any other foolish and compromising equivalent thing. It is not his way. In so far the French are right. But he never said he would oppose the occupation. Why should he? And so the Italians are right, in a way, in saying he encouraged the French. Then the French Ministers probably did say that they had no immediate intention of occupying the Regency. In so far the Italians lie not. But they never said France would never occupy it; and so M. FERRY is right in saying that no guarantee was given. Very likely the Italians began to bestir themselves in Tunis, as M. FERRY says they did. Then M. FERRY invented the Kroumirs (he confesses as much, tongue in cheek), and thereupon the French walked in, to the fury of the Italians, who do not deny they were very angry. It is a plausible fable; and, if the name of Tunis was changed to Burmah, might be told of other people—only M. FERRY says nothing about that, for obvious reasons. The controversy may be of use to the future historian. For the moment, the most instructive thing about it is the information it affords as to what M. FERRY thinks his interests require him to tell. If he is right, France is not at this moment longing for friendship with Germany, with Italy, or with England. That he stood aloof from the wicked Prince, that he played Italy successfully, that he will have us out of Egypt—these are the points on which M. FERRY insists. There is nothing friendly in any of them, and the last passage in the debate, with its gird at the "legendary atrocities" in Bulgaria, is particularly cool, to say no more, to the distinguished statesman who has undertaken to interpret the brotherly emotions of France. Happily, M. FERRY is not especially popular in France at present; and France is becoming less and less inclined, as far as we can see, to run the risk of putting its desires to the test of practice. Only, if M. FERRY'S unpopularity melted away, and the will of France hardened a little, we should soon see what the love

of Frenchmen for peace and for England amounted to. We trust that M. FERRY will continue to prove that there is one Frenchman whom unpopularity and want of office cannot crush.

MR. GOSCHEN AT BLACKPOOL.

THE weighty address delivered by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER at Blackpool on Thursday night brought the series of his speeches this week to a most effective close. It went over the ground traversed by Mr. GLADSTONE at Southport, and yet left room for a particularly telling side-hit at Mr. MORLEY's absurd pretension on behalf of himself and his colleagues to the position of the WASHINGTONS and FRANKLINS of Home Rule, the privacy of whose majestic deliberations is to be held sacred until such time as they are prepared to acquaint us with the principles and details of their new scheme for the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. The little difference, as Mr. GOSCHEN pointed out, between these gentlemen and the American statesmen whom they fancy themselves to resemble is that they have begun, as their prototypes did not, by producing one Constitution which was rejected by the country with contumely. It is ridiculous for the "Fathers" of so misbegotten a progeny to suppose that their next essay in political procreation is to be awaited in reverential patience by a whole community. The statement that their first Constitution was "rejected with contumely" we should have thought to be absolutely unassailable; but a Gladstonian commentator has replied with the naïf question, "Well, now, was it?" To which we can only answer in the words "Well, now, wasn't it?" For, if it was not, its treatment by its own parents is unnatural to the point of criminality. The case is either one of untimely decease or of premature interment; since, if the country has not killed Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill, he himself has ostentatiously buried it, and without a word of regret.

Mr. GOSCHEN's treatment of the three points on which Mr. GLADSTONE based his assertion that the Ministerial policy had failed in Ireland was remarkably complete—much more so, indeed, in our opinion, than much of the subject-matter deserved. When a man who has been three times Prime Minister of England condescends to argue that a particular method of governing Ireland should be abandoned because certain persons in England have "cheered" a conspiracy which the highest courts of law in Ireland have declared to be illegal, it would be more respectful to his former reputation to ignore the argument altogether. The Court of Common Council, who were reported to Mr. GLADSTONE (by Professor STUART?) to have cheered the Plan of Campaign, have a right, however, to repudiate the charge, as they have done; and it is, no doubt, quite natural for Mr. GLADSTONE to think that the applause was just as "remarkable and serious" a portent whether it was uttered in the Council Chamber itself or "within the building"—that is to say, by the casual and irresponsible loafers in the Great Hall. A statesman who regards an unloaded gun as a no "less remark-"able and serious" thing to present at the head of a "boy in every sense of the word" than a loaded one, is evidently in the habit of estimating the qualities of noteworthiness and gravity by tests only known to himself. With Mr. GLADSTONE's less frivolous contentions—namely, that the Ministerial policy in Ireland has failed (1) because agrarian outrages in that country are not now less in number than they were, as Mr. GOSCHEN puts it, in one year carefully selected by Mr. GLADSTONE himself; and (2) because the Government have not supplied statistics with respect to the number of evicted farms which had been taken by fresh occupants—the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER dealt at greater length. He had little difficulty, of course, in showing, not only that the comparison of crime-lists for these two arbitrarily associated years was in itself fallacious, but that it leaves out of account altogether the matter of boycotting and of the immense and most valuable improvement which has taken place with respect to that matter during the last two years. As regards the question of evicted farms, on which Mr. MORLEY, it may be remembered, once descanted with such indiscreet satisfaction, it is simply not the fact, as Mr. GLADSTONE insinuates (for he owns to having no grounds upon which to assert it), that such farms are lying derelict in the same number as was the case a few years ago. On the contrary, they are being taken up and cultivated with much greater freedom and confidence than formerly; and if there is still room for greater activity in this respect, it is solely due to the still surviving, though fast disappearing, dread of that "strong, "but peaceful, opinion," as Mr. GLADSTONE calls it, which once expressed itself in the boycotting and maiming of the tenants who ventured to take an evicted farm.

THE ART CONGRESS.

IT is a part of the unending game which the eternal MAYA, as M. RENAN might say, plays with the children of men that, in spite of experience and apostolic authority, they will persist in believing that, by taking heed, they can add to their stature. Accordingly, they collect in Congresses from time to time, with intent to see whether by talking about it, declaring that the thing ought to be done, and suggesting the use of various kinds of cooking apparatus, they cannot produce literature, or science, or art, or what not. It is, therefore, quite according to precedent that a National Association for the Advancement of Art and its Application to Industry should be formed, and that it should hold Congresses at Edinburgh and elsewhere. It is a quite innocent thing to do, and can produce no considerable harm. After all, no man ever grew the shorter for wishing to be tall. Besides, when people collect together to talk about art, some of them will probably be interesting, and a few of them are sure to be absurd. In either case they are more or less worth listening to. Let us listen to the Edinburgh Congress. We have a good quarrel to do so either way.

Really a right-minded man will have much sympathy with the Congress. It is highly desirable that art should be advanced and applied to industry. We all wish these things could be done, and also that some Congress would be good enough to tell us how to get over the enormous initial difficulty of doing them—that it would tell us, namely, how to obtain the art to advance and apply. The eternal MAYA instils a belief in the human mind that art is a sort of a something from which any man can cut slices, if only he makes his mind up to do it and takes a knife. But the truth is—as, indeed, Mr. WILLIAM HOLE explained most excellently to the Congress—that art is something which dwells in a man's self, and causes him to produce artistic things. It has yet to be shown that Congresses—or schools either, for that matter—can confer this well of life upon any man. For this reason we listen with very languid hope, though with placid approval, while the Marquess of LORNE explains what good consequences may flow from the extension of art-schools. Unhappily, no great art was ever taught in schools, though the habit of slavish imitation has often been formed in them. Even that is better than mere bungling. If you cannot produce art yourself, the next best thing is to imitate what other men have done. Machinery, whether water, or steam, or scholastic, can only put existing things together. It cannot create. But the belief in machinery is strong in the Congress—even in Mr. WATTS, who denounces it fiercely. He thinks, as others have thought, that it kills art. For our part, we incline to the opinion that, where the artistic faculty exists, it is infinitely more likely to use the machinery. It is not so weak as to die by levers or water-wheels, or triple expansion engines either—nor yet will it come at the beck and call of schools and Congresses. For the rest, it is idle to complain that the nineteenth century is not the sixteenth, and that England is not Greece. This is his Sparta in time and place, and the artist must adorn it. If he cannot, he need not complain of want of encouragement or training. Let him acknowledge his own want of power and cease from troubling. He is to do his work where he is, as other men have done, and not ask to have the world turned upside down for him. Besides, if the world were turned upside down, is it so sure that our artist would make so much of it? In the universe as it is Mr. WATTS has contrived to paint very beautiful pictures. If other artists in other lines had Mr. WATTS's faculty, they would make beautiful pots, carriages, and wall-papers—steam machinery to the contrary notwithstanding. It is, of course, one of the charms of this, as of other Congresses, that fads have their share of it. Mr. HORSLEY has not been wanting to himself, and has broken a lance manfully for his doxy. Sufficient justice is hardly done to Mr. HORSLEY. He is perfectly right in not painting the nude, since he

holds those opinions of his. And there is another thing which may be said. It is that, if painters give up working in that spirit and for that taste which Mr. Horsley denounces, there would be a sudden and vast diminution in the number of pictures of naked women (studies from the nude is the proper cant phrase) which cover so much space on exhibition walls. Whether the interests of art would thereby suffer is a question which we commend to the attention of the Congress. It would do well to devote a day to fasting and humiliation, and clear its mind of cant before it started on the discussion. When it had once entered on that straight and narrow path which no cant adorns, there is no reason why it should stop at the use of the undressed in art.

THE TWELVE-POUNDER BREECH-LOADING GUN.

IT is a curious circumstance that England, which was the first Power to adopt a breech-loading field-gun, should have been until a few years ago the only nation who still armed its artillery with the muzzle-loaders, which the majority of our regimental officers, and a consensus of scientific opinion on the Continent, had no hesitation in condemning. Into the hotly-debated question of muzzle- and breech-loading guns we have now no intention of straying. That classic battleground has at length happily been deserted, and the controversy set at rest. Confidence in oneself is doubtless an excellent quality in both nations and individuals; but an obstinacy which maintained that all the rest of the world were fools, and we only wise, that Krupp with the experiences of 1870 before him was a dullard, and the success of the German artillery a delusion, is not a trait to be proud of, and the less said about it now the better. With insular prejudice we tried an English breech-loading system, found it defective, decided that therefore no breech-loading guns could be of any value, and took up an immovable position on the supposed simplicity and durability of the old muzzle-loaders. Fortunately the march of science was not so easily to be checked, great strides in gun manufacture have been brought about, and now again we find in our Arsenal breech-loaders of all imaginable sizes, from a quick-firing gun to the monster of 100 tons or more. The general public who read of foreign field-guns in the diaries of newspaper correspondents were always sceptical as to the system of gunmaking till recently in favour, and there has lately been manifested a keen anxiety both in the House and elsewhere that all our field batteries should be in possession of the new arm. Indeed, people seem now disposed to attach an almost exaggerated importance to the introduction of the 12-pounder, which we shall have presently to show is yet some way from being the beau-ideal of a field-piece. The latest development of the muzzle-loader—namely, the 13-pounder, had a considerable fire-effect, but there were dangers and inconveniences connected with its construction which were sufficient to militate against its general introduction. Its weight as a Horse Artillery gun was excessive, its great length rendered it more or less unwieldy, while its enlarged powder-chamber made it impossible for the sponge to search out the recesses of the bore and introduced a considerable element of danger to its detachment when a rapid fire was necessary. In power, accuracy, and rapidity of fire it was not greatly inferior to the newer type, while its projectile was practically much the same. The breech-loader, however, can be made to fire a larger charge without increasing the length of the powder-chamber, and better effect can thus be obtained. As regards strength and durability the advantage is with the muzzle-loader, but not so to a very marked degree. The argument most effectively used for muzzle-loaders was that they necessarily consisted of fewer parts than breech-loaders, and that, therefore, not only had no complicated stores and spare parts to be taken into the field, but less care in the handling of the guns was necessary. It was maintained that for an artillery like our own, when guns, ammunition, and stores must be interchangeable, and be used in such various climates as those of our colonies and Indian Empire, simplicity is of greater importance than in the case of nations who rarely send their troops beyond the Continent. The most modern forms of closing the breech are, however, so simple, solidly constructed and serviceable as to almost entirely obviate this objection. The unquestionable advantage of the breech-loader lies in the fact that, by using it, increased safety can be obtained for the gun detachment. In loading a muzzle-loader, even of the obsolete types, some of the numbers had to expose themselves a good deal. With long, modern guns this danger was increased, and the protection of cover was of little avail to those loading the piece. Behind gun-pits or earth-works the detachment of a breech-loader may be all almost wholly under cover, while even in the open it is protected to a certain extent by the carriage in front of it. There are those who maintain that, in view of the increasing efficacy of small-arm fire, some protection in the shape of shields must be provided for the gunners at close ranges. Without discussing a point concerning which there is considerable variance of opinion, we may observe that such an innovation would be much more feasible, and could be made better use of, in the case of a breech-loading than a muzzle-loading gun. There are also some other practical advantages on service with breech-loaders which we may briefly notice. They can be easily unloaded, and the time-fuze can be readjusted. It is easier to come into action with them already charged, and during a very rapid fire there is less chance of an accident than with the modern muzzle-loader of enlarged chamber and central vent. To proceed to a more detailed account of the new 12-pounder, which as regards power, velocity, and range is inferior to no light field-gun on the Continent, we may mention that its weight is 7 cwt., its length 7 feet 8 inches, its calibre 3 inches, and that it is entirely composed of tough steel. It is rifled by means of twelve shallow grooves, which have an increasing twist for half the bore, from 1 turn in 120 calibres to 1 turn in 28, and then a uniform twist of 1 in 28 calibres for the outer half of the bore. It is chambered at the breech to a diameter of 3·625 inches, so as to utilize as large a charge of powder as possible. The breech is closed by a solid breech-block swung on a hinge at the end of the bore. When the gun is being loaded, this is swung clear; when it is ready to be fired, the block is pushed in, and kept in its place by revolving it a quarter of a turn, which causes an interrupted male screw on the breech-block to bite into a female screw in the bore. Its charge is 4 lbs. of a large-grained, slow-burning powder, which gives the high velocity of 1,700 feet a second to the shell, and at the same times generates lower pressures in the bore than is the case with the old powder known as R.L.G.

While the gun is comparatively light, therefore, we find its muzzle velocity very high; and this brings us to the great difficulty with which the construction of high velocity field-guns is invested. The gun and carriage must not exceed a certain weight, in order that sufficient mobility should be preserved. Yet large powder charges and light guns and carriages bring about an altogether excessive recoil. This has to be counteracted by a system of brakes or hydraulic buffers. But in thus checking the evil we throw an enormous strain on the gun-carriage, and, moreover, cause a marked tendency on its part to "jump." This not only unduly tries its strength, but materially affects the accuracy of the gun. The attempt to produce the extra 100 feet of initial velocity is what does the mischief. It is comparatively easy to construct a suitable field-carriage for a 1,600 feet velocity gun; but the last straw breaks the camel's back, and a 1,700 feet gun demands a carriage constructed at great expense, and even then severely tries it. The wheels are destroyed by the enormous torsion due to the resistance being communicated from the tire through the spokes, and all parts of the carriage suffer likewise. Another disadvantage of high velocity is the uneven "jump." With a lower velocity and a carriage of the same weight the "jump" would be much more uniform, inasmuch as it would necessarily be less, and the differences would decrease in the same proportion. The question is altogether a most complex one, and is a thorn in the side of the modern artillerist. It is impossible to strengthen the carriage without adding to its weight; and even now the weight behind the team with our 12-pounder is greater than with any other Horse Artillery gun in Europe. It would likewise be impossible to reduce the number of rounds carried—already none too many—or to lighten the equipment in any way. It is to be noticed, however, that in both the French and German armies the whole detachment of the Horse Artillery are mounted, while with us two numbers find seats on the limber. The reduction of weight caused by the removal of two lusty "limber gunners" would allow more weight to be put into the carriage, and still keep the total burthen below our present standard. If the present high velocity is to be maintained, this appears a reasonable solution of a knotty point. There are, however, murmurs that this same high velocity is, perhaps, hardly worth the candle, and that shrapnell is even more effective when fired with more moderate charges. The difficulties of providing a good time-fuze for the 12-pounder have been very great, and results have, as regards shrapnell, hardly realized expectations. It is not unlikely, therefore, that some modification of existing arrangements may take place, and that, without losing in effect, we may be able to reduce the cause of many of the difficulties which surround the question. Meanwhile it is gratifying to hear that the 12-pounder "shoots like a rifle," that its mechanism has proved thoroughly serviceable after several years' use, and that it is more than a match for any field-gun we might have to face.

FOUNDERS' SHARES.

AS has already been stated in these columns, the new system of Founders' shares has hit the fancy of the investing and speculating public. In illustration of this we may state that the 10*l.* Founders' shares in one particular Company are quoted just now at 7,000*l.*, and in another Company at 15,000*l.*; while the 1*l.* Founders' shares are quoted from 140*l.* in one case, up to 700*l.* in another. At the same time the system is criticized very severely by many people, some even going so far as to say that it is hardly honest. That is of course absurd. The obligation resting upon promoters of joint-stock Companies is plain enough. They are bound to take reasonable care, in the first place, to satisfy themselves of the value of the property which they offer to sell to the public; and they are bound, in the second place, to lay all material facts before the public, neither suggesting anything false nor suppressing anything true, so that an intending subscriber may have full materials before him to judge what the securities are worth. If the promoters do this, they clearly are not guilty of

dishonesty. On the other hand, the advocates of the system contend that it affords a guarantee to investors superior to any other. If, for example, promoters sell a property or business for cash, they may have perfectly honourable reasons for doing so; but they are open to the suspicion that they do not themselves believe the property or business to be worth the price they ask for it. At all events, having obtained the money, it does not matter to them whether the Company afterwards succeeds or fails. Again, even where promoters take payment partly in cash and partly in shares, they probably secure in money all that they had already laid out, and they consequently stand to lose only expected profits. But in the Founders' shares system the promoters usually receive no payment in cash. The ordinary plan is to issue only a small number of Founders' shares—say, a thousand 1*l.* shares for every 100,000*l.* of share capital. The holders of the Ordinary shares are entitled to a preferential dividend of 5, 7, or 10 per cent., as the case may be. And only when this preferential dividend is paid are the holders of the Founders' shares entitled to anything. The more usual plan is that they are to get half the surplus profits. Therefore, it is contended the promoters give the strongest proof of their own belief in the goodness of the business they ask the public to subscribe to. There is a certain amount of force in this contention; but it must not be pushed too far, as will be seen when we refer to existing shares at a premium. Meantime, we would point out that very often no property or actual business is sold. A Company is formed and offered for subscription to the public not to purchase land, or mines, or concessions, or patents, but itself to create and carry on a business. What is really sold, then, is an idea, suggestion, or project. It may turn out profitable; but if it does, it has to be made so by the capital subscribed by the Ordinary shareholders and by the skill of the managers appointed. In such a case as this—and it is the more frequent case—where Founders' shares are created, it would seem only reasonable that some limit should be fixed to what the holders of Founders' shares are entitled to take. Either they should receive half the surplus profits only for a definite number of years, or there should be a maximum beyond which they should not be entitled to participate in any one year. Of course, even in such a case there is no ground for charging the founders with dishonesty. The public know what they are agreeing to, and, if they do not think the price too high, it would hardly be reasonable to expect that the vendors should be more particular. But in the interest of the public we would point out that, where no actually existing property is sold, they should insist upon fixing some limit beyond which the holders of Founders' shares should not be entitled to participate in future profits.

The system of Founders' shares, then, is liable to abuse, like every other, but it is not necessarily dishonest. Even, however, where a Company formed upon this plan is conceived in good faith, the system is dangerous. Every Company properly managed ought to make some provision for deterioration. Machinery wears out, mines are apt to become exhausted, and trade itself is now and then diverted from one channel to another. Therefore, there ought to be formed in every Company a sinking fund of some kind or other. Further, it is to be borne in mind that great prosperity cannot be expected to last for ever. There are perpetual ups and downs in trade. Besides, if a Company declares very high dividends, it is likely to attract such competition as will quickly reduce its profits. A well-managed Company, then, will build up a reserve fund to proyide against contingencies. But how can there be a sinking fund or a reserve fund formed where Founders' shares exist? As the holders of Founders' shares postpone their claim to participation in profits until the Ordinary shareholders have received the percentage agreed upon, the spirit of the contract requires that the surplus should be fully distributed. The promoters evidently intend that this shall be done. They appoint the first directors, and in doing so it may be expected that they will select men on whom they can count to carry out their intention. The probability, therefore, is, that where Founders' shares exist the profits will be divided up to the last penny. It is, therefore, eminently desirable in the interests of the Ordinary shareholders that in Companies with Founders' shares a provision should be inserted in the articles of association for the gradual accumulation both of a sinking fund and of a reserve fund. But perhaps the strongest objection of all to this Founders' shares system is that it almost inevitably fosters speculation and improper manipulation of the stock markets. Usually, when a Company of this kind is brought out, only half the shares are at first issued. The Ordinary share capital, for example, is fixed at 200,000*l.*, let us say, in shares of 1*l.* each, and 100,000*l.* is first issued, the intention being to issue the remaining half of the capital by-and-bye. The holders of the Founders' shares, who are the promoters and their friends, have a very strong interest indeed to rig the market, and raise the Ordinary shares to a premium. If they do this, and keep the shares at a premium for a considerable time, they will probably be able to issue the second half of the capital at a premium. If they are, the premium is a clear profit, and it is divisible between the Ordinary shareholders and the holders of the Founders' shares, if it is large enough to leave a surplus after the agreed percentage is paid to the Ordinary shareholders. Except where there is an actual or virtual monopoly, the business must be extraordinary indeed which can yield dividends of, let us say, 10 per cent. for any length of time. It is not to be presumed, therefore, that the promoters expect to receive much dividend on their Founders' shares from the business for which ostensibly the Company is created. Their real calculation is that the future issue of shares will be made at a premium, and that out of this premium they will receive very large returns. The system, then, in its very nature fosters improper manipulation of the stock markets, and undue speculation. And it is this which constitutes the strongest objection to the system—not the supposed dishonest arrangement, or the undue claim to participation in profits. The objection might be removed either by an express renunciation on the part of the holders of Founders' shares of any claim to participation in profits arising out of the issue of shares at a premium, or by the prohibition, at the outset, of the practice of issuing shares at a premium. Until something of the kind is done cautious investors will do well to look with distrust upon all Companies with Founders' shares. The presumption is that the market will be rigged for the purpose of extracting profits from unwary investors.

There is another way still in which speculation is stimulated by Founders' shares. At the present time issuing houses scarcely ever venture to bring out new loans or Companies until they have had them either wholly or largely underwritten—that is to say, until middlemen undertake, in case the public should not subscribe, themselves to take and pay for either the whole or a considerable part of the new issue. As these middlemen do not enter into this arrangement in the character of investors—on the contrary, as they desire that they should be called upon to pay for little or none of the new bonds or shares—they must, of course, be induced to underwrite by the offer of some advantage which the general public do not get. Formerly they were generally given the shares or bonds at a discount of, say, 5 or 10 per cent.; but now Founders' shares are found to be more attractive. Suppose, for example, that a person agrees to underwrite a thousand 1*l.* shares, and is given as a compensation one or two Founders' shares. If the underwriter is lucky, and the public subscribe for the whole of the shares, he has his one or two Founders' shares for practically nothing, and he may be able to sell them for 200*l.* or 300*l.* apiece immediately. Even in the worst case, where the public do not subscribe, and he is called upon to pay for the thousand shares underwritten by him, he still has his one or two Founders' shares to reduce the sum by which he is out of pocket. The Founders' shares, at all events, are sure to be at a premium, and may be saleable immediately, perhaps, at 200*l.* each. If they are kept longer, they may be sold at a still higher price. This plan undoubtedly facilitates the issues of new Companies that are coming out in such numbers at present. And by so doing it encourages reckless, and even fraudulent, promotion. We do not mean, of course, that in every case where there are Founders' shares the promotion of the Company is either reckless or fraudulent. But reckless and fraudulent promoters are encouraged to prey upon the public by the fact that Founders' shares are in such request at present, that by offering them to premium-hunters with ready money at command they are able to induce them to underwrite with very little previous inquiry.

RACING.

WE thought it would come! Ten-thousand-pound stakes are no longer to be confined to weight-for-age races, for a handicap of that value is to be run for at Leicester in 1891 by three-year-olds. The example made by Donovan and Ayrshire of the monster weight-for-age races this season induces the management of Leicester races to believe that a handicap of high value will be a welcome variety to many owners. The Secretary, in recommending the race, points out that, if the stipulated number of subscriptions is made, the owner of every horse left in after the 1st of January in the year the race is to be run will practically have 200 to 1 laid against his horse, which in these days of post-betting will be a decided advantage; and, better still, that "upon the broad principle of handicapping every horse should have an equal chance, in contradistinction to the weight-for-age system of racing." And this after all the preaching against handicapping that has been expended upon this unwilling generation! A handicap of 10,000*l.* will, indeed, be worth "readying" a horse for, and the aforesaid 200 to 1 will afford such satisfactory hedging that we think it likely the Leicestershire Royal Handicap may "commend itself to the notice" of many owners of racehorses. Whether it will be of any material assistance to the reformers who are at present endeavouring to cleanse the Augean stable of the Turf is quite another question.

Since the famous Bend Or case, no objection against the winner of a race has excited so much attention as that which was lodged six days after the Cesarewitch against Primrose Day. There were rumours of some such possibility during the settling at the betting clubs on the Monday after the Second October Meeting, and one or two firms of bookmakers refused to pay over the race until all doubts on the subject should be dispelled. The bulk of the Cesarewitch bets, however, were settled without much hesitation, and the announcement of an objection, on the Wednesday, came like a thunderclap. Then came five days of agony; but on the Monday of the Houghton week, just before the racing began, it was announced that the Stewards of the Jockey Club had overruled the objection, and the immediate effect was to make Primrose Day a stronger favourite for the Cambridgeshire.

If proof were needed that there are valuable stakes to be picked up in these days by second-rate horses, we might point to the Great Sapling Plate at Sandown. This race was worth 1,000*l.*, and the winner, Gallivanter, had just been handicapped for another race 30 lbs. below the best of his year. This colt, who cost 300 guineas as a yearling, is by Galliard out of a Speculum mare, and therefore strongly inbred to Blacklock, both his sire and his dam having been direct descendants of Voltaire, while his grandsire was himself inbred to that horse. The Orleans Nursery Handicap of 500*l.*, which was run for an hour later, had a field of fourteen, and, according to the published estimate of the official handicapper at Newmarket, the class represented was almost as good as that of the Great Sapling Plate. Sir J. Duke's Swallowfield was a strong favourite, on the strength of his good second to Lightfoot for the Kempton Park Champion Nursery Handicap of 1,000*l.* The race, however, fell to Mr. C. J. Blake's Killowen, who started at 10 to 1 and won by half a length from Bert, from whom he was receiving 5 lbs.; while Swallowfield, who was receiving 7 lbs. from Bert, was beaten by a neck for second place. A field of only half a dozen ran for the Hersham Two-Year-Old Stakes of 500*l.* on the Friday. Of these, Mr. Maple's Barbette was entered to be sold for 1,000*l.*, and consequently had to give from 9 lbs. to 12 lbs. to each of her opponents. Nevertheless, odds were laid upon this filly, who was believed to be about 2 st. below first class, and she won "with ridiculous ease by a length and a half." The Temple Handicap of 500*l.* produced a very pretty race. There was a field of eighteen, and Mr. Maple's The Gloamin' was made the favourite. The horses kept in a compact body for a long way. When they had run about half the course, Lord Dudley's Maskery, an outsider at 14 to 1, took a slight lead, attended by Mr. H. Milner's Athol Lass, the second favourite. Maskery, admirably ridden by G. Barrett, won by half a length, while Admiral Benbow, who came with a rush at the end, finished three-quarters of a length in front of Athol Lass.

The stakes on the first day of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting were not so valuable as those of the previous Thursday and Friday at Sandown. Now that the Cambridgeshire is postponed until the Thursday, it would be well to introduce some new race of value in the early part of the week. Without doubt the Newmarket authorities can be tolerably certain of obtaining large entries for trifling stakes at a place where so many horses are trained, as was proved on the Monday by the long list of nominations for the 100*l.* and 200*l.* Plates, for one of which there were no less than forty-three horses entered; but, if racing between horses of a good class be any object, prizes worth running for ought to be offered. For the Houghton Handicap on the first day, Colonel Forester's Ice was put in at the absurd weight, for a five-year-old, of 5 st. 13 lbs.; yet it was believed that Whistle Jacket, who had shown himself about 17 or 18 lbs. inferior to Noble Chieftain and Mephisto, would be able to give her 35 lbs. The heavy state of the course upset all calculations of the prophets; the first favourite, Whistle Jacket, was beaten before he had run half-way, and Boule d'Or, a three-year-old by Bend Or, carrying 6 st. 1 lb., and an outsider at 16 to 1, made all the running and won by a head from Harlow, while Ice was third. The winner was ridden by a promising young German jockey named Pache. Ram Lal, a good-looking chestnut, or chestnut-roan, with a white face and white legs, by Bend Or's great rival, Robert the Devil, won the Rous Nursery. It was a beautiful race, as he barely won by a head from L'Abbé Morin, who was only a neck in front of Roraima. Here, again, backers were in error, as they had made Tostig the favourite and allowed the winner to start at 10 to 1. Neither quantity nor quality, at least so far as public form was concerned, were well represented for the Criterion Stakes on the Tuesday; yet there are few better-looking two-year-olds than the winner, the Duke of Westminster's Blue Green, a powerful, rich dark-bay colt by Beadsman out of an own sister to St. Simon. On a previous occasion he had shown temper; now he ran kindly enough, and the improvement which he has recently made may be understood when it is remembered that at Ascot he was unplaced to Keythorpe; for now, with only 4 lbs. more between them, Keythorpe was unplaced to Blue Green. Nearly everybody thought that Strawberry Hill had won the Criterion Nursery; but it turned out that the race had in reality been won by Mr. L. de Rothschild's Polonius, on whom T. Loates stole up on the opposite side of the course, and won by a head. People were so occupied in discussing this unexpected result as to forget that only twenty minutes, instead of thirty, were allowed between the last two races, and Fear Disgrace and Hayraddin had fought out a close finish before there was time to bet on either of them—a most unusual occurrence on a racecourse.

The victory of Baron Rothschild's Le Nord for the Dewhurst Plate was something more than a confirmation of the superiority which he showed to Alloway for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster; for in that race, when very hard pressed to run Riviera to a head, he had only finished three-quarters of a length in front of Alloway at even weights, whereas now he gave Alloway 4 lbs. and beat him very easily indeed by a length. This showed that he had improved since Doncaster, and consequently Signorina's hollow victory over him by three lengths for the Middle Park Plate appeared a greater performance than ever. This reminds us that the best two-year-old in France this season is also a filly—M. Ephrussi's Alicante, a chestnut filly by Hermit out of Madeira—and, if she meets Signorina for the Grand Prix de Paris next year, there ought to be an interesting race.

There was a decidedly better class of horses this year in the field for the Cambridgeshire than in that for the Cesarewitch, and it was a far more satisfactory race in many ways. As soon as the weights appeared, early in September, the prophets almost unanimously recommended Colonel North's bay filly, Philomel, who had distinguished herself last year in Ireland as the probable winner. As she had been unplaced in the two only races in which she had run this year, and was handicapped to give 2 st. 1 lb. to a filly of her own age—who, by the way, subsequently won the Cesarewitch—it seemed a bold thing to make her first favourite. On public form alone, we think no one would have entertained the idea of backing her, with 8 st. 1 lb. to carry; and, although she stood at one time at 12 to 1, she started at 50. The first race, after the publication of the weights, to affect the Cambridgeshire betting to any very marked extent was the Eleventh Great Foal Stakes at the First October Meeting. For this stake Mr. J. V. Laurance's bay filly, Wishing Gate, beat Pioneer, the first favourite and the winner of the St. James's Palace Stakes of 1,800*l.* at Ascot, by three lengths. She is a deep-bodied, powerful, and well-shaped filly on short legs, and it was at one time thought that, with 7 st. 6 lbs—or 9 lbs. less than Philomel—to carry, she had a brilliant prospect of winning the Cambridgeshire, so she was made first favourite. On the 3rd of October, however, it was rumoured that she had been beaten in a trial, and she went down at once to 25 to 1 in the betting, to return by degrees to 14 at the start. At the same weight as Wishing Gate stood Captain Llewellyn Jones's Theophilus, a good-looking, if not exactly very stylish, colt, by Arbitrator out of Theodora. In a race at Liverpool this year he had beaten Morglay, who in his turn had beaten Miguel, the second in both the Derby and the St. Leger; yet Theophilus was handicapped for the Cambridgeshire at the same weight as Davenport, who, subsequently to the publication of the weights, finished three lengths behind Miguel for the St. Leger, and appeared, on this form, to be decidedly inferior to Theophilus, so the latter started at 9 to 1, while 33 to 1 was laid against Davenport. Goldseeker's City and Suburban form had been excellent; yet in three other races, although he had been much overweighted, he had not run up to the expectations of his backers, more especially when, with 3 to 1 laid on him, he was beaten by Redsand when giving 11 lbs. more than weight for age. If a little long from the saddle to the hip, he has excellent shoulders, strong loins, powerful quarters, and short legs; and it was necessary that he should be both swift and powerful if he was now to win under 8 st. 12 lbs. in heavy ground. Zanzibar's claims rested upon her form of last year, when she won the Sussex and the Nassau Stakes at Goodwood; for this season she had only run once, and was then unplaced; but at 7 st. 7 lbs. she was fairly treated for a four-year-old. She is, however, very small—probably little more than fifteen hands in height, nor is she particularly strong for her size. She was a leading favourite once, at 12 to 1; but a temporary lameness interfered with her work, and she started at 100 to 1. Like Zanzibar, Belle Mahone had not run up to her three-year-old form this year, having been unplaced in each of her three races, and she was put into the Cambridgeshire at the same weight as Zanzibar, who had been unplaced to her at even weights a year ago at Doncaster. She, again, is on a small scale; but she is beautifully moulded, and has great depth of girth for her size. Another four-year-old at the same weight was Caerlaverock, a fine, handsome colt, if just a trifle "leggy," who had won the Corinthian Plate at Goodwood; and considering the form shown at the First October Meeting by St. Helen, he did not do badly in giving her 10 lbs. and running her to a head at Doncaster; but we shall refer to him again presently. Some backers like the mystery of a "dark" horse, and for these the great, raking, powerful, if rather plain, three-year-old filly Claribelle, who had not run before in public this season, but had shown winning form last year, was just to their taste, with the nice weight of 6 st. 7 lbs., and 20 to 1 laid against her.

The exceedingly easy victory of Primrose Day in the Cesarewitch considerably altered the aspect of the Cambridgeshire. So hollow was her victory that it was believed she would be but little hindered for the Cambridgeshire by the stone extra which she had earned by winning the Cesarewitch; for she had appeared to win that race with quite a couple of stone in hand. She started favourite at $5\frac{1}{4}$ to 1, and her stable companion, Judith, a three-year-old that had won a handicap at Epsom during the Derby week, and was now carrying only 5 st. 12 lbs., was a good deal backed at 25 to 1. Another race at the Second October Meeting which affected the position in the betting-market of a Cambridgeshire candidate was the Great Challenge Stakes. The favourite, Heaume, won easily, as was expected; but Caerlaverock, who started at 10 to 1, gave the very brilliant, but equally uncertain, Noble Chieftain, who started at 11 to 8, a most decisive beating at even weights for second place, and he started fourth favourite for the Cambridgeshire. Laureate's third to Donovan for the Newmarket Stakes had been better than Davenport's for the St. Leger, and for the Hastings Plate he had given Freemason 10 lbs. and run him to a neck. If a little awkward in his slow paces, he had grand action in his gallop; but it was thought that his feet were too small to do him justice in such heavy ground. We may observe here that, in order to counteract this defect as far as possible, his trainer ran him with no plates on his feet. He seemed fairly treated enough at 7 st. 9 lbs. As a two-year-old

he had run Theophilus to a head when giving him a stone, and now he was to give him only 3 lbs., so that, unless their relative form had greatly changed, he was bound to beat him. Nevertheless, Theophilus was the better favourite. Shillelagh, the winner of the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot last year, had only been out once this season, and he had 8 st. 1 lb. to carry. A great compliment was paid to Prince Soltykoff's Mephisto when he was handicapped at 8 st. 12 lbs; but he was said to have done great things in a trial with Sheen and Gold. For the last three years Martley had been a ruinous horse to backers; this, however, was said to be his opportunity under the light impost, for a five-year-old, of 6 st. 12 lbs., and at the start he became a strong second favourite at 7 to 1. Others thought that the great, giraffe-necked, weight-carrying Rejected, with his large, flat feet, would do well over the heavy course; but 8 st. 7 lbs. was a heavy weight even for so big and powerful a horse to carry. The once famous Rêve d'Or's day was generally supposed to be over; nevertheless, she was looking well and fairly muscular, and, for a five-year-old of such celebrity, she was favourably handicapped at 7 st. 10 lbs. Mr. W. J. Legh's Ronda, a plain filly with bent hocks, was backed at 20 to 1, as she was the chosen representative of the stable which contained Veracity and Danbydale, who had been for a short time first favourite, but was scratched long before the race.

At this time of year, mists, dark clouds, or rain too often make it difficult to see racing well; but fortunately the light was excellent when the twenty-one starters for the Cambridgeshire got off, after a couple of failures. It was a good start, and when they had settled down in their gallop, Claribelle took a clear lead and made the running, as she well might with her great size and light burden. Judith also was well in front, although her stable companion, the first favourite, appeared to be outpaced from the start. Before reaching the Bushes, Philomel and Mephisto were beaten, and a like fate befell Goldseeker on the crest of the hill, where, on the contrary, Theophilus, Laureate, and Martley rapidly improved their positions. No horse, with any apparent chance, was now left in the race with more than 7 st. 9 lbs. on its back, and the state of the ground may have been the chief cause of the early defeat of the heavily-weighted division. In descending the hill, Claribelle, who was still leading, did not move so freely as she had done on level ground, and, rolling a little in her action, she slackened her pace, and was caught by Laureate and Theophilus. The trio ran together into the Abingdon Bottom, with Martley next to them. That horse appeared to be "pulling double," but, just as he looked most dangerous, he collapsed quite suddenly, like the rank knave that he is. On ascending the hill Laureate obtained the lead, and held it to the end, winning the Cambridgeshire by two lengths from Claribelle, who was but a head in front of Theophilus, Martley being fourth, Wishing Gate fifth, and the first favourite and winner of the Cesarewitch only ninth. The result was an exact confirmation of Laureate's superiority to Theophilus as a two-year-old, and the winner's performance was a very fair one, although nothing remarkable. There was a difference of opinion as to the manner in which he was handled; for while Warne's riding was praised by some judges, others considered that he finished rather wildly. Laureate is a muscular though not very big-boned colt, of a golden chestnut colour, and he is much in-bred to Touchstone, as his sire, Petrarch, is in-bred on both sides to that horse within the third degree, while his granddam, Feronia, had two strains of Touchstone blood, one within the third and one within the fourth degree. He started at 20 to 1, and it is reported that his owner won something like 40,000*l.* in bets by his victory.

On the same afternoon the Duke of Hamilton's Loup was unexpectedly beaten for the Glasgow Stakes by Mr. Abington's Touchwood, who had been considered about 16 lbs. his inferior. If Loup's weight for the Free Handicap was correct, this would make Touchwood within two or three pounds of Semolina and Right-Away, which it is difficult to believe. This was the last race of the day; but the first, the Troy Stakes, had been an even greater surprise, for after odds of 5 to 1 had been laid upon Mr. Rose's Lottie Smith against the Duke of Beaufort's Carabinier, the pair ran a dead-heat. The stakes were divided and so were the bets; but in the latter case it meant a heavy loss to the layers of odds, for according to the laws of betting the money wagered had to be added together and then equally divided.

On the last day, which began with brilliant sunshine and ended in torrents of rain, San Marino followed Savant's example of last year by winning the Feather Plate as a two-year-old over more than two miles—a terrible course for a filly of that age. Odds were laid on General Byrne's Amphion for the Free Handicap, in spite of the weight he was allowing his opponents, which, as the event proved, was more than he could do in one instance, as the Duke of Westminster's thick-set and, according to some, noisy chestnut colt, Ormuz, beat him by two lengths at 23 lbs., after starting at 10 to 1. At the weights it was scarcely a disgrace to Amphion, especially with such heavy going. Ormuz who was once regarded as more or less of a failure, has now won about 2,326*l.* in stakes. There was a very poor race for the Jockey Club Cup, as the Duke of Beaufort's big black colt, Benburb, had not the ghost of a chance against Prince Soltykoff's Sheen. Lord Dudley's beautiful filly, Formidable, was a far better favourite than the Duke of Portland's Semolina for the Free Handicap for Two-year-olds, although she was giving her 5 lbs. Here, again, it is probable that the "holding" condition of the course accentuated the extra weight; for Semolina won, after a fine race, by three-quarters of a length, bringing up her winnings in stakes to 9,285*l.*, and her owner's, during the last two seasons, to over 100,000*l.* In the next and last race of the meeting the extra weight once more told its tale in the heavy ground by preventing the Duke of Westminster's Blue Green, the winner of the Criterion Stakes, from beating Baron Rothschild's Vermillon. There was 10 lbs. between them, and after a grand race the pair ran a dead-heat. It may be worth while to notice the sales of Chitabob for 11,000*l.*, of Enterprise, the winner of the Two Thousand of 1887, for 5,000*l.*; of Whitefriar, to go to Germany, for 4,000*l.*; of Indian Prince, who ran third to Ormuz in the race just mentioned, for 2,000*l.*, to go to Buenos Ayres; and the reported refusals of 10,000*l.* for Barcaldine and 20,000*l.* for Signorina, a price which was said to have been offered and refused also for Riviera in June.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO—THE GAUR.

AN exceptionally important addition to the Zoological Society's collection has been made during the last week by the safe arrival in Regent's Park of a young Gaur (*Bos gaurus*) from Pahang, Malay Peninsula, presented by Sir Cecil C. Smith, K.C.M.G. This animal, which is the "bison" of Anglo-Indian sportsmen, is not only "new to the collection," but is the first of its kind that has been seen alive in Europe, and its arrival is viewed with more than ordinary interest, owing to the fact that it belongs to a race which is said to be of such an untamable disposition, that no member of it has yet lived for any length of time in captivity, however young it may have been when captured. The present animal is a young bull, presumably about two years old, and is one of a herd of gaurs taken in April last by the Sultan of Pahang, or, to be more correct, under his direction. We gather the following facts relating to the capture from an extremely interesting letter which appeared in the *Singapore Free Press* and in the *Field*, and which was apparently written by an eyewitness. It appears that the Sultan, having conceived the idea of capturing a herd of gaurs, chose for the site of his undertaking a long narrow neck of land, skirted on three sides by the river, about a mile in length and half a mile wide at its junction with the mainland, which was known to be a favourite resort of a herd of these animals, which were accustomed to come down from the high hills at the burst of the monsoon and take up their quarters there. Having established himself in the neighbourhood with about 1,500 men, he set them to work to build a strong fence to enclose the whole promontory, with the exception of the side next to the mainland, which was to be left open for the gaurs to enter; before the fence was half finished, however, the animals unexpectedly arrived, and it was only by dint of excessively hard work that the fence was completed and they were secured. The next day a small pen about twenty yards square was constructed within the enclosure, about fifty yards from the river, and into this the whole herd, consisting of twenty-four head, was, with considerable difficulty, finally driven. The scene which ensued appears to have been a most extraordinary one, and we quote the account of it verbatim:—"It was a magnificent sight to see these great beasts congregated together, and it is doubtful whether a similar spectacle has ever been witnessed before by a European, or indeed by any one. Terrified by the noise of the beaters and wild with fear, the great creatures appeared almost mad, and rushed about attacking each other with indescribable fury. Luckily a deep drain had been cut alongside the barricade, and this prevented their charging it, otherwise they would have speedily liberated themselves. As it was, they continued to charge and fight like demons, amidst the yells and cheers of the excited crowd, until at nightfall ten of the noble beasts lay dead or dying. Two more succumbed during the night, and it was a pitiable sight next morning to see the twelve survivors all jaded and gory, utterly exhausted, but still vicious and 'game.'" Ultimately these twelve survivors, by being driven in single file down a narrow alley about five feet wide between strong fences erected for the purpose, were safely caged and floated on covered bamboo rafts down the river to Pekan, the capital of Pahang, and one of them—the animal now in the Zoo—was presented to Sir C. C. Smith, the Governor of the Straits Settlements, by whom it has been sent to England.

The gaur, which extends its range from Hindostan through the Indo-Chinese countries to the Malay Peninsula, is the largest and fiercest of wild cattle, and is said to be not only untamable, but so fierce that it will hold its own against the tiger. It grows to an enormous height, bulls measuring eighteen hands at the withers being apparently not uncommon; and specimens have been recorded, on the authority of well-known sportsmen, which far exceeded even this great height. For example, one killed by Mr. Ditmas stood not less than 20 hands 3¼ ins., or 6 ft. 11¼ ins., at the withers; and as, like the well-known gayal, it has a ridge running along the middle of the back, it appears even taller; Mr. Ditmas's bull measured 7 ft. 3¾ ins. to the top of this dorsal ridge. The back is curiously arched, forming a fairly continuous curve from the nose to the base of the tail. The skull is massive, and is surmounted by a large semi-cylindrical crest, rising above the base of the horns. The muzzle is large and full. The horns in the adult bull are, like the skull that

bears them, very strong and massive; they extend outwards from the head, and the points are turned upwards and inwards.—A good head is shown at the Zoo, on the wall opposite the stall in which the gaur is confined.—The colour of the animals is a very deep brownish-black, with the exception of a light tuft on the forehead between the horns, and four "white stockings." There is no dewlap in either sex.

"Jack," as the new arrival is called, is but a small beast, standing, as nearly as we can guess, between thirteen and fourteen hands. But if it be true, as alleged, that the bull does not attain his full growth until his tenth year, he has plenty of time to reach even the enormous proportions that we have mentioned. At the present time he is in very bad condition, being indeed little more than a bag of bones, the result of his long journey, during which, for some reason which we cannot understand, he appears to have been fed principally on bananas and other fruit; but we believe he already shows a marked improvement, and he certainly takes kindly to the good clover hay with which he is supplied, and appears to have settled down comfortably in his new quarters in the Antelope house, in the stall next to those occupied by the Indian cattle belonging to the Prince of Wales. He shows no signs of wildness, in the sense of being frightened by his surroundings, but at the same time appears to be anything but an amiable character, as he will not allow his keeper to enter his stall, and has rather a startling trick of suddenly striking at the bars, in a very suggestive manner, when any one is looking at him. If, as we hope may be the case, he should live to maturity, it will be most interesting to watch his development, and especially to see whether constant care and attention will not have the effect of rendering him, if not tame, at least amenable to discipline. Should he, however, retain his present ferocity as he increases in size and weight, he will be anything but a pleasant animal to manage.

THE ART CONGRESS AT EDINBURGH.

THE National Association for the Advancement of Art and its application to Industry, which held its first Congress last year in Liverpool, has, during the past week, been enjoying itself and enlightening the world in the city of Edinburgh. An omniscient American prophet warned those people in the United States who are thinking of following the example of the English Congress-going artists that the Edinburgh meeting was to be given over wholly to amateurs, and that all artists would certainly wash their hands of it. He has proved to be no better informed than the ordinary American correspondent in England who pretends to possess the most accurate information of the tastes and habits of every living person from Royalty down. Papers have been communicated to the Edinburgh Congress by Messrs. Briton Rivière, Watts, Hodgson, Horsley, Yeames, W. B. Richmond, and Onslow Ford, amongst Royal Academicians. The decorative artists have been represented by their prophets, Mr. William Morris and Mr. Walter Crane; Messrs. D. W. Stevenson, Hole, Mackay, and Wingate spoke for the Royal Scottish Academy. Amongst architects, Messrs. Statham, Blashill, Rowand Anderson, and Sedding read important papers. The interests of sculpture were discussed by Mr. Roscoe Mullins, Mr. Stirling Lee, and Mr. George Simonds. The promoters of Home Arts and Industries were present in great force. Three Art Professors attended the Congress as spectators, and finally the despised body of art critics was well represented by Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Spielmann. The foregoing catalogue of names will suffice to show that, so far from leading men in the world of art abstaining this year from taking part in the Congress, the reverse has been the case. On the other hand, Edinburgh does not possess a population comparable in number to that which throngs about the mouth of the Mersey, and the number of persons attending the Congress has shown a considerable falling off as compared with last year. Names and numbers are, however, of little importance. The questions that have to be mainly considered are what was said by the speakers and was it worth saying?

The Marquess of Lorne, in his presidential address, naturally disclaimed any intention of attempting to rival the masterly review of the present position of art in this country with which the Liverpool Congress was opened by Sir Frederick Leighton. After briefly replying to those who object to the holding of any Congresses whatever, and especially of a Congress devoted to the discussion of problems connected with the development of art, he proceeded to review and discuss the opinions expressed at the Liverpool Congress, and the more useful and practicable proposals there made. He criticized, not undeservedly, some of the architectural monstrosities with which the grey metropolis of the North has of late encumbered herself; and, in a light and pleasant manner, he opened the way for the heavier professional discussions which were to follow.

The solid business of the meeting began with Mr. Briton Rivière's admirable address, wherein he stated, with great clearness and force, the different points of view from which a work of art is regarded by artists and the public. Artists ask first, "How is it done?" The public inquires, "What does it mean?" He then proceeded to discuss the effect of modern science upon art, and showed how the artist is often forced to sacrifice scientific accuracy to artistic necessity. The photographs of animals caught in rapid motion are of little use to artists, because the artist paints for the human eye, and not for the delight of a drop-shutting camera. Mr. Rivière's address will doubtless attract, as it deserves, more attention from artists and the public than any other recent utterance by the prophets of art.

Mr. G. F. Watts once more contributed to the Congress proceedings a paper full of suggestion. He lamented that art is not nowadays felt to possess any real and natural place amongst the constituents of our national dignity. The uglier the surroundings of life, the more need is there for art; but the Puritanism of the past two centuries has killed out many artistic traditions which might now be flourishing; only the pictorial art survives and produces pictures in unhealthy profusion. "Art, child of leisure and the sun," is, moreover, an essential thing for a people to produce if it has any ambition to be remembered as great by future generations. Tyre, Sidon, and Carthage are little more than names. The artistic productions of otherwise forgotten Etruria keep her memory green to the present day. The self-same lesson was inculcated by Mr. Philip Rathbone in a paper wherein he greatly railed against the dulness and blundering stupidity of Municipal Councils, and more especially the Town Council of Liverpool. If the experience of other cities is worth anything, the Piccadilly *Omphalos*, by which the Metropolitan Board of Works is to be commemorated as long as Aberdeen granite lasts, is likely to be surpassed in monstrosity by whatever the London County Council may hereafter, in its turn, create.

Last year the outsiders fell upon the Royal Academy, and denounced it and all its works. This year the Academicians have turned and rent South Kensington. The Government Art Schools have failed, so said Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Horsley, and no one was found to disagree with them. The former speaker justly protested against the uniform and stereotyped system of education decreed by the existing laws. Mr. Horsley further and very justly criticized the action of the Government in employing a foreigner, resident in England, both to design our coinage and to commemorate in bronze one of our greatest national heroes. But when he proceeded to protest against artists studying from the nude model, the audience vigorously protested, and a Quaker lady arose and tore his argument to pieces.

More than one speaker, notably Mr. Onslow Ford, called for the appointment of a Minister of the Fine Arts, as though we were not already overburdened with Government interference. Socialism in one form or another is always liable to insinuate itself where two or three artists are gathered together. The Liverpool Congress laid itself very justly open to criticism on this score. Bookbinders who prided themselves on insinuating their souls into their bindings; decorators not content with making good decoration, but primarily desirous (so they said) of giving expression to ideals too lofty for ordinary man—all sorts of unwholesome faddists strutted for a while upon the novel stage in a most unedifying manner. What they said has fortunately been printed, and has since received well-merited castigation. There was less of this kind of thing at Edinburgh. One speaker after another stated, in plain enough terms, that the first business of a craftsman is to attain mastery in his craft. However fine his ideals and moral aims may be, they are no compensation, they count for nothing in the balance if his execution be bad. If this is the case in the fine arts, it is much more so in decoration. If a painter may not reckon to his credit a noble conception, unless he is able to give it clear and beautiful expression, how much chance has a bookbinder of forgiveness, however great his homage for the author whose book he binds, if his binding be bad in itself? If the binding be good, the pages within it may be blank, and it will make no difference. Let it not be understood, however, that the Edinburgh Congress was pure of Socialism. It sinned in this respect, but it sinned less than its predecessor. An Art Congress is not a political platform, and its promoters must be warned not to let it become one, unless they desire that it be doomed to disruption and swiftly following death. The warning has, however, been received, and will, no doubt, be acted upon. Socialism, in one form or another, is only too much of a political factor already. Socialist artists will find themselves most unwelcome guests in the large manufacturing towns, where their hosts are the bloated capitalists by whose foresight those towns have been made.

To chronicle all the panaceas for Philistinism proposed by the various speakers at the Congress would be to make too great a demand upon a reader's patience. Sir James Gowans, the Lord Dean of Guild, would form in every great city a Court of Taste, which should possess the power of veto upon the erection of any building judged by it to be hideous. Thank Heaven, no such interference with public liberty is conceivably possible. More than one architect called for legislation to prevent any man from acting as an architect without a diploma granted by an established examining body. Is the examination craze destined to invade every possible branch of human activity? Wiser was Mr. Statham in his excellent suggestions about the laying-out of towns. The distinction which he drew between the accidental picturesqueness of mediæval cities, and the bungling and conscious imitations of it which are in favour with certain people, was one which cannot be too strongly insisted upon. The shortest distance between two points is the natural line for a street. No one would lay out a new town in level country with narrow crooked lanes. The proportion between the height of houses and the width of the street is likewise an important consideration. Many mediæval

streets are picturesque notwithstanding their narrowness, but their builders would certainly have made them broad if they could. The limits imposed by walls of fortification necessarily cramped the space available for roadways—a matter of little importance when wheeled vehicles were few. We live under different conditions, and any art we have must arise out of, and harmonize with, those conditions.

Mr. Yeames protested against exhibitions and competition generally, and dwelt, not without reason, upon their injurious effect upon art. But these, again, are the conditions under which artists have to work, and conditions of life can only be changed very gradually. If you want art, Mr. Ruskin used to say, you must turn your social system upside down and make the world a totally different kind of place from what it now is. The cart could not be set more accurately before the horse. No nation or people ever lived for art. Nations, like individuals, have to procure their bread and butter first, and when that is done may take their pleasure. Art has to come after the work of the world. The form it takes depends upon the nature of that work at a given date. Artists, of all people, have nothing to do with altering the conditions under which the world's work is done. Their business is to provide pleasure and delight for men in their hours of leisure. If they cannot do this, let them make way for others who can, and let them silently turn to some honest trade for a living. When Mr. Yeames protests against medal-hunting and the opportunities afforded for it by French exhibitions and the like, we are heartily at one with him; but the system of exhibition may indeed be much changed, but scarcely abolished. Modern needs demand it.

Amongst the remaining papers, two by Mr. Starkie Gardner on technical subjects will be of permanent value in their printed form. What the sculptors had to say was likewise of interest; but, as a rule, they look for too much from Government patronage and legislative enactments. We do not expect, in the near future, to behold municipalities spending public funds upon sculptural decorations for public buildings. Sculpture must, in the main, strive to attract the attention of generous rich men. Undoubtedly it would be far wiser, and would keep the donor's memory far more green, if many of those who now leave legacies to demoralizing so-called philanthropic institutions were to expend such sums upon the decoration of the cities within which their lives have been passed. The completion of the sculptured decoration of St. George's Hall would probably be a more actually useful work than the foundation of two orphan asylums. Architects, as Mr. Mullins suggested, would do well to provide plenty of space for sculpture in their buildings. Mr. Stirling Lee, ill treated as he has been by the Liverpool Corporation, has gained knowledge by bitter experience, and his paper, if read between the lines, was perhaps one of the most valuable contributions which the Congress called forth.

The foregoing brief epitome will suffice to show what were the tendencies which found chief expression at the Edinburgh Congress. On all hands the cry was for better education of the public. In this matter artists must lead the way. The public taste always lags behind the taste of the artists at any given day. The better they educate themselves the more wide and enlightened will be the support they receive.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE money market has been quiet throughout the week, with a gradual and steady rise in rates. Almost every day there were rumours that a large amount of gold would be sent to Brazil. But the rumours have not proved true, and, in fact, more gold has been received from abroad than has been exported. The withdrawals for Scotland, too, have proved smaller as yet than was anticipated. Still the reserve of the Bank of England is very low. The Scotch demand will amount to about three-quarters of a million, and at any moment there may be large exports; while imports on a considerable scale are not to be looked for, unless the great financial houses again come to the rescue of the market. The probability appears to be, therefore, that the rates of interest and discount will continue to rise, and will be very firm all through this month. But the general impression at the same time is that there will be no serious stringency. Apparently the large coinage of silver this year is greatly diminishing the demand that would otherwise have fallen upon the London money market for coin. The rise in prices and wages necessitates a largely expanded coin circulation, and evidently the new silver has satisfied the demand to a greater extent than most people were prepared to find.

The price of silver has again risen considerably this week. Business was done on Thursday at as much as 43⅝*d.* per oz. The demand for India, China, Japan, and Cochin China has been considerable all through the year. And it is expected that at the coming Session of Congress the amount of silver to be coined in the United States will be doubled. But the real cause of the recent rise is the buying by the Mint. As long as that buying continues the rise must go on. The half-sovereigns coined previously to the present reign are now being withdrawn, and it is understood that those of the present reign will in due course also be withdrawn. And the Chancellor of the Exchequer is seeing how far silver can take the place of half-sovereigns, the latter being a much more costly coin. Silver obviously meets the needs of the working classes better than gold. But whether the well-to-do classes will be content to carry about much of the cumbersome silver coins remains to be seen. And it is to be anticipated that, if the silver circulation is very largely increased, there will before long be a loud outcry from the bankers. As long as trade is active silver will circulate freely; but, as soon as trade begins to fall off, it will be paid into the banks by their customers all over the country. If the banks could be sure that the Bank of England would take the silver from them, they need not trouble themselves. But is it likely that the Bank of England will do so? And, if it does not, what are the banks to do with a mass of coins which they can neither force again into circulation nor treat as a reserve?

The stock markets have continued quiet. The fortnightly settlement occupied the first three days, and, as yesterday was a holiday, business practically came to an end on Thursday evening. Therefore, few cared to enter into fresh engagements. On the Berlin Bourse, too, the monthly *Liquidation* was going on, and yesterday the *Liquidation* on the Paris Bourse began. All this exercised a temporary influence. A more permanent cause for the pause in speculation is the uncertainty respecting the money market. Then, again, speculation has been carried too far in Berlin. Prices everywhere are exceedingly high. The rise in prices and wages that is going on at home and abroad threatens to increase very considerably the working expenses of industrial Companies. And the proposed reorganization of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Company has deepened the distrust of American railroad management. If bonds so lately brought out by one of the greatest London houses are worth no more than they are now represented to be, what is the value of any divisional bond of any American railroad Company? So people are indignantly asking. And, consequently, an immense mass of American railroad bonds has been sold this week. Lastly, drought and over-speculation have combined to bring about a pause in the market for South African land and mining shares. Doubtless, too, the attention of the public is being diverted from the older securities to the shares of new Companies which are coming out in such multitudes, the newest fancy being Founders' shares.

Dealings in South African securities of all kinds have been on so large a scale for a long time past that practically it is found impossible to arrange the accounts at the ordinary settlements. Very many brokers and jobbers in consequence are weeks, and even months, behindhand in their settlements, and practically do not know how they actually stand. The difficulty, no doubt, is increased by the fact that this department of the Stock Exchange is not admitted to the Stock Exchange Clearing House. In any case the result is such a confusion that business has been greatly checked of late, and that many brokers are unwilling to continue their risks. The matter is attracting a good deal of attention this week, as one broker, unable to obtain delivery of shares purchased for a client, bought them in the market, inflicting loss upon innocent persons.

The opposition to the proposed reorganization of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad Company is growing stronger. The committee appointed to look after the interests of the bondholders has had two interviews with Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., from the second of which they came away very much disappointed, and even angry. The members are at present strongly indisposed to accept the plan, and it looks, consequently, as if it would be rejected by the British bondholders at all events, and that, therefore, a receiver will have to be appointed. The chief objections of the bondholders are: first, that the shareholders, who are nearly all Americans, are asked to bear no part of the loss, the whole of it being thrown upon the bondholders, who are in considerable numbers Europeans; secondly, that the floating debt is placed on an equal footing with the bonded debt, which was supposed to have a priority; and, thirdly, that the treatment of the different classes of bondholders is not equitable.

The County Council has this week appeared as a borrower for the first time. It proposes to raise a million of stock bearing 2½ per cent. interest, the minimum price being 88. This would yield just 2*l.* 16*s.* 9½*d.* per cent. The market, however, takes a more favourable view of the credit of the Council than it ventured to do itself. It observes that the Government Two and a Half per Cents are much higher, and therefore it argues that this new stock is entirely too cheap. The result is that, even before the time for tendering has come, there is a premium of 3¼. If the allotments are at this latter price—that is 91¼—the yield will be under 2¾ per cent. It would be interesting to know who are the eager buyers of this stock. It seems hardly credible that *bona fide* investors are satisfied with a yield of less than 2¾ per cent. for their money.

The iron "boom" continues. All manufactured branches of the steel and steel iron trades are exceedingly active. It is said that orders are so numerous that new ones cannot be executed for a considerable time to come, and the demand, therefore, for pig iron is steadily increasing. It is predicted, indeed, that the diminution in the stocks will be on an extraordinary scale during the current month. The demand for coal, too, is greatly increasing. The workpeople, seeing this extraordinary improvement, are very naturally demanding a rise of wages, and the demand is very generally being conceded. At the same time, the workpeople are asking for shorter hours of labour. On this point the employers are much more likely to stand out. And it

is possible that a dispute may, therefore, arise. In any case, the rise in wages, together with the great increase in the demand, caused the price of Scotch pig iron to rise at one time this week to a little over 3*l.* a ton. There has since been a slight decline. But the expectation is that the advance will continue. The trade is very active upon the Continent, more particularly in Germany, and a decided improvement has likewise set in in the United States.

EXHIBITIONS.

AT Mr. McLean's Gallery the annual winter exhibition is not crowded with works, but contains few examples which are entirely insignificant. Unfortunately, the two largest and most prominent pictures it is out of our power to commend. It is simply deplorable to find Sir John Millais willing to exhibit such a production as his "Afternoon Tea" (19), in which we look in vain for those qualities of dignified design and capacity of execution which have made his name in the past so famous. We say it gravely, and we say it with all respect, it would be far better for Sir John Millais to rest upon his well-deserved laurels than to undermine the loyalty which an elder generation must always feel towards him by such puerilities as these. From Mr. Long, the other prominent offender at Mr. McLean's, we have received no such favours in the past that we should approach his "Choosing a Deity" (13) delicately. It deserves the worst that the enemies of the conventional English school can say of it. It is a wretched piece of mock-antique, painted without science or feeling, and on a ridiculously large scale. If this be not the feeblest Long yet supplied to an infatuated public, our memory of past delights is failing us.

But some of the smaller pictures are charming. There is a genre-piece by the Munich painter, Herr Poetzelberger, called "Love's Pleadings" (16), which could hardly be better of its kind. On a windy autumn day, when the air is full of the golden flutter of leaves, a young cavalier has taken shelter in the corner of a deserted gateway, and is pleading his cause with a girl. The expression of the faces is excellent, and very good, too, the impatience of the lover's horse. The whole composition, in a low key, is very prettily painted. Mr. Blinks's jockey and hunting-field studies are always welcome. "Autumn Evening, Arran" (2), is a sentimental landscape by Mr. MacWhirter; Mr. Hook, too, has been painting the wild light on the sea-pools and windy lochs of Arran (20) in his radiant way. An amusing piece of genre is M. Chevilliard's "Critical Moment" (10), an eager abbé trying to photograph a scarlet company of acolytes, headed by a most pompous beadle. In M. Munkacsy's "Flirtation" (11) the woman leaning violently back from her tambour is well, if hastily, painted; but the man is poor. Seldom is seen in London so delicate, pure, and graceful a specimen of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's best work as the small "Royal Stag" (12), wandering in the forest of Fontainebleau. "The Return" (14) is one of Mr. Marcus Stone's refined and pathetic compositions, bathed in sensibility and green-coloured light. Here is a charming Corot (15). Of sea-pieces we have to praise Mr. C. Napier Hemy's fresh and broad "Clearing the Net" (25), and in stronger terms Mr. Henry Moore's exquisite "Fresh Morning off the Isle of Wight" (32). Other pleasant examples are Mr. F. D. Millet's "Wandering Thoughts" (35), a lady turning away from the piano; Mr. Robert Macbeth's "Fish To-day?" (36), painted this year, but quite in his early and better manner; two gaudily coloured but cleverly composed and drawn scenes of modern Venetian life, by Stefano Novo; a Gerome, "The Golden Age" (9), a nude nymph piping to a dancing child, in which the flesh is much too smooth and china-like; a Jan van Beers, "An Interlude in the Dance" (40), a woman prone on a tiger-skin, with a tortoise beside her, of an indubitable cleverness; and "The Return of the Exiles" (48), by C. Delort, a clever piece of narrative, in which a widow and her heir are seen to enter the deserted salon of their château, only to find it absolutely empty, dirty, and dishonoured, cobwebs pendent from the mouldings, and the vast pier-glass stained and starred.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, where last spring we saw so interesting a collection of pictures by Modern Dutch and French painters, there is now on view an exhibition of the same masters which is rather a pale reflection of what was then brought together. As moonlight is to sunlight, so are these mild, and in some cases, we must conjecture, these more than dubious, examples to the Corots and Troyons, the Maris and the Mauves, that we saw last May. Still, there are some pleasing specimens. The "Landscape near Ornans" (14) is a beautiful and solemn example of Courbet's mannered style. The copper domes shine out of a very fine Pasini, "The Halt" (29). A Dutch war-painter, G. H. Breitner, gives us some spirited impressions of the manœuvres of 1889 (44, 47). A fine Harpignies is "Sunset" (5). Mr. Peppercorn, who finds himself a solitary exile among these foreigners, pushes the style of Corot to the last extreme in his almost comic "Twilight" (21). Among the Dutchmen Herr Mesdag's "Moonlight" (59) is rather an agreeable variant on his effective but too monotonous sea-pieces. In the place of honour is a large "Autumn Evening" (73), by Theodor de Bock. In the manner of Israels, but gayer and less dispiriting, is a "Girl Knitting" (65), by G. Henkes. A curious effect of orange and olive is presented by Zilcken's landscape called "Sunset and Rain."

But, on the whole, the collection is not sufficiently representative of what is best in the work of the modern Frenchman and Dutchman to justify the exhibition. In the adjoining gallery a couple of hundred small water-colour drawings, by English artists, are hung. The spirit of the Christmas card has hung over these smooth, pretty, gay, and insipid little paintings. The best names signed to them are those of Mr. Blair Leighton, Mr. C. Gregory, Mr. E. K. Johnson, Miss Alice Havers, and Miss Mary Gow.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE month of October does not generally witness so many concerts as have taken place in it this year. Formerly the resumption of the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace and of the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall marked the beginning of the winter musical season, but this year several concerts, of more or less importance, have taken place in the course of the three first weeks of the month, and, judging by the way in which they have been attended, the concert-going portion of the London public must have returned to town unusually early. The first in chronological order which demand some notice were the four concerts given by Otto Hegner on October 2, 5, 9, and 12, the dates of which were fixed so early in the month owing to the departure of the little pianist for America, where it is to be hoped that he will not meet with the same fate as befell his predecessor, Josef Hofmann. The first and third of these were Orchestral concerts, the band being that of the Amateur Orchestral Society, under the conductorship of Mr. George Mount; the remainder were devoted to pianoforte recitals. As the dates of the last two of Hegner's concerts coincided with the Leeds Festival, comparatively few musicians could be present at them. This was the less to be regretted as the programmes for the most part consisted of selections in which the young pianist had been previously heard more than once, but at the first Orchestral concert some interest was created by his performance of the solo part in Weber's *Concertstück*—a work which, for some unaccountable reason, is now seldom heard in public. It cannot be said that Otto Hegner added to his reputation by his playing on this occasion. Weber's romantic composition demands greater command over the keyboard than can be expected from a mere child, however gifted; and, though the performance, so far as the execution of the technical difficulties of the work was concerned, left little to be desired, yet the want of the higher qualities of interpretation and feeling was felt throughout. The only other feature of much interest was the singing of Herr Max Heinrich, who was in remarkably good voice. Besides the songs set down for him in the programme, he replaced Mme. Valleria, who was too ill to attend, in a manner which gave every satisfaction to the audience. At the Recital on the 5th Otto Hegner introduced an extremely well-written composition of his own, a Suite in five movements—namely, a Preludium, Gavotte, Menuett, Aria, and Finale. Without giving signs of much individuality, which it would be unreasonable to expect from one so young, the Suite is throughout musicianly and clever, and would do credit to an older composer. It was received with much applause, in response to which the composer played a somewhat commonplace March, an earlier and inferior work of his own. At his last concert he performed Chopin's Concerto in E minor, two of Henselt's Studies, and a Valse Caprice of Rubinstein's. On this occasion he was again assisted by the Amateur Orchestral Society, as well as by Herr Heinrich and the brilliant young singer whose pleasure it is to be known as "Nikita"—a style which, it is to be presumed, is adopted in order to set the audience wondering whether she is "Mrs. or Miss."

On the 21st a vast audience assembled at the Albert Hall for Mr. Kuhe's concert. Though the concert-giver was assisted by such artists as Mme. Patey, Lady Hallé, Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Barrington Foote, and Leo Stern, it would be absurd to deny that the majority of the crowd which filled every part of the great building was attracted by the announcement that Mme. Patti would sing. Though the prima-donna has apparently, as far as England is concerned, retired from the operatic stage, where she first appeared more than twenty-eight years ago, her name is still one to conjure with, and her singing remains as fascinating as it was when she was in her first youth. Time has treated her beautiful voice tenderly, and though the upper register has perhaps lost some of its brilliancy, her lower notes have developed a roundness of tone which at one time was wanting. Artistically, her singing of the slow movement "Ah! non credea," from the final rondo of *La Sonnambula*, was by far the best performance of the evening; but the enthusiastic audience insisted upon encoring all her songs, so that in addition to taking part with Mme. Patey in Rossini's "Quis est homo," and to singing Gounod's "Ave Maria"—the effect of which, by the way, was much marred by the noise produced by Herr Louis Engel's harmonium accompaniment—she was forced to give the familiar "Last Rose of Summer," and Bishop's "Home, sweet Home." After Mme. Patti had once complied with the wishes of the audience, encores were demanded after every number. The programme did not contain any novelty, but was chiefly composed of more or less familiar songs and ballads by Gounod, Handel, A. G. Thomas, Tosti, and Wallace. Lady Hallé played an uninteresting Caprice Hongrois by Joachim Raff,

a Moto Perpetuo by Ferdinand Ries, and Spohr's Barcarolle; and the orchestra, under the conductorship of Herr Wilhelm Ganz, played the overtures to *Egmont*, *Le Domino Noir*, and *Zampa*.

The first Saturday Concert at the Crystal Palace, which took place on the afternoon of the 19th, is always a red-letter day for amateurs, and accordingly a large audience assembled, attracted mainly by the presence in the programme of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. To praise the performances of Mr. Manns's orchestra at this time of day would be entirely a work of supererogation; fortunately they are familiar to all lovers of good music. Mr. Manns's readings are sometimes different to those of other conductors, but it is to be presumed that he not only has traditions of his own, but also has the advantage of the advice of the erudite "G.," whose analyses are so well-known to frequenters of these concerts, and who has made the study of Beethoven and all connected with him a labour of love. At the concert on the 19th the Symphony was taken somewhat slower throughout than is often the case; but it is known that there has always been a tendency in England to hurry *tempi*, and probably Mr. Manns's reading was nearer to the Vienna traditions than the more familiar rendering. The only novelty in the programme was a short orchestral interlude from Massenet's new opera *Esclarmonde*, a work which is enjoying considerable success in Paris, where its composer is more appreciated than in this country. The Interlude presents nothing remarkable, and was hardly worth playing, save as a matter of curiosity. The other orchestral numbers were Bennett's beautiful "Wood-nymph" Overture—one of the composer's most delicate and graceful inspirations—and the Overture to Wagner's "Tannhäuser," played in commemoration of the first performance of the opera, which took place at Dresden, October 19th, 1845. The pianist was Madame Roger-Miclos, an extremely brilliant and able performer, who comes to this country with a Parisian reputation. She was heard in Saint-Saëns's Second Concerto, a work which, though it has been much cried down and abused, gains at every successive hearing, and is now an established favourite both with artists and with that section of the musical public which is willing to recognize that there may be some merit in compositions not by Germans. Her solos were a Study by Pfeiffer, "Inquiétude," and Chopin's Andante Spianato and Polonaise in E flat. Mme. Roger-Miclos has a powerful touch, and her execution is not only technically excellent, but characterized by extraordinary brilliancy. Whether she possesses higher qualities than these her selection of solos did not give an opportunity of judging. The vocalist was Mr. Lloyd. On last Saturday the programme included a Symphony in B flat, by Dr. Bernhard Scholtz; a work which, though composed five years ago, had not been previously heard in England. Dr. Scholtz is not a very youthful composer. He was born in 1835, and has for some years enjoyed a limited reputation in Germany as a respectable and accomplished, if not very original, musician. His compositions embrace every style, though none of them have won for the composer more than a local celebrity. The Symphony performed last Saturday is one of his most successful works. After hearing it the cause of the composer's comparative obscurity becomes clear, for from beginning to end the music comes from the head instead of the heart; and, excellent as it no doubt is as a piece of construction and composition, it possesses neither originality of ideas nor of treatment, without which no work can be expected to win a composer lasting fame. The Symphony consists of the usual four movements, but none of them produced much impression. The first, an Allegro, is noticeable for its extremely clever construction; but the subjects are full of reminiscences, and the orchestration is apt to be monotonous. The Scherzo and Trio pleased most; in them the composer is more genial and natural, though even here his originality is doubtful. The remainder of the concert calls for brief mention. The orchestra gave magnificent performances of Beethoven's "Coriolan" Overture, and Mendelssohn's "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," and Señor Albeniz played Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto with his usual charm of touch, but without much insight into the feeling of the work. In his other solos, three short compositions of his own, he was, as usual, very successful, and much applauded. The vocalist, Mlle. Elvira Gambogi, received an encore for her singing of Gounod's "Ave Maria."

On Monday evening last St. James's Hall was once more filled with a large audience of the regular *habitués* of Mr. Chappell's Popular Concert. The performers were all old favourites—Mme. Néruda, Mme. Haas, Miss Liza Lehmann, Messrs. Straus, Ries, and Piatti; and, needless to say, they were all greeted with warm applause. The programme only contained one novelty—namely, Dvořák's String Quartet in E major, Op. 80, a work which, though new to the Popular Concert audiences, had already been heard twice before in London. It is one of the latest compositions of the Bohemian composer, but it is not one of his best. With the exception of the Andante con Moto, it lacks inspiration, and displays constantly a straining after effect and a deliberate eccentricity which become almost wearying to the listener. Mme. Haas chose for her solos Brahms's Rhapsodie in B minor, Op. 79, No. 1, and Chopin's seldom-played Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 3. She was more successful in the latter than in the former. Brahms's pianoforte music demands, above all things, great vigour and energy, neither of which is a characteristic of Mme. Haas's style. Miss Lehmann sang with perfect charm and finish James Hook's song, "Oh! listen to the voice of Love," besides Lieder by Emmerich and Meyer-Helmünd, in the latter of which she was encored. The art of singing the florid and ornate English ballads of the end of the eighteenth century has become so lost nowadays that Miss Lehmann's singing of Hook's graceful song must have come like a revelation to many of her audience. It is to be hoped that she will continue her researches into this class of music; there must be many songs by Arne and his successors which would be well worth reviving.

REVIEWS.

LA MER TERRITORIALE.*

THIS is, on the whole, though possessing some superficial merits to which we have referred before, a bad book upon a good subject. M. Latour has expended much conscientious labour upon the question to which his attention was directed by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. He has thoroughly ransacked so much, at any rate, of the literature of the question as is accessible in French. Note-book in hand, he has consulted with equal deference Vattel, Hübner, and the latest *Thèse du Doctorat*. But his style is cumbrous, no sense of humour saves him from lapsing into truisms, and, worst of all, he starts with no adequate conception of the topic with which he is about to deal. Of M. Latour's truisms the following are fairly selected samples:—

"Beaucoup de villes doivent leur développement, ou même leur existence, au voisinage de la mer." "L'individu est en lutte contre l'individu. Pour prévenir à cet état de choses, il est utile de déterminer d'une façon précise et équitable les droits de chacun et par cela même ses devoirs." "La guerre peut venir rompre l'équilibre existant antérieurement entre deux états." "La guerre a toujours existé. C'est un mal inévitable qui durera aussi longtemps que les sociétés, et ne périra qu'avec elles."

To abstain from platitudes is a rule of general obligation. A duty more especially binding upon the author of a monograph is to map out accurately the boundaries of his topic and to exercise constant self-control in keeping within them. This duty has been conspicuously violated by M. Latour. He seems unconscious of the limits of his subject, and leaves it only half explored to wander over ground already occupied by other labourers. A work upon *la mer territoriale—i.e.* upon those spaces of salt water over which rights are claimed by the State which owns the adjacent land—should distinguish between the several classes of such waters, and discuss the various rights which are claimed over each. The simplest case, that of ports, harbours, and mouths of rivers, over which the right exercised by the contiguous State is admittedly one of ownership, should be taken first. Close seas, straits, and interoceanic canals should come next. "Littoral waters" should follow, with a discussion of such questions as—the distance from the shore to which these waters extend, and whether the right exercisable over them is one of ownership or merely of jurisdiction. It would then be necessary to consider how far the principles applicable to such waters may be applied also to large bays and "Kings' chambers," and, lastly, to inquire whether any territorial rights are recognized at the present day over the so-called "narrow seas" or over any portions of the open ocean. M. Latour deals with most of these questions, but he does so in a disorderly and often inadequate manner, which is not surprising, since his energies are largely expended upon matters with which he should have had no concern. A catalogue of some of the extraneous topics with which M. Latour's treatise is needlessly distended may be useful as showing the lengths to which irrelevancy may be carried by any one who does not take the precaution of mastering his subject before he begins to write. It is difficult to trace a connexion of ideas between the topic of territorial seas and the theory of a maritime balance of power; yet this theory is discussed by our author, who seems to suppose that it is in some way supported by the Declaration of Paris. The Channel Tunnel is equally alien to the scope of the work, as are the physical and economical questions suggested by the Suez Canal, by the attempted canal through the Isthmus of Panama, and by the ingenious, but apparently impracticable, scheme of M. Kerviler for nullifying the British tenure of Gibraltar by piercing what he describes as "the isthmus of Languedoc." The privileges enjoyed by fishing-boats, in not being expected to carry the papers which are demanded from larger vessels, and in being, as a rule, exempt from capture in time of war, exist outside of territorial waters as well as within them. The flags and papers which must be carried by sea-going vessels are still further from having any special connexion with *la mer territoriale*. But all these topics are discussed by M. Latour, who also gives comparative tables of the commercial shipping of the principal maritime States, sets out fully the International Code of Signals, goes minutely into the procedure by which the French Customs are enforced, and even deals with the conditions upon which goods in transit through France by railway, with an ulterior destination, are exempt from duty. It is, no doubt, the case that several of the rights and obligations of a State, with reference to its territorial waters,

* *La mer territoriale, au point de vue théorique et pratique.* Par J. I. Latour, Docteur en Droit, Avocat à la cour d'appel de Paris. Paris: G. Pedone-Lauriel. 1889.

arise only in time of war. These are, with questionable propriety, discussed in a separate department of the book; and here M. Latour indulges in a series of disquisitions, a mere enumeration of which will show how entirely they are out of place. He considers the lawfulness of the employment of torpedoes, the possibility of securing submarine cables from destruction by belligerents, the policy of the Declaration of Paris against privateering and against the capture of enemies' property under a neutral flag, the theory and practice of blockade, the law and procedure of the various maritime States in prize causes, and the punishment of spies. A final chapter, in which we are led to expect a summing up of "les conclusions qui semblent ressortir de cette étude," is mainly occupied by the text of a treaty made in 1886 between France and Denmark as to the property of deceased sailors, and by paragraphs upon the Geneva Convention for the better treatment of the wounded, and upon arbitration as a substitute for war.

Stripped of platitudes and irrelevancies, M. Latour's work is of meagre dimensions. It contains, no doubt, some useful and interesting information, but is disfigured by indications of ill will to England, such as are too common in French writers on maritime questions, and by a good many inaccurate statements. M. Latour is, for instance, mistaken in supposing that the British Government has shifted its ground as to the international character of the Suez Canal. The announcement made by Lord Derby in 1877 contained an express reference to the determination of Great Britain to keep open the short waterway to India. It is not the case that the Territorial Waters Jurisdiction Act of 1878 identifies the three-mile limit with the range of cannon. The Customs Act of 1833, cited by M. Latour with reference to the limits within which foreign vessels can be seized for smuggling, has long ago been repealed, and the topic is governed by a very different set of provisions, to be found in the Customs Consolidation Act, 1876.

The views of the author on the topics to which he ought to have confined himself, so far as they can be disentangled from his utterances on things in general, may be summarized as follows. Harbours and small bays are the property of the State within the territory of which they are situated, as also are *mers enclavées—i.e.* such seas as are entirely enclosed within the territory of a single State. Seas similarly enclosed, except that they communicate with open waters by a narrow strait, both shores of which belong to the enclosing State, are subject merely to the jurisdiction of that State. Over large gulfs, such as that of Conception in Newfoundland, and over those wide spaces of water enclosed by a line drawn from headland to headland, which are known as "Kings' chambers," M. Latour questions the existence of even a right of jurisdiction. Littoral waters are not, he maintains, the property of the State which owns the adjacent territory; though he finds some difficulty in explaining, otherwise than as a consequence of ownership, the unquestioned exclusive right of fishery in them, and he concedes only such rights of jurisdiction over them as are necessary for the security of the territory. He criticizes with some severity, and perhaps with some reason, the claim asserted by the Territorial Waters Jurisdiction Act to apply the whole criminal law of England to foreign vessels passing through littoral waters; and he objects to measuring such waters for all purposes as extending three miles from low-water mark. He would apparently vary the limit according to circumstances, ascertaining it, as a rule, by the maximum range of cannon, which he reckons as being, at the present day, eight miles. Within this distance from a neutral coast hostilities would be prohibited and captures would be invalid. He would extend to a greater distance the right of visit for the purpose of enforcing sanitary regulations and for the protection of the revenue. There is, of course, much to be said for fixing the limit of territorial waters with reference to the range of cannon. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the three-mile limit "holds the field." It has been recognized for so many purposes, alike in treaties, in practice, in judicial decisions, and in legislation, as to have acquired a position independent of improvements in the military art. It is so nearly, if not quite, a part of international law that any extension of it should take place, if at all, by general diplomatic agreement. M. Latour makes only a passing allusion to the jurisdiction once claimed over the "narrow seas." He devotes only a few lines to the monstrous claim of Russia to close the Northern Pacific; and says nothing of the practical revival of that claim within the last few years by the United States in the interest of their seal fisheries.

It may be gathered from what has been said that M. Latour's book is best adapted to be used by those who are already familiar with the subject of which it treats. Readers who are able to sift the wheat from the chaff may here and there find in it some grains of information which might otherwise have escaped their notice. It is, for instance, not common knowledge that the *Gazette de Moscou* founded upon the conclusion of the Suez Canal Convention of 1888 a claim for the neutralization of Gibraltar, in order that "la Méditerranée deviendrait une mer réellement libre." One of M. Latour's longest and most justifiable digressions relates to the history of the Suez Canal. On its international character, apart from convention, he gives an uncertain sound, but characteristically misunderstands the argument of those who would assimilate its character to that of a natural strait. This view implies neither that the isthmus was formerly covered by the sea, nor that the imposition of transit dues by the Canal Company is unlawful. It does imply that the Canal might, apart from convention, be blockaded by an enemy of Turkey; but this is a proposition the truth of which, though M. Latour thinks otherwise, would always have been admitted by the British Government.

STORIES.*

OLYMPIAS, unlike the seven other stories forming the subject of the present article, is not the ordinary shilling story-book so freely offered to passengers by railway. It is, indeed, a tale in one volume, but it is bound in cloth, and looks as if it cost half-a-crown. It is classical, melancholy, and pretentious. It deals with Greeks of the twelfth century, with Athens and Constantinople, with conspirators and Anna Comnena. The hero is a sort of inferior Tito Melema, named Theodore:—

> His one aim was pleasure. He seemed endowed with no conscience, no heart, no mind. His soul was apparently but a blank, glittering surface, like a polished steel mirror, which reflected everything near it brightly, vividly, keenly, and then faded away as if it had never been.

It may be our bad luck, or it may be that mirrors are now more usually made of glass than of steel, but we have never met with a mirror which was in the habit of fading away as if it had never been, and cannot but think that any mirror would want a great deal of polishing to make it do so. But that is by the way. The mindless Theodore and his vanishing soul were captured by brigands, who were also secret conspirators; and he accordingly became a conspirator and the affianced lover of a guileless maiden, called Zoe. He subsequently went to Constantinople in the company of Olympias, who was a strong-minded woman, and, therefore, fell in love with him. By the commands of her father, a wily and ambitious statesman, he dressed himself up as St. Michael, and in that character frightened the Emperor Alexius to death, anticipating by at least a week what would otherwise have been the natural period of that potentate's earthly career. Anna Comnena, the Emperor's daughter, had made a plot to kill her brother John, and reign in his stead, but it came to nothing, though it was supported by her mother, whose character was such that, when she was "left alone, the placid, unmeaning countenance of the Empress Irene altered. Her face changed into an expression of intense craft and suspicion." The end of it all was that Theodore made up what ought to have been his mind, that he did not care much for Olympias—and small blame to him—and went back to Zoe, when he got into trouble with the conspirators for having murdered only one emperor, and was condemned to drain the poisoned cup. As soon as sentence was passed—the accused not appearing—Zoe set off in a boat to warn him. She was so foolish as to stand up in the stern of the boat (a most injudicious practice—we have known a college coxswain miss making his bump at Ditton, and get bumped himself above the railway-bridge, solely because his feelings were too many for him, and caused him to stand up and nearly capsize his boat at the former crisis), holding a torch, whereupon a storm arose, and she fell out, and was drowned, and "while the breezes chanted a mournful dirge round the maiden's body, their sister-winds stopped their mad carols, and died away in weird sighs." So her corpse floated past a place where Theodore was, and floated face upwards, with its head out of the water, like the one in the popular engraving. This infraction of the order of nature, complicated with "the recoil from his own baseness, broke in twain the slender thread of reason that remained." In other words, he became a drivelling idiot, and "two years later" expired on Zoe's grave.

Randall Mackaye is the person whom Miss Walworth, the author of his being, describes as a *Splendid Egotist*. There is nothing splendid about him, certainly not his egotism, which was nothing more than ordinary ill-temper, idleness, and self-indulgence. He had an uncomfortable, earnest, and disagreeable wife called Marianne, who ran away and hid herself, that she might not "hamper" him in his artistic endeavours. (She once suggested that she should remain "*inconnu*.") Randall then flirted terribly with a rich and rather pleasant young lady—she had no manners, but Miss Walworth is responsible for that—called Jeanne Lenox. The upshot was that she found out he was married, and cried bitterly; that he completed a statue of his wife, and nearly died of an illness; that his wife, who had meanwhile fallen in love with a doctor, nursed him through it; that they were reconciled, that afterwards he died of something else, and that Marianne and Jeanne married the doctor and a miscellaneous young man respectively. Now all these people were Americans.

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* *Olympias.* By T. Sparrow, Author of "Life—As We Live It" &c. London: Remington & Co. 1889.

A Splendid Egotist. A Novel. By Jeannette H. Walworth, Author of "That Girl from Texas" &c. London: H. J. Drane. 1889.

The Veiled Picture; or, the Wizard's Legacy. By Elizabeth J. Lysaght, Author of "Sealed Orders" &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1889.

Andrewlina. A Novel. By J. S. Fletcher, Author of "Across the Breakers" &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

The Devil's Whisper. By Reginald Barnett, Author of "Police Sergeant C. 21." London: Walter Scott. 1889.

The Blood White Rose. By B. L. Farjeon, Author of "Grif" &c. London: Trischler & Co. 1889.

Grisette: a Tale of Paris and New York. By Lew Rosen. London: Henry J. Drane. 1889.

The Princess Daphne. By Edward Heron-Allen. London: Henry J. Drane. 1889.

If one was obliged to read a shilling story-book, *The Veiled Picture* would be rather a good one for the purpose. The story is nothing out of the way, and the characters are nought; but the picture and the game it had with various people who looked at it incautiously are really rather weird. It was a picture of an old man of villanous aspect, holding a curtain aside and looking out from behind it. This old man had once been alive, and was, in fact, the artist, and he had concluded a disreputable career in a most disagreeable manner. Also, there was reason to believe that he had been a wizard. And the picture behaved accordingly. All this is rather pleasing. The tale is not improved by a weak plot of domestic poisoning, which has been done about two thousand times before, was frustrated before it had time to get thrilling, and has only the vaguest connexion with the veiled picture.

It is a feeble device to give a story such a ridiculous title as *Andrewlina*, and to justify it by introducing a female who was so called because her name was Andrewselina, and so named because her father's name was Andrew, and shortly before her birth her illiterate mother had perused with pleasure a tale in which one of the personages was a Lady Selina. The bones of the story are on this wise. Martin Aylmer was a commercial gentleman about to become insolvent. To him entered unexpectedly his nephew, Leonard Aylmer, who had found a cellar full of gold ingots in America, and consequently had 20,000*l.* in banknotes in his pocket. Leonard, as soon as he had explained this, fell down an empty hoist into a cellar. Martin went down, and found him apparently dead. What then followed, and the deeds of Simon Murgatroyd, the confidential clerk, and his crimes that he did, shall remain hidden. But all this time Leonard was engaged to Martin's daughter Rose—as if Rose Aylmer was a name new in polite literature. Murgatroyd designed to marry Rose and live on the 20,000*l.* "Which," as the poet says, "he would have done" if he had not died by the act of God, just when a person appropriately named Cadd, co-owner with Leonard of the ingots, had found Leonard and unravelled the mystery of Martin's death. But why *Andrewlina*? Well, because Mr. J. S. Fletcher "had a higher aim in writing it than merely to amuse," and that was to teach us that the most desperate villain may have done one thoroughly good deed, and the person benefited may be grateful. Murgatroyd's good deed was having been kind to Andrewlina, who was a misshapen and surprisingly hideous female, with eyes of different colours. She manifested her gratitude by dying on his corpse; but he knew nothing about that, and the only practical result (to him) of her affection was that she inadvertently set Cadd on his trail, whereby he would probably have been caught, torn from the arms of the reluctant Rose Aylmer, and hanged, if it had not been for his accidental death. The moral seems doubtful, and has certainly very little to do with the plot. Mr. J. S. Fletcher believes that "there is no extradition treaty between Spain and England." Mr. Labouchere could tell him that there is.

The Devil's Whisper is a story about a murder, and a heroic writer of leading articles for a provincial newspaper, who rode a bicycle, but got no one to marry him. However, he was not the unjustly suspected party. The story is neither better nor worse than most of the many others annually published on the same cheerful theme. We are sorry to say that the author has recourse to the same contemptible device which we had occasion to reprobate a few weeks ago. The murder turns out to have been committed by the village idiot, in an access of unreasoning fury, and the fact becomes apparent to the reader painfully soon, with the necessary result of robbing the story of any little interest it might otherwise have possessed. Mr. Barnett and his newspaper man betray so violent and unaccountable a hatred of policemen as to suggest that one or the other must at some time have suffered at their hands.

We are sorry to observe a tendency in this class of British fiction to introduce sexual immorality as an important element of interest. No one of the three paper volumes remaining to be criticized is quite free from this blemish. It is made worse—or better—by the fact that the writers who suffer from it are not capable of giving to their improprieties the attraction which vice has when skilfully handled. They are still a long way behind their French models in the openness with which they treat of subjects better not written about, and best not thought about, and they are even further behind them in the meretricious allurements in the devising of which some of our neighbours have attained no inconsiderable degree of skill. It is only very slightly that the foregoing general observations apply to Mr. B. L. Farjeon's *The Blood White Rose.* Nevertheless, the work is poor enough to be quite unworthy of that prolific writer's modest fame. A very silly young man kept a very silly little mistress in a cottage in Surrey, and for financial reasons proposed to marry a young woman who cherished the wild delusion that he would be able to introduce her into rather good society. The mistress was fond of white roses, which the silly young man frequently gave to her. So when she heard that she was to be deserted she broke a blood-vessel over one, and her lover wore the gory vegetable "in a locket on his watch-chain" for ever more. An escaped convict got mixed up in their affairs, rescued the youth from his marriage of convenience, and enabled him to marry the owner of the blood-vessel, who, by dint of becoming a comparatively honest woman, developed into "one of the sweetest and noblest women by which a man's life was ever blessed."

The eponymous heroine of *Grisette* cannot be called a good or even a respectable woman. She passed her life partly at Paris and partly at New York, and died of heart disease during a rough-and-tumble between two of her admirers. She did nothing strikingly profligate, but contrived to be always excessively depressing. "Lew Rosen's" style is curious. It suggests bad French, baldly translated into indifferent American.

The Princess Daphne is also not cheerful. It is mixed up with mesmerism, the heroine, whose name is Daphne, becoming the involuntary victim of a distant relation of her own in America. Their common ancestor was a negro, or partly so, and the author is under the common delusion that this entitles him to call them Creoles. In fact, a Creole is a person of pure European blood born in the West or East Indies. Every one numbers plenty of them among the whitest of his acquaintances. This Daphne moved in a disreputable circle of painters and others calling themselves "Bohemians," and living in and about Kensington in the year 1877, and, oddly enough, conversing almost exclusively in slang expressions never heard of until several years later. She was a person of artistic talent, high-souled conversation, and thoroughly dissolute conduct. Her excuse was that she was becoming by degrees inflated by most of the soul of her mesmerizer; but she was living with a man she might perfectly well have married before she began to be mesmerized. At last the mesmerizer died, and she absorbed all that remained of his soul; whereupon her character changed, and she became miscellaneous in her affections and more frankly degraded than before. She made friends with the mistress of the defunct, and was eventually murdered by her. All the mesmerism in the world would not save the story from being peculiarly sordid and discreditable.

HENRY RICHARD, M.P.*

THE impression with which we opened this volume is that with which we close it—that Mr. Henry Richard was a worthy and well-intentioned man; but whether it was worth while going through so much—nearly four hundred pages—in order, as the schoolboy said, to learn so little, is a subject on which we have a rather injured and resentful opinion. The image of Mr. Richard might well have been allowed to survive only in the memory of his friends and associates until it faded away in that quiet euthanasia which is perhaps most to be desired alike for the living and the dead. The solemnity of interment in this somewhat funereal volume which Mr. Charles S. Miall has compiled, and in which he reads a sort of burial service over his friend, might have been spared. That no-biography and the lot of the weary to which Carlyle, unconscious of the mocking fates, aspired, might appropriately have been vouchsafed to Mr. Richard. There was really no occasion to write his life. It consisted in his public work as Secretary of the Peace Society, and as a Welsh Nonconformist member of Parliament, and there was nothing sufficiently memorable in it to justify its disentanglement from the web of events and the crowd of persons into which it was woven. If there had been any attempt at portraiture of character the volume might have possessed some interest; but Mr. Charles S. Miall does not essay any portrait of his friend, and offers us only the photograph by Messrs. Elliot & Fry which fronts the title-page. If there had been any sketch of the rather curious society in which the greater part of Mr. Richard's life was spent—the aboriginal Welsh shopkeepers and Nonconformists among whom his boyhood was passed, and the humanitarian enthusiasts of the middle part of his career—light might have been thrown on some eccentricities of English life. But Mr. Miall has apparently lived so much among these things and people as to be unaware of the necessity of interpreting them to the rest of mankind. The work is a record of public meetings and interviews, of Congresses and deputations, of Committees and organizations, which, however important at the moment and in the eyes of those who had to do with them, scarcely justified disinterment from the columns of the *Herald of Peace.* Copious extracts are, indeed, given from Mr. Richard's diaries—descriptions of the European capitals which he visited as "the Apostle of Peace," and of the sovereigns, statesmen, and other notable persons whom he saw, and who too often beheld in him, it is to be feared, an unconscious agent of their own not always peaceful designs. But Mr. Richard was too much absorbed in his mission to have a very quick eye for persons and places in any other relation than that of friends or opponents of the cause in which he was swallowed up. M. Renan describes, in a picturesque passage, the evangelic indifference of the first Christian missionaries to the glories of the historic scenes which they visited. The Jewish Ghetto of Athens or Rome was more to them than the Parthenon or the Capitol. So to Mr. Richard, though he occasionally pumps up a little enthusiasm, sometimes odd enough for one of his puritanic training and rigid doctrine, as when at Weimar his heart beat quicker at the thoughts of Goethe and Schiller and Wieland and Herder, the small circle of peace enthusiasts was nearly everything, and history, art, and architecture were next to nothing. In the Madeleine he saw only "a splendid theatrical exhibition," and of Berlin he has little to say but that it "bears the hard iron impress of that bad man called Frederick the Great." Not that he

* *Henry Richard, M.P.* A Biography. By Charles S. Miall. With a Portrait. London: Cassell & Co., Limited. 1889.

does not attempt records—interesting enough to the friends for whom they were first written, and who were anxious to know what he was about—of the things he did, the persons and places he saw, and the reflections which occurred to his mind. They are, for the most part, such as a personally-conducted Cook's tourist might write home to be read in the back parlour after shop hours.

Henry Richard, who was born in Cardiganshire in 1812, was the son of the Reverend (and, we are assured, eminent) Ebenezer Richard, a Calvinistic Methodist minister at Tregaron, who, as Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Osborne Morgan will hear with a thrill of satisfaction, resisted persistent attempts to induce him to accept episcopal ordination. Henry served a creditable apprenticeship of three years to a linendraper at Carmarthen. He was then seized with the ordinary Dissenting youth's ambition to enter the ministry, and, there being no academy of his own sect in Wales, was sent to Highbury (Congregational) College, near London. In 1835 he was appointed to the charge of the Marlborough Chapel in the Old Kent Road. He appears to have been successful as pastor and preacher; but from the first he was somewhat of a missionary from Wales to England; and he contributed to the pacification of the Rebecca rioters, and took a part, as an extreme voluntaryist, in the discussions on Welsh education and character to which Lord John Russell's Minutes in Council gave rise. He was always more a man of action and of organization than of thought, and he probably found the work which he was best fitted to do when in 1848 he was appointed Secretary to the Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace. The name of the Society has the effect of satire when it is thought of in connexion with the events of European and American history during the past forty years. The vision of universal and permanent peace has indeed engaged higher minds than that of Mr. Richard from the Pax Romana of the Cæsars to the peace of which Henri Quatre and Sully dreamed. But that was a peace to be imposed by statesmanship and organized force upon subject nations. To Mr. Richard, Europe and the world were a sort of gigantic Dissenting meeting-house, to be governed by Congregationalist and Baptist deacons. He fancied that the flames of war could be extinguished by a few oily words scattered here and there. Mr. Henry Richard probably never heard of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, or he might have seen the parody of his own doctrine and method in that of M. Jourdain's music-master:—"Si tous les hommes apprenaient la musique, ne serait-ce pas le moyen de s'accorder ensemble et de voir dans le monde la paix universelle?" Mr. Henry Richard believed that he possessed the secret of this music. If anything could have awakened him from the dream in which he passed his life, the events, as we have ventured to hint, of the forty years which followed his acceptance of the office of the Secretaryship of the Society for the Promotion of Universal and Permanent Peace would have done so. The nations beat their ploughshares into swords, and seemed resolved to learn peace no more. The Crimean War was followed by the war of France and Italy against Austria, of Austria and Prussia against Denmark, of Prussia against Austria, of Germany against France, of Russia against Turkey, the war of England in Egypt, and in America by the fratricidal conflict of the Northern and Southern States. Still the *Herald of Peace* went on its way, and Peace Congresses met at Brussels and Paris and Frankfort. We hesitate to say that the well-intentioned exertions of Mr. Richard and his friends were directly contributory to these incessant wars. But, as idle feeling is usually, on the principle worked out by Bishop Butler, followed by contradictory practice, we cannot put this possibility altogether aside. The humanitarianism of Robespierre was the germ out of which the cruelties of the Reign of Terror sprang, and a maudlin philanthropy is apt to convert itself into fierce antipathies. The feelings which spend themselves in talk leave space for action to their opposites.

In 1868 Mr. Henry Richard was elected member of Parliament for Merthyr Tydfil, and continued to represent that borough till his death, twenty years afterwards. We need not follow his career. It was that of the Dissenting Radical follower, and occasionally leader, of Mr. Gladstone. Probably Mr. Richard was more successful in the House of Commons than any member who has passed into it from the Dissenting pulpit. There was no trace of Stiggins or Chadband in his tone. He never mounted the tub. He was superior as regards his faculty of recommending himself to the House of Commons to his two most notable predecessors among Nonconformist preachers. His direct and simple speech was more impressive than the artificial rhetoric of the late Mr. W. J. Fox—a man intellectually much his superior; and he was free from the whining, writhing, Sunday-school teacher tones and gestures of the late Mr. Edward Miall, who seemed bent on showing the world how like to Uriah Heep affectation may make a very worthy man. In private Mr. Richard appears to have been genial and amiable, and to have exhibited a more abundant common sense than might have been looked for in a man of many fads and one idea.

CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.*

WHATEVER may be thought of Mr. Bain's book, there is on one point no possibility of a difference of opinion. It is another example of what we consider the happy reversion to the older style of biography, in which the biographer was, if not an indiscriminate panegyrist, at any rate not a devil's advocate. To take a dead stranger in for the sake of blackening his character has always seemed to us nearly as great a breach of hospitality and decency as to take a live one in for the sake of blackening his eyes. It is true that the more liberal hospitaller is apt to err on the other side, and we think we shall have to show that Mr. Bain does this; but the fault is trifling and pardonable in comparison with the slow and deliberate treachery—the petty treason almost technically—of the other class.

In England, at least, we should say that Gustavus Adolphus's daughter is rather too little known than too harshly judged by the general. Everybody of fair information has heard something of her dealings with Whitelocke, of the abdication, of the ugly and mysterious Monaldeschi business; not many people, perhaps, could say much else about Christina. Mr. Bain has been unable to find any "competent and trustworthy" English account of her, except one by Mr. Woodhead, some quarter of a century old, and we cannot supplement his discoveries. His own book is very well entitled, within its limits, to the praise of completeness, all the main and most of the minor facts being duly recorded and intelligently woven together. It is also, as far as these facts go, quite trustworthy; and, for our part, we are never weary of repeating that, so long as a historian's and biographer's facts are trustworthy, and provided that he takes pains to marshal his arguments intelligibly, we care little about any difference with his conclusions. Mr. Bain, then, sets out truly and forcibly the good side of Christina's acts and deeds; while, sworn champion of hers as he is, he admits with frankness, and almost naïveté, that it would have been much more convenient of her if she would have been kind enough to die soon after her abdication, instead of spending five-ninths of her life (the arithmetic is ours) and a period three and a half times as long as her reign in the hopelessly anomalous condition of an abdicated sovereign who still kept up a claim not merely to the honours, but to some of the positive rights, of sovereignty. He exposes the awkward position, glorious as it was after a fashion, of Sweden at Gustavus's death, glorifies and perhaps does not exaggerate Christina's personal endeavour to bring about the Peace of Westphalia, and dwells much on the efforts she made to improve the condition of the lower Estates in her kingdom. At the same time he does not attempt to excuse the singular and fatal extravagance of her financial management, and the way in which, though she perfectly well knew that the alienation of the crown domains to the nobles was the main reason of the popular discontent, and of its causes, she gave away, mortgaged, and sold the lands which were the main, if not the sole, source of a Swedish monarch's revenue. And if he credits her with Liberal ideas, he admits that those ideas did not remove the wretched condition of the country during her reign; and that her "encouragement of learning" amounted more to the salarying at the cost of the country of a bevy of by no means always well selected foreign *savants*, who were mere exotics, and in no kind of way affected for good indigenous science, art, or literature.

The truth is, however, and Mr. Bain is well aware of it, that, though Christina would, of course, not have been half or a hundredth part so interesting if she had not been a queen, it is not in any of her regal acts, except her abdication, that the interest of her lies, and that even there it is much more a personal than a political interest. Why did she do it? What was the reason of her nominally subsequent, but really coincident, or precedent, conversion? What are we to think about the Monaldeschi business? What was Christina's general character as a woman? Was she a sort of *précieuse*-coquette whose dislike of marriage did not preclude looseness of morals, a flighty *évaporée* for whom the cares of State were too much, a free-thinking flirt? Was she a serious believer in Roman Catholicism, especially in that part of its additions to the common faith of Christendom which consists in the glorification of celibacy, and does this belief account for the most famous act of her public and for many of the oddities of her private life? Mr. Bain answers this last question unhesitatingly in the affirmative, and most of the others equally in her favour. It may, perhaps, be granted that there is no positive evidence of any moral irregularity on her part, or even of her having felt a passionate affection for any individual of either sex, except (perhaps) her cousin and successor, Prince Charles (whom she afterwards refused to marry), when she was very young, and the beautiful Ebba Sparre, her only female friend. At the same time her conduct in regard to the Frenchman Bourdelot, to Monaldeschi, and others, reached something like the height of imprudence. It is always awkward when a queen shows indiscreet and indiscriminate partiality for foreigners of undistinguished, if not exactly low, birth, and it does not improve the matter when she exhibits an aversion to matrimony. As to the conversion, Mr. Bain is very angry with the "bat-eyed biographers." But we are not so easily able, as he seems to be, to reconcile Christina's almost, if not quite, avowed free-thinking with any sincere devotion to Catholicism as Catholicism. We own that we think Christina considered the Roman form thereof as "the religion for a lady," just as her contemporary considered another creed "*not* the religion for a gentleman." The argument that she must have felt deeply because she talked lightly, though it will occasionally apply, is rather a dangerous one, as in the following passage:—

The ceremony over, it was celebrated with great rejoicings, bonfires, the firing of cannon, plays, and spectacles: a musical tragi-comedy was per-

* *Christina, Queen of Sweden.* By F. W Bain. London: W. H. Allen. 1889.

formed by the best musicians in Italy. As a specimen of the sort of thing invented about Christina, Chevreau, a fertile source, declares that on this occasion she said to the circle surrounding her, "'Tis but right, gentlemen, you should treat me to a comedy, since I have just treated you to a farce." Impudence could go no farther; as if at such a moment she would have trampled on the Catholic proprieties on the point of going to Rome.

Certainly such a story is to be regarded with suspicion. But is it so utterly improbable? How about the appropriateness of the "musical tragi-comedy" (which appears to be admitted) itself to "Catholic proprieties"? And the entry into Rome "as an Amazon"? And the remark (which Mr. Bain accepts and tries to account for) when the Pope sent her a rosary, "I did not become a Catholic to tell beads"?

Over the Monaldeschi business Mr. Bain slides with dexterous, but perhaps too rapid, step. He gives the two well-known relations—that of Père Le Bel and the official one—almost in full, and then argues, as he has a right to do, that Christina, by the Act of Abdication itself, enjoyed sovereign and summary jurisdiction over her household. The question how far this would apply in a foreign country, and especially in the palace of a foreign monarch, is an interesting point of law, or perhaps rather of politics, and both sides of it may be reasonably maintained. But the competence of the Court and the guilt of the prisoner are two very different things, and it is over the latter that Mr. Bain executes *glissades*. "From these accounts it is easy to see that at any rate the Marquis thoroughly deserved his death; the dastardly traitor was judged out of his own mouth." Is it so easy? We have never ourselves been able to make out exactly what the crime was, much less whether it "deserved death." But Mr. Bain quotes and endorses Leibnitz's remark that "It is not hard to judge that his crime was of a nature to prevent it from being submitted to a third person," and that the Queen "found Monaldeschi deserving of death" If this is a good defence, all we can say is that the most ardent Royalist may boggle at it, and that it simply obliterates almost all distinction between execution and assassination. We have, however, no intention of being hard on Christina, who, partly by her fault, but chiefly by her misfortune, was in that position in which a woman is peculiarly open to the machinations of scoundrels. Mr. Bain's championship of her is too chivalrous not to deserve respect, and vigorous enough to command it. If he had taken his courage in both hands, and admitted directly, as he does in a roundabout and periphrastic kind of way, the undoubted historical fact that there was always latent, and very frequently patent, in the House of Vasa what is called, in plain English, madness, he would have made his own task easier, and would have gone, as we think, much nearer to the truth of things. In Christina, indeed, the madness did not reach the unquestionable point which it reached in Eric XIV. before her and in not a few of the race after her. It stopped even a little short of the pitch it reached in Charles XII., who was, however, in not a few ways a kind of male Christina. But it was, if not what is vulgarly called madness, eccentricity in the highest degree. Her literal "rising up and lying down" (she never took sleep enough for any really sane person, and is well known to have killed Descartes by making him get up at five o'clock on Swedish winter mornings), her oddities of costume, her frantic riding, her extravagance (combined as it was with something almost like frugality), her aversion to marriage, her religious proceedings, were all the conduct of what is familiarly called a "cracked" person. The too famous Monaldeschi business and the return to Sweden followed suit. If Christina had been bad as well as mad, she would have had Monaldeschi poniarded comfortably in some out-of-the-way place, and no one would have made any fuss about it. If she had not been mad at all, she would have boxed his ears or had him bastinadoed, and so an end. But she was not a sane person, and no apology will make her one. At the same time she was very clever and very interesting, and Mr. Bain has written a study of her which possesses the same good qualities. We shall be glad to see more historical work from his hand.

WATTS'S DICTIONARY OF CHEMISTRY.*

THE first volume of this book appeared only last year, and, considering the mass of work involved, the editors deserve the highest praise for their industry. The value of every scientific work, but particularly of a dictionary, is greatly diminished when the volumes follow one another slowly. It often happens, indeed, that the initial letter determines whether the information conveyed to us is or is not out of date. Advance in all branches of science is rapid; but in chemistry it is gigantic, and the most diligent student finds it hard to avoid being swamped by the torrent of new discovery which constantly pours from all civilized countries. The Chemical Society of London issues monthly a series of abstracts of new researches. These abstracts, prepared with great skill and care, and at no small expense, form a portentous volume at the end of the year, and, taking at random a single number of the *Journal*, that for October of the present year, we find no less than one hundred and ninety notices, each representing a separate discovery. A large proportion of these discoveries are in regard to individual facts or groups of facts. We find scores upon scores of new compounds described, studied, and named, often in the more than sesquipedalian manner which, while apparently an addition to the difficulties of the science, is in reality a welcome aid, and of the greatest possible importance to it. It is true that the name phenylmethylbenzylhydroxypyrimidine does not attract the light reader; but to the advanced student who is already familiar with all, or nearly all, its syllables, it tells the nature and composition of the substance and the sources from which it is obtained. The fact is, that the chemistry of the present, and even as far as we can anticipate of the future, is not and cannot become a mere assemblage of facts. Chemistry would already be an impossible study if that were the case. But general laws and the classification which grows from them keep pace fairly well with the facts, and in countless cases precede them. Even where the law is dim, the artful hypothesis, often surrendered with the progress of knowledge, but as often leading the way to settled law, is a constant help.

An inspection of the volume before us illustrates in various ways the composite character of chemical progress. We may say at once that the book is admirably edited and presents a carefully-condensed, but very full, account of scientific knowledge in regard to the matter treated of. The new edition will be valuable for many years as marking the state of chemistry at the date of each volume.

The present volume consists of a good many long and a great number of short articles. Chemical physics and theoretical chemistry are well represented under such headings as Crystallization, Densities, Dissociation (a most valuable essay by Professor Threlfall, of Sydney, N.S.W.), Classification, and Equivalency; while the remaining and greater part of the space is devoted to matters of fact. It is unnecessary and would be inconvenient to abandon a time-honoured distinction, even though the old line of separation has disappeared, and the descriptive articles may therefore be divided into those on inorganic and on organic chemistry.

The principal contributors are the editors; Mr. Pattison Muir taking the inorganic and general, and Dr. Forster Morley the organic, portions. As examples of Mr. Muir's best work may be cited the articles headed Classification, Cyanides, and Hydrogen, besides many on the metals, particularly chromium, cobalt, copper, and gold. The account of hydrogen is very full and clear, and represents fairly the care with which the editors have done their work. Here, as elsewhere, condensation is carried to the uttermost, and abbreviations are used to such an extent, that a little practice is required before the text becomes intelligible. We cordially approve of this condensation, for the book is a dictionary, and not a treatise, and is, moreover, intended exclusively for experts and advanced students. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that in the prescribed and convenient limits of the book one-half of the matter must have been excluded if a more diffuse style had been adopted. The abbreviations are, of course, a trouble, but this trouble is reduced to a minimum by the ingenious contrivance of a card book-marker, on which the abbreviations employed are printed. The effect of the condensation on the mass of included matter is well shown in the article on Hydrogen, to which reference has already been made. The physical constants—that is, the numbers representing the density, elasticity, solubility, specific heat, and suchlike peculiarities of the more important forms of matter—are given most imperfectly and are often omitted altogether in ordinary treatises on chemistry. Yet they are often the very facts we want to know when we refer to the pages of an advanced work. Generalities can be found in every text-book, and are commonly well known to the chemist who consults a large dictionary. What he wants is numbers—details. Now under the heading Hydrogen we find in the first twenty-nine lines an elaborate statement of most of these constants, including Lord Rayleigh's recent determination of its density in relation to oxygen, its density in the liquid state, its heat of combustion with and without condensation of water, and the chief lines in its emission spectrum. The rest of the article is equally valuable and almost equally condensed.

The work of Dr. Morley has been not less laborious, and is on a fair level with that of Mr. Muir. His articles are for the most part short, because he has wisely broken up the vast mass with which he had to deal under the greatest possible number of separate headings. It would be useless to attempt to convey any idea of the character or merit of these articles either by description or quotation. Their multiplicity and their accuracy are the only features to note in regard to them. Taking one example, almost at random, we may select Glycerin. Here, in nine closely-printed double-column pages, we find in the usual condensed form an account of the history, the modes of separation, the physical and chemical properties, the methods of detection and estimation, the reactions (in thirty-three paragraphs), and the numerous, and in some cases very important, derivatives of the compound, among which the tri-nitrate, commonly called nitroglycerin, takes an honoured place. Certainly glycerin cannot complain of neglect.

No one who reads the list which precedes the text of the volume will deny that the editors have been "assisted by eminent contributors." These outside contributors number eighteen in all. Every one is competent, and many are eminent in their several departments. One lady, Miss Ida Freund, Lecturer on Chemistry

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* *Watts' Dictionary of Chemistry.* Revised and entirely rewritten by M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A., Fellow and Prælector of Chemistry in Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, and H. Forster Morley, M.A., D.Sc., Fellow of University College, London, and Professor of Chemistry at Queen's College, London, assisted by eminent contributors. 4 vols. Vol. II. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

in Newnham College, Cambridge, appears in the list. She supplies the article on "Densities, Relative," which is well written, and includes descriptions, perhaps sufficient, of the chief methods for the determination of the densities of vapours. It might, perhaps, have been well to have included some notice of the very delicate apparatus of Sprengel for finding the specific gravities of liquids. Space prevents us from discussing the merits of the other special articles. It is needless to tell chemists that Mr. David Howard writes with authority on Cinchona Bark, Dr. Halliburton on Hæmoglobin, Mr. O'Sullivan on Dextrin, Professor Thorpe on Combustion and Flame, and Professor Japp on certain important organic groups; and it must be understood that we do not undervalue other contributions because we cannot notice them.

It would, of course, be easy to point out what, in commercial language, are called errors and omissions in the book before us. No human skill could avoid them altogether in a Dictionary of such magnitude and difficulty. Criticism on minor points would be unfair, and we prefer to record our satisfaction that one of the greatest of English scientific works is in process of republication, and that the utmost possible skill, care, and industry are at work in the enterprise.

CARLO GOZZI.*

INTO that gallery of eighteenth-century celebrities which includes, perhaps, the most lifelike and recognizable portraits of past worthies, a new and an eminently attractive portrait is, for the first time so far as the English public is concerned, introduced. Neglected in his own country, and misrepresented elsewhere, Carlo Gozzi, to all but the closest students of Italian literature, is a name and no more. While his memoirs and his fables are unmentioned in accepted bibliographies, biographical dictionaries supply a few meagre particulars concerning his life at the close of that of his more distinguished brother Gasparo, whose works figure in the collections of Italian classics and are duly quoted in sale catalogues. If only on account of their rarity, however, since Mr. Symonds had to wait for months for a complete copy for the purpose of translation, the Memoirs, of which one edition only has appeared, deserve the attention of the bibliographer, and the works, though forgotten by Gozzi's own countrymen, exercised in their day a potent, if in a sense reactionary, influence over the Italian stage. Puck, or some equally mischievous deity, seems to have presided over the destinies of Gozzi, and the attempts in Germany and France to depict the Italian dramatist as a precursor of romanticism have only thickened the fog in the midst of which Gozzi is compelled to dwell.

When now Gozzi comes before us it is with an eminently distinct, pleasing, and fascinating individuality. A gentleman and a respecter of authority in a period of wild upheaval, a man of dignified life in a time of unbridled sensuality, he puts in strong claims upon respect, and all but forces us to hold him up as a pattern of morality. He would, however, himself have been the first to laugh at the ascription to him of such serious character. In this respect he follows at a distance Rabelais, who, while he compels admiration and worship, is himself the first apparently to deride the effort to treat him too gravely. It is as a vivacious, dogmatic, controversial, and polished old cynic and misogynist that Gozzi most directly appeals to us. Saved by constitution and temperament from current excesses, he is anxious it should be known that, though temperate himself, he does not sit in judgment upon others, and gives himself no airs of austerity. He is, on the contrary, at the trouble to depict with some vivacity the few amorous adventures of his adolescence which convinced him of the perfidy of the fair sex, and took from him the desire for further enterprise. When, in later life, he speaks of his relations with a married actress, they are such as in those days involved no necessary scandal, and it is possible to hold, though Mr. Symonds scarcely accepts the idea, that they were absolutely innocent. Over the scapegrace adventures Mr. Symonds glides lightly. Gozzi is, as he says, no classic, and the kind of strict fidelity demanded in a translation of Benvenuto Cellini is in his case not imperative. In a few cases, accordingly, and especially in dealing with these chapters, Mr. Symonds abridges, condenses, or summarizes. No word, he declares, that Gozzi has written is "unworthy of a man of principle." Nothing is there in the work "which is calculated to make vice alluring." The candour of the passages descriptive of juvenile experiences is that "of a cleanly heart resolved to bare its secret by an effort of self-portraiture," and influenced, it may be supposed, in such revelations by the interest and pardon that had waited upon the far more outspoken confidences of a series of autobiographers between Rousseau and Restif de la Bretonne. As regards Teodora Ricci, meanwhile, to whom Gozzi dedicates some very long chapters, which the translator abridges, the statement of Gozzi, if not quite convincing, is plain. After giving a lifelike and not wholly attractive picture of the woman, of her accession to the theatrical company of Sacchi, for which he wrote, and of the jealousies and scandals which his interest in her awoke, he declares that he told her, in offering to stand by her:—

> For myself, I meant to be her avowed friend, her daily visitor, and cavalier in public; but she must not think that I wanted to play the part of a lover, far less of a flatterer. My age, which bordered upon fifty, and my temperament were enough to prevent me from making any foolish pretensions to her favours.

Such relationships were not unknown nor blamed in Italian society, and the payment of constant attentions to a married woman was not necessarily compromising. Further into this question it is needless to enter. The subject has, however, interest in regard to the character of Gozzi, whose opinions concerning women, and especially actresses, are elsewhere avowed with cynical frankness:—

> The net result of my observations upon women is this. The love which most of them pretend for men, springs mainly from their vanity or interest. They wish to be surrounded by admirers. They are ambitious to captivate the hearts and heads of people of importance, in order to reign as petty queens, to take the lead, to exercise power, to levy contributions. Or else they ensnare slaves devoted to them, free-handed managers of theatres, men who will give them the means at balls, at *petits soupers*, at country houses, at great entertainments, to eclipse their rivals, to acquire new lovers, and to betray their faithful servant, their credulous accomplice in this game of fashion.

Curiously characteristic of the man are his appearances in the world of letters. He is stimulated into authorship by his antagonism. His *fiabe teatrali* were written as a protest against what he calls the "Goldonio-Chiaristic epidemic," the favour extended, in the closet and on the stage, to the comedies of Goldoni and of his flatulent rival Chiari. His Memoirs, moreover, the very title of which is indicative of the man—*Memorie inutili della vita di Carlo Gozzi, scritte da lui medesimo e pubblicate per umiltà*—did not see the light until the year 1797, when the author, then seventy-seven years of age, had long disappeared from the ken of his countrymen. They were written much earlier, however, and were the outcome of a feud with Pier' Antonio Gratarol, which stands as a curiosity among the quarrels of authors. Taking its rise in the impertinence of some actors and the malignity of an offended woman, this dispute—for the particulars of which the reader must turn to Mr. Symonds's pleasant volumes—led to the downfall and ruin of Gratarol, who, after his appointment as resident Minister at Naples, quitted Venice, the Government of which principality, little disposed to leniency or dealing with recalcitrant citizens, confiscated his property and put a price upon his head. Gozzi's Memoirs, intended as an explanation, were practically finished in 1780. The same high-handed authority forbade, however, their publication; and Gozzi, a thorough Venetian, whose travels do not appear, except during three years of military service in Dalmatia, to have extended beyond the limits of the Republic, with the fear of the *piombi* before his eyes, threw the MSS. aside until the French Revolution brought with it the fall of the Government.

Attempts to vindicate Italian literature from the corrupting influences of the eighteenth century began in epigrams, satires, and dissertations, issued from the burlesque society of the Accademia Granellesca. In 1756, or the following year, Gozzi published *La Tartana degl' influssi per l' anno bisestile*, a satire which elicited from Goldoni a not too polite rejoinder. For four years the combat went on with wavering fortunes, for Goldoni, whom at bottom Gozzi respected, was not a contemptible antagonist. More and more earnest in defence of the Italian Commedia dell' arte, which his opponents were replacing by regular comedy, Gozzi, in answer to a challenge from his principal antagonist to do something which should fill a public theatre with enthusiastic audiences, offered to distance his competitors by putting on the boards the old fairy story of the "Loves of the Three Oranges." In answer to the shouts of laughter which the boast elicited, Gozzi was as good as his word, and at the end of January 1761 the *Amore delle Tre Melarancie* was produced by Sacchi, a well-known manager.

This was the first of a long series of theatrical fables by which the Venetian public was carried away, which brought Gozzi high reputation, while gratifying his delight in mischief as well as his aristocratic and conservative instincts, and might have brought him fortune had he not somewhat magnificently scorned to take money for his labours. The most interesting fact in connexion with them, however, was the revival of interest in the Commedia dell' arte, which before the appearance of Gozzi had languished and all but expired. The Commedia dell' arte, the history of which Mr. Symonds writes, putting together very lucidly and effectively all that is known concerning its descent from Atellan sources and its development in the various provinces of Italy, consists, of course, of the impromptu performances of which the Italians have enjoyed a virtual monopoly. Knowing thoroughly well his actors as well as his subject, Gozzi was able, besides supplying the framework or *plat*—as Mr. Symonds, adopting an old English word, likes to call it—to suggest to the exponents of the various types of Italian comedy the traits and the lazzi which would be most effective on the stage. A temporary restoration to its old influence of this moribund form of comedy was the result. This, however, was but the "lightning before death," and with the retirement of Gozzi the Commedia dell' arte disappeared.

In the two noble volumes now issued Mr. Symonds has given a picturesque, vigorous, and effective rendering of the Memoirs, with analyses of certain of the fables. He has added essays upon the Commedia dell' arte, upon the quarrel between Gozzi and

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* *The Memoirs of Count Carlo Gozzi.* Translated into English by John Addington Symonds. With Essays on Italian Impromptu Comedy, Gozzi's Life, the Dramatic Fables, and Pietro Longhi. 2 vols. London: John C. Nimmo.

Gratarol, and upon Pietro Longhi, the Italian painter, who casts a bright light upon the Venice of Casanova, Goldoni, and Gozzi. In these essays the principal charm of a scholarly and delightful book will be found. A double series of illustrations grace the volumes. The first consists of etchings by M. Lalauze, possessing all the elegance and distinction of that distinguished artist; the second of beautifully coloured illustrations of the characters of Italian comedy. In the *Histoire du Théâtre Italien* of Louis Riccoboni several pictures of Scaramuccia, Arlequino, and other comic Italian characters are supplied. A full series, designed by Maurice Sand and engraved by A. Manceau, adorns M. Sand's *Masques et Bouffons*, a valuable work indispensable to the lover of the drama. From the last-named source the illustrations to the new work are taken. The best-known characters have been reproduced and brilliantly and attractively coloured by hand. In all literary, artistic, and bibliographic respects the new work is a credit to the English press.

SONGS OF THE WEST.*

INCIDENTALLY, and before the event, Mr. Baring-Gould appears as a contributor to the controversy on Music-Hall music in his prefatory remarks on the very curious and interesting collection of Songs and Ballads of the West of England, which he has quite recently practically illustrated to congenial audiences by a series of concert lectures in Devonshire. He says there is little chance of any revival of popularity for these charming old airs and national songs:—"The present generation will have nothing to say to these songs, especially such as are in minor keys, and supplant them with the vulgarest Music-Hall performances." There is some truth in this view. Perhaps, however, the present generation errs to some extent through ignorance, and cannot be said to supplant that of which it knows nothing by something inferior of which it probably has too much. We are confident there must be many who will have a good deal to say of *Songs of the West*, and that popular concert programmes will before long include many specimens. They may yet be heard, under the blessing of County Councils, at the Music-Halls, though we cannot say we are enthusiastic concerning the results. No one who has heard Mr. Baring-Gould lecture, or has heard so gifted and admirable a singer as Mrs. Mason interpret these Devonian songs, can be at all eager for the new supplanting suggested. Neither the humour nor the pathos, the grace nor the poetic fancy, of these *Songs of the West* can be said to be adapted to the Music-Hall manner. We tremble at the thought of hearing "The Imprisoned Lady," a part-song of the purest period of English music, delivered unaccompanied, as it should be, by a quartet of "serio-comiques" at some hall of varieties. Of the jovial air "Parson Hogg," or that capital and still remembered hunting song, or "Arscott of Tetcott," the delightful "Silly Old Man," or the irresistible "Widdicombe Fair," an acceptable rendering and a popular reception might be expected; but we do not yearn to hear some leonine "star" warble the exquisite "Sweet Nightingale," which Mr. Robert Bell heard sung on the Moselle years ago by a party of Cornish miners, or the quaint and thrilling melody of "My Ladye's Couch," or the still more lovely song, "My Garden grew plenty of Thyme." The prospect of these refinements is, we confess, far from alluring.

In his preface Mr. Baring-Gould relates how he made the present collection of airs and ballads of the people, and in his lecture he enlarges more explicitly on the essentially English origin of the melodies. Out of the mouths of the moormen, the agricultural labourers, the yeomen of Devonshire—still plentiful in the county—these songs proceed, cherished as traditions, for the most part, yet still sung on occasion. There can be no doubt, however, that few could long survive the levelling democratic influence of the age, and that the majority are worthy of the enthusiasm and zeal of their collector and preserver. As a boy, Mr. Baring-Gould remembers hearing many of these ballads of last or previous century sung at the solitary taverns in or on the moor, and by diligent inquisition and the help of others of kindred spirit he has rescued from imminent extinction a rich and varied collection of ballads, madrigals, and popular songs. In the company of the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard and Mr. F. Bussell, Dartmoor and its confines were explored by Mr. Baring-Gould, and many a reservoir of old song was successfully tapped. James Parsons, labourer, of Lew Down; John Woodrich, blacksmith, of Wollacot Moor, Thrushleton; various old labourers about South Brent and other parts, supplied some of the most characteristic examples, both words and airs, which are arranged for the pianoforte by Mr. Sheppard with excellent taste and skill. The preservation of these old melodies in a fairly uncorrupt state by illiterate folk is less inexplicable than their origin. Some undoubtedly belong to the sixteenth century. They have all the characteristics of the great madrigal age, though Campion, or Byrd, or Morley may not own them. The various Acts directed against the vagrancy of musicians may have tended, as Mr. Baring-Gould suggests, to localize these songs and to preserve them. Devonshire sent her singing men to Court, and when the last minstrel was forbidden to roam he sang as best he might in the village inns at home. Yet it is certainly remarkable that so beautiful and refined an example as "The Imprisoned Lady" should have been preserved by a labourer in the fields. That music flourished among all classes of the people in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is, of course, but a partial explanation. But that music of so high a type should have remained more than a mere tradition and have descended to the Dartmoor people is somewhat singular. The people are not now much given to music. The tillers of the soil are anything but disposed to lyrics. The roadside inns are not particularly vocal, and the ploughman sings at his work rather less, in our judgment, than his East-country brother. Yet it is not the yeomen and farmers, but the agricultural labourers, that have stored the greater number of these West-country songs. If it is not easy to trace the origin of the airs, it is clear that many of them have a common origin. For instance, "Green Broom" and "Widdicombe Fair" show a near kindred in the opening bars, and it would be easy to note other points of resemblance. That all bagpipe or harp tunes are not Scotch or Welsh, and that many English ballads and songs have been appropriated by the Scotch, are matters naturally suggested and discussed in connexion with these recovered Devonian songs. Is not the music of "Ye banks and braes" English? and did not the Scotch "lift" English music as well as English cattle?

* *Songs and Ballads of the West.* Collected by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A., and the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard. Parts I. and II. London: Patey & Willis.

SPORTING IN THE HIMALAYAS AND A GENIAL TRAVELLER.*

HINDU-KOH, or Hindoo Mountain, is the old name for the Himalayan range, through which General Macintyre journeyed in quest of game of all kinds—furred and feathered, large and small. The General is as keen a sportsman as he is a zealous and enthusiastic soldier, and his beloved Ghoorkhas make as useful and eager hunters as they make indomitable troops in the field:—

> The Ghoorkhalis—or Ghoorkhas, as they are called in the service—are wild-looking, sturdy lads, with round, flat faces, small eyes, and hair hanging down to their shoulders. This is what they are in the rough. When they have passed through the hands of the barber, the tailor, and the drill-sergeant, they are turned out, so to speak, smart little gems of soldiers, with a sparkle of unpresuming swagger about them which is quite in keeping with their brave, independent spirit. They are strong and stout-limbed, but, as a rule, short. An idea of their stature may be formed when we say that the average height of the battalion we first joined was somewhere about 5 feet 2 inches. But their hearts are as large as their frames are short and tough. Indeed, their pluck and faithfulness to their salt have now become proverbial.

As a rule, these men are sober enough on duty; but when on a "spree" the amount of liquor their heads can stand is astonishing. But this book naturally deals with their sportsmanlike rather than with their military virtues. The General has a ready and affectionate sympathy with them in both capacities. He is by no means a mere slaughterer of game, though he is indefatigable in pursuit of his quarry, and not over-nice as to its quality. Kiang, peacocks, otters, boars, bears, tigers, goats, wild sheep, and musk deer are among the victims of his gun; but he behaves to them all as Izaak Walton counsels the angler to treat his worm.

> To the true lover of sport [he says] who is also an ardent admirer of nature as well the mere slaying of his game is certainly not what conduces to his delight in his work. For my own part, a feeling of regret has always been mingled with my exultation at seeing a beautiful animal I have brought down lying lifeless before me, however inconsistent it may seem. Nevertheless, it is very satisfactory to make a good bag, made up, if possible, of varied specimens, and not made up, merely for the sake of competition, of inferior animals, such as a man of true sporting instincts would feel ashamed to shoot at, unless he required meat for his camp.

Many of our readers will remember an almost parallel passage in the journal of the brave and tender-hearted Sir Walter Scott, when he saw the blackcock which he had wounded, but not killed outright, lying at his feet and gazing up at him with his soft, pathetic eye. Among the hardships and pests of a Himalayan hunter must be reckoned the leeches which abound in some of the hills. "These little wretches will penetrate one's feet and ankles through almost anything. On taking off tightly-laced boots after a walk, even along beaten paths, I generally found that one or two had managed to reach my skin." Of the musk-deer and its precious bag of scent the General gives a most telling description. Of the risks of tiger-shooting he reckons the behaviour of the sportsman's friendly ally, the elephant, as one of the worst. Sometimes the brutes will run away, smashing up the guns and the howdahs. Sometimes they will kill the men they carry. Sometimes they get timid, and their huge bodies quake dangerously. One would have thought that with their pachydermatous hides the great trumpeters could afford to laugh at bee-stings. Not so, however. The busy insects will drive them mad with pain and anger, till the castled monsters shriek in agony, and rush off tail on end into the jungle. There is a capital story told by a Munchausen-like hunter of the miraculous craftiness of a boar from whom he had taken refuge in a tree. The beast

* *Hindu-Koh.* By Major-General Donald Macintyre, V.C., F.R.G.S. With Illustrations. London: Blackwood & Sons.

The New Far West and the Old Far East. By W. Henry Barneby, Author of "Life and Labour in the Far Far West" &c. With Maps and Illustrations. London: Edward Stanford.

butted the tree on both sides till it was hollowed and had to fall, and the discomfited sportsman, unperceived by the wily hog, had to climb up another tree for safety. There is an amusing anecdote of an Englishman who, being "sharp set," caught and ate a big fish into which the soul of Maharajah Gholab Sing had transmigrated. His punishment was summary. *A propos* of fishing, the author was as keen in baiting for the big *Mahseer* as he was in tracking the *Markhor* or the *yak*. Tobacco-smoking comes to most folks "as easy as lying"; but the hillmen pursue the pleasure under difficulties which might have deterred such masters of the art as Dr. Parr or Charles Lamb. They make a small hole horizontally under the surface of the ground, left open at the extremities. At one end they place the tobacco, while at the other end they kneel down, each in his turn, and inhale whiffs of smoke into their lungs. The General found cold strong tea the best remedy for the unpleasant effects caused by the rarefied mountain air. Spirits only aggravate the evil. The natives eat raw onions as a palliative. We have read many books on Himalayan, Cashmerian, and Thibetan sport, but none more pleasant, more modest, more amusing, or more instructive than that of the late Colonel of the Prince of Wales' Own Ghoorkhas.

We do not know that Mr. Barneby greatly increases our stock of information in regard to the countries which he has visited. Canada and Ceylon, and California and Japan, have been so often explored and so exhaustively described that some of us "who live at home at ease" are apt to think that the last word has been said about them. But do we digest and remember facts as readily as we learn them? Is not a "refresher" sometimes necessary to recall to one subject the minds and thoughts which have so many matters besides the history of foreign climes to occupy them. We think that such an *aide mémoire* is needful to most of us. We are sure that we could hardly have a more pleasant "flapper" to our memories than the author of the volume before us. The chapters on "Emigration to Canada," which he advises the general reader to skip, are among the most instructive and well-written in the book. Mr. Barneby visited in Manitoba three emigrants belonging to different positions in life, whom he had known at home. He believes that each had made a good start in life, and that a well-conducted and hard-working young man could hardly fail to succeed in that far-off settlement. There is something delightfully naïf in his placid remark on some of the drawbacks of the place:—"There is considerable danger," he says, "in some parts of sheep being picked up by wolves, but this is a subject for the settler's consideration." Like the much-quoted Irish landlord, who would not forego his rents because his agent might be shot in collecting them, Mr. Barneby is not to be deterred by wolves from recommending sheepbreeding to settlers. Like most travellers, our author thinks highly of Vancouver, where "the climate is good, the people kind, open, and hospitable. There are not the same differences in society as in England. Every one is comparatively on the same footing; but it is the footing of live and let live, with none of the nonsense of universal equality which I have noticed in some other places, and which I have generally found to be more talk than practice." In Japan Mr. Barneby was struck by the luxuriant growth of the chrysanthemums, by the pestilent smells of Tokio, and by the truthfulness to Japanese manners and customs of Mr. Gilbert's *Mikado*. The real Mikado he saw on the Shindbaza racecourse. "He sat with a table in front of him, covered with a rich silk cloth. He is a dark-complexioned man, with more stubbly black hair about his face than is generally worn by the Japanese." Mr. Barneby was lucky in getting this glimpse of him, as the Mikado does not generally show himself in public; but he is very fond of horseracing. There was no betting-ring on the occasion, and the crowd was very orderly and quiet. The author regrets the relinquishment by the Japanese of their becoming and graceful national costume. He describes some dinners given to him by a Japanese viscount. He learned to manage the chopsticks *tant bien que mal* in the consumption of ordinary food; but when he was expected to dissect and eat a large lobster with them he gave up the task in despair. Fish, and meat, and rice are very cheap in Japan. Game is plentiful. Butter is scarce, and dear, and bad. Mr. Barneby thinks that the Japanese would open up the whole country to foreigners if the European Governments would relinquish their hated extra-territorial jurisdiction; but he fears that the Americans will make more way, and ultimately command more influence, in the Empire than we shall ever attain to. Glibly as we talk of the custom of hari-kari, we doubt whether we quite understand its philosophy and etiquette. Besides the judicial hari-kari, there is the custom of hari-kari as established by the unwritten code of honour. If a Japanese receives an insult from a person of his own rank, he does not appeal to the law, as in England, or to the arbitrament of the *duello*, as on the Continent. He has nothing to do but forthwith commit hari-kari on himself. Our traveller cannot speak too highly of the "gentle, amiable, and smiling" natives of Japan. He considers that they would make excellent European servants. We regret to say that Mr. Barneby was invalided home. On his way he visited Hongkong, where he had reason to regret that there was no establishment for trained nurses. The community is wealthy and charitable, and could well afford to have one. In Ceylon the Coromandel people are fast supplanting the Cinghalese, who are the older race, but far less industrious and energetic. Ceylon tea, though said to be inferior to the best Darjeeling, is making rapid strides in popularity, and finds a ready sale in the English market. Mr. Barneby did not find the Isthmus of Suez "particularly interesting." Port Said has the reputation of being the largest coaling station, and one of the wickedest towns in the world. In conclusion, the author gives to intending emigrants some very wise and excellent advice:—

> I would not recommend emigration to any man over forty years of age, or to any one who can see his way to getting employment at home. It has been too much the fashion to encourage good workmen to go to the colonies, leaving second-rate men at home. . . . A good workman will find England, with its institutions, its comforts, and its climate, better than any colony in the world. In another generation things may be different. . . . To young married men, resolved to emigrate, I would say, "go out first by yourself early in the year, leaving your wife at home, returning late in the autumn, and then decide after having gained experience."

THE VIKING AGE.*

THIS curious work consists of two sections—a comparatively short essay, in which a new theory of our English ancestry is propounded, and a long and copiously illustrated compendium of Scandinavian archæology. We confess that we think Mr. Du Chaillu would have been well advised to omit the former, and rest his claim to attention on the merits of the latter. But he has a sensational theory to put forward, and no doubt he thinks to float his archæology on the raft of such curiosity as his personal discovery will excite. We will deal first, and briefly enough, with his revolutionary theory. The general opinion of historians, of course, has been that the English conquest of Britain was undertaken by tribes of the Low-Dutch stock, who entered our island from the German shore-lands around the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser. It has always been supposed that in the fourth century these tribes, and particularly the Saxons, began to press, in recurring waves, upon the eastern shores of Britain. All this Mr. Du Chaillu desires to upset. He thinks that the invasion came from further north, from what we now know as Scandinavia. He says:—

> Britain, after a continuous immigration from the North, which lasted several hundred years, became the most powerful colony of the Northern tribes, several of whose chiefs claimed a great part of England even in the seventh century. Afterwards she asserted her independence, though she did not get it until after a long and tedious struggle with the North, the inhabitants and kings of which continued to try to assert the ancient rights their forefathers once possessed.

This is a fair example of the laxity with which Mr. Du Chaillu writes, and the historical student will smile at a theory of the conquest of England founded on what may have happened so early "even as the seventh century." If Mr. Du Chaillu is going to tell us what occurred in the dawn of England he must begin further back than that. His arguments are too often of this loose type. He argues that the conquerors of England must have been Norsemen, because the latter possessed such great skill in hammering and damascening weapons; but he neglects to say where the relics of such artistically wrought swords and coats of mail have been found in this country. His inexactitude of expression is shown, moreover, in such vague generalities as these:—"Beautiful vessels of silver and gold also testify to the taste and luxury of those early times." What early times? we inquire, for there is not a date, not so much as a conjectural century, within sight. "The knowledge of the art of writing and of gilding is clearly demonstrated." When and where? From a chapter later on it is evident that Mr. Du Chaillu has become a believer in the theories of Mr. George Stephens, who thinks he has found runes on an amulet of the sixth century. There is absolutely no evidence of the great antiquity of the burnt bones of the Jæderen grave-urn. No runes, we believe, have yet been discovered which can, with any historical probability, be dated further back than the eleventh century. Nothing is proved by the famous passage in *Háva-Mál* about the mighty carven staves, *miækstóra stafi*, because who shall say from what symbols of a later civilization *Háva-Mál* took its imagery? The most curious record of, apparently, very early writing is to be found in that fragment of a cabalistic song which is inserted in *Volsungasaga*, and which enumerates all the strange places, Sleipni's teeth and Alvakr's ear, the Norn's nail and the owl's beak, on which the first runes were engraved before the shining God. But this spell-song does not bear the stamp of any great antiquity.

Another point upon which Mr. Du Chaillu dwells is the want of necessary civilization among those Low-Dutch tribes which are supposed to have formed the Saxon colonists of England There is no reason to suppose, by the way, that those colonists possessed any particular claims to be considered civilized. But he certainly exaggerates what Tacitus reports of German uncouthness. The story of Arminius and Thusnelda, whether history or myth, is not a story which springs from the annals of an uncivilized race, and Ariovistus must have been quite as great a warrior and as mighty a leader of men as any Norwegian Viking. The fact is that Mr. Du Chaillu's vague theory resolves itself into an opinion that, as the Norsemen were certainly a mighty people a century or two later, they probably were mighty at the time of the English Conquest; that, being so great and so active and so warlike, they

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* *The Viking Age: the Early History, Manners, and Customs of the Ancestors of the English-Speaking Nations.* By Paul B. Du Chaillu. 2 vols. London: John Murray.

must have been doing something, and the most interesting thing they could do would be to invade England. Therefore they did invade England, and the Angles were Vikings, and England took its name from an obscure islet in the Cattegat. Whether there is or is not any ground for fancying that there may have mingled a Scandinavian element in the westward-moving hordes that conquered England, Mr. Du Chaillu's lax and sentimental conjectures cannot be held to have thrown any fresh light on the question.

Of the remainder of these bulky volumes—that is to say, of all but about thirty pages of them—we can speak with far greater warmth. These chapters testify to a very remarkable body of study, and form such a compendium of early Scandinavian archæology as certainly cannot be matched out of Scandinavia itself. Mr. Du Chaillu has read all the available texts of the Sagas, from most of which he makes shorter or longer extracts. In translating the poetic pieces he has evidently made extensive, and we should even fancy constant, use of the *Corpus Poeticum Boreale* of the late Dr. Gudbrand Vigfusson. He was perfectly right, of course, to employ this work; we are only sorry that he has not thought proper to mention it in his preface, nor even, so far as we have observed, in the body of his book. Mr. Du Chaillu has been eight years and a half, as he tells us, preparing these volumes, and we are glad to bear testimony to the fact that his labour has not been in vain. In a variety of instances we have compared his translations with the Icelandic text, and in each case have found him trustworthy.

Mr. Du Chaillu's method is to make the ancient literature of the North tell its own tale. His sketch of the mythology of the Vikings is no contribution to philosophical criticism, such as those admirable studies of Professor Sophus Bugge to which we lately called attention in these columns. It is simply a chain of passages, very slightly threaded, literally translated from the Eddas, and particularly from *Völuspa* and *Grimnismál*. We then proceed to the Norse cosmogony, introduced in the same way, and then to the archæology of the finds in graves of the Stone and the Bronze age. Here Mr. Du Chaillu introduces his engravings with a lavish and a welcome profusion, giving an illustration of almost every object he mentions, and this is a portion of the book which must remain of lasting value. Sometimes the commentary is almost lost in pictures, as in the chapter dedicated to the Bronze age, where, on one occasion, in eight pages we meet with only eight lines of text in all, and on another, positively with no text whatever for nineteen consecutive pages of cuts. These illustrations, in the great majority of cases, are wholly new to an English public, are very carefully executed, and form, as we have hinted, one of the chief elements of value in the volume.

The chapter on Runes is also very copiously illustrated, and gives facsimiles of all the most important early examples. We particularly note with interest the excellent print of the Tune Stone. We then proceed to a description of the objects found in bogs, and some of these are calculated to amuse and surprise the reader. At Thorsbjerg were found a pair of trousers of woven woollen cloth, a woollen blouse, and remains of a leather shoe. If Mr. Du Chaillu's measurements are correct, the wearer of the trousers must have been rather stout, for he measured thirty-eight inches and a half around the waist. The length of the legs is normal, and points to a man about six feet high. At Vimose was found one of the brynjas, or coats of mail, armed with which the Vikings rushed to battle; a bersark being one who, in his inspired frenzy, disdained this useful protection. At Kragehul, again, were dug up various evidences of a violence in warfare which is almost ghastly, such as a bundle of weapons inextricably bent and bound together in the rage of battle, and a bronze vessel hacked into rags by sword-cuts. The Nydam find includes a singularly perfect Norse boat of the Viking period, a wooden scoop for baling water, and by the side of deadly instruments of warfare such mild inventions of civilization as double-barrelled silver toothpicks and unmistakable trouser-buckles of bronze.

Mr. Du Chaillu's second volume deals in the same elaborate manner with the habits and customs of the Norsemen, with marriage and divorce, the education of children, and the traditions of warfare. On the very interesting and touching custom of so-called foster-brotherhood (*föstbrœdralag*), which was the sacred tie between warriors otherwise unrelated, he gives a passage which we do not recollect to have met with before from *Gisli Súrsson's Saga*. It is so curious and picturesque that we quote it here:—

> "I think it right [said Gisli] that we should bind our friendship still closer than before, and that we four swear one another foster-brotherhood." To this they consented, and went out on Eyrarhvolsoddi (a tongue of land over the sea), and there cut from the ground a loop of turf, both ends being attached to the ground, and under this they placed a spear inlaid with ornaments, so long that a man could reach with his hand to the spear-nail. Under this were to go the four, Thorgrim, Gisli, Thorkel, and Vestein. They then drew blood from themselves, and let it run together into the mould, which had been cut under the loop of turf, and mixed together the earth and the blood; thereupon they all fell on their knees and swore on oath that each should avenge the others like a brother, and called all the gods as witnesses. They all shook hands.

This would make a magnificent subject for an historical painter.

A very curious chapter is that on the Idróttir, or athletic exercises of the Norsemen; athletics, however, including, as they hardly can be said to do in our days, the making and reciting of poetry, harp-playing, propounding riddles, and even playing at games of chess and draughts. The second volume of Mr. Du Chaillu's book closes with three interesting appendices—one on the Frankish Chronicles, another giving facsimiles of bits of existing sagas, and a third cataloguing the early coins which have been found in Scandinavia.

THE WORLD'S GREAT EXPLORERS.*

IT is the proper course for a reviewer whenever he comes across the first of a new series to express a grave doubt whether this method of publishing has not been overdone. As we, however, are inclined to think that publishers are, on the whole, fairly well acquainted with their own business, and as we are sure that however readable books on popular things are brought out they will be read, we shall pretermit any such reflections here. It is enough to notice that Messrs. Philip & Son are bringing out a new series of small books (which are not so small either) on "The World's Great Explorers," and that they have wisely begun with this *Life of John Davis the Navigator*, by Mr. Clements B. Markham. Looking at the list of volumes to be published, we have our doubts whether some of them may not be found superfluous—such as the promised *Marco Polo*, for instance—and also how far it is possible to make a book of any size out of such a subject as that of Leif Erikson and Greenland; but these are questions not necessary to be settled at present. We shall see what we shall see when they appear. Our business is with Mr. Markham's *John Davis*.

The first thing to be noted is that Mr. Markham has had the good sense not to fall into the beggarly pedantry of calling him "Davys." Mr. Markham is too good a general scholar to be misled into departing from the established classic form of an English name because Elizabethans were wild in the use of "i" and "y." At first sight it seems somewhat difficult to believe that a book of 266 pages could be made out of the life of John Davis without the use of padding. Neither after reading Mr. Markham's book does one get the impression that the feat has been quite accomplished. There are two supplementary chapters in it on "Following up the Work"—that is to say, on the voyages of Hudson, Fox, and Baffin to discover the North-West Passage. But why stop there? The work was followed up down to the voyage of Captain Nares, and, strictly speaking, Mr. Markham might have gone on till then. Besides, Davis sailed to the East Indies. Why, then, not give us the following up of the work in that region also? There is an excursus on early voyages into the South Seas, beginning with Magellan and going on to Sarmiento, which is almost padding, and an account of the defeat of the Armada, which is padding *sans phrase*. In it we notice with some amusement that Mr. Markham's habitual politeness to the Spaniards makes him speak of the tried courage and conduct of that weak-kneed and utterly inexperienced grandee of Spain, the Duke of Medina-Sidonia. Still, some, if not all, of that matter has its use for the purpose of placing Davis, and is interesting in itself. We note merely in the discharge of the critic's duty that Mr. Markham cannot keep his King Charles's head, the wickedness of the Stuart Kings, out of this book. Why, too, does Mr. Markham call the vigorous steps taken by Magellan to restore discipline in his squadron at Port San Julian a "ruthless slaughter"? He was a Portuguese, and they were Spaniards; but, after all, he was the duly appointed commander whom they had sworn on the sacraments to obey, and they were mutineers. Drake had to do a somewhat similar thing in the same port. Surely the summary execution of the mutineer Luis de Mendoza on the deck of his ship by the Alguacil, Gonzalo Gomez de Espinosa, was one of the most wonderful incidents of those marvellous times. If it was a crime, it was a splendid one. Finally, we deny that the first voyage of circumnavigation should be credited to Sebastian del Cano (or de Elcano, as Navarrete calls him) because Magellan was killed in the middle of the voyage. The getting through the Straits was the great feat. Anybody could have brought a ship home from the Spice Islands; but, had it not been for Magellan, none of the squadron would ever have entered the Pacific at all. To him, therefore, belongs the glory, not to Elcano. Mr. Markham's picture of John Davis we can accept without reserve. It is a spirited, readable account of a most noteworthy man. Davis was the central figure in two of the great maritime enterprises of the Elizabethan and early Jacobean time in the effort to find a passage to Asia by the North-West, and then in the opening of the Indian trade. The second is greatly the more important of the two. One grudges to speak evil of anything which has given occasion for so much heroism as the North-West voyages, but after all they have led only to the discovery that, if there is a North-West passage, it is useless except to icebergs, and perhaps whales. The voyages to the East have led to the foundation of a mighty Empire. Davis's services in this great work were vital. He learned the road in Houtman's voyage, and he showed it to Lancaster. Moreover, he was the father of English scientific seamanship. His invention of the back-staff called Davis Quadrant alone entitled him to his honourable name of "The Navigator." He died appropriately enough at sea; being slain in an outbreak of some Japanese whom his commander,

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* *The World's Great Explorers—A Life of John Davis the Navigator*, 1550-1605, Discoverer of Davis Straits. By Clements B. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. London: Philip & Son. 1889.

Michelborne, had "relieved." Mr. Markham repeats the story that the Japanese were pirates; but, like other historians, gives no proof. As it is clear that the English were rifling the "Japas'" cargo at the moment they broke out, some doubts arise in the sceptical mind as to which side was "pirate" for the time being. A Japanese version might give a new colour to the story.

HOW TO CATALOGUE A LIBRARY.*

COMMENCING librarians and bibliophiles, collectors of books, and others needing compendious instruction in the mysteries of cataloguing, will find their wants ministered to in a convenient form by Mr. H. B. Wheatley's shapely little volume. Without going to the bottom of vexed questions, Mr. Wheatley explains in sufficient detail the character of the problems to be dealt with by the catalogue-maker, and states the solutions which have been accepted or proposed by considerable authorities. There is one surprising error of fact, the statement that the system of a card-catalogue "has been adopted at the Bodleian Library by Mr. Nicholson." We can assure Mr. Wheatley from very recent personal inspection that the alphabetical catalogue of the Bodleian stands in its volumes where it did, and that there is not, and never has been, any intention or project of superseding it by a card-catalogue. On the important and unsettled questions connected with classified catalogues and subject-indexes we find Mr. Wheatley disappointingly meagre. However, there is quite enough information given both on this and on other matters to convince any reader who may be in need of conviction that the art of cataloguing books is anything but one that comes by nature, and that the correct application of its principles to even a small collection is by no means a process of contemptible facility, nor beneath the dignity of scholarship. The reader may even learn that he does not know all about it when he has read the book through. To say this much is, as all scholars will perceive, as strong a testimony as one can well give to the book's honest quality. No doubt it is possible to make too much fuss about rules of cataloguing. An ideal set of rules will hardly get made, and meanwhile libraries have to be worked somehow. Every one who frequents any great library which has an accessible catalogue (a necessary qualification, for the greatest in the world has not one) must learn the ways and rules of its particular catalogue, in order to make the best use of his privileges. What he has a right to expect is that the rules shall be known and shall be uniformly adhered to. A good deal of captious criticism would be saved by remembering that in these things any rule not obviously absurd is much better than none. Let us conclude with the first words which the present writer remembers to have heard from Henry Bradshaw in the Cambridge University Library—"You should learn to use the catalogue."

VITTORIA COLONNA.†

MUCH as has been written about Vittoria Colonna, there was room in English for a short monograph based directly on the original texts and authorities. Such a monograph has been very well supplied by Miss Lawley. Probably the peculiar charm which Vittoria has always exercised (or at least has exercised since attention began to be paid to the heroes and heroines of the Italian Renaisssance) is due to her remarkable combination of different attractions appealing to different classes of people. She was beautiful enough and personally charming enough to satisfy any devotee of beauty and grace; while her unblemished character has attracted those who cry "fie, fie!" when belated lovers expatiate on the charms of Lucrezia Borgia (as she used to be before she was whitewashed and made insignificant), or of the youngest Marguerite de Valois. Although opinions differ in respect to her poems, at least as much as opinions usually do differ about the stately and somewhat artificial sonnets of Italy, few lovers of poetry who know what poetry is will refuse a very high rank among poetesses, if not among poets, to the author of "Non dee temer del mondo affanni o guerra," and the sonnet to her sister-in-law, "S' io potessi sottrar dal giogo alquanto." Further, she occupies the unique position of having been the wife, apparently the dearly beloved and dearly loving wife, of one of the greatest soldiers of an age of great soldiers, and afterwards the platonic idol of the greatest artist in an age of giants in art. The wife of Pescara and the adored of Michelangelo would have been almost interesting enough as such. Yet these attachments of hers were but a part of Vittoria's attraction. To persons interested in theological matters she offers the further bait of being, through her connexion with the Moderate-Catholic school of Pole and Contarini, and her friendship for the more audacious Ochino, an "elect lady" of unusual distinction. Lastly, for those who love anecdotic history, though great part of her life is little known, the celebrated conversations attributed to the Portuguese painter, Francesco d'Ollanda, give ample pasture. If to some tastes Vittoria is a little too invariably sage and sober, if they desire a little more flesh and blood and a little less literature and divinity, a little more of Venus and less of Pallas, why of course they are very unreasonable persons, and can go elsewhere.

For others Miss Lawley has provided a very agreeable sketch. She has, with some (acknowledged) help, translated those of Vittoria's own sonnets which she quotes very well; she has wisely borrowed from Mr. Symonds's excellent version of those of Michelangelo; she has given for the first time a letter of Charles V. to Vittoria after Pavia, and some other matter. And her general estimate is as sensible and moderate as her style is free from the intolerable flummery and floweriness to which ladies writing about the Italian Renaissance have accustomed us of late. Almost the only unfavourable criticism (and that is hardly unfavourable) that we have to make is that perhaps she is rather hard on Pescara's later proceedings. They were sometimes cruel and treacherous no doubt; but we have yet to be acquainted with the soldier-statesman of the early sixteenth century who was not cruel and treacherous when cruelty and treachery seemed likely to serve his turn.

NEW PRINTS.

FROM Messrs. Buck & Reid, of 179 New Bond Street, we have received examples of Mr. Edward Slocombe's gifts in two branches of art. "On the Way" is a mezzotint engraving after a picture, by Miss Maude Goodman, which was exhibited in last year's Royal Academy. It represents a solitary minx, with expressive eyes, seated on rocks a little above the level of the sea, hugging a rustic basket. Nothing will persuade us that a gentleman is not advancing in her direction; that particular expression is never wasted on the winds and waves. The execution is rather thin and poor, and too much is made of those extraordinary eyes; but it is a pretty print, and likely to be popular. "On the Seine at Rouen" is an original study in pure etching. The masts of the port and the romantic spires and towers of the city make an effective series of points upon the sky-line. But, here also, we confess we think the work a little slight, and the difficulties of aquatic and aërial perspective are shirked in a manner scarcely worthy of so accomplished an etcher as Mr. Slocombe.

FRENCH LITERATURE—EMILE AUGIER.

WITH the exception of the case of Victor Hugo, which is a general exception, no such gap has been made in the ranks of French men of letters during the present decade as that made by the death, in his seventieth year, of M. Emile Augier, on Friday week. For M. Augier was the almost unquestioned, and by all competent judges quite unquestionable, head of the one literary department in which his country has surpassed all Europe for many years. He had indeed a little nursed his reputation, had something condescended to *faire Charlemagne*, as Victor Hugo never did. For our parts, we neither praise nor blame him for his caution in remaining "on velvet" with *Les Fourchambault*. It is more a question of individual temperament than of anything else, and the wise will praise the gallantry of Corneille and the discretion of Racine equally. During the course of his five-and-thirty years' wooing of the popular favour, M. Augier had at least his share of the ups and downs which fall to the dramatist's lot even more than to that of most men of letters. He started with *La Ciguë* (in verse, of course) on the full backwater of reaction from Romanticism which for a time carried Ponsard and others into the haven of popular favour. But Augier and Ponsard were many miles asunder, and the author of *Lucrèce* could no more have written *L'Aventurière*, which M. Augier produced a year or two after his *début*, when he was barely twenty-eight, than Cumberland could have written the *School for Scandal*, or Southern *Love for Love*. To attempt to catalogue, much more to annotate, the great number of plays which filled up the thirty years from *L'Aventurière* to *Les Fourchambault* would be idle. The important thing is to notice that M. Augier, while writing in very various forms and on all sorts of subjects, constantly observed the Moliéresque tradition of *castigat ridendo mores*. This is observable even in *La Ciguë*, and the note rarely fails in the voluminous work of the author. Sometimes, no doubt, it is insisted on too much. The fault of contemporary French drama, just as the fault of our own, has long been the representation of manners which are not, and never were, on land or sea. M. Augier now and then attempted more or less historical *drames* as in *Diane*, which even Rachel could not carry off; he wrote non-dramatic verses, and he enjoyed the perhaps unique distinction of having written a verse-comedy in five acts which he, though the most popular dramatist of his day, never tried to get acted. Indeed, all his earlier work was in verse, including that famous or infamous *Gabrielle* which outraged French notions of decency by "sacrificing the lover to the husband," and attracted much juster criticism (including some satirical remarks from Baudelaire, which might open the eyes of those who regard the poet as an idle *poseur*) by its absurd concluding line:—

O père de famille, ô poète, je t'aime.

But, though M. Augier was not an unskilful verse-smith, prose satire of contemporary manners was his forte. In this vein, colla-

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* *How to Catalogue a Library.* By Henry B. Wheatley. London: Elliot Stock. 1889.

† *Vittoria Colonna: a Study.* By the Hon Alethea Lawley. London: Gilbert & Rivington.

borating with M. Jules Sandeau (a collaboration which had borne fruit before and bore it again), he produced the admirable *Gendre de M. Poirier*. If, as is said, the author was serious when he at first entitled it *La revanche de Georges Dandin*, M. Augier's possession of that highest dramatic faculty which consists in not "taking a side" might be contested, but this is not necessary. In *Les effrontés* and *Le fils de Giboyer*, the attack on the society of the day (and, for the matter of that, of the century) is more direct, and the hold on perennial criticism of life perhaps not less. It cannot be positively affirmed that M. Augier's later work contained anything quite so good as the best of the pieces already mentioned, but he never fell much below himself.

His success was assisted by or derived from three peculiarities. From more than one thing which has already been said, it will be seen that M. Augier was an example of a type which has produced the best comic work of France, a *bourgeois* type—hard-headed, a little *borné*, a little Philistine, occasionally, for all its wit, a little absurd, but sensible, manly, and practical to the core. To this temperament he added literary talent (not by itself exactly of the first order, but considerable, and derived, it may be, from his maternal grandfather, that rather undervalued oddity Pigault-Lebrun), and a wonderful science of the stage. Compared with his two special rivals, MM. Sardou and Dumas *fils*, he had less wit and less fecundity of imagination than the first, less enthusiasm as to social questions than the second; but a much greater purely dramatic faculty than either, and especially a much more even and abundant supply of dramatic *moyens*. The most literary person cannot accuse M. Augier of the defects of Scribe; the most "stagy" cannot contest his knowledge of stagecraft; the most ardent partisan of the view that the theatre must be actual cannot refuse him actuality; the severest condemner of the merely ephemeral cannot deny that he brings his sketches of the passing to a great extent into the region of that which does not pass. It is quite possible that posterity will adjudge him a place among those who have utilized to the utmost numerous talents not of the highest rather than among those who have shown the highest talent in any one way; but we do not think that it will refuse him the position of the best all-round dramatist of this generation.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IT is no fault of Mr. F. Turner that his *Life of General Boulanger* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) should have appeared at an unfortunate moment. Written immediately before the recent elections, and inspired by a not unnatural confidence in General Boulanger's cause and its prospects, it was hardly to be expected that Mr. Turner should be deterred from the venture of a rosy forecast. The homely advice of Hosea Biglow against playing the prophet "without knowing" could be but vanity and an impolitic thing to a thoroughgoing advocate writing at a critical moment. "The forthcoming elections," says Mr. Turner, "will be a definite ratification of the General's policy." The elections are passed, and matters are pretty much as they were. It is easy, after the event, to smile at Mr. Turner's assurance of victory, and easy, too, to forget that many thousands of people were not less assured of the General's further progress, if not of his immediate triumph. In the meanwhile, waiting the next "forthcoming elections," or the unforeseen "impossible" that always happens, the subject of Mr. Turner's biography remains an interesting figure, and, bating a little extravagance of enthusiasm, the book is as readable as it is interesting.

Heroines of Scotland, by Robert Scott Fittis (Alexander Gardner), is better than the promise of the title, which is too suggestive of the tiresome yet exemplary "self-made man" class of books. The narratives of Mr. Fittis are tersely written, and the writer has properly followed a wide and patriotic view of the qualifications of a heroine. He has drawn from historical and legendary sources in his illustrations of feminine valour, devotion, and endurance, and in the latter section has made excellent use of the profuse ballad literature at hand. Helen of Kirkconnell, Margaret Campbell, "the lady of Towie," the pathetic story of Helen of Ardoch, the unfortunate Bessie Bell and Mary Gray of Lynedoch, and other inspirers of popular song, are celebrated anew by Mr. Fittis, and we cannot say, so perennial is the charm of romance, that we tire of the themes. Mr. Fittis has no narrow ideal of the Scottish heroines. He finds room for that stout-hearted dame Ann Keith, Lady Methven, who headed her armed retainers against the Solemn League and Covenant, and worsted the foe by superior strategy; and he glorifies the Countess of Buchan, whom Edward, "the Southron Vampire," Mr. Fittis calls him, caused to be caged at Berwick. That this courageous lady forsook her husband and the Comyn faction to follow the Bruce is entirely to her credit, Mr. Fittis opines, notwithstanding the plain censure of the English chronicler. What should Matthew of Westminster know about it? asks Mr. Fittis. Patriotism, pure patriotism, moved her, despite the record of the Southron libeller, and patriotism possibly sways Mr. Fittis. By the way, in addition to Mary Bruce, who was clapped into a cage in Roxburgh Castle, other examples of the kind might be cited. Mr. Fittis knows no other case of an important prisoner caged save the Sultan Bajazet I.; but did not Louis XI. so dispose of a high and inconvenient personage, who was less patient than Isabel of Buchan?

The dramatic form represented by an anonymous and notable volume before us—*Plays* (Greenock: John Davidson)—is something altogether alien to the stage art of to-day. If we would class the author's "Unhistorical Pastoral," "Romantic Farce," and "Scaramouch in Naxos," we should assign them a place somewhat between the Elizabethan *Arcadia* and the Jacobean *Masques*. But of their representation in a public theatre we are less hopeful than of a popular revival of the works of Fletcher or Randolph. They should be played in the artistic humour of the writer, and to play them fitly were a courtly pastime; an interlude in a fête after Watteau, perhaps, or an episode in some princely entertainment in the style that obtained in great Eliza's reign. The "Unhistorical Pastoral," though not novel in plot, is a charming conception, delicately wrought; the quality of the poetry, with its curious elaboration of hyperbole, its wayward, volatile fancy, and occasional Sidneian graces of expression, is decidedly Elizabethan. Perhaps the author is open to the censure applied by Ben Jonson to Guarini's famous pastoral in that he does not "keep decorum" in making all the characters speak alike. Cinthio, though "a foundling and a vulgar shepherd," is a courtier and lover, with an unfailing command of poetic diction. Eulalie, though a country quean reared by a poor woman, is of the same order of beings. She is melancholy in the fashion:—

> I'll rebaptize my melancholy, love,
> With dropping tears of virgin purity,
> Claiming its soul for spotless chastity.

But they are both of noble birth, and the scene is the Kingdom of Belmarie and of faerie, too, where all things are possible, and the wings of fancy play free and fly far. "A Romantic Farce" is less pleasing; its scheme is too flimsy and artificial; but the pantomime "Scaramouch in Naxos" is a delightful piece of invention—bright, jocund, fantastic, though not for the grosser stage designed. And of the author we may say, with the clown in his farce,

> We've marked him well, but know not who he is;
> He seems to be acquaint with comic writers.

It could readily be shown by culling passages from *Sappho* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) that Mr. C. A. Dawson's poem possesses many beauties, yet the work as a whole leaves but a languid sense of pleasure. The figure of Sappho is not dramatically presented. She is a study, rather; conceived in the modern spirit, and not unsuggestive of the *Princess*. It is hard to feel that such passion as she evinces at the perfidy of Phaon is either deep or tragic. The climax, in fact, is a little tame. Sappho, as the "leader of the woman's hope," in the sense of an emancipator of the sex, is not, and could scarcely be, an impressive personage.

Of Mr. A. F. Heaton's poems, *Now and Then* (Elliot Stock), it must be said that the aim may be high, though the expression is none of the clearest. Here is a dusky stanza from "The City of the Soul":—

> Experience bids thee fling away ambition;
> The still self-conquest for the sacred Sake
> Hold more than loud return from martial mission,
> And join the pageant in true Glory's wake.

Mr. Joseph Thomas Chapman—*Poems* (Bristol: Arrowsmith)—would be better advised if he should eschew verse for prose henceforth as an advocate of philanthropy and the unfettered pursuit of truth. On the poet's own showing, there are too many poets:—

> Nations have their poets, sighing, singing, grumbling,
> Seeking truth by twilight, halting, often stumbling,
> Nature, too, has poets round us everywhere;
> Ocean to himself his deep thoughts fondly mumbling,
> All his billowy stanzas touching here and there.

And he goes on to bid us all to live "each a stanza, cheerful, tender, true"; which, with the example quoted, is not bad counsel.

Dr. G. V. Poore's *London, Ancient and Modern* (Cassell & Co.) is a study of the metropolis from the sanitary and medical point of view that should command the attention of all London ratepayers. It is well written and well illustrated.

Mr. Alexander Rogers's *Persian Anthology* (Bevington & Co.) is a small collection of specimens, done into English verse, from the *Rubaiyât*, the *Gulistân*, and a fairly representative selection from the *Anvâr-i-Suheili*. Of the increasing study of Early English in America we have pleasing evidence in the translations by Professor Garnett, of Virginia University, *Elene, Judith, Athelstan, and Byrhtnoth* (Boston: Ginn). *The Gothic Handbook*, by the Revs. W. M. Ramsay and C. D. Ramsay (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.), was, it seems, in course of compilation when Mr. Le Marchant Douse's work, *The Gothic of Ulfilas*, appeared. There should be a useful field for the present and smaller book, which comprises a grammar and a succinct introduction of the language and its literature.

We have also received *Nature Stories, Myths, and Phantasies*, by "Young Pan," a book that will please young naturalists (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.); *Monopolies and the People*, by C. W. Baker, C.E., a thoughtful study on a prominent "question of the day" (Putnam's Sons); *Men and Women*, by James Platt, F.S.S. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.); and *Laurie's Universal Code* for Private and Business Telegrams, a concise and really comprehensive pocket-guide to the subject by R. N. Laurie, M.A., and Augustus A. Hayes, M.A. (Effingham Wilson).

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AFRICA.

IT is perhaps natural that the first comments made upon the successive despatches which have been received from Mr. STANLEY should have busied themselves chiefly with the safety, or the near approach to safety, of that explorer and of the heroic German whom he went to rescue or to discover, and who is said to accompany him. We certainly do not want Mr. STANLEY killed, and still less do we want the blood of EMIN Pasha to deepen the still undeleted, and we fear indelible, stain which rests on Mr. GLADSTONE, in the first place, and then on all England for permitting Mr. GLADSTONE to incur it. Even now, after the news of the massacre of Dr. PETERS and his fellows, there is some fear that the refugees from Wadelai may not "win through." With regard to Dr. PETERS himself, we bestow on his memory all the regret due to a man of undoubted learning, energy, patriotism, and courage—four most excellent things—but we are rather unwilling to lend a fresh whisk to the lather of soft soap with which some other English writers have bedaubed it. To speak the plain truth, Dr. PETERS was a well-meaning, but very mischievous, person. No one represented more than he did the blundering belief in Corporal SCHLAG as the sole agent in dealing with "natives" which has brought such difficulties on Germany; no one made such persistent efforts to embroil his country with England; no one disregarded with such audacious indifference the sufficiently generous allotment of "spheres of influence" to his own side. He had no business to be where he was when he died; the inconveniences of his decease will chiefly fall on the guiltless head of the British East African Company, and we may be sure that the first thing which Prince BISMARCK himself said, on hearing of the Doctor's end, was, in some form or other, "Que diable allait-il faire?" So far, STANLEY and EMIN have escaped, it would seem, a like fate. But, if it be well that Mr. STANLEY and EMIN should have escaped, this is about all that is well about the news. It tells, with some gaps and discrepancies (for, though we are told that EMIN and JEPHSON were prisoners, we are not told how they escaped), of the breaking down of the last stand made against Mahdist barbarism, of the crumbling up of the last remnant of that remarkable structure of at least semi-civilized dominion which the ambition of ISMAIL Pasha, and the devotion of Sir SAMUEL BAKER, of GORDON, of EMIN himself, and of other men, built up, and which the irresolution and faintheartedness of English statesmen have allowed to be overthrown. From the border where our troops are playing the Roman legionary far down the Nile to the furthest Equatorial lakes everything is at the mercy of the Dervishes; anarchy once more rules; the Devil has once more broken loose. This is a sufficiently unsatisfactory state of things as it is, and unluckily it is impossible not to suspect that the measures taken to "relieve" EMIN only made it worse. It is at least possible, though the meagreness of the reports makes it difficult certainly to assert it, that EMIN's being called away from his threatened northern borders to meet STANLEY far to the south had something to do with the revolt of his, up to that time, faithful troops. And it seems quite certain that Mr. STANLEY's ill-advised selection of the Congo route, with its consequences, so weakened his expedition that he could give little effectual aid to the Pasha. As it is, the net result of the expedition, even setting aside the death of Major BARTTELOT, of that most gallant and cheery of men Mr. JAMESON, and of others, amounts to this, that the Equatorial province has been handed over to the Mahdists, and the Upper Congo has been handed over to TIPPOO TIB—a result in which it must be a very sanguine man who can find anything cheering. It is possible, of course, that this closing in once more of darkness over the whole region round the heads of the two great rivers may be only a darkness before a better dawn. Germany and England may divide between them the task of introducing something like tolerable conditions of life, instead of savagery tempered by slave-trading—the former in the district west of her Zanzibar "sphere" and reaching the Congo State territory, the latter in the region round the now multiplying Nyanzas, and thence Nilewards. So have we seen the youthful mind, cast down for a moment at the collapse of a card castle or a brick tower, comforted by levelling such few cards or bricks as remain so as to "start fresh."

We must, however, wait for more extended news of this almost wholly luckless expedition before finally pronouncing upon it. There are other matters more or less closely connected with it which invite some comment. There is a good deal of assertion and contradiction as to the exchanges of opinion between the English and the German Foreign Offices as to the coast and islands beyond Vitu. It may be hoped that there will be no relaxation of firmness on the part of our own representatives in this matter. In the original division of "spheres of influence" England certainly did not err on the side of stinginess in assigning to Germany a portion to which some persons, usually very fertile in resource, have sometimes been puzzled to know how Germany came to have any claim whatever. But her claim was made, was acknowledged, and, as we have always argued here, must be held sacred. There is, however, no reason whatever why that claim should be further extended, and certainly no extension of it on the northern coast ought for a moment to be admitted. Equal firmness ought to be shown, and there is good hope that it is being shown, in reference to the other end of the East African coast-line, which is not actually British territory—in reference, that is to say, to the navigation of the Zambesi and the highlands of the Shire. According to accounts which have been published, Mr. H. H. JOHNSTON'S mission as Consul to Mozambique has already borne good fruit in the exploration of the mouths of the great river. We wish that more uncertainty did not rest on the not far distant Swaziland question. Since we wrote on that question, the Colonial Office has, indeed, given a denial to the rumour that Sir FRANCIS DE WINTON'S mission covers an already-arranged surrender to the Boers. But there are very ominous signs that the Cape Ministry (who are too frequently to be found treating the Afrikander party as American politicians treat the Irish) wish to curry favour with the Transvaal and the partisans of the Transvaal by surrendering a district which concerns themselves less than it concerns Natal, and which, if given up, would be a sop to their Dutch supporters. We can only say that, if the abandonment is carried out, the present Government will have taken on its shoulders no small share of the curse due for that abandonment of the Transvaal, which, in some people's opinion, was a greater political, though a less moral, crime than the abandonment of GORDON itself.

A pleasanter subject is the creation of British "Zambesia," which formally took place by charter last week, of which the Cape authorities, hoping thereout to suck advantage, have been graciously pleased to approve, and from meddling with which it is to be very sincerely hoped that their hands will be kept till a better political theory prevails at Capetown. This charter, though at present the territories with which it deals be a little *in nubibus*, is a very pleasant document to read; and one cannot help wishing that the fashion of it had come in a few years sooner, in which case several valuable districts of the earth which are now under the influence of foreign nations would have been reserved by and for ourselves. It is a thoughtful document, taking within its purview possible harbours which might be useful

to the Queen's ships, though the sea-coast of at least most of the Company's "sphere" is much as that of Bohemia, exempting the Company from mortmain restrictions in regard to five acres of land in England, reserving public rights, minutely particularizing private rights, and in other ways taking time by the forelock. And it is well known that all this is not merely "paper" (as Tippoo Tib said of the neighbouring association on the Congo), that the Company is based upon a real and solid foundation of trade and influence already laid, and to some extent already built upon. Some doubt has been expressed—not merely by those who naturally hate anything which seems likely to extend the greatness of England, but by others—as to the reversion to the system of chartered Companies, with quasi-political rights, which has been so recently exemplified in the cases of the Niger Company, the Borneo Company, the East African Company, and now the South African. The dubiety seems unnecessary. The practice is a good old one, to begin with, though it had a little fallen into desuetude; and the haphazard colonization which succeeded it has certainly shown no great improvement. But, in fact, the real justification is that modern politics, at least in England, make it sometimes difficult for the State itself to annex openly, and that the recent awakening of European nations to the fact that they need swarming-grounds threatens a somewhat rapid exhaustion of the swarming-grounds available. The world is just now being "claimed" with remarkable rapidity; and, though long heads and strong hands will undoubtedly in the long run profit by the claims of incompetent and hasty speculators, it hardly does to trust to this only. The chartered Company is a most convenient warming-pan for the State, as well as a useful method of regimenting and directing private enterprise, and we do not care how many examples we see of it. Only let the promoters of such Companies remember certain dismal examples which, to avoid ill omens, shall be nameless, and they can hardly fail to do well.

THE PLEASURES OF BALDNESS.

"THAT bald Cæsar the famed Roman wight" is known to have disliked being bald. Hence, his detractors declared, his love of the laurels of victory. Certainly it were a seemly thing if our elderly generals could dine out and go to the play in such laurels as they may happen to have won; for baldness, though indispensable to a young doctor or solicitor, and highly desirable in a statesman, is not coveted by the sons of Mars. A young physician, in a letter to one of the papers, very touchingly bewails the slimness of his purse and the thickness of his ambrosial locks. The "high and domelike forehead" which is admired in the busts and effigies of Shakspeare seems to this youth a feature indispensable in his profession. Yet he, of all men, should have the remedy at hand, and be skilled in the depilatory art. He has only to purchase or mix the antidote to those prescriptions for lengthening and thickening the tresses which are advertised in the beautiful decorations of our hoardings. It has been subtly remarked that many wise and wealthy persons remain bald, and hence it has been inferred that the inventions of Mrs. Allen and others are not invariably sovran. But, perhaps, the wealthy and the wise are intelligent enough to keep the advantages which nature or the wearing of ill-ventilated hats has given them. They know when they are well off, like the poet and orator, C. Licinius Calvus, who, after the manner of the Living Skeleton, was probably "proud of the title." The young doctor values a head early denuded at about 500*l.* a year, and, really, if he is acquainted with his business, he ought soon to possess that "shining place," where, as the elderly riddle quaintly remarks, "there is no parting." He thinks that a flowing beard has also its market value, yet he does not seem to have remarked that the owners of flowing beards are usually very bald men. It is as if nature could not support the growth of so much hair in two places at once. By leaving the chin unshorn the head may be brought, as it seems, into the desired condition. "Even the lower animals," he maintains, have an admiring affection for the ornament which he desires, and he illustrates this by the waggishness of an ostrich. The benighted bird attempted to hatch the head of a sleeping Englishman—in South Africa, we presume. This was flattering, but embarrassing on the whole, for the ostrich is a bird with a strong sense of its personal dignity. "Hell has no fury like" an ostrich duped, in its maternal instincts especially, nor can one seriously believe that the Englishman was the happier for the fowl's misplaced affection. If the young physician is right, we may perhaps expect to see depilatories as popularly recommended as the contrary kind of nostrum. But, while a dozen advertisers offer to make the fat thin, nobody has yet discovered a way of making the thin fat. Baldness, according to the doctor, is the result of fatty degeneration, and persons naturally lean cannot, by taking thought, degenerate in this desirable direction. Sitting up late in an atmosphere of gas may do a good deal, and the tall hat of modern life is also valuable to persons who covet an appearance of precocious wisdom. Every kind of dissipation is also recommended; but this prescription has obvious disadvantages, and is even uncertain. It is not recorded that Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen rose in their profession by baldness; yet no young men ever did more to deserve this gift. To be early grey seems rather the privilege of poets than of physicians, if we may judge by the cases of Shelley and Ronsard. There is reason to believe that Byron would have been bald had he lived a little longer, and it is a matter of curious speculation whether his success would not have waned with his curls and when his days were really in the yellow leaf. On the other hand, he was just the man to wear a wig. The poet, in the following stanza, celebrates a sage who, perhaps alone among mankind, agreed with the young doctor:—

> There was an old person of Bristol
> Who had a bald head and a pistol;
> He shot all the Aldermen
> Because they were balder men—
> And then blew out his brains with the pistol.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES.

THREE new things are discussed in the first three articles of the November *Nineteenth Century*. New these things are called, at any rate; but, however much they may be desired by Mr. Frederic Harrison, who sings of the New Trades-Unionism; by the Duke of Marlborough, who is all for a New Toryism which shall lead Labour against Capital; by Mr. Crackanthorpe, who more reasonably hopes for a New Party in which Liberals and Conservatives shall combine their more popular principles, they are but ideas and aspirations yet. They lack the substantiality of next year's new potatoes, and are far less likely to come to growth.

In explaining "Tory Democracy" the Duke's paper just misses perfection. If he had opened the door to his own meaning a little wider, out it would have come, with every rag of deception or self-deception stripped from it. Even as it is, however, there is no misunderstanding the Blenheim invention, as expounded by the head of the House. Let us see what the Duke says about it. We start from the assertion that the Radicalism of the Liberal party has never been anything else than a selfish imposture. It is all *bourgeois*; in nothing really democratic. The Radical-Liberal party is the capitalists', manufacturers', shopkeepers' party. Toryism has its main support from landowners and real estate. It was easy for the Radical-Liberal party to make itself popular by denouncing the privileges and profits of landowners, *bourgeois* Radicalism having no great stake in land. It was easy for them to make capital out of Free-trade; for cheap bread meant large profits to manufacturers first of all. It was easy for them to do away with indirect taxation: income-tax was far less a burden to wealthy manufacturers and financiers than it would be to landowners. It was easy, again, to place a variety of general charges on land, and to do "justice to Ireland" where no one was affected but landowners and ecclesiastical corporations. In short, the reforms of Liberal legislation have in nearly every case been effected at the expense of the other party, which has been held up to public odium at the same time. There is a great deal of truth in this statement, no doubt; and it was never more true than to-day, when the attack on "land" is preached as a kind of moral duty. But now let us see what more the Duke of Marlborough has to say. Proposing to turn the tables, he makes the following remarks. While year after year Liberal reformers centred their endeavours on placing the landed interests in the pillory of popular opinion, "the very party that was occupied "in this pastime was growing fat in trade, in speculation, "in banking, in industry, earned by the labour of the very

"classes whose animosity it was stimulating against land-"owners." The creation of all this wealth "seems some-"how to have been overlooked." The masses have not sufficiently observed that an impoverished aristocracy of land has been superseded by an enormously rich aristocracy of trade; and that this bloated caste holds to a party which "blinds the electorate by directing their attention to "the privileges and fortunes possessed by owners of land, "while it conceals from the people the enormous and in-"creasing advantages which capital is reaping out of "labour."

This being the case, what is the obvious game of the Tories? It amazes the Duke of MARLBOROUGH that "they "have never thought of carrying the war into the enemy's "country." It astonishes him that they have never been cute enough to call popular attention to the masses of wealth in the hands of the trading fraternity (mostly Liberal), "while the working classes are being ground "down by long hours of labour, and competition in "wages, to the lowest possible limit." However, it is not too late. It can be made perfectly clear that Radical manufacturers and traders, with their vast wealth, "have "no more thought for the condition of the wage-earners "who produce it than a Southern planter had for the reli-"gious welfare of his gang of slaves"; and "the principle "that underlies the programme of Tory Democracy" is recognition of this circumstance, together with the facts before recited. "It is easy to say that Tory Democracy is "nothing but a system of State Socialism put into practice "for the benefit of a party in Parliament"; but never mind that. If it "comes to a question of establishing an odium "against property and wealth," the Conservative party ought to see how easy it is to carry the war into the enemy's country, and act accordingly. The operation is simple, but very fascinating. Up with the working-man, and down with "the employer in his luxurious villa." "What is the "difference between this man, who trades in the labour-"market on competition, and the man who bought a slave "in the Charleston market and took him home to work on "his plantation on a food-and-lodging subsistence?" That is the way to talk to the people if we wish to cope with the *bourgeois* Radicals, who are now weakly allowed to over-power us in the constituencies time after time. As for the rest, free education, one free meal a day in the Board Schools, restraint upon free competition in the labour market, and so on, don't you know. Whosoever agrees with the Duke of MARLBOROUGH is a New Tory! Not a firebrand, not a Radical, not a Socialist, not a Radical-Socialist, nor even a Positivist philosopher, but a New Tory!

In turning to the New Trades-Unionism, as described by Mr. HARRISON, his Grace of Blenheim must be struck with the loss of a splendid opportunity. Mr. HARRISON has no doubt that the New Trades-Unionism is an established thing. It is not coming—it has already come into existence. Of course it has yet to take on its full proportions. But grow it will, overshadowing all the land; in which case there is an end of the employer in his luxurious villa, an end of competition in the labour market, and all without the least credit to a converted Conservative party. The old Unionism and Socialism have been fused to create the New Unionism by one man, but that man is neither Lord SALISBURY nor Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. This must be as wormwood in the Duke of MARLBOROUGH'S cup. But what is the New Trades-Unionism? Mr. HARRISON says that it "may either be described as Socialism "putting on the accoutrements of a Trades-Union, or as "Unionism suddenly inspired with the passions and aspira-"tions of the Socialists." We agree with him. But is he right in thinking that the New Trades-Unionism is sure to take possession of the whole working population? Is he wise in rejoicing at the prospect with such complacent, such exceeding joy? And though it is true that public opinion was in favour of the strike which is supposed to have originated the new Unionism, though it is equally true that a kindly feeling called Socialistic pervades all classes of society to a degree heretofore unknown, why should he believe that his New Trades-Unionism will come to full growth amidst general delight? Mr. HARRISON'S satisfaction on these points seems to be complete; but surely he runs to doubtful conclusions in too much haste. The sympathy with the dock labourers was truly remarkable; but Mr. HARRISON should remember that it was stimulated by horrible stories of East-End misery repeated over and over again for years before; and, moreover, that the strike was against corporations reported to be enormously rich. Was not that the secret of a sympathy which other strikes of the same year failed altogether to evoke? And does it not account in great measure for the alacrity with which one or two bodies of working-men employed on the Thames threw down their tools to assist the strike? It seems to us that it does. There was no such general sympathy when the Bristol dockers turned out, and no stir of public enthusiasm on behalf of the fifty other strikes that have occurred since. Mr. HARRISON may find himself mistaken, then, in believing that the New Trades-Unionism will rush to complete growth in a continuous blaze of public sympathy. It is all the less likely to do so because it is about to be understood. What its author means the New Trades-Unionism to be, and to do, is already declared. His scheme is out; his plans are known; and what they come to we described from his own mouth a fortnight ago. Every trade and every distinct body of unskilled labourers in the kingdom is to have its Union, and not more than one. Then the Unions are to put themselves in federation. From the committee of each a delegate is to be sent to a Central Council, representing "the solidarity of labour," and wielding the whole of its machinery in the mass. Briefly to describe the functions of the Federal Council, it is to inquire into grievances, to discover oppression, and, if not contented with the rate of wages or the hours of work in this trade or that at any time, it is to bring the whole brotherhood of labour to a dead stand rather than shrink from insisting on redress. That is the New Trades-Unionism which Mr. BURNS is supposed to have created by the fusion of Unionism and Socialism, and which Mr. HARRISON rejoices in as a divine work of unquestionable accomplishment. But a man may be as sane as Mr. HARRISON and yet see in a Trades-Unionism so compacted and administered the promise of a monstrous tyranny—monstrous, ruinous, and absurd. CHRISTOPHER SLY might have invented such a scheme for the governance of his lordship. But we need not labour to show its defects, for the New Trades-Unionism, like the Duke of MARLBOROUGH'S New Toryism, is so new that it has no existence as yet. Possibly Mr. HARRISON'S hopes may be fulfilled in course of time, but we have yet to see the beginnings of a federation which the good sense of the artisan population may decline to have anything to do with; while as for Mr. HARRISON'S obvious belief that the whole community is in love with a Trades-Union Dictatorship that would practically regulate every detail of our lives, he may rely upon it that he is very much in error.

But, since a New Toryism is preached which, when reduced to plain terms, means incitement of the masses to more class hatred and more class robbery; and since there really is a possibility of the New Trades-Unionism flourishing under the patronage of the New Toryism on the one hand and the New Radicalism on the other, Mr. CRACKANTHORPE'S New National Party is indeed a most desirable thing, if its business would be to knock those other novelties on the head. But then, as we understand Mr. CRACKANTHORPE, this new party is to be a union of the Conservative forces of the country with the Conservatism squeezed out; and that is a sort of fusion to which the Tories would object, we fear.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN EGYPT.

THAT the PRINCE OF WALES'S visit to Egypt should have annoyed the French is a matter of course; and that it should be argued, on the other hand, that it is a thing of no significance at all is hardly less a matter of course. On the former head it is not necessary to say much. That even the *condominium* enormously exaggerated any real claim that the French had to influence in Egypt is a proposition which we conceive to rest on the amplest historical proof. That, even if it did not, the French had their chance, once for all, when they were invited to join in the putting down of ARABI'S pronunciamiento, and forfeited it, once for all, when they refused, we conceive to be a fact patent to all eyes which do not choose to be blind. As for the significance of the PRINCE'S visit, it is needless to repeat that even an English sovereign has not, theoretically speaking, a very great voice in shaping the policy of the country. It should be equally needless to remark that both a PRINCE who, in the particular circumstances, designed to visit, and Ministers who, in the particular circumstances, consented to his visiting, a country which is situated as Egypt is situated towards

England would be guilty of inconceivable blindness if they did not see, or of inconceivable levity if they did not intend to face, the consequences, or at least the constructions, sure to follow.

It is of more importance to reflect, as we may reflect with some not unchequered satisfaction, on those results of seven years' English rule which the PRINCE came to see. There is, indeed, a dark patch across the otherwise sunny field of view, and those who do not consider the old conceptions of NEMESIS either irrational or even pagan may observe a dramatic propriety as well as a useful warning in the coincidence of the news of the collapse of the last remnant of the Equatorial empire of Egypt with the visit of the PRINCE OF WALES to the Egyptian capital. The shadow of defeat fell heavily on Tuesday over the City of Victory. Our own opinion as to the conduct which led to this—conduct as to which no English Ministry since 1882 can be wholly exempted from blame—has been frequently given, and remains unchanged. Yet had Sir EVELYN BARING and his colleagues not a few sheaves to bring with them to show their PRINCE. There is solid occasion for satisfaction, if not for positive boasting, in the change which has come over every department of Egyptian government and life since English influence became practically supreme. No doubt some mistakes have been made; no doubt some efforts have been as yet unsuccessful; least of all is there doubt that the anomalous and intolerable privileges of European nations have been and are a constant stumbling-block. Yet the English agents in Egypt have a record to show for these seven years which is, perhaps, the most emphatic evidence recently supplied that England has not lost the art *regere imperio populos*, and that in no tyrannical way, and solely for the peoples' good. The finances have been brought from a most unhealthy condition into one which might be called positively healthy if certain foreign influences were not, as they are, exerted to prevent complete convalescence. The state of trade, of commerce, of agriculture is flourishing, instead of being far on the road to ruin. The condition of the people has been marvellously improved, and yields to that of no Oriental and few European peoples. The administration of international justice has become a just administration, except as far as the foreign privileges are concerned, and that of municipal justice is slowly becoming so. The Civil Service—in marked distinction to the time when French influence prevailed in it—has become less and less of a bureaucracy, whose first object was its own comfort and profit. Above all, long, and at one time not too hopeful looking, efforts have made something like a real Egyptian army, with soldiers who can fight, who can be depended upon, and whose service is not looked on in the country as one of the worst lots out of a choice of lots, all miserable. Even the "masterful hand of an Indian Resident," for which Lord DUFFERIN sighed at the beginning of the occupation, could hardly have done more than this; and, though we still hold that the result has not been attained without sacrificing something of duty and much of honour in the outlying provinces, yet, as a result in Egypt itself, it is wholly satisfactory, is a great credit and triumph to those directly concerned in bringing it about, and is a feather in England's cap such as no nation in Europe for many years has earned the right to wear.

WHAT IS A CLUB?

THE old proverb, more forcible than seemly, about the bodiless and soulless state of corporations, is well known. But an institution which can neither be damned nor kicked may yet, it seems, be libelled. And this is, after all, common sense. For certainly it is easier to share a character or reputation among many than to disintegrate or disperse those parts and attributes which are respectively liable to the physical and spiritual penalties already described. A club might perhaps be defined as a congregation of convivial men in which pure food and drink are administered at reasonable prices. But there are many people in clubs who cannot be called clubable, and some clubs are established for the purpose of gambling. The *Daily Telegraph*, which never forgets the Queen of SHEBA, has discussed the origin of the Kitcat and the Beefsteak, because the Kingsbridge and South Hams Constitutional Club conceives itself to have been defamed in the *Kingsbridge Journal*. The case has not yet been tried, so that one must not assume the charges to be either true or false, save in so far as even clubs are entitled to the presumption of innocence. The real question which the Divisional Court has, on demurrer, determined is, that the members or the committee of a club may be entitled to damages if the club is generally libelled. It may be said that this adds a new danger to journalism, and even to familiar correspondence. Suppose a gentleman has the misfortune to be blackballed, and remarks in a note to a friend that he is thankful to have been saved from the odium of associating with a set of contemptible snobs. Who would grudge a rejected candidate this harmless form of consolation? Who can reflect, without a shudder, that the poor man might thus render himself liable to a thousand, or fifteen hundred, actions at law?

The particular action of HOLDSWORTH and others *v.* BLACKLER is rather complicated. It is not brought against the newspaper in which the alleged libel appeared, but against the writer of a letter, signed "Onlooker," which contained the imputations. Mr. BLACKLER, who acknowledges himself to be "Onlooker," is a member of the Club; and, if he has libelled the whole Club, he is obviously one of his own victims. At present, however, only the Committee have sued him, and they have sued him in a lump. Mr. BLACKLER may be a kind of Devonshire MCDOUGALL who thinks that people should visit clubs to learn German and drink water. But some of the charges which he makes are explicit enough; and, if they are true, it was right that they should be published. For, according to Mr. BLACKLER, who may or may not be a lay PRICE HUGHES, the Club, not content with cards, billiards, and such profane pastimes, provides "other amusements and allurements to keep young "men and married men from their homes until midnight "and past." This passage carries with it a tolerably clear innuendo, and we are not surprised that it should have created some excitement among the inhabitants of Kingsbridge. Yet there are arguments and phrases in "On-"looker's" esteemed communication which suggest to the expert in such matters a good deal more than the words convey. Thus it is a "mystery" to him that "the tee-"totallers are not down on this plague spot." He also hints that, "if it was a club located in one of the small "tenements in Dodbrooke, and used by labourers and "men who average [*sic*] about twelve shillings a week," it would have been crushed under the hoof of virtue long ago. After the adventures of Mr. PRICE HUGHES with the Aquarium, perhaps our social reformers may be a little more modest, or at least a little more reticent. If not, the decision of the Queen's Bench is likely to prove timely and opportune. Lord HOUGHTON used to say that all pleasant things were unwholesome, or expensive, or wrong, and that most of them were all three. In these sad circumstances one might be allowed to seek consolation at one's club without being attacked in the local press.

CRETE.

IT is high time that some prominent speaker on the Ministerial side should take in hand the dealings of a certain section of Gladstonians with the subject of Crete, and that not merely, as Mr. GOSCHEN very well did the other day, from the Home Rule point of view. There is a general impression, which, like other general impressions, strengthens itself by meeting with no challenge, that audiences "will "not stand foreign politics." To this it can only be answered that Mr. GLADSTONE and his tail had a very different experience thirteen years ago, and that it is the reluctance of speakers to acquire and impart the necessary knowledge, much more than the reluctance of audiences to receive it, which must be blamed. On no subject—not even on Ireland—has the extraordinary tendency to perversion of fact which the Gladstonian party has caught from its leader reached such a pitch as on this. It has been repeatedly pointed out that the very terms of the accusations brought against the Turks of perpetrating "atrocities" in Crete refute themselves, and convict those who have garbled and embroidered them. Every rational person has always been prepared to hear that after a time of civil disturbance, which now and then assumed the full character of an armed insurrection, and when this disturbance had been quelled by the introduction of a large number of foreign and not perfectly disciplined troops, differing in religion from some at least of the natives, a good deal of rough treatment has been experienced by the guiltless as well as the guilty inhabitants. Such things will happen even in far more civilized countries, and the utmost that can be demanded is that they shall be checked as much as possible, and the commission of them,

where possible, punished. But between this state of things and one of "atrocities" or of anything at all deserving the tirades of Gladstonian newspapers and the jeremiads of Gladstonian Little Bethels there is the widest possible gulf. It has again and again been pointed out that no evidence of any "atrocities" worthy the name has been given, and that, for the most part, no evidence at all one way or the other was forthcoming.

At last evidence, indubitably trustworthy and tolerably voluminous, is forthcoming, and the reception of it by Gladstonians deserves public attention. It would be impossible to imagine a more careful or a more impartial report than that of Mr. ALFRED BILIOTTI, the English Consul at Canea. Mr. BILIOTTI seems to have taken the utmost pains to obtain information, and has communicated it with perfect freedom. He confirms, as he might have been expected to confirm, the reports of rough treatment of prisoners, of looting and rummaging for money, even of "shooting at sight" here and there. But of real "atrocities," of the outraging of women, of massacres like that of Batak or of Maamtrasna, of torture, or of anything of that kind, he can find not a trace. The very priests in the villages where such acts were said to have been committed had never heard of them, and the husband of an alleged victim was about to take the step—highly practical, but by no means suggestive of a reign of terror—of bringing an action for slander. JANNI This had to carry a heavy stone on his shoulders, and was beaten, or perhaps was not; ZACHARIA That was asked for wine by gendarmes, and thrashed because he did not give it. And so forth. For telling which truths Mr. BILIOTTI is abused for his name by the party of Mr. SCHNADHORST and Mr. JACOBY; pieces of his report are twisted and garbled into such a form as may deceive those who will not be at the trouble to read the original, and a narrative which shows the utter baselessness of the charges and accusations which have been brought is declared "not "to impugn" those charges, and to "confirm in substance" those accusations. This kind of political argument seems to go a little beyond a joke. One expects it from the obscure *colporteurs* of falsehood who drive the Home Rule lie-carts from one village green to another; but that respectable newspapers should countenance or adopt it is not a cheering sign of that progress which makes Mr. GLADSTONE so happy. But, as ever, there is no way of meeting a lie save by patient repetition of the truth. What Mr. BILIOTTI's quite exceptionally candid report comes to is simply this:—The disturbances in Crete have brought rough handling of various kinds on the Cretans; some lives may have been improperly taken by the soldiers, and some property has, no doubt, been destroyed or looted. But there has been no massacre, large or small; there has been only a very small loss of life, and, above all, not a single case of serious outrage on women has yet been substantiated, or brought within measurable distance of substantiation.

PARLIAMENTARY TIMES AND SEASONS.

WE have, if we may borrow a celebrated beginning, a kindness for Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN. It is sometimes our duty to speak rather roughly of him; but it goes against the grain. We would much rather be the bland doctor who exhibits the cakes than the flogging ORBILIUS who administers the cane. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN has got into bad company; but he is not himself bad. An overweening ambition has led him to become a candidate for the leadership in reversion of the Liberal party, left vacant by the honourable retirement of Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; but we do not doubt that at times he is tormented by reflections such as those which disturbed the last moments of SHAKSPEARE'S ENOBARBUS. He is of porcelain, and to see the fragile and delicate vase floating down the stream, jostled by the iron and brazen pots which surround him, is a pathetic spectacle. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN was not constructed to withstand the collisions which await him, and he is already somewhat flawed and soiled by the shocks which he has undergone. What is fine within him is in danger of growing coarse, to sympathize with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. LABOUCHERE. He is some years older than MACAULAY was when he renounced politics for literature. If Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN could make up his mind that he would be better employed in completing the tale of CHARLES JAMES FOX'S career, which he has left more than half untold, than in abetting the designs of Dr. TANNER and Mr. BIGGAR, English literature might be endowed with a creditable biography. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, has, however, chosen his course, and it may not be possible for him to make backward tracks. He cannot be expected to apostatize twice.

It is satisfactory to find that, for the moment, he is harmlessly, and perhaps usefully, engaged. Instead of reconstructing the British Empire, he set himself the humbler task of rearranging the Parliamentary Session. It has occurred to him that it would be a good thing if the House of Commons rose in the beginning of July instead of at some undefined period between August and September, now usually nearer to September than to August. The British legislator has as completely forgotten what rural England is like in the summer as FALSTAFF had forgotten the interior construction of a church. The humble convalescents and the gutter children whom benevolence sends for a week into the country are in this respect more fortunate than peers and members of Parliament. As a means to the great end of getting out of London in July, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN proposes, as we understand him, that Parliament should meet every year in November. The only objection we can see to this practice, from the Liberal point of view, is that it is a reversion to the unwisdom of our ancestors. The usage prevailed under the wicked Administration of Lord NORTH; and a return to it was suggested, with a sinister purpose more easily suspected than defined, by a still greater offender against sound political doctrines and practices. One of the recommendations of a Select Committee in 1871 was "that it is "desirable that Parliament should assemble at a period "of the year not later than the last week of Novem-"ber." A reference to the proceedings of the Committee shows that this Resolution was proposed and carried by a majority of one, on the motion of Mr. DISRAELI. The omnipresent reporter had not then, and has not yet, penetrated into the deliberations of Select Committees, and the arguments by which Mr. DISRAELI enforced his proposal are not on record. Tradition whispers, however, that, in reply to the objection that certain members would be unable to attend in November, Mr. DISRAELI deferentially suggested that the House of Commons might be able to get on without them. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON moved, as an amendment to Mr. DISRAELI's proposition, that Parliament should meet on the earliest convenient day after the 14th of January; but he was defeated by precisely the majority which afterwards carried Mr. DISRAELI's Resolution.

A formal objection to these Resolutions is that it is the prerogative of the Crown to fix the time at which Parliament shall meet for the despatch of business and that at which it shall be prorogued. The prerogative of the Crown, however, in this matter means the advice of Ministers, interpreting the sense of Parliament, and guided by regard to public convenience. November, it must be admitted, is not an agreeable month in London; but neither is it an agreeable month in any part of the United Kingdom. Peers and members of Parliament are not, of course, confined to the United Kingdom. They are not subject to any writ *ne exeat regno*; and Italy, Algiers, and Egypt are open to them. Ministers might have difficulty in getting back their majority in full force, and the surprises which are common at the end of the Session in August and September might mark its beginning in November. It may further be doubted whether any mere redistribution of the Session over the months of the year would lead to its better employment. It is as easy to do nothing in November as in February, and the more time a thriftless and loquacious Assembly has, the more it is capable of wasting. A Session beginning in November might find itself languishing towards its decline in August or September, just as if it had begun in February.

On the whole, except that it was the usage under the blackguard PITT, we are inclined to think that Sir JOHN PAKINGTON'S suggestion that Parliament should meet about the middle of January, supplemented by other arrangements which we will proceed to state, would be the best way of rearranging the Session. Though the prorogation of Parliament is one of the prerogatives of the Crown, each of the two Houses can at any time adjourn at its own discretion. If the business of the Session were finished by the beginning of July, a prorogation in the ordinary way would follow. If the work were unfinished, the two Houses might be adjourned to November to complete it. The possibility of having to meet again then would contribute effectually to the prompt despatch of business. Long adjournments, though not common, have been sufficiently frequent to

establish a precedent, if an example in the past is necessary before the convenience of the present can be considered. Sir Thomas Erskine May gives several instances of them, among the more notable being the adjournment of the House of Commons for nearly three months, in 1785, in order to give the Irish Parliament time to consider the Commercial Propositions, and the still longer adjournment of 1820, while the Pains and Penalties, or, as its illustrious subject used to call it, the Pains and Spikalties, Bill was making its way through the House of Lords. More recent instances are Mr. Gladstone's adjournment of the House of Commons in 1882, over more than two months, from August to October, in order that his Procedure Resolutions might be passed, and be in force from the commencement of the new Session in 1883; and the adjournment last year, from August to November, over nearly three months, to complete the Votes on Supply, a continuance of the Session of which advantage was wisely taken to renew Lord Ashbourne's Land Purchase Act.

The mutations of Parliamentary seasons will follow social changes and fashions. In the time of the Stuarts, as readers of Clarendon may gather, Parliament met at half-past eight in the morning. After the Revolution the hour was put forward to half-past ten. As bankers and merchants and nabobs (the Bengal Squad) found their way into the House of Commons, the hours which had suited matutinal squires and fox-hunters were found to be inconvenient to men whose days were pledged to the City. Social usages were similarly affected. Steele, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, complained that the dinner-hour, which in his memory had been twelve, had stolen on to three, and what it would end by being no one could tell. Towards the close of the eighteenth century Horace Walpole held up his hands at the enormity of people dining at six and beginning the evening at ten. When the London season began in October and ended in May, the meeting and prorogation of Parliament hovered about those limits. Fashionable people saw only one thing to regret in the accession of that promising young prince, George III., and this was the fact that his birthday was on the 4th of June, and that the presence of the Court and Ministers in town might lead to the extension to that date of the Parliamentary Session. As it was in the middle of the eighteenth so it will be towards the end of the nineteenth century. Parliament will not only reflect public opinion, but follow social convenience and usage, which is not, we need scarcely say, the same thing as the usage and convenience alone of that limited portion of the world which calls itself Society.

ARMA VIRUMVE CANEMUS?

MOST people nourish a secret ill-will against people with names substantially the same as their own but differently spelt. Therefore it may well be that, when the case now known as Gardner *v.* Bygrave first came before Mr. Bushby, at Worship Street Police Court, that excellent magistrate determined—consciously or otherwise—so to act as to show that a certain famous head-master of Westminster was no ancestor of his. Whether this speculation is founded in fact or not, Mr. Bushby convicted the defendant of assault, at the same time stating a case for the Superior Court in such a way as to raise in all its length and breadth the great question whether or no it is lawful for a schoolmaster to cane a boy on the hand. Mr. Justice Mathew and Mr. Justice Wills have decided that such punishment, if inflicted for good cause and with moderation, is lawful. The occasion is further remarkable because the Court made two jokes, one a conspicuous example of all that that greatly-abused phenomenon "judicial humour" ought not to be, the other a shining instance of how the tedium of legal proceedings may be profitably relieved, and the principles of law aptly illustrated, by a really ready and witty observation.

Mr. Gardner was master of a Board school, and Bygrave was a pupil under his sway. Bygrave "committed a fault "which properly called for corporal punishment by" his preceptor, "who inflicted the same by giving" the offender "four strokes with the cane upon the hand." Assuming that caning on the hand could be a proper punishment at all, Mr. Bushby held upon the evidence that the caning of Bygrave by Gardner was a good and lawful caning; but he "was also of opinion that punishment by caning on the "hand, however inflicted, was necessarily attended by risk "of serious injury to the hand; that there were methods of "corporal punishment quite as available, efficacious, and "not necessarily attended by any risk, of which methods, "if the appellant [Gardner] had used due caution, one or "another would have been substituted by him for that "which he adopted; and that for these reasons caning on "the hand was, in the circumstances of the case, improper, "and ought not to have been inflicted." So Mr. Gardner was adjudged to be guilty of assault, subject to the case stated for the opinion of the High Court.

Mr. Poland, not without harrowing references to his own personal history, contended that caning on the hand, soberly and for good cause, was a proper and lawful punishment. Mr. Justice Wills—and here occurs one of the jokes to which allusion has been made—"hoped we were not "getting too effeminate in these days, or giving too much "encouragement to ill-behaved schoolboys who wanted to "strike." Mr. Robson, who appeared in support of the conviction, was constrained to argue that the lawfulness of caning on the hand depended upon the position and occupation of the offending boy when he was out of school. There was no evidence to show that Gardner, before caning the hand of Bygrave, instituted any inquiry into Bygrave's employment or means of getting a living. It might be that when not in school he worked with his hand, and in that case any injury to it might do him grievous wrong. "Such "a punishment might seriously interfere with his occupa-"tion. Punishment might be inflicted elsewhere." To this Mr. Justice Mathew retorted with the question "What if his occupation were sedentary?" The Court ultimately held that, while it had not pleased the Legislature to specify those parts of the body which might and those which might not be selected for castigation, it was no part of the common law that blows on the hand with a cane were so dangerous as to make the act of inflicting them unlawful *per se*, and that as in the case before them the punishment had not been excessive, or actually injurious, but, on the contrary, had been cautiously and humanely administered, Mr. Gardner had been guilty of no offence, and ought not to have been convicted. They, therefore, quashed the conviction, and gave Mr. Gardner his costs. This decision will be a great relief to the minds of many persons engaged in the instruction of youth. It is all very well for Mr. Bushby to say that there are other "methods" of castigation; but, inasmuch as most schoolmasters nowadays have a well-founded objection to smacking their pupils on the head—which is really dangerous—it would puzzle many people to specify more than one. Caning on the hand is prompt, effective, and not unnecessarily contumelious. There is every reason to be satisfied with the decision that, when done properly and for a proper reason, it is not unlawful.

THE NEW POLITICAL DIFFICULTY.

WE do not know that the Unionist Conference held at Birmingham last Monday, and to be resumed next Monday, is a particularly delightful study for Unionists as such; but it is certainly a very useful study in politics, and one which cannot be too closely conned. Dislike it as we may, the system of groups has made its way into the English Parliament, and it is very doubtful whether it will be easily or soon cast out. Gladstonians have already had their troubles with it in the case of the Labouchérian Irreconcilables or Inconceivables (as they might be better termed), and, in the event of getting their Home Rule way for a time, they would certainly have still worse troubles of the same kind with the Parnellites. But naturally the Conservative-Liberal alliance offers the most abundant instances, and of these the most crucial is at Birmingham. Unless rumour lies very much, it was Conservative apathy, if not something more deliberate still, which worked against Mr. Austin Chamberlain in the municipal election there last week, and no one has forgotten the perilous and hardly settled disputes at the last Parliamentary contest. At that time we did not hesitate to give our opinion that the Conservatives were wrong, and if it were the case that, either from sulking over the past or from scheming for the future, they have allowed municipal seats to be gained by Gladstonians, their conduct would be still more reprehensible. But this last point is not certain, and in regard to the former it must be remembered that, however reluctantly, they did what the alliance demanded.

We are, however, not much concerned with the questions whether the Conservatives want too much or whether (as

those singularly disinterested critics, our Gladstonian friends, unanimously decide) Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gives too little, as questions in themselves. The canvass which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN recommends, if carried out, might supply data for arguing these questions, but at present such data are not easy to get. As it happens, too, they are immaterial to the larger and more important questions concerned. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, as we understand, admits that, arithmetically speaking, the present Liberal-Unionist representation of Birmingham is much above that to which the Liberal-Unionists, as such, are entitled. The Tory leaders, as we understand, admit that (putting the vexed Central Division out of question) they could not by themselves or without Liberal help carry the other six divisions. Here we have two valuable admissions to go upon. Further, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S argument—which is, in effect, an argument for virtual representation—is that, though the Liberal-Unionism of Birmingham may not be entitled to the seats it actually has, the Liberal-Unionism, say of London, is entitled to many more seats than it has, and so you "odd it "till it comes even." This argument is highly plausible. But so is the Tory reply. "That is all very well; but "we must show our own hounds game to keep them to "the sport, and if we are to be constantly sacrificing "ourselves to you, we shall lose our supporters." "Very true," rejoins Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; "but, in the same "way, if you force Tories on us, our men will fall "away to the Gladstonians, and you will find yourself, as "you did before, powerless against a reunited and so-called "Liberal party." And the worst of it is that all these contentions are quite true and valid, and that it is impossible to see any way out of them except by some form of the celebrated HARE plan of a kind of *scrutin de liste* for the whole country, which has constantly commended itself to philosophers and been scoffed at by practial men. But where you cannot find a way out except by an inaccessible door, the only thing to do is to make yourself as comfortable as possible inside—that is to say, by mutual concession. And the difficulty of adjusting such concessions is one of the main arguments, though there are others, against the subdivision of parties and the creation of groups. Still, as the subdivision of parties with the consequent creation of groups bids fair to be the most prominent feature of politics for some considerable time, it is evident that there will be both more need of and more scope for political management than has been the case for a very long period in England.

SOME SPEECHES OF THE WEEK.

IT is difficult for any one who reads Mr. MORLEY'S speeches at the Newcastle Town Hall and in the Newcastle Liberal Club, with a recollection of his previous day's experiences at the Central Station of that town, to help recalling a *locus classicus* of Johnsonian table-talk:—"Sir, "it is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done "at all." Mr. MORLEY himself referred, with a good humour—shall we say a recovered good humour?—which does him infinite credit, to "the course of gymnastics" he had been put through the night before; and it argues a vast amount of what CARLYLE called "cheery stoicism" on his part that he should have found himself able to meet, discourse to, and even make merry with, constituents, who—or an important, and probably a dominant, party among whom—had within the last twenty-four hours given him such a taste of their intolerable quality. Fortunately, however, for Mr. MORLEY, he had not to play the principal part in the proceedings either at the Liberal Club or at the Town Hall. Lord SPENCER, the guest of the Club at luncheon, was also the chief speaker at the evening meeting, and among other matters with which he dealt on the latter occasion was one which it were to be wished, for the sake of his reputation, that he had let alone. In the miserable position into which Mr. GLADSTONE has dragged them, the conduct of the few men of character, and once of moral weight and authority, who still consent to follow him is constantly presenting us with a very painful problem. They are always selected, or select themselves—for the uncertainty on this point is part of the problem—to assail the policy of the Government at points where such attack is least creditable to any man of Ministerial position and past experience of Ministerial responsibility who condescends to make it. And we are continually invited to wonder whether they volunteer for or are pressed into this service because it is imagined by themselves or held by their leader that it is their duty to lend such semblance of respectability as may be possible to the ignoble work, or whether they are actually attracted to such subjects by one of those perverted instincts which generally accompany demoralization of any kind, whether political or other.

Lord SPENCER'S reference to the Gweedore murder and the Maryborough trials supplies as melancholy an example of this unpleasant problem as we can for the moment recall. "The Government," he said, "were bound to prosecute; "but they were bound to do it with forbearance and jus-"tice. If the crowd, who acted like howling madmen "when they made the attack on the policemen, were "excited, it was no business of the Government to be "excited." That is to say, it is a mark of "excitement" on the part of an Executive to direct that a man who has deliberately brought about a riot from which a murder has resulted shall be proceeded against—in the first instance, at any rate—upon an assumption of his *primâ facie* responsibility for the gravest of the consequences ensuing from his act. "The Government," continued Lord SPENCER, "charged Father M'FADDEN with murder; but he was "released eventually on merely pleading guilty to the "technical charge of obstructing the police, which he never "denied. They withdrew practically every charge against "him, and he (Lord SPENCER) could not help thinking that "a greater act of injustice and unfairness to a free subject "of the QUEEN had hardly ever been put before the public." Perhaps the relatives, friends, and comrades of the murdered police-officer may not take Lord SPENCER'S easy-going view of a "technical" offence, which practically led directly to that unfortunate man being beaten and stoned to death; and, if they are not very greatly impressed by the "injustice" and "unfairness" shown to a priest who returns home absolutely scathless in respect of a murder which will for ever lie, where the battered corpse of the victim lay, at his door, we entertain no doubt whatever that their feelings are shared by every healthy mind uncorrupted by the virus of partisanship in the United Kingdom.

As to Lord SPENCER'S animadversions on the constitution of the Maryborough juries, he is to be sincerely compassionated on not having apparently seen the *Times* of the day in which he spoke. Had he done so he would have come across a letter which put Mr. MORLEY'S previous strictures on this point in so ridiculous a light that Lord SPENCER, we suspect, would have been disposed to steer clear of the subject. Really, now that it is known to a public who have hitherto been very ill-informed on the matter that at the first of the two trials the defence challenged twenty jurors against twenty-two challenged by the Crown; that at the second trial the numbers on each side were respectively twenty and twenty-four—of which latter number four were Protestants, whereas in no case did the defence ever challenge a Catholic—when these facts, we say, have been made known, it argues a little too audacious presumption upon popular stupidity for Gladstonian orators to persevere with the parrot cry against jury-packing. In saying that Lord SPENCER must have missed the correspondent's letter in question, we are sorry only to mean that, if he had seen it, he might have doubted whether the public could be any longer misled on the matter in question. We cannot, unfortunately, suppose that the information contained in it was required to remove any illusions of his own. Lord SPENCER'S Viceregal experience has made him perfectly familiar with the whole practice of criminal prosecution in Ireland, and he knows as well as any one what is the real value of the Parnellite rubbish about jury-packing. When, therefore, we read these latest utterances of his at Newcastle, we find ourselves more than ever oppressed by the painful question, whether such speeches are to be regarded as part of the *corvée* of a wretched political servitude, or as the spontaneous suggestions of a profound political demoralization. The empty rhetoric of which Mr. MORLEY, in professed reply to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, delivered himself on the following evening at Middlesborough, finds its simplest and most effective answer in the plain facts of the contest now waging on the PONSONBY estate. Here we have, on the one hand, a body of tenants holding under a landlord whose liberality—nay, whose "exalted, honourable, "and generous conduct"—they have themselves at a former day admitted, and whose rents since that day have never been raised; and, on the other hand, a knot of agitators, presided over by a political agitator who knows absolutely nothing of the estate and its circumstances, and inspired by a priest

who knows enough of these circumstances to convict him of wilful and deliberate falsehood in asserting that, "in "the memory of living witnesses and far beyond it, the "tenants in question have been notoriously rack-rented "and oppressed." This crew of mischief-makers have thrust themselves between the PONSONBY tenants and their landlord, opposing and thwarting every reasonable effort at a settlement, until now, when every penny of rent has for four years been withheld, it has at last become imperatively necessary to strike at the fraudulent conspiracy in the only way which is unfortunately possible—namely, by eviction process issued against its dupes. Or, if this were not a sufficient answer to Mr. MORLEY, it would be easy to supplement it by extending the survey to another Irish county, and noting what has passed between Mr. SMITH-BARRY and the aggressive combination which he, too, is so stoutly combating. Here the evidence of gratuitous and tyrannical interference on the part of the agitators is even more convincing than in the other case; and we find a tenant actually writing to his landlord to express his regret that he has been unable, although he is personally opposed to withholding his rent, to resist the coercive pressure brought to bear upon him to compel him to that course. And, while things like this are happening in Ireland, Mr. MORLEY can get up at Middlesborough and exclaim, "Depend upon it we are fighting the old battle of "oppression on one side and freedom on the other." So in one sense they are—Mr. MORLEY and his "campaigning" friends in Ireland. But if he really wishes to know on which side "the oppression" is, and on which the freedom, we recommend him to put himself at once into communication with Mr. WILLIAM EATON, Protestant tenant on the estate of Mr. SMITH-BARRY. "Right and wrong," continued the unconsciously suicidal orator, "are in the nature of "things—laws of right and wrong are graven on the tables "of experience and history." Yes, right and wrong are in the nature of things; and they have no relation to the sophistical standards set up by a man who seems destined to prove to the world that "the best things turn to the "worst" is an adage which nowhere justifies itself with more terrible force than in relation to the debasement of the philosophical moralist turned party politician. And, if one lesson is graven more deeply than another on the "tables of experience and history," it is that there can be no worse enemies of a people than those who undertake to lead them to the attainment of their material interests by the path of fraud and violence.

BICYCLES *v.* CAVALRY.

A VOLUNTEER on a bicycle is a patriotic and imposing spectacle, and no doubt in actual service he can go very fast, far, and silently. The advantages of a bicycle when you wish to establish an *alibi* have presented themselves to the mind of M. FORTUNÉ DU BOISGOBEY long ago, and lately to the fancy of an English novelist. Now, if ever any men could have a natural and justifiable desire to be elsewhere, these men are bicycling warriors swooped upon by hostile cavalry in a hollow, with steep rising ground in front and rear. What, in these distressing circumstances, are the bicyclists to do? To leap from their machines and run away over walls appears to be about the most obvious strategic movement. But Professor COOK WILSON, a pundit in moral philosophy, and a lieutenant of Volunteers, has invented a dodge which has been depicted in the *Illustrated London News*. The gallant bicyclists form square, turn their machines upside down, lie down behind them, aim at the doomed foe, and—set the wheels of the bicycles whirling. Next to meeting "a waggon-load of "monkeys with their tails burned off" (an improbable adventure), there is nothing a cavalry charger dislikes more than being expected to charge a zariba of bicycles with the wheels twirling. "'Ware wire" is what he says to himself at present; though it may be different when the cavalry of our foes has been trained to say "Ha, ha!" and jump a lively bicycle hedge. Meanwhile, of course, he is being potted at by the Volunteers on the other side of the wires; and there are the bayonets to be reckoned with, and the bugler, who is a very determined-looking person in a Merton ribbon. Professor COOK WILSON'S zariba is a good zariba; but has he asked himself what becomes of the lamps when the bicycles are turned upside down? Surely the foolish bicyclists will be like the foolish virgins, and their oil will be spilt. Or are the lamps constructed with such ingenuity that they can stand being turned upside down without spilling? On the whole, we fancy it will be better to invent some way of turning a bicycle into a stronghold without turning it upside down. It seems to be taken for granted that the enemy will not land a force of bicyclists; but why not? Bicycles are far more easily transported than horses; bicycles eat nothing, bicycles do not stampede, and have no nerves. The first skirmish in which bicyclists meet bicyclists will be a glorious opportunity for the artist. A sabre drill should be devised on purpose for them, as we presume that a regiment of bicyclist lancers would be sorely cumbered with their spears, unless, indeed, these are accommodated with joints, like fishing-rods. A charge of bicycling lancers, however, if it could be arranged, would certainly "give tone to what might otherwise degenerate into a "vulgar brawl." It is probable that feats of fancy bicycling may horrify horses when the Oxford men meet hostile cavalry. The horse hates the bicycle almost as much as he dislikes the camel of the desert. On the whole, it seems that Professor COOK WILSON is in the right course or track, and his services to Oxford Volunteering have been most energetic and praiseworthy. The only obvious weak point, to a civilian mind, is that business of the lamps—which, after all, perhaps the ingenious inventor can deal with by some plan of his own—and the possibility of entanglements dire in the case of a sudden order to reverse bicycles and retreat.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM CENTENARY.

FOR some weeks past the floral world has been moved to the depths to celebrate the centenary of the chrysanthemum in Europe. Exhibitions have been held throughout the country amid general enthusiasm. The horticultural press has put forth its "Chrysanthemum "numbers," and has overbrimmed with technical and historical articles on the subject. This week the observance culminates in the Conference and exhibition at Chiswick, the Crystal Palace Show, and the popular annual display in the Temple. What does it matter if, as Mr. CARRUTHERS points out, the centenary is celebrated twenty-five years after date? The rich results of culture are the richer for the delay. The enthusiast of 1764 may well have deemed those first specimens grown in the garden of the Apothecaries' Company at Chelsea "almost too august and "high for adoration," as LANDOR'S epigram on LUCREZIA BORGIA'S hair has it; and now they are "dust," or on the way to dissolution, the "pellucid gold" of the "golden "flower" has acquired a splendour of sheen and colour that shames the pale original. The first forms of the Chinese flower introduced in 1763, and preserved in the herbarium of the Natural History Department, the first specimen pictured in the *Botanical Magazine*, give themes on which the least successful cultivator might moralize; though the beauty and fragrance of these once held everybody by their freshness and charm. The elegance and ineffable distinction of the flower are qualities of unknown antiquity. The exquisite aroma that exhales from stems, foliage, buds, and flowers is a primal inalienable virtue. The rose-raiser has succeeded in evolving roses that are the reverse of "royal in "their scent alone," roses robbed of odour, their highest natural gift; but no ingenious person has yet succeeded in evolving a scentless chrysanthemum. But in form and colour and magnitude culture has worked miracles. Looking round the wonderful gathering at Chiswick, the cultivator and lover of flowers may well murmur, "Better "fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," though perhaps the culture of the "flowery land" was ill represented by the first importations to Europe. Mr. HARMAN PAYNE estimates the period of Chinese cultivation at more than two thousand years, yet European culture, in the course of a little more than a century, has surpassed the most fantastic visions of Japanese designers. The very name of the flower has become curiously inexact. There are other golden flowers, much less subject to variation; and the name was never truly significant, as are the names that perpetuate some fixed or notable character, or those, like *Bougainvillea*, *Tradescantia*, *Dahlia*, and *Linnæa*, that enshrine the memory of botanists. The old gold that suggested the name was, curiously enough, akin to sulphur, or chrome, or Naples yellow. Now these hues are blended in infinite gradations of tone with bronzy tints and reds and maroon; yet, for all its exuberance of development, it possesses gold in abundance, sheeny, or dull, or dusted like the auricula.

Well is it that the chrysanthemum fosters eclecticism in its admirers. The passionate pilgrim to Chiswick or the Crystal Palace would be hard put to name his love among the seven hundred varieties and the diverse forms of the flower. Happily, its habit, style, and form know no violence or excess. No flower is its superior in decorative value. It is never "loud," and it does not flaunt. It may be flamboyant, globular, starry, cupped, incurved, recurved, generous-eyed, or compact as a ball; it may ape a wild disorder, as of the locks of some fierce mænad or the tentacles of a zoophyte, or be as demurely prim as any autumnal aster; and withal it is ever of noble behaviour, refined, decorous, elegant, fascinating. Its native elegance is a good deal impaired at times when treated for exhibition purposes, when some eight feet of stem, surmounted by a single prodigious flower, rise from a pot of ludicrous dimensions, with the curious effect of a head impaled on a pike. Assiduous tending and generous feeding throughout the summer have produced this wonder of bulk and circumference, yet if you are not a raiser of florist's flowers, you wonder rather less at the result than at the pains expended. The chrysanthemum has a lovely way of languor, drooping or waving in luxuriant manner, when grown in favourable circumstances, not for competitive shows. To see a goodly company in the open air under some protecting wall in an ancient garden is a sight to warm the waning autumn sun to fresh ardour. Despite its reputed hardiness, the chrysanthemum can seldom be seen at its best in gardens. Those gigantic plants depicted by Mr. Du Maurier in *Punch*, which are "not bad—for the time of year," could never have grown but in some Hesperian garden, with a foamless sea hard by. Some varieties, the pompone kinds especially, will make a brave show in many parts of England, but all alike detest the buffetings of the autumnal storms, and the ruinous rains that often precede sharp frosts. There are, it is true, the summer-blooming kinds, though they have scarcely achieved popularity; but, with all possible care on the part of the open-air grower, the glories of Chiswick are altogether beyond his attainment.

MORE STRIKES.

THE draw in favour of the dock-labourers which ended the "great strike" has plainly established a conviction in the minds of workmen that they have only to strike and they must obtain whatever they please. Accordingly the papers are again full of strikes and rumours of strikes, in London and out of it. The bakers are to strike to-day week unless their demands are conceded, the lightermen have struck already, while there is a dropping fire of reports of strikes in the provinces. In short, an attempt is being made to raise wages all over the country. The effort is a very natural one. There is at no time anything immoral in it, and, when the men have calculated correctly, and have struck on a rising market, they are thoroughly well entitled to whatever they can get. When they judge unwisely, and strike at the wrong time, they must smart for it; but they are not more iniquitous, and we doubt whether they are more mischievous, than the persons who perform costly antics in copper markets and cotton rings. We make these not very original remarks merely as a precaution against those emotional friends of ours who think that whenever you doubt the wisdom of a strike, you are denying the right of the downtrodden son of toil to better himself. By all means let him better himself; but we doubt whether he is going the right way to work to do it in some cases.

The lightermen's strike, which is now in full swing, is the most conspicuous of these movements for the time being, and is for other reasons particularly deserving of attention. It happens to illustrate in a remarkable way the consequences of treating business as sentiment, and not as business. The men, it is known, first struck out of sympathy with the dock-labourers, and then continued out on strike from sympathy with themselves. When at last they were persuaded to go back, and to allow the dockers to go back, they consented to accept Lord Brassey as arbitrator between them and their employers. Lord Brassey was to decide their differences as to wages, on which point the masters had indicated their readiness to make concessions, and also their differences as to terms of night-work, on which point the masters would not yield. As might have been expected, Lord Brassey made the formal award of wages, and then, like a sensible man, observed that the masters and lightermen had better settle the terms of night-work between them; in short, he confessed ingenuously that his arbitration, like most others, was a mere futility. The quarrel has accordingly broken out afresh, and the lightermen went on strike on Monday—the day from which the rise of pay for the docker was to begin. So far the strike has shown the folly of interference of third parties in family quarrels. The lesson, however, has been lost on the old Committee of conciliation, which is again at work at the Mansion House showing its heart-felt sympathy for B by asking for money from A. Another fact about the strike, which is not without interest, is this, that the lightermen are a chartered body with a monopoly. They can stop much of the work on the river, and are prepared to do it. How that conduct differs from the common selfishness of the ordinary employer we have yet to learn. It may be necessary to inquire shortly whether the charter has not been forfeited. In the meantime it appears—and this is a second point which the sympathizers with all strikes may take into consideration—that the dockers for whom the lightermen struck are being persuaded to strike for their friends in turn. The trades are to establish a cross-ruff, at the expense of the employer and the consumer who are the other partners in the game. For, after all, the cost of this sort of play falls sooner or later on the consumer—and that is the most important of all the points the Committee of conciliation and onlookers of all kinds may take into their consideration.

It has already been borne in upon the minds of some sympathizers with the workmen in the County Council that since the rise of wages in the docks there has been a corresponding rise of 6*d.* per ton in the price of the coal brought up the Thames. This was, of course, inevitable. It is the nature of business that an increase in the cost of working any branch of it is soon felt in an increase in the cost of products. The working class will suffer by this as well as other people. Moreover, when the consequence of the rise in prices is followed out, it is seen to be very likely to lead to results of a far from pleasant character for London workmen. The port has some difficulty in making head against its many competitors as it is. If the conduct of business is made more costly and more difficult, trade will go very rapidly away from it. This may, as some profess to believe, be for the general good of the country; but what will the effect of it be on the dockers, stevedores, and lightermen themselves? The question is one which their sympathizers might put to them, instead of merely prophesying smooth things and encouraging them in delusions.

A BAD BUSINESS.

THE Coroner's jury have found a verdict to the effect that the late Mr. Ernest Weldon died from exhaustion, though there was not sufficient evidence to show that he had the specific diseases mentioned in the medical certificate as the cause of death. As the certificate was signed by one doctor and filled up by another, the signature being the earlier process of the two, the uncertainty of the inference and the doubts of the jury are not altogether wonderful. The proceedings described in the Coroner's court are more remarkable than satisfactory, and it is to be hoped that they are not likely to recur. The ends of justice have not in this instance suffered, because it has been conclusively proved that no one contributed to Mr. Weldon's sudden and early departure from this world except himself. There was not, indeed, the faintest shadow of excuse for the cruel suspicions against Mrs. Ernest Weldon, which had their appropriate origin in the worst type of American journalism. The attempt to make another Maybrick case out of this unhappy young man's only too intelligible fate was a most miserable and disgraceful enterprise. The plain truth is that Mr. Weldon drank himself into his grave. "I have been going it," he said when he sent for the doctor; and he knew perfectly well what was the matter with him. There was no earthly reason why the public should have known anything whatever about it. When an unfortunate man destroys his health, his reason, and his life by dismal and besotted folly, the feelings of his relatives need surely not be sacrificed to a curiosity which is first morbid and secondly idiotic. But with a certain class of newspaper nothing is too high or too low for copy. There are some

purveyors of what the poverty of the English language compels us to call news, who make so much out of a "mystery" that they will make a mystery out of anything. "Only twenty-nine? How strange! Wife married be-"fore? Startling coincidence. Very few people at the "funeral? This must be looked into." So we have a long story, or rather a long series of long sentences, in which hardly a single fact can be found, but which produces upon the mind of a hasty reader a vague impression that there has been murder, and that it is, somehow, a family affair.

> Some said the Prince Bishop had run a man through,
> Others said an assassin had killed the Prince Bishop.

Mr. WELDON died on the 8th of September, and it became necessary to bury him at once. About a fortnight afterwards people began to talk, or rather to write, and by order of the HOME SECRETARY the body was exhumed. Perhaps it is as well that Mr. MATTHEWS granted the permission, though there was really no particular reason for it. When accusations of murder are made or insinuated, it is only right that all doubt should be removed. Dr. STEVENSON, the well-known Analyst to the Home Office, employed every available test to discover the existence of poison in the remains, and found, as might have been anticipated, that there was nothing of the sort. It would be useless and unpleasant to describe the condition in which Mr. WELDON was found by his doctor four days before his death. One need not be a medical expert to see by a glance at the symptoms that the patient was in a very advanced stage of alcoholic decline. He said himself that he had begun drinking when he was a boy at Marlborough, and that he had been drinking steadily ever since. It has been suggested with sublime absurdity that this fact is disparaging to the reputation of our public schools. As Mr. WELDON was a resident of South Kensington at the time of his fatal seizure, that interesting and intellectual district must expect to be accused of fostering an appetite for stimulants. If one boy drank in secret at Marlborough fifteen years ago, the present Head-Master must, it seems, be called upon to defend the existing morality of his school. It is as difficult to prevent some boys from drinking as to stop some fools from raving. But that tippling is a common vice in the public schools of this country all experience emphatically contradicts. The evidence of Dr. FARR and of his brother, Mr. JAMES FARR, is much more germane to the matter than the former discipline of Marlborough. It is, as the Coroner said, worth the attention of the Registrar-General. If the certificate had been duly written and signed by the same doctor, it is possible that this wretched story might never have been published. As it was, the Coroner had to interpose, and prevent counsel from going into domestic disputes. There has seldom been a more unwholesome instance of the wish to believe evil, and to dwell upon nauseous details. A man's mind must indeed be empty, swept, and garnished before he wants to know the contents of a deceased drunkard's intestines.

SIR HENRY PARKES'S LETTER.

THE letter which the Premier of New South Wales has addressed to his colleagues in the Australasian colonies has been understood to be the beginning of a serious attempt to organize a Federation of Australia. It is to be taken for granted that Sir HENRY PARKES wrote it with this intention; but whether it will have this effect is at least doubtful. We have yet to see what reception will be given to his proposal by the other colonies, and then whether agreement among them is possible if they do meet in the Conference he desires to see held. At present it looks not improbable that, so far from forwarding Federation, Sir HENRY PARKES may only have stopped a comparatively easy step towards a final Federation by threatening to drown it in the discussion of measures which may prove by no means easy of accomplishment. His letter is an answer to an invitation from Victoria to help in the establishment of some form of common administration for the defences of the colonies. This Sir HENRY PARKES declines to do, on the ground that organization of the defences must needs be part of a general federal organization, and he insists that the lesser question must be dealt with as part of the greater. Now, whatever appearance of cogency there may be about his contention, it may very well turn out in practice that, if the Australian colonies are called upon to discuss the points on which their interests differ, they may lose sight of that on which they agree, and Federation may be found to be further off than ever.

The reasons which Sir HENRY PARKES gives for declining to join with Victoria in organizing the defences of the colonies appear to us to be just those which would commend themselves to a man who was casting about for a plausible excuse for forcing on a scheme of his own. He justifies his refusal, first, by the alleged want of authority in the colonial Governments to establish a common army, and then by the want of any common authority to command it. As Sir HENRY PARKES acknowledges that the Federal Council Act especially authorizes the colonies to act together for their "general defences," we do not quite understand why authority should be supposed to be wanting. Sir HENRY is made to doubt because the "general de-"fences" are included in a long list of secondary matters, and he does not think it possible that the power to do so considerable a thing as form an army should be conferred in so casual a manner. The want of a common authority to control the army is for the moment obvious enough, but the Federal Council Act provides the means of establishing one. If the colonies choose to establish a Council and limit it to the management of the defences, no opposition to their wish would be offered by the Imperial Government. A politician who was really anxious to forward the formation of a Federation might very well consent to this tentative step, even if he were sure that it would be found unsatisfactory on trial. If the desire for closer union is really strong in Australia, it would be strengthened by the discovery that half-measures were of no avail. On the other hand, the desire must be powerful, indeed, if it proves strong enough to overcome the many obstacles to Federation which must needs come to the front in any such Conference as Sir HENRY PARKES wishes to see held. The respective fiscal policies of New South Wales and Victoria would alone constitute a difficulty of the most serious kind. New South Wales has adhered to Free-trade, and will hardly be disposed to accept the Victorian tariff in return for what market Victoria can offer it. Victoria is even less likely to surrender its tariff in return for the commercial nothing at all which New South Wales can offer. What could New South Wales give if Free-trade is adopted, except that liberty to compete with the products of the mother-country which Victoria possesses already. There are other and minor, but not insignificant, difficulties which will have to be overcome before Federation can be established in Australia, the claims of Sydney and Melbourne to be capital being one of them. It may also very well be found that, if the Conference does meet, the position of Western Australia may lead to difficulties with the mother-country. On the whole, therefore, it is at best doubtful whether Sir HENRY PARKES's letter will prove the beginning of a serious attempt to establish Federation in Australia. The effort, if made, will be sure of sympathy in England. The colonies are welcome to do whatever they think is for their interest, and we can only hope that it will be found to agree with our own.

GERMANY AND THE PORTE.

EVEN after the numerous visits which have recently been paid by the German EMPEROR, it might have been expected that his pilgrimage to Constantinople would not lack comment; and, on the whole, the comment has been moderate and reasonable enough. If Germany were supposed to be in close alliance with all the countries to which her active young EMPEROR takes it into his head to journey, France would find herself left against a world in arms; or perhaps the EMPEROR's passion for travel might even lead him to France herself. As a matter of fact, the relations between Berlin and Constantinople need be nothing but friendly, for the very reason that they have always been rather distant. There is, no doubt, a good deal of soreness in the Turkish mind as to the conduct of friends who were once very close friends indeed; and it has been frequently admitted here that the Turks have a good deal to say for themselves. If they are to lose provinces, to be lectured and interfered with, to be regarded as a sort of standing dish for Europe to cut and come again at whenever there is a fancy to carve out some newfangled principality, they would, naturally enough, as soon have these operations performed by open enemies as by very obliging friends. These are almost the words attributed to the

Sultan himself in a recent conversation. They are very natural words; and it is equally natural that the Turks should not care to consider too carefully how difficult they have made the task of helping them, and how easy that of relieving them of their goods.

Germany, at least, has a clear record as regards Turkey; and, if she has never done anything for the Porte, she is all the more free from unpleasant memories of transactions in which for a century and more the Turk has, somehow or other, invariably come off the loser, and the Christian, whether foe or friend, the winner. It is extremely improbable that any serious idea of inducing Turkey to enter the Triple Alliance was entertained; and it would be very difficult to say on which side such an arrangement would be most risky. That the Turks can produce excellent soldiery a well-educated young man like the Emperor William must have known before the fact was exposed to his actual eyesight. But, dismembered, mangled, encroached upon, and drained of money as Turkey has been, her alliance would be of little offensive service to any one, while it would oblige her allies to that very entanglement with Eastern affairs which it has been the special object of German policy to keep out. On the other hand, such an alliance would be for Turkey a direct challenge to Russia, and would be regarded as a hostile act by France, who, though she has never done much good to Turkey, during the last thirty years at least, and has disobliged the Porte in the matter of Tunis, is still by way of being a kind of friend. Such assistance as Turkey can give—which must be chiefly in the way of distracting a part of the enemy's forces—would arise more naturally out of the circumstances of war, when war comes, than out of an alliance which might provoke war. Nor in other matters need the visit have much effect politically. The desire of the Porte to recognize Prince Ferdinand is a very sensible desire, and will probably take effect some day; but, so long as the Great Powers do not wish openly to break with Russia on the subject of her disgraceful refusal to perform the duty of a trustee, such a recognition could do no good, and might precipitate harm. Indeed, so generally have these considerations been recognized as valid, that the rumour about the engagement of Princess Margaret of Prussia to the Czarewitch may be regarded as in part an attempt to start a new hare when it was found that no more running could be got out of the old. The rumour and its contradictions may be shortly dismissed, and the commotion which they have excited in Austria was both unreasonable and unhealthy. The Austrians might have comforted themselves by remembering that marriage-bells cannot break the laws of nature, and that the laws of nature have made it impossible for Germany and Russia to be real friends.

THE MARITIME CONFERENCE.

We confess to a difficulty, which, for the rest, is probably shared by all who consider its proceedings, in deciding whether anything, or, if anything, what, can come out of the Maritime Conference now in progress in America. The English delegates have been instructed to keep the discussions within narrow bounds. They have been ordered to confine themselves to the rules of the road and to lights and sound-signals. It is obvious that a maritime Conference would be amazingly fond of discussion for its own sake if it persisted in talking about subjects which the English representatives refused to consider. The other members have, therefore, somewhat unwillingly, as we gather, confined themselves to this reference. Even within these limits they have, however, been unable to effect much of a definite kind as yet. To be sure, this is largely due to the good sense of the delegates. If they had accepted one of the suggestions made to them, the Conference would have distinguished itself by giving currency to nearly the most dangerous innovation which could well be made in the accepted rules of the road. Some of the delegates, headed by the German Captain Mensing, proposed to record the approval of the Conference to a declaration that it is not necessary to slacken speed in a fog. It is very characteristic that the Germans, the last comers among maritime peoples, should be so audacious. Not so many years ago some of their ships undertook to show the Channel Squadron that it was safe, if you were only smart enough, to manœuvre with your ships at half a cable's length from one another. The result of that lesson of theirs was the sudden disappearance of the *Great Elector*. It is quite consistent with their youthful enthusiasm that they should be the partisans of the very plausible paradox that great speed in a fog is safe, because the quicker you go, the more easily can you alter your course. When you can see ahead, and the officer on the bridge is a man of steady nerve and sound judgment, speed may be safe in crowded waters, though, even then, moderation is safer. But in a fog, when it is often impossible to see the vessel's length ahead, great speed is simply criminal. The most moderate dose of common sense will enable anyone to understand that, when a very short distance has to be covered, to avoid a collision, the longer a ship is in covering it, the better will be her chance of avoiding a smash. Moreover, slow speed makes it easier to stop altogether; and there are times when stopping altogether is the only safe resource in a fog. This smart-looking belief in high speed is, no doubt, not unpopular among English skippers, who are in the habit of justifying it by saying that owners and passengers like quick passages. So they may, but rules of the road are not made for owners, and passengers ought to have no voice in the matter.

The more modest suggestions which have been made to the Conference generally take the form of additions to the lights already used. Some of the delegates recommend side lights aft as well as forward, and others complain that sailing ships do not show lights enough to warn a steamer which may be overtaking them. On the whole, these proposals seem to be inspired by the belief that, if signals enough are made and lights shown in abundance, they must be seen. Unfortunately the records of collisions are there to show that disasters happen because lights which ought to be shown are not shown, or because lights which ought to be seen are not seen. These causes of collision would not be removed by the mere multiplication or alteration of lights. Exactly the same may be said, with the necessary changes of words, of fog signals. Neither does it appear at all probable that the third cause of collisions, which is error of judgment, would be diminished, still less removed, by making the lights and signals already used other or more complicated than they are. Nobody has yet proved that, when lights are properly shown, signals properly sounded, and a proper look-out kept, it is not quite possible for ships to see or hear and avoid one another. Until that is done, we fail to see the justification for changes which must begin by causing confusion. It is, however, happily apparent that this is the opinion of most of the delegates, for they have been very cautious in accepting innovations.

THE END OF THE EXHIBITION.

The French Exhibition has ended appropriately enough in a very large, very successful, and very good-tempered gaudy. Singing men and women sang into the phonograph on the Eiffel Tower, and thereby secured themselves a kind of immortality. All Paris and some foreign parts swarmed into the building on the absolutely last occasion on which it was to be opened. Lions and lionesses flowed softly about in crowds. But the spectacle has been sung by the *Times'* Correspondent, who was there, and to whom it brought a fit of poetic enthusiasm, in which he compared it all to a "Parisian 'return from the Derby,' minus the donkey-carts." The French may be excused—or rather need no excuse at all—if they have felt jubilant at the success of their Exhibition. It has been a very successful thing of its kind, and admirably well managed. No hitch of any kind has occurred in it from first to last. Instruction and amusement have been mingled with the greatest tact. Those people who rejoice in looking at heaps of heterogeneous articles from all parts of the world have never had such a feast provided for them. If the French really did require to prove to themselves for their own peace of mind that they can still attract crowds of visitors to Paris and can manage a big show, they have done it thoroughly well.

The extraordinary thing (and yet to those who know their Frenchmen it is not so extraordinary) is that they have felt the need of making this demonstration. That curious corruption of modesty which takes the form of vanity (*corruptio optimi pessima*, you know) has given the French agonies of pain during the last few years, and they have at last been driven to do something conspicuous just to show themselves and the world that they are alive. To take this for granted and let the world wag as it pleases is not the nature of Frenchmen, and that is why they are

such a brisk element in Europe. For the rest, their activity has been known to take worse forms. Just now, until the blue devils get hold of them again, they are pleased with themselves and the impression they have produced. Some of them are even convinced that Englishmen and other foreigners, but particularly Englishmen, must now see that the French are good for something. It must, one would think, be very painful to belong to a nation which is in such a perpetual fidget about its neighbours' opinion. One might as well be a Bostonian. Another fact about the Exhibition, and one that would be extraordinary, indeed, if the French were anything but French, is, that it has had a most undoubted influence on the stability of their Government. It would be rash, indeed, to assert that the Third Republic is safe; but certainly it is safer than it was six months ago, and far safer than it would have been if the Bazaar had been a less undoubted success. On that point the French are themselves the best authority. They assert that it is so, and may be believed. When the Exhibition was first planned it was generally remarked what a sad thing it would be if it were interrupted, and so there was a general agreement not to interrupt it. The desire to figure in it stiffened the backbone of the Republicans, and the fear that he might have to bear the blame of disturbing it helped, with other fears, to hamper the Brave who sits at Jersey in the seat of Victor Hugo. Really it may therefore be safely said that this big version of Barnum's Circus did for France what its political faculty would never have done. If this sounds a flippant and impertinent remark, let the French bear the blame themselves. They say that they have been so influenced, and it is hard to believe that any people would make such a ridiculous confession in mere wantonness. How long the influence of the Exhibition will last is another question. People cannot live on the Eiffel Tower alone or go on listening to M. Melchisedec out of a phonograph for ever. But the truth as to this will appear in time. For the present, it is enough to note the fact, equally veracious and amazing, that the rarest of raree shows has done for the Third Republic nearly or quite as much as could be done for it by victory over foreign foes, and more than could be done for it by good finance and statesmanlike administration at home. What a wonderful people!

MR. SMITH AT GLASGOW.

If Mr. Smith, as he told his hearers at Glasgow the other night, has never before addressed a Scotch audience, he has made a good beginning. His speech from first to last was of a kind which, supposing there to be anything in accepted theories of the national temperament, ought to be most effective with a Scottish audience; while its concluding portion—if we except the unlucky reference to the "English flag," a slip the more remarkable because "British" is a word which comes more naturally to the lips in connexion with "flag" than almost any other word in the language—was eminently calculated to give satisfaction in Scotland. The First Lord of the Treasury has promised to proceed further with Scotch business next Session, and he made special disclosure of the intention of the Government to appoint a "small Commission of "practical men" to examine Lord Lothian's proposals for the development of the resources of the Western Highlands and the Hebrides. The announcement will be welcome elsewhere than in Scotland, and the initiation of the measures to which it refers will deserve to be watched with interest by Englishmen. No better occasion could be given for testing the real amount of influence which the Clarks and Keays and the other washed-out imitations of Irish agrarian agitators have obtained over a sensible and hard-headed people. We shall be somewhat surprised if it does not bring about an ignominious collapse. There are limits, as we see, even to the obstruction which the Parnellites dare to offer to legislation for the advancement of the material prosperity of Ireland, and it is not at all likely that the Scotchmen who are endeavouring *haud passibus æquis* to make their way along the same road will venture even upon an equally guarded conversion of the interests of their countrymen into the counters of their own political game.

On general questions of contemporary Scottish politics Mr. Smith had no very specific observations to make. But one remark of wide application—a remark, indeed, which applies to the whole of our modern system of managing our political affairs—he did make; and, if anybody wishes to measure the distance which we have travelled in the course of the last twenty years, he has only to note the extraordinary air of antiquity which now distinguishes Mr. Smith's simple words. Politicians, he observed, are in the habit of saying nowadays, "It is not a question whether we "think Disestablishment is right or nationalization of land "is right; but the question is whether the majority of the "country wish it to be so; and if they do we will offer no "opposition." In other words, we will facilitate the progress of measures which in our consciences we believe to be injurious, which we personally oppose, but which, nevertheless, must pass because the people will it. This, Mr. Smith thinks, is a "new doctrine"—as, in comparison with the age of our political system, of course it is—and he adds that it is a very evil doctrine that "a politician, being "placed in a post of leadership, abdicates his position of "leader, and follows where he ought to guide." Moreover, he goes on, in his resolute antiquarianism, to recall the fact that "in old times," in the House of Commons and in this country, if a man could not personally stay a current which he believed to be wrong, "he did not place himself at the "head of it, and lead on to the attainment of the object "which he thought wrong," but stood aside, and allowed those who believed in the wisdom of the policy to be the instruments for giving effect to it. And Mr. Smith sums up the matter in the daring declaration that he does not believe it to be right for a statesman "to accommodate his "principles and his views to those of the multitude whom "he believes to be wrong." It is all very well for the smaller satirists of the Radical party to sneer at these observations as commonplace; but, as a matter of fact, they are nothing of the kind; nor are they ever treated as such, except in the most purely theoretical fashion, by Mr. Gladstone and his followers. They represent the maxims of a school of political morality from which these politicians have ostentatiously cut themselves off. So far from enunciating a moral obligation which everybody recognizes—the proper definition of an ethical commonplace—they enunciate one which has ceased to be regarded as binding in action by a full half of our public men, and which many of them do not hesitate to disavow in words. So far from Mr. Smith's propositions being truisms, they have become paradoxes; and when that happens to a doctrine of the most elementary morality, it is surely a little awkward.

LORD ROSEBERY AND MR. HAGGIS.

The result of the sitting which has preserved to the London County Council the services of the first of the above-named officers, and acquired for them those of the second, must be regarded as highly satisfactory on the former score, and fairly so on the latter. There seems reasonable ground to expect that the new Deputy Chairman will prove a capable administrator, and his appointment has, therefore, a claim to positive approval. In the next place, it is negatively welcome for the reason that it *is* the appointment of Mr. Haggis, and not that of one of certain other persons whose names might be mentioned. The substantial vote cast for Mr. Fardell, and the not inconsiderable support claimed by Mr. Eccleston Gibb, are incidents pointing the same way as the selection of Mr. Haggis by his party. That is to say, the favour shown to two Moderates, and the adoption of a "working" instead of a talking Progressive, afford pretty clear indications that the power of the party who were evidently proposing some time back to "boss the "whole show" is by no means so commanding as they had fondly imagined. We may take it as certain that they have had a lesson, and that the experience of their own private deliberations—some slightly impassioned echoes from which were audible in Mr. Davies's attack on the proposer of Mr. Eccleston Gibb—has sufficed to convince them that they are not quite the united little party of revolutionaries that they had hoped.

Lord Rosebery's re-election—or rather his assent to it, which was the only point ever in doubt—will, of course, meet with but one reception everywhere. The public are fully alive to the excellence of the qualities which he has exhibited during his year of office; while, as to the Council themselves, they have to thank their Chairman for the fact that the attitude of their more moderate and judicious fellow-citizens towards them

is still only one of suspended judgment leaning somewhat to the unfavourable side, and not one of absolute condemnation. And he has saved their reputation to this extent, not by virtue of any political prepossessions—for Lord ROSEBERY is at least as progressive in his principles as the majority could wish—but simply by the exercise of those personal faculties and aptitudes in which the Progressive is too often, and, in proportion to his progressiveness, so sadly to seek. Not once, but many times, has the Chairman of the County Council shown that he regards that assembly as a body appointed to perform functions of a strictly municipal kind, and that he has no notion of allowing it to be converted into a "Two Hundred" for the propagation of Radical opinions and the promotion of Radical interests in a set of too Conservative Parliamentary constituencies. His reply of thanks to the Council for electing him was conceived in his usual graceful and felicitous manner, and the little side hit at the Local Government Board may well be overlooked. It is excusable enough, on the part of the Chairman of what is certainly an important body, to magnify its importance somewhat on an occasion like this, and personally perhaps he may feel a slight soreness at his failure to induce the Government to apply exceptional legislative treatment to the London Council. But, after all, that body does not consist wholly of Lord ROSEBERIES; it has got to make good its claim to the confidence, or even to the respect, of the majority of its educated fellow-citizens; and in the meantime it is difficult to advance any really sound reason for treating it otherwise than its fellows throughout the country. Under Lord ROSEBERY'S continued guidance it may quite possibly develop a claim to such special treatment; but it has certainly not done so yet.

WARM BEER.

MAGO, the Carthaginian, according to Athenæus, passed thrice through the African desert without drinking; and Diocles of Peparethus, if we may credit the statement of Demetrius the Scepsian, drank cold water to his dying day—*μέχρι τέλους*. Such heroic examples are fitter to excite astonishment than to provoke imitation. Lasyrtas the Lasionian never felt the need of drink, though in all other respects he was like his fellowmen. Out of curiosity, some friends watched him for thirty days in a hot summer, and not once did they detect him in the act of drinking. At the end of the thirty days their curiosity subsided, and they returned to their ordinary occupations. Lasyrtas did sometimes take drink, but on these rare occasions he was guided by choice, not compelled by necessity. It does not follow that, because we are unable to emulate the abstemiousness of Lasyrtas, we should take for our model the Athenian Diotimus, who had drink poured unceasingly down his throat through a funnel. Drink we must, upon a just necessity; but it behoves us to be circumspect. Sir Thomas Browne, in *Vulgar Errors*, did not hesitate to attack the popular belief that it is good to be drunk once a month—"a common flattery of sensuality, supporting itself upon physick and the healthful effects of inebriation." Avicenna, indeed, countenanced the popular view; but Averroes was for restraining "ebriety unto hilarity, and in effect making no more thereof than Seneca commendeth and was allowable in Cato; that is, a sober incalescence and regulated æstuation from wine." Mnesitheus, the Athenian physician, in his letter *On Tippling* (*περὶ κωθωνισμοῦ*) speaks somewhat hesitatingly. He condemns those who make it their constant practice to drink inordinate quantities of unmixed wine at banquets; but he seems to be of opinion that occasional indulgence in hard drinking relieves both body and mind—*ποιεῖ τινα καὶ τοῦ σώματος κάθαρσιν καὶ τῆς ψυχῆς ἄνεσιν.*

We do not propose to enter upon a delicate discussion as to where sobriety ends and inebriety begins. Far less is it our intention to attempt to enumerate the various liquors concocted in past or present times by the ingenuity of man. It is not to be doubted that our national drink now, as in the past, is beer. "Bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale," sang the old lyrist; and the same cry rises from countless throats to-day. Few, however, would desire to have their ale brought in hot. Of course, we admit that dog's-nose, egg-hot, ruddle, and the like are agreeable stimulants on a frosty night to drive the cold winter away; but for ordinary workaday purposes, whether in winter or summer, cold beer is the accepted drink. We should have been slow to believe that the drinking of cold beer could be considered hurtful if we had not lighted on an ingenious little treatise published at Cambridge in 1641:—*Warme Beere; or, a Treatise wherein is declared by many reasons that Beere so qualified is farre more wholsome than that which is drunke cold. With a confutation of such objections that are made against it; published for the preservation of health.* The writer, who modestly conceals his name, pleads his cause with enthusiasm, but candidly states in the preface that he has no great hope of working a general reform. He reminds us that the long continuance of errors makes men blind and deaf, "be the truth never so apparent, not unlike the owl as Aristotle saith, whose sight the sunbeams dull." But he is confident that the discerning few will take his words to heart and be duly grateful. "I write nothing here," he solemnly concludes, "which I hold not for the truth, and have made long experience of both by myself and divers of my friends. I have therefore published it in our native tongue, respecting a generall good, referring the commendations of the thing to the proof, and us all to the Almighty. Amen." After the author's preface follows an address to the reader by the publisher, who had printed the treatise not for the sake of gain, but from a desire to benefit the community. The publisher, when he drank his beer cold, used to be troubled with stomach-ache, tooth-ache, cough, cold, and many rheumatic complaints; but since he had taken to drinking beer (small or strong) "actually hot as blood," he had continued in good health. When he heard that a worthy gentleman had written a book in commendation of warm beer he begged to be allowed to examine the MS. Finding that the author's arguments squared with his own observations, he was strengthened in his judgment and confirmed in his custom. He showed the treatise to various friends, and recounted to them the history of his own experiences. They begged him to publish the work, and to explain in print the benefits that he had received in his own person from the use of warm beer. One of these benefits was that, since he had taken his beer warm, he had not known thirst. "Let the weather be never so hot," he declares, "and my work great, yet have I not felt thirst as formerly. Nay, although I have eaten fish or flesh never so salt, which ordinarily do cause thirst and driness, yet I have been freed from it by the use of hot beer." He admits that a draught of cool ale is pleasant to a thirsty man; but warns us that pleasant things are for the most part dangerous. For consumptive patients warm beer is invaluable. He had known some who were so far gone in consumption that they seemed to have but a bare week to live, and were unable to walk about the room without panting and blowing. They drank any quantity of hot wine, but thereby merely succeeded in heating their livers. When they were induced to discard hot wine, and try hot beer, the improvement in their condition was marvellous. Within a month they were able to walk about their garden with ease; within two months they could walk four miles; and in three months' time they were as well as ever they had been in their lives.

The treatise is divided into six chapters. In the first chapter the author has some general remarks on the use and necessity of drink. He proceeds in the next chapter to argue that thirst can be quenched as easily by hot drink as by cold. The third chapter is an examination of the arguments put forward in favour of cold drink; the fourth proclaims the "hurt that ariseth from actual cold drink"; and the fifth dwells upon the benefits that result from the practice of drinking warm beer. In the sixth chapter the author adduces various authorities to prove that the ancients appreciated the virtues of hot drinks. Many are the objections brought against cold beer, but the general argument may be briefly stated—"Drink taken cold into the Stomach indamageth our Life." The lungs are affected by cold drink; "squinancy" (quinsey) is produced; or we lose our sense of hearing. At Marfield (near where the author dwelt), in Sussex, one day a hammerman came in hot and fell to drinking cold beer. He went mad in consequence and died not long after.

We have not yet had the courage to try a course of warm beer. But let it be remembered that Macklin the actor, who lived to a prodigious age, drank daily for thirty years a pint of hot stout at the Antelope in White Hart Yard, Covent Garden. He declared that it balmed his stomach and removed inward pains.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH UNDER HENRY VIII.

UNDER this heading Mr. Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century* of this month answers some criticisms made on his article on "The Elizabethan Settlement of Religion," which appeared in the same magazine in July last year. The position which he then undertook to maintain was, briefly, that the legal basis of the Elizabethan settlement was laid by the Church itself, and that the changes which freed it from foreign control were not made without, or against, it, but by the synodical action of the clergy, led by the bishops, among whom we are to reckon Warham, Tunstal, and Fisher; and that, this being so, the juridical position of the Church, and its doctrines and practices, are not to be rejected as the mere creations of the Civil power, but must be judged according to their inherent value. For the Church never rescinded its own acts in these matters; the basis which it laid in the reign of Henry VIII. remained unchanged as far as ecclesiastical legislation was concerned, and was ready to the hands of those who built upon it in the reign of Elizabeth. The questions involved in these propositions were argued in Mr. Gladstone's original article, and are supported in the article before us with considerable skill. We rejoice to find him again engaged in an historical defence of the relations between Church and State, and in a vindication of the identity of the Church of England of the present day with the Church founded by St. Augustine, which spread first over the kingdoms of the Heptarchy, and, long

before the final conquest of the country, over Wales. While he does not seem to us to have established any fact which ought to be "matter of surprise to most readers" who are acquainted with his subject, he has stated both his facts and his conclusions in a somewhat novel and decidedly striking manner. Indeed we think that his endeavours to put the purely legal side of the ecclesiastical changes of Henry's reign in as strong a light as possible make it not unlikely that his articles may mislead uninstructed readers as to the position of the clergy during the years 1529 to 1535. Before entering on this, however, it will be convenient to consider one of the minor points—a sufficiently serious one in itself, as he allows—in dispute between him and his critics.

In his first article he asserted that Bishop Fisher took the oath of Succession of 1534, in common with the rest of the bishops. This "surprising statement" was strenuously denied by the Rev. J. Morris, S.J., in the *Dublin Review* of October of last year, and a large part of Mr. Gladstone's present article is devoted to a reply to Mr. Morris's denial. He quotes a passage from Sander's *De Origine et Processu Schismatis Anglicani*, edition 1586, which says that Fisher persuaded some of his fellow-prelates to take the oath, and argues that it may therefore reasonably be concluded that Fisher took it himself, though he afterwards suffered death for refusing it. Mr. Gladstone remarks that this passage, and indeed twelve consecutive pages of the original, are left out in Mr. Lewis's translation of the *De Origine*. In a short note, however, in the *Tablet* of Saturday last, it was pointed out that the first edition of the *De Origine* was published in 1585, that it does not contain the passage in question, and that Mr. Lewis had done exactly what he professed to do—namely, translate this edition. Sander wrote his book mostly in Spain, and died in Ireland in 1581, before it was published. Rishton was persuaded by Dr. Skanhert, of Cologne, to edit Sander's papers, on the ground that if they were not edited by an Englishman errors would no doubt be made. He brought out the book at Cologne in 1585, with the following notice, which we quote from the Preface:—"Loca nonnulla quæ scribarum vitio depravata vel authoris festinatione minus explicata fuerant, correxi. Quædam etiam quæ longioribus disputationibus implicata videbantur, ut historiæ series melius teneretur, amovi, plurima quæ deerant, maxime vero post mortem D. Sanderi, adjunxi." Rishton died before the end of 1585. Another edition, from which Mr. Gladstone takes his quotation, was published at Rome in 1586, and another at Ingoldstadt in 1587. In both these occur large additions, among which is the passage in dispute, and several omissions. Other editions, with more matter added, appeared in 1610 and 1628. Of these various versions Le Grand says:—"Ces nouvelles éditions sont si differentes de la premiere qu'on peut dire que c'est un nouvel ouvrage" (*Histoire du Divorce*, t. ii., p. 6, 1688), and a careful comparison of the second edition with Rishton's book enables us to confirm his statement. Bayle says that the later editions contain matters which Rishton cut out of Sander's book. For this, however, he gives no authority, and he is not an author whom we are inclined to follow implicitly. Rishton, as we have seen, only speaks of cutting out disputations and correcting obvious errors. Sander's papers are, we believe, still in existence at Rome, and their publication under competent editorship is much to be wished. For the present it is impossible, without good corroborative evidence, to attach any weight to the additions made to Rishton's edition. At first sight it may seem strange that a story to the martyred bishop's discredit should have been inserted in a book published at Rome; but it is obvious that it was founded on a confusion between Fisher's conduct with regard to the Recognition in 1531 and the oath of 1534. We may note by the way that, though we allow that Hall, who wrote his still unpublished Life of Fisher in the reign of Queen Mary, may have dressed up the speech on the Recognition which he attributes to the Bishop, we cannot accept Mr. Gladstone's airy condemnation of his account of Fisher's part in the debate. It should also be observed that the Roman story puts Fisher's repentance so prominently forward that it tends to heighten the reader's reverence for a man who, having fallen through another's deceit, repented so deeply and made such full amends. Mr. Gladstone's ingenious theory that Fisher, though he had previously taken the oath, refused it, for the first time, on May 1st, in consequence of having heard the news of the Pope's final sentence, which arrived in England on April 12, must, we think, be rejected. Fisher refused the oath at Lambeth on April 13, and all that we know of his life at that period makes it highly improbable that he should have taken it between that date and the previous March 23rd, when the oath became obligatory. Unless Mr. Gladstone has better authority for his statement than his edition of the *De Origine*, we must decline to accept it; Fisher needed no Papal guidance to teach him that to a man who thought as he did the oath was sinful.

Mr. Gladstone successfully disposes of the plea that the Recognition of the King's Supremacy by Convocation was an insignificant act which called for no repeal. Convocation did not treat the matter as insignificant; and it is a remarkable fact that, though all the important ecclesiastical statutes of the reign of Henry VIII. were repealed by Parliament in the reign of Philip and Mary, Convocation did not retract the Recognition of 1531 or the denial of the Pope's right to jurisdiction in 1534. Yet we must not suppose that the bulk of the clergy was content with the Royal Supremacy, for the petition of the Lower House of Convocation in the first year of Queen Mary, and the articles which it sent to the Upper House in the first Convocation of Elizabeth's reign, are alone sufficient to prove the contrary. On the question of how far the validity of the Recognition is affected by the pressure brought to bear upon the clergy, Mr. Gladstone justly remarks that coercion must not be put forward as an argument against the legal validity of the action of a large body. Yet, while we concur in his doctrine, we think that he makes too light of the compulsion to which the clergy were subjected. They had already, in 1529, had proof of the strong anti-clerical feeling of the Parliament, and knew that they had nothing to hope for on that side. Moreover, they knew that the King, who showed evidence of a good deal more than "pertinacity" throughout the whole business, was prepared to spite the Church if he was not gratified; for, to quote from Bishop Stubbs, he "threatened intrigue with the German Protestants, or the restraint of mortmain, or the appointment of a council of heresy, which would take that question out of the hands of Convocation, and other things which, vague threats at first, became realities of oppression as soon as they were familiarized to his mind." Above all, they were involved in the tremendous penalities of Præmunire, and they were compelled to purchase pardon by such concessions as would be accepted, for they had to deal with a King whose wrath was as the messengers of death. Nor must we forget that the Submission of 1532 was in like manner by no means a purely voluntary act. The unwillingness of the clergy to recognize the Supremacy proceeded, Mr. Gladstone contends, from anxiety to preserve the liberties of the Church, and not from any regard for the Papal jurisdiction. In this we think that he is undoubtedly right. The Church of England was never strongly Papal, and the great Churchmen of the reign certainly did not regard Rome with much reverence. Tunstal's protest does not contain a word about the Papal claims; it expresses somewhat indirectly a feeling that the new titles implied a tendency to trespass on the domain of the spirituality; and Gardiner's *De Vera Obedientia*, Fox's *De Veræ Differentia*, Sampson's *Oration*, and other works, indicate the opinion of a large part of the leading clergy with regard to Papal interference. It should, however, be remembered that neither in 1531 nor in 1534 could the clergy have supposed that the King intended to put a complete stop to the exercise of Papal jurisdiction within his kingdom in spiritual things. Henry put forward his demands as an assertion of the ancient rights of the Crown, and not as claiming some new prerogatives; and the clergy, in recognizing his new titles, did not, we may be sure, see the full consequences of their act. Yet they struggled hard to avoid the Recognition, and finally only granted it with an important qualification. They acknowledged the King as "Ecclesiæ et cleri Anglicani singularis protector, unicus et supremus dominus, et, quantum per legem Christi licet, etiam supremum caput." Mr. Gladstone objects to Mr. Morris's contention that the second title, "dominus," refers to feudal lordship, and, on the strength of some expressions in the protest of Tunstal and Henry's letter in answer to it, seems to extend the meaning to imply dominion in things spiritual. Here we think that he is clearly wrong. The phrase "supremus dominus" belongs to feudal terminology, though it must not, of course, be taken as an assertion that the Church was a tenant-in-chief; for that would be nonsense. It should, we contend, be taken with the first phrase, and they would then signify together the duty and the rights of the Crown as regards the Church in things temporal. Mr. Morris's idea that the title of "Protector" of a local and national Church is synonymous with that of "Defender of the [Catholic] Faith" is not worth refutation. The lordship of the King over the Church in things temporal needed no qualification. With regard to the title "Supremum caput," which we take as referring to spiritual things and persons, the case was different, for the Crown had generally forborne from interfering in spiritual matters proper, and the clergy, jealous for the liberties of the Church, and in some cases, no doubt, unwilling to seem to act contrary to the Pope, insisted, in spite of their fear of the King, on a saving clause. Short as Mr. Gladstone's two articles are, they touch on so many points of interest and dispute that we cannot pretend to criticize them fully in the space at our disposal. While we believe that they contain some mistakes—one of a rather serious kind in the first article is acknowledged in the article before us—and think that they scarcely represent fairly the position of the clergy with regard to the changes which they were forced to make part of the law of the Church, they seem to us to establish the writer's main propositions, and to exhibit with singular clearness and felicity the ecclesiastical legality of the basis of the "Elizabethan settlement of religion."

THE PRIME MINISTER ON ELECTRICITY.

A SPECIAL interest is always attached to the utterances and writings of eminent statesmen on subjects not directly connected with their public duties. We know beforehand the general relations which the working of their minds has to the problems of current politics. We can guess whither the drift of any speeches they may make will tend. We can anticipate their sharpness or their dreariness, their liveliness or their stupidity. We have previously measured their long-windedness, and meted out their dulness. Their truthfulness, or the reverse, is already weighed in the balance of our anticipations. But when a statesman departs from the beaten track of making or contradicting political statements,

he opens, as it were, a window into the ark of his mind, and we all struggle to raise our eyes to the porthole, and to get a glimpse of the machinery within. We are lucky when the interior is illuminated by electricity. For, although we have had, from our youth upwards, quite the average amount of admiration for Homer and his works, and although we have diligently peered into every chink that has ever been opened to us in Mr. Gladstone's mental ark, we never were able to see anything very clearly. The engines always seemed to be very compound, and the steering-gear erratic. But these strange phenomena may have been illusions, owing to the fact that every porthole was fitted with a perpetually revolving kaleidoscope in automatic connexion with the rudder.

Lord Salisbury has not often come forward in the character of a man of speculative mind. His excursions into the electrical future of the world will, therefore, interest us the more. And it is characteristic of his eminently practical mind that, in doing so, he dwelt on a development of electrical science which is at first sight excessively unsensational—the subdivision of energy, and its transmission over moderate spaces. But, while Mr. Gladstone was suggesting a philanthropic scheme of legislation, by which an allotment garden was to be brought to every cottage door, ignoring as usual the main practical difficulty in the way of its realization, that cottages are usually in streets and streets usually in towns, the Prime Minister was pointing out that the subdivision and transmission of electrical energy might, in the future, benefit the artisan more than all the philanthropic legislation in the world. What he claims is, that it may enable the artisan, his wife, and his children to carry on in their own homes many of the industries which are now carried on in factories; and so enable them to "sustain that unity, that integrity of the family, upon which rest the moral hopes of our race and the strength of the community to which we belong." But the picture of the altered life is not only morally hopeful, it is æsthetically hopeful; although this is the very last aspect of the question which is likely to have weight with him. And it would be a queer nemesis if the art-socialistic school were forestalled in most of their highest aims, not by legislation, but by a series of scientific inventions suggested by a Tory Prime Minister.

It may be worth while to fill in the outlines of the hopeful picture with a little detail. In the first place, it is evident, and the language of the prophecy has taken this into account, that there are many industries to which subdivision of energy is inapplicable. In all cases, for instance, where the object to be laboured on is not portable, as in the case of a ship, or an iron girder, or a carpet, the labour must come to the mountain, and not the mountain to the labour. And this applies to all cases where the object laboured on has to undergo a rapid succession of processes, as in the case of the manufacture of paper or chemicals. But, apart from these industries, there are many others in which the workmen and women only congregate together because the energy which they use cannot at present be obtained in their own dwellings. Turnery, cabinet-making, instrument-manufacture, cutlery, book-binding, pottery, are all, to some extent, instances in point. There will, therefore, be a very large number to benefit by the change when it comes.

The practicability of the scheme is also well worth considering. It is, of course, a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. Lord Salisbury is not a man to suggest the possibility of an industrial change on a large scale founded on charity. But, besides being an enemy to all attempts to interfere with the natural working of economic laws, he is an electrician. And when we use this word, we do not merely mean to imply that he is a man who has read one or two popular text-books on electricity, and bought some nicely polished machines, which will give pleasant shocks to his friends, but one who has published the results of original research to the satisfaction of his scientific brethren, and who has also carried out in his own person (when out of office) the duties of an electrical engineer. He can, therefore, speak on this subject with an authority very different from that of the Hawarden lecturer on jam, who has, we venture to say, wielded the axe more often than the spade, and who has not, to the best of our knowledge, passed an apprenticeship in the still-room. His opinion, therefore, that the present condition of electrical science foreshadows such an industrial change should be accepted as being of great weight, especially as it met with acquiescence in the assembly of experts which he was addressing. The economic elements of the question seem to favour his view at no distant date. Let us glance at some of the changes which will be produced in the industries to which the new state of things will apply.

At present a large part of the capital sunk in any manufacture where labour is congregated in considerable quantities has been spent in the erection of buildings and machinery. Under the contemplated system the buildings required will be few or none. The machinery, as far as the original sources of energy are concerned, will be the property of the local electrical supply Company, who will sell so much energy to each artisan direct. This supply of energy, conveyed in the form of electricity by underground mains, will be measured at its entrance to each workman's rooms by an electrical meter. This portion of capital, therefore, which is now supplied by the firm, will in the future be supplied by the electrical lighting Company—a transference on no small scale. Whether the cost of the motors and other machinery necessary for the conversion of electrical into mechanical energy in each dwelling will be ultimately borne by the employer or the artisan remains to be seen. At present the supply of energy, and not its conversion, is the important point. Even with the most perfect systems of transmission and subdivision that can be looked forward to, there is likely to be a greater loss of energy between the source and the points of expenditure than is the case in a compact factory at present. On the other hand, there are some economies. The electrical source of energy is, by hypothesis, large enough to supply the wants of a manufacturing district. Unlike centralization in national government, centralization in boilers and engines is in itself economical. Unused electrical energy has also a pleasant way of getting stored up, and also of putting out (like a horse) extra strength when required. And, finally, we shall probably be enabled to use the forces of rivers and tides at a cheaper rate than the force due to the combustion of coal.

Such details as these, and no doubt many others, were in Lord Salisbury's mind when he made his general prophecy. But his remarks on the past effects of electricity (and, indeed, other forces brought under control by men of science) were no less interesting. And in these he was supported by experts who have special knowledge both of the civil and military results of its application to their own experiences.

THE COURT BUREAU.

EVERY new departure in sound philanthropy, every intelligent application of the co-operative principle which may tend to improve the condition and brighten the lives of the working classes, has our sympathy. But there has really been such a plethora of well-meaning schemes in this direction, most of which are still waiting for execution and practical test, that it is a positive relief to have before us a project intended for the benefit of other classes. There are in this wealthy country of ours hosts of people who, though enjoying the possession of plenty of worldly goods, find their lives sorely harassed by innumerable small cares, daily worries, tedious formalities, and the drudgeries of society. It is, therefore, not surprising that a scheme should have been formulated with the view to minimize exertion, prevent disappointments, avoid vexations, and save time. It should be an advantage to society in general, if such of its members whose positions, fortune, talents, and learning render them influential factors in our national life, could be liberated from some of the many dry, uncongenial, and purely business tasks that encroach so seriously upon time and energies which could be so much better employed. The more intense life becomes the briefer it appears; and we can ill afford to waste even a particle of it.

The scheme before us is the "Court Bureau," which, according to the preliminary prospectus, is to be a Fashionable Registry, Information, and Daily Agency. If the Court Bureau be intelligently established and ably administered, it will, no doubt, meet a number of keenly-felt wants. If it shows itself worthy of the powerful support which it has already secured, it may constitute the starting-point of an entirely new departure, pregnant with many developments in various directions. The Bureau is intended to function as a kind of self-acting Directory. It will not only supply information as to the whereabouts of its members, but will actually transmit letters and give every facility for correspondence. In the case of invitations, visiting-cards, and formal communications, such will be printed, addressed, forwarded, and received by the Bureau. Though every member will be able to supply all the members, and the public in general, with his address, whatever his whereabouts may be, he can enter upon correspondence with everybody without revealing his movements, or his abode, to any except the Bureau, if he so choose. In the tiresome task of house-hunting, of selecting chambers, apartments, and hotels, the Court Bureau may render very appreciable services. The telephone will, of course, be utilized to the fullest extent, and connect the Bureau with theatres, concert-halls, railway-stations, restaurants, livery-stables, &c. The prompt supply of unobjectionable vehicles at moderate and fixed rates will be welcomed by many whose nerves are not equal to the tirades of unreasonable cabbies.

The promoters of the Court Bureau, perhaps wisely, refrain from giving the programme of the future developments of which their undertaking is obviously capable; but it is easy to surmise that, once a centre is furnished in which all the wealth, rank, and talent of Britishers, at home and abroad, can be focussed with the view to gain ease, comfort, information, and amusement, the foundations of far-reaching possibilities are laid. Of this the promoters seem well aware. But all will depend on management; and we have no doubt this will prove worthy of the importance and wide scope of the scheme. There are many directions in which the Court Bureau might render service to society. It might facilitate the subscriptions to newspapers, periodicals, and engravings; assist us in embellishing our homes with art-treasures and objects of applied art under the guarantee of genuineness; protect us against modern adulterations and impostures; supply information on such subjects as interest the educated classes more especially; gratify the modern desire for wider intercourse and a less retiring life; bring wealth and talent into more close relation; extend the influence of literature and art over society; elevate and enliven our social amusements; contribute the elements of English home-life to our fellow-countrymen abroad; and weld British

society in all parts of the world into one harmonious whole. The leaders of the new movement, if they choose, have thus a wide scope before them, and, as support is not likely to fail them, they have a rare opportunity of trying their hand at one of the most interesting experiments of modern times—an experiment which we shall follow with the greatest interest.

ARCHITECTURE AND ART.

IF the Art Congress at Edinburgh accomplished no other useful work, the result of the discussions on city architecture may prove beneficial. The subject is one in which a majority of civilized beings are, or ought to be, interested. More Englishmen live in great cities than in the country. Architectural effects in the country only matter much to perhaps a single family in one place. Architectural effects in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other cities matter a great deal to millions. Mr. Statham, whose sensible paper, read on the Wednesday of the meeting, seems to have started the subject, says of Hyde Park Corner that "an irrepressible and mischievous Commissioner of Works" has had the arch at the head of Constitution Hill rebuilt so as to stand on the side of a slope and to cut into the middle of an irregular curve, and to face nothing in particular. The space in front he calls "the very centre of the social circulating system of London," and quotes the old story of the foreigner who addressed a letter to Apsley House as "No. 1, London." This conspicuous place is cut up into meaningless "leg-of-mutton-shaped spaces between intersecting roadways." Of course, the present state of things cannot last for ever—cannot last very long, we may venture to hope. The arch must come back to the summit of the slope, and perhaps span one of the "intersecting roadways," at the same time standing square with Apsley House, and the successor, whatever it may be, of St. George's Hospital. Sir Joseph Boehm's statue is not so superior to Wyatt's that any of us would regret its elevation with its attendant soldiers to a more dignified and appropriate situation on the top of the arch, while the entrance to the Green Park might well be marked by the completion of Burton's scheme and the erection of another screen, for which he left an elaborate design, like that which we must all admire at the entrance of Hyde Park. Mr. Statham was followed by Mr. Blashill, the architect of the London County Council, who plaintively bewailed his inability to secure the services of good architects. We do not expect much from the present Council, and, probably, the less we expect the better; but at some future time there may be fuller power to restrain the builders of some of the monstrosities now rising into sight. Unfortunately the most important and conspicuous places are already filled. Mr. Blashill speaks of sending back one design four times for amendment. He had no power to reject it altogether; and surely he puts the case too mildly when he says that a friend of his feigns sickness at the sight of the building. There is a theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, rapidly approaching completion, which is enough, if not to make a student of architecture sick, at least to render him so sad and so indignant at the disfigurement of a conspicuous situation that absolute physical nausea would be only one step further. But, in truth, Shaftesbury Avenue, from Regent's Circus with its awful lamp-posts onwards, is a museum of every anomaly and abomination of which the rampant builder is capable. It would be libelling the contemporary architectural school to assume that as many as one in ten of the new buildings had the advantage of professional supervision; but, unfortunately, it is to those exceptions that our remarks must chiefly apply. It is the same in the two other new streets of most importance which have been laid out and built in our time. There are, perhaps, two inoffensive new houses, or blocks, in Victoria Street, Westminster; there is not one, if we except a Post Office, whose features are only rows of plain windows, in Queen Victoria Street. We have only to think of the *Times* office, of the elephantine building of the Bible Society, and of the mock Italian Gothic shops at the Mansion House extremity of the street, and all these and others are in the same row with St. Benet, Paul's Wharf, St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe, St. Mary Aldermary, and the Herald's College; to say nothing of one of Wren's masterpieces, the spire of St. Antholin, which was pulled down to make way for some of these fearful artistic abortions. We used to be told that Northumberland Avenue was to be a street of palaces, to exceed in beauty and stately dignity the Via Nuova at Genoa or our own Pall Mall. Look at it now. There is not a single redeeming architectural feature in the whole street of gigantic stone fronts. But London is not alone in these complaints. Manchester has suffered terribly, and the public buildings in most of the great manufacturing towns are equally bad. Liverpool, with St. George's Hall, and the Library and Museum near it, has some good effects; but many provincial buildings have a defect, which is even more conspicuous in London—namely, the addition to a poor design of still poorer sculpture by way of ornament. The modern architect about to erect a building of polished granite—there are several such buildings in the City—cares nothing about proportion. He is under the impression—a most mistaken one—that so costly a material must of necessity produce beauty. It is the same with ornament. Every one must agree with Mr. J. D. Sedding, who, in a paper read at the end of the Edinburgh Congress, said that "the highest excellence in architecture could be attained in a building alone, apart from sculptural embellishment."

The truth of Mr. Sedding's postulate is illustrated by the present state of such a building as the Parthenon at Athens. Can any one deny that it is beautiful, although the sculpture belonging to it is thousands of miles away in the British Museum, and though it never had carved capitals or bosses of polished granite? Good sculpture will set off a good building; but good sculpture on a bad building is, to use a forcible Scripture, "a jewel in a swine's snout." Unfortunately for us, the ornamental sculpture of the present day is too often worthy of the design it is expected to redeem. In some cases the sculpture is bad, while the building is good. A conspicuous example is afforded by St. George's Hall at Liverpool, where the equestrian statues and some other "embellishments" are a detraction from the beauty of the principal front. The sculptors at Edinburgh seem to have thought that good carving was even more important in a building than a good design; but this idea might have been refuted in two words by a mere mention of the "Albert Memorial." If there is any good sculpture in London, it is here; yet it cannot make the cross beautiful, or even tolerable. On the contrary, it seems rather to accentuate the shortcomings of the architect. The tendency of the teaching of the past few years has been to exalt detail at the expense of proportion. Some strong language was used at the Congress as to the influence of such writers as Mr. Ruskin on contemporary taste, and one gentleman was so bold as to pronounce that eminent professor "a drag on English art." Without going nearly so far as this, we may at least be permitted to inquire if any one ever learnt anything about design in architecture from reading such a book as *The Stones of Venice*? But Mr. Hole would not have been wrong in condemning the whole course of modern architectural study, and especially that branch of it which relates to Gothic detail. While nothing can exceed the beauty of a genuine Gothic building, it is not by studying mouldings and applying microscopic eyesight to carved capitals that a young architect will learn to emulate the proportions of Salisbury Cathedral or of the Sainte Chapelle. So, too, in what is erroneously called the classical style, no piling up of marble pillars, or the most lavish display of vases, can cover an ignorance of the relation of the height to the diameter of a Corinthian column. Yet this ignorance is everywhere to be seen in our great cities. One of the most beautiful buildings in London was Burlington House, and it was remarkable for its plainness and the absence of sculptural decoration. If we go to look at it now, we can with some difficulty pick out a fragment of the old design, and can contrast it with the new additions, in which the most elaborate and profuse carving is used. The absolute poverty of the design is not in any way masked or condoned by the sculpture, which covers almost every part of the street front. To design like Lord Burlington implied taste, but not taste only. It implied also knowledge and study. In the address of the President of the Institute of Architects on Monday, for example, there was nothing about building as a fine art, if we except a reference to the Eiffel Tower. There was a good deal about registration and examination, and so on, but never a word about design, or proportion, or unity, or harmony. These are things upon which few modern architects will spend their time; and why, indeed, should they, while the British public is content with its Shaftesbury Avenues and its Charing Cross Roads, and while the British sculptor is willing to step forward and is confident that a little more carving, a little more polishing and gilding, will conceal every result of ignorance, carelessness, and laziness? It is, indeed, sad to reflect that Regent Street, with the stucco pilasters and pediments of sixty years ago, is still superior to all its new neighbours, with their marble and mosaic music-halls and their "Christian pointed" gin-palaces.

THE FREE BANKING AGITATION.

MR. EGMONT HAKE, Chairman of the Free-trade in Capital League, is an earnest and energetic man, who, having once joined a movement, is resolved that it shall not lag if he can help it. He is holding meetings all over the country to bring to the attention of the people the objects for which the League was formed. And the other day, in Dundee, he expounded its principles very clearly. This is well, for it is only by full discussion that what is true in new ideas can be sifted from what is fallacious. Most persons, we apprehend, will agree with Mr. Hake that the banking legislation of 1844 and 1845 was mistaken. The school of economists whose views were adopted by Sir Robert Peel held that financial crises were the result of the over-issue of banknotes, and they recommended, therefore, that the right of issue should be regulated and restricted. The numerous panics and crises that have since occurred show that this theory was erroneous. The truth, of course, is that inflation is the consequence, not the cause, of speculation, and when speculation is rife, if banking accommodation cannot be obtained in one form, it will certainly be in another. But, though the grounds on which the banking legislation of 1844-5 was based were wrong, the public will not conclude, therefore, that that legislation ought to be repealed or remodelled, unless it can be shown that it injures some great public interest. Mr. Hake recognizes this, and he proceeded at Dundee, as he had previously done on several occasions, to

argue that, in fact, our present banking system is injurious to the community, and more especially to the poorer classes. Sir Robert Peel's legislation restricted the right of issue to the banks then exercising the right, and took away from those banks the power of increasing their issues at pleasure. Against all augmented issues they are now required to hold an equivalent amount of gold. Nobody will dispute, we presume, that it is wrong in principle to give a monopoly of any kind of business to any number of institutions; and, as the object of the legislation of 1844–5 has not been attained, it is clear that, in principle at all events, that legislation stands condemned. But, while this must be freely granted, it remains to be proved that an adequate object is to be gained by repealing the legislation. Mr. Hake endeavours to prove the point by contending that the issuing banks possess a monopoly, and, being restricted in its exercise, are deprived of all inducement to increase the note circulation of the country. Where banks are free to issue notes to any extent which they can keep in circulation they search out the persons who are most in want of accommodation, who are most likely to keep the notes circulating, and who will employ them most profitably. But these persons, he adds, are nearly always poor men of character, industry, and enterprise—men, that is, who have not capital of their own, but yet are qualified to employ capital very remuneratively. A free banking system, then, according to Mr. Hake, stimulates the banks to give accommodation to the classes who are most competent to increase the wealth of the community, whereas our present banking system encourages the banks to neglect the interests of the enterprising poor, and to limit their operations almost entirely to the well-to-do. The well-to-do have an obvious advantage as borrowers over the poor, for they can give better security. Unless, therefore, the banks have some inducement stronger than this superior security for accommodating the poor, they will decline to do so. But, according to Mr. Hake, the result of this is that a very large part of the business ability of the population lies unused; that, consequently, employment is greatly restricted; and that, therefore, the wealth of the world is prevented from growing as rapidly as it ought to do. In short, Mr. Hake's contention is that the world is suffering from under-consumption, and that this is the result of mistaken banking legislation.

We agree fully with Mr. Hake that general over-production is a contradiction in terms, and that the poverty of the world clearly proves under-consumption, or what, perhaps, would be more correctly described as insufficient purchasing power. But we are not prepared to go so far as to say that Free Banking would be a complete remedy. Unfortunately, poverty results, not from one single simple cause, but from a great variety of causes—disease, inherited or accidental; intemperance, laziness, thriftlessness, and ignorance. There are men even in the most civilized countries who will not work regularly, however advantageous the terms may be on which employment is offered to them; there are others who are incapable of working; and there are others, again, who, though they work hard enough, yet muddle away the proceeds of their labour. If every bank in England were given to-morrow the right of unlimited issue, and were to begin eagerly forcing notes into circulation, does anybody suppose that that would reform the drunkard or the criminal? Perhaps ignorance is even a more fruitful source of poverty and wasted production; and by ignorance we do not mean only lack of culture, or even of book-learning, but want of adequate information respecting the businesses in which men are engaged. Capital flows into a certain trade, year after year production is increased vastly, and for a while large profits are made. But gradually the supply exceeds the demand, stocks accumulate, and, after a while, depression takes the place of prosperity; works are closed, workmen are thrown out of employment, and there is widespread suffering. Mr. Hake will reply, no doubt, that this is an instance of under-consumption, and, in a sense, it unquestionably is. But the initial mistake was that capitalists, seeing a given trade prospering unusually, were unable to calculate how far the production might be increased without exceeding the demand, and in their ignorance brought on a crisis. If we had full statistics of every trade all over the world, and if those engaged in each particular trade would master the facts relating to their own business, there would not be this glutting of the markets. But what chance is there of getting such statistics, or of ensuring their use by all concerned. Once more, the mistaken views of Governments respecting the national interest contribute very powerfully to the dislocation of trade which occurs every now and then. This country some years ago was able to supply the world with cotton and iron goods, but the great Governments of the Continent and the United States, thinking that it would be beneficial to their subjects to create varied interests at home, adopted a policy of Protection, thereby artificially stimulating the growth of the cotton and iron trades upon the Continent and in America, and unduly increasing the world's production. The capital and labour thus attracted into channels in which they were not wanted were diverted from other industries in which they would have been far more productive, and more advantageous to the world at large, and the result is that the aggregate purchasing power of the world has not grown as it ought to have done. We venture to submit, then, that the present economic condition of the world is the result of a vast variety of causes, some more and some less influential, but all having some effect, and that it is idle to expect any very great change from an alteration in one single cause. But if we might hazard a personal opinion, we should say that the most important of all causes is ignorance. If any organization existed which would enable every person engaged in production to apply himself to that kind of work which he could do most efficiently, that would improve the world more than anything else.

Still, though we think that Mr. Hake attaches entirely too much importance to the reform he proposes, we are ready to admit that, if it were carried out, it would do some good. Undoubtedly, it is an interference with the liberty of the subject to prevent him from engaging in any kind of business which is open to other subjects of the realm. Whether Mr. Gladstone's view be right or wrong, that note-issuing, like coinage, ought to be the exclusive privilege of the State, at least it is a logical and consistent proposition. But it is not logical to give to certain banks the right of issue, and to refuse it to everybody else. Further, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Hake, that if banks were free to issue notes to an unlimited extent, they would look to the enterprising poor as those most likely to keep the notes in circulation for the longest time. The supporters of the present system would reply, no doubt, that banks ought not to be allowed to issue notes to an unlimited extent without any guarantee that they can cash them on demand. But we fail to see why the State is bound to protect the note-holder more rigorously than it protects the depositor. There is no Act of Parliament in this country requiring banks to hold a reserve sufficient to guarantee the depositors against loss; and why should the State be more careful of the interests of the note-holders than of those of the depositors? The answer used to be that notes were as effective as coin in purchases, that excessive issues inflated the circulation, and, therefore, by stimulating speculation ended by bringing on a financial crisis; but that answer can no longer be given, for we have had crises since Sir Robert Peel's legislation as serious as any before. If banks are to retain the right of issue at all, they ought to be allowed to exercise the right according to their own discretion. But, of course, in that case the note ought not to be legal tender. Everybody should be free to accept or refuse the note as he pleases. A bank under such circumstances would be able to get its notes into circulation only where its credit was good—that is to say, in its own immediate neighbourhood. And, if the people of the neighbourhood were willing to take the notes not only from the banks, but from one another in ordinary buying and selling, we see no reason why the State should step in and forbid them to do so. In all probability if Mr. Hake's proposed reform were carried out the great banks already existing would not change their present business. They would remain the banks of the well-to-do, and many of them probably would not even care to issue notes. But it may be expected that new banks would be established in considerable numbers, and, at first at all events, they would have only a local business. They would start for the purpose of accommodating a class of customers who are not now catered for, and they would depend mainly upon their note issue for conducting their business properly. No doubt it would be a risky kind of business, for the poor enterprising man would not be able to give the readily realizable security which most borrowers under our present system are required to furnish. Therefore it would require very wise and cautious management. If the business were carried on upon a very large scale, it would probably end in a crash, but if it were carried on upon a modest scale—if the managers made advances only to those whom they knew, or to strangers only where persons known to them were willing to become security—then it might do much good. It would enable many poor and deserving men to start in business for themselves, to increase the employment given in the neighbourhood, and possibly to realize handsome fortunes in the long run. This, no doubt, would be a considerable achievement. It is much less than Mr. Egmont Hake expects, but it would be a good deal if it could be realized.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

IT is unfortunate for an exhibition that it should draw attention to what is absent from it, rather than to what is present. Yet this is to some measure the case, we are obliged to confess, with the present show at the Institute of Painters in Oil-colours. This is the seventh time that the stout little boy with inadequate wings, who sports on the cover of the Catalogue of the Institute, has so roguishly offered to draw back the curtain in front of his easel. When we saw that infant first he served to introduce us to a variety of interesting artists, whose first love seems to have cooled. The founder of the Institute was Sir James Linton, whose occasional work in oil we always welcome; but he does not exhibit this year, although he still is President. Other absentees among the leading members of the Society are Messrs. Boughton, Fred Barnard, Charles Green, Herkomer, R. W. Macbeth, Henry Moore, Shannon, J. W. Waterhouse, Caton Woodville, and W. Dendy Sadler. In other words, almost without exception, the leading artists who first gave its *cachet* to the Institute have, for one reason or another, not been moved this year to give it the benefit of their patronage. This is a matter by no means of indifference, because such a state of things shows, either that the Institute holds its exhibition at a time of year when it is irksome to a leading painter to get his work ready, or else that something in the constitution of the body has lessened the interest which its

founders felt for it. But unless something is done to quicken that interest, the conductors of the Institute must expect a diminution of public attention.

The general level of execution at the present exhibition is, notwithstanding, rather high. The lawlessness of art in England at this moment is, however, in the absence of commanding examples, curiously shown. There is no standard of merit, no uniformity of style; on the contrary, the most opposite schools have their examples hung side by side. Here are stippled purple landscapes in the mode of Samuel Palmer, and here are misty emulations of Corot's latest manner. On one hand figure-painting which would have pleased Augustus Egg, and on the other imitations of Bastien Lepage. The visitor who wishes to amuse himself by accentuating these violent and discordant notes may turn from the following of Manet (382) to the peculiar touch of Mr. Frith (412), from the school of Lepage (286) to Mr. Cooper's sheep (295), from imitation of Mason (486) to imitation of Overbeck (500). The effect is bewildering; and if he desires a final shock, let him study the contrast between the extremely eccentric roughly-sketched head of a little red-nosed girl (754), in the latest French manner, and the highly-finished Academic group in tinted wax (253) which hangs above it. Everything seems to be welcome at the Institute, which has evidently no exclusive pride.

The best figure-piece this year, we are inclined to say, is Mr. F. D. Millet's "The Best Trump" (184)—two men in seventeenth-century dress playing cards in a country kitchen. The pigeon's head, as he bends over the fatal trump, is admirably designed, and all the accessories, which are simple, and not too much crowded, are excellent. The rook, whose back is to the light, has offered difficulties which Mr. Millet has not wholly overcome. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's "Evening Mist" (429) is a very carefully-modelled, large, nude figure of a girl, with flowing soft red hair, rising slowly out of reeds and vapoury water, as though drawn upwards by an unseen power—that of the setting sun. The care with which this beautiful study is painted demands respect, although the motive is neither particularly happy nor strikingly intelligible. Of several careful Academic-subject pieces we may combine our impressions. Mr. Haynes-Williams's "The Proposal" (253), Mr. John Scott's "What's the Matter?" (33), and Mr. Blair Leighton's "What Shall I Say?" (310) are "powder-pieces" of the kind so characteristic of the English school for the last thirty years; skillfully composed, neatly painted, each engaged in "telling a story," either sentimentally, as in the first instance, or humorously, as in the second, or romantically, as in the third. The only fault to be found with them is that, from any truly artistic point of view, they cannot be said to be painted at all. The cleverest of the three is, without question, No. 253, with its attenuated grace and waxen polish.

Excellent landscapes are not rare at the Institute. The place of honour in the Central Gallery is given to Mr. Frank Walton for his large and highly-finished "Leith Hill" (236), a harmonious effect of autumn foliage. Mr. Wyllie has gone a little out of his usual beat, and reminds us somewhat of an early Cecil Lawson, in his capital river-scene, "The Lull before the Storm" (240). There are several good landscapes on this same wall—Mr. Adrian Stokes's brilliant, but not too brilliant, "Bank whereon the Wild Thyme grows" (219), Mr. Adam Proctor's soft, wet meadow, called "The Upland Fold" (213), and Mr. Van der Weyde's "Pastoral" (247), moonlight mingled with light of sunset in the warm foliage of pollard poplars. In the West Gallery Mr. Robert W. Allan's "Gathering Wild Flowers" (23) is an eminently fresh and breezy study of moorland. Mr. Joseph Farquharson's sheep (45) in snow are too blue in their fleeces for the light around them. Mr. Harry Hine paints a wild sea-effect well in his "Swinge off Alderney" (62). Mr. Fulleylove has achieved a signal success with his great portrait of Hampton Court, "A Royal Palace" (94), the most important work he has hitherto produced. Charming to a very high degree, and as true as it is original, is Mr. Brewtnall's "Under the Silver Moon" (118), a study of light on a calm sea breaking in ripple. The gradations of colour here are singularly subtle, the iron-grey sky, the golden sheen of the horizon, the vitreous green of the sea, the grey of the wave, the reflected blue of the wet sea-sand, all combining to form a harmony of moonlight on the waters. It may be compared with a less entirely successful, but still very clever, rendering of a similar theme in the East Gallery, Mr. Alexander Harrison's "Evening" (458), sunset iridescence on part of the surface of a dark stream closely shaded by overhanging foliage. Mr. Cotman has been very successful in his "The Ferry, Christchurch" (137), broad, simple, and full of warm, glowing light. Mr. Tom Lloyd's "Our Ducks" (145), in a similar key of sunset colour, forms a good pendant to it. Mr. Morton's "Hazy Morning, Dieppe" (173), would demand fuller praise if its clever tones were not so uniformly glassy. Mr. Walter Osborne has chosen a beautiful moment—when, in a country town, the red light of evening catches the tops of the houses in a street—for his "Cherry Ripe" (300). Very delicate and complete is Mr. Bright Morris's "The Mill Dam" (314). Neither the "St. Swithin's Summer" (350) of Mr. David Murray or the "Shiplake Hill" (367) of Mr. Alfred Parsons, though each is accomplished, is quite up to the highest level of either of these distinguished painters. Mr. Arthur Hacker's large "My Lady's Garden" (358), which holds a place of honour, is spoiled by its bad, raw colour. Mr. Yeend King's "The Orchard" (526) deserves notice, and Mr. Hope McLachlan's "October Storm" (567) comes near being very fine indeed.

Some of the best pictures at the Institute come under none of the categories yet considered. Mr. Reginald Arnold's girl in brown fur (226), and Mr. Percy Bigland's "Miss Catherine Holt" (55), in white satin and white fox, are among the few good three-quarters-length portraits. A brilliant sketch by Mr. James Clark is "Bride of the Bedouin" (246). What has happened to Mr. John Reid, whose manner of painting becomes more and more unruly and eccentric? As far as we can judge, Mr. Reid now paints wholly with the palette-knife, and the result is maddening, so evenly is the very good balanced by the very bad. His harbour-piece (8) has an excellent background, but the waves in the foreground are the very worst we ever saw. Again, in "His Poll was kind and fair" (593) the rich blues are most enjoyable, and the fisherman's head stands out with great solidity, but the painting of the foreground is positively criminal. Will no one present Mr. Reid with a set of brushes? An ideal head of a woman, peering through a mass of dark and shining leaves, is Mr. Henry J. Stock's "Ivy Fantasy" (417). M. Fantin-Latour is an artist for whose powers we have very great respect; but we do not fathom the meaning of his "Songe" (512), a sort of Sir Noel Paton group of fays and fairies floating about over a prostrate dreamer in a forest. We have kept two entirely delightful pictures for the last. Mr. Dollman has done nothing better than his "Content" (549), eight well-groomed donkeys who have strayed into a little wilderness of silvery thistles, and are having "a rattling good time" there. The tones of the buff sand, the pale thistles, and the rich brown of the asses are admirably rendered. Mrs. Adrian Stokes deserves great credit for her "Waiting for Santa Claus" (639), a comfortable infant, which has just been washed, toasting itself in front of the nursery fire, hemmed in by towels. The textures and the reflected lights in this little composition are given with a rare feeling for beauty.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE announcement that Messrs. Novello have this season discontinued their Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall has left the Royal Choral Society practically in undisputed possession of this field of music. On the principle of the survival of the fittest this is, perhaps, as it should be; yet it cannot but be regretted that no regular series of oratorios should be given during the winter in any smaller concert-room than the vast amphitheatre of the Albert Hall, which is but little fitted to works demanding delicacy of detail rather than breadth of outline. This was felt on last Wednesday week, when the Royal Choral Society opened its season by a performance of Berlioz's *Faust*. Although the work has by this time become such a favourite with London audiences that it now takes a recognized place in the repertory of the Choir which Mr. Barnby has so admirably trained, those amateurs who remember its revival at St. James's Hall some years ago, under Sir Charles Hallé's conductorship, could not fail to be struck by the lessened effect it produces when performed in the overgrown Kensington concert-room. For this no blame rests with either conductor or performers. In every respect the performance was excellent; but Berlioz's masterpiece depends so much for its charm upon his admirable orchestration, and the music for the solo voices demands such delicacy of *nuance*, that much must of necessity be lost when the work is performed in a hall where no orchestral playing can properly be heard, and where solo voices lose half their individuality in the immense space they have to fill. With some of Berlioz's works this would not be so much felt as with the *Faust*, and it might be worth Mr. Barnby's consideration whether a performance of either the "Messe des Morts" or the "Te Deum" would not be successful at the Albert Hall. Difficult as both works are, his fine Choir would do ample justice to them, and both were designed by the composer for performance upon a larger scale than the *Faust*. The solos on the 25th ultimo were taken by Mme. Albani, Messrs. Iver McKay and Henschel. Apart from a tendency to over-emphasis—a fault which is excusable at the Albert Hall—Mme. Albani's performance was very fine. Mr. McKay sang well in the less dramatic portions of the work, but was unsatisfactory whenever the music demanded passion. Mr. Henschel is apt to sacrifice everything to declamation. The singer should not forget that the words may be enunciated at the expense of the notes. This is a fault which is very rare in England, where too often the exact contrary is heard, but it is one which frequently mars Mr. Henschel's performances. The chief honours of the evening rested with the chorus and orchestra, both of which did Mr. Barnby infinite credit.

The three concerts given by Señor Sarasate previous to his departure for America—whither all singers and instrumentalists seem nowadays to be bound—attracted immense audiences to St. James's Hall, that on the evening of the 1st especially being one of the largest ever assembled in the building. The programme included only one novelty—namely, an admirably conscientious and musicianly transcription for violin and orchestra by Saint-Saëns, of the Saraband from Bach's third Suite Anglaise for Clavecin. In addition to this, the Spanish violinist played in familiar fashion Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, Saint-Saëns's Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso for violin and orchestra, his own Fantasia on Bizet's *Carmen*, and no less than three encore-pieces. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins, played

the overture to Lalo's opera *Le Roi d'Ys*, a grave and dignified work, which, though it suffers from being disconnected from the opera to which it forms the prelude, created a more favourable impression than on its performance at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts last year. The programme also included Liszt's Poème Symphonique "Hungaria," an incoherent, wearisome, and ugly composition, the playing of which did not atone for the woful lack of interest of the music.

Last Saturday's Concert at the Crystal Palace opened with a novelty in the shape of a new Concert Overture, "Robert Bruce," the first orchestral work of Mr. F. J. Simpson, a composer whose name is new to amateurs. The plan of the overture is much on the lines of Liszt's "Poèmes Symphoniques," and betrays throughout the composer's foreign education. The work is mainly intended to depict, by the ingenious use of various themes, the gloomy and vengeful struggles and final victory of the Scotch hero whose name it bears, "local colour" being imparted by the abundant use of the national song "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Mr. Simpson's strongest point is his use of the orchestra; in this he shows signs of promise; but the work on the whole is patchy in effect, and leaves an impression of cleverness rather than of originality. According to the Programme-book, the young composer has other orchestral works still in manuscript; it remains for him to show in them whether he is merely a clever student or a composer with something original to say. The rest of the programme consisted of well-known works. Herr Hans Wessely gave a manly and vigorous rendering of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, besides playing Wieniawski's hackneyed Polonaise, both of which performances deserve high praise. Schumann's beautiful Symphony in B flat, No. 1, and the Introduction, Apprentices' Dance, and Procession of Meistersingers, from Act III. of Wagner's *Meistersinger*, were played by the orchestra in a manner which left absolutely nothing to be desired. The vocalist was Mrs. Hutchinson, who was heard to great advantage in the setting of Moore's "There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream," from Professor Stanford's *Veiled Prophet*, besides singing a rather uninteresting song of Massenet's.

At the Saturday Popular Concert at St. James's Hall on the 2nd, the chief attraction was Cherubini's fine Quartet in F, the second of the three posthumous works of the great Florentine master which were first heard in London last season, at Sir Charles Hallé's Chamber Concerts. The work was fully discussed upon that occasion, and the performance last Saturday confirmed the high opinion then expressed as to its merits. It fully deserves a permanent place in the repertory of Mr. Chappell's concerts, and every successive hearing will certainly increase the esteem in which it deserves to be held by musicians. Mme. Haas, who was the pianist at the concert, introduced another novelty, in the shape of a brilliant and scholarly Introduction and Fugue in E flat minor, the composition of Herr Alexis Holländer, a Silesian composer, who, though little known in this country, has recently acquired considerable reputation in Germany. The programme also included Beethoven's beautiful Sonata in A for pianoforte and violoncello, which was admirably played by Signor Piatti and Mme. Haas, violin solos by Leclair and Joachim, and songs by Mr. Henschel and Purcell. The vocalist was Mrs. Henschel. At the last Monday Popular Concert Signor Piatti introduced a Largo and Allemande by Attilio Ariosti, a composer of the early eighteenth century, who, though now forgotten, was a notable person in his day. Originally a Dominican monk, he obtained an ecclesiastical dispensation from his vows and devoted himself to music. Many of his operas were successful in Italy and Germany, and he was engaged in London, together with Buononcini and Handel, to supply new works for the Italian Opera in the Haymarket. His lessons for the Viola d'Amore, from which the pieces played last Monday were selected, were amongst his latest compositions. To judge from Signor Piatti's musicianly transcriptions, Ariosti's music cannot have possessed much individuality; it contains nothing to distinguish it from the similar compositions of a host of other contemporary musicians, though it is graceful and pleasant enough to listen to. In response to an encore, Signor Piatti played his own "Ossian's Song." The rest of Monday's programme consisted of such familiar works as Mozart's String Quartet in A major, No. 5, Schubert's Pianoforte Trio in B flat, Op. 99, and Schumann's Romance in F sharp major, Op. 28, No. 2, and Toccata in C major, Op. 7, for pianoforte solo. The latter were played, in her usual admirable manner, by Miss Agnes Zimmermann. The vocal numbers included Duets for Contralto and Baritone, by Dvořák and Mr. G. A. Thomas, sung by Miss Lena Little and Herr Max Heinrich. Mr. Thomas's graceful compositions were especially welcome; though slight in character, they are extremely beautiful, and full of a poetic charm which is too rare a gift in these days, when the purely lyrical faculty is becoming more and more scarce amongst composers.

Mr. Kuhe's second concert at the Albert Hall, last Monday, attracted an enormous audience, which filled every corner of the huge building to overflowing. The main attraction was the appearance of Mme. Patti, who, besides singing the Shadow Song from Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, the Scena and "Légende de la Fille du Paria," from Délibes' *Lakmé* (the latter part of which she repeated for an encore), and the Scotch ballad "Robin Adair," gave, in response to the prolonged applause with which her performances were greeted, Bishop's "Home, Sweet Home," Hook's "'Twas within a Mile of Edinboro' Town" and "Comin' thro' the Rye." The rest of the programme was more interesting than is often the case when the famous prima donna appears. Mlle. Douilly created a very favourable impression by her singing of the page's song from *Les Huguenots*, Sir Arthur Sullivan's "My dearest heart," and Tosti's "Venetian Song." Mr. Edward Lloyd gave a magnificent performance of the Scena "Lend me your aid," from Gounod's *Reine de Saba*, besides singing Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Come, Margarita, come," and "The Distant Shore"; and Mrs. Henschel won a well-deserved encore for her singing of Handel's charming "Lusinghe più care," from *Alessandro*, besides joining her husband in the Duet from Boieldieu's *Nouveau Seigneur du Village*, "Je vais rester à cette place." Mr. Durward Lely, whose singing has much improved since he left the Savoy Theatre, gave a correct, if somewhat tame, rendering of Handel's "Where'er you walk," and Mr. Henschel declaimed with due emphasis the rather uninteresting Scena from Wagner's, *Tannhäuser*, "Blick' ich umher." Instrumental performances were given by Herr Johannes Wolf, who played the last two movements of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto and Wieniawski's Fantasia on Russian Airs, and by an efficient orchestra, under the conductorship of Herr Wilhelm Ganz.

MONEY MATTERS.

THROUGHOUT the week the short loan market has been easy, while the discount market has been firm, at about 4 per cent., or very slightly under. This is a not unusual circumstance in times like the present, when money, accumulated to meet demands that it is known will shortly arise, is lent out for a brief period, and depresses the rate of interest in the short loan market. The contrast is an indication, not of abundance in the supply of money, but rather that the supply will diminish considerably before long. In the present case it is known that there will almost immediately be a very considerable decline in the supply quite independently of any gold shipments that may take place. And as the matter illustrates the working of our banking law, it may be worth while to call special attention to it.

On the 11th of November—Term Day, as it is called—there are a great number of payments to be made in Scotland, with the result that, in anticipation of them, there is always an expansion of the note circulation. But when the banks issue notes beyond their authorized issue, they have to keep an equivalent amount of gold, and the law requires a sworn return to be made up every four weeks. This year it appears that the week in which the returns are to be made up falls so that the gold has not to be taken from London to Scotland until after Term Day—that is, until the cause of the expansion has actually passed away. The banks, of course, will not incur the risk and expense of conveying gold from London to Scotland and back again until the necessity arises, and, therefore, the withdrawals for Scotland, which usually take place about the beginning of November, are postponed this year until quite the middle of the month. It is estimated that about three-quarters of a million will next week have to be sent from London to Scotland, and, probably, within a week or two later it will all come back. Even if it be maintained that gold ought to be held by the banks for every note they issue, it is surely unnecessary to compel them to carry the metal backwards and forwards in this way. Would it not be simpler, and quite as safe, to accept a certificate from the Bank of England setting forth that the Scotch banks have deposited with it the amount of gold required to guarantee the convertibility of their notes?

The price of silver has advanced this week to 43$\frac{7}{8}$*d.* per oz., a rise of about 2*d.* per oz. since May, or not far short of 5 per cent. Besides the Mint, there is another large purchaser in the market. Some say it is the Austrian Government, and some suspect it to be a syndicate of American speculators. Whoever the purchaser may be, whether a Government or a group of great capitalists, the broker acting for him, it, or them, has apparently command of immense sums, for he seems capable of purchasing all the amounts offered to him, however large, and at advancing quotations. It is expected that Congress will, in its coming session, double the amount of silver which must be coined under the provisions of the Bland Act; therefore it is thought probable that some of the great American speculators may have combined to buy the metal cheap in the hope of selling it at a handsome profit, by-and-bye, to the American Mint. On the other hand, it is known that the Austrian Government has for some time past been negotiating with the Hungarian Government for the resumption of specie payments; and it is thought it may have the intention of adopting the single silver standard. Therefore, in the opinion of many, it is the Austrian Government which is buying. It seems hardly probable, however, that Austria-Hungary will adopt the single silver standard; for financially and commercially Austria and Hungary are so closely connected with Germany that it would be exceedingly disadvantageous to them to adopt a monetary system unlike the German.

The pause in Stock Exchange speculation has continued

this week. The course of the money market for the remainder of the year is uncertain. The speculation, in industrial securities more particularly, all over Germany is very wild; and, though the monthly *Liquidation* has been got over safely, the difficulties remain. In Paris those who suffered from the failure of the Panama Canal Company and the Copper Crash are still selling, while banks and syndicates in Paris, as well as in Berlin, hold immense quantities of Argentine securities which the public will not buy from them. The banking and building crisis in Italy still continues. And the state of affairs in the Argentine Republic becomes more threatening every day. The premium on gold is nearly 120 per cent. Indeed, private telegrams say that it is considerably higher. And it is evident that all the efforts of the Government to restore confidence have failed. The Government at the same time is putting a bold face upon matters. It refused the conditions required by the London and Paris bankers who had agreed to lend it eight millions sterling, alleging that it has money enough for all its requirements. And it has ordered the sale of 216,000 square miles of land at a minimum price of two gold dollars per hectare. This is an area considerably larger than all France, and somewhat larger even than the whole Empire of Germany. If the price is realized it will give the Government about 24 millions sterling. But then there are conditions for colonizing the land with certain nationalities, one-third English, one-third Italian, one-sixth Spanish, and the remainder French and Belgian, which are hardly likely to be complied with. Meanwhile, in spite of all these and other adverse circumstances, the general impression is that the new year will witness even a bolder and larger speculation than was seen this year. One other circumstance to be noted is that the speculation in South African land and mining shares of all kinds has practically come to an end, for the time being at all events. Buying has almost ceased, and few jobbers are willing to buy even a hundred shares.

There are rumours that the French Government is preparing a great funding and conversion operation. The unfunded debt of France is of enormous magnitude—over 150 millions sterling, if the Six Year and other bonds are included. It is said that the larger part of this debt is about to be funded, and that, to a large extent at all events, the interest will be provided by offering such terms to the holders of the Four and a Half per Cents as will induce them to convert. When the Five per Cents were converted a promise was given that they would not be converted again for ten years. The conversion, therefore, must be optional; but it is said that such favourable terms will be offered as are sure to be accepted.

It seems now as if the reorganization of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Company would be accomplished after all. The Bondholders' Committee have offered to recommend the bondholders to accept, if the interest of the Income Bonds is made accumulative. It will be recollected that the bondholders are asked to accept a part of their principal in Four per Cent. Bonds, which are to be a first charge, and the remaining part, with compensation for the reduction in interest, in Income Bonds bearing 5 per cent. interest, but the interest to be payable only when and to the extent that it is earned. The demand now is that, if not earned in one year, the interest is to go on accumulating, and to be paid whenever earned subsequently.

The activity in the iron market continues, but the price remains little higher than a week ago, being just about 60*s.* a ton. The coal market, too, is exceedingly active, and the consumption of copper has likewise immensely increased. While the copper corner in Paris lasted, consumption was checked by the excessively high price, and, consequently, stocks accumulated. Since the copper crash the consumption has increased enormously. It is said, too, that the great banks in Paris, which took over the stock that had been accumulated by the Société des Métaux, have been selling on a considerable scale, so that the consumption has really increased more than the published figures represent. While such immense stocks continue in Paris, it is hardly likely that a material rise in price can take place; but business is exceedingly active and the shares of copper-mining Companies are again rising. In every direction evidence is thus being afforded that the trade improvement is steadily growing. Naturally the workpeople all over the country are insisting upon a share of the profits which their employers are making, and very generally an advance in wages is being conceded, in many cases the advance being on very large advances previously made. There is one demand of the workpeople, however, which is likely to lead before long to serious disputes, and that is, for a reduction in the hours of labour.

The Board of Trade Returns for October are highly satisfactory. Compared with October of last year the value of the imports shows an increase of about 9 per cent., and that of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures of about 10 per cent. In the exports the increase is very general. In the imports there is an increase in the quantities of tea, spirits, wine, and tobacco taken for consumption, as might be expected from the improvement in trade and the rise in wages.

MORLIOS AGONISTES.

(*A Fragment.*)

MORLIOS. CHORUS OF HECKLERS.

CHO. Our bosoms, like pomegranates at the prime,
Swell with the juice of questions. Wilt thou hear?
MOR. Ay, ask and fear not: heckle; fire away.
CHO. What if a man be doubly qualified?
MOR. One man, one vote; ye know the spoken word.
CHO. Three years gone by, what help in Parliament?
MOR. Nay but, lest age corrupt it, let it cease.
CHO. Is it for good that members serve for nought?
MOR. Yet better that they serve ye for a wage.
CHO. Home Rule, a word of many sounds, and dark.
MOR. Too dark to darken this our speech withal.
CHO. Us too it doth befog, leading astray.
MOR. Catch then the hare yourselves have set afoot.
CHO. Take we the land, and with the land the mines?
MOR. Buying or seizing them? Make clear your rede.
CHO. Nay, none but fools will market with a thief.
MOR. Hermes to help! what word hath 'scaped your lips?
CHO. Not ours the word, but Spencer's: blame thou him.
MOR. But, what if Spencer have recalled the word?
CHO. It skills not to recall it: truth prevails.
MOR. Eternal is it: have ye more to say?

CHO.

The little school children,
Whose charge is the State's,
Shall we cease from bewild'ring
Their breakfastless pates?

Will thou vote for their free education and saddle their grub on the rates?

MOR.

When those cannot pay it
Who should be amerced,
The State must defray it,
If worst comes to worst.

But private endeavour, it may be, should try the experiment first.

CHO.

Wilt grant to the pauper
Those rights he doth lack,
Rights held by the law per-
Tinaciously back?

Wilt abolish the harsh regulation that separates Jill from her Jack?

MOR.

I would not the "Union"
Affections should kill;
Or forbid the communion
Of old Jack and Jill.

But I won't, if I know it, allow them to multiply paupers at will.

CHO.

Shall we find thee defying
Conservative fears?
Shall we see thee denying
The "wisdom of years"?

Art thou down on inherited office, and game to extinguish the Peers?

MOR.

Ye know I would mend them,
Or end them, our Lords;
But do ye intend them
Alone by your words?

Unfold me this thought, lest our purposes cross as the crossing of swords.

CHO.

Thou seest, thou sayest,
Misjudging us not;
Understand us thou mayest
To go for the lot.

Wilt thou go for the Monarchy, also, and send Crown and Sceptre to pot?

MOR.

Nay, reckon not those things
Within my design;
For destruction of most things
Though game to combine,

At destroying the Throne, as a statesman, I draw a provisional line.

REVIEWS.

POPULAR SONGS OF FRANCE.*

THE study of popular songs was comparatively neglected in France till the Commission of 1852. The fruits of that Commission were the collection of six large manuscript volumes, now preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale. It is a pity that they are not printed. French Governments are usually liberal in these matters. Meanwhile, many authors—the Comte de Puymaigre, M. Bladé, M. Sébillot, M. Damase Arband, M. E. Rolland, and others—have collected and published the ballads and ditties, of which Gérard de Nerval had already given specimens in *Sylvie*. The Académie des Beaux Arts recently proposed, as a subject for one of its prizes, "Popular Melodies and Songs in France, from the beginning of the sixteenth to the close of the eighteenth century." The relations of the musical accompaniments to Church and to general music were especially to be studied. The prize was gained by M. Julien Tiersot, whose book is now published. About the technicalities of the second part, which deals chiefly with music, we do not propose to speak; it is mainly matter for pure musical criticism. But the earlier division of M. Tiersot's volume is of interest to all students of popular tradition. Unluckily, it did not come within the scope of the essay to discuss the relations between the popular traditional poetry of France and that of other European countries. That subject is nowhere so well illustrated as in Professor Child's *English and Scotch Popular Ballads*, of which the sixth volume is now in the hands of subscribers. M. Tiersot is chiefly interested in French *chansons*. He briefly enumerates the various poetical influences, Greek, Roman, Celtic, Ecclesiastic, and Teutonic, which touched the country in early historical times, and he repeats much that M. Léon Gautier had already cited about references to popular poetry in the Carolingian era. He then reaches the old narrative ballads still extant in France; ballads, as it happens, by no means so numerous, beautiful, and interesting as those of the Scotch Border, of modern Greece, of Denmark, and other lands. He quotes the ballad of "Jean Renaud," well known from M. Rossetti's version, "John of Tours." A fragment of a Scotch variant survives in a Scotch dance rhyme for children, a *ronde*, as it is called in France. Spain, Italy, Sweden, and Norway have also, as M. Tiersot remarks, their variants, and M. Gaston Paris (*Revue Critique*, i. 302) is inclined to believe in a Celtic original. Another widespread song, older than the Odyssey doubtless, is that concerning the husband's return from the wars after long absence. Here, as elsewhere in his book, M. Tiersot seems to look on the "Barzaz Breiz" as more authoritative than most authors consider it. In the Breton version, as given in "Barzaz Breiz," the returned warrior tells his brother, who has ill used his wife, "Were not this the house of my father and mother thy blood should redden my sword." The Poitevin version is much more brutal, and probably more antique. The hero says to his mother:—

> Si vous n'étiez ma mère,
> Je vous ferai brûler;
> Mais comm' vous êt' ma mère,
> Je va vous étrangler.

Then we have the ballad of "Le Père Sévère," "le Roy Loys," who imprisons his daughter for a love affair—a very widely-spread ballad. The version in which the girl pretends to be dead, and is revived at her funeral by the lover, is given by Gérard de Nerval, and has a well-known Scotch variant. There are popular versions, too, of "Le Plongeur," the diver who seeks the ring of the princess at the bottom of the sea. Then there is the story of the girl who avenges herself on a fiendish lover, the murderer of many other brides. This is the Scotch "May Colvin," and tradition has localized the incident on the coast of Ayrshire. The supernatural, so very common in Northern ballads, is almost absent, M. Tiersot remarks, from the traditional poetry of France. We have St. Nicholas and his resuscitation of the murdered children, familiar through the form published by Gérard de Nerval; and there is the ghost of a murdered husband, who appears on the bridal night of his faithless wife; but we have no "Clerk Saunders," no "Tamlane." The fairies are conspicuously absent. But we must not forget the story of the rearisen mother who, in Provence as in Denmark, comes from the tomb to cherish her persecuted children. Acquainted with the Danish version through a translation by M. Xavier de Marmier, M. Tiersot is tempted to think that the piece is of Northern origin.

But the question of the original home of stories in verse, like this, is as obscure as the same question in regard to *Märchen* in prose. The Walloon version, from M. de Puymaigre, differs from many others in the good advice which the dead mother gives to the little ones. They are to behave nicely to their stepmother—

> Et, si ell' te demand' qui t'a si bien appris,
> C'était ma pauvre mèr' qui est en terr' pourrie.

There is a variant, in which the children return with the mother to the tomb; another in which, when the dogs howl, the stepmother fears a new visit from the dead. In Brittany, by way of exception, the fairies, or korrigans, haunt the ballads, as they haunt the wolds. Other narrative ballads have nothing to do with knights and ladies, but with soldiers and unnamed girls, tales of seduction, child-murder, "old, unhappy, far-off things." There are also reminiscences, though rare, of historical events; the song of an attack on a British frigate, captured

> Par un corsair' de six canons,
> Lui qui en avait trent'-six, et bons.

This may be as apocryphal as the chant of the *Mary Jane*:—

> 'Twas the *Mary Jane*, off the coast of Spain,
> In the year of the old French war,
> Took the *Belle Hélène*, did the *Mary Jane*,
> The great French seventy-four.
>
> Says the skipper, says he, "Let us turn and flee,
> Or we never shall reach the Nore,
> For I stand on the poop of a merchant sloop,
> While *she* is a seventy-four."
>
> But the bold second mate cries, "A fig for her weight!"

and so forth, and so forth.

On the whole, popular tradition in France has very few lyric memories of French history. The apparent exceptions are usually false and modern. M. Tiersot recognizes that later investigations of Breton ballads do not bear out M. de la Villemarque's belief, that the Breton national poetry is full of history. Héloïse, Duguesclin, and other heroines and heroes are no more chanted of in Brittany than in Berry. "En vérité, le type de la chanson historique française c'est *Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*." In France, then, we have nothing answering to "Auld Maitland" (if he is not apocryphal), nor to "Kinmont Willie," "The Fire o' Frendraught," "The Bonny Earl Murray," "The Queen's Maries," and so forth—ballads where history, legend, and *Märchen* mingle in various proportions. But to account for this lack of historical reminiscence in France, as contrasted with Scotland, is a task not attempted by M. Tiersot. We do not speak here, of course, about the ancient lost popular lays which may have been the material used by the author of the *Chanson de Roland*.

On the topic of satirical songs M. Tiersot might have gained something, at the expense of brevity, from a study of a curious topic—satire as a social agent in the early Norse times, and at present among the Eskimo. The satirical song among these blameless Hyperboreans is at once a form of law and an expression of public opinion. To be satirized is the chief and most stringent kind of punishment. In France the popular satire is mainly turned against the *curé*, the old man who marries a young wife, and the jilt. From the *Roman Comique* M. Tiersot quotes:—

> Mon père m'a donné mari.
> Qu'est-ce que d'un homme si petit?
> Il n'est pas plus grand qu'un fourmi.

This is rather like our nursery rhyme:—

> I had a little husband,
> No bigger than my thumb;
> I put him in a pint-pot,
> And there I bade him drum.

There is a hideous song of married life which contains the essence of a novel by M. Zola; the rhyme is entitled *Mort du Mari*. "The height of realism," M. Tiersot calls this piece, which we do not remember having seen before, though MM. Bujeaud, Fleury, and Rolland appear to have published it.

> Men pouer Jean est biein malade,
> Biein malade, Du merci.

Love songs and *pastourelles* are a much more pleasing class of rhymes, and very common. Here, at last, France has her advantage over the North—for the love lyrics of Burns, for example, are not, of course, in this category of anonymous traditional verse. The blossoming apple-trees, the messenger nightingales, the dove that coos "Marry, maidens, marry"—we have none of these. The Scotch peasant does not threaten the moon with his revenge because she sets so slowly and so tardily

> Brings him to his marriage morn,
> And round again to happy night.

Here is a pretty specimen:—

> Au milieu d'une rose
> Mon cœur est enchaîné;
> N'y a serrurier en France
> Qui puiss' le déchaîner,
> Si non mon ami Pierre
> Qui en a pris la clef.

The well-known song, familiar in Canada, "En revenant des noces," ends this section. M. Tiersot then examines the various provinces of France in order, noting where the *chanson* flourishes most freely, and where it is dying out, as in Picardy, though it is pretty lively still there, for even English visitors have collected several examples. Normandy, according to M. Tiersot, *manque d'idéal*. Dance songs have degenerated with us into the rhymes of little girls "around the Merry May tanzy." They are more vivacious in France. The *bourrée* is danced in Auvergne and elsewhere; the *ronde* is common, like "ring-songs, dances, ledes, and rounds," in the old Scotland of Gawain Douglas. Then we have lullabies, very pretty, innocent ditties, and dirges, of which only Corsica offers really poetical specimens, though nothing like our lyke-wake dirge. Drinking songs are not really "popular"; like "John Barleycorn," they are of literary origin, as a rule. So the opera of life ends with the dirge, and M. Tiersot approaches the technical and musical part of his accomplished and valuable work. But this, as Aristotle says, is matter for a different inquiry. It is, perhaps, a pity that he has

* *Histoire de la chanson populaire en France.* Par Julien Tiersot. Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut. Paris: Plon, Nourrit, et Cie. 1889.

said so little about the curious and widely diffused ditties on the numbers from one to twelve, ditties quite as common in England as in France, and of very great antiquity. M. Tiersot's book is even more valuable to the student of the history of music than to ballad collectors, though it is also of service in their pursuits.

NOVELS.*

FEW of our modern novel-writers are as clever in the use of the social microscope (tropically, so to speak) as Mr. F. Anstey. No one can handle it more skilfully, more keenly note the movements of the little being under examination, more sharply detect the motive of each small wriggle, or more humorously describe and classify the creature. This power of insight into human motive is the root of the matter when it is a question of writing a novel or a play. It is not all that is needed, but the possession of it gives an immense advantage. It has enabled Mr. Anstey to write one, at least, of the most amusing of modern books, and others not, perhaps, quite so successful. In *The Pariah*, his latest story, and the one which has probably been written with the greatest care and intention, we are more than ever struck by the sharp intuitive perception and the satirical balancing of judgment which make the author's writing such extremely entertaining reading. There is not a dull page—we might say, not a dull sentence—in it. But, probably because the story is meant to be of much larger scope than any previous work by Mr. Anstey, we are conscious of some deficiency. It wants a larger horizon. After the hours spent among Mr. Anstey's men and women (there are three closely-printed volumes, and no skipping is possible), one wants a blow out of doors and the sight of something big. We shall not spoil the interest of any reader by going into the story briefly, for the plot is in the title. Allen Chadwick is a Pariah, socially and domestically, from the beginning to the end of his sordid, dreary life. He is a sort of low London shopboy, neglected and uneducated until he is twenty-one, when his father returns from India unexpectedly enriched and takes him up. Almost immediately the father is married by a fashionable widow with small means and a family of beautiful, clever, highly-bred daughters. Into this *milieu* the poor untaught lad enters with amaze and delight, and asks no better than to be endured and allowed to adore. But the Chevenings cannot endure either him or his adoration; they act the cuckoo's part, and finally the bird who had the only real right to the nest is ejected and cast forth to die. This is not only an original story, but it is told in the most striking and original fashion, and with all kinds of amusing side issues. The girls are delightfully drawn, especially the bewitching Margot and the childish Lettice. Nothing that polish and finish, cleverness, humour, wit, and sarcasm can give is left out. What is left out is not so easy to define, but resolves itself finally into something like this—that the general view is that of the pessimist. There is pity for the hopeless Pariah, but there is not sympathy. He sinks into his miserable grave, and we make haste to forget him, as every one else about him did. There is no wider horizon for him than his own dreary existence. We are never made to feel that there is any response, any sympathy, any recognition anywhere, of his devotion. And yet so masterly is the delineation from the author's point of view that we are made to feel the same shrinking from Allen Chadwick that Margot Chevening did, and to admit the impossibility of enduring him. There is a positive atmosphere of sordidness about Allen in the book which makes one unwilling to rub shoulders with him. There is cruelty in it. There is no tenderness, even in the love between Margot and Nugent Orme, though Margot is both brilliant and sweet. Little Lettice is charming; but in time she will grow into another Margot. To feel thus is to treat Mr. Anstey's personages as if they were real, and an author can desire no more. But, as we have said, we are straitened in prolonged contact with them and a little wearied by their smallness.

The story of *Randall Trevor*, such as it is—and truly it is not much—is told by Mr. Herbert Earl with a certain antiquated formality not altogether unpleasant. The author moralizes too much—but that may be lightly passed by—and his idea of comic interlude is to give us long speeches by shrewish married ladies, and these can be skipped. His young ladies are the ladies who were young in the years when fainting-fits were fashionable and "glossy" hair was admired and sentiment had not yet been dismissed. "My lord, bestow your title on some one more worthy of it than I am," cries Joan, with flashing eyes, when the *parti* of the county, the excellent Lord Weyland, proposes marriage to her. Lord Weyland had iniquitously offered to help Joan's brother by advancing sixty or seventy thousand pounds to clear the estate of mortgages, and that was enough for Joan. Randall Trevor, too, the hero, is more romantic than the heroes of to-day. He also desires, for the love of Joan, to help Squire Broadfield out of his difficulties, so he makes his solicitor buy up all the mortgages in an anonymous manner, and the Squire accepts with a light heart the assistance which comes, he informs his family, from "some unknown angel." Such angels are, indeed, unknown in these days of reduced Consols. The story is laid principally in Oxford, and the sketches of University life and of one or two old dons are quite the pleasantest portions, though there is a little pain in finding a Fellow of St. Jude's, in answer to a request for explanation of something he had said, reply, "I expect I meant" so-and-so. The construction of a plot has been the author's greatest difficulty. Beyond a passionate lover, a willing maiden, and an obstinate old father or uncle he seems unable to get; and we have this situation played over several times. The old axiom in whist "when in doubt play trumps" seems to have suggested a mode of tactics. When the author gets into a tight place he kills a heroine. It dislocates continuity, and inflicts on the simple reader's attention a blow from which recovery is difficult; but eventually every one gets over it, including the lover, and the end of the second and last volume is gained.

People who write books for the young should be pedantically careful in the verisimilitude of their details. The juvenile eye is sharp to perceive discrepancies, and the juvenile judgment is implacable. We fear that the critic of tender years who finds Mrs. Callaway, in Miss Bramston's pretty story, *A Pair of Cousins*, referring to a relation as "your Uncle John's widow who married again. Dear me, I wonder if it's to say the poor creature's dead?" and discovers on the next page that the poor creature is Mrs. Callaway's own and only sister, further being named Emma and addressed as Maria, will resent it. The experienced have learned indulgence in such matters; but even they may regard the remark "his work was more amateur in execution" as ill-advised, both from the English and French point of view, and may doubt if association with even a very good artist in water-colour could enable any one to acquire the "instincts of a gentleman." These are, after all, trifling blemishes; but it is a pity they should mar so pretty, pathetic, sensible a story as Miss Bramston's. The pair of cousins, Avis Goldenlea and Flower Callaway, are charmingly drawn, and not less excellent in their way are Jack and Nelly Mascarene. Jack's talk as a boy is well and truly done, consistent with his good-humoured, masterful, conceited attitude to his sister. The story, without being didactic, is wholesome and bracing. It will interest young persons, and their elders too.

The Makers of Mulling is the title given to a collection of four short stories, one of which at least seems to have appeared originally in a magazine. The first and the last, which are the most ambitiously conceived, are the least successful. In *The Makers of Mulling*, an attempt to reproduce to some extent the annals of a parish and to chronicle village politics, a canvas has been taken much too large for the artist's powers. "A Vendetta," in venturing on the lines of tragedy, travels out of the reach of the writer's imagination. On the other hand, the two remaining sketches, "Worth While" and "Diamond Cut Diamond," contain delicately touched views of quiet English country homes and sympathetic descriptions of the existences lived out in them. The innocent, protected, uneventful, often dull, but mostly useful, lives, sheltered under innumerable English parsonages present a small field for melodramatic writers; but, drawn with the simplicity Miss Coleridge has used in this instance, they have their attraction.

In whatever direction the talents of the writer who signs herself Mona may specially point, a perusal of *To Him that Overcometh* would suggest that it is not that of composing novels. So bewildering a coruscation of surreptitious babies, substituted heirs, marriages interrupted at the altar, baronets who are not baronets at all, and baronets who do not know they are baronets, wives who are called Miss, and Misses who have every claim but one to be addressed as matrons, we have seldom met. "Such welcome and unwelcome things at once 'tis hard to reconcile"; and, indeed, before the close of the volume (there is only one volume) it becomes impossible. Before attempting another story of English social life, it may be well for Mona to inform herself of such trifling matters as that estates cannot be at one and the same time entailed and at the free disposal of a testator, and that, under existing arrangements, two sisters cannot be known respectively as Mrs. Claremont and Lady Helen Dorrington, even though the latter has married a baronet.

* *The Pariah.* By F. Anstey. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1889.

Randall Trevor. By Herbert P. Earl. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1889.

A Pair of Cousins. By M. Bramston. London: National Society's Depository. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

The Makers of Mulling. By C. R. Coleridge. London: Smith & Innes. 1889.

To Him that Overcometh. By Mona. London: Remington & Co. 1889.

HISTORIC ODDITIES.*

IN this volume Mr. Baring Gould republishes the first series—we see that another is to follow—of a collection of articles which he has contributed to various monthly magazines. They contain accounts of strange events or queer people for the most part of the last and present centuries. It is almost needless, seeing who wrote them, to say that they are generally bright and amusing, and that they are better worth reprinting than the

* *Historic Oddities and Strange Events.* By S. Baring Gould, M.A., Author of "Mehalah," "John Herring," &c. First Series. London: Methuen & Co. 1889.

majority of their class. Of course, a book of this kind becomes grievous if it is treated as a book—if an attempt, that is to say, is made to read it through continuously—but most of its contents will be found pleasant enough if taken in single doses. The first article examines such evidence as we have concerning the fate of Benjamin Bathurst, the English Envoy to the Court of Vienna in 1809, who mysteriously disappeared at Perleberg, a little town of Brandenburg, when on his journey homewards. In England it was generally believed that he was murdered by order of Napoleon, and the *Times* expressed this belief pretty plainly soon after his disappearance. Mr. Baring Gould has been led to the conclusion that, though Napoleon may have directed that he should be robbed of his despatches, it is probable that he was murdered against the Emperor's wish, for the sake of his money. He has gone carefully into all the circumstances of the case, and his paper is especially welcome because the short notice of Bathurst in the *Dictionary of National Biography* is anything but satisfactory. The attempt to make out that Elizabeth Chudleigh, the bigamous Duchess of Kingston, has been "hardly used" by her biographers does not strike us as successful; the subject is a well-worn one, and the treatment of it here is incomplete. No reference, for example, is made to what Frederick the Great says about her having got drunk at a ball at which he was present. Mallet's strange conspiracy—for a moment so strangely successful—against the Imperial Government in France in 1812 is told with much animation, and a later and somewhat heavier article exposes the utter groundlessness of the infamous charge brought against the memory of Louis XVI. of having tried to poison the locksmith Gamain. The adventures of Sophie Apitzsch are amusing reading. Sophie was the daughter of a Saxon armourer, who ran away from her father's house in 1714 to escape a disagreeable marriage, and, after wandering about for some time in man's clothes, was taken for the Crown Prince of Saxony by the owner of an estate about twenty-five miles from Dresden, and was treated accordingly. She received all the honours due to her supposed rank, and was loaded with presents. Her host was envied by his neighbours, who felt much as the Porkenhams did when Mrs. and Miss Nupkins boasted of their intimacy with the engaging Captain Fitz-Marshall. Sophie had a good time, chequered only by the anxiety of her host to get her for a husband for his daughter, until the bubble burst, and she was arrested by the police. The poor girl was whipped, and imprisoned for about two years. The last that is known about her is that on her release she took service with a baker. A story entitled "A Wax-and-Honey-Moon," which Mr. Baring Gould tells us he has embellished, is spun out rather too much, and the fun is decidedly forced. Of his other articles the narrative of the murder of the Countess Goerlitz at Darmstadt, in 1847, is perhaps the most interesting; while one or two more, such as his sketch of the career of the rascally Jew, Joseph Suess Oppenheim, the favourite of Duke Charles Alexander of Würtemberg, are also worth reading.

GRAPHICS.*

SOME twenty-three years have passed since Professor Culmann of Zürich, in his *Graphische Statik*, placed in the hands of engineers a novel process of calculation, the utility and power of which it would be difficult to exaggerate. It enabled problems which had required the elaborate application of algebra and trigonometry to be solved by merely drawing to scale a group of lines, in a manner so simple that the veriest babe or suckling in mathematics could do it, and even understand it. The well-drilled cadets of the Continental engineering schools readily assimilated the new method; but in England, where training in the theory of engineering lagged, and still sadly lags, a long way behind training in the practice of that art, we required to have the method rediscovered for us. It fell to Clerk Maxwell to find out for himself and to develop on lines of his own a portion of the process, though Maxwell's discovery was in some measure anticipated by the independent work of a draughtsman named Taylor. Maxwell's demonstration of the method of reciprocal figures, as he called it, was followed up by Fleeming Jenkin, who did good service in translating it into language intelligible to practical men, and in educating engineers to appreciate its value by showing them how it might be applied, with the utmost convenience and completeness, to determine the pulls and thrusts in the several members of a loaded roof or bridge. But the method of reciprocal figures was no more than a part of the science which Culmann founded, and which Cremona, Favaro, Maurice Levy and others have continued to build. English engineers are now fairly well aware of the usefulness of the graphic method, though probably few of them are alive to its scope. They have had before them for some years the excellent work of Mr. J. B. Chalmers on the Graphic Determination of Forces in Engineering Structures, not to mention several elementary manuals, as well as a treatise published in America by Professor Du Bois. It gives some idea of the attention the method has received, especially at the hands of Continental mechanicians, to remark that Du Bois, writing ten years ago, gives a list of some sixty or seventy books and papers on the subject. The Clarendon Press, we are glad to see, now promises a translation of Cremona's classical work; and we have here the first part of a comprehensively planned treatise by Professor R. H. Smith, in which the whole subject of graphical calculation is, or is to be, considered. The author's scheme is wide, so wide that he thinks it necessary to disclaim, in the first sentence of his preface, the intention of supplanting one's whole engineering library:—"This book will not enable the student of practical mechanics to dispense with the use of other books treating mechanics in the ordinary manner. If it did, it might be entitled 'Engineering Mechanics treated Graphically.'" It almost seems that Professor Smith had contemplated the supersession as possible, and had given up the idea with regret. He begins with "Graph-Arithmetic," showing how methods of linear construction may be used in place of common arithmetic to do sums in multiplication, division, proportion, and so on, and to find powers and roots. He goes on to "Graph-Algebra," and solves simple, and quadratic, and simultaneous equations with ruler and scale, by aid of a number of interesting artifices, some of which, we think, are new. Trigonometry, mensuration, and integration are then dealt with by graphic methods, and the author passes on to the most important part of his work—the treatment of vector quantities. This subject has been so well threshed out by the writers we have named as to leave little room for novelty, save in arrangement. Professor Smith, however, shows a considerable amount of originality, both in style and in subject-matter, especially in his discussion of the kinematics of mechanism. Coming finally to statics, the author treats in succession of the stresses in flat frames composed of struts and ties only, in flat frames containing beams, and in structures the parts of which cannot be taken as lying in one plane. These last chapters are valuable and suggestive, discussing as they do a number of more or less difficult cases which are omitted, or slurred over, in most of the text-books—such, for instance, as the case of loads applied at internal joints. The treatment is philosophical throughout; indeed, one may fairly complain that it is too philosophical. There can be no question of the author's mastery of his subject; but he strains too much after generality. Though the exposition is logical and exact, it lacks interest and simplicity. Any one who has a respectable amount of knowledge of the subject beforehand will find Professor Smith's book profitable, though not perhaps very pleasant, reading; but for a beginner we should pronounce it impossible. To our mind, a good part of the earlier chapters is hobby-riding—often curious and clever, but still hobby-riding. No sane man who had occasion to multiply or divide one number by another would do it by drawing and measuring lines, and it adds nothing to the value of a practical text-book to fill it with geometrical gymnastics. The graphic method is a good servant, but it has its own place. To torture it into universal applicability is only to discredit it. The best work is done by using more than one tool; and what an engineer really needs to know in this connexion is how to blend graphic processes with the ordinary methods of arithmetic and algebra, so that he may reach his result by the shortest and plainest way. We should have expected Professor Smith to lay more stress on this than he does, for he evidently knows what practical work is. His first chapter, on the use of drawing instruments, is in its way excellent; so is the treatment of kinematics—though why, by the way, is kinematics classed as a branch of dynamics? The plates, which fill a separate quarto volume, are admirably drawn. They are uniformly clear and correct; the only slip we have noticed is in fig. 83, where the resultant of two oppositely directed parallel forces is placed between the forces. This resultant, as it chances by a rare exception, was found by calculation, not by graphic construction; so the author may plead that, if he had stuck to his hobby, the slip would not have occurred. Perhaps, too, it would not have occurred if he made a practice of dismounting oftener. Mr. Smith says that, if the present volume meets with a favourable reception, he will go on to publish a second part. We hope sincerely he will; for, though this first instalment is open on some sides to criticism, it contains more than enough of good matter to make one wish to see the work completed.

* *Graphics; or, the Art of Calculation by Drawing Lines, applied especially to Mechanical Engineering.* With an Atlas of Diagrams. By Robert H. Smith, Professor of Engineering, Mason College, Birmingham. Part I. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1889.

TRAILL'S STRAFFORD.*

ONE of the greatest, and beyond all question the most unjustly treated, both in his own day and by posterity, of all English statesmen could hardly have been committed to better hands than those of Mr. Traill. Although historical conscientiousness has made Professor Gardiner himself do much justice to Wentworth, and supply others with opportunity to do more, the tradition of injustice to the "wicked Earl" is too strong on the Liberal side to be easily made head against. And even on the other side little attempt has hitherto been made to counteract the calumnies and insults of two great Whig historians. Hallam, in whose veins ink ran instead of blood, and who wished that Shakspeare had not written the Sonnets, could not be expected to understand Strafford. Macaulay, who had no lack of generous impulses, seems to have found himself in such

* *English Men of Action—Strafford.* By H. D. Traill. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

danger of sympathizing that he found it necessary (according to a well-known law of human nature) to insult. No blacker spot rests on even his memory than the use of the word "whimpering," in reference to the majestic constancy of the victim in that final scene when the lion was pulled down by the curs. On the other hand, Wentworth has been, on the whole, ill backed by his own side. Most of the Royalists of his own day were, it is well known, either afraid or jealous of him, and the great Royalist historian's attitude towards him was anything but friendly. The difficulty of championing his later action without condemning his master has constantly been felt by Tories; as well as, not less constantly, the difficulty of reconciling that later action with his own earlier conduct. And, lastly, it may be admitted by all that neither his characteristics nor his political views are easy to grasp offhand. Some, perhaps the majority, of prominent statesmen are intelligible enough, even if not very many details be obtainable about them; others, and Strafford is one, show but fitfully and indistinctly through a mass of their own and others' utterances.

Mr. Traill is particularly well fitted to deal with this hard case—first, because he is one of the not very numerous writers of the present day who understand what political argument means; secondly, because he is a thoroughgoing Tory; and, thirdly, because his Toryism is not in the least of the sentimental type. He is, if anything, rather hard on Charles (we do not refer to the abandonment of the Minister, as to which it is impossible to be too hard, but to other matters), and he seems to hint pretty plainly that Wentworth's esteem for Laud is a matter of some surprise to him. Here, also, the severity (which is specially unfilial in an alumnus of Coll. Di. Joh. Bap.) might be traversed. But these things are valuable because they clear Mr. Traill from that charge of approving out of fancy what he cannot approve out of reason, which is often brought against Tories of the modern school by those who cannot deny their possession of that reason.

The biographer has not attempted very much personal biography, though he has given a good account of Wentworth's life. The three points on which he has rightly spent almost his whole energies are—first, the problem of Wentworth's sudden "apostasy"; secondly, the question of his government in the North and in Ireland; thirdly, the circumstances of his trial and death. The first is, perhaps, that one on which Mr. Traill has spent most trouble, and on which he is most at variance with the usual authorities of different colours. It is, indeed, the *crux* of the whole subject. What was the real meaning of Wentworth's conduct in heading the Opposition up to the granting of the Petition of Right, and then in less than three weeks taking a peerage and becoming by far the staunchest and most formidable of the King's friends? Mr. Traill divides the possible hypotheses as follows:—

> Either Wentworth was a sincere supporter of the claims of the Parliamentarian party in the session of 1628, or he was not. Under the affirmative assumption there are three possible theories of his desertion of that party.
>
> (1) He may have been honestly convinced that his political views were mistaken, or that his political party was becoming dangerous to the State, and have abandoned it and them.
>
> (2) He may have yielded to the fascinations which Charles was unquestionably able to exercise, especially over a nature like Wentworth's, and have espoused his cause in the chimerical hope of being able to "accommodate the legitimate claims of prerogative with the rightful liberties of the subject."
>
> (3) He may have been simply bribed by the offer of power to recant a creed in which he still believed, and to become the hired soldier of a cause in the justice of which, at the time of his adopting it, he could have had no faith whatever.
>
> Under the negative assumption that Wentworth was never sincere in his support of the Parliamentarian party, we get the theory that
>
> (4) He may have placed himself at the head of that party in the session of 1628 with the deliberate intent of making himself troublesome to the King and his advisers, and wringing from their fears the preferment which he had failed to obtain from their good-will.

Of these Mr. Traill dismisses the first as the most favourable, but the least plausible; the second and third, especially the third, as inconsistent with Wentworth's character; and practically adopts the fourth, which, as he says, has been least popular. We are with him to a great extent on this point. Nowadays, as all men know, there are none but purely disinterested servants of the State. No one in our time would change a policy for the sake of place or power; would champion (let us say for example merely) Home Rule after denouncing and fighting against it; would adopt a "nasty" attitude towards the Government in order that the Government might be "nice" to him. But in those days men were less straitlaced, and, considering how many of the popular leaders were ready enough to serve the King, there is nothing very wonderful in the reverse process. Besides, though Mr. Traill (perhaps wisely, since the British public is not fond of paradox) does not put forward this rather paradoxical argument, a man less given to casuistry than most men were in the seventeenth century might argue that, if the King were misled by ill advisers, all means not absolutely bad were lawful to himself in order to leaven this ill advice or replace it wholly by good. But (and here we, as we suppose, differ with Mr. Traill) we are disposed to combine No. 1 to a certain extent with No. 4. We think that Wentworth was by no means unlikely to play the old and almost constantly successful game of "If you won't have me for a friend, you shall see what I can do as an enemy." But we think also that the ungrateful and irreconcilable conduct of the Commons (which Mr. Traill fully admits) after the concession of the Petition of Right may not only have served his conscience as a plausible pretext for fixing the precise time of the transference of his services, but may have seriously and genuinely alarmed him as to the course which his associates were pursuing. Mr. Traill explicitly admits, with a duly contemptuous characterization of those who do not, that the action of the Commons in relation to tonnage and poundage after the granting of the Petition was "disputable alike in justice, policy, and propriety," while the King had "reasonable grounds for being alarmed and natural excuse for being indignant," and that the limitation of the grant "incontestably lies outside the letter and the spirit of the Petition." Now, if this be so, no blame can reasonably be laid, even upon the strongest supporter of that Petition, for refusing to countenance the new departure. We do think that Wentworth's opposition was in great part due to ambition, but we think also that his desisting from it was in no small part due to an honest conviction that the Opposition was going too far.

With respect to Wentworth's conduct both as President of the North and as Lord-Deputy in Ireland there is less room for difference of opinion. The remarkable and manifold administrative ability displayed in it has never been seriously denied. With regard to its alleged highhandedness and arbitrary character, Mr. Traill takes a simple and straightforward line. Without condescending to the *tu quoque*, though the temptation to do so in the case of the Long Parliament must have been strong, he points out that almost all Strafford's acts were acts of "resolute government" merely, while the most disputable of them—the Mountnorris and Loftus cases (we think we should ourselves add that of Foulis, on which Mr. Traill seems, indeed, to look more lightly)—testify at most to a certain irritability of temper. The reckless calumnies of Macaulay as to the Loftus matter he dismisses, of course.

And now remains the question of the prosecution and sentence. We have said that Mr. Traill's disapproval of the King's conduct cannot be quarrelled with or softened. When Charles committed that hideous crime and blunder, he signed at the same time his own death-warrant and the death-warrant of the old Monarchy. And Mr. Traill is equally right in brushing away the preposterous contention that, if Sir Harry Vane's assertion was true, and if the formality of the two witnesses were overlooked, Strafford had technically committed high treason. But to our thinking the most valuable part of his book is the concluding paragraph:—

> What the opposite principle of government would have developed into in Strafford's hands or in those of his successors is of course impossible to guess. "He thought," says Radcliffe, who knew him better than he was known to any other human being, that "regal power and popular privileges might well stand together; yet it being hard and difficult to keep the interests of the king and people from encroaching on one another, the longer he lived his experience taught him that it was far safer that the king should increase in power than that the people should gain advantages on the king. That may turn to the prejudice of some particular sufferers; this draws with it the ruin of the whole." The king did not increase but decreased in power, and has done so ever since; the people have gained, and have ever since continued to gain advantages on the king. And undoubtedly the "ruin of the whole" has not followed—at any rate with the speed which Strafford probably anticipated. In the history of nations, however the lapse of two centuries is but as the flight of a day. The time that has passed since the Revolution of 1688 is short indeed in comparison with the antecedent period during which our own and other European nations had been growing steadily in strength and cohesion under systems which, with whatever admixture of the popular element, were in the main systems of personal rule. Popular government has had as yet but a very brief history; and when we compare the seven generations or so of its existence with the ages which preceded its establishment, we cannot wonder that so many minds are recurring to the examination of abandoned political ideals, and that the once imposing train of believers in the divine right of Democracy is diminishing every day.

The imposing train will not like this; but it is strictly true, and, what is more, it is, we think, the first time that the argument has been succinctly and popularly put. The enormous *capital* which has been accumulated and bequeathed to popular government by government not popular in the Old World is as striking a fact as is the accidental and, in the nature of things, terminable, if not partly terminated, capital of another kind which has been enjoyed by democracy in the New. Whether in each case the heir will leave off squandering before it is too late *θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF TRAVELS ABROAD.*

RECOLLECTIONS of Travels Abroad is a strange *galimatias* of adventures, theology, wanderings, lectures on the author's pet theories, on Don Quixote, on gambling, on the influence of gold and silver mining, on the rights of the negro, on emigration, Peruvian bark, "blackbirding," the value of the drama, colonial religion in Australia, colonial feeling in America, tattooing—the list is endless, and to transcribe it all would serve no useful purpose. The writer's style as well as his matter reminds us greatly of George Borrow, who, like Mr. Duffield, was a good Spanish scholar; and another point of resemblance between the two is, that Mr. Duffield, on whatever subject he writes, is always readable. Of our own colonies we have heard perhaps quite enough of late; but few men in England know anything whatever about what were once the Spanish colonies in South America, and of

* *Recollections of Travels Abroad.* By A. J. Duffield, Author of a New Translation of the "Don Quixote," "Don Quixote, his Critics and Commentators," &c. London: Remington & Co. 1889.

those few probably no one could describe them as well as Mr. Duffield. Most comic is his description of the sudden collapse of a filibustering company which he found in process of formation in London under the fostering care of a Señor Don Juan Badulaque de Gordaro—whose Spanish, to Mr. Duffield's practised ear, seemed to have a strong New York flavour—with the purpose of seizing the town of Guayaquil, conquering the Republic of Ecuador, and, by skilful manipulation of Ecuadorian stock, making a million sterling in twelve months. As a sample of the writer's personal adventures we cull the following characteristic extract :—

It is good for a man to be tried in a desert. I was once lost in a tropical forest at the foot of the Quindio Mountains, and felt as helpless as a land-crab up a tree. But no man need be lost in a wilderness of sand if the atmosphere is as sweet and inspiring as I found it. No despair is possible when your very bones are full of the power which is supplied by the Queen of the Air.

. . . . .

The Indians at the hut told me that I should not fail to overtake two men, adding some other word of which I took no notice at the time. I quickly made up to them as they were loitering along.

"Buenas dias, caballeros," I sang out in a cheerful voice as I drew nigh to the two horsemen.

"Buen dia," responded the oldest [*sic*] of the two, who was of saturnine complexion. There was no expression of human love in his face or voice. I became painfully suspicious that these two men were murderers.

Our talk became as polite as it was reserved. It was nearly all on my side. I could only learn what my fellow-travellers were made of by remarks which compelled them to look at me. I had never seen such ill-looking men.

"Have you any fresh water?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes! we have two bottles of sweet water."

"And have you, perchance, any good things on which to breakfast?"

"No."

They had nothing of the sort, as I knew full well.

"Then, if it will please your worships to join me at breakfast, I shall be happy to entertain you. I have some delicious meat-pies, onions from Lisbon, garlic from Chile, cheese and ham from Estremadura, the finest cognac from France, and the choicest cigars from the Havannah. On these we will refresh ourselves under the first rock we come to that gives any shade."

We reached a great rock, under the tropic of Capricorn, which the reader perhaps knows is very hot, take it when you will.

I spread a white diaper napkin on the sand, and began to make an ostentatious display of rare delicacies. Before inviting them to eat I offered the ruffians a thimbleful of the old French brandy.

They both praised the liquor.

"Well," I said, "I will give you this bottle of old brandy for your two bottles of water."

They jumped at the chance, and the exchange was made.

They drank freely of the smooth, silky, mild liquor, but very soon they fell asleep . . . and I could have cut their throats as easily as I sliced an onion. I finished breakfast, leaving the ruffians still sleeping, and off I rode, laughing, till I reached Calama, where I learned further particulars of them.

[They were subsequently shot in the market-place for murder and highway robbery, by order of the authorities.]

Mr. Duffield draws a strange, but we must confess to some extent a true, parallel between the Spanish colonies and our own with regard to their treatment of native tribes. We will not weaken his language by paraphrase:—

Some of my readers [he says (p. 141)] have, perhaps, been through the Vale of Daroca, in Castile. It was once famous for its vineyards and its innumerable happy people, who made a garden of it, from which there went up daily songs of joy and gladness. Behold it now, and you shall see a desolation that is precisely the same as that which I am trying to depict as existing at Potosi.

How came it to pass?

The same people who murdered the Indians in Potosi banished the Moors from Daroca, where there are now more empty houses than inhabitants, and more ruins than both put together. The Spanish colonists, in the one case, were consumed with avarice and greed and the lusts which come from selfishness; and the Spaniards of the mother-country, believing that God had forsaken them because trade was slack, and no silver came now from Potosi, thought to appease Him by sweeping their house clean of misbelieving dogs, hoping that He would send them back the good old days of prosperity and plenty. He has never taken the bribe—certainly joy and plenty for Spain seem further off than ever.

Would that I could see no likeness between the avarice and greed, coupled with ferocious cruelty, which once prevailed in Spanish silver colonies, and the avarice, greed, and cruelty to be found in some of our gold colonies! The likeness could not be more perfect if it were taken by the sun.

Given a sordid religion at home, we shall not fail to find a debased morality in the dependencies. As a proof of this, let me call attention to the following announcement which appeared in the London daily papers of March 11th, 1886 :—

Letters received yesterday from the Australian station state that H.M.S. *Diamond* recently returned to Sydney after an absence of three months, during which she was busily employed in punishing natives in various parts for murders committed by them on British subjects.

At Normanby, where Captain Miller had been murdered, &c. &c.

We offer no comments of our own on this passage, but will let Mr. Duffield be his own interpreter. In a lecture delivered in the School of Arts at Mackay, the capital of the sugar industry in North Queensland, he said:—

Under the organized interference of Government, islanders have been brought from their homes who never understood the nature of the compact into which they were beguiled.

. . . . .

Under the same organized interference, many thousands of islanders have, by a legal figment, been enthralled in Queensland, after having been illegally beguiled from their homes by the very men whom Government had selected to represent it, and whose duty it was to hinder the doing of these things.

There never was any other reason than the apathy of the Queensland Government for the labour traffic so speedily developing itself, as it did, into a slave trade, except that there is, for sinful man, some diabolical fascination in man-hunting that exceeds fox-hunting, fishing, or shooting birds as much as real war exceeds a sham fight.

Not given to prophesying smooth things, evidently, is the man who could speak thus to a Queensland audience. Much of what he says also about English emigrants to the colonies is thoroughly worthy of careful consideration; for it is not every man who has seen the emigrant in his new home who has, like Mr. Duffield, the art of finding out what the conditions of life in the old country are which he especially misses and pines after when transplanted, though it is of enormous importance to us, as a nation, that we should learn these wants, and endeavour to the best of our ability to supply them. There is much delightful, and yet instructive, gossip on the emigration problem scattered broadcast throughout the book, especially, of course, in the chapters on Canada, where his chats with his self-made friend, "Job Spring," remind us strongly of Borrow. When speaking of America he points out that, in a very few years, if the rates of increase of the two races remain as at present, the President will be elected by the negro vote!—a result hardly contemplated by the most fervent of the Abolitionists of the last generation, but one to which Mr. Duffield seems able to look forward with complacency. When on the subject of America, by the way, we do not think that he need speak with such contempt of English people who do not exactly know what is meant by a "Mugwump."

We have left ourselves no space even for allusion to most of the best stories in the book; how, for example, at Potosi, Mr. Duffield "experienced the unpleasant sensation of a priest trying to convert me to the worship of the Virgin Mary"; how he voyaged for thirty days with "the typical woman who reads eight hundred new novels every year, who hates Tennyson, despises Browning, can't abide Charles Reade, and thinks Shakspeare to be a profane writer"; or how earthquakes in South American towns affect the softer sex; how he sailed round Cape Horn with a rum-drinking skipper, and how he lectured Don Felipe de Quiñones about Cervantes, while the poor man wanted to hear about manganese and hæmatite iron-ore; or how he drank in the words of wisdom of Job Spring, his "self-made" Canadian friend—the living example, as he called himself, of "the right thing to be done," about the most profitable of all investments, "human industry guided by knowledge." One more quotation and we have done:—

I think it is very likely that, if all, or nearly all, Scotch women could go to sea for a while, and get away from their fierce and narrow, and sometimes shallow, beliefs and thoughts about the future, it would do them good. As for the Scotch minister . . . it might do him good too. But I do not know. We once had one of these godly men on board a Cunard steamer coming home. He was very sick the first three days; but he was able to preach on the "Sabbath," and he took his text from the Revelations—"*There shall be no more sea*"! He spoke with great fervour, and looked forward to the time when he would be able to go about the world without passing through the perils and pains of the ocean, with real gratitude to the Giver of all good, and appealed to his hearers to come into a closer union with heaven that they, too, might enjoy a future in which there should be no more sea! The idea produced much sadness in me, because I am never thoroughly happy except when I am at sea. I was, however, much struck with the handiness of the Scotch minister, who proved himself able for anything; while he was thoroughly persuaded that the drying up of the sea was a part of the heavenly blessedness of the future; for had he not been very sick in the Atlantic?

SIR JOHN LOGIN AND DHULEEP SING.*

INDIAN medical officers are not always employed in curing gunshot wounds, inquiring into the origin of cholera, and making a post-mortem examination of the corpse of Shukram, who was killed in a free fight with the harassed and excited villagers of Fasādpur. Some doctors have become learned Orientalists, or have gained real distinction in political and diplomatic employ. Sixty years ago the Master of the Calcutta Mint, also a poet and a Sanskrit scholar, was a doctor. Another, for distinguished service in Persia, was made a G.C.B. In our own time, an excellent account of the countries between the Indus and the Oxus has been written by a Surgeon-Major, who, with the two Lumsdens, was for some months shut up in Candahar in the eventful year 1857. The subject of the bulky volume now before us was born in the Orkneys in 1809, had an early desire to go to sea as his fathers had done before him, then studied medicine, and, through the kindness of Chief Commissioner Adam, eventually became an Assistant-Surgeon in the Presidency of Bengal in the year 1832. Here he certainly did varied and interesting work. He had charge of native regiments, hospitals, jails, and dispensaries at Bolarum in the Nizam's dominions, at Calcutta, at Agra, and at Lucknow. In 1839 he accompanied the mission to Herat, when Major D'Arcy Todd succeeded Eldred Pottinger as envoy. Leaving that outpost when Todd abandoned it, greatly to the indignation of Lord Auckland who was forcible and feeble by turns, he got back to Lucknow and was then posted to the Horse Artillery during the second Sikh war. This career was, no doubt, creditable and useful. But it is scarcely a justification for a work of five hundred and fifty pages. Nor was it in the least necessary to publish every single letter which Dr. Login received from his superiors on leaving one appointment in order to take up another, in which the writers praised him for his kindness

* *Sir John Login and Duleep Sing.* By Lady Login. With an Introduction by Colonel G. B. Malleson, C.S.I. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1890.

to the poor, his establishment of a new dispensary, or his exertions in the time of famine. Every officer, civil, medical, or military, who has done his duty in cantonment, camp, or cutcherry, possesses many such commendatory epistles. A little judicious compression and excision would still have left plenty of room for facts and anecdotes not unworthy of print. At Herat, for instance, Login met Mitford, the author of a *Land March* from Constantinople to Ceylon, and we can well believe that Shah Kamran, the nominal ruler of Herat, was a mere puppet in the hands of Yar Mohammed, who enjoyed a reputation for ferocity, treachery, and falsehood which very few Oriental despots could beat. But who could have informed Lady Login that Pushtoo, the common speech of the Afghans, was "merely a colloquial dialect or corrupt form of Persian"? The best linguistic authorities hold that, while Pushtoo belongs to the Aryan branch of languages, it has a distinct place intermediate between the Indic and the Iranic branches of that great family. It contains a large stock of words derived from Prakrit, and the declensions and conjugations have no analogy with the Persian. It may be added that, though the editor writes about India with the ease and familiarity natural to a lady who has had to manage a large household of native servants, the book is full of errors which are not the less annoying because they are trivial, and often consist in the omission of letters, the misplacement of dates, and the occasional havoc of native grammar and idiom. Incorrect spelling extends even to the name of the private secretary and the title of the State barge of the Governor-General. Dhuleep Sing in one page is said to have been born in 1831, and in another in 1838. The latter is of course the correct date. *Kudrezeadah* should be *Kadr-i-ziyadah*. *Essah Khoopsurat* should be *aisi Khub-surat*. The Hindu family guest is *Purohit*, and not *Porohut*. *Naraim* is put for *Narayan*. By "Burnand, who is supposed to have shown great skill and energy before Delhi," General Barnard must be intended. And it is hardly fair to the character of Sir Henry Lawrence to reprint a confidential letter in which he angrily describes the late proprietor of a well-known up-country paper as "that scoundrel at Meerut." In fact, a lady and a widow who assumes the duty of an editor would do well to submit all proofs in such cases to some qualified linguist and candid friend. We should have liked a few more details regarding the wolf-child who evidently had been seen and examined when at Lucknow somewhere about 1847–8. The late Sir William Sleeman, our Resident in Oudh, once wrote a long report about several of these children who had, it was confidently asserted, been carried off by wolves in their infancy, and who were not devoured, but brought up with the cubs and adopted their habits. Sceptics whom Niebuhr had taught to reject the story of Romulus and Remus, have always wanted to know how the children escaped being eaten up on their first arrival at the wolf's den, and by what process of evolution they managed to eat and thrive on raw flesh instead of mother's milk. That some strange beings of this sort covered with hair, running on their hands and feet with callosities at their knees, uttering no human sounds, and much given to scratching and biting, were really seen at Lucknow by credible witnesses, Englishmen and Englishwomen, there is no reason to doubt. Whence they came is another question. They were generally asserted to have been captured by some villager or native *Sowar* (rider) on the edge of the jungle. And they either died in captivity or were said to have escaped to the jungles again.

These and other anecdotes of life at large military stations have, however, little to do with the principal object of this work. Lady Login, while she has no excuse for Dhuleep Sing, who has "made a base return for great kindness," has somehow persuaded herself that there is something to be said on the other side. And Colonel Malleson has written six pages to prove that Dhuleep Sing has suffered great wrongs, and that the English Government or the British public, or both, ought by generous concessions to bring him back to the fold. For Sir John Login's share in the Maharaja's early training and education there is nothing to be said but praise. He was entrusted with the care of the deposed Prince by a Governor-General who knew how to select his subordinates, and how to guide, support, and control them where necessary in the management of delicate and difficult affairs. The Maharaja was soon taught to ride and to shoot; his taste for music was developed; he was carefully removed from all the baneful influences of the zenana; he was brought up with young Englishmen, and yet he had about him his faithful and trustworthy native attendants; he went to the hills in the hot season, like a Viceroy or Lieutenant-Governor; his means were ample; his legitimate fancies were not checked; and he became a Christian on mature reflection and by patient study of the Scriptures, without the slightest attempt on the part of any adviser, lay or clerical, to mislead his judgment and influence his choice. There are, we have said, several letters in this book that we might have been spared. Of the correspondence, familiar and confidential, which passed for more than six years between Lord Dalhousie and Sir John Login we should not wish to lose a word. The guardian of the minor was practical, fair, and judicious in his recommendations. Very few were rejected by the Governor-General. Lord Dalhousie thought Dhuleep when he went to England in 1854, too old for a public school, and he did not favour the idea of making him a Talukdar with an estate in the Deyrah Doon. But in all that concerned the young Maharaja's best interests Lord Dalhousie was always the generous protector and the watchful friend, very different from the man who has been depicted as always hankering for more kingdoms to conquer and more Rajas and Nawabs to depose.

Still, it may be urged that, with all this kind and conciliatory treatment, Dhuleep Sing was ungenerously used. His allowances, it is said, were not in proportion to his rank. His just expectations were not fulfilled. No attention was paid to his repeated requests for a settlement of his claims on the attainment of his majority; and so on. To a plea that, after one invasion of our territories by the Sikhs and two sanguinary campaigns, we were bound to have restored the Punjab intact to the minor, in whose interests we had set up a sort of Regency, it is difficult to answer except by a smile. This argument was fully considered after the crowning battle of Guzerat, and was disposed of by Lord Dalhousie in one of his masterly and exhaustive manifestoes, which is reproduced in this volume. It is too late now to reopen a decision which was accepted as final, just, and politic by the Ministry, the Parliament, the public, and the press. And those who recollect the state of the Khalsa army previous to 1845, the fierce rivalries of claimants, the bloody feuds, the violent deaths of weak or dissolute rulers one after another, may be inclined to think that, if by any freak of policy any successor to Ranjit Sing had been placed on the throne, he would, whether Dhuleep Sing or any other prince, have not occupied more space than is given to those kings of Israel or Judah who reigned three months, and then slept with their fathers. Putting aside this silly claim to the restoration of the Punjab—about as reasonable as a gambler's request to have his stakes returned when the throw had been unfavourable—and a strong hankering after the Koh-i-nur diamond, we have only to consider the simple facts of Dhuleep Sing's position, allowances, and pension. At every annexation of territory, and after the deposition of any Raja, there has always been some difference of opinion on this head. At the close of the first Mahratta war, the ex-Peshwa received a pension of eight lacks of rupees, while a rival got seven and a half. The allowances to the King of Oudh in 1856 were fixed at 12,000*l.* a month, seeing that though a very bad ruler over his subjects, he had never been disloyal to us. For the prospective sovereign of the Punjab no such pleas could be urged, so it was resolved that a sum of not less than four, and not more than five, lacks of rupees should be set aside for the support of the Maharaja and other relatives and connexions who had any claims at all on the Government. Of this sum, 25,000*l.* a year was, after his majority, regularly paid to Dhuleep Sing to spend as he chose. He was also informed that while 15,000*l.* of the above was a personal allowance, the Secretary of State was willing to invest in Indian stocks, in the name of trustees, a sum sufficient to yield a yearly interest of 10,000*l.*, making the total of 25,000*l.*; and this investment, which would not have been less than 200,000*l.*, he was to be at liberty to dispose of by will. In addition to the above provisions, money was advanced out of accumulations during minority for the purchase of landed estates, and we have it on excellent authority that at various times subsequently considerable sums were lent to the Maharaja, when in pecuniary difficulties, of which to this hour neither principal nor interest has ever been repaid. But though about the year 1860 Dhuleep Sing seems to have been ready to accept terms which were sufficiently handsome, and which had been fully considered by the late Lord Halifax when at the India Office, he very soon, like Oliver Twist, began to ask for more. And all the later chapters of this book are filled with groundless grievances about lapses and accumulations owing to the deaths of other pensioners, which the petitioner conceived that he ought to enjoy. There is also a vague mention of private estates belonging to Ranjit Sing which no one has ever been able to discover. Further, we have a claim for compensation for property burnt and destroyed by the Sepoys in 1857. It is sufficient to say that many scores and hundreds of British subjects lost property at that time, for which they have never dreamed of demanding any compensation. But the most full and complete answer to all this querulousness is really furnished by Dhuleep Sing himself. It is shown that up to 1871 he was perfectly contented. To use Colonel Malleson's own language, he was then the happiest man in the world. He had gone back to India in 1861, and did not find things at all to his liking. He calls it, what subalterns have often called it before him—"a beastly place." Then he did not like the natives at all. They "were liars, flatterers, and extremely deceitful." The explanation of all this *ex post facto* discontent and disgust is simply that, when no longer under the guidance of Sir John Login and Colonel Oliphant, he fell into the hands of bad advisers. An officer, now deceased, spent a good deal of time and money in the production of wordy pamphlets in which the policy and character of Lord Dalhousie were spitefully discussed, and the woes of the Maharaja were magnified and paraded. Readers may rest assured that Dhuleep Sing has no cause of complaint against any one but himself. He was never fitted to play the part of a sovereign. He had been sedulously trained to assume the character of an English squire. And had it not been for injudicious advice and his own recklessness and absurdity he might still be drawing his pension, making huge bags of grouse at Grandtully and of partridges at Elvedon, and living a healthy and honoured life, instead of wandering in foreign capitals, and becoming an object of derision and pity to all who remember what sterling advantages he enjoyed, and what kind friends supported and advised him for something like a quarter of a century.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

THE author of *Supernatural Religion* is determined to have the last word, and, if the Bishop of Durham is willing to allow him that feminine gratification, no one else need grudge it to him. The present volume (it consists almost entirely of reprints) is marked, perhaps—we are not quite sure—by a slight diminution in acerbity of tone. The author, who tells the reader frankly that "he has not the courage of his opinions," has apparently come to the conclusion that the "Apologist," and even the "staunch Apologist," is, after all, more foolish than criminal. But he is still oddly obtuse, and cannot, for the life of him, understand why the Bishop, or anybody else, should be angry merely because Dr. Westcott was accused of dishonesty. Why all this fuss over the morality of an Apologist? Even now he cannot leave poor Dr. Westcott alone, but gibbets his harmless statements in parallel columns, side by side with what he calls "The Truth." The main feature in the *Reply* is the care with which the author has found it necessary to define his position. "The argument in the first part" of *Supernatural Religion* "is not that miracles are impossible—a thesis which it is quite unnecessary to maintain—but the much simpler one, that miracles are *antecedently* incredible." The second part of the work was directed to prove that in any case the evidence for the Christian miracles is insufficient. The author was understood by many readers to hold that the Gospels did not come into existence till late in the second century. This, however, is a mistake. All he maintains is, that there is no distinct trace of their existence before that date. In order to support this proposition, he is obliged to lay down three canons of interpretation—that the mention of a Gospel by name is no proof that the actually existing Gospel of that name is meant—that the literal identity of a quotation with a passage found in one of the existing Gospels is no proof that the quotation is actually taken from that Gospel—and that any variation whatever is a tolerably conclusive proof that it is not. His method is drawn from the Nisi Prius Courts. In the case of documents which make such inconvenient demands on belief and conduct, no evidence can be admitted which "would be declared totally insufficient in the case of any common question of property or title before a legal tribunal." And, lastly, those who remember this ancient controversy will recollect that the author seldom ventured any statement of his own. His argument generally took this shape. "Apologists" say so and so. Baur and others deny. Therefore, the point must be regarded as doubtful at best. For Baur was not paid for his opinion and Apologists are. This position, the author flatters himself, has not been shaken. In this precise form it is not easy to shake. If a gentleman chooses to argue literary questions by forensic methods, it would not be possible to convince him—for instance, that Lord Clarendon wrote the History that goes by his name; and if he thinks it worth while to maintain that what the Tübingen School doubted has been doubted, no one can well controvert him. Nevertheless, any one who reads Dr. Lightfoot's *Essays* and the *Reply* will see that a good deal of shaking has been accomplished. It has been shown that the author personally is not competent to speak upon the subject at all, because he cannot translate with accuracy a single page of either Latin or Greek. This is no matter of mere pedantic quibbling, as he would have his readers believe. Unfortunately, the Fathers wrote in Greek or Latin when they did not write in Oriental languages. Unfortunately, also, the author made serious inferences and serious accusations on the strength of passages which he could not understand. In some of these cases he now confesses the errors of his ways, but some of his blunders he still hugs with all the affection of a parent; and one of the very worst, that about the "martyrdom" of Zacharias, still does duty in the *Reply* to prop up a fallacy. It has been shown, again, that the author fell into serious errors upon points of grave importance—the meaning of the Silence of Eusebius, for instance, and the use of St. Luke's Gospel by Marcion (here let Dr. Sanday have the honour that is his due). Few readers will think that he holds his ground about Ignatius, or Tatian, or Papias, or Polycarp. The brief notice on the last-named Father in the *Reply* is a confession of utter rout. "It might have been expected," the author says, "that Dr. Lightfoot would have proceeded to show what bearing the Epistle (of Polycarp) has upon the evidence for the existence of the Gospels, and their sufficiency as testimony for the miracles which the Gospels record." The answer is obvious. Dr. Lightfoot showed that Polycarp, who knew St. John, was about thirty years old when St. John died, and that the teaching of Polycarp was identical with that of Irenæus. And accordingly it becomes incumbent on the author to show where, when, and how "the fervid imagination of the East" managed to give an entirely new turn to Christian doctrine in the period covered by these three great men. How sore the shaking has been we may infer from the author's repeated protests that all these things are matters of detail; they do not signify at all; they do not affect the contention that, whensoever or by whomsoever the Gospels were written, they cannot prove the truth of a miracle. And so the author falls back upon his second line of defence, which he justly regards as impregnable. For, when he says he cannot believe a miracle, he makes a statement, not about miracles, but about his own mind. If he thinks he cannot believe, who shall prove to him that he can? Only, if a man really thinks this, he had better not trouble his head with early Christian literature at all. For the conclusion to which he will infallibly be driven is that the Church was founded by lunatics, or, as the author puts it, by the "fervid imagination of the East." And this is a conclusion which requires a good deal of courage.

The relation between Christian dogma and psychology, ethics, and physical science has of late furnished the motive to many excellent books. In England the subject labours under peculiar disadvantages, for our philosophy has almost uniformly refused to look into the phenomena of the religious consciousness. Ethics, in particular, have, as a rule, been handled with very insufficient regard to that life which is undoubtedly the broadest and most striking manifestation of ethics in practice. Science, of course, has gone its own way, and will do so, until the way is found to end in a *cul-de-sac*—a consummation which is perhaps not so far off. Hence the investigator on the borderland between reason and faith has little to help him. No kindly hands have arranged the material, supplied the terminology, and pointed out the way. For these reasons it is premature as yet to look for our modern *Summa Theologiæ*. A handful or two of striking analogies may be gleaned; but the time for thorough comprehensive synthesis is not yet. Books may be suggestive, even profound, but not methodical. It is from this point of view that the reader must approach Canon Maccoll's *Christianity in Relation to Science and Morals*. If he has any sympathy at all with the writer and his theme, he will find it an admirable book, full of good thought, set out in a pleasantly rhetorical style. It consists of a set of lectures on the Apostles' Creed, originally delivered in Ripon Cathedral—aimed, therefore, at a popular audience. Canon Maccoll takes each article separately, and endeavours, not to prove it from Scripture—though this is sometimes incidentally done—but to show exactly what it means, to meet moral and intellectual difficulties, and to bring each point of the Christian faith, as far as may be, into relation with knowledge derived from other sources. Thus he is led to speak of the Existence of God, the Origin of Life, the exact meaning of Evolution, the nature of Miracles, the influence of Creed on Character, the Atonement, the Church and its relations to non-episcopal communions. On all these subjects he has much to say, and says all well. The little book abounds in striking phrases. "Freedom is opposed to force not to mental certainty." "Darwin's explanation merely states facts, it does not account for them." "If the revelations of physical science had preceded those of moral law, what a pandemonium this world would have become." "Talk of the mysteries of Faith! Why we cannot move a step without stumbling against some mystery of science." These are pregnant sayings which are developed with great ability. Perhaps the least satisfactory portion of the book is that in which the author treats of the Atonement. It is a great subject, not easy to handle in limited space, and it may be that Canon Maccoll wished on this account to make points rather than to present a complete view. But he seems to us to do something less than justice to the theology of Anselm, Aquinas, and the Reformation. If we understand him rightly, guilt is the subjective sense of guilt, punishment is the result of the violation of self-acting spiritual or moral laws, and aims at reformation pure and simple. But now

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* *A Reply to Dr. Lightfoot's Essays.* By the Author of "Supernatural Religion." London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

Christianity in Relation to Science and Morals: a Course of Lectures delivered in Ripon Cathedral on the Nicene Creed. By Malcolm Maccoll, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Ripon, Rector of St. George's, City of London. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

The Credentials of the Gospel. Being the Nineteenth Fernley Lecture delivered in Carver Street Chapel, Sheffield. By Joseph Agar Beet. London: Wesleyan Methodist Book-Room. 1889.

Robert Brett, of Stoke Newington; his Life and Work. By T. W. Belcher, D.D., D.M., Fellow (sometime Censor) of the Royal College of Physicians, Ireland, and Rector of Frampton Cotterell, Bristol. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

The Kings of Israel and Judah. By George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. London: Nisbet & Co.

Quinti Septimii Florentis Tertulliani Apologeticus adversus Gentes pro Christianis. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by T. H. Bindley, M.A., Merton College, Oxford. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1889.

Christ at the Door of the Heart; and other Sermons. By Morgan Dix, Rector of Trinity Church, New York. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

The "Beautiful Valley" Series of Sermons to Children. By the Rev. John Bruster, Vicar of Gatley, Cheshire. London: Houlston & Sons. 1889.

Platform and Pulpit Addresses on Temperance Topics. By the Rev. H. E. Legh, M.A., formerly Vicar of Leigh, Surrey, and Organizing Sec. of the C.E.T.S., Winchester Diocese. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.

Frazer Prize Essays on Agnosticism from a Moral and Spiritual Point of View. By Veritas Vincit and Beta. Sydney and Melbourne: Robertson & Co.

Agnostic Fallacies. By the Rev. J. Reid Howatt. London: Nisbet & Co. 1889.

The Biblical Illustrator (*St. Luke*). By Rev. Joseph S. Exell, M.A. London: Nisbet & Co.

To Meet the Day through the Christian Year. By the Auther of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

The Lesser Hours of the Sarum Breviary, Translated and Arranged according to the Kalendar of the Church of England. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1889.

Wall's History of Infant Baptism. Vol. II. ("The Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature.") London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

Child Thoughts on the Christianity of the Nineteenth Century. Rochdale: James Clegg. 1889.

guilt if purely subjective is an illusion; self-acting laws cannot be dispensed with, and it is no kindness to relieve a man of penalties that are intended for his good. Hence the notions of expiation and satisfaction seem to disappear. Canon Maccoll's "rationale of the innocent suffering for the guilty" could not, therefore, fail to be unsatisfactory, because on these premisses no rationale can be made out. This is the more disappointing because the Canon dwells in a very instructive manner upon the Headship of Christ, a doctrine which has seemed to many theologians, from Thomas Aquinas to Dr. Dale, to afford the means, if not of solving, at any rate of understanding, this great paradox of faith. However, if there are those who do not quite think with Canon Maccoll here, there are doubtless those who do. We cannot take leave of his book with any other feeling than that of pleasure; and as the "Fallacy of Demanding Unreasonable Evidence" is once again being thrust upon the much-suffering reader, let us comfort him with these vigorous words:—"Trace to its last analysis the evidence on which repose the sanctities of domestic life, the inheritance of property, the right of our gracious Queen to the throne which she adorns. . . . The whole edifice rests in every case on the unconfirmed veracity of a single woman."

Mr. Beet's *Credentials of the Gospel* is the work of a Wesleyan divine, who is already favourably known by his Commentaries on the Pauline Epistles. It forms the Fernley Lecture for the present year. It is much to be desired that the institution of lectures of this kind (modelled apparently on the Bamptons) should spread still further, so that at stated intervals each, at any rate, of the more powerful communities should select its best man, impose upon him some serious intellectual task, and furnish him with adequate means for its completion. The result could hardly fail to be considerable, not so much, perhaps, in actual discovery as in educating the several communities and familiarizing them with the contents and attitude of modern thought. Mr. Beet's task is to prove the credibility of the Gospel, and he fulfils his duty in a series of eight sections or lectures. In the first he states his problem and describes his method. The second sets out the testimony of the human conscience to the truth of the New Testament. The third deals with the witness of nature to the existence of God. The main stress of the argument is laid on the problem of the origin of life, which Professor Huxley admits to be insoluble, though Haeckel thinks it may be explained by spontaneous generation in mid-ocean from two to five miles below the surface. The fourth insists upon the unique power of Christianity in evoking, sustaining, and directing social progress. The fifth asks by what secret Jesus has set this power in motion, and finds the answer in the Atonement and the Resurrection. The sixth is directed to prove the historical truth of the Resurrection. If this be denied, then "a delusion has saved the world." It is curious that Mr. Beet does not, except in this indirect form, insist upon the proof furnished by the existence of the Church and the substitution of Sunday for the Sabbath. The seventh lecture deals with *à priori* objections to the Resurrection, that miracles do not happen, that the progress of the Gospel in extension has been so slow that its origin cannot reasonably be regarded as Divine. The eighth and last is recapitulatory. Upon the whole, the argument on which Mr. Beet relies to prove his thesis is the saving grace of the Gospel, the perfect adaptability of the complex scheme of salvation to the equally complex needs of human nature. What he means by the Gospel is the whole deliverance of Wesleyanism, and what he aims at is to comfort a community of believers with the assurance that their faith is not in vain. Experimental knowledge is the solid foundation, which is supported by history and cannot be undermined by physical science. So regarded the book will be read with pleasure and profit, and will be valued the more highly for being the work of a commentator rather than of a polemic. For, after all, Mr. Beet's great point is the great point. The Church will be judged, like everything else, by results, and, if she can convert the wicked man, Materialism is false.

Dr. Belcher's *Life of Mr. Robert Brett of Stoke Newington* was well worth writing. It exhibits all the fidelity and sympathy that we expect in a monument raised by one devout physician to another. As regards the inner life of his subject, Dr. Belcher has exercised a laudable reticence; but we have here an admirable portrait of Mr. Brett as he was known to his friends and the outside world. It is the picture of a devout English layman of the middle class—we might say of a typical churchwarden—devout, generous, practical, and energetic, with considerable force of speech, and some facility with the pen. His income was always modest, because, like many other medical men, he chose to regard his profession rather as a priesthood than as a trade, yet he managed to get no less than six churches built. He was an uncompromising advocate of a movement that found many antagonists, and his figure was often seen through the dust of battle. But fifteen years have elapsed since he was laid to his rest, and the infamous riots at St George's-in-the-East and St. Matthias' can now be judged with calmness. Many even of his old opponents will be thankful for this opportunity of learning what Robert Brett really was, and many a hardworking professional and business man will recognize in him a kindred spirit.

In the new volume of the "Men of the Bible" series Canon Rawlinson narrates the history of the Kings of Israel and Judah, from Rehoboam to the Babylonian captivity. In so small a volume on so large a period a certain aridity of style is inevitable; and, as the Bible order is strictly followed, the reader is constantly being carried across from the Northern to the Southern Kingdom and back again. It would have been a great gain if Canon Rawlinson could have set the example of a less confusing arrangement. The book is written by a master of the subject, and all the information to be gathered from the Bible, from inscriptions, and from modern research, is here brought together, succinctly, yet fully and clearly. No better handbook could be put into a student's hand.

We have to thank Mr. Bindley for a good edition of one of the most interesting documents of the early Church, the *Apology* of Tertullian. Mr. Bindley has read up his subject thoroughly, and gives the result of his studies in a compact and serviceable form. Language, doctrine, ritual, and archæology have, each and all, received due attention, and for examination purposes, perhaps, nothing more could be desired. One or two defects might be noticed. Why, for instance, is there no note on *caninæ tenebræ* or *diplomata*? The tables by which divination was practised were not "tripods," but tables which rapped as they do for our modern Spiritualists. And some of the translations are carelessly expressed. For instance, *cuius reus gaudet*, "of which the criminal is proud." We trust Mr. Bindley will pursue his investigations, and attain to still more fruitful results. There is the subject of the Vulgar Latin awaiting him (it is surely misleading to speak of Tertullian's peculiarities as "patristic"); there is theological terminology, for "merit," "satisfaction," "free will," perhaps even "person" and "substance," are African. Again, there is the question of the exact legal position of the early Christians. No one sheds so much light on this point as Tertullian, who was himself a lawyer. Was there any special law that condemned the faith in itself? Certainly not in the Twelve Tables. The *nostra elogia*, of which Tertullian speaks, were the charges of murder, incest, sacrilege, high treason, witchcraft, and illegal combination, especially the last. These were quite sufficient for all the purposes of persecution.

"It is a very difficult thing," says Dr. Morgan Dix, "to preach the dogmas of the Church in such a way that the people shall take pleasure in hearing them, but *not* to preach them would be to push away the shaft of the column expecting the capital to stand alone without support." Dr. Dix has certainly solved the difficulty, for his book is very agreeable reading, and the dogmas are there. What he delivers is, to our English notions, rather an oration than a sermon, but the oratory is not too exuberant, and the speaker never loses sight of the real spiritual and intellectual difficulties of his hearers.

Mr. Bruster's *Sermons to Children* are rather long and hardly doctrinal enough, but they are picturesque, simple, and abundant in illustration and anecdote. They strike us as better adapted for the schoolroom or the fireside than the church.

Mr. Legh's Outline Addresses on the subject of Temperance will furnish speakers with material for many effective declamations. Mr. Legh is a little lukewarm on the Dual Basis, and a little hard on those who follow the example of Timothy.

In the "Frazer Prize Essays" Mr. Milne and Mr. Burgess, two Australian clergymen, criticize the bearing of Agnosticism on the moral and spiritual capacities of man with much acuteness and power. Another highly interesting little book on the same theme is *Agnostic Fallacies*, by the Rev. J. R. Howatt.

We have received also a new volume of Mr. Exell's *Biblical Illustrator* on St. Luke; *To Meet the Day* is the quaint and rather misleading title of a series of short meditations, accompanied by appropriate bits of poetry, for each of the red-letter days of the Christian Year, and a few others. It is recommended by the well-known initials A. K. H. B. *The Lesser Hours of the Sarum Breviary*—Prime, Terce, Sext, None, and Compline—in English; *Wall's History of Infant Baptism*, vol. ii., the new issue of the cheap and excellent "Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature"; and *Child Thoughts on the Christianity of the Nineteenth Century*.

COURTHOPE'S POPE.*

ALTHOUGH, by its position, this volume is the fifth in the series of ten to which it belongs, as a matter of fact it concludes and completes them. To have published it before the correspondence appeared would have been inexpedient, because during the course of publication large additions have been made to that correspondence, some of which—for example, the new group of letters between Pope and Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, printed in the Eighth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts—materially facilitate our right comprehension of the (to use Mr. Courthope's adjectives) more "thorny and intricate" of the Pope problems. It is useful, moreover, to recall to mind that the new volume is not a separate biography, but a biography designed to accompany and supplement Pope's works and letters. In such circumstances, many points which, under different conditions, would require treatment at length, are, of necessity, either wholly omitted or only touched briefly, because they have already been sufficiently discussed in the introductions or notes to the poems to which they more properly belong, while long extracts from letters, defensible enough where the correspondence is not printed at length, become wholly superfluous where that correspondence is at hand, and can be easily

* *The Works of Alexander Pope.* With Introductions and Notes, by Rev. Whitwell Elwin and William John Courthope. Vol. V. *The Life and Index.* With Portrait. London: John Murray. 1889.

referred to. Mr. Courthope has not neglected these preliminary obligations, and although the votaries of that "lean and flashy" manner which so often passes for lavish local colouring may complain of his style as a little constrained and over-cautious, moderation and accuracy are not popular errors, and there can be no doubt that in this particular instance his conception of his function is a judicious one. Especially, since so much of Pope's personal history is contained in his letters and the notes to them, is he wise in electing to dwell longest upon the purely critical questions connected with Pope's work. Himself a poet and scholar of distinction, and, in addition, a poet and scholar strongly in sympathy with his subject, he is, above all, qualified to appraise Pope's position as a writer. Those parts of his book in which he has addressed himself to this task are the most accomplished and the most instructive of his pages, and his final chapter upon Pope's place in English literature will probably set the critical tune for many years to come. In his estimate of Pope's character he has endeavoured to imitate the excellent example of Johnson—an example which, "dans le siècle où nous sommes," can never be too frequently followed—and to make the study of the writer's work his main business, in preference to moralizing upon his defects as a man. Hence there is but slender discussion of contemporary scandal in Mr. Courthope's book, nor will it bring great gain in this direction either to Pope's admirers or his detractors. As regards the poet's relations with Wycherley, his deplorable finessing is, indeed, enforced by the publication from the originals of Wycherley's ungarbled letters. On the other hand, the new light thrown upon Pope's dealings with Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough tends, in a measure, to clear his character. With these exceptions, that character remains no better or no worse than we are accustomed to believe.

Pope's manipulation of his correspondence with Wycherley is, to say the least, extraordinary, or, to speak more accurately, would seem extraordinary in any other person. As it appeared in 1735, and as it is reprinted in Volume I. of the present edition, its effect is to convey the impression that, in the written intercourse between a precocious boy and a septuagenarian rake, the younger writer, in virtue of his critical sagacity and superior intelligence, at once acquired and continued to maintain an ascendency over his correspondent:—

> He rebukes him for the vein of flattery in which he addresses him; criticizes his literary work with relentless frankness, and at the same time bears with patience the petulant outbreaks of the vain old man. On the other side Wycherley, who is represented as at first receiving Pope's criticisms with deference and gratitude, gradually grows peevish under his plain speaking, and at last openly exhibits his resentment against the poet by upbraiding him with his failure to redeem the promise of a visit.

This accurately summarizes the state of the case as hitherto repeated in Pope's biographies. Unfortunately, it turns out to be wholly at variance with fact. Wycherley's letters, or most of them, are preserved at Longleat, and Mr. Courthope's careful transcripts, now published for the first time by the kindness of the Marquess of Bath, show that Pope not only suppressed large portions of them, but arranged them with his own in such a way as to produce the effect he desired to suggest. In the original letters now given the position indicated above is reversed. It is invariably Wycherley who deprecates Pope's compliments, not Pope who deprecates Wycherley's. So far from Wycherley resenting the criticisms of "his Dear Little Great Friend," he receives them with composure, and, instead of complaining of the poet's neglect to visit him, adjourns, with endless variations of excuse, his own journey to Binfield. Mr. Elwin appears to have always had a suspicion about these Wycherley letters, and, with the originals before him, would in all probability go as far as his successor, who is clearly inclined to believe that those of the old dramatist's epistles published by Pope in 1735, for which no vouchers are now forthcoming, were simply concoctions by Pope himself. More than one of the suppressed passages of the new Wycherley letters, it may be added, contain references to Captain Steele, of the *Gazette* and *Tatler*.

With respect to the famous character of "Atossa," Mr. Courthope has already, in his Introduction to the Epistle "of the Characters of Women," done much to discredit the notorious story that Pope received 1,000*l.* from Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough to suppress it, and he had further given his reasons for believing that, if Pope had published it during his lifetime, he would have declared it to be the character of another person. The story is too long to tell in detail; but, from the new series of letters from Pope to the Duchess which Mr. Courthope now prints, it would appear that, whatever the present her Grace made to Pope, there is no evidence that it was accompanied by any specific conditions as to the suppression of the character, and the fact that Pope had inserted it in the edition of the *Moral Essays*, prepared for press just before his death, goes far to support this hypothesis. Mr. Courthope's further conjecture that, in publishing it at all under the circumstances, Pope intended to give out that it was the portrait of Katharine, Duchess of Buckinghamshire, who was already dead, is a plausible one, and will probably be accepted as satisfactory by all who are not prejudiced by the poet's intricate mystifications against any suggestion of his occasional good faith.

In his *Life of Addison* in the "Men of Letters" series, Mr. Courthope has already treated at some length the much-debated episode of another character-portrait, that of "Atticus." In the present volume he adheres generally to his previous verdict, and, notwithstanding the story told by Pope to Spence, holds that the lines were never sent to nor seen by Addison. The matter is a difficult one, and might well baffle even more skilful inquirers than Mr. Courthope. Much of the evidence is based upon Spence's *Anecdotes*, and Spence is no more infallible than most reporters of *ana* and contemporary conversations. Moreover, in many cases he must have related not so much what was true as what his informants desired to have believed. Mr. Courthope is probably right in referring to Tickell's translation of Homer as the determining cause of Pope's animosity, and he is also right in holding that such "open warfare" as that involved by Pope's sending the verses to Addison is not in Pope's manner. But, as it seems to us, he infers too much from the absence of reservation in what he twice calls Addison's liberal praise of the Iliad in the *Free-Holder* of the 7th May, 1716. All Addison says is this:—"The illiterate among our Countrymen, may learn to judge from *Dryden's Virgil* of the most perfect Epic Performance: And those parts of *Homer*, which have already been published by Mr. *Pope*, give us reason to think that the *Iliad* will appear in *English* with as little Disadvantage to that immortal Poem." Considering that in May 1716 a fair proportion of Pope's Iliad had been published, that it had been received enthusiastically, and that his poetical reputation was already high, this is scarcely what, in these days, at all events, would be classed as "liberal praise." Nor, on the other hand, can we quite see why, supposing Addison to have seen the verses, we should look for evidences of reserve. On the contrary, if Pope's view of Addison's character be the right one—and Mr. Courthope admits it to be correct in some, at least, of its characteristics—his natural timidity would surely prompt him to conciliate the man who (as he was aware) had got the terrible character of "Atticus" in his pocket.

It is, however, the disastrous feature of these time-honoured controversies that their seductively insoluble character has a tendency to prompt hypotheses, most of which Mr. Courthope, giving in compressed form the results of long reflection, has doubtless considered and discarded. Happily his book does not depend for its interest exclusively upon the elaborate examination of those minor details which are the stock-in-trade of the biographical "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." It is strongest where strength is most needed—upon its critical side. Mr. Courthope's observations upon the formation of Pope's early style; upon the *Essay on Criticism*, which he has the courage to rate higher than most modern critics; upon the *Rape of the Lock* and its mock-heroic forerunners, in which connexion it may be noted that he says a deserved good word for Boileau's *Lutrin*—fill only a few out of many admirable pages in his work. But the cream of the whole is contained in the concluding chapter, which covers not only the long-echoing contest between classic and romantic—between Johnson and Warton—between Bowles and Byron, and Campbell and Roscoe—but also contrives incidentally to very prettily confute Cowper's absurd dictum about Pope's "mechanic art," and to leave Mr. Matthew Arnold on the horns of an uncomfortable dilemma as regards his decision, in Ward's *English Poets*, that Pope was "a classic of our prose." It is impossible, however, to attempt any serviceable summary of a chain of reasoning which is already sufficiently close-woven. As a tail-piece to our account of this able and most valuable biography, we shall do best to quote verbatim the author's final summary of his argument:—

> The net result, then, of the quarrel between the classical and romantic schools seems to be this: that, in so far as the Lake poets and their successors revolted against the excessive restrictions placed upon the imagination by the misapplication of Pope's critical principles, they were in the right; but that, where they sought to overthrow his method of art, they were in error. This is proved alike by the solid and enduring pleasure produced by Pope's poetical works, and by the failure of the romantic poets, when working exclusively on their own principles, to satisfy the requirements of artistic unity. The main principle that governs Pope's poetical method is that poetry consists in the imitation of Nature. The leading rules that may be gathered from his theory and practice seem to be the following. Poetical conception must be natural: in other words, whatever subject is chosen must give scope for representing some general idea of Nature in one of the well-established forms of the art of poetry. Execution must be natural; that is to say, all parts of the poem must conspire to reproduce the idea of Nature as a rational and intelligible whole. Language must be natural, in the sense that it must reflect the ideal nature of the subject in metre, without any appearance of mannerism and affectation. Where these conditions are satisfied the poem, whatever be its particular order, will be a good and legitimate poem, and will exemplify the truth of Coleridge's aphorism: "Finally, good sense is the Body of poetic genius, Fancy its drapery, Motion its life, and Imagination the soul that is everywhere and in each; and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole."

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.*

THE fourth volume of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* goes from Dionysius to Friction, and contains several articles of very contemporary interest. There is "Evolution," for instance, a thing which all men are expected to know better than by name in these times; and "Exhibition," which has been greatly to the fore all this summer. Professor Geddes gives some thirteen columns of very closely-packed information about the first. It will not be expected that we should do more than notice an article on so big a subject—one in which, moreover, what is matter of knowledge is so apt to melt imperceptibly into what is matter of speculation or

* *Chambers's Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge.* New edition. Vol. IV. Dionysius to Friction. London and Edinburgh: William and Robert Chambers. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1889.

opinion. Mr. H. Roscoe Dumville has simpler materials to deal with, and he supplies his readers with a brief sketch of the exhibitions which preceded the great show of this year. The editors appear to do their work on the Encyclopædia with the thoroughness they have shown all along. We notice few omissions, though there are some, and one of them is somewhat surprising in a book published in Edinburgh. There is an article—neither too long nor unduly laudatory to his character as a fighting man—on the naval Earl of Dundonald, but his father is hardly noticed. He receives one line in the article on his son, and it says nothing about him, except that he "beggared himself over chemical discoveries." Now, although this is true, it is not the whole truth, and an Encyclopædia published in his native land should have done him better justice. The quality and tone of the articles are generally business-like and sound. We have raised the eyebrow of amazement at one or two. It is startling to be told that Emmet was only "an ill-fated Irish patriot," and even to learn that his last speech "still thrills the reader by its noble and pathetic eloquence." The Encyclopædia takes a remarkably tolerant view of the occasion on which the ill-fated patriot arrayed himself (how Irish!) in "a green coat, white breeches, and cocked hat." It almost sympathizes with his mortification when the noble enterprise he preached in thrilling eloquence, and got himself up regardless to forward, ended (these disappointments will happen in Ireland) "in a few ruffianly murders." Eloquence, green coats, breeches, cocked hats, and ruffianly murder—the ill-fated Irish patriot has them always with him. As a rule, however, the shorter biographical articles are done in a workmanlike shape, and made up, as they should be, of facts taken from respectable sources stated without comment. The virtuous practice of giving the authorities is not followed as zealously as it might be, and in that respect we hope to see an improvement.

The literary articles are, in several instances, of exceptional merit. Among those which are biographical not the least remarkable is Mr. W. E. Henley's "Dumas." Mr. Henley writes with a certain go not common in Encyclopædia articles, and praises his man in a hearty way. Criticism is mixed up with his facts, but it does not overlay them. Was it necessary to stop in the praise of Dumas in order to deal a backhander at Victor Hugo? We think not; but Mr. Henley is not of that opinion. Another readable article is Mr. P. Hume Brown's "Erasmus." Mr. Brown treats his man at proper length and with due sympathy. It is, however, a slight misstatement to say that the vice of the Ciceroniani was that they "set style above matter." Erasmus surely attacked them because they chose pedantically to limit their Latin vocabulary, and so knock the life out of the living Latinity of the time. Mr. Brown may be right, in a way, in saying that Erasmus had the defect of his qualities, but then it must be acknowledged that his qualities had at least one very ugly defect. As an article on a literary subject by far the ablest in the volume is Mr. Saintsbury's "Drama." We have seldom seen more matter put into less space with greater art. Dr. Holmes discourses pleasantly of Emerson in an article which does not contain more than six insufferably epigrammatic sentences. We live in a universe in which it is idle to complain when we are told that a visit from Carlyle to Emerson, at Concord, would have "been a dangerous experiment in vital chemistry—hydrofluoric acid in a vessel of glass." How smart! but what does it mean—except that Carlyle would probably have rebelled in an exceedingly self-conscious society of provincial priggery? Then why not say so? Among the many miscellaneous articles in the volume are several of solid merit. Mr. Lucas's "Emigration" is all that could be expected considering the space at his disposal. A considerable part of the volume is devoted to the articles on England—English History (Rev. J. Franck Bright), Church of England (Rev. Dr. R. F. Littledale), English Language (Henry Sweet), English Literature (Professor Henry Morley). Dr. Bright's historical paper gives a sufficiently clear outline of a subject which could not possibly be more than outlined in even much greater space than is allowed, or could be allowed, here. Dr. Littledale's account of the history of the Church of England is somewhat fuller, and may be noted for its insistence on the continuity of the Church from the conversion of Kent. It would be almost foolish to complain of finding in Professor Morley's article what we usually find in his papers on literature, and it must be acknowledged that these familiar features are less conspicuous than we have known them. On the whole, this fourth volume of the Encyclopædia rather more than keeps up the character of the book.

WOODLAND, MOOR, AND STREAM.*

THE author of this pleasant volume seems to be of the opinion of Private Mulvaney, in *Soldiers Three*, when he said, "I will name no names, and no more will I name places, for a man is thracked by a place." He is anonymous, and he is most cautious not to name the haunts that he describes. It is, therefore, only human that we should take an ingenious pleasure in trying to track his steps. He describes himself as brought up, many years ago, in a very wild village in the North Kent Marshes, of the position of which he gives so many indications that we are almost sure that it is Lower Halstow. Certain features of the description, we confess, seem to point to a larger village or small town, and in that case it must undoubtedly be Queenborough. In either case it is a solitary place among the salt marshes near the mouth of the Medway, and, before the introduction of railways, about as solitary and as inaccessible a spot, and one as favourable to the education of a naturalist, as could be found in the length and breadth of England. A like mystery hangs over the name of the author of *Woodland, Moor, and Stream*, who writes like an educated man, accustomed to authorship. There is, however, no name on the title-page, and a prefatory note, signed J. A. Owen, states that these sketches "are from the hand of a friend of ours, a skilled workman." But this may be merely a mystification. Mr. Owen's friend, or Mr. Owen's self, has no need to be ashamed of these graceful and graphic papers.

The Kentish village and its surroundings, as described in the first three chapters, are highly picturesque. Like so many better-known naturalists, the author began life by being "often missed at home," while he was searching for peewits and curlews in the marsh, or tracking "the red hares flicking the wet off their hind feet as they sat on the mole hillocks," or plunging into mud in search of the nest of the reed-wren. He made friends with the fishermen and their boys, and very soon rare things would be brought in for his amusement. One day a lad signed to him to follow him to his home, and, opening the door, pointed to something in the corner, with "There, mind he don't nip ye!" "It was a Black-Backed Gull, one of the largest of his kind, quite capable, if I had given him the chance, of wrenching one of my small fingers off," says the author. He soon learned to use a duck-gun himself, and to go out in winter shooting in the creeks. Of the scenes that this harsh and exciting sport led to in a land at that time positively swarming with bird-life, he gives some excellent pictures, especially of a sudden storm sweeping over the marshes, than which nothing could be more effective.

When he grew to man's estate, our author transferred himself to Surrey, and the remainder of his volume contains careful and picturesque sketches on the moors and by the rivers of that county. An incident of otter-life is thus told in the words of a gamekeeper:—

"You know that gravelly bank, yonder? Well, one flood-tide we was hunting the rats that the water had drove out. It had drove the rabbits too; but it was rats we was hunting. We had got the ferrets and the dogs. The ferrets worked well, and went into all the holes as free as rain, till we come to a couple on the top of that particular bank. We turned 'em down, but they wouldn't work them. All they did was to just poke their noses in and sniff, and then run round the holes uneasy like. The dogs, too, sniffed and scratched about strange like for them, quieter than they was used. We jumped about and poked into the holes, wondering why the ferrets would not go in. The river [Mole] was rushing almost bank-high to where we stood; when all at once something was heard whining like, and somebody said, 'Look at that!' It was a sight! For in the river was a fine otter. She had her cub by the nape of the neck, and was swimming across with him. It was hard work, but she tore through that rush of water from the weir in fine style. There was nothing above water but the alder stems on the other side, and she made for them. She was not twenty yards away from us the whole time. Well, when she reached them, she got her cub on to a limb, and left him. He did cry. And then we lost sight of her for a bit. The whine came again, almost close to our feet, and the dogs stood with ears pricked up and one fore-foot lifted, just quivering with excitement. She dashes out from the bank with a second cub. The dogs rush to the water's edge, but they dare not plunge in, plucky as they are; for they knowed they'd be washed down and dashed into the limbs of the fallen trees that lay in and across the river. She got him over all right, and then they three made for the alder copse."

Not less graphic are the anecdotes of the badger, especially one of a gentleman who put a fine specimen of this creature into an empty hutch, just over the one in which he kept his favourite doe-rabbit and her little ones. Next morning he was horrified to find that the badger had dug a hole in the floor of his hutch, and had descended into the apartments below, where he was found coiled in solitary splendour, and, as our author almost too graphically puts it, "very full of rabbit." Back goes our naturalist to his native Kentish marshes to describe to us the heron—"Jack-Ern," as the fishermen call him—and his haunts. A hunt after ring-ouzels in the bushes of black alder then succeeds, and so on to the end we are kept in pleasant rural company by one to whom the life of moors and wastes manifestly retains no more of its secrets than it did to Richard Jefferies. But for the example of that lamented writer, no doubt, such a book as *Woodland, Moor, and Stream* would never have been written. The very manner is often that of Jefferies, and it may not unfairly be said that all have got that seed now, and many can raise the flower. Not many, however, so sincerely, honestly, and cheerfully as the very pleasant companion from whom we are sorry to part at the end of this picturesque little volume.

* *Woodland, Moor, and Stream; being the Notes of a Naturalist.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

ISMAY THORN'S *A Flock of Four* and *Quite Unexpected* (London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.) should be read together, though the volume which is, in fact, the sequel is so deftly arranged that it can go very well on its own merits. The author's cunning in depicting children as they are—neither too good nor too naughty, too priggish nor too savage—has suffered no change; and the "grown-ups" are, we think, even better drawn than is usual with this bright and engaging writer. The

meeting between the Captain and his son at the railway-station has real dramatic force. It is only to be regretted that Ismay Thorn should have followed an evil example in depicting the harmless necessary circus-man as a monster of cruelty and greed. It should be added that the illustrations are much to the purpose.

With Lee in Virginia: a Story of the American Civil War, by G. A. Henty (London: Blackie & Son), will be hailed by our boys with the enthusiasm with which they always hail a book by Mr. Henty, knowing the fund of interest and amusement it always gives them. *With Lee in Virginia* is no exception to this rule. We cannot do better than describe the book in Mr. Henty's own words:—"It was impossible, in the course of a single volume, to give even a sketch of the numerous and complicated operations of the war, and I have, therefore, confined myself to the central point of the great struggle—the attempts of the Northern armies to force their way to Richmond, the capital of Virginia and the heart of the Confederacy. Even in recounting the leading events in these campaigns, I have burdened my story with as few details as possible, it being my object now, as always, to amuse as well as to give instruction in the facts of history." The adventures of Vincent Wingfield, the hero of the book, and his slave Dan add much to its interest and excitement.

Another contribution of Mr. Henty's to the amusement of young people is *Tales of Daring and Danger* (London: Blackie & Son), the first tale, "Bears and Dacoits," being perhaps the most thrilling. Being saved from getting killed by a bear only to get into the hands of Dacoits was certainly a case of "out of the frying pan into the fire." The title of "A Pipe of Mystery" tells its own tale, and "A Brush with the Chinese" is an exciting experience.

A third book by Mr. Henty, *By Pike and Dyke: a Tale of the Rise of the Dutch Republic* (London: Blackie & Son), is again one full of historical facts put forward in the form of a story, with a hero such as boys love to read about, and who, at sixteen, when hearing of the tyranny under which the Dutch were suffering exclaimed, "Were I a Dutchman and living under such a tyranny I would rise and fight to the death rather than see my family martyred. If none other would rise with me, I would take a sword and go out and slay the first Spaniard I met, and again another, until I was killed"; which sentiment he carries through his life, though, instead of being killed, he lives to be knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and marries the daughter of the Countess von Harp. Mr. Henty has certainly surpassed himself in the interesting manner in which he has set forth his tale of the rise of the Dutch Republic.

Captain, by Mme. P. de Nanteuil, translated by Laura Ensor, illustrated by Myrbach (London: Routledge & Sons), is a very pretty story of a dog, who, having been rescued from drowning by a sailor-boy called Yvon Yossic, attaches himself to his rescuer, and is the means, in return, of saving his life and that of his friends on more than one occasion. Captain becomes a necessary part of the crew on board the different ships in which his master serves, and shows not only extraordinary fortitude and courage, but great tact and good sense in his roving life, and learns many tricks. One, described as "authentic," is worth quoting:—"After the inspection, when about a dozen men were drawn up on the deck, Yvon would say to Captain, 'Fetch the caps!' Then Captain would run and take all the men's caps off their heads with his teeth, and carry them, one after the other, to his master, who, tying a thick handkerchief over the dog's eyes, mixed the caps indiscriminately together and put them into a heap. Then he said, 'Now give back to each man his own property!' and Captain, diving haphazard into the heap, would take each cap and place it on the head of the sailor to whom it belonged. Every cap bore the owner's number, and he never made a mistake." His powers of fighting and scattering the enemy are vividly described in the successful attempt his master and a handful of men made to rescue their comrades from "a hundred to a hundred and twenty" Chinamen who had taken them prisoners. "Captain, who had preceded them, threw himself into the midst of the enemy, biting, tearing, knocking them over, and scattering terror into their midst. Evidently they took him for a lion or tiger, the supposed lion soon occasioning such a panic among them that they disbanded and fled, escaping by climbing up the rocks, where they were still exposed to the fire of the revolvers. Those who were not hit disappeared." To any one, young or old, who is a dog-lover *Captain* will prove most attractive. The book has been very well translated by Laura Ensor, who has given us good English instead of French-English, and the illustrations by Myrbach, seventy-six in number, are full of force and life.

Earthquakes, translated from the French of Arnold Boscowitz by C. B. Pitman (London: Routledge & Sons), is a book full of all the horrors of that terrible catastrophe; also containing much instruction on it. It describes, besides seaquakes and deluges, the earthquakes in the island of St. Thomas, in Honduras, in San Salvador, the Lisbon earthquake, that in Calabria, in Ischia, in Andalusia, in the canton of Valais, at Mendoza, in the island of Chio, at Cumana, in the Strait of Sunda, and in New Zealand, with many awful scenes and incidents which, however powerfully they are brought before us, seem impossible to realize in this country.

Cooper's Leather-Stocking Tales, for boys and girls, are a collection of J. Fenimore Cooper's most attractive tales in one volume. It contains *The Deerslayer*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, *Leather Stocking*, and *The Trapper*. It would be futile to attempt any description of these old favourites; let those lucky boys and girls who do not already know them find out their charm for themselves.

In *My Friend Smith: a Story of School and City Life*, by Talbot Baines Reed (London: The Religious Tract Society), we find a book for boys such as only the author of *The Three-Guinea Watch* and *The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's* can produce. "My friend Smith" and his friend Batchelor will keep any boy enthralled from the time of the friends meeting at Stonebridge House, a school after Mr. Wackford Squeers's own heart, to the time when the reader has to part with them as prosperously settled in life. The illustrations, by Gordon Browne, are executed with great care and spirit, and are worthy additions to this fascinating story.

The Eagle Cliff: a Tale of the Western Isles, by R. M. Ballantyne (London: Partridge & Co.), contains many adventures of various kinds, beginning with a bicycle accident, going on with the wreck of the little yacht in which our adventurers were making a voyage to the Western Isles of Scotland, then dangerous studies of botany, over which two young people fall in love, fishing excursions, and a deer drive, all filled with stirring events and many accidents, and ending with a fire, in which all distinguish themselves by their powers of endurance and willingness to help in getting it under. The pretty love story, which adds to the romance of the book, comes to the general conclusion, "they were married," and, let us hope, lived happily ever after. There is a funny and really new adventure with that favourite animal of adventurous fiction, the bull, in which "a narrow open drain" and "a large cotton umbrella of the Gamp description," were the prosaic deliverers of the bull's victim, who, "Placing the umbrella in such a position that it came between himself and the bull, laid himself flat down in the drain. The opening was far too narrow to admit his broad shoulders, except when turned sideways. The same treatment was not applicable to other parts of his person, but by dint of squeezing and collapsing, he got down, nestled under the bank, and lay still. On came the bull till it reached the basket, which, with a deft toss, it hurled into the air, and sent the silvery treasure flying. A moment more and it went headforemost into the umbrella. Whether it was surprised at finding its enemy so light and unsubstantial, or at the slipping of one of its feet into the drain, we cannot tell, but the result was that it came down, and turned a complete somersault over the drain, carrying the umbrella along with it in its mad career. When the bull scrambled to its feet again and looked round in some surprise, it found that one of its legs and both its horns were through and entangled with the wrecked articles. It was a fine sight to witness the furious battle that immediately ensued between the black bull and that cotton umbrella! Rage at the man was evidently transmuted into horror at the article. The bull pranced and shook its head, and pawed about in vain efforts to get rid of its tormentor. Shreds of the wreck flapped wildly in its eyes. Spider-like ribs clung to its massive limbs and poked its reeking sides, while the swaying handle kept tapping its cheeks, and ears, and nose, as if taunting the creature with being held and badgered by a thing so flimsy and insignificant." We will leave it to the readers of *Eagle Cliff* to find out how the bull was finally conquered, and how its victim escaped.

The Story of Father Damien, by Frances E. Cooke (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), begins at the very beginning of his life. He was born at Tremeloo, a village in South Brabant, and his name was Joseph De Veuster. "While still very young and full of hope for the years that were to unfold before him, diligent in his work at school, and interested in all that went on around him, there was a deep inner spiritual life within Joseph De Veuster, and a longing to keep clear and bright in his soul the spark of Divine light which his mother's teaching had led him to guard with reverence from his earliest years. . . . The stories of the saints and martyrs of old times, to which he and his brothers and sisters had listened in the evenings while his mother read, influenced him still. What could he do better, he asked himself, than follow their example, and afflict and mortify his body that so his soul might perhaps grow the more in grace?" He was intended by his parents to follow his father's occupation and enter on a commercial life; but his longing to be a priest overcame everything else, and in 1859 he was admitted into the Convent of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary at Louvain as a young brother of the choir, and took the name of "Brother Damien." At the age of twenty-three, by his own urgent request and special appeal, he was sent as missionary to the Hawaiian Islands. From that time, till he died of that fearful disease leprosy, amongst the victims of which he incessantly worked, his life was what as a boy he longed it should be, following the example of saints and martyrs. The account of such a life is one that ought to show our most thoughtless young people the full beauty of self-sacrifice, though one cannot expect many "Father Damiens" to come forward in this world.

The Achievements of Youth, by the Rev Robert Steel (London: Nelson & Sons), is a collection of short biographies of the early life of our most famous men and women "from various spheres of thought and life, to illustrate what has been accomplished by youths who diligently cultivated their powers and opportunities. Some of them may appear to be prodigies—overgrowths; but the most will be specimens of what others may become." This "series of examples" of the youth of our great men will encourage many a lad and young girl to go and do likewise.

Lost in Africa, by Frederick Horatio Winder (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington), is described accurately as "A Yarn of Adventure." Its hero behaves as a hero ought, gets through all his dangers, and is rewarded as he ought to be at the end of the book.

The Loss of John Humble; what Led to it, and what Came of it, by G. Norway (London: Blackie & Son), is a tale of a poor Swedish boy, John Humble, who, having lost his father, is looked after by his uncle, Rolf Humble, who volunteers to "take him to sea and make a man of him." John, accordingly, goes off with his uncle in his ship, the *Erl King*. The story is vividly told of his capture by Englishmen when he is looking after the boat which has landed his uncle and some seamen at Portsmouth, of his being taken on board the *Hector*, the brutal treatment he receives, the way he was saved and befriended by the captain of a Norwegian vessel, whom John serves faithfully until the captain dies, and at last of his return to Stockholm, and the welcome home he received. The book ends, as it should, with John's marriage.

Scout's Head; or, St. Nectan's Bell: a Tale of the Wild West Coast, by Frederick Langbridge (London: Warne & Co.), is a wild story of a brother and sister who have lost their mother, whose father drinks, and deserts them. How they fend for themselves, make friends, though a desperate villain and enemy does his best to ruin them in every way, and how they come out of all their misfortunes safe, and even gloriously, must be left to the reader to find out.

Sir Aylmer's Heir, a story for the young, by Evelyn Everett Green (London: Nelson & Sons), is a very interesting tale of a little boy whose mother is dead and whose father is a soldier. He is sent to live with an uncle, Sir Aylmer Desborough. When he arrives at his uncle's house he finds no one but the old housekeeper, who is too much perturbed to give him the warm welcome she should. However, the poor, lonely little fellow soon makes friends amongst the servants and the animals in the place, and also "He began to live in a world of his own, peopled by creatures of his own imagination, or by the heroes of the history or fiction he read." About a year after his arrival at his uncle's house his uncle comes home. Sir Aylmer is an eccentric, hard man, and it was not until after Eyton Desborough's father had been killed that he and Eyton made friends. The friendship once begun, it proceeds with rapid strides, and Eyton ends by not only becoming "Sir Aylmer's heir," but the delight and blessing of his life. Too often sad things are dwelt upon in children's books in such a way as only to narrow their sometimes too morbidly inclined minds; but in this prettily told story that danger is avoided.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE almanacs which the end of October annually produces in France are too curious and characteristic a product, and too different from anything which, at least to the same extent, is produced in England, to be passed over. They are all, or nearly all, issued by MM. Plon at the *Dépôt central des Almanachs*, though some of them have additional publishers as well; and, large as is the selection (some score or more) which we have before us, we think we are right in saying that the total is far larger, probably exceeding a hundred, and representing in title, if not in actual contents, almost every trade, occupation, and class of the population. In many of these there is no very particular interest for the English reader, though old experience may find a faint attraction in the discovery that, if the fat and venerable *Triple liégeois* does not now fall to pieces at the first touch, as he used to do, it is because he has run a kind of stay of iron wire through himself, which, indeed, supports his frame, but makes it almost impossible to open him; that Mathieu de la Drôme is as dangerously particular in his prophecies of weather at different times and places as ever; and that the *Almanach astrologique*, under the most horrific of covers, conceals a modest selection of scientific, or quasi-scientific, *faits divers*, which would do fairly for a Standard Reading-book. Some of the minor almanachs are also interesting, though it is rather difficult to be certain how much their contents vary from year to year. The *Bonne Cuisine* has some good old receipts, and is interesting because it retains the habit, now quite disused in English books, of stating the qualities, or supposed qualities, of the preparations as regards health. On the whole, the "Bon cuisinier" cannot be charged with taking too cheerful a view of his subject. This soup is "a delicious cate and the cause of a great number of indigestions; one must use it with reserve"; that "determines flatuosities"; another "will only suit robust stomachs." And we should like to give any one ten guesses as to the composition in regard to which, though it is allowed to be "restorative and stimulating," "It goes without saying that one must not give it either to children or to convalescents, or to irritated stomachs, or to sanguine temperaments, or to very nervous persons, or to those who are" never mind what. The ghost of Mr. Woodhouse himself may stare and gasp at being told that this awful preparation, this culinary corpse-reviver, apparently suited only to chalcenterous persons or those at the point of death, is a very simple mutton broth with sippets in it. It is only a survival of this kind which shows one how little of a flesh-eating nation the French were till recently.

Among these numerous and ephemeral productions there are a few besides those which we have named possessing a certain attraction. The *Almanach du savoir vivre* is always amusing and pretty generally sound, one thing which it notes being specially so—that, whereas no one a very few years ago would have thought of passing a lady in the street with a cigar in his mouth, the misbehaviour is now quite common. Nor is it any answer that the lady would probably then have objected to smoke and probably now does not; for the action was a mark of deference to sex generally, not to particular taste. The *Almanach des célébrités* has some useful portraits of persons represented in the obituary of last year, as well as others. The *Lunatique*, the *Prophétique*, the *Comique*, the *Catholique*, the *Scientifique*, the Almanachs *des jeunes mères*, *de la Mère Cicogne*, *des dames et des demoiselles*, *de la France*, and others, each have their special appeal. But three—the *Almanach du Charivari*, the *Almanach Grévin*, and the *Almanach pour rire*—still, in the work of MM. Grévin, Mars, Draner, and others, retain some of the attraction which has long been possessed by Parisian caricaturists. This year we think the *Almanach pour rire* is the best of the three. The *Almanach des Parisiennes*, otherwise *Grévin*, is as full as ever of exceedingly plump and exceedingly undressed young persons; but the wit does not seem to us to have improved, and there are at least two jokes, with cuts to match, which are offensive in the highest degree—not amusing, not even immoral, but simply nasty and coarse beyond the limit of average scurrility and blackguardism. In the *Charivari* there is more fun, and cleaner fun, without any oppressive virtue. The young women of "Mars" have, as usual, the defect of being too much like fashion-plates, and of a singular want of expression; but they are not unappetizing. MM. Henriot and Draner, if not so pretty, have more "go" in them, and there is also verve in M. Tézier, who has a somewhat more antique style than most of the followers of Mars and Grévin. The *Almanach pour rire* is wholly by two of these artists, MM. Draner and Mars; nor has there ever, perhaps, been a better example of the latter's peculiar style than the first plate, "Départ pour la pêche aux crevettes." "Au bal de l'opéra," by his coadjutor, is, perhaps, the best thing M. Draner has contributed, though the "Fat au bal" is good, and the return of the bold cavalier who has ventured to the refreshment buffet at an official party, and returns in rags, cuffless, blacked as to the eye, his hair dishevelled, and so forth, is an excellent extravaganza in its way.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT: her Life, Letters, and Journals, edited by Ednah D. Cheney (Sampson Low & Co.), is altogether the kind of biography, reflective and self-illustrative, that is appropriate to the subject. Formal narrative or elaborate criticism would be equally out of place in a book that is mainly autobiographical. The author, through her *Little Women* and the companion stories, has long been known to a multitude of children of all sorts and growths. "Aunt Jo" is, in truth, everybody's Jo, and Mr. Cheney's book offers a renewal of intimacy with an old friend. The editor is to be commended for permitting himself nothing more nor less than the slight comment which the Jonrnals and Letters of Louisa May Alcott require. "Much as Miss Alcott loved literature," he remarks, "it was not an end in itself to her, but a means." She laboured for the wants of her family, and her heart was wholly bound up in the domestic circle. This view is entirely supported by the evidence of the correspondence and journals. The self-revelation there offered is of the kind that biographers value most. Charming as is the self-portraiture of the stories, even more engaging and touching is the story of the struggles and victories of the brave, sweet-hearted woman as told by herself. Her education, in a circle of "transcendentalists" of whom her father was a prophet, appears to have been somewhat of the forcing kind, though there was plenty of healthy relaxation permitted. The journals, which commence early, are full of piquant entries, and suggest pleasant pictures of the family circle. We have glimpses of the ten-year-old child at the Harvard settlement of "Fruitlands," a miniature Brook Farm of Alcottian disciples, who practised vegetarianism and high thinking. "Pluck your body from the orchard; do not snatch it from the shambles," is a specimen of the "vegetarian wafers" used at Fruitlands. At the age of twelve an Emersonian worship was induced by a copy of Bettine's correspondence with Goethe, picked up while "browsing" in Emerson's library, and this led to sentimental letters addressed, but never delivered, to the Sage of Concord, and floral offerings, and playing the part of Mignon to the "Master," singing in "very bad German" under his window. Her juvenile journal has its shrewd touches of humour. When her father remarked, that while her sister's journal was about other people, "Louisa's is about herself," she makes the quaint admission "That is true, for I don't *talk* about myself, yet must always think of the wilful, moody girl I try to manage, and in my journal I write of her to see how she gets on." One thinks of "Aunt Jo" as nothing if not "practical"; but she had, it seems, her "sentimental period," was stage-struck and wrote dramas of various kinds, and made several essays in literature before she found the path to popularity. She was born, as she said, with "a boy's spirit under her bib and tucker," and there is plenty of "heart" and indomitable spirit in her letters. One delightful example, on the making of a bonnet, will be enjoyed by all men, though some ladies may think the subject too serious for jesting. Mr. Cheney's book is wholesome and enjoyable; a memorial worthy of the subject.

An agreeable sense of companionship is aroused by the Countess Cowper's record of travel, *A Month in Palestine* (John Bumpus). It is brightly written, and shows independent observation. Like the eminent traveller Dr. Shaw, the author studies the topography of the Holy Land in the light of Scriptural records, and her descriptions are well defined, readily realized, and free from needless detail. The maps and photographic plates are fairly illustrative of the voyager's route, though some of the latter are too dusky and too obviously pieced together for panoramic effect to be altogether attractive. There is enough of picturesque feeling in the writer to make pictorial illustration superfluous.

The reprint of *Jane Eyre* (Walter Scott) in the "Camelot Series," one of several recent re-issues of Charlotte Brontë's famous novel, deserves commendation on account of Mr. Clement K. Shorter's sound and discreet "Introduction." Too often are the young gentlemen charged with these cheap and popular reprints delivered of nothing but the loosest and most unpropitious gush. Mr. Shorter's notice of the author is just, well balanced, and sensible. His summary of the too-abundant books and articles on the Brontës is keen and judicial.

A noteworthy addition to the "Chandos Classics" is *Gay's Fables*, with Harvey's designs, edited by W. H. Kearley Wright, F.R.Hist.S. (Warne & Co.), the type and paper excellent, the engravings by Dalziel, after Harvey, capitally printed. Mr. Wright, as a Devonshire man of letters, has been naturally assiduous in his researches into the life and works of the Barnstaple poet. His *Life* of Gay embraces all that is known of the poet's career, and comprises a full account of such relics as the ingenious and comfortable chair, with its concealed drawer, and the piece of old oak from Barnstaple Church with the poet's name cut in it, dated 1695.

Sweet Singers of Wales (Religious Tract Society) is a volume of hymns by Welsh writers, collected and in part translated by Mr. H. Elvet Lewis, who interpolates an interesting selection with biographical notes of the authors. The poetic quality of the whole does not appear to be remarkable, and is far inferior to the works of Charles Wesley or Cowper and Newton. In the vernacular they must be, to judge from their congregational effect, much more moving. Simple, earnest, fervid in tone many of them are; but the poetic graces are neither striking nor numerous.

Nothing more perfect and lucid could be desired than Professor Tidy's science lectures for young people delivered last winter at the London Institution and now published under the title *The Story of a Tinder Box* (S. P. C. K.) The book is admirably illustrated, and the lecturer is a master of the art of exposition. He enables the reader to see and realize the experimental evidence with complete success.

Mr. F. Edward Hulme's *Wayside Sketches* (S.P.C.K.) is well adapted to young persons inclined to the study of nature and natural history. It offers a pleasant and excursive survey of the aspects of the country through the changeful seasons of the year, and is embellished with much poetical quotation and some good woodcuts. To write agreeably and in a light chatty style on such agreeable subjects as flowers, birds, and butterflies, is no arduous task when the audience addressed is young and enthusiastic. Mr. Hulme is a facile writer, and his information is generally accurate, his pictures of nature fairly true and impressive. He is himself guilty, however, of the iteration of dubious or baseless statements with which he charges other naturalists. He says, for instance, that the nightingale rarely arrives in England till well on in May, whereas it almost invariably arrives in April, and is exceptionally late if first detected in the first week of May. Then, again, he repeats the incredible statement that the song of the blackcap is "little inferior" to that of the nightingale, and apparently thinks it possible that a person with an ear could mistake the former for the latter.

The new volume of *Travel, Adventure, and Sport* from *Blackwood* (Blackwood & Sons) contains, with other good things, the late Sir Richmond Shakespeare's "Journey from Herat to Orenburg," a record of diplomatic enterprise and travel in the year 1840, that thoroughly repays reading at this date.

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we have new editions of *Doctor Claudius* and *Mr. Isaacs*, by F. Marion Crawford; *Scenes and Characters*, by Miss Yonge; *Tom Brown at Oxford*, and Dean Church's *Bacon*, in the series of "English Men of Letters."

We have also received a new edition of Mrs. Walford's *Cousins* (Blackett & Hallam).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART.—Every Evening at Eight o'clock. THE DEAD HEART: Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Arthur Stirling, Mr. Righton, Miss Kate Phillips, and Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily 10 to 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram. Carriages at 11.—LYCEUM.

LYRIC.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, HENRY J. LESLIE. On Saturday, November 23, will be produced a New Comedy Opera, in Three Acts, entitled THE RED HUSSAR, by H. P. Stephens and Edward Solomon. The Stage production by Charles Harris. Box Office now open.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—Madame NORDICA will sing and Madame ANNA FALK-MEHLIG will play at the SATURDAY CONCERT on November 9, at Three. The Programme will include Overture "Benvenuto Cellini" (Berlioz); Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 5 in E flat (Beethoven); Symphony in F (H. Goetz); Rhapsody in A and D (E. Lalo); and the following Solos for Pianoforte. (*a*) Impromptu (Schubert); (*b*) "La Campanella" (Liszt). Conductor, Mr. AUGUST MANNS. Seats, Numbered, Half-a-Crown. Unnumbered Seats, One Shilling.

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THE GUILDHALL SPEECHES.

THE civilized world is perhaps not, even when its opinions are correctly reported, the very best judge on matters affecting the internal policy of England. It has been questioned (and, though we are not quite prepared to take the side of the questioners, we admit that they have something to say for themselves) whether lookers-on really do see most of the game in reference to the internal politics of another country. But the civilized world, and that portion of it which finds utterance in European bourses and newspapers, is, within certain limits, a capital judge of utterances about foreign policy. The approval which has been on the whole expressed—the disapproval of some Russian and French organs being, in fact, complimentary—in reference to Lord SALISBURY'S speech at Guildhall last Saturday is a solid fact. The other speeches on that occasion were not as interesting as they have sometimes been, with perhaps the exception of Mr. BALFOUR'S curious and characteristic deprecation of unfavourable criticisms from outside on the House of Commons. It is sometimes difficult (though we run the risk of having Mr. BALFOUR himself down upon us for saying this) to find much good to say of that House; but its worst enemy may admit that it has for hundreds of years had this faculty of inspiring a sort of jealous affection in its most distinguished members. Nor is their affection merely of that somewhat selfish, though by no means despicable, kind which made the Roman poet confess his desire *Ut videare aliis fœda, decora mihi.* They will have us admire, too, or at least abstain from blaspheming. Be it so; we can, at any rate, all of us hope that Mr. BALFOUR may never see a worse House than the present, which is indifferent honest, as things go.

Lord SALISBURY himself touched not much on domestic politics, and has been duly scolded for not doing so. He has even been scolded from his own side for not having held out some baits to the working classes, in default of which baits it is, it seems, feared that the working classes will go elsewhere, where they can get baits enough in, or rather out of, all conscience. It is scarcely necessary to say from what quarter these scoldings have chiefly come; the student of recent politics knows perfectly well where, when, and why to expect them. We have often said before, and hope often to say again, if necessary, that to do anything of the kind suggested would be to engage in a contest where defeat with disgrace, infinite lack of peace with infinite lack of honour, is certain. If you come to a mere legislation of largesse, Conservatives are certain to be beaten by Radicals; and, if it were possible for them to win, would find neither laurels nor profit waiting for them after the victory. Wise Tories want no new reign of privilege, in which the "rich" are to be subject to *taille* and *corvée*, for the sake of the "poor." They do not want to be put into State go-carts, and receive now and then a State plum and cherry and fig if they go nicely. And, if the working classes entertain any of these desires, then we can only say that a heavy responsibility rests on those who encourage them therein, and a bitter removal of delusion awaits themselves when they find that crying for the moon is not getting the moon, and that a man is not much nearer getting the moon because he has been told by this or that demagogue that he shall have it. Fair play in selling your own labour for whatever it will fetch, vigorous protection in holding your own property, small or great, against all who covet it, and provision by the State of those things, and those things only, which a man cannot look to for himself—these three things pretty well sum up the duties of Government to the individual, whether his income be a million a year or sixpence an hour. Lord SALISBURY never showed either more sense or more fortitude than when he confined his remarks on such matters to a warning, especially appropriate from a hard worker and a keen man of business, as to the suicidal tricks which the most newfangled doctrines of the relation of capital and labour are playing. He was less bold, but equally sensible, when he repeated the proposition—old as the hills, but needing to be constantly repeated—that the root and secret of Irish trouble is not a sense that men are refused their rights, but a resolve that men shall, if they can, evade the performance of their duties.

The FOREIGN SECRETARY affected to find some difficulty in discovering matters in his special department to place before his hearers, and yet it is this part of his speech which Europe has recognized as containing good and solid news. Events, according to him, have all been tending in the direction of peace, and this is a very strong statement. Its exact strength may not perhaps at first be fully realized. Lord SALISBURY would probably be the first man to ridicule the doctrine of what may be called the private-information or Zadkiel's-Almanack school of politicians, who hold that there are certain persons—Lord SALISBURY being, of course, one of them—who can tell you that war is going to break out or not going to break out, or the like. He would probably add that such things depend upon certain great forces, the general direction of which can be estimated by any capable and honest man who chooses to turn his attention to them very nearly as well as by the ablest and best-informed of Foreign Secretaries. But what Lord SALISBURY is in a position to know, as not half a dozen other men are, is the general state of opinion in other influential quarters; and when he tells us that this has recently made for peace we have only to believe him and rejoice. His few words on the policy of England in the Mediterranean have commanded general approval. On the three most important points of the moment—Crete, Egypt, and Africa—he managed to say something more definite, but not less important. We are, indeed, inclined to think that he exaggerates the interest that Englishmen take in the slave-trade, or rather we should say that most Englishmen feel that the best way of putting down the slave-trade is to establish English influence firmly in the seats of that trade. It was too early for Lord SALISBURY to take any notice of the answer which Portugal has endeavoured to make to the Charter of the British South African Company; but we trust that not an inch will be yielded to a baseless claim. On Crete the PRIME MINISTER spoke with brevity and truth; we only wish that he had spoken with a little more harshness. That the disturbances in that island are a kind of faction fight is perfectly true. But faction fights wherein one political party in a great foreign country, as well as all the irresponsible and some of the responsible politicians in another small but awkwardly placed State have a distinct interest in egging on one faction to fight, and in shrieking over its bumps and its bruises and the broken glass in its houses when it happens to get beaten, are rather serious things. Still on Crete Lord SALISBURY spoke the truth, if not the whole truth. On Egypt we can welcome (setting aside the eternal omission to remark the one thing left undone which stands against us) the remarks on the PRINCE OF WALES'S recent visit, and on the fact that the progress made, great as it is, is nothing like that which would enable us to fulfil the pledge of leaving Egypt to herself when she is able to stand by herself, and not before. To fulfil that pledge, besides many others, two great things have to be done. The reduction of taxation has to be taken in hand, and, in order to the reduction of taxation, that conversion of the debt which France has hitherto steadily opposed Secondly, the frontier foes who, as Lord SALISBURY justly says (pity he did not go a little into the causes of this!),

have twice threatened Egypt during the past year, and have only been driven off by Egyptian troops heavily backed and supported by our own, have to be not only resisted, but prevented. To this latter part of their duty, indeed, Her Majesty's Ministers remain resolutely deaf. They might say, no doubt, that till France permits Egypt to rid herself of the burden of debt, it is expedient to contract the range of her administrative and military liabilities and enterprises as much as possible. They might say that they have been waiting to see what would become of the last remnants of the old dominion. They have preferred to say practically nothing except that reference to the slave-trade, which in this sense may be of good omen. For if the slave-trade is to be stopped anywhere, it must be stopped on the Equator.

THE STRIKES.

THE little piece of advice to master and man which Mr. Chamberlain put at the end of his discursive remarks to the master bakers of Birmingham was exceedingly wise. He urged them both to consider the market before they quarrelled. Mr. Chamberlain supplied each side with the name of a respectable virtue which they may apply to their common sense. "But," he said, "there is one rule which I "would venture to apply to those circumstances, and that "is this—when trade is about to improve let the employers "be generous; when trade is declining let the workmen be "moderate." The circumstances of which Mr. Chamberlain spoke were those in which trade is improving or falling off, when masters are called upon to give more, or men are unwilling to take less. Happily the present time is one of improvement, and it is the masters who are called upon to part with their money. Many requests that they will be generous are presented to them on all hands, and in many tones of voice. Many of the well-wishers to their virtue are not so moderate as Mr. Chamberlain. His steady progress towards a temperate form of Conservative principles has led him to entertain doubts as to the value of a good deal that is preached to the working classes, and even to feel uneasy as to the effects of much social legislation. The ignorance of not a little of this well-meant law-making, and the unforeseen consequences it has on trade, are more obvious to him than they were when he was dealing with the question of marine insurance. This modification of tone in Mr. Chamberlain's treatment of the sorrows of those who toil and spin does not diminish our generally high opinion of his abilities. We could wish it were imitated by some other advisers of the employers of labour. For Mr. Chamberlain is plainly of opinion that trade disputes should be settled between the parties to them, without interference from the outside. When that is permitted the settlement is likely to be permanent, because it will be consistent with the facts of the case. There is very little risk that when trade is flourishing the men will be debarred of their share in the improvement. Masters may think that their hands are asking for their share too soon or are asking too much. They may stand out against a rise of wages for a time, but they cannot resist long. It is too manifestly ruinous to allow their business to be stopped when prices are going up and orders are coming in. Neither are the men at all likely to be backward in speaking for themselves. There is at present ample evidence that a revival of prosperity is soon felt by the men in the form of increase of wages. A rise has been granted in many trades, and in one at least it has amounted by successive stages to the very respectable figure of sixty per cent. of their wages. The Scotch coal-miners have enjoyed this remarkable good fortune. It may be—indeed it is—a pity that some employers should compel their men to take the extreme course of saying "If you do not give more "money we will give no work," but the fact that it should be so only proves that men are not always wise.

There is, however, a folly which is rather more conspicuous at present than the ill-timed obstinacy of masters. It is the belief of some sentimental persons that wages can be forced up in a declining market, and that masters should be obliged to be "generous" when generosity does not mean admitting their men to a share in increasing profits, but paying them more when business is already somewhat of a loss. The existence of this delusion has been sufficiently well illustrated in London. It is the fact that the Port of London has not shared, and is not likely to share, to any great extent in the general return of prosperity. For various reasons it is not so important a place of trade as it was, and is even likely to decline. There is, in fact, a local depression which is likely to endure. In these circumstances a permanent rise in wages is impossible. They may be forced up for a time, but only at the cost of further damage to the Port by the increase of expenses. Sooner or later—and rather soon than late—the effect of this injury will be felt by the men themselves. This very simple fact has, however, been completely overlooked by the chorus of partly selfish and partly (though in an infinitely smaller degree) sentimental persons who have practically coerced the master lightermen into the surrender of last Saturday. The dispute between them and their men was one in which even Lord Brassey now confesses they were largely in the right. The men insisted that one job should be a night's work. To this the masters replied that one job might mean half an hour's work, such as the mere shifting of lighters from one side of a dock or one part of the river to another close at hand. If such jobs were to be counted as a night's work, the expenses of the business will be so increased that the master lightermen might well have to choose between raising their charges or working at a loss. It is notorious that the trade of the Thames cannot stand much, or even any, increase of charges. The alternative, therefore, is that the master lightermen are to lose for the good of the rest of the trading community. Lord Brassey seems to have had a glimmering of this when he found it wiser to avoid deciding on the "one job" claim of the men. As soon, however, as it appeared that the men were obstinate, he joined the shipowners and the Committee at the Mansion House in assuring the masters that they must yield—and had, in fact, already conceded the demand of their men in principle. The masters were practically bullied by their fellow-men of business, who could look to nothing but their own immediate convenience, into yielding. As soon as they had done so, the consequences seem to have struck Lord Brassey. In his desire to explain that when he said that his award included the "one job" (after previously saying that it did not) he did not mean that every little piece of work was to count as a night's work, he wrote his amazing letter to Mr. Williams. In the course of this quite exceptional exhibition of confusion of mind, Lord Brassey, before lecturing the master lightermen on the proper organization of their business, says in so many words that there are many pieces of work to be done in lighters at night, for which 4*s*. is excessive payment. He, therefore, is of opinion that they should be thrown together into series, and paid for in the lump as a night's work. But it is precisely this arrangement of small jobs into series against which the men have struck. And it is only a few days since Lord Brassey told the masters that they had by implication conceded the demands of the men, which he now acknowledges to be absurd. We have said before, and we say again, that the whole story is an admirable example of allowing business quarrels to be settled by any but business methods. Whatever the motives of Lord Brassey and the Committee at the Mansion House may have been—sentiment, popularity-hunting, or mere flightiness—it has forced on a so-called settlement which the arbitrator now sees to be absurd, and which, by the nature of it, cannot last. In the meantime the already heavy difficulties of the trade of London have been increased, and the lightermen have won a temporary victory which must, in the long run, damage themselves. It does not make the prospect more cheerful that the men, whose heads are apparently quite turned by success, have now invented a new string of demands. The fight on the river is not done yet by any means.

The injudicious or interested interference of third parties may possibly aggravate the threatened strike of the bakers. If, however, the dispute is allowed to follow its natural course, there is no reason to suppose that it will be serious. The Strike Committee have disclaimed any intention of "leaving London" (including the strikers, we suppose) "without bread." This moderation of theirs is not, for obvious reasons, deserving of unmixed praise; but it at least shows that they are not beyond the reach of reason. On the other hand, the masters are by no means disposed to be obstinate. As a body, they acknowledge that the desire of the men for shorter hours is reasonable. It is not even their fault if the shorter hours were not made the rule of the trade some years ago. On the occasion of a former strike the masters agreed to recognize twelve hours as a day's work. If this standard was not accepted, then it

was because the men were misled into standing out for higher terms than were justified by the state of the trade, and were accordingly beaten in the struggle. At present there is more likelihood that they may succeed completely. It is most probable, however, that no uniform rule will be established. The bakeries which employ large numbers of hands may accept the ten hours day, because it will be possible for them to use reliefs. The smaller bakers will not have the same resource. In their case the day, which is not one of continual work, but of alternate work and waiting, will be of twelve hours. Many masters have made arrangements with their men. When the journeymen bakers insist on standing out for impossible terms they will be beaten. The smaller masters can do whatever skilled work is required in their shops themselves, and whatever unskilled labour they want can be obtained in any quantity. Under these circumstances any attempt on the part of the men to bear down opposition can have but one end. The public need have no difficulty in deciding what its own attitude towards the strike ought to be. In the first place, no terrorism must be allowed; and, in the second, there must be a general disposition to submit with patience to a rise in the price of bread, or to adopt the by no means difficult and very wholesome and economical practice of baking at home. General prosperity and improved wages will make an increase in the cost of the loaf tolerable. If there is any part of the community which thinks that it can secure higher wages for itself and better prices for its produce without promoting a rise all round, it is, we are afraid, destined to disappointment. The hope is a common one; but a universal experience has shown that it is a delusion.

HUMAN BARREL-ORGANS.

WHEN the elderly painter, in M. Guy de Maupassant's last novel, has fallen in love with the daughter of the lady to whom he had long been devoted, he ceases to take any pleasure in the society of his kind. He proclaims that the men at his club are so many barrel-organs who can only play a very limited set of conversational tunes. There are moments when most of us agree with the painter, even though we have not attempted his novel and undesirable combination of love affairs. Barrel-organs we all are, and the same forlorn set of jingling tunes we all play. Whatever the topic of conversation may be, we all say the same things about it that we have said a hundred times over. If it is politics, what can any one of us remark that he has not remarked before? Tory or Radical, the cylinder within us has but so many wires and catches, all of them worn, slack, dilapidated. The larger "organs" of opinion are in the same sad state; the handle turns, and the old, old lament goes jolting on. New events do but turn the handle; they are merely fresh texts for the ancient discourse. It is the same story about sport, about literature, even about our friends and enemies, whose private failings remain stereotyped, like the tunes we play upon them. Can any new thing be said about American copyright, about the merits of "Gutties" and "Eclipses," about "Bulgers," about the Club cook, about Psychical Phenomena, about Mr. Gladstone, about Impressionism, about Boulangism? "The "world is so full of a number of things," as the poet says, that it might seem easy to devise and pour forth fresh conversational melodies. But it is not easy—nay, it is impossible, unless human barrel-organs could be fitted with new cylinders, which is much to be desired. Science may manage this at last. In a novel which is appearing in one of the magazines, somebody finds out a dodge for transferring the nervous force of one person into the body of another. We do not pretend to understand the process, which involves the use of an electric battery and a fiddlestick. The critical and contemptuous exclamation "Fiddlestick!" may characterize the whole affair. If it could be managed, if we could decant the nervous energy of strangers into our cronies and companions, into our leading-article writers, into the members of our family, something might be done. It might answer to substitute new cylinders for old in the barrel-organs. But, more probably, the subjects of this experiment would only go on playing the old tunes in new time, quicker or slower. The man with a grievance against publishers would still grind out the Half-profits tune, the Royalty tune, and the other melodies. The celebrated person whose only tune was "Bend Leather" would not spare his audience. The sporting characters would rattle out the familiar notes; the Golfer would not withhold his considerations on Stimie; the Radical would scarce introduce a variation; there would be no change in the Parson, with his airs on Tithes and Working-men's Clubs, and a celebrated essayist would still find flint arrow-heads in cabbage-gardens.

These reflections are not new; they probably occurred to Lord Byron when he read Count d'Orsay's book on England. His lordship observes that he had been at a dinner-party where the twelve most amusing men in London were gathered. Five of them fell asleep! They must have been lulled to sweet forgetfulness by the too familiar tunes of the other seven—by Lord Byron's anecdotes of pashas and harems, very likely. Some people wish that they could have dined with souls of poets dead and gone at the "Mermaid Tavern." We make no doubt that after two or three meetings they would have wearied of the tunes which even Shakspeare and Ben Jonson could play. The more sack they drank the more monotonous they would inevitably become. It is as certain as may be that they talked shop; that they discussed the stage of the period; that Ben quoted Aristotle his *Poetics* and the practice of the ancients; that Will said the same disrespectful things about these models, that he abused his collaborators and growled at piracies. If ever there was a clever set of barrel-organs, it was the collection of instruments who dined statedly with Sainte-Beuve and Théophile Gautier, and Paul de St.-Victor and the Messieurs Goncourt. Yet the journals of these gentlemen prove that even those organs always ground out the self-same melodies, the outworn paradoxes, the bosh about the *bourgeoisie*. More melancholy conviviality there might not be after a time than the talk about literature and art of the men who were best fitted to talk about them. It is only Dr. Johnson who never, or hardly ever, strummed to the dreary old cadence; only about him was one thing certain, that no mortal could tell what tune he would play next. The conversation of Socrates was much less varied than that to which the Doctor contributed when he could say, "Sir, we had good "talk." When we read the enthusiastic accounts that visitors give of Scott's talk at Abbotsford, can we help feeling a little for Lady Scott and the girls? All these many tunes were familiar to *them*, and there was not one new to their ears among the anecdotes that were so good, and seemed to strangers so inexhaustible.

The remedy for all this might seem to lie in the constant discovery of new companions in new conditions and ways of life. This desire it is, not mere love of gain, that drives Mr. Thomson up among the Masai, and that discovered the American continent. Christopher Columbus, no doubt, was tired of Genoese gossip, and of affairs in Spain. Cortes was anxious to shift the scene, to change the cylinders, and there can be no doubt that, for some days, there must have been a freshness in the table-talk of Montezuma. We cannot all be wanderers like these impetuous men, and it is certain that we gain little by meeting people at dinner whom we never met before. For even if they have some new tunes, and do not repeat commonplaces about Dr. Ibsen, about Mr. Barnum, about the Decline and Fall of the British Empire, we ourselves have only our old tunes to play. Nobody can be so tired of them as we are ourselves. They may, by miracle, be new to the listener, but the performer lacks the complacency of the wandering Italian minstrel. *He* nods his head with pleasure at his jingling old strains, but the human barrel-organ, with a conscience, would give the world for new cylinders. No doubt this weariness of speaking and listening was the cause that peopled the Thebaid with anchorites, and drove millions of hermits into the forests of India. It was only the sanguine and frivolous Athenians who persuaded themselves that they could either hear or tell "some new thing." The thing might be new, but alas for the comments!

THE CITY OF FEARS.

ANOTHER of the numerous meetings in which the German Emperor has figured lately took place at Innsbruck on Thursday; and the City of Fears, as Vienna has not unappropriately been called, was somewhat disturbed at the fact. It might have been thought that the frequency of the shock would diminish its intensity. William II. has a young man's passion for wandering about the world and despatching to Prince Bismarck or

the Empress telegrams in the style of Mr. Ruskin. This is quite German :—

Die Herren, die waren ästhetisch,
Die Damen von zarten Gefühl,

as Heine appropriately remarks, though the particular Herr in question—the Chancellor—troubles himself not much about sunsets. In the intervals of sunset-seeing politics are, no doubt, occasionally talked. The worst of it seems to be that the passion for international visits seems to be spreading with disastrous consequences to the poorer, and therefore the more generous, States. It is edifying to the more sarcastic students of politics to see Western monarchs paying visits to the Sultan. The Sultan does not understand the cheap hospitalities of modern Christendom, with their gifts of photographs and honorary commissions. A considerable hole must have been made in the already tattered budget of Turkey by the German visit, and a larger still will be made by that *coup de théâtre*, the Czar's visit, now talked of. But it is, no doubt, justifiable to "cosher" on the infidel. Elsewhere visits may admittedly be made with less compunction, as well as with more ease and comfort.

The Viennese alarm, moreover, is connected with quite different considerations. Austrian politicians fear that, as a result of recent reconciliations between Germany and Russia, efforts may be made to induce the Austro-Hungarian Government to favour, or at least to abstain from thwarting, Russian designs on Bulgaria. It may be admitted that men have been alarmed by more fantastic fears. Independently of mere gossip, it seems extremely probable that, for the moment, a somewhat warmer understanding between the two Emperors of Northern Europe has been established, and it is unluckily known that Bulgaria is the Czar's pet madness. It has been more than suspected that the reason which Russia has had for stirring up trouble in Servia has been far less any desire to act in that country than a wish to have a *quid* (if only a *quid* of abstention) *pro quo* to offer to Austria in regard to the more easterly State. And, lastly, there are strong reasons for believing that Prince Bismarck's frequent and ostentatious disclaimers of any interest in the Eastern question are not mere pretence but represent a real undervaluation. The very ablest statesmen are prone to such undervaluation—and too often, in the words of the epigram due to Clarendon and worthy of Tacitus, "fall by those "things they most despised." Let us hope that neither Prince Bismarck nor his country will so fall. But, if the interest of Germany in the settlement of the Eastern question seems to the blind eye of even this sharp-sighted politician negligible, it is difficult to imagine how the interest of Austria in it can ever seem so to any Austrian sovereign or statesman who has eyes in his head at all. It is a complete delusion to imagine that, as not only Russophils with intent to deceive, but even others, sometimes pretend, the end of the matter must, at the best, be a division of the Balkan Peninsula between the two Powers, and therefore Austria might as well make that division *à l'amiable*. The fact is that Austro-Hungary cannot suffer Russia to round the corner, to get across the Danube, to command that river's mouth and the entrance to the Euxine, without certain danger, and probable ruin; without, in fact, hastening the dissolution of the Empire, part being absorbed by Germany, and the rest by Russia and Italy. And it is also known that the distrust of Prince Bismarck which lurks in Austrian minds is due less to old grudges than to a suspicion that he might not be indisposed to play for this. The suspicion is possibly unjust; for the Chancellor is not much of a day-after-to-morrow politician. But it exists, it concerns a real danger, and it ought to make Austrians extremely shy of doing anything that may bring that danger nearer.

PUFF! PUFF!

In the matter of Mr. Barnum it is the English aristocracy and the English newspaper that have led the way in proclaiming their emancipation from the hidebound prejudices of their island home. The words "the English newspaper," of course, refer to the *Times*. Once more, with the intrepid daring and scorn of prejudice which enshrined in a martyr's halo the memory of an early proprietor of that mighty periodical, the *Times* marches the foremost pioneer in the vanguard of progress. The aristocracy marched boldly too; but in these Radical days the fact would have been of but little use but for the encouragement and the testimony of the *Times*. Full-blown earls, sons of dukes and marquesses, real editors, and, it is believed, live theatrical managers, crowded to the banquet "to meet Mr. Barnum" at the Hôtel Métropole. Lord Rosebery, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Lord Charles Beresford, who are said to have figured on the "Committee of Organization," wrote deploring their inability to be present. Mr. Gladstone (of course) sent a holograph communication expressing his sympathetic admiration for the character, talents, and career of Mr. Barnum. It seems that a person of rank came and took the chair, and suitable speeches were made, until Mr. Barnum, in the course of returning thanks for the toast of his health, diverged into an anecdote so exquisitely entertaining that the company forgot their manners, and compelled him to go on telling anecdotes apparently until it was time to go home. And a few days after the banquet both banquet and hero were bravely and openly blessed by the *Times*. The effete Briton was contrasted in a properly humble spirit with the all-conquering American. In England, we were told, "there is a deficiency of elasti-"city under the pressure of misfortunes. Among American "citizens that is a quality which overflows, and in nobody "has it been more conspicuous than in Phineas T. Barnum." If Mr. Gladstone himself had gone to the banquet, he could not have put it better. And what follows is worthy of him, too. "He [Mr. Barnum] has been ridiculed, and "his name has been turned into a synonym for charlatanism "and imposture. Floods of disaster have been unable to "sweep away his faith in his own necessity to three genera-"tions; and contemporary opinion [hitherto expressed in "this benighted country by the leaders of opinion only] has "justified him in the end." Mr. Barnum "is the Great "Showman." He is compared favourably with "Pharaohs "and Nebuchadnezzars," with Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon I. He "doubtless might have been an Egyptian, "Assyrian, Macedonian, Roman, or Gallic conqueror if he "had chosen to set his mind to it." Then follows a faint attempt to indicate the more salient glories of the unparalleled Show, the "skeleton dude," the man with his feet in his stomach, and all the rest of it. For particulars see bills of every size distributed on the ordinary terms.

All this is ludicrous enough; but, speaking seriously, it is worth while to consider what Mr. Barnum is that he should have got such a list of stewards to his dinner, and have made such an impression on the editor of an extremely respectable newspaper. He is the proprietor of a travelling Show. His Show may be the biggest in the world; there are a great many shows, and somebody's must be the biggest. But in just one thing Mr. Barnum probably is, as he claims to be, unrivalled. That is, in the pertinacity and the audacity with which he advertises his wares. Advertisement has been defined as lying. That is rude to advertisers; but for all that there is some truth in it. If you advertise a new shirt-collar, you assert as a fact that it is far more becoming and convenient than any other kind. Whether it is so or not is really a matter of opinion, and it is safe to say that there is never such a marked and generally admitted superiority as the advertiser asserts. Therefore the advertiser says what is not true. It is not the same thing as lying, because nobody who thinks about it believes the advertiser's statements, and the advertiser does not expect that any one will. Still, there is no getting out of the fact that all puffing advertisements are statements of the thing that is not, and are intended to produce some effect. What is peculiar about Mr. Barnum is that he can puff himself "so loud and so much, and moreover in Dutch," that he can induce the editor of the *Times* to print, in the form of a leading article, a puff of Barnum's Show as extravagant and ridiculous as any posted on the hoardings by Mr. Barnum himself. Now, this is a thing that in this country money will not do. It can only be accomplished by great adaptability and knowledge of men and of the world. Mr. Barnum is an astute and able showman, and, as this is all in the way of his business, it is very much to his credit. No blame attaches to Mr. Barnum for his very natural conduct in puffing his Show as hard as he could. But whether the various persons who allowed themselves to be made the instruments of the puffing, and got nothing for it, are to be congratulated on the figure they cut is quite another question.

MR. BALFOUR AT IPSWICH.

IF there be one man in England who should hear with satisfaction that Mr. GLADSTONE has begun to suspect that his "utterances have been multiplied of late be-"yond what is desirable," that man surely should be Mr. BALFOUR. For many a month past the amount of Mr. GLADSTONE'S utterances has formed the measure of Mr. BALFOUR'S controversial activity. The Leader of the Opposition never speaks without misrepresenting the CHIEF SECRETARY and his policy, and the CHIEF SECRETARY never allows himself and his policy to be misrepresented by the Leader of the Opposition without promptly exposing his traducer. Nor does he seem to care whether the calumny is a new or an old one; though we cannot doubt that a Minister so imperturbable under attack would prefer novelty, even in slander, and is much less likely to dread an assailant's power of wounding than his ability to bore. Anyhow, Mr. BALFOUR almost invariably answers when Mr. GLADSTONE attacks, and as Mr. GLADSTONE brings forth new things and old, with a decided preponderance of the latter, it follows that Mr. BALFOUR is obliged to go over a good deal of familiar ground in the course of a year. Thus it is that we find him at this time of day replying with his usual humorous patience to that "unparalleled novelty" in indictments—the charge that the Crimes Act is employed in Ireland to put down lawful combinations, and that the Irish Executive are engaged in an oppressive attempt to put down Trades-Unionism in Ireland. It is curious to note the strength of Mr. GLADSTONE'S belief—not, of course, an entirely unfounded one in such a political society as ours—that by misnaming a combination to defraud, associated with a conspiracy to maim and murder, he will succeed in persuading the masses that fraud, murder, and mutilation ought not to be interfered with by law. It is still more singular that he should fancy this feasible, when, as a matter of fact, it cannot be entirely forgotten by the masses aforesaid that crime on this side of St. George's Channel has before this taken shelter under the eminently respectable name of Trades-Unionism. The name of a certain Mr. BROADHEAD who endeavoured to convert certain of his fellow-workmen to "the cause" by the expedient of blowing up their houses with gunpowder cannot have been absolutely forgotten. And the mere fact that the "lawful "combinations" in Ireland against which the Crimes Act is directed only proceed to violence through an intermediate stage of boycotting is immaterial.

Mr. BALFOUR, as is natural to a thinker of philosophic habit, has been much interested in Mr. GLADSTONE'S definition of the Plan of Campaign as "extra-legal," and has diligently endeavoured to discover any neutral or intermediate state of acts—any *limbus facinorum*, so to speak—in which conduct that lies outside the bounds of legality may find a place of abode not itself included within the infinite area of the unlawful. We need hardly say that even Mr. BALFOUR'S industry and acuteness have been disappointed, and that his fruitless search has only proved what might have been safely guessed without it, that Mr. GLADSTONE has been simply dealing, after a more than usually audacious fashion, in false analogies. Probably he hopes to find plenty of understandings confused enough to suppose that because the words "religious" and "irreligious," and even the words "moral" and "immoral," do not cover the whole field of human action—because there are some acts which are merely non-religious, and others which morality neither enjoins nor forbids, there must also be some which stand in the same relation to law. Of course there are no acts of the kind. Law is a system of prohibitions, and every human act in the world must be forbidden by it or permitted. If it is permitted, and whatever is not forbidden by law is permitted by it, it is legal; if it is forbidden, it is not extra-legal, but illegal. The Plan of Campaign has been pronounced by judges of the High Court in Ireland to be a combination which the law, if appealed to, would forbid; and so-called extra-legality is therefore, as Mr. BALFOUR well says, only a polite description applied to it by a critic who dares not take the responsibility of justifying it, but does not wish to be too severe in its condemnation. Mr. BALFOUR, moreover, very wisely declined to neglect that function of the Crimes Act which Mr. GLADSTONE habitually ignores—its operation, namely, in restraint, not of criminal combination, but of actual murder and outrage; and, in illustration of this, he cited a case, the significance of which must be apparent to every one who has paid any attention to the course of events in Ireland. The Government, in fact, might well be content to rest the defence of their legislation on a review of the improvement which has taken place in the condition of the single county of Kerry. This county was, indeed, as Mr. BALFOUR reminds us, the despair of the Irish Executive under Mr. GLADSTONE'S Administration. What has happened there since the passing of the Crimes Act is that the perpetrators of no fewer than four murders and six murderous outrages—criminals who, without the assistance of that Act, would undoubtedly have escaped punishment—have been brought to justice.

Perhaps, however, the most effective part of the CHIEF SECRETARY'S speech was that in which he dealt with Mr. GLADSTONE'S attempt to explain away the general improvement which even he is obliged to recognize as having taken place in the general condition of Ireland since the Act was passed. It is amusing by the way to observe, as Mr. BALFOUR did in passing, that, when the measure was under consideration, it was Mr. GLADSTONE'S cue to make out that crime had decreased in Ireland, and that he accordingly subtracted 120 from the list of offences; whereas, now that it is to the interest of his argument to make out that crime has not diminished, an addition of 110 takes the place of the subtraction of 120. In so far, however, as he admits the occurrence of any improvement he proposes to account for it by three causes independent of the legislation for the reinforcement of the law. He attributes it, first, to the teaching of the Irish priests; secondly, to the influence of the Irish members; and, thirdly, to the effect of the remedial measures with the passing of which he himself has been concerned. With the two former of these audacious propositions Mr. BALFOUR did not deem it necessary to deal at any length. When an Irish Archbishop has openly declared his approval of acts of forcible resistance to the execution of legal process, and when an Irish priest has just pleaded guilty in a court of justice to a breach of the law which led directly to a brutal and cowardly murder, and ultimately resulted in the condemnation of many of his flock to long terms of penal servitude, it is certainly not unreasonable that the burden of proof, with respect to Mr. GLADSTONE'S first explanation, rests upon Mr. GLADSTONE himself. As regards the influence of the Irish members, that is a point upon which the Special Commission will soon probably have something to say; and in the meantime Mr. GLADSTONE'S declaration that crime dogged the steps of the Association which is inseparably connected with the Nationalist party in the House of Commons "still holds the field" as the last authoritative deliverance on the subject. But it is Mr. BALFOUR'S treatment of the third of these Gladstonian *causæ causantes* which is the most delightfully destructive. For it turns out, upon a reference to statistics, that, so far from remedial legislation having improved the condition of Ireland, it has, for the last twenty years, been followed, in every single instance, by an increase of agrarian crime, which, on the subsequent passing of repressive legislation, has as regularly declined. In 1866, before Mr. GLADSTONE had become Prime Minister, or had thought of any of his remedial measures, the returns of agrarian crime touched their lowest point—in the number 87. From that year it went on rising until the disestablishment of the Irish Church, when it immediately leaped up from 767 to 1,329. Mr. GLADSTONE then promptly passed a Crimes Act; whereupon crime straightway fell to 373, and went on falling until it reached 136 in 1875, when the Conservatives were in office, and deemed themselves justified in relaxing the stringency of the Act of 1870. Upon this the tide again turned, and crime continued slowly rising till 1878, when it touched 301. It was shortly after this that Mr. PARNELL "took his "coat off," and the returns advanced in 1879 from 301 to 863. In the following year Mr. GLADSTONE came into office, and this number, instantly trebling itself, rose to 2,585. In 1881 it touched the enormous total of 4,439, and Mr. GLADSTONE brought in and passed a Coercion Act. Under the effect of this it sunk, in 1882, to 3,433; and the second, and more stringent, measure of repression, enacted in 1883, produced the much more substantial reduction of it to 870. It was 762 in 1884, which was the last unbroken year of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Administration. Surely after this disastrous exposure of its utter fallacy we ought to hear no more of the argument that agrarian crime in Ireland varies directly with the amount of legislative bribery employed upon the country, and not with the amount of Executive vigour brought to bear, by

means of legislation, upon the detection and punishment of the criminals. But, of course, we have not heard the last of the argument, or nearly so. Mr. GLADSTONE will doubtless reproduce it, whenever occasion offers, with as unblushing an effrontery as if it had resisted all attacks, instead of having been literally laid in ruins.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

ONCE again has the autumnal tree-felling in Kensington Gardens been greeted with certain clamorous objections. Work most needful, though belated, has been stigmatized as wanton and ignorant, as if any Governmental department ever laboured without knowledge or incitement. There has been a wailing heard of "noble elms" ruthlessly brought low, not from ejected Dryads, but from the chance wayfarer and the well-meaning enthusiast. There have been wild outcries about ugly iron railings, and complaints more vague yet equally inconsiderate. In all this lamentation there is much of the grand old ADAM of inveterate grumbling against all who are set in authority over us, and still more of unreasoning clamour. The noble elms that are said to have fallen are quite imaginary objects. The majority of the trees felled are spindly limes and horse-chestnuts. These have been judiciously thinned from a mass of timber that should never have been permitted to present the pitiful spectacle of a struggle for fit survival. The fell deed ought to have been done thirty years ago. As it is, good only results. No one can say with COWPER, grieving over the fall of his colonnade of poplars, "Farewell to the shade," for the shade remains, though the grove is less obscure and more shapely. The gain of fuller light and freer air to the remaining trees is immeasurable. In no instance has a single fine specimen been removed. The strongest criticism called for in the circumstances is, that it is somewhat late in the day to do work that ought never to have been so obviously necessary. If it had not been for the scandalous neglect of the past, we should have heard nothing of the voice of the newspaper Correspondent. The wiseacres who complain of the iron hurdles in the Broad Walk and elsewhere might, perhaps, explain how the new-sown grass is to prosper if the soil is to be left open to the many-footed crowd. It were far more seasonable to protest against the inefficient protection of the Gardens and the public, and the freedom at present allowed to roughs and sturdy beggars. The absence of police, or the entirely inadequate force of keepers, supplies a genuine grievance, not a fictitious ground for sentimental outcry.

Considering the recent grumbling of ill-informed persons, it is only bare justice to the authorities to enumerate the many improvements effected in Kensington Gardens since we discussed the subject of tree-felling. As was then advocated, the swampy triangular space near Palace Gate has been drained. The trees planted have been well grouped and at proper intervals. They are no longer enclosed by the old-fashioned, rounded iron hurdles, but are staked properly, and mischievous boys cannot climb and sway their jubilant bodies on the tender lower limbs. And this suggests the necessity of immediate attention to the injury done to the low hanging boughs of the trees by idle people. The trees should be carefully overlooked and trimmed so as to be out of reach. There being no deer in Kensington Gardens, it is impossible to preserve what the old school of landscape-gardeners call a "browsing line." Sheep do their level best; but it is a low level, and ineffectual. Thus it is left to the horseplay of 'ARRY and his like, with ruinous results to many a picturesque tree. There is no occasion to lop the lower limbs, which, as Mr. MICHIE points out, in his excellent treatise on Forestry, is extremely pernicious. Then, further to appease the grumblers, we may cite the general supervision of the Gardens. The paths are better kept than ever they have been since the enclosure was open to the public, and the new paths and entrances are universally admitted to be both useful and requisite. The long flower-walk from Palace Gate, past the Albert Memorial, to the road over the Serpentine is greatly improved under the present wise and careful system of gardening. Any one who saw this summer the superb show of Delphiniums and other herbaceous perennials, or the fine display of *Lilium auratum*, to name a few results of good culture triumphing over a naturally poor soil and smoky air, knows that much praise is due to the authorities. These borders are not now left, as once they were, starved of all nutriment. Here were to be seen this summer floral effects as natural and charming as any in the best gardens, such as might rejoice the soul of Mr. WILLIAM ROBINSON and other advocates of a return to nature in such matters. Perhaps the labels are a little overdone, both as to supply and style. No one wants Kensington Gardens transformed to a little Kew. If only the less common trees and shrubs are labelled, it is all that is wanted. A huge notification of such common objects as *Aucuba japonica*, repeated half a dozen times in a few yards, is a concession superfluous to the Cockney. These flower-walks and shrubberies, though delightful appendages to the Gardens, are, of course, of secondary interest to the broad acres of woodland. To any real or threatened peril involving the characteristic wildness and beauty of these we should be vigorous opponents. But there is no ground for apprehension at present, and the woodman's axe must by now have completed the necessary work. An open space girt about by miles of brick and mortar that could boast this summer of a pair of kestrels, not to mention other wild birds, cannot have lost much of its ancient charm of peace and verdure.

PHILOSOPHY IN DIFFICULTIES.

BEFORE Mr. MORLEY concluded his interview with the Labour-party deputation at Newcastle last week, he did not fail to declare his surprise and annoyance at the heckling to which he had been subjected. It was, as he said, most untimely; and his vexation was all the more natural if he had reason to suspect a design on the part of the New or Laboucherian Radicals to wring him free of his principles or out of the party. But Mr. MORLEY is something more than a party politician, unless he is much misunderstood. He thinks of other things beside place; and he must have been gratified to find, a few days after he was released from the Labour-party inquisition, that his tormentors had fixed attention upon a very mischievous practice, which therefore is likely to be repeated less often in time to come.

The circumstances must be explained a little. It seems that the members of the Labour Deputation that waited on Mr. MORLEY were each entrusted with a separate department of investigation. To one man was assigned the duty of looking into Mr. MORLEY's opinions on education, another was to put him on the rack of Home Rule, and so forth. The business of catechizing the right honourable gentleman on the subject of land nationalization fell to a Mr. LAIDLER, whose reading had specially qualified him for the task. When his turn came, this inquisitor asked Mr. MORLEY whether he was for nationalizing of the land. Seeing that it behoved him to be wary, the member for Newcastle replied by asking whether the Labour party represented by Mr. LAIDLER had any distinct conceptions and plans of their own. Then followed a little conversation to this effect. Mr. LAIDLER intimated that he and his friends knew perfectly well what they wanted, and why they wanted it; and at once proceeded to put the whole Labour programme in a nutshell. "They remembered that Mr. "HERBERT SPENCER had said that the land had been taken "by force and fraud; and that gentleman had also said "that to right one wrong it takes another." "Why! has he "said this?" Mr. MORLEY asked. "We all know he has," was the reply. "But you are aware that he has recalled "some of the things he has laid down?" "Yes," was the pregnant answer; "but if he has stated truth and recalled "it, the truth will prevail."

The significance of this brief conversation is remarkable in every word; as has already been pointed out by Mr. FREDERICK GREENWOOD in a letter to the *Times*. Mr. LAIDLER evidently belongs to the better class of artisans; men who read, and think, and know the value of authority. If such men are misled by their teachers, it may be a matter of grave concern for us all. For they, in turn, teach others who are incapable of tackling books like Mr. SPENCER's for themselves; and they are all "on the alert for "warranted theories of social reform that will better their "condition." Now take this case of Mr. LAIDLER and the Newcastle Labour party, which must be assumed to be the case of thousands of other working-men in their several organizations. They pick up a book of *Social Statics*, written by a great thinker and independent writer. They find in it certain discourse on the private ownership of

land, and learn that it is like no other property but "the "ownership of man by man"; that, like the first of a family of slaves, it was originally acquired as private property by force or fraud. They also fish up from Mr. SPENCER'S writings an assertion that to right one wrong it is sometimes necessary to do another. Put these doctrines together, and what do they come to? Nothing less than this: If the people have a mind to take back what was originally stolen from the community by force or fraud, they may do so without troubling themselves much about exact terms of compensation. But now Mr. SPENCER speaks. He says that, as he cannot remember everything that he has written during the last forty years, it would be unsafe to assert positively that he has nowhere said that "to right one wrong it is sometimes necessary to do "another." But, he adds, he certainly has not said it in connexion with the question of landownership. If, however, he has said it at all, that is obviously enough for Mr. LAIDLER. It is a dogma of general application; and, if true, the Labour party may fairly claim to apply it to the resumption of land stolen from the people. But Mr. SPENCER says more than this. He pleads that, though he still adheres to the general principles laid down in *Social Statics*, he "dissents from some of the deductions" and has revised his conclusions. Which of them? He himself tells us that the only respect in which his earlier views are changed is that, whereas in 1850 he supposed that "the resumption of landownership by the "community" would be economically advantageous, he has now come to a directly opposite opinion. He still compares the acquisition of private property in land to the "ownership of man by man," still leaves Mr. LAIDLER to believe that they were equally obtained by force and fraud; and that is not quite all either. Though Mr. SPENCER declares that, while he cannot be positive, he does not believe he ever said that to right one wrong it is sometimes necessary to do another, he does not repudiate that doctrine now. True, he is sure that he never uttered it in connexion with landownership; but that is nothing to the purpose, as we have already pointed out. Mr. LAIDLER has a perfect right to apply it so, on Mr. SPENCER'S authority, if it be a general doctrine of that gentleman's, or until he shows why landownership is exempt from it while other wrongs are not. This is a point that must be borne in mind when we come to some further statements of Mr. SPENCER'S, and especially to his closing letter in the *Times* of Friday. Meantime, let us put the supposition that this great writer has changed his views on the subject altogether. Let us suppose him now declaring that, while he no longer thinks it safe to say that private ownership of land rests on force and fraud, he is sure that no wrong should ever be righted by the perpetration of another. Could we hope with any confidence that the Labour party would thereupon give up their views too? Not if we may judge from the language and the obvious thought of its spokesman at Newcastle. His most significant word was uttered when he said—his attention having been called to the fact that some of Mr. SPENCER'S earlier views had been changed—"Yes, but if "he has stated truth and has recalled it, the truth will "prevail." What Mr. LAIDLER meant by this is manifest. Hearing what he had heard from Mr. SPENCER'S lips, he knew it at once for truth and righteousness. Mr. SPENCER may talk of recalling it, but that cannot be done. The word of truth, once spoken, is irrevocable and indestructible; it must live, and it "will prevail." That is what Mr. LAIDLER means, and he is easily intelligible.

To do any good, then, all that lies with Mr. SPENCER now is to discover that he never said that to right one wrong it is sometimes necessary to do another. If he cannot do that, what is the use of his telling the democracy that they must compensate existing landowners for what belongs to them in the land, and compensate them fully, if they take the land back? What is the use, we mean, so far as his own great authority goes? And if he adds, as in fact he does now, that when just compensation is paid they will have a disastrously bad bargain, what again is the use of that? The answer will be, "Yes; but is it not some-"times necessary to do one wrong in order to remedy "another? Why should not we venture a little wrong "in this case and compensate by half? Or suppose "we give notice that private ownership is to terminate "thirty years hence?" Of course, if Mr. SPENCER was writing only for philosophers like himself, and none but the philosophical read him and went by his authority, he need not trouble much to make such explanations and corrections. But evidently that is not the case; and it certainly does seem that he must regret the publication of ill-considered social reform theories, unaccompanied, as one of the letter-writers on the subject has it, by a clear recital of whatever reasons may be fatal to their application in this work-a-day world. Indeed, his regret is avowed in the excusatory statement, recently made, that what he said on this subject "was said in the belief "that the questions raised were not likely to come to the "front in our time or for many generations." Elsewhere he goes so far as to admit by clear implication that not till humanity has become quite different from what it is now can the land be resumed on just conditions without absolute disaster. But should he not have made that opinion clear from the beginning of his teaching? Is it not a pity that it should not come in till nearly the end of it, and after his unguarded reflections have misled so many ignorant poor men, besides supplying plausible weapons for demagogues? Surely it is a great matter for regret, though Mr. SPENCER is not the only teacher of things social and political who should be conscious of the feeling. Of course he is right in searching out "a system of absolute "political ethics, or that which ought to be," which is all that was intended in the writing of *Social Statics*. Only to view afar off an unattainable standard of perfect morality is a good and profitable thing, and no one has yet said, or is likely to say, a slighting word against the man who helps the world in that high way. All the same, however, extraordinary mischief is often done by seclusion-of-the-closet politicians, by social philosophers adrift from human nature as it is; and it is a reasonable prayer to ask them to mend their ways.

THE GOATFELL MURDER.

OF course there is a "movement" in progress for the reprieve of LAURIE, who murdered Mr. ROSE upon Goatfell, in the Isle of Arran. Murder seldom excites much popular sympathy with the victim, who in this case was a harmless, amiable young fellow enjoying his brief annual holiday. But a murderer always has friends, especially when, as in this case, he has committed a particularly cold-blooded crime for an unusually inadequate motive. Mr. ROSE can be accused of nothing worse than a want of discrimination in his choice of companions, or rather, perhaps, an inability to get rid of pertinacious, albeit undesirable, associates. LAURIE forced himself upon Mr. ROSE'S acquaintance, followed him about wherever he went, and, finally, killed him for the sake of his money. It seems to a great many people in Scotland perfectly intolerable that a merciless reprobate of this description should be prevented from doing further mischief. So they are getting up a petition that his precious life may be spared to society and to his admirers. Unfortunately, LAURIE was convicted by a majority only of the fifteen jurymen who tried him; and this fact is construed to imply an element of uncertainty in the case. Rumour, which appears to be quite unauthoritative, puts the number of jurors who were against conviction at seven, and the majority therefore at one. As the foreman very properly declined to give any information, this must be mere conjecture. It is, moreover, extremely improbable, inasmuch as the evidence of guilt was clear and strong. The Scotch practice of majority verdicts, though in accordance with the fashionable principle of counting heads, may be very easily attacked, and not so easily defended. But, if it is to be maintained—and in everything except party politics the Scotch are intensely conservative—there seems to be no necessity for making any statement on the subject in open Court. The same legal consequences follow conviction whether the jury be unanimous or not. If, on the other hand, a minority can, by holding out, save a prisoner from the gallows, a minority there will almost always be. In England their obstinacy would render the whole trial abortive, and that is a serious responsibility to undertake. In Scotland they do not prevent a verdict of "Guilty" from being returned. There will be one or two men on every jury who either disapprove of capital punishment altogether or shrink from inflicting it upon an actual individual whom they have seen. If LAURIE were reprieved, this class of persons could prevent the execution of any murderer in Scotland without letting assassins immediately loose upon society.

The only conceivable plea in mitigation of LAURIE'S wickedness is the plea of insanity. He did behave oddly

after the crime, though he was sane enough before it. But that defence might have been set up at the trial, and the fact that it was not speaks volumes. LAURIE was represented by the Dean of Faculty, Mr. J. B. BALFOUR, one of the most eminent of Scotch lawyers. The Dean's contention was that, though LAURIE might have robbed Mr. ROSE, he did not murder him. LAURIE was the last person seen in the company of the poor young tourist. He disappeared immediately after the disappearance of Mr. ROSE, he evaded the notice of the police for several weeks, and, when he was caught, he tried to commit suicide. The medical witnesses called for the prisoner expressed the opinion that Mr. ROSE had fallen into the crevice where his body was found, and that his death was caused by the fall. Unfortunately for this otherwise wholly plausible theory, stones were piled upon Mr. ROSE's body, and his hat, which was found in the bed of a neighbouring stream, had stones inside it. "The pig," said the judge, on a famous occasion—"the pig may, indeed, in a moment of "uncontrollable emotion, have flung itself upon the spiked "railing, and so died. But it can hardly have afterwards "skinned itself, and hung itself in the prisoner's back "garden." LAURIE actually came back to his lodgings with a felt hat belonging to Mr. ROSE on his head. The Lord Justice CLARK, in grave and decorous language, applied the analogy of the pig's case to the state of Mr. ROSE's body and the conduct of Mr. ROSE's murderer. There was no such conflict of medical testimony, real or apparent, as saved the life of Mrs. MAYBRICK. The wounds seen on the corpse were admittedly fatal, and the question how they had been caused was one of ordinary common sense. Except that the victim was an Englishman, while the prisoner is a Scotchman, we can suggest no reason why LAURIE should not be hanged. And it must be remembered that Mr. ROSE was warned by a Scotchman against making the ascent of Goatfell in the company of such a suspicious-looking stranger.

FRANCE.

IT is possibly natural that foreign observers should overrate both the present importance of General BOULANGER and the significance of his undoubted failure in the late elections. Certainly, whether the error is excusable or not, it is made. Much is said about his Manifesto, and the abortive demonstration which he and his partisans may or may not have endeavoured to organize for the day of the opening of the Chambers, and it is said to the exclusion of things which are of more moment for the time being. Even as curiosities, the General's movements and his proclamations are hardly worth looking at. They are mere repetitions of what we have so often seen before. A few months ago his mysterious appearances and disappearances, his sweeping abuse and vague promises, were of real importance, since he had undoubtedly persuaded several constituencies to elect him, and it was at least possible that he might find support in all parts of France. He has not done so, and, therefore, although he is by no means extinguished, he has ceased to be, for some time at least, a possible ruler of France. The Ministry of M. TIRARD was prepared for a demonstration in Paris on the opening day of the new Session, and took their precautions. Their measures may be commended to the attention of those Englishmen who thought the liberty of the subject menaced by the suppression of mob meetings in Trafalgar Square. Paris was filled with troops and police, who lined every approach to the Chamber, and who ran in everybody who as much as looked as if he would like to hear somebody say "Vive BOULANGER!" Accordingly "Vive BOULANGER!" was very little said. Hardly a hundred of his followers put in an appearance, nor was the slightest emotion displayed when M. DÉROULÈDE and several colleagues were marched to the guardhouse. For the present, then, there is no prospect of disorder in Paris, and as another general election is a long way off, the Republican Government may consider that it is in no further immediate danger from the Boulangists. This would seem to be recognized by the chiefs of that party themselves. They have at last acknowledged their defeat in the departments, and show some intention to devote themselves to Paris. There they have still a game to play. Unless their popularity diminishes very rapidly they can secure a majority of seats in the Municipal Council, and then they will possess a stronghold from which they can worry the Government with some effect. The resolution shown by their supporters in Paris hitherto, which is not likely to be weakened by rivalry with the rural constituencies, promises very well for this plan. The Boulangists will be wise to keep to it. As long as they remain an organized body in Paris, they can at least wait to profit by any mistakes the Chambers may commit.

The first act of the Chamber of Deputies has decidedly a hopeful look for them. It is undeniable that the election of M. FLOQUET as provisional President of the Chamber is a sign of the undiminished influence of the Radical over the Opportunist Deputies. That the result of the elections was to be taken as a proof of the disgust felt in all parts of France with the consequences of Radical dictation has been a commonplace. Certainly the Radicals themselves have lost seats, which may be taken to prove that they have lost power. It had been hoped that the Opportunist Deputies would see the unwisdom of submitting to their Radical allies. The Moderate Republicans had hoped that their own leader, M. LÉON SAY, might be selected as candidate. If he had been, he would probably have secured the support of at least a considerable section of the Conservatives. There is a strong inclination at present among the Royalists to give a provisional support to any Republican Administration which would promise to take in hand the very pressing task of restoring the finances to order, and would undertake to stop the laicization of the schools, and to cease from insulting whatever remains of religious feeling there may be among Frenchmen. The selection of M. LÉON SAY as provisional President would have been a guarantee of moderation on the part of the Republican majority, and would have prepared the way for that coalition of sensible men which is to put a stop, as some very hopeful Frenchmen believe, to the "sterile agitation of dynastic parties." Unfortunately the Opportunists would have nothing to do with M. LÉON SAY, who is so reactionary as to think that parents should be allowed to have their children taught by religious teachers if they please. They took M. FLOQUET instead, who is a Radical of the Radicals and an anti-Clerical. Such a choice is a fair warning to the Conservatives that the new Chamber will follow in the footsteps of the old. It is true that the choice is excused by many general declarations of an intention to follow a moderate policy on the part both of Opportunists and Radicals. The Conservatives may, however, very justly ask for better security than is afforded by the promises of one party which has never shown any will of its own, and of another which has never failed to show the most fanatical rancour. The choice is a defeat for the Moderate Republicans no less than for the Conservatives. M. FLOQUET is not only an anti-Clerical, but he has committed himself to vote for a Revision of the Constitution and for the suppression of the Senate. To the Moderates, who are the Conservatives of the Third Republic, this policy is as odious as the financial waste of the last few years, or as anti-Clericalism is to the Royalists. Nevertheless, M. FLOQUET has been chosen by a great majority, composed of Opportunists, Radicals, and Boulangists, who supported him because he is in favour of Revision of the Constitution. It is impossible to doubt that this indicates a disposition on the part of the new Chamber to follow the example of its predecessor. And yet the consequences of that course are sufficiently patent. At the last general election the votes given for the various Oppositions were, in spite of the most thorough-going bribery and pressure on the part of the Ministry, and in spite, too, of undeniable tampering with the returns, little more than a tenth less than the number given for the Government. As the Boulangists are themselves Republicans, and the Conservatives kept their particular principles in the background, it would be going too far to say that all the Opposition votes were anti-Republican. But, beyond all doubt, they were given against such a Republic as has afflicted France for the last seven years. They were given against bad administration and petty tyranny. It is at least not antecedently probable that the provocation will in the future produce other consequences than it has done in the past. Yet a majority of deputies has voted for a man who is as much to blame as any for that foolish policy. They have shown their indifference to financial reform by selecting a President who helped to produce financial disorder, and their fear of being called Reactionary by the Radicals by voting for an anti-Clerical. It is true that they assure the Moderates that the election is not to be understood as a declaration of policy. To such assurances there is but

one answer—*qui vivra verra*—and in the meantime an ounce of action would be better than a bushel of promises.

The Royalist meeting on Wednesday is a sign that the Conservatives are still disposed to allow the majority time to show its hand before committing themselves to irreconcilable opposition. In spite of considerable opposition from some of the party, Mgr. FREPPEL persuaded a majority of the Royalists to promise to lay their Royalism aside for the present. The formation of a party simply calling itself the Right, and prepared to support a sound policy even though the Ministry is Republican, may on one condition be the result of this decision. It would be quite possible for Mgr. FREPPEL and his friends to coalesce for administrative purposes with M. LÉON SAY, and if the coalition receives the support of a solid section of the new members who are credited with the wish to "escape the tyranny of groups," a genuine Conservative party may be formed in the Chamber, and the good sense, education, and manners of France will again have some chance of exercising their proper influence on Government. All, however, depends upon the "ifs." If the new men fall into the old rut; if Opportunists and Radicals unite to treat Churchmen and Conservatives as enemies, and drive them to use the methods of open enemies, then the old warfare will begin again. The preliminary "verification of the mandates," which has not yet got beyond the formal stage, which is the first work before the Chamber, will give the majority an opportunity of showing in what way they mean to use their power. If they proceed to invalidate the Conservative elections in an oppressive way, there will be nothing for it but a renewal of the much lamented "sterile agitation of "parties," in the midst of which all possibility of good administration will disappear. The Republican majority has now a last chance, and it cannot deny that the Conservatives are offering to help it to govern on acceptable terms. All that it is asked to do is not to make Government a mere tool in the hands of anti-religious fanatics, or to waste the substance of France in bribing the constituencies. The penalty of a refusal must be another, and in all probability a more bitter, Boulangist agitation, under this BOULANGER or another. Next time, too, there will be no Centenary of the French Revolution, no Paris Exhibition, to come to the help of the blunderers.

ARBITER APOLOGIARUM.

WE have always had a true affection for Mr. CONYBEARE, as all Unionists, and especially all Tory Unionists, are bound to have. In many other cases the blemishes of the Gladstonian character are assignable to causes which incline the well-balanced mind to excuses. This man might have been a good Tory, or a respectable Liberal-Unionist, if he had had the benefit of education; but, if you ask about Mr. CONYBEARE'S education, the only possible answer must be, "Oh, what an educated man he is!" That man has been perverted by want of means; but Mr. CONYBEARE is understood to be quite in affluence. A third may be vexed by a sense that his merits have not been sufficiently rewarded; but that thought can never have occurred to so clear-sighted a man as the member for Camborne. So that Mr. CONYBEARE shows us the Gladstonian, him by himself him, the kind of person who, circumstances having nothing to do with it, is by natural genius and temperament Gladstonified. And it is not with such a presentation that non-Gladstonians have cause to quarrel. Therefore, we have always loved Mr. CONYBEARE as a kind of automatic Helot of British politics, an unbribed awful example, a kind of Unhappy ELIZA of Salvation *à la* CAMPBELL BANNERMAN. But we have never loved him quite so much as since the publication of his little correspondence with Sir EDWARD CLARKE on Monday last. It is unnecessary to go into details of this published matter. It may suffice to say that Mr. CONYBEARE had, according to a gutter journal, charged Sir EDWARD with saying at Southwark to an audience of licensed victuallers that, if each of his hearers would spend half a crown in free drinks, he, Sir EDWARD, would be returned to Parliament, the gutteralist adding that Mr. CONYBEARE "said "he was able to prove this from shorthand notes taken at the meeting." If anybody expected that Mr. CONYBEARE would take this fighting, that body must have been sorely deceived. Mr. CONYBEARE climbed down with the alacrity, though hardly with the grace, of the most accomplished acrobat. He *had* said the offensive words (or their substance) twice; he was not responsible for the gutter journal; he accepted Sir EDWARD'S assurance that the statement is absolutely false (let any gentleman, if he can, conceive the state of a man's ears and cheeks when he admits that he has made an "absolutely false" statement), and would tell the Camborne and Rotherhithe people so. This is sufficiently abject; but Mr. CONYBEARE is still Mr. CONYBEARE. He "need "hardly add that, this being so, I am bound also to express "to yourself my regret for having circulated a statement "injurious to you, which you assure me is false [observe, not "which is false," but "which you assure me is false"], "but which, owing to the way it came to me, I had reason "[what reason?] to believe was the fact."

The best comment on this will be furnished by the following (we believe) unpublished apologue:—

In one of the visits of heroes to the Shades (it is not certain which), the hero and his guide came to that well-known limbo which not yet embodied souls inhabit. And as they passed they saw a shade—a rather shaggy crabbed shade—which deeply did lament by Limbo Lake. And the hero, who was compassionate, said to the Sibyl, "Let "us ask this shade why he laments." So they asked him. And the shade said, "They have told me that many "centuries hence there shall be a member of Parliament "in the Kingdom of Britain, and that he shall belong "to a University to which I shall not belong, and that he "shall have concern in a matter which I know not, but "which shall be called from one DOPPING, and that his "name shall be ST--RT, and that I shall have nothing to do "with it. And, therefore, I weep for myself and that "other University to which I shall belong, and for the fair "town of Camborne in distant Cornwall, which it has "been revealed to me that I shall represent, though I "know not who I shall be. For when Camborne sees this "ST--RT and thinks that he is not I, it may be that Cam-"borne will hate me." And the hero, who was a soft-hearted hero, was affected by the plaint of the little shaggy crabbed shade, and turned to the Sibyl and said:—"Sibyl, can you "help him?" And thereupon a very remarkable expression came upon the Sibyl's countenance and she turned to the shade—the shaggy crabbed shade—and she spake to him in the Latin tongue (for they knew that he would receive a classical education) and said:—"*Tu CONYBEARUS eris.*" And after that there was no more to be said.

THE COLSTON BANQUETS.

THERE was, perhaps, no sufficient reason why Mr. GOSCHEN and Lord ROSEBERY, addressing their respective audiences of the "Dolphin" and the "Anchor" Societies, should have each wondered what the other was saying. By the exercise of a little reflection they might have guessed. Lord ROSEBERY might have divined that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER would, among other things, be reciting the legislative achievements of the Government, and to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER it might have been revealed that Lord ROSEBERY was ridiculing their record. The two speakers were excellently matched, and both, it may be admitted, did their work in a workmanlike fashion. If Lord ROSEBERY'S "chaff" was less effective than Mr. GOSCHEN'S statements, that is not the fault of Lord ROSEBERY, but of the intractable circumstances. He had to pick up his material for satire where he could find it; and if it was not of a very serviceable description, it was only so much the worse for him. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER went, of course, through the familiar list of Ministerial measures—the Local Government Acts for England and Scotland, the Welsh Intermediate Education Act, the Scotch Universities Act, the Merchandise Marks Act, and so forth. His critic "over the way" asked what were the topics on which the Ministerialists were regaling themselves. Was it the Tithes Bill? Was it the Sugar Convention? Was it this, that, and the other? Now, Lord ROSEBERY being a man of sense as well as of humour, we are sure it is unnecessary to point out to him how ineffective a reply it is to a Minister's account of what his Government have done to point out what they have not done. No Administration in the world has ever succeeded in carrying all its measures; none that we know of has ever escaped the reproach of bringing in measures which it ought not to have expected to carry; few have ever been able to deny that they have brought in

some measures which it would have been a misfortune if they had carried. When, therefore, Lord ROSEBERY sarcastically refers to two or three Bills which the present Government have brought in and failed to pass, he is simply attempting to manufacture a charge of political miscarriage out of what is no more than a mere reflection on the vanity of human effort. The only real way of answering the claim of a Government to have deserved well of their country by legislation is to show that their measures are either futile or mischievous or of overrated merit. Lord ROSEBERY, of course, cannot do this; in the first place, because his party have supported some of the Ministerial measures, and, in the second place, because even those which they have not supported they are afraid to condemn. But since he could not attack the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER'S position in the only way in which he was the least likely to weaken it, we suggest that it would have been better to have left it alone. As a man of candour, indeed, he must be perfectly conscious in his mind that very few Governments of the last quarter of a century have ever, after three years of official life, had so few mistakes to reproach themselves with, and Lord ROSEBERY must know also that this very fact, though he himself is too good-tempered a politician to be troubled by it, is a source of the bitterest chagrin and disappointment to the more rancorous of his colleagues.

Except on the point with which we have been dealing, the two chief speeches at the Colston banquets hardly came into contact at all. Mr. GOSCHEN did, indeed, hint a curiosity, in which, with a slight modification of its object, we confess to sharing. He wondered whether the whips of the Jacobins and the party of Mr. LABOUCHERE were present at the "Anchor" dinner side by side with Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY. We, who now know that they were not, are equally entitled to wonder why. Lord ROSEBERY made very merry of the supposed dissensions among the Unionists; but he cannot suppose that the public regard his own party as the type of a united body, or that they will not ask themselves, with some amusement, what is the value of a "Liberal" function at which there does not appear to have been a single Jacobin present. It is true that, in the absence of the advanced section, Lord ROSEBERY ran lightly over their political programme, and did all that his wonted tact and skill could do to create the impression that to enumerate a list of projects on which a party was agreed that "some-"thing must be done" is the same thing as showing that they are agreed upon what to do. But this is a fact which it would overtax even Lord ROSEBERY'S ingenuity to accomplish—at any rate, to the deception of an intelligent hearer. We are "much more forward "in our programme," he observed, in his airy manner, "than our opponents, and I think a look at the sub-"jects from which the Liberal programme at the next "election must be selected will convince you of the fact." So Lord ROSEBERY takes "a look" at that programme accordingly. "There is the dealing with the liquor traffic; there "is land reform; there is registration; there is abolition "of the plurality of votes which we call 'one man one "'vote'; there is the payment of members; there is—what "I will not allude to for delicate considerations to-night—the "London programme, which is a separate programme; there "is disestablishment in Scotland and Wales; there is a "drastic reform of the Second Chamber; there is, too, a "group of questions which I would arrange under the head of "workmen's questions, with which the party will have to deal "more seriously than now, or they will find them dealt with "in a separate school and in a different spirit." Yes, there *are* all these questions, but a series of problems is not quite the same thing as a list of solutions; and the little difficulty which Lord ROSEBERY omits to deal with resides in the fact that, with the exception of two or three of minor importance, there is not one of these problems on which it is in the least degree credible that the united Liberal party could possibly arrive at a common solution. Registration, plurality of votes, payment of members, and so forth, we may leave out of account. Neither Lord ROSEBERY, we presume, nor any one, expects to "sweep the "country" on a policy of that kind. The "drastic reform "of the Second Chamber" is a fad of Lord ROSEBERY'S own, for which, in the form that commends it to his own taste, his Radical friends do not care a button, and which could not possibly be adapted to their tastes without repelling the other half of the party, and not improbably alienating Lord ROSEBERY himself. As to the Disestablishment in Wales and Scotland, we need only say that a good many voices hitherto silent have to be heard on that subject, and that it must not be assumed from the unchecked vapourings of the HARCOURTS and OSBORNE MORGANS of the party that they are all of one mind.

But it is not either of these questions, as everybody knows, that is the origin of the disintegrating force at work in the Gladstonian ranks. We must look for it in those other questions which Lord ROSEBERY handled as delicately as all tender places should be. We must look for it in what he called the "London programme" and the "group of questions which he would arrange under the "head of Workmen's Questions." To the former "he would "not allude, for delicate considerations"; and we can quite understand it, though, perhaps, he may not have meant exactly to indicate where the real delicacy exists. And then there is the workmen's questions, "with which the "party will have to deal more seriously than now, or "they will find them dealt with in a separate school and a "different spirit." Yes; but what if the men of this school and spirit want to have a hand in them already? What if the whole cause of Mr. LABOUCHERE and the like of Mr. LABOUCHERE coming to the front is the conviction of the men of this school and spirit that Lord ROSEBERY and his official colleagues belong to a school from which they can expect nothing, and will deal with those questions in a spirit of timidity which they despise? Why these are the very questions which everybody outside the circle of complaisant Gladstonian officialism is asking, and yet Lord ROSEBERY thinks to produce a reassuring effect of harmony by making a speech which suggests these questions everywhere, and nowhere answers any of them in a manner from which a Gladstonian, anxious for the unity of his party, can derive the slightest satisfaction. Lord ROSEBERY said that the Gladstonians would be "playing the game of a fool—the game of our "opponents" (probably an accidental epigram), "if at the "moment they laid down their programme for the next "election." We will not describe the game in any discourteous terms, and, indeed, we cannot say that it is their natural game, for it is not. We will confess ourselves that, if Lord ROSEBERY really wished to keep the Gladstonian programme dark until the eve of the next election, he has been much more communicative than he wished.

HOLE AND CORNER JUSTICE.

THE case of MALAN *v.* YOUNG, after occupying the time of a judge for three days, has been adjourned till the 13th of January, the third day of the Hilary sittings. All the public know, and all we are entitled to say, is that the action was brought for a libel, that the defendant is Headmaster of Sherborne, and that the plaintiff was an Assistant-master at the same school. But, although nothing more is certain, a great deal more is and will be the object of surmise and suspicion. Sherborne is, if not one of the great public schools, at least a well-known place of education, to which some hundreds of persons must have sent, or be intending to send, their sons. It is, of course, conceivable that Mr. YOUNG may have made defamatory statements, true or false, which concern only the private character of Mr. MALAN, and have nothing whatever to do with the boys. But, on the other hand, it may be that the libel, or alleged libel, has a direct bearing upon the discipline of Sherborne, or its morality, or both. It is certain that some persons besides the plaintiff and defendant are affected, because that was the express ground on which Sir CHARLES RUSSELL applied for a private hearing of the case. One inimitable result of Sir CHARLES'S success must be that the worst and darkest suspicions will be widely entertained. Perhaps, if this case had been heard in the ordinary way, nothing would have come out to affect in the smallest degree the good fame of Sherborne. But the parties to this action have done the worst thing possible for the school in endeavouring to hush up what may be, for anything that appears, the most trumpery of personal quarrels. Not to bring an action, at whatever cost of undeserved individual suffering, for fear of damaging a cherished institution is an intelligible, and may be a highly honourable, form of abstinence. The aid of the law once invoked, secresy can only do harm. A private arbitration might have settled the differences between Mr. YOUNG and Mr. MALAN without the public being any the wiser. The House of Commons, not unnaturally incensed by the speech of an Irish member,

ordered the galleries to be cleared during a debate on the murder of Lord LEITRIM. The result was such that the experiment has never been, and in all probability never will be, repeated. Yet that the House had the power to do what it did is as clear as Mr. Justice DENMAN'S position is doubtful.

But of course there are far graver questions involved in Mr. Justice DENMAN'S decision than the present or future welfare of Sherborne. He has, if we understand him rightly, ruled that a judge may try any case in private, provided that both parties desire him to do so, and that there is no jury. That an action of libel should be tried without a jury is in itself strange, if not unprecedented; but we presume that a jury can now always be dispensed with if the parties agree. Neither Sir CHARLES RUSSELL nor Mr. LOCKWOOD, nor Mr. Justice DENMAN himself, cited a single instance of an action like this being tried with closed doors. The exceptions to the rule of publicity are, so far as we are aware, two, and two only. The first is an application for nullity of marriage, which the Ecclesiastical Courts heard *in camerâ*, and where the power of excluding the public is construed as having been extended by statute to the Probate and Divorce Division. The second is a case where the object of the suit would be destroyed by divulging the evidence, such as an injunction to restrain the disclosure of a patent or trade secret. Neither of these instances has the remotest connexion with the present circumstances. The second class of inquiries speaks for itself. The first usually involves painful and ignominious details, which can have no legitimate interest for any one. It is to be observed that the request to Mr. Justice DENMAN that he would have the Court cleared was not made on the ground of possible injury to public morals. The reason given was that third parties might be injured. This danger may occur in any action whatever, being plainly and inseparably incident to the administration of justice. Every one is liable to be attacked by a barrister in a wig, and for such a misfortune the law affords no redress. The risk of casual wrong to innocent people is regarded as a less serious evil than the restriction of an advocate in the discharge of his duty to his client. Moreover, it is ridiculous to say that strangers to the litigation should be protected before a judge alone, but not before a judge and jury together. Hitherto, both in London and at assizes, the most revolting cases have been heard in open court, women and children only being excluded. Respectable newspapers do not report indecent evidence, and if they did their proprietors could be punished. It is no defence to an indictment for obscene libel that the language impugned was used by a witness at a trial. More will be heard, and ought to be heard, of Mr. Justice DENMAN'S ruling. He is said to have consulted other judges, but of course he is himself solely responsible. A fairer-minded or more impartial man never sat upon the Bench. But if it were once laid down that the doors of our Courts could be closed whenever the reputation of more or less important persons was concerned, general confidence in the administration of the law would be rudely shaken.

LADIES IN COURT.

A GOOD observer of mankind once observed that philosophers were insensible to irony. The time-honoured judicial irony of Baron HUDDLESTON in the action BESANT against HOSKYNS was decidedly wasted on those "ladies" to whom the choice was offered whether they should behave as decent women or not. They elected to brave the imputation, some half-dozen of these "ladies" in court," and remained seated when the judge said he thought "all respectable women had gone out of court." Perhaps they considered themselves philosophers, and entitled to hear the curious "Fruits" which the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, in the exercise of his duty, was compelled to lay before the jury. The sarcasm of the judge and the appeals of the jury were equally unavailing. The judge was understood to say he had not the power of ordering these persons out of court. If this is so, it is infinitely to be regretted. That women should have been present during the proceedings is a thing shameful enough, but that they should disregard the judge's innuendo, and the obvious rights of the jury to an unembarrassed hearing of the evidence, is scandalous in the extreme. The impudence of their behaviour has never been approached in these looser times in any court of justice. We have seen too much of late of the new species of court lady, the "lady in court," whose appetite for strange evidence is insatiable, whose hardihood of manners there is no possibility of shaming. But these specimens surpass the worst examples in the past. They are sunk, among the abandoned, to an abyss of degradation which we have hitherto conceived to be impossible. It is all very well for the judge to urge the old ungentle and keen hints of irony. What is it to them that he did not see any decent women remaining after the protest of a juror? The judge heard the impudent laughter with which they received his observation, and it is a thousand pities, we repeat, that he had not power to compel their removal or commit them for contempt, and put an end once for all to an infamous public scandal.

A GENTLEMAN AND A TORY.

SOME little time ago the Pope was claimed as a sympathizer by the advocates of boycotting and the Plan of Campaign with a result which is notorious; when they called him in to bless he did something else; but the subject is of so painful a nature to the Irish Nationalists that they cannot endure even the most indirect reference to it. The "Christian Socialists" next hailed him as a man and a brother; and they declared that, rather than see the masses drifting away from his Church, he would pose as the champion of labour *versus* capital. During the late strikes at the Docks Cardinal Manning came to the front as a mediator, and this was expected to be the prelude of further advances on the part of the Roman Catholic Church on behalf of workmen suffering under the tyranny of wealth. Within three weeks of the settlement of the Dockyard strikes the Pope spoke out on the position of the labouring classes. The occasion was his reception of a large body of French workmen within the halls of the Vatican, and there can be no doubt that what he said to them he would be as ready to say to the labourers of other countries, including our own. It must be distinctly understood that we are treating of the Pope here neither as Antichrist nor as the Father of All the Faithful, but simply as an old gentleman who for various reasons possesses some influence, and we wish to recommend his remarks to the attention, not only of Protestants, but also of Roman Catholics, whether laymen or priests.

Cardinal Langénieux headed the large pilgrimage of French labourers and artisans, and after reading their address, he begged the Pope to deign to make his own cause the workmen's cause. "You have told us," replied the Pope, "and it has given us great pleasure to hear it, that you wish in a formal manner to submit resignedly to toil and its hard conditions, to be invariably peaceable and respectful to your masters, whose mission it is to give you work and organize it, and to abstain from all unlawful actions." He showed them that, while Christianity denounced slavery, it regarded labour as the natural condition of man in this world, that to accept it with courage was an honour and a mark of wisdom, and to shrink from it with cowardice a dereliction of a sacred and fundamental duty. Far from representing the Founder of Christianity as the first Socialist, he said that He set them an example of the patient endurance of fatigue, hunger, thirst, and suffering. As to the rich man, as Tertullian put it, he "was created to be the treasurer of God upon earth," and "if he should close his heart against misfortune and poverty," there would be no danger of his escaping his deserts! But how was this treasurer, this representative of capital, to be connected with poverty and labour by an "indissoluble tie"? The Pope did not say by strikes, arbitrations, or a redistribution of wealth; but by "charity," which created the true social bond and gave it strength. To appraise the charity in the heart of the average capitalist is not our business on the present occasion; we are merely quoting the Pope. Charity, he continued, discovered "a remedy for all evils, a comfort for all griefs; and by its innumerable works and institutions, it succeeded in rousing, in favour of the unfortunate, a noble rivalry of zeal, generosity, and renunciation." And then followed these very unmistakable words:—"That was the single solution which, in the inevitable inequality between man and man, brought a bearable existence to each. For some centuries this solution was universally accepted and imposed upon all." What a doctrine for Hyde Park and green flags on a Sunday afternoon! "Without doubt," proceeded the Pope, "there were occasional uprisings of insubordination, but they were merely partial and circumscribed in action." The process of circumscription would, we fear, prove more forcible than agreeable to Christian Socialists; but it is clear enough that the "Pop of Room," as Mr. Charles Yellowplush used to call him, would not hesitate for a moment in applying it.

The Pope warned the French workmen against those "who, seduced by false doctrines, conceit to have found a remedy for their ills in the overturning of what constitutes the essence of political and civil society." There were "hundreds of workers" who held "seductive, though erroneous, theories," who propounded "subversive principles," and propagated "vain delusions." He did not say "even in the more respectable English monthlies"; but let that pass. "They are rushing blindly against immutable laws that nothing can destroy," "heaping up ruin and sowing on

all sides discord and disorder." He gave a useful hint to Socialistic crotchet-mongers when he added, "Only in the faithful fulfilment of the duties imposed upon all classes of society, in the respect and guardianship of the functions belonging to each member, does the remedy lie." With the question of Trades-Unions and strikes he did not deal directly; but he suggested as a substitute "a revival, at least in their substantial aid and manifold possibilities for good, and under the forms permitted by the altered conditions of the times, of those guilds of arts and crafts which in days past" benefited workmen, "eased their toil, protected their rights, and defended, in needful measure, their lawful demands." In short, said he, "What we ask is that, by a sincere return to Christian principles, there should be established and consolidated between masters and servants, between capital and labour, such a harmony and such a union as are the only safeguard of their mutual interests." Finally, he recommended to the workmen "discipline, sobriety, a spirit of foresight, and household economy"; and not only did he bless themselves, but (apparently unasked) their masters also, their employers, and their benefactors. We had almost forgotten to mention that he alluded casually, though pointedly, to "*the weakness and entirely domestic mission* of the woman"! All those whom the Pope's words may concern would do well to bear in mind that they carry additional force from the fact that they had been deliberately written out beforehand, with the knowledge that the speaker, who has the fullest opportunities of ascertaining the spirit and temper of his subjects throughout the world, would be risking the alienation of thousands of weak-kneed Catholics, not only in France, but also in England, America (perhaps especially), and other countries. We are well aware that this Papal utterance would not be admitted by any Roman Catholic theologian to fulfil the conditions necessary to make it, technically speaking, *ex cathedra*—*i.e.* infallible—neither would the celebrated rescript to the Irish Bishops, for that matter; but the question to be submitted to every one calling himself a Catholic, with regard to both of these allocutions, is whether he does or does not profess to be loyal to the Pope. If he does, he has no longer an inch of room left to shuffle in on either matter.

Scarcely any notice has been taken of this speech in the English journals. Whether this is because the voice of the speaker has ceased to have much influence, or because his remarks are unpalatable, we will not inquire. As it stands, we do not think it will be altogether to the taste of a certain number of the Pope's nominal adherents, to say nothing of others; but, when taken in conjunction with the celebrated rescript against boycotting and the Plan of Campaign, it forms a valuable, a complete, and a damning test wherewith to try Roman Catholics, both lay and clerical, as well as Protestants professing to befriend Roman Catholics, when they endeavour to curry favour with either the English or the Irish lower classes by tampering with the fundamental principles of morality.

THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AGAIN.

OUR old friend the Special Correspondent always has his opportunity when it is somebody's interest to get up an "atrocity" agitation; and he has it now. As most people know, frantic efforts have been used during the last few weeks and months to manufacture a public belief that there is something very dreadful going on in Crete. But for a long time these laudable efforts were not crowned with even an appearance of success. Whether the right man was not on the spot, or whether his ingenuity and courage were not equal to his good will, or what was the cause, it is impossible to say. But atrocities did not "yield"; there was no money in them. At last, in the early days of last month, an effort was made. The *Daily News* received from its Special Correspondent at Canea something which it was thought would do. As was pointed out here at the time, the Correspondent's own statements, though abounding in big words, contained a singularly small modicum even of positive accusation, while the proportion of this modicum which was supported by any kind of evidence was infinitesimal. It served, however, as the seasoning to violent onslaughts on the wicked Turk, and it served also, as in the case of the Baptist ministers, either actually to deceive or to supply a pretext of self-deception to divers good people who began to assert, if not as proved facts, yet as solemnly brought charges, things which the Correspondent himself had only cautiously intimated as the vaguest hearsay. But such matter as this precious statement did contain was the other day blown to pieces by the careful and elaborate examination of Consul Biliotti. It seems to have been thought that something more must be done, and a fresh set of "revelations" arranged. They have come to hand duly, and it may be worth while to examine them a little.

Once more it is impossible not to admire the ingenuity of the form which these "revelations" take. The writer, whoever he may be, might with great justice say to anybody who understands evidence, "*You* can't accuse me of bearing false witness; for you see, if these fools do not, that for the most part I bear no witness at all." He begins by saying that "the *Daily News*' revelations of the Turkish excesses and horrors in Crete caused great confusion in the circles of the Turkish Government" (it has circles, probably, because it is a kind of hell). This is a stimulating kind of statement; it makes the reader think what a mighty organ he is reading, and feel greedy for more revelations. And further, it commits the person who makes it to absolutely or almost nothing. The circles of the Turkish Government may mean an office porter, or a cavass, or somebody who knows somebody who once lent money to an effendi, or anybody, or nobody. As the "revelations" originally "revealed" nothing at all but some gossip, it is impossible to say to what they refer. Then we are told that "the first step taken was to contradict the facts; but as this failed, accusations followed," and we are further informed, again without the slightest support of evidence, how Pasha This accused Bey That. Here, again, the thing sounds interesting and important. Examine it, and once more the whole shrivels up. Contradictions failed. How do contradictions fail? Besides, Consul Biliotti's contradiction did not fail, but very much the contrary. Who vouches for the Turkish recriminations? Nobody; not even the Correspondent, who, indeed, as we shall see, is too clever or too honest a gentleman to vouch for anything of the slightest importance. He proceeds to tell us that many persons are being put in prison; which, after an attempt at armed rebellion, is not very remarkable, and may well be believed. He says that churches have been desecrated and damaged, "sometimes in a most brutal manner." Apparently, therefore, this curious person thinks that desecration and damage to churches might be done in the manner of the sucking dove. Shakir Pasha has hauled down the flags—a proceeding again scarcely remarkable in a district under martial law. "Beating is still in full practice" (the vagueness of this is delicious), "and to make it more painful water is often poured over the body of the victim. The prisoners are often beaten hard on their way to the fortress, and are periodically scourged," with a not unusual result of scourging. Observe that these still mere generalities of the Macaulayan kind, which are perfectly consistent with the Correspondent's not knowing a single, or more than a single, actual case of the sort. Passing over one really precious piece of actual evidence, to which we shall return, we come to the statement (for a wonder, with names and dates) that peasants were shot because they did not stop when commanded. We repeat that this Correspondent may be anybody, we care not who. But we can tell him that, if he passes a soldier on duty in Germany, France, any Continental country, nay, in England itself, and does not stop when challenged, he will be in very considerable danger of exactly the same fate as the lamented Cretans. Then it seems "the gendarmes and soldiers run after the women with criminal intentions." "A great number of cases might be given" (ah! that "we could an we would"!). But the Correspondent, a man of the nicest honour, could not think of compromising ladies. Indeed, which rather takes the bloom off his chivalry, he has been "threatened with personal violence" if he does—the sacred person of a Special Correspondent threatened with violence! So the gendarmes continue to run after women with criminal intentions, of misprision of which criminal intentions we really fear that the *Daily News*' Correspondent, by his own confession, is guilty. Still, he knows a gentleman of high standing who confided to him that "his own sister, with two other young women, while returning from their olive-gardens, were fallen upon by soldiers, and had only, after a daring expedient, a narrow escape." Curiosity may pant and burn to know or imagine that daring expedient. But let us be silent, and, like the Correspondent, abstain from endeavouring to compromise the young lady who had a brother who was known to the Special Correspondent of the *Daily News*. Then, after charges (which are most likely true) of forced labour, of delation, and so forth, the Correspondent returns on his piece of resistance, to which he has referred before, but which he keeps in abstract as a bonne bouche. This is a document which purports to be the humble petition of Irene Papadopoula and others to the Turkish Governor of Rethymo—how, by the way, this agrees with the repeated assertions that Christians are afraid to complain, and that women especially will not tell their wrongs, the Correspondent does not explain. But this notable petition, oddly enough, does not contain even the assertion of what is commonly called outrage. Irene had hay made in her house, and was beaten. Charisto and her sister-in-law Helen were "attacked with lances." Chryse had a mule requisitioned. Angelika was "savagely assaulted, but saved by the appearance of neighbours." Another Irene's husband was fined, and the soldiers "wanted to take away" her goods to pay the fine; but it is not even said that they did so. (The fact of such trumpery as this being gravely inserted in the indictment is almost enough to show what it is like.) Catherine appears to have had bad language addressed to her, and to have suffered insults which the pudibund Correspondent "omits," but of which we may be sure he would have given a pretty clear idea if they proved what his party are longing to discover. Calle was assaulted, and had "a very narrow escape." It will be observed that Artemis protects the virtue of the Cretan women in the most wonderful manner, and that the Turkish soldier is a curiously unsuccessful satyr.

Yet let us set against all this intolerable quantity, not of sack, but of dirty ditchwater, one proven fact. *The Daily News' Correspondent "witnessed a colonel beating a peasant simply because he did not make the Turkish salute to him."* O genus humanum! Proh pudor! Papæ! Ototoi! Let nobody ever attempt to deny that atrocities reign in Crete after this. What no Russian colonel or cornet, no German in Africa or at home, no Frenchman in Algeria or in Indo-China, no Englishman in either Ind, no

Spaniard, Dutchman, Portuguese, plunger or planter, sahib or conquistador, ever thought of doing, the wicked Turk has done; and a soldier, standing on his dignity, has actually struck a "native" for not salaaming!

Such utter bosh as the greater part of this accusation, cleverly as it is arranged by the Correspondent, would hardly do quite by itself, so a fresh hand has to be called in. The leader-writer takes the Correspondent's matter and dresses it afresh for even more hasty readers. The Correspondent "does not deal in vague generalities"; he "gives chapter and verse for everything he describes" [especially the daring expedient of the sister of the gentleman of high standing]. The Correspondent "vouches his credit for the frequent occurrence of the violation of women." The voucher, as we have seen, is about equal to that which Mr. Wegg gave when he declined to explain—because Mrs. Boffin was present. "Our Correspondent saw a peasant severely beaten for not saluting a Turkish officer; and a reign of terror prevails through the island." The conjunction is bold, but almost too bold; for as it happens it sums up in a nutshell the whole matter. The Correspondent *saw* an act common everywhere where petulant military persons are in contact with a subject-population suspected of disaffection; *and* he deduces from that act a reign of terror over the island. The relation of the evidence to the charge could not be better put, unless indeed by the further Macaulayan generalization from Charisto's statement that the gendarmes "attacked with lances me and my sister-in-law Helen, who is pregnant, and now runs the risk of death." Charisto does not say that she was beaten; she does not say that Helen was beaten, but the leader-writer airily formulates what she does say into this:—"Among the more mentionable practices is that of beating such of the female population as happen to be with child." From which it would appear that Helen (who we sincerely hope has got over her fright) embodied the whole pregnant female population of Crete.

There would be a good deal more to say, if we had space, on this sort of thing:—for instance, on the singular conduct of the *Times* in allowing its Correspondent at Rome to fill his despatches with hearsay from Athens about Crete, instead of minding his own business. But the detailed examination—a little tedious, perhaps, but valuable—which we made of the latest charge-sheet against the Turks ought to display some of the secrets of this curious corner of Satan's Invisible World. First, the Special Correspondent, without, of course, committing himself to a falsehood, vamps up the facts; then the editorial commentator varnishes the vamping; then the good easy Baptist is induced to take the produce of this joint ingenuity for a watertight structure of sound sole leather.

MR. PINERO AS A DRAMATIC PROTECTIONIST.

IT is with some regret and surprise that we recognize the latest champion of the cause of Dramatic Protection in the person of Mr. Pinero. It has been the subject of well-deserved congratulation that, in the recent controversy on the question of allowing greater liberty to the music-halls as regards the performance of stage-plays, the example of the London theatrical managers of some twenty years back has not been imitated by their successors or by others who are concerned in preserving to the theatres their present monopoly; and that the question has hitherto been considered on its merits, and not on the grounds of self-interest. But at the recent dinner of the General Theatrical Fund Mr. Pinero, in replying to the toast of "The Drama," appears to have held, or to have fancied that he held, a brief on behalf of his good friends the managers of the London theatres, and accordingly delivered an address, more distinguished for energy than for good taste or logic, against the proposal to permit dramatic "sketches" on the stages of music-halls.

Now Mr. Pinero, though, of course, of no official position in this matter, is still a man whose remarks on such a subject will command attention. He has had many years' intimate practical experience of the stage, both as actor and author, and as the latter has attained a highly successful position; he should, therefore, on the question of theatrical free-trade know what he is talking about, and, at any rate, be sound as to his facts, even if he be not enough of a logician to draw from them the proper deductions. But when, for the edification of his fellow-guests under the presidency of Colonel North, he raised the cry of "Every art in its own temple!" he was probably so absorbed in the idea of preventing the music-halls from poaching on the preserves of the theatres that the question of the theatres committing similar depredations on the music-halls never occurred to him. But assuredly in this matter what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander; whereas, under the existing state of things, a music-hall manager may not borrow from the stock-in-trade of a theatre, but the theatrical manager is privileged to make what raids he will on the music-hall—and pretty extensively he avails himself of that privilege. The pantomimes are full of music-hall "artistes," male and female, of music-hall songs, of music-hall business. Dozens of plays are in existence which consist of a "variety show" thinly disguised, with a feeble apology for a plot, as a stage-play. All that is asked for the music-halls is that they may be allowed to treat the theatres as the theatres have for years been treating them.

Mr. Pinero, however, appears to feel grave anxiety for the future of our drama if it is to endure the risk of contamination with the "vulgarity" and "frivolity" of the music-halls. As regards vulgarity he made haste to explain that he used the word "in a broad" (that is, we suppose, in a Pickwickian or Pinerian) "and not in a particular sense." What exact qualification that expression conveyed to the speaker's mind we cannot say; but, in spite of Mr. Pinero, we do not believe that vulgarity and frivolity are either the peculiar appanage of the music-hall, or are inseparably connected with its programmes. There are many performances given in theatres in which these qualities are sadly conspicuous—indeed, considering how freely the theatres borrow from the music-halls, that is not to be wondered at. "Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt," and a music-hall singer and his (or her) répertoire and style will remain much the same whithersoever you transfer them. There is no mysterious virtue in the very name of a theatre to refine and exalt whoever and whatever comes upon its stage, any more than there are contrary agencies at work in the music-hall. It is very easy, especially if you are addressing an audience whose interests are mainly with the theatres, to indulge in cheap sneers at the music-halls and their entertainments, and at the "order of mind" and "the intellects which, to put it mildly, have no very ardent æsthetic craving," by which those halls are supported; and Mr. Pinero's remarks appear, from the published accounts, to have given pleasure to those ears to which they were addressed; but when through the newspaper reports they reach a wider and less prejudiced circle than the *convives* of the Hôtel Métropole, the lack of accuracy in the facts and the lack of consequence in the arguments become sadly apparent.

It is all very well to enunciate the axiom that "a music-hall entertainment must always be a frivolous entertainment"; but the plain facts both of the past and of the present—facts which cannot but be known to a man of Mr. Pinero's experience and keen observation—tell us the exact opposite. Whenever, in their struggles to enlarge and vary their répertoires, the music-hall managers have succeeded in introducing any higher form of entertainment, anything more nearly resembling the "stage-play," their audiences have always welcomed the innovation with enthusiasm. The operatic selections given in bygone years at the Canterbury and Oxford Halls were gratefully welcomed by "frivolous" and "unæsthetic" spirits, until the "dog-in-the-manger" policy of the London theatrical managers, which Mr. Pinero so heartily endorses, invoked the aid of an antiquated statute, framed to prevent the singing of Jacobite songs in taverns in the reign of George II., and therewith, under the guise of solicitude for the highest interests of the drama, smothered what they feared as a dangerous rival in trade.

And as in the past, so now in the present. The plot of the little "sketch" which became a bone of contention during the recent licensing proceedings of the County Council has been given in detail during the newspaper correspondence those proceedings evoked; and it is certain that, if we may fairly judge of "dramatic sketches" from the example of "The Stowaway," and of the temper and taste of music-hall audiences from the reception of that "interlude" (and we see no reason why we should not so judge), it is certain, we say, that to call these places and their patrons essentially vulgar and frivolous is a mere reckless exercise of abuse which comes with specially bad grace from the self-constituted champion of the theatre; who, before using these hard words, might well have reflected whether they could by any possibility be applied to his own clients; whether frivolity could, or could not, be associated with farcical comedy, or vulgarity with opéra-bouffe or three-act burlesque. In the opinion of Mr. Pinero, to carry a stage-play, or a portion of a stage-play, to a music-hall, and place it in the same programme with the comic song of "Ask a P'liceman" is an outrage on common sense and good taste; but his experience must be able to supply him with many instances where the comic song has been transplanted from the music-halls, and has flourished in the theatres alongside of, or incorporated into, the stage-play; indeed, we seem to recollect some such incident in his own play of the *Schoolmistress*. The state of affairs, in fact, as Mr. Pinero and those who think with him would have it remain, reminds one of John Leech's picture of the Chartist and the special constable:—"If I kill you, it's nothing; but if you kill me, by Jingo, it's murder," says the latter, and that is in effect the position from the point of view of the theatre. "If I annex your performers, your tunes, your jokes, and fill my stage with them, it's nothing; but if you infringe on my répertoire to the extent of five minutes of dialogue from some old, forgotten farce, by Jingo! it's flat burglary, and a law which was never framed to touch you shall be launched on your devoted head."

The arguments which Mr. Pinero used in support of his plea for protection are the old stock-in-trade of the man in possession which were used in defence of the patent theatres in bygone years, and which one hoped had long ago been consigned to the limbo they merit. Permit stage-plays to be performed in a music-hall, and you "carry the drama into a region where its refinements would be rejected, and its dregs demanded." This statement was, we are told, received with cheers by the guests presided over by Colonel North; why, it would be difficult to say, unless because their interests prompted them to adopt the onesided views of the speaker as their own. If we except a few playhouses, specially patronized by the fashionable world, the frequenters of our music-halls and of our theatres are drawn from the same source, are composed, in fact, of the same individuals; the sentiment they

applaud in the theatre they would applaud in the music-hall, just as in the pantomime at the theatre they roar at the antics which amuse them all round the year in the music-hall. Mr. Pinero suggests that to degrade the drama by placing it in a music-hall is analogous to taking down a graceful picture from the walls of a museum and hanging it in a public-house; but we must say we see no analogy whatever between the two cases. There is no intention of robbing the theatres of any of their attractions; to remove a painting from a gallery would leave on its walls a blank such as no stage reformer desires to create in the playhouse; all that is asked is that the music-hall, or the public-house, to follow Mr. Pinero's analogy, should be made brighter and more cheerful by a copy of the beautiful picture in the museum. It is, no doubt, as easy and congenial a task for a superior person to sneer at a public-house as at a music-hall, but both are absolute necessities to a large section of the community, and may, if properly conducted, be made pleasant and harmless places for their frequenters. The man with a cellar and club of his own scoffs if the "order of his mind" be narrow and prejudiced at the public-house, as the man whose interests are involved in the theatres ransacks his vocabulary for terms wherewith to disparage the music-halls; but the disinterested and unbiassed must admit that, as a public-house (we still adhere to the analogy of Mr. Pinero's choice) would be none the worse, but decidedly the better, for the adornment of graceful pictures, so a music-hall would benefit by the introduction of the drama upon its stage. Why should the position of affairs between the two forms of amusement be so one-sided—all give and no take? Let the theatres give some equivalent for all their annexations from their rivals—such an exchange would create a favourable stir in many markets of labour. There are authors to whom the preparation of such sketches would afford occupation, actors at present idle owing to the congested state of theatrical business who would find employment on the music-hall stage; but above all advantages would be the improvement of public taste which, we believe, would surely accrue from the elevation of the music-hall programme.

Mr. Pinero, with his lofty boasts of the high aims of dramatic art, and his tender solicitude lest his nursling should be injured by undue contact with the rude surroundings of the outside world, reminds us of a missionary, full of belief in the truth of his religion, but hesitating to promulgate it among the heathen for fear it should become deteriorated in the process. If the English drama deserves one half the polite things which Mr. Pinero and his friends say of it (and we have no reason to doubt that it does deserve them), it seems to us but a poor compliment to it to keep it, as it were, under a glass case like a delicate exotic. Let it go forth and spread itself abroad; the more roofs beneath which it makes its influence felt the better for it, the better for those who enjoy its representation, and (though Mr. Pinero may think otherwise) the better for those who live by its exercise.

ADVERTISING POLITICIANS AND THE POST OFFICE.

THE honourable member for Canterbury can scarcely be congratulated on a pamphlet entitled "Postal Reform: Sixty Reasons for an Inquiry by a Select Committee, prepared by J. Henniker Heaton, M.P. for Canterbury," recently issued from the press of Messrs. Harrison & Sons, and largely made up of *réchauffés* of those questions in Parliament to which the Postmaster-General has so often replied in such a crushing manner as to leave the honourable member below the gangway discomfited amid the laughter of the House.

The fact is, Mr. Heaton has had his day. He has now for some sessions wasted the time of the House of Commons by asking ridiculous conundrums concerning the Post Office. The House has found him out long ago; and now the public has better means than ever in its reach for also finding him out—to wit, the afore-mentioned "Sixty Reasons for an Inquiry by a Select Committee."

We have not, as our readers will readily believe, started on the unenviable task of obstructing postal reform; on the contrary, wherever reform can be shown to be possible, we should be the first to support the demand for it. But the advertising politician and the anomaly-monger are not quite the kind of persons to bring about reform; rather will they draw down ridicule on any cause, and so render reform almost impossible. As far as Mr. Heaton and his assistants have succeeded in making it clear what the member for Canterbury wishes to persuade the public to want, the desideratum may be expressed in three words—Ocean Penny Postage. Now not only is Ocean Penny Postage a chimera, but it is an exploded chimera. Once and again during the last thirty years the idea has been forced upon public attention by notoriety-hunters, and once and again the common sense of the public has risen superior to the unstatesmanlike suggestion. The public have never shown the slightest hankering for Ocean Penny Postage, for the public here are not the sort of people to want to pay exorbitantly for the conveyance of other people's letters. Even with a vast empire such as England, and England alone, possesses, the need for cheap communication with places beyond sea is restricted in its area compared with the need for communication within the kingdom. Nothing could better exemplify this than Mr. Heaton's thirty-third "Reason," meant to enforce just the opposite:—"That whereas friend writes to friend in England forty letters a year, Australians write to England but one letter each in two years, though half the people were born in Great Britain and Ireland." Mr. Heaton, M.P., & Co. do not see that, following their own little ciphering method to its limits, Ocean Penny Postage (in both directions) would only, by reducing the rate from 4*d.* to 1*d.*, give as a result that Australians should write to England one letter each in six months, as against twenty written in the same time by "friend to friend" in England. But, as a matter of fact, even that poor result could not for a moment be anticipated; because we should not have from Australia, even at a postage of 1*d.*, Christmas bills, and lawyers' letters, and invitations to dinner, and tradesmen's circulars, and all those unimportant private and business communications which, flowing into our houses and offices all over the kingdom from once to twelve times a day, make up the mass of letters that "friend writes to friend." No, most sapient sir! when Jack Happygolucky "makes tracks" for the antipodes and does not write home for two years, it is because he does not feel the impulse, not because he could not raise 4*d.* just as easily as 1*d.* for all practical purposes.

And because cheap postage to places beyond sea is not a necessity that presses on any considerable section of the community, the community naturally says, or tacitly implies, "Let those who want to send letters beyond sea pay their own postage, as nearly as you Government gentlemen can arrange it in reason; don't tax us, the community at large, for the sake of the few that write letters abroad." For that, be it remarked, is the true issue. According to Mr. Heaton's fifty-sixth "Reason," the establishment of Ocean Penny Postage to all parts of the Empire and to America would only cost 60,000*l.* a year; but even that sum, if relinquished from postal revenue, must be raised by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in some other way; and what tax could be less obnoxious or more reasonable than the charge which falls on the person receiving the *quid pro quo?*

Setting aside the question of Ocean Penny Postage, we come to that of revising the foreign and colonial postage rates in some other sense. That is quite another matter, and one where England is not as free to follow her own theory as might be supposed. It is an unquestionable fact that she has fallen behind the fashion in this matter. It seems that the general International Postal Treaty allows different nations to undersell each other within certain limits; that is to say, it is optional whether, to places beyond sea (India for example), the postage is fixed at 2½*d.* or 5*d.* France and Germany choose to fix it at 2½*d.*; England at 5*d.*, on the good ground that the transit to India costs vastly more than the transit to Europe. Now there is a great deal to be said for a universal rate (of say 2½*d.*) applicable to places abroad, as a matter of compromise and convenience; and it is well worth considering whether England can afford, much longer, to remain behind France, Germany, and other nations in this matter of the cost of sending letters to England's own possessions. Here, then, is a fair arena for discussion, and one which no obstruction of "permanent officials" ought to be allowed to block for a moment. Should the public really show a desire to apply some of the Post Office revenue to such an end—that is, to tax the community for the benefit of the foreign-letter-writer—it will be for the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Postmaster-General to see to ways and means, and to let the public know the probable cost of such a change. Not that the matter would end there; the Secretaries of State for India and the Colonies would clearly have much to say on the subject, for the interests of the Empire beyond sea are concerned equally with those of the mother-country.

It will be necessary to sweep down the cobwebs woven by the anomaly-monger, and brush away the buzzflies that blunder about, struggling for notice. That process will show that many of the so-called postal anomalies are the natural result of differences of national institution, feeling, theory, currency, or what not, very convenient for advertising politicians, but wholly barren of instruction.

The greatest of all postal anomalies is this—that, whereas it costs a penny to send a letter by post from Charing Cross to the Bank, it costs a penny and no more to send one from the Isle of Wight to the Orkneys; but that is scarcely a sixty-first "Reason for an Inquiry by a Select Committee, prepared by J. Henniker Heaton, M.P." It is a highly satisfactory anomaly, and so are many of the facts mentioned in the shallow pamphlet into which we have been dipping. Not so the comments of the honourable member. Take "Reason" No. 30, for instance:—"The cost to the British Government for the carriage of mails to America now amounts to 100,000*l.* per annum, and the receipts exceed 185,000*l.* per annum, leaving a profit of 85,000*l.* a year." "Profit," quotha? How about the cost of carrying the letters from all parts of the kingdom to Liverpool or Queenstown, and the answers from Queenstown or Liverpool to all parts of the kingdom? The honourable member who aspires to be thought an authority on the Post Office has yet, then, it seems, to learn the elementary fact that the collection, conveyance, and delivery of letters in the United Kingdom cannot be done for nothing. He has yet to be told that under the Postal Union system each nation keeps its own postage collections, so that practically the postage levied on a letter from England to America has to pay not only land and sea charges on that letter, but land charges on the answer when it comes for delivery. According to the Postmaster-General's last Report,

there was a loss of over 32,000*l.* in the last financial year, on this very American business for which Mr. Heaton claims a profit of 85,000*l.* Perhaps the best reason for a Select Committee is to be found in the opportunity which it would afford for exploding the fallacies of advertising politicians.

SPANISH FINANCE.

IN the Budget which he laid before the Cortes about a fortnight ago, Señor Gonzalez, the Finance Minister, took a very optimist view of Spanish finance. Whether his optimism is sincere, or whether he thought it wise to make the best of a difficult position, is open to question. Last May he proposed a very large scheme for the reorganization of the finances. One of his proposals was to sell public property, another to convert the redeemable debt, and a third to impose fresh taxes. The Opposition was powerful enough, however, to prevent him from carrying any of his measures, and he was obliged to content himself with the Budget of the preceding year. It is generally expected that the Cortes will be dissolved early next year, and the Opposition naturally believes that disordered finances will tell powerfully against the Government. They exerted all their efforts, therefore, with success in a policy of obstruction during the last Session, and they are expected to continue the same policy now. It may be that his knowledge of the attitude of the Opposition convinced the Finance Minister that he would be able to carry no important measures; at all events he has introduced a more modest Budget. Upon paper he shows an anticipated surplus of a little over half a million sterling, the revenue being estimated at somewhat over 803 millions of pesetas—that is to say, somewhat more than 32 millions sterling, the peseta being the equivalent of the French franc. He tells the Cortes that he has been able to effect considerable reductions of expenditure; but he admits frankly that he and his predecessor endeavoured to enforce retrenchment for some years past, and yet that supplementary estimates amounted to as much as the economies introduced. In other words, the expected reductions were not carried out in practice. It is exceedingly doubtful whether more success will attend the economical efforts of Señor Gonzalez next year. If, indeed, a change were introduced in the policy of the Government it might be hoped that retrenchment could be effected, but as no political changes are made it is difficult to see how the economies can be carried out. In the next place the Minister hopes that the existing taxes will prove more fruitful next year. He tells us that, in his opinion, the commercial and agricultural crisis through which Spain has been passing for some years is now drawing to an end; and, in fact, he finds that since July there has been an increase in the yield of the taxes. It is, no doubt, true that the revival in trade which has made so much progress here at home is now extending all over the Continent, and it is reasonable to expect that Spain will share, to some extent at least, in the general improvement, more particularly as the harvest of this year was good. But whether the trade revival will make so much progress within the next year and a half as to affect the revenue so materially as is expected by the Minister is very doubtful. At all events it is questionable policy of a Chancellor of the Exchequer to count upon a great increase in the yield of the taxes when improvement began to show itself only so lately as last July. In the third place, Señor Gonzalez proposes an increase in certain taxes, and an enhanced duty upon imported wheat. There is a very strong agitation in favour of higher duties in Spain, and even several supporters of the Government desire a more pronounced Protectionist policy. The Minister himself is not favourable to this agitation; but, in the hope of satisfying his own supporters, and winning over some of the dissentient Liberals, he yields so far as to propose an increased duty upon wheat.

In his desire not to give an advantage to his opponents Señor Gonzalez announces that he will not have recourse for the present to a public loan, and he expresses his confidence that he will be able to meet all the obligations of the Government. It is clear, however, that he can do so only by obtaining advances from the Bank of Spain, or the Tobacco Régie, or from some foreign houses. The floating debt, in fact, has become dangerously large already. In the middle of 1887 it was about 85 millions of pesetas. On the 1st of this month it is reported by the Minister himself to have risen to nearly 214 millions of pesetas, and he admits that when the accounts of the financial year 1888–89 are completely regulated it will be not less than 240 millions of pesetas. In 1889-90—that is, the current year—there will be a further large increase; for, as stated above, the Minister was unable to carry his Budget for this year, and it is admitted by all parties, therefore, that there must be a large deficit, variously estimated from 70 to 80 millions of pesetas. In the course of a few months, therefore, it seems probable that the floating debt will amount to about 320 millions of pesetas, or, roughly, 13 millions sterling. Some of the Madrid papers point out, however, that even these figures, large as they are, do not represent the whole truth; for they do not include the advances made to the Government by the Bank of Spain and by the Tobacco Régie. The papers referred to maintain that already the floating debt amounts to very little short of 400 millions of pesetas, or 16 millions sterling, and that it will increase within a few months by another 100 or 150 millions of pesetas. Remembering that the whole revenue of Spain is estimated by the Minister at very little over 32 millions sterling, it is clear that this floating debt is dangerously large, and it cannot be carried very much longer without a funding operation. The Government has been in negotiation with bankers in Paris, London, and Berlin for raising a foreign loan; but hitherto it has not been successful, for the terms asked by foreign bankers have been more onerous than the Government has been willing to accept. This is not wonderful. Indeed, the surprising thing is that foreign bankers should entertain a proposal for bringing out a new Spanish loan without guarantees that the whole policy of the Government would be changed. It is clear that Spain is spending much more than she can afford, and that, unless her policy is changed, her position will grow more and more desperate. It is only a few years ago since she made a compromise with her creditors, and the compromise was agreed to expressly on the ground that she was not able to pay more than she then offered to do. Ever since that compromise was entered into she has been adding to her debt in one way or another; and, if a fresh loan is raised now, she will go on in the old path, and before many years are over will make another demand upon the money markets of Western Europe.

Her difficulties are due to the ambitious views of her rulers, and the poverty of her people. The Government wishes to play a greater part in the world than it can afford to do. It is, therefore, keeping up an expenditure too great for the population. On the other hand, the taxpayers are exceedingly unwilling to contribute to the necessities of the country, and there is therefore a perpetual war between the tax-collector and the taxpayer. Partly, as already stated, this is due to the poverty of the people, but partly, also, it is the consequence of an evil system of administration. The whole fiscal system requires to be reformed at the same time that large retrenchments ought to be introduced. The Protectionist policy of the country is injurious to its trade, and, unfortunately too, Spain has suffered from the general depression that has weighed upon Europe for so many years. It has also had several bad harvests. But even if the revival in trade extends to Spain, and there is a large increase in the business of the country, it will still be necessary to introduce large economies if an equilibrium of revenue and expenditure is to be brought about. In the present Budget, for example, the charge for the public debt amounts to 281¾ millions of pesetas—that is, to about 11¼ millions sterling—the total of the revenue being only about 32 millions sterling. The charge for the army and navy again amounts to about 175 millions of pesetas, or 7 millions sterling; and the charge for public works amounts to 87½ millions of pesetas, or about 3½ millions sterling. The charge for the debt, public works, army and navy, therefore, costs about 21¾ millions sterling out of a total revenue of 32 millions sterling. Little reduction can, of course, be effected in the charge for the debt. The conversion of the redeemable debt might effect some saving, and the funding of the floating debt would do more. But still economies of this kind would not count for much. The real direction in which retrenchment can be materially effected is in public works, the army, and the navy. Unfortunately the Government does not think it safe to reduce the army, because of the Carlist feeling in the North and the Republican feeling in the South. There remains, therefore, only the navy and public works in which much saving can be effected. And no Ministry of any party seems disposed to carry out the retrenchments in these which are required. Such being the state of affairs, it is to be feared that the finances of Spain will go from bad to worse. Yet it is curious to observe that during the past few years the price of Spanish bonds has risen in the Continental and London markets nearly 50 per cent., and even in the present year, though there has been a decline, the fall has been quite trifling. Apparently the great financial houses on the Continent, feeling sure that sooner or later the Government must come to them for a loan, have been supporting the market in spite of the difficulties of Spain. They know that a great fall would alarm investors and would make impossible a considerable loan. But if the price is maintained they hope that the public will believe that matters are not so bad as they are reported to be by the press, and that, therefore, investors will be induced to subscribe to the new issue. It is to be hoped that investors in this country will not be deceived by the apparent confidence, which is not really felt, of the great financial authorities. Spain, no doubt, has great undeveloped resources, and with wise statesmanship and a good system of administration might yet become a rich and prosperous country. But, until the administration is improved and a more statesmanlike policy is adopted, it will be well for investors to let Spanish bonds alone.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE instinct which in childhood made us all want to take the music-box to pieces will be gratified by an inspection of the very interesting collection of studies for pictures which has been brought together this week at the Galleries of the Fine Art Society. A prefatory note to the Catalogue says that applications were made to all the principal artists of the day, and that their replies revealed the fact that a very small minority make use of this preparatory stage. Most painters, we fancy, make a

first sketch in oil, or merely draw in charcoal on the canvas itself. We have rarely seen a collection of this kind which was more interesting. Mr. W. B. Richmond opens the show with studies, mostly in chalks on dark-brown paper, for the largest of his pictures. We see his relation to the art of Sir Frederick Leighton very plainly in these refined and scholarly drawings. A head of Lord Sherbrooke in pencil (1) is extremely delicate. We pass a beautiful silver-point by Mr. Sainton of a boy reading (10) to reach the space dedicated to some twoscore examples of Mr. Burne Jones. Of his draperies, we seem to have seen more characteristic specimens than these, but never finer studies of flowers, such as the lilies in No. 13 and the severely-drawn heroic roses in No. 17. If we were not distinctly told that the admirable compositions here signed by Mr. Frank Dadd were studies for water-colour paintings, we should be inclined to suppose them sufficient unto themselves as pictures in ordinary black and white. We are delighted to see Mr. Dadd's fine drawings; but they hardly seem to us to come into the category of studies.

A whole wall is dedicated to the work, in many kinds, of Professor Legros. Nothing comes amiss to this active hand, from the sweep of a broad wet brush to the almost invisible touch of the silver-point. No one has ever, we suppose, denied style to Professor Legros; but his work is mannered and even stilted, and too far from nature for the amount of beauty which he chooses to put into it. Those who delight in his landscapes, which seem as if they had come out of some old Italian portfolio, will find pleasure in "Twilight on the River" (46), and in "A Glade in the Forest" (58). Mr. G. D. Leslie reveals himself as a much fresher artist in chalk than those who only know his glossy clean pictures would suppose. Here is a frame, called "Bedtime" (73), containing two studies of the attitude of a woman carrying off a child under her arm, which are simply exquisite. One shows the group seen from one point of view, in charcoal, the second from another, and in sanguine; the latter is simply one of the most perfect things in the room. The artist, however, who, on the whole, shows to most advantage at the Fine Arts Society is indubitably Sir Frederick Leighton. If we were obliged to fix on one example as the most interesting in the room, it could hardly fail to be the long study (87) in pencil on brown paper, with white lights, made so many years ago for "The Procession of the Blessed Virgin of Cimabue." This, with the "Music" (86) and the "Dance" (88), reveals the extraordinary delicacy of the President's touch, his accurate draughtsmanship, and the almost microscopic power of his eyesight. Besides these merits, there is manifest in these beautiful drawings, which every critic of Sir Frederick Leighton should study, the intellectual quality of exquisite refinement, of a taste under perfect manual control. These are early works, but the rude figure of a girl (100), drawn for "A Sibyl" and dated 1889, shows that Sir Frederick Leighton, though perhaps he now avoids such very minute design as he affected in early youth, is not less a master of delicate draughtsmanship than he was. Some pencil studies by Mr. Watts divide the group of Leightons from a group of Alma Tademas. These last are vigorous, but they have not the charm of refinement, and in some way they fail to suggest the radiant colour which the painter succeeds in getting when he turns to his final medium.

There appear to be few artists at present who sketch in pastel; but this seems to be the method of Mr. Albert Moore, whose "Dressing-Room" (111), with its fine tints of lemon-yellow, is very effective. It is very interesting to note the manner in which Sir James Linton was working eight or nine years ago, when he made what we are sorry proved to be his ephemeral determination to win a position as an oil-painter. The studies in pink and grey chalk of mediæval soldiers for the "Surrender" (120, 123) are exceedingly striking; and so is the study of a nude female figure dancing, which recalls his famous picture of 1881. Nearly the whole of a wall is devoted to the serious and learned studies of Mr. Poynter, over which the amateur will love to linger. Last, but not least, the visitor must not omit to admire the curious and powerful studies by Mrs. de Morgan (Miss Evelyn Pickering) in white, or more frequently in gold-coloured, chalk upon black paper. We have rarely seen a finer study of armour than No. 163, nor an imaginative design more original and striking in execution than those strange golden designs, "Luna" (169) and "The Angel of Death" (168). Mrs. de Morgan has only to paint as well as she draws to win a place much higher than she now occupies, respectable as that is.

In reviewing the present show of French and Dutch paintings at Messrs. Dowdeswell & Dowdeswell's Galleries a fortnight ago, we made use of an expression which appears to have been misconstrued. It is notoriously difficult, in the cases especially of the deceased French masters, to draw the line between poor examples of the master's own brush and works executed in the studio or finished by pupils. In the spring we cordially praised the very fine collection of these particular masters which Messrs. Dowdeswell & Dowdeswell brought together. It is, we think, beyond contradiction that they have not succeeded in repeating that happy experiment, and whether we were strictly correct or no in thinking that some of the examples now on view are "dubious," we cannot but think that many of them are not in the truest sense characteristic.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO—THE AYE-AYE.

THERE are many animals in the Zoo whose habits are so completely nocturnal that, for all that the ordinary visitor can see of them, they might as well have remained in their native haunts. Certainly not the least interesting of these is the Aye-Aye (*Cheiromys Madagascariensis*); in fact, there are few, if any, more interesting animals in the collection, and, unfortunately, there are none that are less often seen, as the animal in question remains in a semi-torpid condition during the day in the box at the top of its cage in the Monkey-house, never by any chance moving out, or indeed showing itself. In consequence, visitors see nothing but an apparently empty cage; those, however, who are observant will notice that this cage, unlike the neighbouring wall-cages in which the lemurs are confined, is backed with patched zinc, and contains a bough which has been much gnawed as if by a rodent, the marks of its occupant's nightly amusements.

The Aye-Aye, as its scientific name implies, is a native of Madagascar, and was long a puzzle to naturalists, owing to its many peculiarities of form and structure. Its dentition is most curious, and much resembles that of the rodents. It has only eighteen teeth, of which the four front ones, two in the upper and two in the lower jaw, are much like those of a rat—Cuvier compared the lower teeth to ploughshares—these powerful incisors or cutting-teeth are used for cutting away wood, making holes in branches, and also for gnawing through the stems of sugar-canes and similar plants; the ears are very large, round, and open, and have, not inaptly, been compared to those of a bat; the eyes are wide and staring; and—a fact which adds to the weirdness of the animal's appearance—it possesses a perfect, that is an uncleft, upper lip. Its feet, however, especially the fore-feet or hands, are amongst its most striking peculiarities, the latter, indeed, being unlike those of any other animal; all the fingers and toes, with the exception of the hallux or great toe, which, like that of all the quadrumana, is opposable, and has a flat nail, are furnished with long, compressed claws; but—and herein lies the great peculiarity—the third and fourth fingers of the hands are very long, the fourth being the largest and longest, while the third is so extraordinarily thin and wasted in appearance that, to quote Professor Owen, it seems as if it were paralysed. The animal is about three feet in length, including the tail, which is long and bushy—longer, indeed, than the body; and the whole creature, with the exception of its ears, nose, and the soles of its feet and the palms of its hands, is covered with thick dark fur.

It was discovered by the French naturalist and traveller Sonnerat about one hundred years since, who gave it the name Aye-Aye from an exclamation of the natives on seeing it. He obtained a pair, male and female, which he kept for two months, feeding them only on boiled rice. He evidently observed them very closely, and left a good description of their appearance and habits in confinement. In his opinion, the Aye-Aye did not approach any genus, but leaned towards the maki, the squirrel, and the ape. He made the curious mistake, however, of imagining it to be a subterranean animal. Buffon, who tells us that he examined the skin of one which Sonnerat presented to the Cabinet du Roi, considered that it was allied to the squirrel, and also that it bore some relation to the tarsier, and accordingly placed it among the rodents. Cuvier first placed it next to the flying-squirrel, and immediately before the rat, but afterwards in the list of doubtful animals. Schreber was the first to class it among the lemurs, and named it *Lemur psilodactylus*—a name adopted by Shaw—while Sonnini, who formed the genus *Cheiromys*, observed, rightly, that it was the only species known. Most naturalists, however, continued to class it among the rodents, until, in the year 1859, Professor Owen placed it in its present position as the sole representative of the last of the three families into which the *Lemuroidea*—the second sub-order of the Primates—are divided.

Professor Owen's Aye-Aye was obtained for him by Dr. Sandwith, who, while the animal was in his possession, observed its habits very closely, and wrote an extremely interesting account of them, from which the following is an extract:—"I thought that those strong rodent teeth, as large as those of a young beaver, must have been intended for some other purpose than that of trying to eat his way out of a cage, the only use he seemed to make of them besides masticating soft fruits. Moreover, he had other peculiarities, *e.g.* singularly large naked ears directed forwards as if for offensive rather than defensive purposes; then, again, the second finger of the hands is unlike anything but a monster supernumerary member, it being slender and long, half the thickness of the other fingers, and resembling a piece of bent wire. Excepting the head and this finger, he closely resembles a lemur. Now as he attacked every night the woodwork of his cage, which I was gradually lining with tin, I bethought myself of tying some sticks over the wood-work, so that he might gnaw these instead . . . they were bored in all directions by a large and destructive grub . . . presently he came to one of the worm-eaten branches, which he began to examine most attentively, and bending forward his ears and applying his nose more closely to the bark, he rapidly tapped the surface with the curious second digit as a woodpecker taps a tree, though with much less noise, from time to time inserting the end of the slender finger into the worm-holes as a surgeon would a probe. At length he came to a part of the branch which evidently gave out an interesting sound, for he began to tear it with

his strong teeth. He rapidly stripped off the bark, cut into the wood, and exposed the nest of a grub, which he daintily picked out of its bed with the slender tapping finger, and conveyed the luscious morsel to his mouth." This unfortunate little beast was in due time sacrificed to science, being killed by chloroform and sent over to this country in spirit. Its skin may now be seen in the British Museum.

The older writers considered the Aye-Aye to be lazy and slothful, but this is by no means its character, as though, like the well-known dormouse, it spends its days in its nest, curled up comfortably in a ball, and covered with its bushy tail—during which time, no doubt, as Sonnerat remarked, it requires a good deal of shaking to make it move—still after dusk it awakes, and is sufficiently lively and active during the night. Its method of taking its food is, as indeed is not surprising in such an extraordinary animal, most curious. In this performance the long fingers are brought into use, being dipped into the food and drawn rapidly between the lips, thus conveying it into the mouth—an action which has been compared to that of a Chinaman using his chopsticks. It also occasionally laps like a cat. The specimen at the Zoo is fed principally on sopped bread, bananas, and dates; fare on which it appears to thrive. It is by no means an easy animal to keep in confinement, as, like most of the lemurs, it is very susceptible to cold; and it therefore says much for the care and attention that has been bestowed on it by its keeper that it has lived in the Regent's Park for more than two years, and is still in the enjoyment of excellent health.

RECENT CONCERTS.

M. EDOUARD LALO, whose "Rhapsodie Norvégienne" was produced for the first time in England at the Crystal Palace Concert last Saturday, is a composer to whom success has come very late in life. Born so far back as 1823, he has been for the greater part of his life haunted by ill-luck in a manner which would have crushed a man of less originality and power. It is only since the success of his *Roi d'Ys*, at the Opéra-Comique last year, that his name has become generally known, and it is probably to this that musicians are indebted to Mr. Manns for a performance of the "Rhapsodie Norvégienne," a work which was produced some ten years ago, and has since then gone the round of both France and Germany. Under the circumstances it might have been thought that the work was worthy of a better place in the programme. It was no very great compliment to M. Lalo to place his "Rhapsodie" at the very end of a long concert, when both orchestra and audience must have been tired, nor did the composition itself deserve such treatment. It consists of two movements, an Allegretto in A major and a Presto in D minor, neither of which is very distinctively Norwegian in character, though one of the principal themes of the Presto is, either intentionally or by some strange coincidence, identical with the subject of a familiar pianoforte piece by Grieg. The charm of the work consists more in its admirable orchestration and in the wealth of material from which it is constructed than in any national character in the music. M. Lalo, as was pointed out in the analytical programme, is always lavish to a fault in his thematic matter; but it cannot be said that this is from any lack of constructive power; for, slight though the "Rhapsodie" necessarily is, it betrays the hand of a master in the delicate manner with which the many themes used in it are varied and interwoven into a singularly charming and brilliant whole. It is to be hoped that the work may be repeated soon under more favourable circumstances, for it is an excellent specimen of the best work of the modern French school. The remainder of Saturday's Concert was more than usually interesting. Mme. Anna Mehlig, a pupil of Lebert and Liszt, who has not been heard in public for some time, made a welcome reappearance. Her performance of Beethoven's Fifth Concerto, though somewhat cold, was extremely good. For her other solos she chose Schubert's hackneyed Impromptu in A flat, a work which is not often heard out of the schoolroom, and Liszt's Transcription of Paganini's Rondo "La Campanella." The Symphony was Goetz's beautiful Op. 9, a work which can never be heard without feelings of regret that a man who could write such lovely music should have died so young and have left so little behind him. The programme also included the Overture to Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*, and Mme. Nordica sang a scena from Marschner's masterpiece, *Hans Heiling*, and a ballad from Gomez's *Guarany*. The former, though belonging to an antiquated school, was not deficient in interest; the latter was unworthy both of the singer and the concert. For to-day's concert a revival of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* is announced.

The Popular Concert last Monday calls for very brief mention. The first and most interesting number in the programme was Dvořák's fine Quintet for Pianoforte and Strings, a work which was fully discussed when first performed at these concerts last November. A re-hearing confirms the impression that, though unequal in parts, it is one of the Bohemian master's most valuable additions to the repertory of this class of music. The performance by Sir Charles and Lady Hallé, MM. Ries, Strauss, and Piatti, was a singularly fine one. The rest of the programme consisted of such familiar works as Beethoven's Variations on an original air for Pianoforte Solo, Op. 36; Brahms's Sonata, Op. 100, and three numbers from Heller and Ernst's "Pensées Fugitives," for Pianoforte and Violin. The vocalist was Miss Marguerite Hall, who sang Grieg's "Farewell to the Mountains," and Mr. A. Goring Thomas's delightful "Midi au Village" and "Ma Voisine," for the latter of which she received an encore, to which she responded by singing a Norwegian national song.

Miss Mathilde Wurm, a young pianist who comes of a musical family, gave an evening concert last Tuesday at Prince's Hall, which was very well attended. Miss Wurm has made decided improvement since she was heard last season. She plays with accuracy and considerable refinement, and is altogether a performer of much promise. Her powers at present are evidently immature, and it would not be right to criticize her playing from the highest standard. Such qualities as individuality and distinction may develop later; but, as it is, her performances are artistic, and show that she is conscientious and anxious to attain a high degree of perfection. She was heard to advantage in Schumann's "Papillons," Beethoven's "Thirty-two Variations on an Original Air," and in smaller pieces by Grieg, Mendelssohn, and Rubinstein, besides taking part with Herr Holländer in Brahms's Violin and Pianoforte Sonata in A, and an arrangement for two pianos of Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre," in which she was joined by her sister, Miss Alice Wurm. A pleasant feature in the concert was the charming singing of Miss Lehmann, who was much applauded in songs by James Hook, F. Thomé, Emmerich, and Eugène d'Albert.

At the second concert of the Royal Choral Society, which took place at the Albert Hall last Wednesday evening, the two most successful of the novelties produced at the Leeds Festival last month were performed for the first time in London. Professor Stanford's *Voyage of Maeldune* and Dr. Hubert Parry's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* have both been so recently discussed in these columns that detailed notice of either work would be superfluous. It must be sufficient to record that the verdict of Leeds was in every respect ratified by the large and representative audience which was gathered in the Albert Hall on Wednesday. Professor Stanford's work, depending as it does so much upon its admirable orchestration, naturally suffered most from the vast space of the concert-room; but, even allowing for this, the beautiful quartet descriptive of the "Undersea Isle," the charming scene of the witches, and the whole concluding portion of the cantata, produced a profound effect. The parts which at Leeds were sung by Mme. Albani and Miss Hilda Wilson were on this occasion allotted to Miss MacIntyre and Mme. Belle Cole, while the bass music was sung by Mr. Brereton instead of Mr. Barrington Foote. The two former in nowise lost by the change; but Mr. Brereton has neither the voice nor the style suited to Professor Stanford's eminently poetical music. The deficiencies of his method were even more felt in Dr. Parry's Ode, in which the contrast of his singing to Miss MacIntyre's admirable performance was very marked. The chorus, though hardly so good as at Leeds, was, on the whole, satisfactory, though in several places it was evident that more rehearsals would have been advisable. The orchestra left little to be desired; but the curious acoustic defects of the Hall were noticeable in the lack of brilliancy produced by the strings and the undue prominence of the brass instruments. Each composer conducted his work in person, and at the conclusion both were recalled to the platform with much enthusiasm.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE money market has been passing this week through one of its recurring fits of uneasiness. The reserve of the Bank of England is entirely inadequate, and a demand for gold for Berlin likely to reduce that reserve has sprung up. As yet the amount withdrawn from the Bank is trifling—only 9,000*l.*—but it is expected to be much larger by-and-bye, and all the metal offering in the open market is also being bought. In Berlin the market is scarce and dear, in consequence of reckless speculation and greatly improved trade. At the same time the New York exchange upon London is so low, that a little further fall would make it profitable to send gold from this country to New York, and in New York rates of interest and discount have been exceedingly high for two months and more. Therefore, it is thought probable that gold will have to go to New York likewise. Then there have been rumours that large amounts will be taken for South America, and, of course, some will have to be sent to Portugal, South Africa, and other countries. Apprehension, however, has been somewhat allayed by the announcement that Messrs. Rothschild are bringing half a million sterling from St. Petersburg. It is said that any further amount required can be obtained there, though, of course, at a higher price, and it is reported that the Bank of France is willing to part with a considerable amount of the metal, if it be necessary to do so, to prevent a disturbance of the London market. The best opinion now is, that whatever gold is sent to Buenos Ayres and Rio de Janeiro will be obtained in Paris.

The price of silver, which at one time was nearly 44*d.* per oz., has fallen to a little under 43¾*d.* per oz. The active buying of last week has suddenly ceased; and, as there is no Indian demand, the market has given way. The supply of the metal, however, is small; and, if the Mint goes on purchasing largely, there will be a recovery; while, if the foreign buying, which has been on so considerable a scale of late, is resumed, there may be a very marked rise.

The coming *Liquidation* on the Berlin Bourse is exciting a good deal of apprehension. As was pointed out in this journal some weeks ago, there is reckless speculation in Germany in the shares of industrial Companies of all kinds, and that was preceded by a wild speculation in International Bonds. The speculators have for some months past been paying very high rates for the loans that enable them to carry on their operations. At the end of September, however, several of them found it difficult to renew their loans, and at the end of last month the difficulty was greater still. It is feared that at the coming *Liquidation* it will be impossible to obtain all the money that will be required, and that in consequence there will be a crisis on the Bourse. It is possible, however, that a breakdown may be averted, for the great financial houses all over Europe are interested in preventing a crisis in Berlin. Were one to occur, the speculators would be compelled to sell international securities on a very large scale, and would thus depress prices on every Bourse and Stock Exchange in Europe. But a fall in prices would render impossible the Government loans and Company issues which are being prepared in such large numbers. It is probable, therefore, that the great financial houses all over Europe will give to the German banks whatever assistance may be necessary to prevent a crisis just now, unless, indeed, they find that the speculation has been carried so far that it is better to stop it at any cost than to risk worse consequences by prolonging it.

In spite of money market uneasiness and the apprehended crisis on the Berlin Bourse, there has been a decided increase of speculative business on the London Stock Exchange this week. The most marked increase in activity is in the American market. Many shares and bonds have risen very considerably. It would seem that the stringency in the New York money market has so far come to an end that operators there have taken courage, and are acting with more energy than heretofore. It is quite true, no doubt, that the Associated Banks in New York do not hold as much reserve as they are required to do by law; but apparently it is expected that gold in considerable amounts will be taken from Europe to New York, and will so relieve the money market that speculators may act more freely than for some time past. Trade is very active in the United States, and the traffic returns of the railways show large increases. And therefore, if a tolerably easy money market can be counted upon, a recovery in prices generally is reasonably to be looked for. There has also been an advance in the stocks of several British railway Companies, and altogether the feeling is more sanguine than it has been for some time past. Speculators, however, will do well to recollect that a large export of gold would immediately alarm the money market, and might upset all calculations on the Stock Exchange.

French capitalists have for some time past been buying Brazilian securities in London on a very extensive scale. It will be recollected that a group of French bankers obtained valuable privileges from the Brazilian Government lately, and founded the National Bank of Brazil. Evidently it is the hope of these bankers and their followers to "exploit" Brazil, and they are buying up bonds and shares very eagerly.

There is much dissatisfaction amongst applicants for the shares of the Exploration Company, Limited, on account of the long time taken in making allotments. Exactly three weeks elapsed between the day when subscriptions were received and the day when letters of regret and allotment were sent out. During these three weeks the money deposited by applicants has been lying at the banks entirely out of the control of its owners. In the end many of them received back cheques in full with letters of regret, and even those to whom shares have been allotted have generally got only from 2 to 4 per cent. of the amount applied for.

The price of Scotch pig iron rose on Tuesday to 64*s.* 2*d.* per ton, the highest price touched since 1880. There has been a slight decline since Tuesday, but doubtless there will be an early recovery, and a further advance. Usually the price of Cleveland iron is about four or five shillings a ton lower than Scotch. This week it has been more than three shillings a ton higher, the explanation being that the stocks of iron in the North of England are decreasing exceedingly rapidly. Of course speculation is running up prices unduly, and it is to be feared will injure the trade, by checking consumption on the one hand, and encouraging workpeople's demands for increased wages beyond what the condition of the trade justifies. But as yet speculation has not been carried too far, and the state of the industry warrants a great part of the rise that has taken place.

BARNUM'S SHOW.

IT is clear that to the American mind "greatest" and "largest" convey precisely the same meaning, otherwise that honest and modest citizen Mr. P. T. Barnum would no doubt have hesitated before he adopted the grandiloquent title for his wonderful show of good, bad, and indifferent materials now being exhibited at Olympia. The characteristic want of artistic restraint in the presentment of the performance may be imagined from the fact that the managers exhibited what may be described as three circuses and two variety shows simultaneously to a bewildered audience of 18,000 spectators. It is true that Olympia is very ill adapted for performances of all kinds. For some mysterious reason the designer adopted an elliptical instead of a semi-circular form for the building, with the result that one-half of the audience must be alternately entertained at the expense of the other half. In order to meet this difficulty, Mr. Barnum and his managers have filled the available space with three Rings or "Arenas" and two stages. A circus performance is carried on in each ring and a music-hall performance on each stage. This sounds like a very fine, as it is a very liberal, arrangement; but practically the performances interfere with each other. The seats are packed so close together that it is impossible for a spectator, seated halfway between an arena and a stage, to turn his back, say on some riding in an arena, in order to enjoy the antics of a very engaging bear on a stage.

To turn to the consideration of the various items in a very long programme, the first "Display" to excite any lively interest or attention was the exhibition by two ladies and three gentlemen of a probably unrivalled performance of a number of elephants, both large and small, who were put through a series of tricks and evolutions, without a hitch of any kind. Mr. John O'Brien, who rode one horse and drove four others at racing speed over a number of hurdles, is perhaps the very best rider who has appeared in a circus show within living memory. His performance alone is worth more than one visit to Olympia. The quality of the horsemanship was, on the whole, remarkably good. The racing, in the second part of the programme, was pretty enough, notably the trotting-race and that between ponies with monkey-jockeys. A special word should also be said for the various trapeze performers engaged. The two American Cowboys were clever; but the interest in them was discounted by familiarity. Visitors to the Show may be recommended to avoid some portion of the performance, and reserve themselves for the new and original historical spectacle, "Nero," which concludes the performance. It is not too much to say that Mr. Imre Kiralfy has equalled the most successful efforts of Mr. Augustus Harris in this line.

The menagerie is well worth a visit, and those who are not too sensitive in such matters will be amused with the monstrosities. Of these the Aztecs—the very last representatives of their race—are the most interesting, while "the skeleton dude" gives a national flavour to the whole. Finally, the management of the Show cannot be praised too highly, if we except the overcrowding of which we have already spoken.

"O SAY NOT SO!"

["*My utterances have of late been multiplied beyond what is desirable.*"—Mr. GLADSTONE.]

O SAY not so! Recall that word,
Conceived amiss and launched in haste,
In it your mood alone is heard—
Your mood, and not the public taste.

Desirable? 'Twere little good
That word's strict import to inquire;
Men's use and wont, men's daily food,
That grows to be what men desire.

The wind that o'er the mountain blows
For lullaby the shepherd takes;
Waves sing the seaman to repose,
When stops the mill the miller wakes.

And know that to our senses bears
That well-known voice you fain would save
The same relation as to theirs
The wind, the mill-wheel, and the wave.

Know that the post-cards that you pen,
The words you scatter by the way,
Are felt by all your countrymen
As part and parcel of their day.

Should you those "utterances" withhold
Wherewith you vainly think them cloyed,
Their breakfast-tables would be cold,
Their morning papers would be void.

The citizen would hie him thence
To plunge into the city's strife,
Disturbed and restless with a sense
Of something wanting in his life.

We do not ask what views you hold,
We need not know, we do not care;
All, all we need is to unfold
Our daily sheet and find you there.

You have become a habit—such
That we, its slaves, have ceased at last
To put it to our reason's touch,
But only feel it binds us fast.

Ah! break it not, we pray you—don't!
Respect our deep dislike to range,
Unmoored from this one rock of Wont,
The pathless, shoreless sea of Change.

Nay, more than this—a debt you owe
To our conceptions of the fit;
Gladst-ne to wed with Silence? No!
Fancy declines to picture it!

And when you tell us that your mind
A union so unnatural plans,
The common conscience of mankind
Arises and forbids the banns.

REVIEWS.

OUR VICEREGAL LIFE IN INDIA.*

EMPRESSES and Queens are generally born in the purple and brought up to the duties of a position which is more often ornamental than useful. But we confess we are inclined to compassionate a lady who is suddenly elevated to a brief tenure of the dignity of Vicequeen of Hindustan. We should fancy that she often finds support and consolation in the thought that she has only a five-years' lease of the oppressive grandeur. Not that Lady Dufferin writes these journals in doleful strain; on the contrary, they are full of life and sprightliness. Whether in residence or travelling through her Empire on State progresses, she made the best of the exceptional advantages of her position, and set herself thoroughly to enjoy the sights and scenes she saw under singularly favourable circumstances. We do not even pity her for anything we can read between the lines, for she never makes any serious complaints, although she sometimes expresses natural weariness, or indulges in a grumble at the deluges descending on the hills in the monsoons. Her actual responsibilities were not onerous, and, though she busied herself in initiating and encouraging many philanthropic undertakings, she says that her life seemed sometimes an idle one. So it may have been, compared to the incessant and involuntary activity of her husband. But these sparkling though simple extracts from the diaries show the manner and the strain of her daily existence. It was living from early morning to night in an antiquated Court-dress of rustling brocade, with stiff golden embroideries. In the country of etiquette and ceremony *par excellence* she was perpetually surrounded by state and pomp; and even at the hill stations she breathed an atmosphere of formality almost as trying as the sultry temperature of Calcutta, which the punkahs scarcely alleviated. As consort of the Viceroy, she was always doing the honours at *durbars* or grand banquets to potentates morbidly jealous on those points of etiquette which govern and complicate their inter-provincial relations. They paid back their vice-suzerain's sumptuous hospitality in kind, and their interminable entertainments must often have been intolerable bores, though Nautch-girls or wild Bheels were brought in to dance at dessert, and the dinner came to a close in a blaze of fireworks. And beyond the ceremony, which was the burden of her place, she suffered other things in common with humbler individuals. She had to resign herself to regulating her habits by the sun, to turning out for morning Church service before early breakfast, and then to sequestrating herself from the sun-glare in darkened rooms till it was safe to venture out for the evening drive. It was possible to exclude the obtrusive light, but privacy was almost impossible of attainment. Too zealous servants, eager to deserve their rice and salt, were ever on duty outside ill-fitting doors. On her first arrival at Calcutta her personal *Jemedar* kept pricking his ears to catch the sound of any movement, which he answered as promptly as if she had been striking a hand-bell. She says that at last she was afraid to shift a chair from its place lest her watchful guardian spirit should make a plunge into the apartment.

That is the darker side of the picture, and it must forcibly strike anybody of mature experiences who has become alive to the vanity of mortal ambitions. But we are bound to say, on the whole, that, assuming a Vicequeen to be healthy and light-hearted like Lady Dufferin, the sweets predominated over the bitters. If she lived and breathed in formal state, she was moving continually before a bright succession of dissolving views, full of impressive contrasts and rich in picturesque suggestion. She was struck at first by the strange contrast in the motley crowds which had gathered to see Lord Dufferin's arrival at Bombay. The city of palaces and palatial warehouses had decked itself in its most brilliant colours; gay groups in strange and gorgeous costumes jostled each other in the streets, or shone from the balconies and from beneath the broad verandahs. But from the Bombay that was built in the cotton boom, under the pro-consulship of Sir Bartle Frere, the procession passed into the over-crowded and squalid native quarter which has scarcely changed since the Presidency was a province of the Moguls. "Almost every individual was a study in himself"; there were "natives of every shape and colour . . . . children clothed with nothing at all, and parents with the nearest approach to nothing that I ever saw before." We do not, of course, profess to give chronological sketches of the contents of the journals. We can merely dip here and there, to take something that strikes us as characteristic or suggestive; and we may remark that, as the Viceregal party in its annual arrangements revolved pretty much over the same ground, the first of the two volumes is decidedly the fresher and more interesting. Though these annual revolutions were occasionally varied by a more formidable expedition to the remoter confines of the British dominions, as when the Viceroy visited the recent acquisitions in Burmah, or when he penetrated from sterile Scinde through Beloochistan to the passes leading into the highlands of Afghanistan, associated with British victories and disasters.

In the second year of the Viceroyalty Lord Dufferin received the Afghan Amir at Rawul Pindi. For many reasons it was the most impressive of the many pageants which Lady Dufferin witnessed. The chiefs of the Punjab had gathered in to do honour to the great occasion. They strove to outshine each other in personal display. As they were presented one after another to the Viceroy, Lady Dufferin had "time to admire their clothes and their splendid jewelry. One had a great crown on, something like a bishop's mitre; but, magnificent though it looked, it is by no means his best one." "The mayor and aldermen" of Rawul Pindi came attired in their flowing Oriental draperies. The semi-independent Rajahs appeared in due order of precedence. The long black locks of the Prince of Bahawalpur were surmounted by a splendid diamond tiara, seven inches high, over the forehead. Some of them drove in silver carriages; others were surrounded by gentlemen of their suites, who turned themselves into musicians for the occasion and sounded the "tom-toms" as they rode along. As for the great man who was the hero of the fêtes, his semi-barbarous escort, though picturesque enough, scarcely showed to advantage. His troopers, who "were splendid specimens of the genus ragamuffin," were mounted on small, lean horses, with their little rats' tails tied in knots. The men were resplendent in gaudy orange tunics, and wore heavy sheepskin headdresses, like the bearskins of our own Guards. Their master came to the meeting in a very amiable humour, and was so pleased with all he saw of our countrymen that he was inclined to prolong his trip to England. He showed his hosts the æsthetic and more genial side of his character; amused himself with arranging cut flowers in a variety of vases, and expressed a wish for a regular and ample supply. "This is the man," moralizes Lady Dufferin, "who cuts off heads and hangs people when at home, and who is accompanied here by his executioner, who, dressed in red velvet and wearing his axe and strangling rope, helps at other times to put up the tents." Talking of putting up the tents, Lady Dufferin found life under canvas at Rawul Pindi far from agreeable. The rain came down without ceasing; the ladies had to rush along the soaking passages for fear of getting "a cold drop down one's back," the great flat-roofed pavilion intended for holding the grand durbar was drenched, so that it became necessary to postpone the ceremony; and in the withdrawing pavilion, to which the party adjourned after dinner, they sat in bitter draughts and the drip of a shower-bath, so that the ladies had to send for woollen shawls by way of wraps.

Sipi Fair, held in the depths of a sheltered valley among the hills near Simla, was equally characteristic in a different way. Though dying out, it still lingers on, a survival and illustration of the older Indian customs. There were merry-go-rounds, and wild-beast shows, and monstrosities, and stalls—in short, all the attractions of these merry-makings all the world over. But the special purpose of the Sipi Fair is supposed to be matrimony, and "in a sort of amphitheatre on the hill-side sit the candidates for hymeneal honours. . . . . There were rows and rows of women and girls dressed in their very best, and bright-coloured jackets and scarves and nether garments adorned them, while their heads, noses, ears, throats, arms, and ankles were all heavily laden with jewelry." We do not know that there was much romance in the matter at any time. It must always have been pretty much a case of bargain and sale. But now it seems that the feminine ware is made to serve the baser purposes of imposture; at least, Lady Dufferin suspects that much of the jewelry is displayed for the occasion, as it is shown in other countries in booths or in shop windows, to invite tenders from English visitors and curio-hunters. Lady Dufferin has a pretty taste in scenery, and a happy gift of describing it vividly. What seems to have pleased her most in all India was "the ideal beauty" of the Lake at Udaipur—which we presume is the new and fashionable spelling of our old acquaintance Oudeypore—indeed, she is inclined to pronounce the lake a beautiful Bosphorus. In striking contrast to lake scenery like that of Oudeypore, or such wooded and well-watered paradises as that of the Dehra Doon, enclosed in the double embrace of Jumna and Ganges, were the arid wastes and rolling rock-country which was traversed on the journey from Kurrachee to Quetta. And the journal paints in the brightest colours the picturesque progress up the stream of the Irrawaddy to the capital we summarily transferred from Theebaw, who, from all Lady Dufferin tells us, well deserved his fate. But if Theebaw had any susceptibility in his soul, like Boabdil sighing over the last view of Granada, he must have lamented the land he had lost and the people he had misgoverned beyond endurance. Nothing could be gayer or more enchanting than the broad flood of the great Burmese river, with the covered and gilded state barges, with the fleets of quaintly designed and painted small craft, with the groups of sightseers gathered under the shade of the palm-groves, and chiefly with the cities which, though they may really

* *Our Viceregal Life in India: Selections from My Journal*, 1884-1888. By the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. London: John Murray. 1889.

be as so many whited sepulchres, are adorned with marble palaces of fanciful architecture, and with the countless fantastic pagodas that cover their innumerable shrines. Altogether there is infinite variety in the contents of the volumes; we are hurried forward from one scene of interest to another; and, had space admitted, we should have had something to say about the Viceroy's chequered fortunes in the hunting-field when he tried the chances of sport on a rare holiday.

NOVELS.*

ENGLISH detective novels cannot usually be looked on in the light of "happy thoughts." In the first place, the authors have not the peculiar talent or patience that is necessary in order to work out the story backwards, so that every link in the chain may be well proportioned and complete, and, in the second, the Anglo-Saxon race is too blundering to turn out good detectives. Dogged persistence does characterize it, but not the flair so essential to the successful discovery of crime. *The Black Box Murder* is, however, more readable than its fellows, though it teems with faults and absurdities. The first and crowning act of impossibility ascribed to any of the characters is the stoical demeanour of the heroine, Miss Simpkinson, at the Paris railway station, when the Custom-House officials, on examining her black box, disclosed the dead body of an elderly lady, instead of the photographic apparatus which Miss Simpkinson expected to find there. And, if this unpleasant spectacle were not enough to startle the most well-balanced nerves, Miss Simpkinson at once recognized the corpse to be that of a friend whom she had left behind her two days before at Southend. Yet, like the widow of the "warrior," she "nor swooned nor uttered cry," but instantly made up her mind as to the murderer and the line of conduct she would herself take in her official examination. This was being "mistress of herself, though china fall" with a vengeance! And the real culprit is a match for her in self-control. It may be reasonably doubted whether the supposed teller of the tale, a member of a private inquiry office in London, would be allowed by the French police to meddle quite so much in their affairs, and whether they would not have scented out the pencilled "P. H." on the black-box label much sooner than any Englishman that ever was born; but, perhaps, the sagacity of the Rue de Jérusalem has deteriorated since the days of M. Lecoq. A second weakness in the tale is the treatment of these initials, which play a prominent part, and are continually being referred to. If the reader will compare the facsimile on p. 49 with that on 211, he will see that, though the reproduction is supposed to be exact, the letters are really entirely dissimilar, and that the P. in both is absolutely unlike the P. on p. 95. The letters should have been printed from the same block to secure perfect similarity. Besides this, no detective that knew his business would ever have been deceived by the tumbled bed that "looked as if it had been slept in." As a great French writer long ago remarked, the only way to make a bed look as if it had been slept in is to sleep in it; but this elementary axiom of murder as one of the fine arts is unknown to the gifted murderer. In spite of his *aplomb*, presence of mind, and general foresight, this superior person had his limitations. It entirely failed to strike him that a clergyman of the Church of England might as well acknowledge himself a murderer at once as prove an *alibi* by confessing that he had passed his night—where he did pass it. But the best of us are apt to err, and the clergyman was too new to his work to be quite perfect in his trade. Lastly, the first duty of a detective is surely to hold his tongue, and to resist the temptation of "scoring off" his opponents before the proper time; but our author repeatedly imperils his chances of success, and indeed his own life, by his folly in this respect. Yet, as we have said, the book is interesting and readable enough, and will carry the traveller lightly over the weary miles between London and Peterborough.

Those of us who are acquainted with Mr. Edgar Fawcett's novels are aware that the glories of his language will not always stand examination. Here, for instance, on the very first page of *Divided Lives* is a sentence that will stir the heart's blood of all sentient beings, and will cause the pulses of the coldest to thrill:—"The spring sky had got a translucent daffodil colour, as though the sunken sun had dropped into some awful cauldron of ruin." And, again, "that day had been the wedding-day of the woman whose smile had once fed his being, whose glance had possessed the power to dizzy him with a delicious vertigo, whose touch had held for him the electric energy no wisdom can explain, and no rhapsody can fitly portray." Instead of being grateful to any circumstance which had deprived him of the sensation of vertigo—so little prized by those that go down to the sea in ships or journey along the land in railways—Mr. Hubert Throckmorton is brokenhearted at the loss of Miss Angela Laight, "married that afternoon to a man toward whom her matrimonial motive must have been sordid in the extreme." It was nothing of the sort. She merely broke off her engagement to Hubert Throckmorton and declined to see him again because a mutual friend pointed out a child and its mother as Throckmorton's illegitimate property. Like all heroines of novels, the trust she puts in people is in an inverse ratio to the closeness of her relations with them. She believes in Hubert's guilt, and promptly marries the real culprit in the matter, who bears the astonishing name of Bleakly Voght. Then follows a time graphically described by Mr. Fawcett as one of "grievous worritment," to Angela, and of fruitful literary effort to Hubert, who produces a poem, "the bulk of a novel," entitled *Glenalvan*. This gives Mr. Fawcett a chance to interpolate some unfavourable remarks upon English poets, which he is not slow to take. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* is "an over-estimated literary snarl"; Mr. Swinburne has become "monotonous" with his "fatal recent decadence"; Mr. Browning is a "pietist genius and *poseur* combined, a brilliant yet insolently lazy poet." The glory of these effete writers was but as "the immense pallor of a moonlit sea" to that of *Glenalvan*, but in spite of this fact it fell flat at first; and required the assistance of a review in an influential paper before its power could be "fleetly realized" by the public. If Mr. Throckmorton could only have been content with the triumphs of his pen, he would have spared himself a good deal of worritment, but unluckily one day he pined for field sports. Mr. Bleakly Voght pined for them, too, at the same time and in the same place; the two met and exchanged hard words. Mr. Throckmorton's gun struck the branch of a tree and went off (so *he* said), Mr. Voght fell, and, not unnaturally recognizing some relation between cause and effect, denounced Throckmorton as his murderer. Another period of "grievous worritment" ensues, at the end of which the murderer is discovered to be Voght's servant, the brother of the betrayed girl, who had gone out intending to shoot his master, and had fired at precisely the same instant that Throckmorton's gun had gone off. Verily fiction is stranger than truth! So there being neither legal nor moral impediment further to sunder these *Divided Lives*, they agreed to unite, and to hold each other dearer for "destiny's trying delays." Such is the epitome of Mr. Fawcett's book. "It may be dull, but I'm not complaining," and at all events the elegant vocabulary of the reader is sensibly enlarged by its perusal.

Barbara Allan opens the gate to a very prosy and commonplace world in comparison with the realms of magnificence we have lately been studying. From no point of view can the story be said to be very exciting, yet it is cleverly and carefully told, and bears abundant evidence of good workmanship. Pious-tongued and defrauding elders are not so common in fiction as they once were, and the portrait of the decadence of Provost Allan, which begins with the inner man and ends with the outer, is sober and well drawn. That of Baillie Whittet, his friend, and the candidate for Barbara's hand, is not quite so consistent. It is to be doubted if a man who had led a narrow and sordid (and not very honest) life till he was fifty would suddenly become all that was high-minded and chivalrous through falling in love with a young girl. The traditions of men's habits bind them down in spite of their wishes, and few can succeed in freeing themselves as completely from the burden of their sins as did Baillie Whittet. Barbara and her two old aunts are pleasant and natural, but without anything very distinctive about them. Still, Miss Cleland knows what she is writing about, and can lend a certain interest to the homely scenes she describes by virtue of her plain and straightforward manner of telling about them.

Nothing more innocent and ignorant ever was written than *A Happy Wooing*, by Miss Cliffe Halliday. It is quite beautiful to see her faith in the young aristocrat with the dark blue eyes who is all powerful in every relation of life, who by a careless word had "changed a plain woman into a professional beauty, had given a name and a banking account to an obscure and mediocre actress" (a distinctly unjustifiable act, by the way), "had made the fortune of a novel, had saved a tottering play." The professional beauty, the actress, and the play have to be taken on trust; but ample evidence is given us about the novel. The all-powerful young man, Mr. Silver, had a friend, one Adam Ash, who wrote a novel. Like other novels, before and since, it was rejected by the publisher; and Adam was in such despair he put a revolver to his head. In this critical situation he was discovered (through the keyhole) by two friends of Mr. Silver's—the Miss Moneys, heiresses, from the South Pacific. They force an entrance, confiscate the revolver, and call surreptitiously on the publishers on the way home to arrange the financial part of the matter and to dictate a letter, by which the publishers, in the most artless manner, inform Mr. Ash that their clerk had made a mistake, and not only would they give him 200*l.* for his book, but would publish it at once. On top of this Mr. Silver "gave out his intention of calling on Messrs. Sawyer & Sharp. They would listen to his opinion with something more than respect, and he would tell them what he thought of *The Fatal Secret* and its gifted author; and the book should be puffed and advertised in every quarter as no three-volume novel in the United Kingdom had ever been puffed and advertised before" (vol. i. p. 138). And he was as good as his word. Before *The Fatal Secret* even appeared "the word had gone forth to 'write up' the book; and so its publishers cheerfully set to work to advertise its appearance, regardless of expense" (vol. i. p. 290). This, no doubt, is a faithful account of the way in which the outside world regards literary transactions. Nothing is ever accepted on its own merit; no publisher's reader ever has sufficient instinct or gains sufficient experience to know bad from good; still less does such a thing exist as honest and disinterested criticism. Yet the work referred to is supposed to be what the detestable slang

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* *The Black Box Murder.* London: Remington. 1889.
Divided Lives. By Edgar Fawcett. London: Henry J. Drane. 1889.
Barbara Allan. By R. Cleland. 2 vols. London: Blackwood. 1889.
A Happy Wooing. By H. Cliffe Halliday. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1889.

of the day would describe as "an epoch-making" work. The social part of *A Happy Wooing* is equal to the description of literary matters in the felicity with which the author lays down the law on subjects of which she knows little. The two Miss Moneys are an aunt and a niece fabulously rich and young enough to be very attractive. Indeed the aunt, a model of grace and refinement, is habitually spoken of by a young man of the aristocracy as "toppin' fun"; while she increases his already high opinion of her by one day inquiring if he is not a "Jubilee Juggins." There is a good deal of this delicate wit scattered about, as well as some rapturous descriptions of ladies' dresses. The meanest intelligence guesses, on the first page, that the elder Miss Money is not the younger's aunt, but her sister, and she has assumed this disguise in order to dispense with a chaperon. The division of the South Pacific wealth is a little puzzling; for when, on the same day, the two Miss Moneys refuse the two young men who think them "toppin' fun," one sister says to her suitor, "It is Jane who is the heiress"; while the other remarks, "It all belongs to Minnie." However, on the day that both are united to the men of their hearts—Mr. Ash and his advertising medium, Mr. Silver—the mystery is cleared up by their black man of business from the South Pacific. It is announced by him that Mr. Money, late guano exporter, had a holy horror of interested marriages; so this artless person resolved to prevent the possibility of his daughters falling a prey to fortune-hunters by making *three* wills—one genuine, to be left in the island, dividing the money, and two sham ones, which he gave to each of his daughters, bequeathing in each the money to the other, so that she might "forget the real will," and, with a clear conscience, declare to all and sundry that she was a pauper. Was ever such a farrago of nonsense strung together? The book has nothing to be said for it except that it is harmless; but it is dull and unreal, and generally vulgar.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL-BOOKS, MOSTLY AMERICAN.*

MR. COLLAR'S book is excellent in design, though scarcely so original as he appears to think. It contains some fifty pages of Latin text, consisting of a condensed account of the seven kings of Rome, and of selections from Nepos, Cæsar, and Cicero. These selections are divided into paragraphs of convenient length, and to each section there are two sets of English-Latin exercises based on the text, one consisting of short sentences for reading in class, the other being a reproduction, with varied constructions, of the subject-matter of the original passage. The latter is, of course, to be turned into Latin prose. It is clear that Mr. Collar has given much thought and labour to working out his idea, and the result is a very satisfactory book. The exercises are carefully graduated in difficulty, and the greatest possible amount of practice in Latin composition is got out of each passage. It is to be regretted that Mr. Collar did not abstain from the practice, which is becoming too common among compilers of school-books, of writing a preface on the general principles of teaching the subject with which the book deals. He quotes a familiar passage from Ascham on the benefits of retranslation, and then proceeds to assume that "for three hundred years we have neglected the wise words of the old schoolmaster," and so forth; in fact, that from the death of Ascham until the coming of Mr. Collar teachers of Latin have misunderstood their trade. We can assure Mr. Collar that in England, at any rate, teachers of the better sort have been fully alive to the value of retranslation, and we could show him half a dozen Latin school-books whose purpose is to teach Latin writing by a method akin to his own. But no one can resent his artless pride in his discovery, or rediscovery. He writes in no arrogant tone—rather in naïve unconsciousness that he is advancing any extraordinary claims to consideration. It is a pity that he could not puff his own wares without depreciating a work which he does not name, but which is evidently T. K. Arnold's *Introduction to Latin Prose Composition*. For years this book has been one of the most valuable guides to sound scholarship, and it is likely to remain so when Mr. Collar's work, good as it is, is furnishing wrappers for its inevitable successor.

Mr. Hogue's work on Attic irregular verbs lays no claim to originality, but it should be useful as a school-book. It gives tolerably full information on points of accidence, meaning, and syntax, and also the chief derivatives, both Greek and English, of each verb. Some very odd words are included among the English derivatives, the most absurd being "sozodont," which he gravely puts down under *σώζω*. Why not also include the advertising hairdresser's "caloplokamous fluid," and that grim word "ecoscevephoron," which one now and then sees painted on a furniture van? A certain amount of casual information is given parenthetically; for instance, under *μάχη* we find *νίκη* and *νικάω*, *ἧττά* and *ἡττάομαι*. If students are to work steadily through the book, and not merely use it as a book of reference, such information may help them to acquire a vocabulary, but in that case it should be given more systematically. It is a little odd that the compiler of a book of this kind should not have seen Mr. Rutherford's *New Phrynichus*—which appeared, we fancy, at least eight years ago—until he had almost finished his task. A writer on Attic forms can hardly be called fully equipped without some knowledge of that work.

Mr. Flagg's edition of *Iphigenia in Tauris* is a respectable school edition, and no more. The notes explain all that needs explanation, and a good deal that does not, and they contain far too much translation. Taking the *Parodos* as an example, we find that a tolerably intelligent youth might prepare his lesson with very little use of his lexicon. Not merely words, but passages several lines long which present no sort of difficulty, are translated, and often very nicely translated; but an edition for school use is not the place for these literary essays. A good translation of the text may with advantage be set before boys when they have worked out the meaning for themselves; as an aid to preparation it only encourages idleness. Mr. Flagg's introduction is open to similar criticism. It is about as long as the play itself. It deals with the legend, the plot and construction of the play, the metres, and so forth; but it is overloaded with more or less irrelevant matter, and spoilt as an instrument of teaching by attempts at fine writing. If it were cut down to half its present length it would be very much more useful than it actually is. As the notes are printed at the foot of the page, the accompanying volume, containing the text alone, will be found convenient for use in class.

Mr. Owen's little volume of *Ovid, Tristia, III.*, is an excellent school edition. The notes give all needful help towards interpretation of the text, and those on Roman topography, in III. 1, are excellent. Many editors of classical texts might learn a useful lesson on the necessary difference between school editions and editions for scholars by comparing this work with Mr. Owen's recently published critical edition of the *Tristia*.

* *Practical Latin Composition.* By William C. Collar, A.M., Headmaster, Roxburg Latin School. Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.

The Irregular Verbs of Attic Prose; their Forms, Prominent Meanings, and Important Compounds; together with Lists of Related Words and English Derivatives. By Addison Hogue, Professor of Greek in the University of Mississippi. Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.

Euripides—Iphigenia among the Taurians. Edited by Isaac Flagg. Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.

Ovid—Tristia. Book III. With Introduction and Notes. By S. G. Owen, M.A., formerly Exhibitioner of Balliol College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

RUSSIA IN CENTRAL ASIA.*

WE have hardly more than one fault to find with Mr. Curzon's book on Central Asia, and it must be confessed that this is no large allowance. The dedication "To the great army of Russophobes who mislead others, and Russophiles whom others mislead, I dedicate this book, which will be found equally disrespectful to the ignoble terrors of the one and the perverse complacency of the others." We happen ourselves to be in a good position for judging this performance, being neither Russophobe nor Russophil, and having for a good many years laboured in the direction on which Mr. Curzon announces his progress. But the form of his proclamation is perhaps a little too suggestive of the clever young man who, having taken "all the prizes at Oxford College, which is the best college in the world" (it was "the other shop" in the original, but no matter), having been provided with the advantages of a seat in Parliament and a pocket full of money to make the grand tour, comes home to set everybody on both sides right. Never was a more erroneous impression given by bush of wine. Mr. Curzon does, indeed, here and there somewhat partake of that infallibility which is the birthright of the youngest, and he has small bursts here and there of very nice writing which dimly suggest (and very pleasant memories, too) the dome of the Radcliffe, and the little desks in the old Divinity School, and the Essays which a man used to send in with ingenious mottos chosen from recondite literature. But there is no harm in this, and on the whole the book is a really excellent specimen of political travel, full of learning and information, without being over-stuffed with either, light and pleasantly written without "travellers' thorn-crackling," patriotic without spread-eagleism, and polite to foreigners without xenomania. It is certainly the best book which has yet appeared in England on the subject; and that by no means merely or even chiefly because it is the latest.

The measureless lying of the Russophiles, whom Mr. Curzon in the dedication kindly lets off as "misled," has appeared nowhere better than in the fact that they have already claimed Mr. Curzon himself as a witness on the Russian side. The excuse for this is that, like sensible people in general and ourselves in particular, he disclaims the notion that a reasonable Englishman dislikes Russians as Russians, or a reasonable Russian dislikes Englishmen as Englishmen; that he admits to the full that Russian rule, however sanguinary in its installation, and however crooked the diplomatic ways which precede it, means the putting down of anarchy and the introduction of civilization; and that he also admits to the full that England has herself to blame for the *déboires* of the past and the dangers of the future—that her own blindness, shilly-shallying, and reluctance to draw the knightly sword before blowing feeble blasts of irresolute defiance on the horn are far more culpable than the fraud and force of Russia. So says he, and so say all of us who keep our brains. But no Englishman that we know of has, while keeping correct form of speech, expressed himself more unhesitatingly about the conduct of Russia. He condemns Skobeleff's blood-bath at Geok Tepe almost more severely than we could do ourselves;

* *Russia in Central Asia.* By the Hon. G. Curzon, M.P. London: Longmans & Co.

for the Cromwellian policy has, no doubt, often answered well in such cases, and particularly in this case. He speaks somewhere of a certain diplomatic engagement as one "which only a Russian diplomatist could bring himself to give, and only an English one could bring himself to believe." And these are his words as to the Stolietoff mission:—

> It shattered the pretty theory of the British Russophiles like a house of cards. That a Power at peace with ourselves, in the face of an old standing engagement that Afghanistan should remain outside the sphere of its influence, and with the ink upon a fresh international agreement [the Treaty of Berlin, known by Stolietoff to be signed] scarcely dry, should deliberately instigate to war an ally of our own, and throw the shield of its patronage over a course of the meanest chicane, was more than the most devoted partisan could stomach. So far as I know, the good faith of Russia has never, on either side in politics, found an honest spokesman since.

We can only say, borrowing partly from Colonel Macartney, "Faith, then, there's a many dishonest ones"; and, wishing these dishonest ones joy of Mr. Curzon, we quit that part of the matter.

Mr. Curzon (as people who do not forget newspaper paragraphs and magazine articles may remember) acquired his actual experience of things Central Asian when the Transcaspian Railway was formally opened to Samarcand last year, and when he formed part of a small company of tourists "Cooked" by the Société des Wagons Lits, and sanctioned (not, in Mr. Curzon's case, without immense out-reeling of red tape and great searchings of heart) by the numerous Russian authorities who have to do with the matter. For passports (and those, too, things compared to which the ordinary passport is a mere scrap of paper costing nothing and worth nothing) are very real things in Transcaspia, and many a tourist has been stopped and left to foam at the mouth in his book afterwards for want of them. The line, however, has been repeatedly described by newspaper Correspondents and travellers; and, though Mr. Curzon's remarks on it will be new to many readers, and are agreeable reading for all, they do not contain novel information to those who have studied the matter. On Bokhara, Samarcand, and Tashkent he is, if not absolutely novel, newer. But even where he is actually recounting travel he has an eye to the second part of his title, "The Anglo-Russian Question"; and thereafter he has three long chapters, amounting to fully one-third of his book, on this general question and the bearing of his own observations and those of others upon it.

These views do not greatly differ from those which have often been urged here, and which, with modifications of personal opinion, are held by most people who have been privileged to know the enormous revolution of theory and practice which has taken place of very late years in the highest political and military quarters of India. Where a few years ago there was a welter of wrangling between "forwards" and "backwards," with occasionally a vain effort to get the Home Government to appreciate the situation, there has now for some time past been a plan of operations arranged for almost every contingency, and in no few respects actually carried out. Briefly, then, Mr. Curzon thinks, and has good reason for thinking, that, while a Russian invasion of India would now be a very perilous thing for the Russians, it is deliberately contemplated by them, not so much with any definite hope of actual conquest, as in the light of a means of paralysing England in Europe. He sketches the well-known plans for such an invasion, and comments on the curious delusion about Indian risings which all Russians entertain, and in which they are encouraged by some Frenchmen. Then he goes off into the question what England should do in case of a further Russian advance. His views on the Afghan part of this question are mainly, though by no means wholly, in accordance with the views above referred to, especially as regards the earnestness with which he deprecates a premature acceptance of the Russian plan of actual conterminous marches between British and Russian Afghanistan. So, also, when he comes to Persia, he follows good authority in regarding Northern Persia as past praying for (though he considers the possession of Khorassan by Russia as the greatest of dangers, because of the provision of supplies thus afforded), but urging the extension of a corresponding and counterbalancing supremacy for England in Southern Persia, and especially in Seistan and along the Gulf. Here, also, readers of the *Saturday Review* will be not unprepared for his views. And he will have nothing whatever to hear of expelling Russia from the Khanates or from once-independent Turkestan—in which, indeed, he is right enough, for it is too late. We certainly do not want to go there, even if we could turn Russia out; and that being the case, we could not prevent her from coming back.

Although in some slight respects we may differ with Mr. Curzon (for instance, as to the "blessings of civilization," whether they are illustrated by Geok Tepe or by Ganjam); and while we think that, like some other people, he has not entirely cleared up his mind as to what he would do, say, if he were dictator to-morrow, and Colonel Alikhanoff tried to do Penjdeh over again, we recommend his book very heartily. It is, as becomes the work of a scholar as well as a man of the world, amply furnished with statistics and bibliography, with extracts of treaties and chronological tables. But, what is much more important, it also contains a lucid view of the actual state of affairs, and plenty of sound and sensible argument as to the probable consequences of that state, the duties which it imposes, and so forth. We only hope that it will find more readers than books of the kind usually have. By all means let us wish with Mr. Curzon a future of beneficence, and even of splendour, to the Central Asian dominion of the Czar. We are, we repeat, not aware that any sane Englishman wishes anything else, or has any further petition to make of that august monarch than that he will cease to reward his servants for putting, or trying to put, their hands into our pockets. To all Central Asia, properly so-called, Russia is quite welcome. She is not welcome to Afghanistan, she is not welcome to Persia (even Northern Persia), and we should more decidedly than Mr. Curzon does intimate to her that any further advance southwards will mean war out of hand and immediate. But that is the extent of our Russophobia—a surely harmless desire to keep the honest man out of the closets which are, or which open into, our own. No one, it would seem, can be much more certain than Mr. Curzon himself that the honest man will want a great deal of keeping out, and that we shall have to sleep with at least one eye open, and at least one fist clenched, if we wish not to wake and find that he has got in, and that our hands, in a different sense from his, are in our pockets.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY.*

THIS Dictionary appears with the names of a most extensive staff of collaborators. Without disputing the competence of these gentlemen in the special subjects which are mentioned under their names, we are free to confess that the names are mostly unknown to us. That may be due to our British ignorance. The Editor-in-chief is Mr. Whitney, who is well known on both sides of the Atlantic as a Sanskrit scholar and comparative philologist. We are far from suggesting that Mr. Whitney is not perfectly competent to edit an English Dictionary; nevertheless the days are past when Sanskrit was supposed to be the key to all Aryan languages, and every one who knew Sanskrit was expected to know and to teach comparative philology by nature. Philology, however, is not the main strength of this Dictionary. What it turns out to be is an improved *Imperial Dictionary*, with the technical element considerably reinforced, and a certain amount of much condensed philology worked in. The copyright of the *Imperial Dictionary* has been in some way acquired for the purposes of the present work, and terms have also been made with the owners of certain American copyrights alleged to have been infringed in the *Imperial Dictionary* itself. We are not told that the *Imperial Dictionary* has surrendered or merged its separate existence and rights; but it is difficult to see how the practical effect can be much less than a fusion.

One warning must be given to students of the language—a warning which is to some extent conveyed by the title, but which might be overlooked. This Dictionary aims at being an "encyclopedic lexicon." It is (like the *Imperial Dictionary*) illustrated with pretty frequent woodcuts, and the letterpress goes into scientific and technical explanation, often with minute detail. The philology and history of the English language, as a language, take a secondary rank. Accordingly, there can be no question of *The Century Dictionary* competing with the *Oxford English Dictionary* edited by Dr. Murray. It does not purport to do the same work, and, on the other hand, although it will be a much smaller book when completed, it undertakes various things which a philological dictionary, not being encyclopedic, purposely leaves aside. Dr. Murray's work has been "consulted" for A and part of B. For the future Dr. Murray will have in return whatever advantage he can get by consulting Mr. Whitney, or rather Mr. Whitney's collaborators. From such comparison as we have made of words in this first part with the same words in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, we are not disposed to think this will be very much. We have written "consulted" in quotation marks for a reason. Mr. Whitney and his staff, whom we shall now take leave to call the Centurions, have done less or more than consulting the *Oxford Dictionary* in the ordinary sense. We look out *Anastatic*, the name of a facsimile printing process now pretty well superseded. We find under it a mistaken explanation—namely, the reference of the name to the idea of printing from a *raised* plate instead of *reviving*. This mistake occurs also in the earlier issues of the first part of the *Oxford Dictionary*, but is corrected in later copies. Here, then, the Centurions have fallen short of what they might have justly done in the way of consultation. But, again, the season of the year moves us to look out *All-hallows*, with its offshoot *All-hallown-summer*, the good name of a good thing, whose substance we have been enjoying for sundry days. It is a word which the previous dictionary-makers have had little of any importance to say to. Here we find either a singular coincidence of independent researches in both the matter and the form of the result, or a little group of articles taken straight out of the *Oxford Dictionary*, with just so much condensation of the philology as makes them fit into the "encyclopedic" scheme. We do not charge the Centurions with an unfair use of Dr. Murray's materials. They could not be expected not to profit by good work done before them, though not much before; and it is difficult to see how else, in some cases, they could have used it at all.

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* *The Century Dictionary: an Encyclopedic Lexicon of the English Language.* Prepared under the superintendence of William Dwight Whitney. 6 vols. Vol. I. New York: The Century Company; London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1889.

But this is surely a little more than consulting—as we understand consulting on this side of the ocean. It has been usual hitherto, as between scholars and gentlemen, to be rather more frank and full in acknowledgment of this kind of borrowing.

In matters of literary history and usage the *Century Dictionary* is altogether too meagre and too vague to be considered materially helpful to a student. Such forms of citation as "*Lamb,* Elia"; "Coleridge"; "*Carlyle,* Sartor Resartus, p. 40" (what edition?); "Hallam"; "Dickens"; "Granville"; are of constant occurrence, and the quotations are never dated. The word *Abide* is illustrated by, among other things, a passage from some one of the many English translations of *The Imitation of Christ,* of which neither the date nor the authorship is specified. Such a citation is, of course, absolutely without use or value. It proves only that the word was used by somebody at some time within about two hundred years.

On the other hand, those who seek encyclopædic knowledge will find a neat little optical essay under "Aberration," a definition of the absolute zero under "Absolute," the latest Italian opinions (without references) about Andrea Ferrara under that name (without a single literary example), and much more of the like sort. They may learn that, "though the adder is venomous, its bite is not certainly known to be fatal"; that add, attach, affix, annex, are different words, and do not precisely mean the same thing; and that the German word *Abzug,* more or less mispronounced, is used in (British or American?) metallurgy to signify "the first scum appearing on the surface of lead in the cupel." As this jumble of odds and ends from all kinds of arts and sciences has been produced by enterprising publishers, and a philologist of reputation has given his name to it as "Editor-in-chief," we must assume that it is an article for which there is a demand somewhere. If so, let it be made and sold by all means. But let it not hold itself out as an object of scientific or literary interest.

THE TREASURY OF SACRED SONG.*

THIS handsome volume contains a series of lyrical pieces of a religious character, selected from the poetry of the last four centuries, with notes, biographical and explanatory, and a very brief preface by the present Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Mr. Palgrave says plainly that his first aim and leading principle in making this selection has been "to offer poetry for poetry's sake"; and he foresees, we must admit justly, that many of his readers will miss poems of "spiritual aid and comfort," as well as those which tend strictly to edification, and for this omission he seems hardly to make a sufficient, or sufficiently definite, apology. He thinks that "the subtle yet powerful aid of melody in words and beauty in form" will secure effectually "the elevation and enlightenment of the soul," which, no doubt, is true, but does not quite account either for leaving out such poems as

When I survey the wondrous Cross,

which most readers will think one of Watts's most happy efforts, or Miss Elliott's "Thy will be done," nor yet for including Keble's

There is a book who runs may read,

which leads off with a misquotation from the Bible, or Smart's

When Israel's ruler on the royal bed.

True, the first-named hymn is chiefly calculated for "spiritual aid and comfort," but it has all the elements necessary to poetry in its composition, and, as given in Watts's *Hymns,* not as in *The Book of Praise,* it contains a verse little known, but well worth quoting:—

His dying crimson like a robe
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

This comes before the last verse:—

Were the whole realm of nature mine.

We also miss another of Watts's which seems, to an old-fashioned taste at least, to contain some poetry, although it is so simple that a child can understand and appreciate it to a great extent:—"There is a land of pure delight." What has Mr. Palgrave to offer us better than this?

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

The very simplicity of Watts tends to blind the reader to his many merits, while, no doubt, his too easy flow of versification makes a careful examination of all his work a serious task. As we are on the subject of Mr. Palgrave's shortcomings, we may note, before proceeding to examine his collection more closely, some other omissions, for which it is not very easy to account. For example, we should expect to find "There is a fountain fill'd with blood," because, though perhaps controversial, it is thoroughly poetical. We could have better understood Lord Selborne's omission of such a hymn, but we find it in its place in *The Book of Praise.* Doctrine has not prevented Mr. Palgrave from printing Toplady's little known "Compared with Christ, in all beside." As another, and very serious omission, we may note that Mr. Palgrave has given us no example of Giles Fletcher. True, Fletcher is eccentric, but there is real poetry in some of his compositions, as, for example, in his triumphal hymn

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,

which the late Dr. Neale—no mean judge—considered to be among the most beautiful religious poems in the English language. Among modern writers we do not find anything by the lamented Mrs. Craik, yet Mr. Palgrave has few poems finer than her "Fishermen, not of Galilee," or her "Psalm for New Year's Eve." We also miss the Advent hymn, "Lo! He comes," a work of very composite origin. "From Greenland's icy mountains" is, no doubt, very hackneyed, but we can hardly comprehend its omission, or that of Addison's "The spacious firmament on high." We could mention others that most people would expect to find in such a collection as this, but may try to explain their absence by concluding that Mr. Palgrave does not consider their poetry of a sufficiently elevated character. Here, of course, every one has his own opinion.

Poetry is not a thing to be defined; but all poetry must have one quality—it must be, literally, touching. It must appeal directly to our feelings. And this is more true of religious poetry than of any other. It was remarked on a former occasion when Mr. Palgrave edited a volume of selected songs and lyrics that he left out certain pathetic verses on the ground that they were only ingenious. It may be that some kinds of pathos do not touch him; but pathos of almost all kinds is the chief characteristic of religious poetry, and pervades nine out of ten successful hymns—being, in fact, the very element to which their success in touching our feelings is owed. To a religious mind, no doubt, mere doggerel, if it puts pious thoughts into words, may pass for poetry; and Mr. Palgrave is right in having endeavoured, as far as possible, to abstract his mind from such influences. In the result we cannot but feel that he has carried his efforts too far, and injured his book by so doing. Here, however, we may cease to find fault; and, allowing that there is room for such a volume as this beside *The Book of Praise,* we may proceed to examine its contents.

Mr. Palgrave begins with a specimen of "the fine flower of expiring Medievalism," in an ode on the Nativity by William Dunbar. It is little known, but contains some beautiful verses, as, for example:—

Who ever in earth heard so blythe a story,
Or tidings of so great felicity?
As how the garthé of all grace and glory,
For love and mercy hath ta'en humanity.

Mr. Palgrave explains "garthé" as "garden." He tells us of Dunbar that he was considered by Sir Walter Scott "a poet unrivalled by any that Scotland has ever produced." Nevertheless, we cannot but regret that Mr. Palgrave has not led off with "Hierusalem, my happy home," the more so because it appears to be, if not the oldest hymn in the language, at any rate the oldest still in constant use. The extract from the beautiful devotional poetry of Lord Vaux is all too short. The two sonnets, by Sir Philip Sidney and Shakspeare, are well contrasted; and Spenser's poem on "Heavenly Love" will be welcomed, and new to many readers. The twelfth piece in the collection is the first which can be strictly described as a hymn, and is headed "O that I had wings like a dove." It is anonymous, and apparently so little known that Lord Selborne has overlooked it. The last verse may be quoted:—

My weary wings, sweet Jesu, mark,
And when thou thinkest best
Stretch forth Thy arm from out the ark,
And take me to Thy rest.

Of this poem Mr. Palgrave tells us that it is attributed to a certain Nicholas Postgate, a "seminary priest," who was put to death at York in 1679 for exercising illegal priestly functions. The sixteenth piece is also anonymous; it was printed, as Mr. Palgrave tells us, as early as 1601, and therefore would appear to be older than any of the foregoing. This we have already named—

Hierusalem, my happy home—

a hymn of which Lord Selborne remarks, that it is "the true English source of all the New Jerusalem hymns of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries." Mr. Palgrave seems rather to regard it as an echo of Cardinal Peter Damiani's *Ad perennis vitæ fontem*; but the resemblance, except of a few verses, is not close, and there is not a single passage of direct translation. The late Dr. Neale printed it in a little volume on the *Joys and Glories of Paradise,* from the manuscript copy in the British Museum, and his version contains some stanzas we feel sure Mr. Palgrave would have included if he had seen them. Dr. Neale's fourth verse runs thus:—

No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun;
There God himself gives light.

And towards the end, in addition to the stanza beginning "Our Lady sings *Magnificat,*" there are two which still more clearly show marks of the origin of the hymn among the Elizabethan Romanists. In the first there is mention of

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* *The Treasury of Sacred Song.* Selected by Francis T. Palgrave. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1889.

St. Ambrose and St. Austin, and of "Ould Simeon and Zacharie," and the second runs thus:—

> There Magdalene hath left her mone
> And cheerfullie doth singe
> With blessed saints, whose harmonie
> In everie street doth ringe.

In all, Mr. Palgrave's version consists of eleven verses; while Dr. Neale has printed twenty-six. Our ordinary hymn-books only, as a rule, contain about half a dozen. The author seems to have been a friar whose initials were B. P., but so far he has not been further identified.

We have perhaps delayed too long over what is probably the oldest of English hymns still in use; having done so partly because Mr. Palgrave seems to have hardly appreciated its importance. But there is so much in this volume to tempt the reader to linger and learn, that we must be content to indicate briefly its scope and Mr. Palgrave's undoubted success in forming for us a religious anthology of the highest value. Not confining himself solely to hymns, but ranging over the whole field of Christian lyrical verse, he is able to introduce his readers to Henry Vaughan, as well as to Herbert and Donne, and others who are better known, and to comprehend Milton's "Ode on the Nativity," with Lady Nairne's "Land o' the Leal," and Clough's *Qui Laborat Orat*, with Lord Tennyson's dramatic scene "In a Children's Hospital." It is interesting to see the three Tennyson brothers, as well as Lady Tennyson, represented here. The arrangement of the whole work is mainly chronological. Book I. ends with Shepherd, who died in 1739. Book II. begins with Cowley, includes Ken, Tate, Watts, Toplady, Wesley, and all that great school of hymn-writers down to Mrs. Barbauld, who died in 1825. The modern school begins in Book III. with Heber, and includes a large selection from Keble and many beautiful poems of later and even contemporary writers, though the editor, with an uncommon modesty, has excluded any extracts from his own work. The biographical and explanatory notes are full of new and interesting information over which it would be only too easy to linger; and the volume concludes with an index of first lines and a list of the hymn-writers quoted, with their dates. We observe that Dr. Horatius Bonar is mentioned without date, as if still living; a sweet singer was lost to the Church when he died some two or three years ago.

REMINISCENCES AND MEMORIES.*

THE author of *Reminiscences of a Boyhood* is, in the words of Iago, a "wight" to "chronicle small beer." He is a worthy and an educated old gentleman, whose views upon most subjects win admiration and respect. A dweller, apparently, in Sleepy Hollow, he has let the world run on almost out of his sight, and has, it must almost seem, fallen back upon the tales of his youth, as Heine sang, to solace his loneliness, or cover his fright. He is at some pains to hide his identity, and the facts that his Christian name is Lancelot, shortened by his intimates into "Lanti," that he was born early in the century in the North of Ireland, of a genuine Irish stock, adopted by an aunt, and educated in Edinburgh, constitute practically all the information concerning himself he vouchsafes. He is at no pains to grace with flowers of rhetoric or sympathy the bare scaffolding of his revelations. In a book avowedly concerning boyhood it is, of course, unjust to expect a closing carillon of wedding bells. Our author delights, however, to maintain an air of mystery. What has been his profession, who he is, and whether he ever married, are subjects on which he forbids the reader to seek for information. To him and to all he elects to remain a shadow. In this there is nothing of which to complain. During the period in which he is accompanied by the reader he undergoes two sharpish attacks of calf-love, and in the prosperity, or otherwise, of his wooing he is scarcely able to interest himself. His sisters are, however, fairly sympathetic, and a word or two more as to their fortunes would have been welcome.

Practically, then, the book supplies a few incidents, they cannot be called adventures, in a singularly uneventful career—a few reflections distinguished for justice and piety rather than novelty, quotations from half a dozen or a dozen poets, from Gray to Mr. Matthew Arnold, and a few stories, told principally at second-hand, and not too easy of acceptance. What is individual in men or things the author fails to grasp. No picture of Edinburgh or of Westmoreland is conveyed, there is scarcely a touch of local colour, and the characters by which he is surrounded are as ghostlike and impalpable as he declares himself. Once in the early chapters an uncle is shot in the shoulder by a robber, and near the close the hero fights a drawn battle with a schoolmate. Here is all the direct adventure of the book; for twice-told anecdotes are not entitled to count. The whole, in short, to make a very honouring comparison,

> is silly sooth,
> And dallies with the innocence of youth
> Like the old age.

A reader in a happy frame of mind may ramble on to the end amused at trivialities, suspicious of assertions, interested in his own despite. If we could accept as true all that is put before us, the borders of the partly known world would be indefinitely enlarged, and societies for psychical research would have their hands full. As a proof of Milesian descent, the family is entitled to a Banshee, and a Banshee it accordingly has. Every death is heralded by heart-broken lamentations, sobbings, and cries from the adjacent trees. This, however, is nothing. Our author himself sees the sun dance on Easter Day. This pretty and poetical superstition is known to folklorists, and accepted by Suckling, in the famous lines:—

> She dances such a way,
> No sun upon an Easter Day
> Is half so fine a sight.

Hitherto no case of credible evidence attesting its truth has been produced. Our author, however, gets up at about four or five o'clock, needlessly early, it might be assumed, and this is what he sees:—"There were the sun and moon, as astronomers would say, in conjunction, the moon, a silvery lucid orb, close to the glowing globe of the sun, and then began some solemn and mystic movement, a rhythmic dance, slow and stately, in undulating and harmonious motion, as if they moved to the music of the spheres." Similar sharpness of apprehension was not confined to the sight. It extended to the hearing and other faculties. In the last chapter he chronicles the death of his aunt, by whom he was adopted:—

> On Holy Eve my aunt died; and as I stood by that death-bed, I say it solemnly and truly, I heard the rush of the spirit as it left the body and passed by me, and was borne as on wings upward. The sound was like the sweep of a strong current of air; nor was it a sound only; it was as if the passage of the spirit could be *felt*, just as a strong wind touches your cheek or stirs your hair.

"Such tricks hath strong imagination!" Stories even more marvellous than these are told on report, and many interesting relics of superstitious belief are quoted. Far more credible and stimulating are, however, the few facts that are given concerning animals. A gander named "Jack" is lovingly depicted, his friendship with old "Tally-ho," a blind horse, whom twice every day he led to the water, is very touching, and his death—accidentally killed by his blind companion, who subsequently refused food and pined away—is harrowing. In dealing with points such as this our author is at his best.

Of critics the writer has no very high opinion, and he propounds a question we will not strive to answer:—"How can criticism be considered as an art when men ignorant alike of art or culture, whose opinion you would not take in the commonest matters, are engaged to deliver judgment on works into whose merits they can but very imperfectly enter?" An anonymous instance of a man of this class engaged on a literary periodical of importance is advanced.

While in Edinburgh the hero visited occasionally the theatre, and saw Kean in Richard III., Charles Young in Hamlet and Macbeth, and other actors in less important parts. His admiration is warm rather than articulate. He does not, at least, convey any new impression as to the actors concerned, and, like many inexperienced critics, cannot discriminate between the claims of the author and those of the interpreter. His visits to the theatre appear to have been few, and he looks askance upon stage exhibitions, collecting opinions hostile to them, and thinking it better to deny himself the pleasure of the theatre than to sanction by his presence "an amusement which involves grave moral danger to those who, from their physical gifts and mental susceptibilities, are drawn by the fascinations of the acted drama to make the stage a profession."

We part from our author with some regret. He has little to tell that is worth telling, and the world will not pause to listen to his counsel or his pleadings. He leads us, however, by quiet footpaths through a pleasant, if not very picturesque, land, and he opens out to us a nature which commands our sympathies, if it cannot extort our admiration.

Lester Wallack's *Memories of Fifty Years* have been collected by Mr. Laurence Hutton, a Boswell to this histrionic Johnson. To completeness or consecutiveness they make no pretence, having been recounted in familiar conversation, taken down by a stenographer, and published without full supervision from Wallack, who died before the whole was transcribed. Very pleasant reading do they constitute, and the volume, overflowing with portraits and other illustrations, is an agreeable possession. That the reminiscences are in the full sense trustworthy cannot be said. What memories—theatrical memories especially—extending over fifty years can be so? Much valuable and some important information is however conveyed, and the book, besides being agreeable reading, is a welcome contribution to stage history. Especially useful is Mr. Hutton's preliminary history of the Wallack family.

Nothing specially exciting is there in Lester Wallack's career, which was successful from the first. He entered on the boards by the golden gate, and though, with an artistic conscientiousness which is eminently creditable, he determined, on adopting the stage as a profession, to live on his very moderate earnings, and vexed his mother's soul by refusing to accept eleemosynary five-pound notes, he knew few or none of the pangs which at that period used to afflict the young actor. From the moment he grows loquacious it is, very creditably, concerning those he meets rather than himself. His garrulity concerning these gives a chief grace to the book. First he becomes acquainted with a "young cornet

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* *Reminiscences of a Boyhood in the early part of the Century: a Fragment of a Life.* A New Story by an Old Hand. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1889.

Memories of Fifty Years. By Lester Wallack. With an Introduction by Laurence Hutton. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1889.

in the Fifth Dragoon Guards," six feet six in height, and "a remarkably handsome, though boyish, looking fellow." This is Sir William Don, concerning whose artistic career he has not much to say. Don had, however, a little of the true comedian, and his wife, Emily Sanders, or Saunders, was, thirty-five years ago, an attraction at the Edinburgh Theatre. He witnessed the Post-Office riots in Dublin *à propos* to Bianconi, in which, with his regiment, Don dispersed the mob. Of the sharpness of Dublin audiences he has much to say. At Manchester he was Benedick to the Beatrice of Miss Helen Faucit, now Lady Martin, and speaks of her "as one of the most sympathetic actresses who ever walked the English stage." G. V. Brooke made, it is said, when first, at the Olympic, he came out as Othello, "almost as great a hit as Edmund Kean did when he appeared as Shylock." His success "was instantaneous and complete; but, unlike that of Kean, it was not followed up at all." C. J. Mathews and his two wives are described, Mathews himself being exhibited in a favourable light. Wallack's warmest admiration is bestowed upon Herr Barnay, the German actor, whom he saw in light comedy, as well as in Mark Antony and Lear. The sisters Cushman, Benjamin Webster, Mr. Dion Boucicault, are dealt with; and, on the strength of his father's memories, some fairly good stories are told of Wewitzer and Elliston. Playing Falstaff in *Henry IV.* the latter was so drunk that, after stabbing the dead Percy in the thigh, he was unable to get up, and Wallack had to come on the stage and hoist the inanimate actor like a sack upon his shoulder. In the mad scene in *The Belle's Stratagem* it is customary for the Doricourt to gag at will. When Lester Wallack was playing this character, Elliston being incapacitated by gout, the famous mad elephant on Exeter Change had just been shot. He exclaimed accordingly, in his assumed delirium, "Bring me a pickled elephant"—an impromptu which, however unpardonable, drew shouts of laughter. Elliston pretended to be much disgusted at its success; and, shaking his fist at Wallack, exclaimed, "D—n it, you lucky rascal; they never killed an elephant for *me* when I played *Doricourt*." Charles Kean and "Ellen," William Farren, Sothern, and many other English actors are summoned and dismissed. All the leading American actors are passed in review, and stories are told concerning some of them; and there are a few recollections of Thackeray, Sir John Millais, and other non-theatrical celebrities. The unambitious purpose of the volume is, in fact, fulfilled. A list, held to be perfect, of the characters—about three hundred in all—played by Wallack constitutes an appendix.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.*

IF Mrs. Julian Marshall had confined her work to the limits of the second volume, and had called it "Mary Shelley's Widowhood," the Greek proverb would have been fulfilled. The half would have been better than the whole. Mrs. Marshall has been permitted to make use of MS. journals and letters, and she has compiled her work carefully and neatly; but all the early part of the history needed no repetition. Mrs. Shelley's years of widowhood were those of which the world knew least, and the picture of her later life shows in her an amiable character; with sense, affection, resolution, and an admirable hatred of notoriety. But about this lady, in her girlhood and as the wife of Shelley, there seems nothing new to be said that is much worth the saying. Professor Dowden and all the other cloud of witnesses have told us at least as much as we want to know, in their Lives of Shelley himself. Mary Godwin, in these early years, was not, of course, free from faults; but even a censorious judgment cannot blame her severely for the traits that we regret. A girl of sixteen, brought up by a predatory Radical Pecksniff like Godwin and by his detestable wife—a girl addressed by a man so fascinating as Shelley, must have been rather more than mortal if she refused to do what her heart demanded, and what the social theories of her father and her lover approved. As to Mary's heartlessness about that "nasty woman Harriet," she was a woman herself, with a woman's power of believing what she wished to believe. Even at an age more mature than sixteen ladies are not apt to be fair judges of their rivals; and Mary, of course, heard only one side of the question. In her later life she showed so much dignity, loyalty, and justice that we may fairly regard these as essential elements in her character, and her behaviour in the matter of the true Mrs. Shelley as the accident of youth, passion, and education.

On the eternal topic of Harriet Mrs. Marshall has nothing fresh to say. The partisans of Shelley believe that he had found his wife faithless before he ran away with Godwin's daughter. "No contemporary document now exists which puts the case beyond the reach of argument," says Mrs. Marshall. Did any such document ever exist? and, if so, how did it cease to be extant? About that we learn nothing. Shelley's own belief has nothing to do with the case. In all ways he was incapable of discerning between what he believed, what he wished to believe, and what he merely fancied without cause. His whole biography is full of visions, and the faithlessness of Harriet may very well have been among these. As the Greek historian says, it has "won its way to the mythical," and we might as well investigate the character of Tyro, daughter of Salmoneus. It is certain that Shelley asked his wife to come and stay with him, Mary Godwin, and Miss Claremont. He could hardly have had a very low opinion of Harriet when he did this. Mrs. Marshall says that Harriet was "cross and provoking" after Mary went off with Harriet's husband. This is not a very kind or sympathetic statement. What would Mrs. Marshall like Harriet to have done? She understands Godwin well, at all events, and does not conceal the absurdities and meannesses of a philosopher who sometimes reminds one nearly as much of Mr. Micawber as of Mr. Pecksniff.

In the first volume Miss Claremont is the person about whom we hear most that is new. Lord Byron was a bold bad man, but Nemesis, in the shape of Miss Claremont, pursued him with a foot by no means halting. The life that minx led him, and the life that he led her after their separation, were powerful moral lessons. Godwin held that men should marry, if marry they must, with great caution. No less caution should be used in having anything to do with minxes. In their case, we cannot say with a character of Gyp's, *le mauvais motif, c'est encore le mieux.* In her later years, when Miss Claremont had been invited to Field Place, Mrs. Shelley remarked that Clare had been "the bane of her life since she was three years old." Shelley wrote to her as "his best Clare," but she was Mary's worst Clare. She was always there, a third person between Mary and her husband, who found her a diverting companion. We quote an amazing example of their spiritual adventures :—

> Shelley says to Jane, "Good-night"; his hand is leaning on the table; he is conscious of an expression in his countenance which he cannot repress. Jane hesitates. "Good-night" again. She still hesitates.
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> "Did you ever read the tragedy of *Orra?*" said Shelley.
>
> 'Yes. How horribly you look!—take your eyes off."
>
> "Good-night" again, and Jane runs to her room. Shelley, unable to sleep, kissed Mary, and prepared to sit beside her and read till morning, when rapid footsteps descended the stairs. Jane was there; her countenance was distorted most unnaturally by horrible dismay—it beamed with a whiteness that seemed almost like light; her lips and cheeks were of one deadly hue; the skin of her face and forehead was drawn into innumerable wrinkles—the lineaments of terror that could not be contained; her hair came prominent and erect; her eyes were wide and staring, drawn almost from the sockets by the convulsion of the muscles; the eyelids were forced in, and the eyeballs, without any relief, seemed as if they had been newly inserted, in ghastly sport, in the sockets of a lifeless head. This frightful spectacle endured but for a few moments—it was displaced by terror and confusion, violent indeed, and full of dismay, but human. She asked me if I had touched her pillow (her tone was that of dreadful alarm). I said, "No, no! if you will come into the room I will tell you." I informed her of Mary's pregnancy; this seemed to check her violence. She told me that a pillow placed upon her bed had been removed in the moment that she turned her eyes away to a chair at some distance, and evidently by no human power. She was positive as to the facts of her self-possession and calmness. Her manner convinced me that she was not deceived. We continued to sit by the fire, at intervals engaging in awful conversation relative to the nature of these mysteries. I read part of *Alexy*; I repeated one of my own poems. Our conversation, though intentionally directed to other topics, irresistibly recurred to these. Our candles burned low; we feared they would not last until daylight.

Jane, in this narrative, is, of course, Clare, who crowned herself with that title, like Miss Blanche Amory, out of her own will and fantasy. All Mrs. Shelley's wishes were "a garden *et absentia Claire.*" Probably Shelley was never in love with Clare, but her position in the household gave rise to the hideous and distressing scandals about which Byron seems to have behaved so badly. As to Miss Claremont's views of Byron, they are expressed with satisfactory freedom, and coincide with much that Mr. Thackeray said on several occasions. About Emilia Viviani we learn nothing new, and if Shelley really made his wife unhappy about Mrs. Williams, it is certain that Mrs. Williams, when she became Mrs. Hogg, made her more unhappy yet by her gossip. Mrs. Shelley, while at Casa Magni, was very ill, morbid too, and discontented. Shelley was unusually well, and in high spirits. He was *fey*, there is not a doubt of it. He had the wild spirits of fey men; he walked in sleep, and saw portents and visions, his own double, and other apparitions. Mrs. Williams saw his wraith when Trelawny, who was present, saw nothing. The story of the time at Lerici reads like the end of a Saga, when the air is full of omens. Had Shelley not been fey, he probably would not have set out on his fatal voyage, for the tempest was visibly approaching.

Mrs. Shelley's letters and diaries after Shelley's death are most gloomy reading, yet not without interest in their gloom. Whatever her husband's opinions may have been, she believed in a future life, and in re-union with him. Her chief comfort, while Leigh Hunt was quarrelling with her about the possession of the *Cor Cordium*, was the friendship of Trelawny. The capricious wanderer was true to her then, and for long afterwards; it is plain that he wished to marry her later, but she was wiser. "My name will never be Trelawny. I am not so young as I was when you first knew me, but I am as proud. I must have the entire affection, devotion, and, above all, the solicitous protection of any one who would win me. You belong to womankind in general, and Mary Shelley will *never* be yours." But she worked hard at Trelawny's business with publishers, and she displayed, as it seems, a constant and loyal *camaraderie* which Trelawny seems to have forgotten when he wrote the later parts of his *Reminiscences*. She declined in extreme poverty to make money out of "Reminiscences" herself; she worked hard at novels, now forgotten; she insisted on fulfilling Shelley's wishes, and sending their son, Percy, to a public school. She resisted many attempts to make her shriek for woman's freedom on platforms or in the press. "My belief is,

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* *Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.* By Mrs. Julian Marshall. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1889.

whether there be sex in souls or not, that the sex of our material mechanism makes us quite different creatures, better, though weaker, but wanting in the higher grades of intellect." This is the opinion of the woman who wrote *Frankenstein* at twenty. In London she saw her novel dramatized, and was amused by it, though, as Mrs. Marshall justly remarks, it is no better fitted for the stage than Mr. Stevenson's famous fantasy. While Godwin lived he was a constant charge on his daughter. His first letter to her after Shelley's death is a cold discussion of money matters, and is written in the spirit of a hound. There are moments many when Godwin seems more detestable than Marat, Chaka, and Tartufe rolled into one. There are moments, too, when one almost pities Clare, a governess in Russia. Her letters are not amusing, except when she attacks Byron, and are extremely verbose. The most sympathetic person in the book, indeed, is poor Fanny Godwin, till the fortitude and dignity of Mrs. Shelley win the respect which this Life cannot fail to inspire.

THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.*

THE scope of medical science is now so wide, and the centrifugal growth continues with such ever-accelerating speed, that the difficulty of writing a text-book on the whole "Practice of Medicine" which shall be up to date, and at the same time of not overwhelming bulk, has enormously increased. The faculty of selecting essentials only, of giving proportionate emphasis to different points, and presenting a clear, broad conception of a subject so vast and intricate, is certainly a rare one. The author of the work before us evidently possesses a goodly share of this faculty, as he has condensed his materials most judiciously, and compiled a text-book which, in the main, is eminently readable, practical, and convenient. The chapter on Fevers (pp. 35–41) is altogether admirable and contains the essence of many a treatise of far more portentous length. We think, however, that there is hardly logical warrant for the inference "that typhoid epidemics are most apt to develop when fruits, ripe or unripe, are principally taken, as during the months from August to November, while they are fewer from December to April." Many factors besides fruit might as fairly be named as prevailing during autumn—such as high or sudden alternations of temperature. The custom of taking holidays at this season, too often living in most unsanitary lodgings, and obtaining water and milk from uninspected sources, seems far more likely to be the reason of the autumnal increase of typhoid. Moreover, there is no reason to suppose that the typhoid germ can exist in fruit—we know that it luxuriates in milk and in sewage-contaminated water. It seems inexpedient to separate erysipelas into two varieties, and to speak of one as idiopathic, seeing that it is due to the invasion of a specific micro-organism in all cases, and never arises spontaneously in the tissues. It is probably this idea of an idiopathic erysipelas which has caused non-bacterial erythemata to be so often mistaken for it. The chapter on Cancer is not up to the level of most of the rest of the book—all mention of treatment being ignored. Certainly the least satisfactory section of the work is that which treats of Skin Diseases, in which the morphological classification of Willan is reproduced for the mystification of the student; of which it may truly be said, that it is quite impossible to obtain a broad and clear conception of the etiology and pathology of any given disease from its place in that scheme. It reminds us, in fact, of Dr. Caius's classification of "Dogges," in which *the Mooner* (*Canis Lunarius*) was gravely placed as a distinct species, on account of his propensity for "bawing and wawing at the moone." The details of this section by no means show the author at his best.

The illustrations are fairly good, but there is an obvious error at p. 31, where bacilli are depicted, and stated to be magnified 200 diameters. As represented, they are magnified at least 1,200.

The author gives due weight to the results of bacteriological research in regard to many diseases, but we think that mention ought to have been made of the experiments and views of Löffler and of Ranvier in connexion with diphtheria; of Gibier and of Roeser in connexion with pemphigus; of Lustgarten in connexion with syphilis.

On the whole, however, the shortcomings of the work are few and insignificant, compared with the amount of solid and sound information contained in it; and the student who has thoroughly mastered its contents must be held to be very well grounded in the "Practice of Medicine."

MR. FRANCIS NEWMAN.†

WE desire to preface what we have to say of the volume before us with an expression of respect for the incessant and varied mental activity of the writer, prolonged now into advanced age, for the disinterestedness which has marked his pursuit and proclamation of what he thinks truth, and for the courage with which he has promoted what he deems right. He has fallen into what we judge serious errors, he has propounded schemes which would shock the good sense of a Laputan projector. We may mention, for instance, his plan for the division of England, exclusive of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, to which similar treatment is to be applied, into an octarchy of provinces. Mr. Newman has worked out this device with something of the minuteness of a Parliamentary draftsman instructed to draw up a Bill on the subject. He has grouped his counties together, assigned each group its capital, and given it its distinctive name—in every case terminating in *ia*, for the greater convenience of the adjective-ending *ian*. "We see in Colombia, Georgia, Virginia, Caffraria, Tasmania, Tyburnia, Belgravia, how readily Englishmen adopt it." Thus we have "Eboracia, or, by contraction, Bracia—namely, Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire. *Capital*, York (Eboracum)." "Fennia (land of the Fens?): namely, Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, Rutland, Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire. *Capital*, Peterborough," Westia, Lunia, and the like, for the details of which we may refer our readers to Mr. Newman's pages. If he had intended his essay as a reduction to absurdity of Mr. Gladstone's projects, it would have possessed considerable merit as a political satire. But Mr. Newman's paper was written, or rather his lecture was given, for it was addressed in the first instance to the ears of the Manchester Athenæum—no one will think, we hope, of Mr. Peter MacGrowler's perversion of the last word—ten years before Mr. Gladstone had found salvation. Mr. Newman is as serious as Mr. John Morley himself.

There is very much in this volume of a more rational kind, though throughout there are traces of a certain flightiness of mind which explains much that is strange in the author's career. He is not only versatile, but volatile. He skips from subject to subject with agile industry, leaving his mark on everything which he touches, but not penetrating very deeply into it, or exhausting it. If Mr. Newman had only been "unanimous," he would possibly have achieved some great result. If he had attempted fewer things, he might have done much more. The title of this book really expresses the character of his mind. It is a miscellany containing, like the village shop of the general dealer, a great variety of articles, each in its separate drawer or on its separate shelf, but possessing nothing in common, and seeming to be rather strangely and incongruously brought together. There seems to be no unity linking together Mr. Newman's great and varied acquirements and his endless suggestions, and making them tributary to some monumental work or to some lifelong design. In this his habit of mind is singularly distinguished from that of his illustrious brother. Cardinal Newman's wide knowledge of history and literature, his imaginative and philosophic power, have all been tributary to one aim, that of restoring the authority of religion and the religion of authority to its proper place in the minds and conduct of Englishmen. The same devotion to one dominant conception of human life, expressing itself in historic and biographic narrative, in pamphlet and essay, through tears and grimaces, in pathos and buffoonery, made Mr. Carlyle a power through two generations of Englishmen. Mr. Francis Newman has frequently startled his contemporaries, he has often stimulated them, he has occasionally instructed them. But he cannot be said in any considerable degree or permanent manner to have influenced them.

The most remarkable feature of the volume of *Miscellanies* now before us is the attitude of antagonism in which it presents its author to the doctrine of Cabinet government, and Ministerial responsibility to and dependence on a Parliamentary majority, which Lord Macaulay held to be the crowning result of the ages and the greatest birth of time, and which stirred the sceptical and mocking humour of Mr. Bagehot to real enthusiasm. Mr. Newman prefers the complete separation of the executive and legislative powers which he finds in the United States, where Ministers depend on the President and not on Congress, in which they have no seats, and which cannot affect their tenure of office any more than it can affect the duration of the Parliamentary term. The English system certainly has its weak points, the American system has its strong ones, and Mr. Newman points out both with great force and ingenuity. He counts it an absurdity that Lord Salisbury's (then Lord Cranborne) just and beneficent administration of India should have been brought to a close because he differed from Mr. Disraeli on the suffrage question. The result, no doubt, was unfortunate. If Lord Salisbury had been merely Minister for India, if he had been simply the head of a department, his retirement would have been as ridiculous as Mr. Newman thinks. But, as a member of the Cabinet, he was Minister for England as well as Minister for India. Minister for England in the first place, and Minister for India in the second place. The organization of each political department, making its good working to a considerable degree independent of its Parliamentary chief, diminishes these evils, which only in very rare cases are considerable. If not Amurath an Amurath, yet Tweedledum a Tweedledee succeeds, and there is usually no noticeable difference in their administrative powers. Mr. Newman says truly that the control of the House of Commons over the Executive has diminished by virtue of its power of making and unmaking Governments by votes of want of confidence or decisive defeats on vital questions, checked only by the Minister's power of unmaking and making the House of Commons by a dissolution and general election. These tremendous

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* *The Practice of Medicine.* By M. Charteris, M.D., Professor of Therapeutics and Materia Medica, Glasgow University, &c. Fifth edition. London: J. & J. Churchill. 1888.

† *Miscellanies*, Vol. III.—*Essays, Tracts or Addresses, Political and Social.* By F. W. Newman, Emeritus Professor of University College, London; Honorary Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford; once Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and M.R.A.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

powers can only rarely be called into play; the game of life and death cannot be a thing of daily occurrence. This fact, we maintain in opposition to Mr. Newman, is one of the principal merits of the English system. The constant meddling of a body, incompetent for that purpose, in the conduct of the different departments of State would soon make administration impossible. Our Parliamentary system, at its best, is a serious obstacle in the way of continuity in foreign policy and the steadfast conduct of business. The evil is endured for the sake of the greater advantages which accompany it. Its extension might shift the weight to the other scale. Mr. Newman holds, and we are inclined to think that he is right, that the function of control is exercised more thoroughly by the House of Lords than by the House of Commons. Its criticism, he says, "is generally more thorough and searching than that of the Commons, not solely because the Lords have less to do (though there is much in that), but also because they are far more fearless, and are less biased by side glances at the danger of disgusting a Ministry." Control, as Mr. Newman says, is preventive, and schemes of legislation and policy are shaped, not merely or usually to disarm the prejudices of the peers, but to confront the criticism which they will meet in the Upper Chamber, which is usually of a more deliberate and searching kind than is possible to the faction fighting into which debating in the Commons has a tendency to sink. When Mr. Newman proposes to strengthen this controlling power of the Lords by giving to every peer a right to go down to the Foreign Office, and see any despatch or confidential paper he chooses to ask for, and would prevent this privilege from falling into unworthy hands by requiring that, before any person is recommended to Her Majesty for a peerage, the House of Commons shall declare by a vote his fitness, by reason of his public merit, to be a legislator in the Upper House, we get again, we fear, into the latitude of Laputa.

Mr. Newman has, we are glad to observe, a very healthy sense of the demerits of that "government from below" which is known as agitation, a distrust of "freedom without culture," the results of which are exhibited in the Irish and German government of some American cities, and a somewhat startling readiness to approve the methods "which good and moral Englishmen are apt to malign as despotic," which "Freedom, awakening from her surfeit and regaining sobriety," is prone to adopt. Mr. Newman's obvious liking for Napoleon III. springs possibly from this side of his mind and character. We cannot conclude our notice of this volume without mentioning Mr. Newman's entirely admirable vindication of capital and corporal punishments, in appropriate cases, against the sickly sentimentalism of certain maudlin friends of humanity. It is curious to find a paper which would not discredit Sir Henry Maine or Sir James Stephen side by side with articles which might have been written by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Mrs. Josephine Butler, and Mr. James Stansfeld on the subjects which they have respectively made their own.

EDWARD ASKEW SOTHERN.*

FEW biographers of modern actors have been more fortunate than Mr. Pemberton in securing materials for that "working up" which is so indispensable in the preparation of "Lives" of great or little men. And it may be added that no author has ever had more entertaining details to recount than those associated with the career of that late lamented idol of the stage, as well as of the public, Edward Askew Sothern. This diverting volume, it must be admitted, contains no inconsiderable quantity of forgotten, or at any rate half-forgotten, theatrical history. Not that this is any demerit; on the contrary, it makes the book all the fresher and more amusing than it could otherwise have been. Reading Mr. Pemberton's interesting pages, we are struck by the remembrance of how much we have forgotten concerning the dramatic story of a quarter of a century ago, so that, even were the Memoir of the indisputably great comedian a far less inferior production than in reality it is, we should welcome it as an exceedingly valuable chapter of theatrical history. It will doubtless be in the nature of news to many that Mr. Sothern made his "first appearance on any stage" at St. Helier's, exactly forty years ago, as the low-born and, as some excellent judges consider, rather bombastic hero of *The Lady of Lyons*; and we are told that his impersonation of the love-sick gardener was so eminently successful as to determine the young gentleman to adopt the stage as a means of livelihood. "He resolved," says his biographer, "to burn his boats, and become an actor in right-down earnest." He appeared, adopting the still-prevailing fashion, under a *nom de théâtre*, "Douglas Stuart," nor did he resume his rightful appellation until he had made a fair start in America. His early dramatic training was, as may be imagined, considerably varied, and we find him, while still "feeling his feet" at Jersey, cast, on one occasion when the *pièce de résistance* was *Hamlet*, for Laertes, the Ghost, and the second actor! Leaving Wolverhampton, Sothern was fortunate enough to be offered an engagement at the Birmingham Theatre under the control of the genial and discerning Mr. Mercer Simpson—one of the good old school of provincial managers. Thirty shillings a week was his wage, and Frank Friskley, in *Boots at the "Swan,"* was his *rôle*; and when, eleven years later, he entered upon his starring engagement at the Haymarket, he was announced as "formerly of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, and from the principal American theatres." As present-day actors still do, Sothern went to the United States in quest both of fame and dollars; that he found them both needs no telling. Five pounds a week cannot have been considered to have been a bad salary for a comparative novice thirty years ago, even in the land of "the Almighty dollar"; anyhow that was what "Douglas Stuart" got at the National Theatre, Boston, for his inglorious performance of *Dr. Pangloss*, and of a small part in a farce called *John Dobbs*. Such a conspicuous failure, indeed, was the young actor in the *Heir-at-Law*, that he was positively dismissed for incapacity, and driven to play juvenile parts at reduced salary at the Howard Athenæum, likewise in Boston. We get a characteristic description of "what Sothern was like at this eventful period of his career," in what Mr. Pemberton good-naturedly terms "a pleasant *brochure* entitled 'Birds of a Feather,'" that appeared eleven years ago in America, written, it seems, by a Mrs. Vincent, "a veteran actress on the Boston stage and Sothern's lifelong friend." Mr. "Douglas Stuart" was, we read, "tall, willowy, and lithe, with a clear red-and-white English complexion, bright blue eyes, wavy brown hair; graceful in carriage, and well calculated physically to conciliate the heart of susceptible woman. . . . I should say he was three- or four-and-twenty, but behind the footlights he did not look as if he were more than sixteen. He had a singularly sweet voice"; which was certainly more than he had in after years, when, as we remember only too well, his tones were painfully hard and rasping. Mrs. Vincent is careful to tell us the reason, or one of the reasons, of Sothern's failure at Boston. "The truth is that he had been overpraised. The manager of the National Theatre had announced that he was going to bring to America 'the greatest actor that had ever appeared on its stage,' and thus had aroused the expectations of the people to such a degree that they were naturally disappointed; hence his failure. Besides, he was not old enough to make a sensation. He could not even make up properly." However this may be, the eminent showman now in London thought him "good enough" for his New York Museum, and engaged him to play there. Washington and Baltimore were in turn visited, and Sothern's "Kinchin," in *Flowers of the Forest*, apparently suited his audiences. While happening by great good luck to be cast for "Armand Duval" in a version of *La Dame aux Camélias* at Wallack's, he was voted a success, and "received for the first time in his life several enthusiastic calls." In this way Sothern laid the foundation of future triumphs; his drooping spirits revived under the genial warmth of the applause of Mr. Wallack's patrons; and when, after a four years' engagement with that manager, he left him, it was to join Miss Laura Keene and her company in New York. What his temperament was at the time we see by an extract from one of his letters:—"God be praised, there are brighter days in store, and I'm as much the old Ned Sothern in heart and feeling as ever, though grey hairs have been forced through the hot-bed of my weary skull. If I've no genius, I at least have indisputable perseverance . . . . I have made a big mark in New York this season. My time is as sure to come if I live as there is a sun in the heavens." He was now deeply desirous of returning to England, and sent to a friend a list of his "crack parts"—Charles Surface, Dr. Pangloss (oblivious of his recent failure), Lyttleton Coke (*Old Heads and Young Hearts*), Young Marlow, Bob Acres, Charles Courtley (*London Assurance*), Benedick, Harry Jasper (*Bachelor of Arts*), Gossamer (*Live When You Can*), Raphael (*The Marble Heart*), Armand (*Camélias*), St. Pierre (*The Wife*), and Claude Melnotte. He had perfected himself in eight other *rôles*, and fortune seemed disposed to smile upon him, until he went into management on his own account, with the result, in his own words, that he "had an awful season," and got "this time a sickener."

It was on the 12th of May, 1858, that *Our American Cousin* was produced at Miss Laura Keene's theatre, Sothern, "much to his disgust," being "cast for the subordinate character of Lord Dundreary, who was intended to be an old man, and who had only forty-seven lines to speak." Sothern only took the part on condition that he might "re-write it on lines of his own," and he began by "putting into it everything he had seen that had struck him as wildly absurd." Some two or three weeks elapsed ere the public understood what was meant by what they considered (and no wonder) "mad eccentricity." But, once the idea was comprehended, Lord Dundreary's popularity was a thing assured, and very soon he converted a not very interesting or brilliant play into one of the greatest attractions that the American stage had ever known:—

> Everything about the part—the famous make-up, the wig, the whiskers, and the eye-glass, the eccentric yet faultless costumes, the lisp and stagger, the ingenious distortion of old aphorisms, were the outcome of Sothern's own ready thought. Only one thing connected with the impersonation—the quaint little hop (that odd "impediment in the gait" which became as much part and parcel of his Lordship as the impediment in his speech), was the result of accident. At rehearsal one cold day, Sothern, who was ever of a restless disposition, was endeavouring to keep himself warm by hopping about at the back of the stage, when Miss Keene sarcastically inquired if he was going to introduce it in Dundreary? Among the bystanding actors and actresses this created a laugh, and Sothern, who at the time was out of temper with his part, replied, in his gravest manner, "Yes, Miss Keene; that's my view of the character." Having so far committed himself, he felt bound to go on with it; and, finding as the rehearsal progressed that the whole company, including the scene-shifters,

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* *A Memoir of Edward Askew Sothern.* By T. Edgar Pemberton. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

were convulsed with laughter, he at night made capital out of a modified hop.

When, twenty-nine years ago, Mr. Sothern introduced Lord Dundreary at the Haymarket Theatre, he had already appeared in the character upwards of eight hundred times in the United States. Mr. Pemberton tells us that "the experiment was considered to be a most dangerous one, as it was only because the Haymarket was sadly in need of an attraction, that Sothern got a chance of appearing on its historic boards," and it was stoutly contended that the piece only succeeded in America because it was "a gross and insulting caricature of an English nobleman," and that, therefore, "in London the performance would no doubt be deemed as entirely wanting in humour, taste, and judgment." It is admitted that even Mr. Sothern himself was in a state of uncertainty concerning the probabilities of success or failure. "Every one foretells a hit; *but I'm doubtful.* Who (when I first played Beverley as an amateur) ever imagined that I should take to the stage as a profession—come over to America, remain nine years, and return to 'star' in London?" All the actors and actresses of the Haymarket Company, Mr. Buckstone included, prophesied a certain failure of both piece and "star," and, oddly enough, they were right for a time, as, although *Our American Cousin* drew remunerative audiences, it would have been speedily withdrawn had not Mr. Charles Mathews advised Mr. Buckstone not to change the bill. Thereafter the piece ran triumphantly for four hundred nights, and Sothern was the most fêted actor of his generation.

Although, considering that he lived until January 1881, twenty years after the production of *Our American Cousin* at the Haymarket, it cannot strictly be said that his great triumph as the eccentric "Lord" proved fatal to him, there is no getting away from the fact that the hard life led by Sothern in his hours of success largely contributed to his collapse at the comparatively early age of fifty-five. Among his intimates Sothern will be long remembered for his love of what are known as "practical jokes"; although the reader who fails to "see" many of them may be pardoned his obtuseness, the difficulty being to discover their application. But, apart from the reports of these puerilities, Mr. Pemberton's work is rich in theatrical anecdote, to which we may ourselves contribute a morsel of information. M. Jules Claretie, the present director of the Théâtre Français, wrote, and has republished in his *Vie Moderne au Théâtre*, a highly appreciative, and excellently expressed, criticism of Sothern's "Lord Dundreary"—a creation which was, however, anything but a success in Paris, although the "star" was supported by Mr. Henry Irving (as the drunken lawyer's clerk, Abel Murcott), Mr. John T. Raymond, and Mr. E. Saker. It is quite possible that the chapters relating to Sothern's life "off the stage" will be more widely read than those immediately connected with his theatrical career, and this although they far too frequently reveal the actor in the character of a buffoon to be quite agreeable to those who would rather remember him as a comedian of rare excellence and exceptional intelligence. We admit, though with a reservation, that Sothern, "before all the actors of his day, was able to pourtray the easy manners of the perfect English gentleman," but we cannot overlook the fact that very many of the "practical jokes," to which we have referred, savour too much of what would now be regarded, and justly condemned, as "rowdyism" of the most offensive kind. An eminent actor staying in a country-house and tampering with the guests' letters, and getting up rows in trains and omnibuses, may have passed muster even "in society" thirty years ago; but those forms of amusement would hardly, we fear, be tolerated in the year of grace 1889. There is, as we have said, so much that is interesting and worthy of permanent record in Mr. Pemberton's Memoir that the biographer of Sothern might advantageously have omitted much that is of doubtful value—as, for instance, a very great deal of that which is chronicled under the heading of "Sothern in High Spirits."

NEW MUSIC.

SEÑOR ALBENIZ, the distinguished Spanish pianist, whose delicacy of touch and peculiar charm have rapidly won him great popularity, has just published (Ducci & Co.) several characteristic pieces of dance music—"Pavane Espagnole," "Barcarole Catalane," "Sevilliana," and "Bolero Valse"—which can be cordially recommended to drawing-room pianists. They are extremely graceful, and, although showy, not at all difficult. "Printemps et Jeunesse," by E. Rubini, is a light and brilliant *valse de salon*, and Anton Dvořák's "Minuetto" is delightfully quaint and graceful. As was to be expected from so remarkable a composer, notwithstanding its popular and rather catchy melody, it is throughout very original and striking, and indeed almost, if not quite, classical. Not much can be said for Signor L. Badia's "Zizine," a waltz with a commonplace aria running through it. Among others of Carlo Ducci & Co.'s publications to be heartily praised is an exquisite song by A. Strelezki—"When Twilight Comes"—which is distinctly vocal and the violin obbligato accompaniment most graceful.

From Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons we have received an excellent work entitled "The Child Pianist," by Mrs. Spencer Curwen, which will be found of considerable use for teaching small children. The method is capital, and deserves to be widely known. A pretty light song, with a catchy stornello in the popular Italian style, is "Why?" by Signor del Puente, published by Messrs. Boston & Dibson. It is refreshingly old-fashioned, and seems to belong to the days when Verdi was in his zenith and composers eagerly imitated his tuneful *arie* and *cavatine*.

Messrs. Woolhouse have issued a gloomy song by Mr. J. Jacques Hackman, entitled "Afternoon in February." "Feuille d'Album," for violin and piano, by the same composer, is an excellent and easy little study for these instruments. Far above the average, and, indeed, ranking with the best compositions of the time, are "The Song of the Heart," "Echoes," and "To Julia," by Charles Thane (Stanley Lucas & Co.) "To Julia" is a magnificent song, full of originality and charm, and equally beautiful are the two other songs just mentioned. They are perhaps beyond the reach of ordinary amateurs, but to artists they will be found of great value.

Miss Maude Valerie White's last song, "At her Spinning," is decidedly pretty. "Will you come back to me?" by Frank L. Moir, has the misfortune of possessing one of those tiresome waltz-refrains which render it commonplace and quite destroys its merit. Very spirited is a nautical song, by M. Louis Diehl, "The Captain of the Lifeboat." A song which is likely to become popular is "When the Lights are Low," by Gerald M. Lane. The refrain is quite tuneful. An effective ballad is "On Conway Quay," by H. Trotère. "An Evening Melody," by Joseph Barnby, is a simple, unaffected sacred song, suitable for a voice of small compass. It is certainly not original. These pieces are published by W. Morley & Co.

Ricordi & Co. send "Tender Moments," by Signor Albert Visetti, a rather pretty, but by no means striking, song. "Forsaken," by Lord Henry Somerset, is a pathetic aria, spoilt by a series of octaves in accompaniment with the voice. J. L. Roeckel's new song, "Cupid's Reign," deserves success. It is not at all difficult, and has a pleasing melody. "Tell Them," by Signor Tosti, is not one of the composer's most successful works.

Messrs. Ricordi have conceived the admirable idea of publishing a series of well-known operatic Cavatine arranged for the salon or concert-room. Among them we note the beautiful "Come è bello," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, "Convien partir," "Al dolce guidami," &c. The accompaniments are cleverly rearranged, and the recitatives cut without spoiling the effect. These noble *arie*, which were the delight of a past generation, ought to be heard more frequently; for they offer the most charming examples of melody known, even if that melody is not always well selected to illustrate the words.

The London Music Publishing Company have just issued a drawing-room cantata by Erskine Allen, entitled, "Mary Margaret," that is not particularly interesting.

A spirited waltz, with a Spanish melody running through it, is "Christina" (Francis Brothers & Day), by Dan Godfrey, Jun. It is destined to become popular; and so, by the way, will "Emma," another waltz by the same young composer.

An excellent edition of Stephen Heller's "Trois Suites" is published by Mr. Edwin Ashdown, of Hanover Square. By the same charming composer are also "Six Préludes" and a series of "Esquisses Posthumes," being sketches and waltzes which all true musicians will welcome cordially. The type is especially clear and bold. A Suite for Piano, by Mr. Edward German, is admirable. The first number is tame and monotonous; but the Valse and Tarantella are brilliant, and not unworthy of comparison with similar works by Chopin and S. Heller.

The violin music now being issued by Messrs. Beal & Co. is excellent, and we can recommend a graceful Cavatina by Mr. Seymour Smith and a quaint Gavotte by Mr. L. Balfour Mather.

A Cavatina by Mr. Seymour Smith is distinctly graceful and original. "Modern Gems" and "Early Blossoms," by Carlo Volti, are easy piano studies which will be found useful in the schoolroom. "Babina," by Mr. Arthur J. McEvoy, is a rather commonplace piece, but it is easy and showy, and will captivate a certain class of amateurs—those, for instance, who perpetuate the memories of the famous—we had almost written notorious—"Prière d'une Vierge." "Rustic Sketches," by Carl Herman, "Sans Pareil" and "Souvenirs Patriotiques," by M. Leonard Gautier, are useful pieces for school-teaching; but they are certainly the reverse of classical in style. "La Vestale," however, is an admirable waltz by the same composer, M. Leonard Gautier. It will surely become popular.

We owe Messrs. Metzler & Co. a debt of gratitude for publishing "Golden Light," a noble song by Georges Bizet. It was, or is, really, an *Agnus Dei*; but Miss Mary Chater has written some English words, which are quite worthy of so noble a composition, which has a violin, cello, or harp accompaniment. Another fine work is "Chant d'une Bretonne," by Benjamin Godard, a beautiful melody for mezzo-soprano, with quaint French words or equally good ones by Miss Chater, who likewise supplies the excellent translation to the charming "Marquise, vous souvenez-vous" of M. C. Saint-Saëns.

Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co. send "Pick-me-up," a capital brisk polka; "Cosette," by James Shaw, not worthy of publication, and Twelve Exercises of Contralto, by Signor G. Tartaglione, which, although not particularly original, are useful. Mr. M. Watson's "A Garden of Memories" has a worthy refrain, and is a pretty song, which fortunately does not recall the all too popular "Garden of Sleep." "The Windmill," a song by Hugh

Temperley, is pretty and original; but it is written a trifle too low for mezzo-soprano, and is not quite suited for contralto.

Messrs. E. Ascherberg & Co. have a bright and characteristic Spanish song by Antonio L. Mora, called "Espanita." "For You" is an arrangement of the well-known song, with a waltz refrain, by Miss May Ostlere, for dancing and singing in chorus—a capital and amusing exercise for children. Six songs by Miss Frances Allitsen display this able young lady's conscientious study of harmony to much advantage. She is a hard-working student; and, although she does not at present give evidence of originality, she is never commonplace or affected.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

III.

IT has fallen to Shakspeare, as to other poets, to suffer much of many book-illustrators, but assuredly never to be interpreted by an artist in so strange a way of pedantry as in *Macbeth: with Illustrations and Notes*, by J. Moyr Smith (Sampson Low & Co.) The illustrative method is not less odd and perverse than the reversal of statue and pedestal or any other freak of topsy-turveydom. The antiquarian zeal of Mr. Smith is respectable, we will admit, and the archaic research set forth in the artist's notes is considerable; but industry and research should be the handmaidens, not the masters, of the artist. They cannot compensate for the total lack of imagination and charm that marks Mr. Smith's etchings, in which the chief feature of the design is some detail of costume or architecture. The result is an illustrated archæological study, a dissertation on arms and costume, architecture and heraldry, or anything, in short, but an illustrated *Macbeth*. Mr. Moyr Smith may be said to have illustrated *Macbeth* only in the sense that a lecture on the geology of Portland and Purbeck illustrates St. Paul's Cathedral. Very few persons could possibly divine the purport of two-thirds of the plates regarded apart from the context. The archaic display is bewildering. The drama is left to take care of itself. When the figures are not mere pigmies, overpowered by a Martin-like environment of Pictish towers or a Lyceum stage arrangement of curious properties, they are absolutely inexpressive of the passion and action of the drama. Disillusion is not tempered one whit when we learn that Macbeth, with the daggers "stripped for slaughter," as if he were a butcher, stands beside an elaborate wooden doorway such as still exists in Norway, or that Lady Macbeth, in the Sleep-walking scene, appears with a similar setting. The "column from Canterbury Cathedral" in one drawing, the old cross modified after that at Dupplin in another, the carved pillar from Souillac Abbey in yet another, are curious and interesting objects; but they illustrate the drama no more than the writings of Pugin or Viollet-le-Duc. Lady Macbeth is nothing but an operatic lady; the meeting of Duncan and the wounded soldier, the entrance to Macbeth's castle, and Babylonian view of Dunsinane, are spectacular shows of the emptiest kind; and the apparition of the Witches in a Druidic circle, perched on an enormous cromlech, is ineffective as a design and ludicrous in conception. It may interest antiquarian minds to know that in one drawing Mr. Smith's Witches cower over a cauldron "of the later Bronze age," and in another the charmed pot is "Danish, of the later Stone age"; but, after all is said in recognition of the artist's learning and research, the play is the thing, and this is ingeniously set aside by Mr. Smith in this curious example of the art of book-illustration.

Mr. Frank M. Gregory's designs for Sheridan's *The Rivals* (Sampson Low & Co.) are drawn in black and white and in water-colour. They show a certain amount of grace, facility, and skill in composition, and are for the most part admirably reproduced. The book is got up in good style, both type and paper being excellent, and the *ensemble* is attractive. The power of characterization undoubtedly possessed by Mr. Gregory is unfortunately not always at his command. He is not careful of his types. When he paints an acceptable rendering of a character, a sprightly Lucy or a whimsical Sir Anthony, he does not fully carry out his conceptions. His Captain Absolute is a mere good-looking boy in one drawing, in others he is a man, and one of many aspects. Lydia Languish is a solid, undemonstrative young woman. Mrs. Malaprop is somewhat tame, and there is more of the humour of the situation than of oozing courage expressed in the figure of Bob Acres in the clever drawing that forms the frontispiece. Success in all particulars is perhaps scarcely to be expected of the artist who undertakes the illustration of a play which everybody knows by heart and must have seen on the stage. We all know these characters of Sheridan as men and women of familiar acquaintance, can call them up at will, and are, therefore, indisposed to accept the least divergence from established conceptions which, after all, are possessed, as prepossessions possibly, by all and sundry. If we cannot say that Mr. Gregory is never disappointing in these drawings, we can also affirm that he interprets the spirit of the play at times with something approaching inspiration.

The magazine annuals make up various attractive volumes. *The Woman's World*, edited by Oscar Wilde (Cassell & Co.), produces, as some magazines do, a more favourable impression in bulk than when viewed as a serial. Many periodicals for ladies are far too narrow in scope. Mr. Oscar Wilde's shows a tendency to expansion, and expansion that is in the right direction. The letterpress appears to be wholly the work of ladies—Mr. Oscar Browning with a sonnet and the editorial notes on current literature are scarcely to be noted as exceptions from the general rule—and in many fields, literary, artistic, and educational, the writers provide abundance of interesting and varied material. The illustrations are generally good, and those that embellish articles on needlework and its branches are excellent.

The new volume of the *Magazine of Art* (Cassell & Co.) shows no falling off in the quality of its etchings, photogravures, and other illustrations, while it continues to represent the world of art and its movements by many excellent articles on living artists and criticisms of exhibitions. The frontispiece is an etching after Meissonier by Géry Richard, one of the most finished works of the etcher. *Good Words* (Isbister & Co.) is too old a favourite with magazine-readers to need any detailed notice of the contents of the new volume; and the like honourable distinction may be said to belong to its friendly and sympathetic competitor, *The Sunday Magazine* (Isbister & Co.) Among appropriate gift-books the "Jubilee edition" of the *History of England* (Cassell & Co.) may be included. Of this careful historical epitome we have the third volume, illustrated by wood engravings that are far superior in design and execution to the majority of popular illustrated histories.

In the books for boys at hand the sea is an important element, as is natural, and the resources of writers in devising perils and adventures do not appear to flag, despite the enormous demands of an ever-increasing audience. Mr. Henry Frith, for instance, is never at a loss. When you think his hero is in irrecoverable disaster, wonders thicken and the air grows dark with the complexity of his situation. *The Cruise of the Wasp* (Routledge & Co.) is one of Mr. Frith's most rousing stories. The adventures of a portion of a ship's crew in Cuba form a striking episode in a story that is told with vivacity and constructed with skill. Another capital story by Mr. Frith, *The Captain of Cadets* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is equally brisk in movement. The scene of adventure is the West Coast of Africa, a region ever-suggestive of marvellous exploits; while in the opening of the story the much-vexed question of fagging on the *Britannia* is lightly touched. Mr. F. R. Goulding's *Marooner's Island* (Routledge & Co.) is a sequel to *The Young Marooners*, and, contrary to the rule, is in no respect less interesting and exciting than the parent work. Readers of the latter must be interested in the fate of Robert and Harold. The story of their further progress and careers will certainly justify the most generous expectations. Mr. Goulding's book is thoroughly wholesome and readable.

A good idea, one that many boys will delight in, is skilfully executed by Mr. William T. Dobson in his abridgment of Sir William Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula* (Bickers & Son). This condensed narrative embodies the crises of the great campaigns in Spain and Portugal, the stirring and picturesque description of the memorable battles and sieges, the majority of which form the subjects of some excellent photographic illustrations. We cannot profess to like abstracts of literature, when the literature is of the first class, yet Mr. Dobson's work is so discreet and sound in treatment that it merits commendation. *Struggles for National Liberty* or *Martyrs to Freedom*—both titles are on the cover—by the Rev. Philip Barnes (John Hogg) comprises historical sketches of more or less heroic worthies, somewhat promiscuously classed, yet full of good matter for studious small boys. Here are Wallace and Llewellyn, Coligny and William the Silent; "Ireland's romantic young hero," Robert Emmet, cheek by jowl with Sir Harry Vane, and Abraham Lincoln with the fanatic Osawatonic Brown. Heroes and heroes—but heroes all? *The Appeal to the Serpent*, by the Rev. Samuel Langdon (Religious Tract Society), is a story of Buddhism in an ancient city of Ceylon in the fourth century of the Christian era. As a story the book is not a success. It is loosely constructed, and moves but the faintest interest in its development, and that only incidentally. Mr. Langdon's strength lies in description, not in the arts of narrative plotting. There is much picturesque power in depicting religious rites and processions, rural scenes, and so forth, but the story is sadly wanting in persuasive realism. *After Shipwreck*, by J. A. Owen (Authors' Co-operative Publishing Co.), is a collection of brief sketches of travel, reminiscences of genuine experience, it would seem, fairly interesting, though by no means exciting. Reprinted from the *Leisure Hour* are certain tedious and inconclusive papers on "social questions," collected under the title *Ways and Means*, by Isabella Fyfie Mayo (Religious Tract Society). The book looks like a story. It deals with such exhausting questions, in the way of mere chat between a husband and wife, as What is to become of the girls? and What shall we do with the boys? There is one good anecdote, however, concerning a certain little boy. "What is wrong about your boy?" was asked of the mother of a "peculiar" youth. "Oh, please, sir, when he was a little child he had an illness, and after that he was weak on his legs, and slow o' speaking; and so, sir, we just brought him up as an idiot, sir."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE have already referred, or at least alluded, to the preface which M. Victor Cherbuliez has given to Mlle. de Bovet's *Lettres d'Irlande* (1), a preface much more gratifying to English

(1) *Lettres d'Irlande.* Par Marie Anne de Bovet. Paris: Guillaumin.

vanity than the most elaborate compliments could be. We need not, therefore, further trouble ourselves with the novelist-politician. Mlle. de Bovet herself is a much more amusing person. An "interwieveress" of the *République Française*, she started to discover Ireland with a light heart, a pleasant pen, a conviction that Mr. Justin McCarthy wrote *Ginx's Baby*, and (she assures us) no Anglophobia in particular, although, knowing the facts better than Mr. Gladstone, she admits that her countrymen "detest John Bull *en bloc*." In other words, she went determined to bless Ireland and curse England. Being apparently an intelligent and honest, as well as lively, lady, she found, as might be expected, not a little difficulty in doing this. Nothing is more amusing than the involuntary records of her surprises. She lets loose little asides of wonder at "le spirituel Irlandais" (if you find any Irishman *spirituel* still, you may bet twenty to one that he is an anti-Parnellite) objecting to her calling him "Paddy," at the mixture of rant and gush in the mouthing of Mr. O'Brien, and the maudlin talk about johndillon, and so forth. Again and again she has to administer to herself a kind of little "cheerer" of remembrance of English wickedness in order to blind her clear Gallic eyes to the fact that the whole tenants' movement is audacious robbery; that "eviction" is an everyday occurrence in France, or would be if resistance to the law were often thought of; that the sleevelessness and indolence of the Irish character, joined to the insane passion for trying to make two human beings live where there is barely livelihood for one, are the real causes of Irish distress. But she cannot quite do it, and her sense of the truth is constantly peeping through. A more annoying book for an honest and intelligent Gladstonian to read we can hardly imagine, more particularly as it is not the first of its kind to show what the "civilized world" really sees in Ireland when it condescends to look through its civilized eyes, and not through somebody's spectacles.

M. Edouard Rod (2), though by no means the genius that he has been dubbed by sufferers from Amielism, is a clever man, and usually writes well. We do not know that his stories are particularly "cosmopolitan," but they are in a certain modern manner well done. The opening one, "Lilith," has its scene at Brighton, and the heroine is the English governess of a French family. M. Rod does not oppose his Lilith to Eve at all, but merely makes her "a typical English girl according to Mr. Burne Jones," who enchants an irresolute and somewhat Amielitish *juge d'instruction*, is perhaps enchanted by him (which doesn't show her taste), but remembers the ghost of a tragically dead love. The *juge d'instruction* is a very poor creature, though cleaner-minded than M. Bourget's heroes in similar case. Much the same type of person, "moaning about the introspect" (if we may slightly change the Laureate), reappears in "L'idéal de M. Gindre," but the ending is happier, for M. Gindre's American ideal (he is a *professeur*, and keeps a *journal intime*, but he is a better fellow and less of a coxcomb than the judge) "tenders him her front" in due course. By the way, did anybody ever know an English or American girl hold out her forehead for a lover's first kiss? Her mouth, her cheeks, her eyes—her throat even, if you like. But the forehead (though it may be taken with advantage in subsequent excursions over the property) is, we think, not usually by our race selected for the first exercise in that amatory kind which the poet calls "the best and most avenant and earnest of the remenant." "Noces d'Or," a shorter story of a satiric touch, is perhaps the best thing in the book, the author's pessimism giving "bite" to his picture of the feeble half-turning of a fifty years' trodden-on matrimonial worm, while it does not degenerate as usual into the morbid or the tedious.

Dernier amour (3), like all M. Ohnet's books, exhibits in a manner very amusing to the critic the author's mixture of incurable *commonness* in thought, style, and so forth, with a certain undeniable faculty of tale-telling and even of character-drawing. That this mixture is the secret both of his popularity with the general reader and of the rage of the critics with him is undoubted. The situation of *Dernier amour* is simple enough, if something which is a little disgusting and decidedly preposterous can be called simple. Mina von Schwarzbourg, the young widow in name of an ancient Austrian Prince, has married (a little later than she should) a charming French Count. Ten years afterwards the charming French Count is still young, and she feels herself ageing. Just then she discovers that he has been in correspondence, unknown to herself, with a still more charming she-cousin of his own—a cousin of America. The correspondence is not criminal, and Lucie Andrimont, the cousin, is an exemplary young person; but the Countess soon perceives that the pair are hopelessly in love with each other. Probably, M. Ohnet's proneness to quasi-dramatic "curtains" and to a rather unwholesome sentimentality being known, few novel-readers will have much difficulty in finishing the story. It is probably in M. Ohnet's intention a very moral story, the catastrophe recompensing Mme. de Fontenay's *faute*. From this point of view he should go on and show us the Count's punishment, and so on and so on. Poetical justice is no good unless it is all-round justice.

If any one could be bad-blooded enough to speak uncivilly of so good, so pleasant, and so well tried a workman as M. Xavier Marmier (4), even his bad blood might be a little sweetened by M. Marmier's pleasant application to himself of Voltaire's

> Au peu d'esprit que le bonhomme avait,
> L'esprit des autres par complément servait;

and his confession that, advancing age not permitting him any longer to travel in the world, he travels in his library. If the result of the voyage is *un bon livre de lecture*, that is all he aims at. And he has certainly provided such a book, especially for French-reading people who like to have everything that is not France and Paris served up to them *accommodé* in the way of Paris and of France.

M. Jouaust's charming single-volume edition of the plays of Molière (5) has reached the famous *essai pâle et noble*, that tragi-comedy of jealousy in the great world, *Dom* [or Don] *Garcie de Navarre*. M. Vitu is, indeed, perhaps spurred on by a generous love of paradox and the generally despised to be much more abundant in praise of *Don Garcie* than we could be. The jealous megrims of the Don are not taken seriously enough to be tragical and not meant to be purely comic; while the verse—passable enough in its way—would be a sufficient text for those who grudge the greatest of French, perhaps the second of modern, dramatists the title of poet. But still the piece has been so unceasingly run down that it would be hard if a clever man could not defend it. M. Lenoir's frontispiece is very good, and will compare safely with Tony Johannot's cuts; though *Don Garcie* suited the Romantic tone so well that Johannot was moved to give perhaps the best illustrations to perhaps the worst play.

(2) *Scènes de la vie cosmopolite.* Par Edouard Rod. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *Dernier amour.* Par Georges Ohnet. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *A travers les tropiques.* Par X. Marmier. Paris: Hachette.

(5) *Molière — Dom Garcie de Navarre.* Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

TO judge from the supply, there must be a considerable demand for such popular biography as is exemplified in Dr. Japp's *Good Men and True* (T. Fisher Unwin), a volume of sketches devoted to labourers in various philanthropic fields. Perhaps the lesson of the moral poet is bearing fruit, and everybody, great and small, is for making sublime lives and leaving exemplary footprints behind him. What is most curious to note in connexion with the inordinate multiplication of biographical records is that people never seem to resent the burden of repetition, and, in fact, can never have too much of it. Dr. Japp's book, a good sample of the class, fairly illustrative and interesting, is to a great extent a hash of biographical material already accessible to everybody. Of Bishop Hannington and Charles Kingsley, of Norman Macleod and Guthrie, of the late Dean Stanley and John Conington, there is nothing new to relate. The lives of these eminent men have been set forth by accredited hands and reprinted more than once, the majority of them for the benefit of the multitude. The boiling-down process is excusable, perhaps, when the aim is to provide cheap literature that may compete with cheap dinners. But Dr. Japp's volume is stout and serious. The fare is substantial and made of much solid extract, to use an expressive though contradictory term, and the treatment of the material cannot be said to be light or digestible.

Mrs. Panton's *Nooks and Corners* (Ward & Downey) is a book on household management, a handbook for people who have "moved" and desire to furnish and embellish with the best effect. There is much that is admirable in the guidance offered. Mrs. Panton is a masterful adviser. She knows in all instances precisely what is wanted, is exceedingly full of resource, resolute in laying down the right rule of ornament, or in pointing the royal road to a sound *ensemble* in the matter of furniture. She does not hesitate to refer by name and address to this eminent firm or another for cheap and necessary articles, and considerately prints a little directory for the use of the young and bewildered. Her exposition is more valuable, on the whole, than the woodcuts that adorn it. "A Summer Corner" (153) is a nook that might be grateful to one hibernating by Orcadian shores; it looks insufferably close, cushioned, and overcurtained. The "Simple mantel drapery" (66) is decidedly simple, but it is also appalling, dismal, funereal; and the "Draped piano" (72) is clothed with Udolphian mystery, and should smite the most indolent Angelina with a fit of energy. But these things are better in the reading. The chapters on domestic economy and management are full of sound and sometimes entertaining advice. But surely the sum of 12*l.* 10*s.* is a paltry allowance in an income of 1,000*l.* a year for "wine, &c.," and 10*l.* for coal is a bitter minimum.

Reports of Artisans selected by the Mansion House Committee (C. F. Roworth), a collection of papers on the leading trades represented at the Paris Exhibition, though not uninstructive on some minor points, is curiously inconclusive on the larger questions of international competition and progress. Many of the reporters lay stress on the difficulty of acquiring trustworthy or important information. They differ widely, too, in their respective views of their mission. Some set to work like workmen; others, like Mr. Lemon, preface a notice of "Boots and Shoes" with a lively account of the Channel passage. Various are the opinions on rent and living for workmen in Paris and London. Mr. Lemon thinks "rents are much cheaper in Paris." Mr. McCrae, who honestly confesses the Exhibition to be "the worst possible place" for acquiring information as to cost and price of

articles, says that living and rent are about the same in both places. Mr. Knowles, whose account of "Hatter's Work" is interesting, finds rent "much higher" in Paris, and others join with him in this conclusion. Among the more exhaustive and readable Reports are Mr. Wright's "Clock-making," Mr. Kinggate's "Coach-building," "Bread and Bread-making," by Mr. Summers, and the various sections devoted to Engineering, Cabinet-making, and the Decorative Arts. These are well illustrated by diagrams and other cuts.

There is nothing but the lightest babble, good enough to beguile an hour of railway travelling, in Mr. Alfred Story's *Book of Vagrom Men and Vagrant Thoughts* (Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company). The sketches of vagrant folk—such as the Tinker, the Carrier, the Street Preacher—are superior to the thoughts they suggest—which, in truth, are generally commonplace. But a certain briskness of movement and facility of expression may engage the voyaging reader. Desultory, yet all undaunted, is the writer's style, and he offers a fair selection of subjects for choice.

Quite the most charming of the smaller forms of Sir Edwin Arnold's popular poem is the new edition of *The Light of Asia* just issued in the "Lotos" series (Trübner & Co.) The binding is extremely pretty, the paper and type excellent, and the portrait of the author an admirable likeness.

The first part of a comprehensive undertaking by Mr. G. T. Bettany, *The World's Religions* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), is before us. Religion, no doubt, is susceptible of elastic definition, and no one can complain of illiberal views in this instance. Mr. Bettany's treatment is, of course, popular. His survey of history, myth, and legend deals with the external, is picturesque in the main, and lends itself to the profuse pictorial illustration of rites and ceremonies.

Mr. Edwin Drew offers a study of Mr. Henry Irving from the elocutionist's point of view—*Henry Irving, On and Off the Stage* (H. J. Drane)—with much elucidative commentary derived from the actor's rendering of Macbeth, Mephistopheles, and so forth, the which is at times too literal an inquisition into accent and gesture to be perfectly intelligible.

The humours of the English schoolboy under the pressure of French examination papers are set forth, not for the first time, we fancy, by Max O'Rell, in *John Bull, Junior* (Field & Tuer).

An appropriate gift-book for children is the annual volume of *Little Wide-Awake*, edited by Mrs. Sale Barker (Routledge), with well-varied letterpress and plenty of taking illustrations.

We have received specimens of that admirable collection of guide-books, *Illustrated Europe* (Zurich: Orell, Füssli, & Co.), issued in French, German, and English, the work of expert writers, the most comprehensive yet concise of handbooks for tourists in Germany, Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Italy. Cheapness and utility were never more satisfactorily allied. The illustrations are numerous and good, the maps convenient, the information accurate, varied, and valuable.

We have also received new editions of Mr. W. J. Courthope's *Addison*, "English Men of Letters" series (Macmillan & Co.); the first volume of Mrs. Browning's *Poetical Works*, with a steel engraving after Hayter's portrait (Smith, Elder, & Co.), the edition to be completed in six volumes, uniform with the last collected edition of Mr. Browning's works; *The Roman and the Teuton*, by Charles Kingsley (Macmillan); *A Modern Telemachus* and *Bye-Words*, by Miss Yonge (Macmillan).

In the article "New Books and Reprints" which appeared in the *Saturday Review* of October 26, p. 476, "*Amoy* Mission" was misprinted "*Army* Mission," and "*Christ* or *Confucius*, Which?" appeared as "*Church* or *Confession*, Which?" The actual title will explain and justify the epithet "objectionable."

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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FOR some considerable time past the housing of the poor has been what a sentence-maker of former generations might have called the problem of the wise, the amusement of the foolish, and the capital of the political agitator. We have had Royal Commissions on it, Blue-books on it, honest talk and writing on it not a little, and dishonest talk and writing on it to an enormous extent. Sir EDWARD GUINNESS, in the magnificent gift which was announced on Wednesday, is not the first who has attempted to help towards its solution on the simple dead-lift principle; but he is the latest, which is more to the point. His selection of London and Dublin for the fields of his bounty is well made; for causes over which nobody has any control have made London the worst, and causes over which the interested agitators of Ireland have much control have probably made Dublin the next worst, examples of the evil. His selection of trustees is excellent. Lord ROWTON was the trusted friend of the first English Prime Minister who ever interested himself in such things, as *Sybil* shows. Mr. RITCHIE is the most efficient member of Parliament who has ever been returned by a constituency made up largely of such persons as Sir EDWARD desires to benefit. Mr. PLUNKET has performed the functions of First Commissioner of Works, which are closely connected with the business in hand, with less fuss and more sense than almost any of his predecessors. All belong to the political party which flatters the people least and has done most for it. And such instructions as the donor's general scheme gives are eminently sensible instructions, directing them to aim at benefiting as low a class as can be got at, and a much lower class than has been got at yet.

It is impossible to wish more good to the new scheme than we do, and if we proceed to set out cautions rather than encouragements, it is only because our goodwill is sincere. It may be taken as granted by common consent that previous efforts in this kind have been very partially successful; but the causes of their ill success have been too numerous, too various, and sometimes too problematical, to serve as absolutely clear sea-marks and lighthouses to the GUINNESS Trustees. One rock, however, is very clear. They, too, as of reason, are to reinvest the rents of the houses, as the PEABODY Trustees were. They will have to be careful not to fix those rents too high, in order to obtain a larger sum for reinvestment. But the rock of almshouse is almost as clear as the rock of over-rent, or the rock of good-dividend-paying investment; and it may be hoped that all three will be avoided without difficulty. There are much subtler troubles with which Lord ROWTON and his colleagues will have to contend. Trustees of their class have always been tempted to extirpate rookeries, with, as far as can be seen, the almost invariable result that the rooks are only driven off to make some other colony ten times blacker. It has constantly happened that, when the buildings have been built and fitted, instead of a class rising from below to take advantage of them, a class—taking advantage in a different sense—has settled on them from just above. It is at least open to question whether the *cité* system, the plan of enormous barracks subdivided into flats and apartments, is the only plan available, or the best plan in itself, or the plan most suited to English tastes and requirements. And then there is the last infirmity, an infirmity with which we are loth to find fault, and which demands that artistic merit shall be consulted—a demand not, it is true, met hitherto with any marked success, but the attempt to meet which has undoubtedly resulted in no small expenditure of money. Shall the Trustees fix on the middle of London and pay vast sums for their ground? or go to the outskirts, and thereby add to that existing determination of blood from the heart which not unreasonably disturbs some good men, and to the time wasted in getting to and from work? Shall they try and elevate their clients by the provision of costly fads in fitting or not?

All these questions, and many more, are sure to press themselves on the Trustees, and there will not be lacking innumerable advisers to give them most confident, and not seldom most interested, if not interesting, advice on each. For our parts, we shall offer them scarcely more than a little story, which happens to be, in the main, true. Once upon a time—so long ago that the Chairman of the Eighty Club the other night, to whom Mr. MORLEY confided the remark of his "cynical friend" that "a man must drink too much of "something," was probably anticipating the remark by committing excesses with the more harmless kind of Bottle—there was a young man who had lodgings, the landlord of which was a kind of waterside character. And one night the landlord's daughter knocked at the lodger's door, and said, "Sir, father is out of tobacco, and if he might make so bold, "could you lend him a pipeful?" And the young man (who was young and foolish) took a pouch of a cunning mixture which was made by Mr. BRYANT, of Oriel Street, and a cake of golden-leaf wrapped in silver-foil, and a tin of what Mr. THACKERAY somewhat generously calls "rich Latakie," and other tobacconalian fantasies, and piled them in the maiden's apron, and returned to his own pipe and the works of (probably, for we are not sure) Mr. SWINBURNE. And shortly afterwards there was another knock, and the damsel returned with the lapful untouched, and said, rather timidly and blushing:—"Please, sir, father's much obliged, "but *if you had some Richmond shag!*" Which little story we commend to Lord ROWTON, to Mr. RITCHIE, and to Mr. PLUNKET, for the moral thereof is exceedingly apposite. Let them find out by diligent inquiry what that lower class which Sir EDWARD GUINNESS desires to benefit wants and likes, and give them that, a little (not too much) better than they can now get it, at a fairer price, and with the opportunity (not the enforced partaking) of something better still. Let them, in particular, inquire very narrowly whether the barrack system is suited to the tastes of their probable clients, and whether it is necessary in the interests, not of large rent collection, but of fairly economical management of their capital. Model laundries, and model kitchens, and model bath-houses, and model this and that and the other, are capital things, if you can get them used, and if they do not cost too much. But there are a great many people who will not use them, and then those people must be more highly rented or kept out altogether, that others may have the use. Well-built, well-ventilated rooms, plain solid fireplaces, sufficient sanitary appliances, and plenty of water, together with perhaps a cookshop somewhere in the block of building, where wholesome food can be sold at a paying price, and the rest left to the household to perform for itself, are likely to do far more good than faddish phalansteries or great barracks full of the latest scientific and mechanical gimcracks. We are not ourselves at all sure that a considerable part of the money might not be spent on common lodging-houses—of the ordinary type, but better—with immense advantage. This is, of course, going dead against all the cant of the day, all the desires of those who would buy (and, to do them justice, sometimes sell) sovereigns for fifteen shillings, all the impossible aspirations of those who think that the lowest class of a great community which has multiplied out of all proportion can be furnished at nobody's expense with leisure and comfort equal to that of the lowest class of small communities which have not nearly approached the limit of their means of subsistence. This can never be done. What can be done, and what such gifts as Sir EDWARD GUINNESS's give the opportunity of doing, on a

scale relatively small, but positively large, is to provide a fair amount of decent comfort, or rather the opportunity of comfort, in the most economical and sensible way, without any middle profits, with a certainty of inspection enough to keep things straight and not enough to interfere with self-help, and, above all, with due and direct regard to what the people really want, what they are fitted to enjoy, what suits, in the good old words now so much forgotten, "that "state of life" in which they are and not that in which they are not.

QUEER DUELS.

IT is a pity, as Mr. FOKER said on a celebrated occasion, that the clergy should interfere in affairs of honour. M. EUGÈNE VEUILLOT is not exactly a clergyman, but he is the editor of a religious paper, and occupies a position more or less clerical. But in him the journalist overcrows the man of piety and peace, and he has published an article in which a Bishop is accused of plagiarism. It is a crime easy to prove, but almost impossible to commit; nor need we wonder that the Bishop's nephew, Lieutenant PAIMBLANT, did not tamely acquiesce. No process appears more safe than attacking the literary character of a gentleman who is a bishop, and cannot call you out; who is dead, and cannot excommunicate you. But the late prelate, Monsignor LAVAL, left a nephew, a man of war, and the nephew took up the blood-feud. He went, in company with a brother officer, to the office of the *Univers*; and here, even according to his own version, he did not behave according to the rules. You cannot be too polite to an enemy whom you propose to shoot or to pink. M. PAIMBLANT was not polite. He asked for the name of the blackguard who had reviewed his uncle's book, and here, we think, it will be allowed that he made a mistake, insulting the person to whom he spoke and the *Univers* at large. M. VEUILLOT replied by a set of *tu quoques*, returned the mud which the Lieutenant had thrown, and shied some more which he had not. M. VEUILLOT is no longer in his first youth, and M. PAIMBLANT declined to strike him; but was it more in accordance with the rules to rub his nose in a sheet of his newspaper? "Then began a murder grim and great," as KINGSLEY was fond of saying. The editor got hold of the poker, and poor M. DE COLOMB, the friend of M. PAIMBLANT, got "the redder's stroke."

No good ever comes, as JEAMES says, in *Pendennis*, from being mixed up in an altercation. The end of the struggle, as is common in such brawls, was unsatisfactory. The editor said he would go on reviewing the late Bishop, for whom every one will feel sincere sympathy; for a bishop may blunder, but we cannot believe that he would plagiarize. M. PAIMBLANT said that he would kick the editor round his office; but he did not do it, and departed under a shower of Billingsgate, in which a clerical journalist ought not to be proficient. And there has been no duel, after all. This is just what comes of neglecting the decorum of the duello. Had M. PAIMBLANT respectfully asked for the name of his uncle's reviewer, perhaps M. VEUILLOT would not have used unseemly language, but would have gone on the ground like a gentleman, and shot at the Lieutenant "with "the saw-handled one he was used to." Duelling exists for the very purpose of checking violent language and the arbitrary use of pokers. M. PAIMBLANT, apparently, did well to be angry; for it is the business of a nephew to defend the reputation of a priest who cannot take care of himself, and of the dead against whom it is proverbially wrong to bring charges of plagiarism. But, if we fought in England about that matter, how busy some novelists and some newspaper moralists would be! M. VEUILLOT seems to have the worse of the affair in general opinion, and it is certain that he began it, and in his clerical journal set a very bad example of Christian manners.

The duel of the American Colonels, if we can call it a duel, is a much more serious and melancholy business. Colonels GOODLOE and SWOPE, gentlemen of Kentucky, had long been on bad terms. Six years have passed since Colonel GOODLOE tried to get Colonel SWOPE turned out of his place in the Internal Revenue. Other political and personal differences had estranged these gallant sons of Kentucky, and it was a cruel freak of fortune that allotted to them neighbouring boxes in the post-office at Lexington. They met as they were taking out their letters, and they might only have scowled at each other if they had not chanced to be armed. If one institution is less laudable than another in America, it is the practice of carrying concealed weapons, revolvers and knives. When men wore swords they sometimes met "on an occasion," as Sir WILLIAM HOPE has it, in *The Scots Fencing Master*, lugged out their irons, and fell to foining without seconds or decency. But a duel "on an occasion" with rapiers admits of all the delicacy of the art, need not be fatal, is not savage, and affords a spectacle of the highest interest to the amateur. Besides, nobody can be hurt except the combatants. Now, no amateur could be pleased, nor feel any sensation except of disgust, at the really butcherly affray between the two Colonels. The intrepid SWOPE had a revolver, and the advantage seemed all on his side. There are some who argue that, in a duel across a handkerchief, between a swordsman and a man with a pistol, the chances are equal. The pistolman *may* parry the sword-thrust, but in doing so he is likely to derange his aim, and miss. Colonel SWOPE did miss, although at close quarters, in the excitement of the moment. The bullet went through the post-office window, but nobody got in the way of it. Colonel GOODLOE had now got his knife out, and began to hew Colonel SWOPE "in pieces sma'," like the lover of HELEN of fair Kirkconnel Lea. But Colonel SWOPE did not blench; he fired his pistol into the other Colonel's person. Colonel GOODLOE held his ground; probably Colonel SWOPE's pistol was of insufficient calibre. It is a vulgar error to carry any lighter artillery than a navy revolver, if a man must carry a revolver at all. The owner of the knife renewed his murderous onslaught, and Colonel SWOPE fell, and died. His opponent survived him by only a few hours.

If there be a thoroughly wrong and bad way of settling a dispute, it is this fashion, which we had hoped was almost obsolete. Men may cut each other, and abuse each other's character, as we do, or they may go through a well-regulated private war, like most Continental peoples. But to hack each other to death with knives, to shoot at sight, is neither civilized nor worthy of gentlemen, and is most inconvenient to the majority of citizens. Colonels GOODLOE and SWOPE might have met in Holmgang, and fought it out, with axes if they liked, on any island in the river. This would have been archaic and picturesque; while an exchange of shots at twenty five yards would have restored tranquillity of mind, and perhaps done nobody much harm. But rumpuses with pokers, revolvers, hunting-knives, and so forth, do not give decent satisfaction, are clumsy, inartistic, and unworthy of any society which is higher than mere brawling anarchy. Nobody but the Americans of a few States misbehaves in this ferocious way, which combines the maximum of homicide with a minus quantity of chivalrous entertainment. Whatever may be said against duelling, it is a noble institution compared with unregulated butchery. But this savagery will not die out while men are permitted to carry concealed arms.

MR. MORLEY AT HOME AND NOT AT HOME.

MR. JOHN MORLEY seldom speaks better than when he is in that state on which SYDNEY SMITH congratulated Miss GEORGIANA HARCOURT—the state of "having her "society hot and strong, and undiluted by laity and dis- "senters." Before a hostile or divided audience he is not nearly so happy as when nobody is present but the faithful. Accordingly, his address to the Rump of the Eighty Club, on Tuesday night, was a very good performance of its kind—confident and flowing, and with a pretty rhetorical peroration about the joy of passing away like a shadow and leaving generous memories behind you. The "generosity" of Mr. MORLEY's party, perhaps, is of what we have ventured to call here the Tupmannic, or vicarious, kind; but no matter for that. Mr. MORLEY is scarcely ever excited (though we have a dim memory of an exceptional address to some picnicking miners at Blyth) by such an occasion to the boisterous cock-a-hoopness of some of his present associates. But it has been observed of the ancients that, the more pleasantly and cheerfully after-dinner oratory, even of the less boisterous kind, runs, the less is it apt to stand the uncomfortable examination of breakfast-time. Mr. MORLEY's speech, we fear, is scarcely an exception to this rule. For instance, it is generally known that there have been and are searchings of heart among the ad-

vanced Gladstonians as to Mr. MORLEY's attitude on the Eight Hours question. Why Mr. MORLEY should have selected this particular last ditch to die or live in nobody knows. An Eight Hours Bill would, indeed, be a preposterous thing enough; but it would not be in the least degree more preposterous than plenty of other things which he has swallowed with a good grace—nay, has eagerly reached for and tossed off with gusto. Probably, however, Mr. MORLEY is of the opinion of those comfortable doctors who have held that, if you stick fast to one or more points of belief, if you perpetually deny yourself one or more indulgences, and so forth, you acquire thereby full Christian or unchristian liberty in all things else. At least this is the only reason which we have been able to imagine for this curious selection of "The Crown and No Eight "Hours Bill" for his battle-cry.

He is not, however, very well served on this point either by his own arguments or by those of his friends. The chief Gladstonian morning newspaper, for instance, after hinting in a rather gingerly way that it agrees with Mr. MORLEY, observes that "It is a somewhat paradoxical pro-"position that the War Office should not be allowed to "engage the men at Woolwich for nine hours a day, "although every workman on the premises was desirous of "occupying himself for that period." No doubt it is; and more than paradoxical. But it happens to be a proposition practically identical with that on which the Irish friends of Gladstonians act every day of their lives. Mr. MORLEY himself "would as soon" put trades "under military dis-"cipline" as consent to a Secretary of State fixing maximum hours of labour because a majority of men in the trade demand it, or preventing workmen by the stroke of his pen from working beyond that time. So would we, and a great deal sooner. It is, indeed, grand to find Mr. MORLEY thundering against the tyranny of the majority, and pleading the right of the individual to work as he pleases. But, good heavens! what wild work do these thunderbolts make with the established and accepted principles of his own party! A majority—a "transient majority," says Mr. MORLEY, holding his breath with horror. For a rank, highflying, fire-new Tory commend us to the member for Newcastle. Certainly it is a most horrible thing that a majority—a "transient "majority"—a majority "ascertained by a poll or what "not" (fresh blasphemy!)—should be allowed to dictate in such a manner. But what a hideous hum do we seem to hear from the sacred principles and the theories and doctrines which Mr. MORLEY is supposed to accept. For this last theory of his cuts them all away. Never can we have Disestablishment, for we never can be sure that the majority is not transient. Never can we have local option; never one-man-one-vote; never nothing. In fact, the only institution that will stand Mr. MORLEY's new test is—we almost shudder to mention it—the House of Lords itself. There the majority is not transient—at least, so we understand its enemies to complain—there you need not have "a poll or what not" to ascertain it. It has that character of fixity which we now learn to be Mr. MORLEY's one political ideal, and which, no doubt, accounts for his steadiness in monarchical principles.

A similar flimsiness (if we may, without impoliteness, drop sarcasm, and therefore speak plainly) characterized Mr. MORLEY's speech throughout. He thinks it a sufficient answer to Lord SALISBURY's plain statement of fact that the disease of Ireland is a want of respect for the sacredness of contract to say that Lord SALISBURY passed a Relief Act in 1887. We can hardly pay Mr. MORLEY's intellect so bad a compliment as to suppose that he did not recognize his own paralogism. Perhaps the strongest, and certainly not the least often repeated, argument against the legislation of 1881 was precisely this, that it would not merely render probable, but would necessitate, constant revisions, in its own sense, until or unless it was repealed *in toto*. The carrying out of such revisions as a part of Ministerial duty implies no approval of the original legislation. And then let us take that wonderful argument of Mr. MORLEY's about the rating of vacant land. Mr. MORLEY knows of land in Kensington which has a selling value of four hundred thousand pounds and is rated at sixty-two pounds. This may be fact or it may be fiction; we do not care which it is. For what Mr. MORLEY's contention comes to is this, that a man is to be rated, not on the value of his property according to the use to which it is actually put, but on the value which certain persons choose to say might attach to it if he either got rid of it altogether or used it in some other way. So be it; we will take Mr. MORLEY a little further along his own road. He is an excellent journalist and man of letters, and for several years he has let this talent of his lie in a napkin, or has used it only to the production of one little book. This is monstrous. If he had worked only eight hours a day during that period at books and articles, he would have had a taxable income many hundreds, if not thousands, higher than that on which he has actually paid Income-tax. He has left the field unimproved, unbuilt on; and we say, in his own words, "In no country but ours, with the "popular franchise, would such a state of things be "tolerated."

What is doubtless pedantically termed *reductio ad absurdum* is the best way of dealing with Mr. MORLEY, because he is himself nothing if not an example of what, with equal pedantry, is called the *intellectus sibi permissus*. We have less interest than most people in arguing that people who have read and who can write are not good politicians; but Mr. MORLEY certainly himself affords a remarkable example in support of this old doctrine or prejudice. He seldom makes a speech without showing either the painful effort of a man who is trying to make the policy which has been forced upon him as a practical politician square with the principles which he has adopted as a theoretical one, or else a deficient grasp of practical politics themselves. If by practice his hand is a little subdued to what it works in, if he is less careful than he used to be to make logic and leading, principles and practice agree, he has not given up the attempt, he is only more careless of the gaps between the pairs. He would hardly a very few years ago have left that monstrous rift about the transient majority without at least an attempt to patch it. "Now his nerves "are grown firmer, Rift he leaves it and utters no murmur." Yet even this comes short of the practice of the really practical politician, such as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who never, and Mr. GLADSTONE, who scarcely ever, attempts a logical argument at all. No doubt Mr. MORLEY is, in a sense, valuable to his party; it is an old observation that such a party will give almost anything for a character, and, though it will not give so much for a reputation when the reputation is merely literary and intellectual, it will give something for that when it is sufficiently out of pocket in these respects. But when there is a considerable, and apparently an increasing, fraction of it which cares neither for intellect, nor for literature, nor for character, the politician who has only these particular wares to sell must feel uncomfortable about his future market. Is Mr. MORLEY prepared to deal in certain very different commodities?

LONDON LEASEHOLDS.

THE institution of County Councils, and more particularly of the County Council for London, has been followed by a flaming revival of all sorts of discussion about land allotments, free education, free dinners, the "liquor "traffic," the leasing of house property, and various other questions of a similar character. No doubt these questions, or most of them, were debated long before the Councils were established; but they have become much more lively since, and for a very obvious reason. State interference operating over the whole country in matters like these is a great thing to ask for; it could hardly apply with sufficient discrimination, considering the wide difference of conditions in one place and another; and there still exists a general repugnance to State control in affairs of everyday life. But if such questions can be referred to the decision of elective Councils, and made dependent on the will of a majority of ratepayers in this or that well-defined district, where all the facts are easily ascertainable, there seems to be much less likelihood of error and a great reduction of the element of compulsion. That is the explanation, no doubt; and in all likelihood the Legislature will be more and more pressed to confer on District Councils a power of interference in affairs social and economical which it would hesitate to exercise on its own account and for the country at large. It would be easy to show that between the objections to the one and the other kind of interference there is not so much to choose as seems to be imagined by many; but that is not our business on the present occasion. We have to remark on a new demand for limiting freedom of contract where house property is concerned, though it would be quite as reasonable to extend the demand to contracts for the sale and purchase of sugar, cotton, corn, copper, or any other trade commodity.

The agitation of which we speak has been raised on behalf of the tenant-tradesmen of London; and some of them seem to have started an Association for the furtherance of their desires. As we understand their complaint, it is this. It often happens, when a tenant-tradesman's lease expires, that his landlord refuses to enter on a new bargain without raising the rent, or without insisting on costly repairs, amounting in some cases to rebuilding. The rebuilding stipulation is not a common one, but the demand for a greatly enhanced rent is; and it is often made when whatever additional value the house may have for business purposes has been conferred by the personal skill, energy, and enterprize of the tenant. By the exercise of these qualities, in himself alone residing, a something called "good-will" has been created, which is worth money, and which the landlord sells to somebody else for his own benefit if the tenant who created it refuses to surrender its equivalent in the shape of increased rent. That, we understand, is the greatest grievance of all. Now it may be conceded at once that the case of such a tenant, in the hands of such a landlord, has a look of hardship on the face of it. We take it, however, that it is a comparatively rare case; that is to say, it is a comparatively rare thing in London (and it is London we are dealing with) that the enhanced value of shop or factory is due to the business merits of the tenant alone, and not in some measure to general competition for house-tenancy, or in great measure to that and to a particular "improvement of the neighbourhood" besides. But, to deal with this worst grievance first, is it as serious as it is alleged to be, and what is the remedy for it whether it be small or great? In the uncommon case put by the President of the Tenant-Tradesmen's National Union—the case in which "the improved value of the premises has been "created solely by the industry, business tact, and capital "of the tenant, through years of anxious toil"—it seems hard that he should be called upon to turn out or make the improved value over to the landlord by payment of a "premium" or a higher rent. It is not a singular hardship; there are others like it to which the landlord is constantly exposed; but a hardship we may allow it to be. But a hardship is not always a grievance. Call this a grievance, however; and then let us see how it originated, and what is the better means of doing away with it. It originated in the terms of the original contract entered into with the landlord; as to which two things are to be observed. In the first place, it was a voluntary contract; neither party was forced into it by the other. In the next place, it was made in full knowledge that what has happened might happen; indeed, it would be strange if the tenant did not look forward from the beginning to the making of a good business—*i.e.* the creation of a valuable "good-will." But he contented himself (so it appears from the case assumed) with a bargain which terminated his use of the house at the end of so many years; well knowing that, no matter how or in what measure its value might be enhanced in the interval, he would have to make a new bargain for the tenancy, or give it up at the termination of his lease. Surely the grievance fades very much when we look at it in this light. The tenant might have made his bargain (with one landlord, if not with another) for forty years instead of for fourteen or twenty-one; or he might have stipulated for a continuation lease, at will, on certain terms. If this cannot be done in one street, it can in the next; and we must remember that in the case assumed the increased value of the house is due entirely to the business faculties of the tenant, and not to any advantage of "position." The cure for the hardship under consideration seems to be, then, greater care and the acceptance of a little more risk in making the original bargain. It is certainly more reasonable to call upon the tenant for that, than for the tenant to insist upon a court of inquiry to determine whether the whole of the increased value of the house at the end of his term of holding, or whether any and what part of it, is mere saleable goodwill, and to compel the landlord to re-let the house to the same tenant for the same business for so long a time and on such conditions as it thinks fit. But that is what the Tenant-Tradesmen's Union demands, apparently; and it is all the more unreasonable on this account: though during the first term of tenancy little or nothing may have been added to the value of the house by tenant competition or improvement of the neighbourhood, who is to say that the landlord's anticipation of enhanced value from these causes in the immediate future may not be just? And, should it be realized, why should he be deprived of an advantage which certainly belongs to him more clearly than to anybody else? He has to take the risk of depreciation, which may occur after an interval of increased value in which he has no share of advantage.

So far, however, we have been dealing with extreme and comparatively rare cases of hardship—if hardship is precisely the right word for it. But it does not appear that the discontented London tradesman confines his complaint to woes of this kind. We all know that when rents are raised at the expiration of a lease-term, in by far the greater number of cases it is because the value of the house has been increased by competition depending on a general improvement of trade and its profits, and (or) by some particular improvement of house property in the immediate neighbourhood. In London there are districts which have "gone down"; but, on the whole, the value of house property for all purposes has been steadily going up for generations. Therefore, as most leases come to an end rent rises; and, as a consequence, the number of people who are called upon to pay enhanced rents is very large indeed. None like to do so; and thus we have a formidable body of malcontents. But the malcontents should be reasonable; and there is no reason in claiming what does not belong to them, or any part of it. Even supposing that the increased values are of the nature of "unearned increment," it is no property of theirs; while in enormous numbers of cases it is the property of the landlord by the particular title of having paid an excess price for the chance of appreciation. In any case, the enhanced value cannot be claimed by the tenant; though, as a matter of fact, he has had the benefit of it for some time before the termination of his lease. This must be so in every case where a higher rent can be got in the market at the end of his term of holding as a consequence of competition for such property in his neighbourhood. This benefit seems to be put out of account altogether. There is no consideration, or no fair consideration, of the fact that for years the landlord has been a loser, the tenant a gainer, by the terms of contract between them; and that fact being put aside, the tenant then comes in and claims the right to another contract by which the one shall be a loser and the other a gainer still. Moreover, it seems that the Tenant-Tradesmen's Union hopes to force the Legislature to assist the operation. That endeavour they will fail in, we take it. But, of course, the London tenant-tradesmen can form themselves into a combination like those which artisans set up, and for similar purposes; if so, however, they must look for a Landlords' and Houseowners' Union to keep up rents where the rival association would put them down.

THE BENCH AND THE BULLET.

THE murderous attack upon Judge Bristowe at the Nottingham station, last Tuesday, once more illustrates, probably to no purpose, the curse of free-trade in pistols to which we have called such frequent attention. The accident to Mr. Justice Day, happily slight, will have no effect upon the most reckless driving of hansoms round the sharpest corners. The injuries inflicted upon Judge Bristowe, unhappily serious, will leave the liberty of unlicensed firearms where they found it. The time has gone by when the sufferings of important personages led to social reforms, and Sydney Smith could no longer say, even with plausibility, that the burning of a bishop would unlock the doors of a carriage. The only hope is that some day a drunken or mischievous idiot may shoot himself with his own revolver. Most miscreants, and even many fools, are extremely careful of their own skins. Men who regard everything else with contempt regard the abrasion of the cuticle with alarm, and dynamite outrages, if we remember rightly, abruptly ceased when two eminent dynamiters blew themselves up instead of blowing up London Bridge. That every one who carries a revolver in the streets of London, or any other civilized town, may receive a painful, but not deadly, wound from his own weapon must be the cordial wish of every peaceable citizen. With the exception of Montenegro, and the Western States of North America, England is perhaps the most unrestricted mart of lethal tools. If Judge Bristowe were a police magistrate, we should have more hope for the future. County Court judges have in England

no criminal jurisdiction, and they do not therefore enjoy the opportunity, which in the present painful circumstances they would eagerly embrace, of adding months or years, as the case may be, to the sentence of every convict who was in possession of firearms at the moment of his arrest. We exhort magistrates who have criminal jurisdiction to remember, in the first place, that even a County Court judge is a fellow-creature, and, in the second place, that the next victim may be one of themselves. Indeed, their immunity up to this hour, and the safety of those more exalted functionaries who wear ermine, may be only due to the fact that they have never been called upon to deal professionally with a German vendor of artificial teeth, whose bite is worse than his bark. We are conventionally supposed to be a civilized, tranquil, and cultivated people. We have abundance of free libraries, and no conscription. Yet one of the most difficult things to buy in London is a book, and one of the easiest is a revolver.

The wicked and cowardly assault upon Judge BRISTOWE, a man nearly seventy years of age, excites universal sympathy. Mr. BRISTOWE was well known for many years on the Midland Circuit and in the House of Commons. Everybody liked him, for he was pleasant to everybody. It appears from what was said before the magistrates on Wednesday that Mr. BRISTOWE remained on the Bench what he had been in the House and at the Bar. Such an abominable crime as the attempt to kill him is a disgrace to the country, and the Town Clerk of Nottingham might well express satisfaction that ARNEMANN is not an Englishman. But the real discredit which flows from such offences belongs to the law which permits them. ARNEMANN, with his pistol, walked without let or hindrance on to the station platform, and calmly shot Judge BRISTOWE as the Judge was entering the train. It may not be always possible or convenient to keep persons with no ostensible business from congregating round departing trains. ARNEMANN was not even a stranger. He practised his trade in Nottingham; he had been fined, at the instance of the British Dental Association, for describing himself as a dentist, without possessing the proper qualification; and he may therefore be assumed to have borne an indifferent character. Moreover, he had been heard to say that he could not get justice in the County Court—meaning, apparently, that if he supplied a customer with teeth which did not fit, the Judge would not make the customer pay for them. This man had no difficulty in buying a pistol, waiting for the Judge in a public place, and shooting him down without interference from any one. If ARNEMANN, of whose perfect sanity there seems to be no doubt whatever, had asked for a pistol to shoot Judge BRISTOWE, he would not have been supplied with it. The only precaution he found it necessary to take was not to mention his design in so many words.

SIR JAMES FERGUSSON ON CRETE.

WE suggested recently that it would be desirable for some Minister to put the truth about Crete a little more elaborately before the public. The challenge was taken up by Sir JAMES FERGUSSON at Dartford last Monday. Sir JAMES, of course, knows the facts better than any Cabinet Minister except Lord SALISBURY; but with the intelligent public his name does not carry the weight of a Cabinet Minister, and with the intelligent newspaper editor he has not the chance of being reported at equal length with one. As good a report as any appeared—with creditable fairness, though for some reason or other a day late—in the newspaper which has made itself the chief mouthpiece of attacks on SHAKIR Pasha, and to which Sir JAMES FERGUSSON directly referred. Also the *Daily News* has attempted to defend itself against the UNDER-SECRETARY. We are glad to see that it distinctly disclaims "holding "Lord SALISBURY responsible for the proceedings of MOUSSA "Bey." But it would have been better if it had not, like Captain O'BRIEN in his celebrated despatch, "mixed up" Crete and Armenia quite so much; and it would have been better still if it had not attempted to reassert in definite form the indefinite as far as not disproved and trumpery, and disproved or trumpery as far as definite, assertions of its Canea Correspondent. The fact is that there never was an "indictment" so cut to ribbons and torn to rags as the indictment of that Correspondent has been; and this would be equally the fact if, at last and after all, actually substantiated charges of actual "outrage" in Crete were to be brought.

It is, however, sometimes held, we do not know whether wisely or unwisely, that exposition of truth is more powerful for good than refutation of falsehood. It is certain that the public, whether again wisely or unwisely we give no opinion, attaches to the positive narration of a responsible Minister weight which it rarely attaches to statements in a newspaper. Therefore, though there will be little indeed in Sir JAMES FERGUSSON's account of Cretan affairs which will be new to readers of the *Saturday Review*, we are glad to welcome it. That Crete, instead of being at the mercy of a Turkish Vali, has an exceedingly democratic Constitution; that the Cretans acted on the "sound democratic principle" (as fervent democrats have called it) of the spoils to the victors; that the minority, as minorities are apt to do, objected; that both majority and minority were Christians, and that the disappointed Christian minority, in true schoolboy fashion, attempted to "pass it on" by murdering the Turkish soldiers who represented the governor who constitutionally supported the Christian majority, are things no doubt quite unknown, and very surprising to the Baptist ministers, but perfectly true. That these pious Christians then found no means of restoring their own fraternal affection to a proper warmth except by combining to fall upon their Mussulman neighbours is again indubitable, and it should not be surprising to Baptists, from their knowledge of the way in which Dissenting sects, though they get on marvellous ill together, sometimes show their Christian charity by combined attacks on others. That the Turks, as peace-keepers of this Home-ruled island, had to put things straight, that some rough work may have taken place, that this roughness has been vastly exaggerated, and so forth, are also things which may possibly find credence now that they are vouched for by a responsible official. We only hope they will, but with a hope which is not extremely confident. The article of which Sir JAMES fell foul, if it had any meaning at all, exhorted the Mahommedan subjects of the Porte to rebel against the Porte, thereby abandoning the "Christian" pretext altogether. To go from Crete to Armenia, Señor CASTELAR, in his well-known exaggeration of VICTOR HUGO's silliest style, has just been remarking, "Servia exists, Roumania exists, and so does "Bulgaria. Why should not Armenia revive?" One might give the eminent Spaniard several reasons, but doubtless they would do no good. And we really do not know that Sir JAMES FERGUSSON's facts will do much good either to the actual believers in Cretan atrocities. To those who, by much repetition, might have come to believe they may do good; and so they are welcome.

IRELAND.

WE doubt whether any deliberate satirist of the Irish character, from Mr. THACKERAY downwards, has ever hit upon quite so rich an illustration of its comic perversity as has been supplied by the letter in which Archbishop CROKE has enclosed to the *Freeman's Journal* his subscription of 50*l.* to the Tenants' Defence Association. The right reverend prelate is careful to point out that before making this contribution he had satisfied himself of the legitimacy of its object. Distinguished members of the Irish Parliamentary party had so clearly indicated the lines and laid down the basis of the new organization, that no reasonable doubt could be entertained as to either. "It is to be con-"ducted," says the Archbishop, "on purely legal and con-"stitutional lines, and it is to be built on the solid basis of "cash in hand and of national credit." Its purpose, Dr. CROKE goes on to explain, is to enable them to carry on the war against "a nest and network of bad landlords," who are "armed to the teeth and in a twofold fashion." And the manner of their twofold arming is this; that "they have money, however got, in their pockets, and "the law of the land at their back." Hence, to face them successfully, "we also," continues the Archbishop, "must "provide ourselves with cash, and be, moreover, in a posi-"tion to defy, while defeating, the law." Surely no finer specimen of a characteristic Irish product has ever been exhibited than this. "To what green altar, O mysterious "priest, lead'st thou that" most magnificent of bulls—a League of Tenants "defying and defeating the law" on "purely legal and constitutional lines"? But Dr. CROKE goes on to show how this feat is to be performed. "By "subscribing to the funds of the Tenants' Defence Associa-"tion we shall be at least equal to our adversaries in the

"first—that is, the financial point—and we can bid defiance "to the law in the second place, by taking right good care "*on no account* [archiepiscopal italics] to break it." Here, then, comes another fine horned animal, "lowing at the "skies," and we are left contemplating the delightful puzzle of a law which is to be legally and constitutionally defied and defeated without being broken.

From the conclusion, however, of this wonderful letter we are able to gather some idea of what we may call the unconscious meaning of this professional director of consciences. When he recommends a legal and constitutional defiance of a law which is on no account to be broken, what he really advises is that this law should be on no account broken in such a way as to expose the lawbreaker to the certainty of legal punishment. He exhorts the people of Tipperary not to be "tempted into any rash or equivocal "courses"; meaning thereby such courses as the administrators of the law will find no difficulty in putting a stop to by sharp methods of punishment. He reminds them of O'Connell's motto, that "He who commits a crime gives "strength to the enemy," and adds, "Let it be ours also." All which of course is, in a certain sense, plain enough. What is meant is, "Don't break the Sixth Commandment, "because you are likely to be caught and punished for "doing so; and, even if you were not, the thing would "make a scandal; but break the Eighth Commandment, "in a quiet way, as much as you like, which if you "do discreetly, you will be exposed to nothing more "than the civil consequence of eviction, against the resulting inconveniences of which I am now assisting to "guarantee you by a subscription of 50*l.* to the funds of "the Tenants' Association." This is the plain English into which Archbishop Croke's Irish translates itself. When he admits that the landlords have the law at their back, he, in effect, admits that the tenants who are withholding their rents are keeping back money which is legally and morally the property of their landlords; and when he recommends them to keep this money in their pockets, or, as will more probably happen, to hand it over to third parties, to confiscate as much of it as they think fit, he is simply advising them to break the Eighth Commandment on "legal and constitutional lines" When an Archbishop's notions of elementary ethics are as defective as this, it would be as useless as it might be thought presumptuous to argue with him. We can only wonder how he manages to reconcile his conduct with other and more strictly professional canons. If an Irish prelate does not know right from wrong, he might be presumed not to be ignorant of what the Head of the Church has laid down on the subject, or be incapable of perceiving that that ruling unequivocally condemns his present action. For Archbishop Croke must know perfectly well that, unless the Tenants' Defence Association were intended to be worked on the principles, as nearly as may be, of the Plan of Campaign, and supported, as far as its supporters can manage to do so, by the same methods, it would have no reason of being. And he cannot need to be reminded of what has been said about "*id belli genus quod audit* the 'Plan of "'Campaign' *et ea interdictionis forma quæ* 'boycotting' "*nuncupatur*."

There is, however, not much difficulty in understanding why this letter should be made public just at this moment. The Archbishop says in his letter that he has been in doubt whether he should subscribe at once or defer his contribution, but that he had "settled down to the conclusion" that "to give quickly is to give twice." Let us add that it is often advisable for a person in Dr. Croke's position to give quickly in order to induce other people to give even as much as once; and we entertain very little doubt that this last matter has weighed as much with the Archbishop as any. By all accounts the progress which the promoters of the Tenants' Defence League have made with their enterprise thus far has by no means come up to their expectations. The zeal of the farmers in the cause is of a far less ardent description than Mr. O'Brien and his friends had anticipated, or, at any rate, had pretended to anticipate, and the subscriptions, instead of pouring into the coffers of the Association in daily increasing volume, are dribbling into them in a disappointingly slow and scanty fashion. The truth of course is that the Tipperary tenants, who are in a fairly prosperous condition, and have had no trouble with their landlords, can with difficulty be got to acknowledge their obligation to involve themselves in a quarrel, still less to expose themselves to the risk of eviction for the mere sake of assisting tenants in other parts of Ireland to plunder *their* landlords of their rent. In Kerry, where the land war was not unknown before, the organizers of the movement may possibly have a little better success, though the proceedings at the Convention held the other day at Tralee, to, as it was called, "inaugurate" the Association, seems to have been itself favoured with but doubtful auguries. This meeting, which was attended by some half a dozen Irish members of Parliament, refused to admit a police shorthand writer to its deliberations, but was not destined, as the event proved, to maintain any very rigid rules of exclusion. Its proceedings, the report goes on to say, were for the most part orderly, but on more than one occasion the speaking was interrupted owing to the attempts of the people outside to gain admission. "After a time the door "was forced in, and the meeting eventually became a public "one"—as apt a mode of effecting the transformation, perhaps, as could readily have been devised. Resolutions were then passed pledging the meeting to promote the extension of the Association in Kerry and levying a tax of threepence in the pound for the support of the organization. It is one thing, however, to levy a tax and another to collect it; and unless the tenant-farmers of Kerry display more enthusiasm for the cause than those of Tipperary, the new League is hardly likely to realize the expectations with which it was started.

At the last fortnightly meeting of the National League in Dublin Mr. Healy, who presided, made a somewhat noticeable speech in vindication of the course taken by him as counsel for certain of the Maryborough prisoners. He did not enter, he said, upon this statement on his own behalf, but in the interest of his colleagues, who had been unfairly attacked in various newspapers. This is very self-denying on Mr. Healy's part, since, as it happens, there is no one who has been more vehemently attacked, in at least one Parnellite newspaper, than himself. It had been said, he observed, that the action of counsel for defence "should "have been to expose the entire system of trial at Mary-"borough"; but he did not know who entertained that idea. His own idea was that the first duty of counsel was to his clients, whose lives and liberties were involved; and, considering the number of "stand-bys" the Crown could command and the few challenges, especially in the misdemeanour cases, where there were only six allowed on the part of the prisoners, he believed he had taken the wisest course. This, no doubt, is very plausible, and it may possibly serve its purpose with those to whom it is intended as a reply. But, considering that one "packed" jury had already disagreed on their verdict in the case of one of the prisoners, the fact that Mr. Healy declined even to try his luck with the other juries, who could hardly have been more "packed" than the one referred to, is a pretty good indication of the clearness of the case against those prisoners whom he and his colleagues advised to plead guilty. It is to Mr. Healy's credit as an advocate, at any rate, that, though he is ready enough in his capacity of political agitator to swell the ridiculous cry about the unfairness of the trials, he takes care not to sacrifice the interests of clients whom he well knows to be guilty to the temptations of party demonstration, but, on the contrary, foregoes an opportunity for such a display, in order to make the best bargain with justice for them that he can.

THE RELIEF OF EMIN PASHA.

IT would appear from Captain, now Major, Wissmann's despatches that the Germans will, after all, have the pleasure of being the immediate welcomers of Emin Pasha and Mr. Stanley at Mpapwa, and afterwards at Bagamoyo. Captain Wissmann, who has contrived to inspire persons who know nothing of him personally with much respect of late, and who deserves his promotion, admits, "with a frankness which I'm sure must charm ye" (and how terrible is the thought that the author of those words not so very many years ago is the author of a certain set of Scotch speeches this week), that the refugees would have made for Mombassa if they could. Nor is it necessary for him to say that one of the reasons which have made the route to Mombassa unavailable is the semi-filibustering of the late, or not late, Dr. Peters. Everybody must hope that there will be none of those slips which so often happen between the cup and the lip in the last stage of Emin Pasha's journey to civilization. As for Mr. Stanley, he has secured at least a very eager audience for the account which he will have to give of himself. We shall all read with interest the history of his imminent deadly scapes,

and the account of the discoveries to which he has sacrificed so much. And some of us will look with an interest even greater for his justification of the steps which have turned out so disastrously. It may be taken now as certain that, if Mr. STANLEY, postponing other considerations to the simple execution of his business, had made his way to the lakes by the same road on which he has now made it from them, EMIN would have been reached years ago, the disaster of the Yambuya force would have been avoided, the Upper Congo would not have been the prey of TIPPOO TIB, and, at least possibly, EMIN would not have been drawn away from his threatened frontier. With Mr. STANLEY, too, returns the one man, Mr. BONNY, who can tell us something direct of the rear-guard on the Aruwhimi; and soon after Mr. STANLEY opens his lips the lips of another eyewitness, Mr. ROSE TROUP, whatever their utterance may be worth, will also be unsealed. We shall be very happy if the result of the combined testimony so long kept back is favourable to Mr. STANLEY. But at present, in the hope of his approaching safety, and in presence of the unceasing puffery which a certain portion of the press lavishes upon this very courageous pressman, it is just as well to point out, first, that Mr. STANLEY has not really succeeded in his object, for everything seems to show that EMIN could have come away in this fashion long ago; secondly, that he has to account for having squandered the lives of several brave Englishmen as a direct result of his adoption of the Congo route and his bargains with TIPPOO TIB.

All the despatches which have been recently received bear, as we should expect, the mark of Mr. STANLEY'S hand, and not of EMIN'S; and it seems that they may have been a little doctored in transmission. It will be of the highest interest to hear what the doughty opponent of Mahdism has to say as to the circumstances which suddenly turned his victorious resistance to barbarism into a helpless rout, and obliterated the last traces of civilized rule on the Equator. His misfortune must have happened while Mr. STANLEY was first summoning him southwards to the Albert Nyanza, and then making wild-goose chases backwards and forwards between the shore of the lake and that rearguard which should have been needless if he could trust his representatives on the Congo, and must have been exposed to the danger which actually befell it if he could not. But, however this may be, it is quite evident that serious steps will have to be taken in this part of Africa, and not in this part only. Unless the despatches received are more than ordinarily confused, Mahdist pursuit must have, though unsuccessfully, followed the refugees far south of any district where Mahdism was previously believed to exist. At the other end of the lake district the slave-traders and the Portuguese, either in concert or separately, are making a somewhat similar difficulty. Between the two the Germans, as yet quite "correctly" and with due regard to agreements, are working pretty vigorously, and it behoves Englishmen not to be left behind. If there are any sucking CLIVES about, the British South African and the British East African Companies might do worse than keep an eye on the tops of the steeples of Market Drayton and other likely places.

M. TIRARD'S PROGRAMME.

THE proof of the pudding which M. TIRARD has just presented to the Chamber of Deputies will lie in the eating. On cursory inspection there is no apparent reason why it should not prove when put to the test very reasonable good diet. There is a good deal of froth about it; but then it is of a kind which is acceptable and need do no harm. When M. FLOQUET, who is not in the Ministry to be sure, but who speaks with it and for it, says that a ray of the fraternity of '89 has gone out from the Exhibition all over Europe, he is indulging in one of those sonorous and empty phrases the French love. It would be idle, indeed, to expect that Frenchmen will understand how little the "fraternity" which invites them to perpetual interference with their neighbours' affairs is acceptable to others. When M. TIRARD talks of the "hospitality" extended by France to other nations during the late successful bazaar, he will probably, nay, certainly, be listened to with grave approval by his countrymen. To them it appears quite natural to talk about the hospitality shown in charging visitors to Paris one or two hundred per cent. more than the usual prices for lodgings and dinner. All this, however, is mere sauce and trimmings which do not affect the substance of the meal. The PRIME MINISTER'S speech has been criticized at home on more serious grounds. Complaints have been made that it only says what the Ministry will do, but not what it will not do. The passion of the French for sonorous phrases is hardly stronger than the love of some of them for what they call *les situations nettes*. The Moderate Republicans and many of the Conservatives would like to have the Ministry make a formal declaration of its intention not to submit to the dictation of the Radicals, not to countenance any scheme of Revision, and not to indulge in any more anti-Clericalism. If they could get these assurances, they feel that they would have the inexpressible happiness of knowing exactly where they are. Without them they never can be quite certain that M. TIRARD will not spring a new Revision scheme on them, or begin once more to worry the Church.

This desire for security is very natural, but it may be doubted whether anything would be gained by mere assurances from M. TIRARD. The only real security lies in the steadiness and good sense of the Opportunists. It is true that their display of these virtues is tardy, but we doubt whether their continuance in the path of virtue would be promoted by a compulsory public recantation. On the other hand, something might be lost by a too great explicitness of language. The Radicals have been to some extent cowed by the result of the general election. They are prepared to join in a policy of conciliation, which will not mean a mere policy of surrender to themselves on the part of all other Republicans. As long as they remain in that frame of mind, it would be a loss rather than a gain if they are provoked into active opposition. The Moderate Republicans, who are prepared to overlook and forget a good deal in order to bring about a coalition between themselves and the reconcilable Conservatives, may profitably practise a similar policy with the Radicals. An agreement on the part of the majority of the Chamber to let questions of policy on which they are certain to quarrel alone for the present, and devote themselves to the business the Ministry asks them to discuss, is the best, the only, chance of avoiding a return to the wrangling and instability of recent Sessions. We do not hope with much confidence for a continuance of wisdom on the part of the deputies; but we are sure that a general agreement to let sleeping dogs lie affords them their only trustworthy course. For the moment a majority of the Conservatives are prepared to work with, or at least not to hamper, any tolerable Conservative Ministry, and the Radicals are subdued. It is at least possible that, if the Chamber devotes itself to business, this pacification may endure for a time. The business which the Ministry asks the Chamber to deal with has called for thorough treatment for a long time. It is nothing less than the very disordered state of the finances. With a growing floating Debt, and expenses, ordinary and extraordinary, which it seems impossible to reduce, the Budget of the richest country on the Continent of Europe has been for years past approximating to the condition of that of Spain. If the difficulty is not to grow to unmanageable proportions, a serious and honest effort must be made to deal with it at once. M. TIRARD'S Ministry has at least the merit of pointing out what is to be done. As for the hints he gives—they are nothing more—of the way in which his Cabinet proposes to go to work, it is early to attempt to criticize them. It will be necessary to see the Ministry's measures. The general lines, as M. TIRARD gives them, do not look very hopeful. He and his colleagues seem to wish to do incompatible things. They promise to relieve at least some classes of the taxpayers, while they make what looks like a promise of further outlay on education, and an increase of the already excessive expenditure on public works. The reduction of a large floating Debt and establishment of an equilibrium between revenue and expenditure will, however, certainly not be attained without either a great increase of taxation or very serious reduction of charges. The Ministry promises neither of these strong measures as yet. When the Chamber comes to the actual discussion of business, it will have an opportunity of proving the soundness of its good resolutions by boldly facing one or other of these unpleasant necessities. In the meantime the abolition of the match monopoly before it is at all clear how the loss its suppression will entail is to be made good, has much the air of a sign that the Chamber is more disposed to welcome the pleasant work of remission of taxes than the disagreeable necessity for the imposition of new ones.

THE THIRD PARTY.

THERE is a familiar anecdote of a candidate for the Bar who, being asked to give some account of a "common "vouchee" and his place in the legal economy, replied that, at the conclusion of the plaintiff's case, the defendant took the common vouchee out of Court and impaled him. To keep the third party out of Court lest he should be impaled is rapidly becoming one of the chief ends of modern jurisprudence. The idea that counsel may bring the third party into Court and "impale" him, as if he were an ordinary witness, shocks the delicate susceptibilities of judges and barristers. This may be in some respects a very pleasing and beautiful, as it is certainly a very novel, state of things. It contrasts in a strange, not to say a startling, manner with those rough old practices which filled the sentimental novelist with abhorrence. The unfortunate third party, when he was only a witness, had to be examined, and even cross-examined, at length and with freedom. It is true that the style of the Ancient Bailey has long disappeared from forensic manners. If Mr. WINKLE could be induced to re-enter the box, from which he so precipitately fled, he would no longer be questioned on the hypothesis that his natural taste for perjury would lead him to begin by giving a false name. Very few counsel now rise to commence their cross-examination with a look of pain and disgust at being compelled to breathe the same air with the polluted wretch who has been called by the other side. An advocate of sense and tact knows that in such circumstances the sympathies of the public, including the jury, are against him. For cross-examination is not popular, and probably never will be. Every one who has heard Sir HENRY JAMES perform the unpopular act must recognize that courtesy is quite consistent with the most consummate dexterity and the most unsparing thoroughness. But, after all, the primary object of legal proceedings is to elicit the truth, and not to spare the reputation of Lord This or Mr. That. The irrelevant introduction of scandalous matter is a social crime, as well as a professional error. Happily the discipline of the Bar and the vigilance of the Bench have hitherto sufficed to prevent, or to punish, the gross abuse of a counsel's privilege. But, as Lord PALMERSTON said in his brief and famous note to Lord JOHN RUSSELL, "there is a limit to all things." The limit of one thing seems to have been reached when a criminal case is withdrawn, and a civil case tried in private, because disclosures might be made which would damage people "not "before the Court." Every one is "before the Court" if facts which he knows, or which concern him, are essential to the proper administration of justice.

We referred last week to the case of MALAN *v.* YOUNG, which affects, or is supposed to affect, the reputation of Sherborne School. Two parents have since written to the *Times* to say that, as the truth is to be concealed, they shall remove their sons from the school. Who can say that they are wrong? A third paterfamilias does, indeed, contribute a slashing response, and says that he, for his part, shall wait until the judge has decided the issues between plaintiff and defendant. How does this gentleman know what the issues are? If Mr. Justice DENMAN's judgment is published, we fail to see how the precious feelings of the third party will be saved. If it is not, nobody will be any wiser at the termination of the suit than he is now. The mere fact that the plaintiff or the defendant has succeeded will throw no light upon the condition of Sherborne or upon anything else, except, perhaps, the fitness of Mr. YOUNG to remain at his post. On Tuesday last a certain Mrs. BLOMFIELD MOORE appeared at the Central Criminal Court to answer a charge of having libelled a certain Mr. CHANDOR. What the libel was we neither remember nor care. What really concerns the public is the reason which the prosecuting counsel gave for withdrawing from the case, which, strictly speaking, he had no right to do without the permission of the Recorder. "The libels," said Mr. GILL, "are con-"tained in letters which are very long; the defendant has "pleaded not guilty and a justification, and this plea would "involve the bringing forward of ladies and gentlemen who "have nothing to do with the matter, and who are perfectly "innocent parties [*sic*] whose names ought not to be mixed "up in such a matter." When a man prosecutes a woman, or indeed when any one person prosecutes any other, he cannot without culpable rashness assume that the party charged will plead guilty. He ought to be prepared to prove his case. No doubt the plaintiff in a civil action may desist from pursuing it at any moment, subject to considerations of costs. But the criminal law is not meant to be played with, and invoked or abandoned according as "ladies and "gentlemen" may or may not be involved. Mr. POLAND, as counsel for the defendant, at once said that Mrs. MOORE would have proved the accuracy of everything she wrote, and the prosecutor's explanation may have been a mere excuse. Whatever it may have been, however, it was at once accepted by Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS as the most natural thing in the world. Of the darker and more terrible consequences which may result from sparing "third parties," it would at present be premature to speak.

THE STRIKES.

THE widely-spread trade dispute over wages, which is the inevitable outcome of good times and a rise in prices, shows no sign of coming to a speedy end. When it is quieted in one place it breaks out in another. The bakers' strike has been averted by the quickest and most effectual of all means—the surrender of the masters. This by itself may be taken to be a complete justification of the action of the men. It is to be presumed that master bakers, like other men of business, would not give in to a demand for increased wages without resistance if they did not know they could do so without incurring excessive loss. We must, therefore, suppose that the London bakers have been making profits of late years which leave them an available margin. It is a supposition which is far from rash. There is another explanation of the speedy settlement, and it is this—that the master bakers feel confident of their ability to recoup themselves for any loss they may have suffered by increasing the price of their bread. A rise of a halfpenny per loaf is already talked of in some parts, at least, of London. We have no producible evidence that this decision of the master bakers is not quite reasonable. The trade is one which has a reputation for looking sharply after its own interests, but here as elsewhere competition probably keeps prices down. Bakers may in some parts of London, if not in all, find that the new scale of wages will put them in the dilemma of either raising their prices or losing their money. In that case, the course they will take may be easily guessed. For the rest, if the public thinks, as we are told it does, that all men have a right to moderate hours and good wages, the public must be prepared to help by paying good prices. You cannot raise the price of production without also raising the price of the product. The third course, which is to compel some capitalists to work at a loss for the satisfaction of the public conscience, has not yet been openly suggested as practical.

If this simple business rule were only well kept in mind, it would be easy to remove the grievances of the London omnibus and tramway men. All that is required to put them right is that the public should give up its preference for paying a penny rather than twopence for a bus fare. It is only extreme ignorance or dishonesty which can make people blind to the fact that the great fall in omnibus fares within the last few years must have been made good to the Companies somehow. The particular "how" seems to have been found in cutting down the working expenses, which of course means long hours and low wages for drivers and conductors. The London Road Car Company does not, we venture to assert with confidence, wish to be killed in a war of rates with the London General Omnibus Company. That is what will happen to it if it is compelled to increase its working expenses. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, and other sympathetic orators, would be better employed in stating that case than in talking platitudes to the men about their right to this, that, and the other, without regard to whether they can get it. We need not say how much better such instruction to their congregations would become reverend gentlemen than declarations at strike meetings that "they "would have no mercy on ratters." At the present moment, indeed, what seems to call for remedy as pressingly as the grievances of workmen (who are mostly well able to look after themselves) is the growing disposition of their advisers, professional and amateur, to use them as a whetstone for their own particular axes. A very pretty list might be made of these friends of the workmen and their doings. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL would be there with his confession that he does not understand the question, and his incitement to the Road Car men to strike. The Rev. H. B. CHAPMAN, burning with love for his brothers on the tramcars, and consumed with a zeal (which has eaten up the good man's discretion) against ratters, might keep him com-

pany. More notable than either of them is Lord BRASSEY, who might, for the souls' good of all three, read with comment his pitiable letter of the 19th to the Lightermen's Joint Committee of Conciliation. Never did a poor gentleman have to confess to so much wobbling in so short a time. His lordship has to confess that he gave diametrically contradictory interpretations of the "one job one night's "work" rule, and that "matters cannot be left where" he did his best to put them. In this he is right, and the interested parties are making a new settlement unincumbered by his lordship's assistance. To these persons might be added the professionals of the Dockers' Strike Committee, who are now engaged in a rough-and-tumble with a rival body on the south of the river to decide which is CODLIN and which SHORT. It has happened, also, to this honourable body to be required to be reminded from Australia, and pretty sharply too, that money sent over for the dockers' families must not be divided among English Unions to further the ends of the Strike Committee. We do not know that it is very creditable that the only set-off to all the wordy sympathy, the puzzle-headed bungling, the incitement to violence, the suppressions of the truth, and suggestions of the false, which are to be found in the proceedings of these persons, should be the good sense which Mr. W. H. SMITH has addressed to the workmen from Exeter. Mr. SMITH, who is as sympathetic as any of them, does not think his sympathy is an excuse for blinking facts. The misfortune is that so many others have held back, and left the field to the mischief-makers.

GLADSTONIANS ON THE STUMP.

THE Gladstonians, as is natural of course with the "Outs," contrive, as a rule, to keep the barrel-organ of platform controversy going a little longer than their adversaries. What is more, they frequently, to do them justice, make a shift to grind harder than ever when they see their rival in act to sling up his instrument on his back. They have managed, for instance, to bring this week to a close with quite a little festival of stump oratory in the provinces. On Thursday night—fancy, on one night alone!—we had three such performers as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Mr. FOWLER, and Mr. STANSFELD all speaking at once, not to the same audience, but to public meetings at Hanley, at Stoke, and at Taunton. Here be attractions indeed; an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, a former Secretary to the Treasury, and a whilom President of the Local Government Board, all discoursing at the same time—all of them on the same subject, and two of the three in precisely the same way.

It is unnecessary, of course, to say which was the exceptional third, the orator whose mode of treating his subject is peculiar to himself and immutable. It was, of course, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT who delivered himself at Hanley as one of the pleading patrons of that great Liberal demonstration in the Potteries which was presided over at Stoke by Mr. FOWLER. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, it will be seen at a glance by those (for there *are* such persons) who endeavour to form an idea of the effect of his speeches without reading them, was in good form at Hanley. That is to say, he appears to have been so, upon a cursory survey of the interjected exclamations of his audience—and it is remarkable how much time may be saved, and how little of solid political instruction is lost, by confining the attention solely to this feature in the reports of Sir WILLIAM'S speeches—but, though his discourse to the potters was punctuated more liberally than ever with "cheers," "loud cheers," "laughter," "great laughter," and so forth, its reception, when a little more closely looked into, suggests one or two questions of a rather puzzling nature. The applause here and there seems not to have been—how shall we put it? not exactly serious; while, as to the mirth of Sir WILLIAM'S hearers, it actually inspires here and there the awful suspicion that it was indulged in, not sympathetically with the eminent comedian, but at the eminent comedian's expense. Sometimes it seems to have been aroused—and this is particularly awkward—by passages which the eminent comedian manifestly intended to be as grave as pomposity could make them. What, for instance, is the meaning of this? "There ought to be "a provision that, when a working-man changes his place "of residence, he should not lose his vote. (Laughter.) "Above all, I have spoken in favour of the principle of "one man one vote. (Laughter.) There is another subject which is of special interest in this district, and "that is mining royalties. (Laughter.)" Now it appears to us—though we advance the opinion with the diffidence which should distinguish all statements on an obscure subject—that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was not joking here. Yet his hearers not only laughed at the notion of his having views on the reform of registration, and on the plural vote, but actually ridiculed—and in that presence—the reference to "royalties." All might, of course, be accidental; audiences often have private jokes of their own; but when, a little further on, we find that, on Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S exclaiming, in reference to the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, "Let them fuse," a voice in the crowd interjected the ill-chosen phrase, "Let them *stew*," we must confess to an uneasy suspicion that among a certain portion, at any rate, of the Hanley audience there was a disposition to "guy" the distinguished orator and statesman who was addressing them.

In this *résumé* of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S speech, we believe that we have not passed over anything of importance which is to be found in it. Whatever of serious argument or reasoned defence of the Gladstonian policy it contains, we feel pretty sure that we have already done full justice to. But it not infrequently happens that the personal part of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S speeches are more interesting than his weightier political utterances; and this is peculiarly true of the speech of last Thursday night, which he commenced by thanking the potters for the indulgent reception which they had given that night to a "servant who endeavoured "to serve his country"; and observing that "he knew "that the cordiality with which he had been received "was due to the fact that he had not been unfaithful to the party to which it is his pride to belong, "and the chief whom it is his honour to serve." Observe the true modesty of the man in not adding to the words "party" and "chief" the word principles. Of course it is implied. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is the last man to take credit to himself on such a personal devotion to a party leader as to follow him when he deserted the convictions of his lifetime, and abandoned the cause to which he had pledged his allegiance about once a year probably on an average for the earlier half-century of his political life. Sir WILLIAM, we say, is quite incapable of such apostasy as that out of mere romantic devotion to any particular statesman—or, at any rate, to any particular party leader, if the word statesman be too wide. We do not for a moment believe that that was the motive which prompted him to follow Mr. GLADSTONE in his flight to the camp of Mr. PARNELL. Therefore, while Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has taken credit to himself "for his fidelity to "the chief whom it is his honour to serve," he must have meant his audience to add for themselves the qualifying words, "so long, of course, as, and always providing that, "his chief remains true to his own principles and those "of his party." And, since this was so obviously to be understood, Sir WILLIAM, as we have said, deserves the praise of the highest modesty and self-denial for having left "principles" as completely out of the question as Lady TEAZLE advised the elder Mr. SURFACE to do with the word honour.

Mr. FOWLER and Mr. STANSFELD contributed fully as much to the one special topic of controversy to which they confine themselves—except when it suits them to complain of Unionists doing the same thing—as did Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. The former, it is true, made a slight and perfunctory attempt to work in the social question with that of Ireland; but the latter, as becomes a politician who has actually paid a recent visit to that country—talked of Ireland, and Ireland alone. And from the manner of his talking, we should not be surprised if one of the most intrepid of his companions on the Front Opposition Bench—we do not refer to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—found himself matched with a formidable rival. Mr. STANSFELD said that "he had been in Ireland, and that in his speeches "he made up his mind not to say in Ireland what he had "not said in England; and the result was that Mr. BALFOUR "did not venture to apply to English members the same "administration of the law as he applied to Irish members." This is a little mysterious at the first blush. Why should Mr. BALFOUR imprison Mr. STANSFELD for "not saying in "Ireland what he had not said in England"? Even the Crimes Act, according to the views of its severest critics, has refrained from "creating an offence" out of "not saying something." We suppose Mr. STANSFELD to mean that he said all the terrible things about Mr. BALFOUR in

Ireland that he had said of him in England, but these only; and, if these were very terrible, as we daresay they were, though we cannot pretend to remember them, Mr. Shaw Lefevre will have to look to his laurels. Meantime, if Mr. Stansfeld, and, for that matter, Gladstonians generally, would resolve "not to say" in England what they *have* said before in England, the public would owe them a debt of gratitude.

MR. GILLIES'S ANSWER.

THE answer which the Hon. Duncan Gillies has sent to Sir Henry Parkes's proposal that a Congress should be held to discuss a scheme of Federation for Australia does not materially forward a solution. The Premier of Victoria has, in fact, produced a counter-suggestion of his own, which may well be made an excuse for further debate. When Sir Henry Parkes was asked to join the other colonies in arranging a scheme for common defence, he eluded the invitation by proposing that all the colonies should proceed to discuss the much larger question of Federation in a Congress nominated *ad hoc*. To this Mr. Gillies replies by saying that he does not see the need of any such special appointment. He thinks that the existing Federal Council, in which New South Wales takes no part, could perfectly well represent the other colonies, even if Federation is to be discussed. New South Wales could send delegates to this body, and then the Congress, if there must be a Congress, would be duly constituted. But the Victorian Premier is clearly of opinion that it is unnecessary to discuss so much. He says that the matter in hand is much smaller than Federation. It is nothing more than the establishment of some working scheme for combining the defensive powers of the colonies. Mr. Gillies is as eager as any man for Federation. He is even, as he rather wickedly hints, under the impression that he has already shown more zeal in the good work than Sir Henry Parkes. At least, we gather so much from his little dig about the former occasion on which New South Wales put its hand to the plough, and then drew back. At present he seems a little suspicious that Sir Henry Parkes's eagerness to get his hand on the plough again is inspired by a desire to drive the furrow in his own way. If so trivial an expression may be permitted about things and persons of so much dignity, he rather pooh-poohs Sir Henry Parkes's doubts whether the Australian Federation Act empowers the colonies to provide themselves with a common fighting force. There is not, so he tells the Premier of New South Wales, any question of the establishment of a great army. That has not come up, and is not likely to come up for many years yet. All that is required is some simple working scheme by which the militia of one colony could be made in case of need to act with the militia of another under the officer seconded for service in Australia.

On the face of it there seems to be a good deal of force in Mr. Gillies's contention. As he justly puts it, the hypothesis is that the colonies are disposed to act together to this extent. If they are not, then the whole question falls. But if they are not prepared to go even so far, what probability is there that they will be prepared to go the length of complete Federation? If the colonies are to be combined in a government on the model of that of the Dominion of Canada, there must be a Federal Parliament with power to tax and to coerce. It is obvious that the establishment of such a body would be a somewhat considerable undertaking. Mr. Gillies, we gather, is not at all hopeful that its establishment would be the outcome of the debates of the Congress which Sir Henry Parkes wishes to see summoned. New South Wales has certainly not hitherto shown any desire to forward Federation. It distinctly withdrew from the Federal Council established by the Federation Act. What has at least the appearance of a sudden change of policy is clearly somewhat puzzling to Mr. Gillies. His Government is perfectly prepared to discuss a complete scheme. It would rather, or so at least we gather, do one thing at a time, and get its common defence scheme discussed as a preliminary. However, since New South Wales will have it so, it is ready to discuss things in general, only it seems to desire that the sister colony should so far recognize the existing Council as to deal with it, and not to insist on the appointment of special delegates to a special Council. It will be interesting to see what answer Sir Henry Parkes makes to this demand. To judge from his last despatch, he is very likely to decline, since he seems to have committed himself to the doctrine that the Federation Act is a half measure which no Australian with a proper regard for his dignity would recognize. It would appear that each party to the correspondence is thinking a good deal more of what he does not say than of what he does. Taking the two letters as they stand, we may pardonably suspect that one party is anxious to push on the work of Federation, and to commit its neighbour to it without stating too explicitly whither they are both going, and that the other is determined to upset this calculation by insisting on having an explicit definition of the goal. We cannot agree with some commentators on this correspondence that there is more than a merely formal force in Sir Henry Parkes's argument that a scheme of common defence necessarily presupposes a common Government, or rather that more is needed than is supplied by the common allegiance to the Crown. If the colonies settle among themselves the strength of their respective contingents and the manner in which they are to combine for service under the Imperial officers appointed to command in Australia, it seems to us that unity of action and the interests of discipline will be quite sufficiently provided for. Sir Henry Parkes's contention has, we acknowledge, some formal force; but it is, to speak frankly, merely obstructive as coming from a Government which is not really anxious for Federation. If New South Wales really wishes to federate, it could begin by sending representatives to a Federal Council, and then working for the extension of the Council's powers, if it thought an extension necessary. It has not done so, and, therefore, its sudden zeal for Federation when asked to take part in a much more modest scheme is somewhat suspect.

THE BRAZILIAN REVOLUTION.

THERE would possibly be a certain injustice in saying that the course of the Revolution in Brazil calls for the application of certain remarks made by Mr. Carlyle touching the conduct of kings in the year 1848. "Not "one of them," as Mr. Carlyle observed, "turned round "and stood upon his kingship as upon a right he could "afford to die for or to risk his skin upon." An elderly gentleman of dilettante tastes and indifferent health could hardly be expected to make a fight single-handed; for it is very clear that there was nobody present at Petropolis or in Rio who showed the smallest disposition to make a fight for poor Peter of Alcantara. The absence of any defender, if it excuses the Royal family for not making a futile resistance, is, however, in itself a succinctly complete condemnation of the late Brazilian Monarchy. The Brazilians cannot be supposed to be a people of much political faculty. If they were, they would hardly allow supreme power to be seized by a military adventurer who impudently justifies his rebellion on the ground that the Brazilians are sufficiently civilized to take care of themselves. They have had, ever since they rebelled against Portugal, a Constitution of the most approved Liberal stamp. A people capable of taking care of themselves could have done so already, without dismissing an Emperor who was at all times painfully anxious to show the strictest constitutional orthodoxy. But, if the political faculty of the Brazilians must be supposed to be poor, it is equally clear that there has been a sad want of administrative faculty at headquarters. A family which has lasted for nearly seventy years, which helped to make the independence of the country, which represented the male line of the Royal House of the mother country, ought, it would seem, by judicious appeals to interest and affection, to have secured as much support as would have saved it from being sent packing ignominiously, even though it did rule over an ignorant and indolent people.

When the details have come in we shall know, better at least than we do now, why it came about that so very clean a sweep was made. In the meantime the story is somewhat obscure, and the explanations afforded highly contradictory. That the Emperor neglected the business of government; that he governed too much; that the emancipation of the slaves did the mischief; that it all happened because the slaves were not emancipated sooner; that it was all the Emperor's daughter; that it was all the Emperor's son-in-law—this and half a dozen other explana-

tions, all more or less contradictory and insufficient, have been offered by more or less manifestly uninformed persons. For ourselves, if we were disposed to draw any moral from the story at all, it would be the inadequacy of sentimental Liberalism for the business of government. The EMPEROR has been all that modern Liberal sentiment requires a Sovereign to be. Education, as it is understood by the newest school—that is to say, a superficial acquaintance with twenty unconnected subjects—has been the object of his tenderest care. He did not neglect trade. The rights of the negro to be released from the restraint which keeps him from returning to his congenial lazy barbarism were dear to him. No man ever showed a more amiable wish to be the father of his people, or was more careful to explain that he was content to rule on sufferance. By the marriage of his daughter with the Count D'EU the EMPEROR established a connexion with the family which is the pink of modern monarchical Liberalism. And yet we see that at the end of it all he has been expelled as effectually and much more easily than a mere King BOMBA. It is not an encouraging example. What is the good of being so careful to do all those things which ought to win you the love of your people, if you are at the mercy of DEODORO DA FONSECA, and the garrison of the capital, after all. The EMPEROR'S virtue seems to have been of no avail, because the elementary precaution of paying the garrison of the capital their wages regularly was neglected. This neglect, if it is true, is sufficient to condemn the administration of the Empire. A Government which buys such ironclads as the *Riachuelo*, the *Aquidaban*, and the *Javary* ought not to be in arrears with an army of sixteen thousand men, and if it must neglect somebody, the last to be neglected should be the garrison of the capital. One thing may be said with confidence, and it is that those who take any interest in Brazil would do well not to jump too hastily to the conclusion that all is over. Marshal DEODORO DA FONSECA and his magniloquent Committee may have got rid of the EMPEROR, but they may also find that they have done more. A revolutionary movement is at all times easier to set going than to stop.

DARTMOOR CONVICT PRISONS.

THE convict prisons on Dartmoor are situated on the high bleak ridge of the moor—1,400 feet above the level of the sea—that separates the watershed eastward, flowing into the river Dart and its tributaries, from the watershed westward, flowing into the rivers Plym and Tavy and their tributaries. This ridge is just on the borders of the Forest (so-called) of Dartmoor, which is part of the inheritance of the Prince of Wales, descended to him from the Black Prince, whence is derived his title of Duke of Cornwall, and is under the management of the well-known office of the Duchy of Cornwall. In the year 1806 the foundation-stones were laid here of the War Prisons, by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, Lord Warden of the Stanneries, and these prisons were full of prisoners of war to the end of the war. They were known on Dartmoor as the French prisons because the war was with France, and the prisoners at that time were mostly Frenchmen. It is a melancholy-looking spot; and, although Dartmoor itself has many attractions, it is not here that they are apparent. When the war prisoners were here officers on parole, governors, troops, and officials made the place gay. The Duchy Hotel was then built, and the small town, in which lived all who had anything to do with the prisons, received the name of Prince Town, as a compliment to the Prince of Wales of that time, known on Dartmoor within living memory as the *Raygent* (Regent), afterwards George IV.

These prisons were massive buildings of granite, the rock of the country, and the outer gateway still remains as the entrance of the present prison. It is an archway composed of five huge granite stones, on the topmost of which is inscribed *Parcere Subjectis*—a motto impressive to those who enter in at the gate and are free to return. This massive gateway, and the motto cut deeply into the granite, carry one back to the days of the war and the miseries inflicted on many nations by Napoleon.

After the peace the Duchy of Cornwall made some attempts to turn the prisons to account, and the original war prisons, which were very interesting relics of the war, were rented by a Company for naphtha works and partially destroyed. The naphtha works failed, and in 1850 the Government took over the war prisons for a convict prison, and less than 2,000 convicts, comfortably housed and fed, occupy the places of 10,000 heroes of the war, who were huddled together in vast blocks of the prison anyhow. Since 1808 prison management has undergone incredible changes—incredible to those who have not studied the subject—and the convicted felon of to-day, well fed, well clothed, and warm, affords a remarkable contrast to the poor prisoner of war, perhaps from a sunny clime, ill fed, ill clothed, and shivering in a Dartmoor fog. The advance in prison management from 1808 to the present time, just eighty years, is perhaps greater than the progress of any other department of the State, and to those who knew the war prisons as they were left by the prisoners at the peace, the present prisons, clean, dry, heated throughout, with their kitchens, bakeries, baths, and all the modern contrivances for promoting health, offer a contrast indeed. In the old war prisons the blocks or wings of the prison radiated from a centre, and the prisons were surrounded by high double walls, a considerable space being left between the outer and inner walls for the patrol of sentries and warders. Some of the old blocks are still left, but the whole aspect of the prison has changed, and it has a brand-new look about it. The convicts themselves are employed in quarrying, stone-cutting, and building—building new blocks of prisons inside, and officers' houses outside. The new blocks are very well built of solid granite masonry, and look fresh and new by the side of the old parts that yet remain.

The French prisoners of war gave a very bad report of the climate of Dartmoor, and some indignation was felt at the cruelty of sending prisoners of war to such a cold wilderness, where the winds and the rains expend their fury. But the experiment of sending convicts there has brought to light the fact, which at first was rather astonishing, that it is about the most healthy place to be found, and that even prisoners with disease of the lungs are the better for the purity of the air there. It is not a pleasant climate, but it is a very healthy one, and although at first the strongest convicts were sent there, it has now become a prison where invalids are sent.

The original purpose of sending convicts to this prison was to reclaim Dartmoor, and they have made enclosures to an enormous extent, under the superintendence of a farm bailiff. These enclosures are made of most substantial walls of great blocks of granite, which must have cost an amount of labour difficult to estimate. A large piece of the moor is first enclosed; then other enclosures are made, dividing it into good large fields; then clearing the stones and rocks and cultivating for crops begin. This convict prison is, therefore, a very large farm, with any amount of labour at the command of the farmer. On the farm are bred horses, ponies, bullocks, and some sheep. There is a large dairy, and there are extensive kitchen-gardens on the farm. The dairy and garden produce is used in the prison, and very good it is; but the live stock is sold annually by auction in the autumn at Prince Town fair, where Dartmoor produce in general is brought to market, and where the collection of wild ponies is a sight to see.

The prisoners work in gangs, and there are many warders with loaded rifles surrounding them or in attendance. By good conduct a prisoner gains his reward in working under relaxed supervision, and in being entrusted with horses and carts and the dairy work. The colour of the dress denotes the convict ranked according to his behaviour. The dress consists of cap, jacket, loose breeches, stockings, and boots, all of the regulation convict material, not to be mistaken anywhere. But it is a curious fact that the lowest class of convicts are dressed precisely in that particular colour which is least visible at a distance. Sometimes in a fog convicts have escaped; but of late years escapes have been very rare.

In the summer large numbers of convicts can be seen on the farm haymaking or harvesting, and in the winter preparing the land for cultivation. Planting has also been attempted. Trees do not flourish on Dartmoor. But if a particular tree is found by experience to do well, extensive plantations ought to be made of it; for the one thing wanting on Dartmoor Forest is trees. In some situations planting has partially succeeded; but the trees do not look as if they were enjoying themselves in that salubrious clime.

The employment of convicts in hard farm labour in the open air is good for them, inasmuch as they, as a rule, do not come from a class that likes hard labour at all; and it may be safely said that three convicts scarcely do the work of one good farm-labourer. They can be made to work, but they cannot be made to work hard or well. Besides the farm labour, the labour in the quarry, the stone-cutting, and the building, there are carried on within the prison walls shoemaking, tailoring, bookbinding, blacksmith's and carpenter's work, baking, and cooking. Some who have found their way inside these walls, and are not strong enough for the farm, or invalids, are put in the tailors' or shoemakers' shops, to make clothes for their fellow-prisoners; others are put to bookbinding; and there is always plenty to do in the way of washing, scrubbing, and cleaning in general. As a matter of course, there is a school for the ignorant, a chapel and chaplain of the Church of England, and a Roman Catholic chapel and chaplain. The late Father Green devoted his life to these convicts, and has left behind him a name revered and well beloved.

Although all this sounds Arcadian and pleasant, the punishment is nevertheless very severe. To know the life of a convict is to know the severity of the punishment, and hardly anything short of that would suffice to realize it. Judges are giving shorter sentences because crime has decreased of late years, and it may also be said that detection and punishment follow crime more surely than they did, some horrible cases to the contrary notwithstanding. Seven to twenty years of life under the discipline of the Dartmoor convict prison is a dreadful ordeal, look at it as one will. There are two objects in punishment—the major object, to protect the whole people from crime by a sufficient deterrent, the severity of which should be well known and feared, and its

certainty to follow crime ensured as far as possible; the minor object, to return the convict to the world a better citizen. Statesmen are occupied with the first, philanthropists with the second, and so far the statesmen have had the best of it, as it is said that prisoners come out worse than they went in, and there is a strong prejudice against those who have undergone the process of reformation in a prison. If the reformation were a reality, there would be a great demand for the services of reformed characters.

On the face of it, viewing Dartmoor convict prisons from the high roads that surround them, and seeing the gangs at work, a very favourable impression of the methods here adopted for a convict prison is made on the mind of the passer-by. But no very great practical results, as a matter of fact, have followed. Doubtless some influences are in operation to diminish crime, but they are not farm labour, dairy labour, bookbinding, or any other labour on Dartmoor. The design to teach a trade is very good; but how many follow the trade so taught afterwards? The convicts are miserable enough, in spite of the public show of honest industry, and the fine-looking buildings; but the true methods of crime deterrents and personal reformation have not yet been hit upon. The prison discipline is severe enough and miserable enough, but it does not seem to deter the real criminal who makes crime a profession from pursuing his chosen walk in life after his time is up.

The convict is put to reclaim Dartmoor, and bids fair to improve it off the face of the earth; but it will be a loss rather than a gain to the country, and that loss sustained at the country's expense. The Duchy of Cornwall will be the richer for it, but the country will be the poorer by thousands of acres of wild, healthy, picturesque forest. The Dartmoor convict prisons answer their purpose in the eyes of the Government. But in the eyes of the people, who year after year visit Dartmoor in greater and greater numbers for their health and recreation, they must be a sore and a blemish.

A FRENCH VIEW OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE doctrine of Shakspeare's Ulysses—who is perhaps an Elizabethan statesman of the Cecil type, rather than a Homeric Greek, as Lord Tennyson's Ulysses is a bored Victorian gentleman, tired of home life—that men know themselves only as they see themselves in the eyes and minds of others, applies to national self-understanding. Foreign studies of English persons and things ought, therefore, to have a special interest for us. How much our knowledge of the national character owes to the interpretation of our history, philosophy, literature, and laws by Ranke, Pauli, and Gneist among Germans, and by Royer-Collard, Guizot, Charles de Rémusat, and Taine among Frenchmen, needs not be pointed out. To this list we may now add the name of M. Augustin Filon. M. Filon, who is a historic student by inherited tendency, has contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* interesting estimates of Hogarth as a caricaturist, of Lord Tennyson as a poet, and of Mr. Lecky as a historian. More recently he has condescended to contemporary politicians. Having begun with Lord Randolph Churchill, as the type of the Tory Democrat, he has proceeded, in the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to the examination of the character and position of Mr. Chamberlain, in whom he recognizes the representative of State Socialism. M. Filon's selection of these two statesmen for what, we hope, are only the earliest of a series of similar studies is in part probably due to the fact that their careers are presumably still in their beginning, and that they occupy a critical position in English politics. Our interest, as Mr. Browning somewhere sings or says, is always on the dangerous edge of things; and we watch with suspense a boy walking on a parapet, though we should not bestow a glance or a thought upon him if he were pursuing his way on an even narrower kerb-stone. Will he fall, or keep his footing, and reach the point he aims at? Lord Randolph and Mr. Chamberlain have both detached themselves from the parties to which they once belonged, or rather, in Mr. Chamberlain's case, the party to which he once belonged has detached itself from him, and their future careers have something of the excitement of adventure. The attraction which M. Filon feels towards them has possibly another cause, personal to himself rather than to them. He was for some years private tutor to the late Prince Imperial, whom he followed into exile. He, perhaps, sees in the Tory Democracy of Lord Randolph Churchill, and in the State Socialism which, on the strength of a few random and ill-considered phrases uttered in an earlier part of his career, he considers to be, in an especial sense, the doctrine of Mr. Chamberlain, an affinity with certain tendencies which the Second Empire embodied, or at any rate with which Napoleon III. kept up an electioneering flirtation. He holds Mr. Chamberlain to be the embodiment of French ideas. A minuter acquaintance with the history of English Radicalism would show him that Mr. Chamberlain is a growth from an English stock.

Mr. Chamberlain has much better reason to be satisfied with his analysis than that unfortunate pupil of Dr. Blimber's, whom the dispassionate Cornelia in the half-yearly school report analysed worse than a murderer, with disastrous consequences to his supplies of pocket-money. Mr. Chamberlain emerges from the interrogation to which M. Filon, as a political *juge d'instruction*, submits him, covered with glory. M. Filon has not a high estimate of English oratory. The Athenian historian said of Brasidas that he was not a bad speaker for a Lacedæmonian. M. Filon says of English public men that, though they speak with ease, they speak ill. But Mr. Chamberlain is an exception, and his speech on introducing the Merchant Shipping Bill would repay analysis and comment with a view to the detection of the secrets of oratoric art as well as the orations *Pro Milone* and *Pro Cælio*. M. Filon admits a difference in kind, but not in degree. Mr. Chamberlain's statesmanship is not inferior to his oratory. So far from being a revolutionist, he is a born legislator, organizer, and constructer of societies. He is the real arbiter and inspirer of the domestic policy of Lord Salisbury's Government. The Tory chief has come to him, and not he to the Tory chief. The fact is, that Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury, like most sensible men, have come practically to the same conclusions as to the legislation which is expedient or inevitable. The change is at least as much in Mr. Chamberlain as in Lord Salisbury. We do not say that the Mr. Chamberlain of 1889 is inconsistent with the Mr. Chamberlain of 1885, but he is not identical with him. The better elements of his character have developed since the separation of 1886, and the less noble have dwindled. The sacrifice of party to country, and association and joint action with men who are animated by a single regard for the greatness and dignity of England, have brought before Mr. Chamberlain's mind ideas which in earlier days were too seldom before it, and developed a side of his character which otherwise might have been suppressed. If Mr. Chamberlain had remained in association with Mr. Labouchere, and had become the ally of Mr. Conybeare and Mr. Tim Healy, he would probably be a very different Mr. Chamberlain from the actual Mr. Chamberlain. As he witnesses Sir William Harcourt's performances, he may very well say to himself "There, but for the grace of God, goes Joseph Chamberlain."

M. Filon does not undervalue the present as compared with the past, or think that the Englishmen of our day are dwarfs in comparison with their ancestors. Quite the contrary. We live in an age of giants. The formation of Mr. Gladstone's Second Administration—that of 1880—was a more important event than the Revolution of 1688; and the separation of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone in 1886 was more momentous than the quarrel of Fox and Burke, though not, from the theatrical point of view, so well managed. M. Filon has really a considerable knowledge of English politics, past and present, though his comparative estimates do something more than verge on burlesque. We confess, however, to being less interested in the knowledge which is common to him and to us than in what he knows and we do not. According to M. Filon, the rock out of which Mr. Chamberlain was hewed was a wholesale shoe manufactory at Camberwell; a statement which, if it be true, gives an autobiographic interest to Mr. Chamberlain's recent assertion that shoemakers are always Radicals. Mr. Galton will be interested in the fact. We regret to say that M. Filon makes light of the ejected clergyman to whom Mr. Chamberlain has traced his own sturdy Nonconformity, throwing some doubt upon the very existence of that conscientious and suffering reverend, and computing that among sixty-three other ancestors in the same degree, many of them probably servile Loyalists, his contribution to Mr. Chamberlain's circulating fluid must be inconsiderable. From Camberwell and University College, London, M. Filon follows Mr. Chamberlain to Birmingham. Mr. Chamberlain's relation to Birmingham is illustrated by a reference to Pericles and Athens, Genoa and Doria, Florence and the Medicis. If, finding it brick, he did not leave it marble, the building materials of our time are to blame, not Mr. Chamberlain. When Mr. Chamberlain hears Birmingham mentioned his countenance brightens and his eye expands; when a Birmingham man hears Mr. Chamberlain's name mentioned he murmurs fondly "Our Joey," as the constituents of Roumestan cried "Our Numa." When Mr. Chamberlain walks the streets of the town, of which he is the second founder, he has an intimate consciousness of the thought of the people and is mysteriously penetrated by it. M. Filon admits that Mr. Chamberlain does not know every one in Birmingham by name, but he knows most of them by sight. If in this respect he is inferior to Themistocles, it must be remembered that Birmingham is a good deal more populous than Athens was.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Chamberlain's sympathy for the poor was stimulated by the spectacle of the collectors of "*l'Income-Tax*—l'impôt des pauvres," calling at the wretched hovels of the most poverty-stricken classes for this cruel levy. M. Filon gives a graphic description of the reception of "le Présomptif"—such is the title, we gather, by which the Prince of Wales is known in England—by Mr. Chamberlain during his mayoralty, and of the conviction which flashed on the Presumptive's mind, as he shook hands with his host, that he was embracing his future Prime Minister. Mr. Chamberlain's defeat at Sheffield in 1874 by "un vieux comique parlementaire appelé Rœbuck" is a matter of history. M. Filon describes the gradual degrees by which Mr. Chamberlain found his way into Parliament, acquired a knowledge of the forms of the House, such as the rules which prescribe that members who are officers must be described as "gallant," lawyers "learned," the sons of viscounts and barons, and apparently they only, "honourable," and clergymen "reverend." M. Filon also describes the composition of the House of Commons, into which members of the Church of England, as well as members of the bar, bankers and merchants are admitted.

Mr. Chamberlain's equal passion for flowers and children, his splendid library, rich in oak and green leather, and strewn with French novels—most of them, M. Filon hastens to add, uncut—are graphically and tenderly depicted. Mr. Chamberlain's eye-glass is well known. But its true function in Mr. Chamberlain's economy is disclosed for the first time by M. Filon. The final purpose, we gather, is not so much that its possessor may see, as that he may not be seen. When it drops, as eye-glasses will drop, in spite of the utmost vigour of the orbital muscles, another Chamberlain than he whom the world knows is disclosed. The tension of the features relaxes, the ironic smile disappears, the glance becomes clouded and veiled; inner meditation or a distant thought supplants neighbouring objects; "you confusedly recognize behind the man of action and authority a nature of another sort, emotional, dreamy, undecided." Mr. Chamberlain will have to be careful of his monocle. If domestic faction or foreign intrigue were to deprive him of it, an act of weakness might ruin his party or the country. Of Mr. Chamberlain's future career, M. Filon can only pray that it may be given to him in his old age to renew the great work of Cobden and Napoleon III. One thing, however, M. Filon is certain of—"Quoiqu'il arrive," he passionately and rather irrelevantly concludes, "j'ose en répondre, Joseph Chamberlain ne sera pas un second Crispi."

EXHIBITIONS.

THE eternal romance which hangs around the name and fate of Mary Queen of Scots will probably make the exhibition of drawings which Sir James Linton and Mr. James Orrock have brought together at the Old Bond Street Galleries a popular one. To see no less than twelve of Sir James Linton's highly-finished water-colour studies of the figure with costume is in itself an unusual pleasure, and there is thrown in besides an ambitious historical group, "The Abdication of Mary" (26). This latter, however, is not one of the painter's successes. It is old-fashioned and obvious in composition, and the faces are rather soft in modelling and poor in expression. The single-figure pieces are, almost without exception, better. Sir James Linton's method is uniform. He takes a subject, Mary Beton, let us say, or George Douglas. He dresses up a pretty-featured girl or a fresh-looking youth in the costume of the period, and then he produces a lustrous, almost vitreous, portrait, with peach-coloured flesh-tints, soft sombre background, and raiment as gay as one of Mr. Marks's macaws, but, of course, much more harmoniously executed. In the present case, he appears to have allowed himself to be influenced by all the existing traditions of the appearance of his personages; but such traditions are eminently scanty and delusive, and have not helped him much.

Sir James Linton's "Mary Stuart" (29) is a kind of combination, like the samples people photograph of the "composite" head of Shakspeare, of all existing portraits and impressions. Who shall say that this is not the face that fired so many Troys? At the same time, we have a conviction that Mr. Swinburne will not be satisfied, and that his dreams have revealed to him something more brilliant and, above all, more intellectual than this. The painter's Mary Stuart is mild, gentle, and soft:—

> Some faults the gods will give to fetter
> Man's highest intent:
> But surely you were something better
> Than innocent!

we murmur as we turn from this meek, plump specimen of womanhood. In Sir James Linton's pretty face there is too little flame for our idea of Mary, too little force, the outlines are somewhat too ripe and fruit-like. This is one of Shakspeare's "flower-soft" women, but not quite Mary the Queen. It is rather some maid of honour than the mistress. It might be Charmian; it could not be Cleopatra. But Sir James Linton's Four Maries, the lesser lights of that amorous constellation, are charming. Mary Seton (20), in a crimson dress, holding a peacock fan, and Mary Beton, in the softest green satin, like a dream of April, are delightful, and we return to their sweet and demure countenances again and again. Sir James Linton's men are not quite so thoughtfully rendered. This manly fellow in his grass-green velvet doublet, with the red mantle hanging from his shoulders (23), is he not far too fresh and stalwart, and much too old, for the feeble and vicious Darnley, who, be it remembered, was scarcely more than a boy when earth and heaven split about him? We think Sir James Linton might have interpreted a little less conventionally for us—

> those void hands
> That never plighted faith with men and kept,
> Poor lips athirst for woman's lips and wine,
> Poor tongue that lied, poor eyes that looked askant
> And had no heart to face men's wrath or love.

But, after all, we like Rizzio (110) least. This is a clever drawing, lighter in tone than most of Sir James Linton's, and we should only praise it if it were nameless. But what is there here of the "dwarfish and deformed" David Rizzio? There is no suggestion of deformity, and, what is worse perhaps, none of personal distinction. To have fascinated the Queen as the Piedmontese secretary did there must have been something more striking about the man than this head suggests. Rizzio must have looked an artist, if not a gentleman. This is a street type, vigorous, mean, *canaille* to the last degree. The little eye, like a rat's, is especially wrong, it strikes us. Rizzio must have had fine eyes, however dark his hue was and however ill his favour.

That Mr. Orrock has been extremely industrious will not be denied by any one who examines these hundred and odd drawings of Scottish scenery. They are now modest and now ambitious, here slight and there full; but, in whatever style they are executed, they possess an odd family likeness. They belong, moreover, to a class of water-colour drawing that is now out of date. They keep to all the fine old crusted traditions of the English school. They present us with a kind of sepia foliage and a peculiar atmospheric blue that were in fashion when Aaron Penley taught the art of sketching in water-colours thirty years ago. Mr. Orrock sees the world traditionally, through Ossianic spectacles. The convention that produces such a highly-finished composition as his "Hermitage Castle, Liddesdale" (5), is so respectable that we hardly can screw up our courage to point out that nature never, at morning, noon, or night, in rain or sunlight, in storm or calm, looks in the least degree like that. The thing is an elegant convention. It is painted after the received mode of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, of which Mr. Orrock is a most estimable survivor. Many of the scenes which the painter portrays are at various periods of the year—nay, at most periods—full of splendid colour, but he seems to perceive none but his decent alternations of brown and blue. And yet far be it from us to deny academic merit to this kind of work. The atmosphere is often tenderly painted; the warm browns and purple greys are gracefully opposed, but there is a monotony about all these landscapes that wearies the eye, and they are unpardonably genteel. The roughness and strangeness of nature are absent from them, and life itself is sacrificed to an estimable tradition.

THE FINANCIAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE BRAZILIAN REVOLUTION.

THE effect so far of the Brazilian Revolution upon the European money and stock markets has been less than might reasonably have been anticipated. There has, it is true, been a fall in the prices of Brazilian securities; but it has not been very great, and already there has been some recovery. The explanation, no doubt, is that the Revolution has taken the world by surprise. Even the great financial houses of London and Paris who were most intimately connected with Brazil were quite unprepared for what has occurred. And the intelligence as yet received has been meagre. There is, in fact, as yet neither time nor means for accurately calculating probable consequences. Besides, the news, such as it is, is encouraging. The Imperial family has quietly accepted its deposition and left the country. The provinces have all recognized the provisional Government, and the army and navy are well in hand. For the moment, then, people are waiting upon events. It may, however, even now reasonably be concluded that gold shipments to Brazil are, for this year at all events, at an end. It will be in the recollection of our readers, as was explained in these columns some weeks ago, that the late Brazilian Government recently decided upon the resumption of specie payments and the withdrawal of the existing inconvertible paper. With that view, it granted very large concessions to a group of native and European capitalists who undertook to found the National Bank of Brazil. The Bank has been created, and in consequence large amounts of gold have already been sent to Rio de Janeiro. It was understood that considerable sums more would have to be sent, and the apprehension of this was one of the causes of the uneasy feeling in the London money market. Now, however, it is in the highest degree improbable that the gold will be sent. When once an army takes to making revolutions, it is difficult to foresee where it will stop. Besides, it is yet uncertain whether a federal Republic can be constituted, and until the situation is cleared up, it would hardly be wise for European capitalists to invest much more largely in Brazil. Some of the gold that was to be sent was intended for other large projects besides the National Bank, undertaken by Continental, and especially by Parisian, bankers. And these projects will, for a while at all events, have to be dropped. The stoppage of gold exports to Brazil will, of course, be favourable to the London money market, gold will have to be sent from here to other countries; but if the drain to Brazil is at an end, the market will be better able to supply the other demands. It is not improbable, too, that gold may be exported from Brazil to Europe. It has always been found in European countries that, when revolutions occur, the propertied classes remit to countries where order is maintained such portable property as they can easily realize. It is to be expected that Brazilian capitalists will do the same. If civil war threatens, they will almost certainly do so; for they will wish to put in a place of safety as much of their wealth as they can, and, even if actual fighting does not take place, some of them will be likely to send gold. They will argue that further *pronunciamientos* are to be apprehended, that the federal arrangements will involve much friction, and that a new Government will be less capable than the old of tiding over the difficulties involved in the emancipation of the slaves. Many capitalists, too, must dislike so great a change in the form of government, and many will doubtless think that Europe will be

a pleasanter place of residence than Brazil for some time to come. It will be strange, therefore, if some amount of gold is not exported from Brazil to Europe. Whether foreign capitalists who already have large amounts of the metal employed in Brazil will also withdraw portions of it depends chiefly upon the course of events. A disturbed political condition always raises the rates of interest and discount. Therefore, when the public mind is apprehensive, bankers are able to employ their money more profitably than in quiet times. But, on the other hand, disturbed periods also involve greater risks, and against the inducement to increase the funds held in Brazil for banking purposes there is, therefore, the apprehension of greater danger. If order is maintained, Europeans probably will not withdraw much of their money. But if civil war threatens, very large withdrawals are not unlikely.

With respect to the Stock Exchange, it seems safe to predict that the consequence of the revolution must be to lower prices. Whether the decline will be considerable or not depends upon the course of events. If the new Government is able to keep the country together, to maintain order, and to secure life and property, the fall will probably be slight. But if any of the provinces secede, it may be very heavy. Even if secession is prevented, and yet fighting takes place, it can hardly fail to be very considerable. In the most favourable event, however, the tendency of prices will almost inevitably be downward, for there must be many persons dissatisfied with the change, and these are likely to be amongst the well-to-do classes. Several of these, as we observe above, are likely to fear that once the era of revolutions is opened it will not soon be ended, and therefore that residence in Europe promises to be safer and pleasanter than residence at home. If so, they will sell Brazilian securities and invest the money in Europe. Their sales alone will tell unfavourably upon the market. Besides, it is to be recollected that the economic condition of Brazil is by no means satisfactory. The country is of immense extent, no doubt, and has great resources, but the population is exceedingly scanty. According to a consular Report recently published, it appears that the public debt of Brazil, external, internal, and unfunded, amounted twelve months ago to about 90 millions sterling. Since then there has been the issue of an internal loan of 11¼ millions sterling, and the withdrawal of the present forced paper currency involves an addition to the debt of 20 or 30 millions sterling. Assuming that the financial measures of the late Government are carried into effect, the public debt of Brazil will at an early period amount to 120 or 130 millions. Then there is a provincial debt of at least 6 millions sterling, and there is a municipal debt of uncertain magnitude. Over and above all this, Brazil has given guarantees to all sorts of industrial enterprises. The railway stocks guaranteed by the Government amount to about 18 or 20 millions sterling, and there are guarantees to coffee plantations, sugar factories, and other enterprises. The greater part of this immense mass of securities is held by Europeans. Even the late internal loan was either underwritten by European capitalists or has been pledged to London and Paris bankers since its issue. It will be seen that the good order of Brazilian finance is of very great importance to Europeans, and unfortunately Englishmen are more interested than the people of any other country. Of late, it is true, both French and German capitalists have bought very largely. Several of the great French bankers who promoted the National Bank of Brazil engaged in numerous other projects which were to be carried through by means of French capital chiefly, and these bankers and their friends have been buying Brazilian securities of all kinds on a very large scale. Still, there can be no reasonable doubt that British investments in Brazil greatly exceed in value those of other countries. But Brazilian expenditure has been too rapid for the resources of the country, and every year, therefore, has ended in a heavy deficit. This fact alone must, in the long run, cause a decline in the prices of Brazilian securities; but when to extravagant expenditure is added political uncertainty, it seems inevitable that prices must tend downwards. Assuming, however, that nothing to cause fresh alarm happens, it is quite probable that there may be a recovery from the fall of this week. The supporters of the new order of things will naturally be anxious to inspire confidence at home and abroad, and therefore will be ready to adopt any measures likely to support the credit of the country. Capitalists on the Continent who have started the National Bank of Brazil, and who have committed themselves to numerous other Brazilian projects, will have a strong temptation to assist the market to the best of their power, and other great houses which in the past have brought out Brazilian loans will feel their reputation more or less affected by Brazilian credit. It would not be surprising, then, if there were first an upward movement, followed a little later by a steady decline in prices.

Much, no doubt, will depend upon the coming harvest. Good crops will make it more easy to maintain order; bad crops will make it more difficult. Much also will depend upon whether the Revolution checks or encourages immigration. The area of Brazil is variously stated at from three millions to three and a quarter millions of square miles—that is to say, it is about the size of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, or about twice the size of India, including the native States. No census has been taken since 1872; but last year an ex-Minister estimated the population at about 13¼ millions; about a quarter of these, or somewhat less, are whites, the rest being negroes, Indians, and mixed breeds. A quarrel between the whites would clearly make it difficult for them to maintain their authority over the remainder of the population. At all events, it would afford an opportunity for the rising of the coloured people. Further, it is evident that the prosperity of the country would be immensely stimulated by a large immigration. The whites would be reinforced, and the effective working population would at the same time be largely increased. Immigration would rapidly extend the area of cultivation, would augment the demand for the produce of the country, would increase the traffic of the railways, and swell the revenue of the Government. If, then, immigrants can be attracted in considerable numbers, the credit of Brazil may be maintained. It is probable that immigrants would side with the established Government, whatever it was. They would go to the country for the purpose of pushing their own fortunes, and they would know that prosperous industry would be impossible in case of civil war. Unless, therefore, political adventurers flocked into the country in large numbers, the probability is that foreign immigrants would support the form of government they found existing when they landed, their main desire being the maintenance of order. Both politically and economically, therefore, it would be an immense gain to Brazil if a large European immigration could be attracted. But it seems hardly probable that it can be attracted while the political condition of the country remains uncertain. Besides, the climate, speaking generally, is not favourable to Europeans. Even for Southern Europeans it is too hot, and they are more attracted by the Argentine Republic, where progress is more rapid, and where the era of revolution seems to be closed. The attractiveness of the country for Europeans being thus less than that of other American States, it is probable that the political uncertainty now beginning will check immigration. Upon the whole, then, we come to the conclusion that the prices of Brazilian securities of all kinds will tend lower for some time to come. If, indeed, order is efficiently maintained, and under the new system a better financial administration is established, there will be an ultimate recovery; but there seems no reason to expect a better financial administration. The finances were thrown into disorder, firstly, by the Paraguayan war, and, secondly, by the desire to develop rapidly the resources of the Empire. The consequences of the Paraguayan war are still felt, and a Republican Government is hardly likely to be less anxious for pushing forward public works and developing resources than the Imperial Government. Even under the most favourable circumstances, then, there are no grounds for expecting such an early change in the economic condition of the country as would justify higher credit; while, if circumstances are not favourable, if political disturbance or uncertainty continues, or even if the administration falls into the hands of mere adventurers, the position will become worse and worse every year.

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.

ACCORDING to a notice issued last week, the maximum age for candidates in the competitive examination for the Indian Civil Service is to be raised from 19, at which it has stood since 1876, to 23 years. The alteration decided upon by Lord Cross is a reversion to former practice, and there is much to be said for it. But the announcement calls attention to the constant changes which have taken place in recruiting what is, perhaps, the finest service an Englishman can enter. When the good old days of Haileybury were doomed, and it was considered necessary to bring the service more into a line with modern theories, Lord Macaulay's influence was still in the ascendant. An Indian career had more charm about it then than now, and demanded more independence and self-reliance than in these days of telegraphs and statistical reports. Moreover, the pagoda-tree had better fruit to be shaken before the decline of silver and the curse of entertaining globe-trotters. Lord Macaulay was confident that the East would attract clever men from colleges, who would otherwise look to a Fellowship and possible career at the Bar. The maximum age for competitors was fixed at 23, in order to catch this class, and for a while Lord Macaulay was justified. Oxford and Cambridge supplied excellent material for some years, men of ability, and also —for this was Lord Macaulay's second requisite—men who had enjoyed the social advantages of residence on the banks of Isis or Cam. But it was too good to last. The competition grew keener as the examination became more widely known. The Universities would not, and indeed had no business to, "specialize" for the Indian Civil Service Examination. But private enterprise could, and did, specialize. By degrees University men found it prudent to put in an extra term during the Long Vacation with a "coach" or a "crammer," or indeed to forsake college altogether for the last six months or year before the competition. And, finally, parents who naturally wished to purchase their sons' success at the least possible cost, and to be as sure as the chances of competition allowed of their bargain, "cut" the University altogether, and sent their boys direct to the crammer. The process was hastened by the reduction of the maximum age from 23 to 22 in 1859, and again from 22 to 21 in 1864, at which it remained till 1876. Hence, though brilliant men from the Universities occasionally

got straight into the Civil Service without the help of an intermediary, all practical connexion between the candidates and the Universities ceased. It was an extremely rare thing for a successful man to go up to either Oxford or Cambridge to pass his period of probation before actually taking his passage. There was no inducement for him to do so. The University was of no help to him in passing his periodical examinations.

Accordingly a cry began to rise up against the crammers, which gathered in volume until Lord Salisbury succeeded the Duke of Argyll. The complaint was perfectly well founded in the interests of India, although a great many ridiculous and extravagant charges were brought against the crammer. Instances of most undoubted cramming, no doubt, there were. But, taking them as a body, the private coaches for the Indian Civil were simply gentlemen who had the address and energy to supply a recognized want. By dint of fewer holidays and longer hours, and a special study of the examination subjects, they produced candidates who could beat the University men, exposed to the distractions, healthy as those distractions might be, of University life, in their own subjects. Intellectually their men might be quite up to the standard of University first-classmen, if not to the standard demanded by Lord Macaulay. But they could not, and they never pretended to, furnish the social training obtainable at Oxford and Cambridge. Here was the flaw in the system. It came to be recognized that something besides intellect was needed for the government of India; that, in fact, manners, knowledge of men, and some approximation to the old *esprit de corps* so admirably fostered at Haileybury, were imperatively demanded. These qualities could be best turned out at the Universities, while the life of young men, most of them living in lodgings near their coach, and exposed to the temptations of London under the pressure of severe mental labour and of sedentary habits, was anything but physically or morally desirable. Lord Salisbury determined to deal with the question, and as his predecessors had relied upon the Universities for their men, and had been disappointed, he resolved to break new ground, and to turn to the Public Schools. Nor were the head-masters reluctant in clamouring for their opportunity. So the age was lowered to 19, and by a most excellent provision successful candidates had solid inducements offered them to pass their probationary period at Oxford and Cambridge; while the Universities, following Professor Jowett's lead, broke through their ancient routine, and made special arrangements to meet the Government's views. But two questions remained. Would the head-masters hold their own against the "crammers" even on this ground, practically, of their own choosing? Would competition at the lower age be an equally good test as at the higher, or not prove a greater evil (for competitive examinations are always an evil) to boys of under 19 than to young men of 20 or 21? As regards the first question, it must be admitted that the head-masters failed to justify their expectations. Clifton and Cheltenham, and several other schools, particularly those of a modern type, did train a certain number of successful candidates. But the great majority of successes, as before, came from the crammer, and few parents could resist the temptation of sending a lad to him for a year to make sure. On the second point Lord Salisbury could quote Lord Lawrence's opinion in favour of sending out Civilians young to India in order that they may develop a sympathy both for the country and the natives. The authority is weighty; but nevertheless the young Civilians do not seem to have given entire satisfaction in India, and there is a general consensus against Lord Lawrence that the two or three extra years in England afford recruits with more character and physique.

There appears to be a nearly equal unanimity that the result of competition and cramming just between 17 and 19 (when a boy should be completing his school career as captain of the Eleven) is more injurious than between 19 and 21. Lord Derby, with his unerring common sense, had uttered a pregnant warning on the subject as long ago as 1853. "I do not believe," he said in arguing for Lord Macaulay's limit of age, "that the accidental distinction one may obtain at the age of 17 or 18 is any great test of real ability, because obviously distinction at that age depends more frequently on the injurious effect of cramming and artificial training than on the spontaneous efforts of the mind." Lord Salisbury's scheme had not been in operation more than five or six years before grave complaints were made against it. It was condemned by Lord Northbrook and Lord Ripon, and finally by Lord Dufferin. But the system had a fair trial, and it was resolved to make no change until the Public Service Commission had reported. That Commission was to some extent appointed to meet the wishes of the educated natives, one of whose complaints has been that the reduction in the age made it infinitely more difficult for a native to come over to London and compete. It was therefore natural to expect that the natives would be, as in fact they are, in favour of a higher age. But the remarkable thing is, that among the numerous Europeans, official and non-official, consulted, a practical unanimity in the same direction exists. The demand is for men of maturer character. To withstand a Commission which they were virtually pledged to support would have been impossible for the Government of India, and Lord Cross really had no option but to revert to the older age. The balance of experience is certainly in its favour. But it is much to be regretted that spending the probationary period at Oxford and Cambridge will have to be dropped if, as seems necessary, its duration is shortened. And it is doubtful whether the Universities will be any more successful than they were before in beating the crammers. But one thing is certain. The very best men are wanted to govern India now that the European element in the administration is to be reduced, and every honest magistrate has to endure the foul slanders of the vernacular press. As for the dread of an influx of natives under the new limit of age, we think that the fears which have been expressed are exaggerated. In fact, before 1876 the percentage of successful natives was not larger than it has been since, while there is, indeed, reason to believe that the precocious native intellect is at its best between 17 and 19, whereas the stamina of the Englishman tells later. However, if young Englishmen cannot beat natives on their own soil and in their own language, then it is clear that the received beliefs of the comparative merits of Englishmen and of natives needs amending.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. HENSCHEL last Thursday week began a fresh series of Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall, before an audience which was regrettably small. Mr. Henschel has been blamed because he is not a first-rate conductor; but, though his beat is certainly peculiar, he is every bit as good as the majority of English conductors. His orchestra consists of tried artists, and his programmes contain an admirably selected combination of standard works and interesting novelties. During the winter months he has no competition to fear, and the prices charged for admission are so low that it would be imagined that amateurs of all classes would welcome the London Symphony Concerts gladly, as supplying a deficiency which has been long felt. It is an open secret that the Richter Concerts rely for their success partly upon the fact that they have become fashionable, and partly because the management is content with the performance of familiar works. In the interests of art it is to be hoped that Mr. Henschel will not follow their example; but, if London is to be freed from the reproach of not being able to support during the winter such a series of orchestral concerts as would be found in any German town of second- or third-rate importance, amateurs must bestir themselves before it is too late; for an impresario cannot, merely in the interests of art, be expected year after year to carry on an enterprise which may mean pecuniary loss. According to the advice of his critics, Mr. Henschel has this season fixed an earlier hour for his concerts, so as to appeal to the music-lovers of the suburbs, who are tied down by such considerations as late trains and last omnibuses; he has also adopted the system of Analytical Programmes, which, though not very full, are amply sufficient for people who like to know something about the music they are listening to. The programme of the first concert was in every respect excellent. Beginning with Bach's Orchestral Suite in D, it included a Symphony by Haydn, Beethoven's Overture to *Egmont*, and finished with Brahms's First Symphony, thus practically presenting in a small compass a series of examples of the gradual development of orchestral music during the last hundred and fifty years. Nothing could have been happier than such an idea, and the execution throughout was more than satisfactory. There was very little fault to be found with any of the performances, and some—notably the two Symphonies—were so good as fully to deserve the warm applause with which they were received. It is to be hoped sincerely that the remaining concerts will be better attended, for it would be a matter for real regret if Mr. Henschel should be obliged to discontinue them.

It was probably the want of Oratorio concerts, which is so marked a feature of the present musical season, which induced Mr. Manns to devote last Saturday afternoon at the Crystal Palace to Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. The work has been so seldom heard in London of late years that the performance had almost the interest of a revival, and the Sydenham concert-room was accordingly crowded to its utmost extent. With musicians *St. Paul* will always take rank with Mendelssohn's best work. It is conceived more in the true spirit of oratorio than the more popular *Elijah*, and almost every page shows the master at his greatest. The profound attention with which it was listened to last Saturday, and the frequent applause which broke through the self-imposed rule of reverent silence which the audience seemed at first inclined to establish, showed that the work needs only to be oftener heard to become as established a favourite as its more obviously impressive companion. The performance was, on the whole, good; but Mr. Manns, who is unrivalled as an orchestral conductor, is not as much at home with a large and imperfectly-trained chorus; when the attention of the singers can only be attracted by the incessant beating of the conductor's stick on the score it shows that a work has been, to say the least, very insufficiently rehearsed. But, in spite of this, the choral singing was much better than is usually the case at the Crystal Palace; and, if the altos could be strengthened and the exceedingly unpleasant tone of the tenors remedied, the choir might in time become a really good one. The solos were sung by Miss Anna Williams, Mme. Marian Mackenzie, and Messrs. Lloyd, Brereton, Grice, and Bailey. The soprano and the tenor divided the honours. Mme. Mackenzie was hardly at home in this style of music; her recitative singing, in particular, was uneven and exaggerated. Mr. Brereton was very unsatisfactory in the air "Consume them all,"

principally owing to the habit he has of forcing his high notes, which are never very strong, and are unfitted for the strain he puts upon them. This was doubtless principally owing to the difficulty of filling so large a space with a voice of moderate power; in the latter part of the work his singing was much more satisfactory. A word of praise must be bestowed upon Messrs. Grice and Bailey for their careful performance of the music allotted to the False Witnesses.

Last Monday's Popular Concert at St. James's Hall attracted a larger audience than has so far this season attended any of Mr. Chappell's Concerts. This was doubtless owing principally to the presence in the programme of Brahms's *Zigeuner Lieder*, Op. 103, which, although only produced last year, have already become an established favourite with the public, especially when they are sung so admirably as by Mrs. Henschel, Miss Little, Messrs. Shakespeare and Henschel, who were the vocalists last Monday. But, in addition to this, the programme contained another attraction in the shape of a new Sonata for Violoncello and Pianoforte, written by Professor Stanford during a visit paid last September to Signor Piatti in his home on the Lake of Como. The new work produced a very favourable impression. It consists of the orthodox three movements, though the second of these, an Andante con Moto, combines by changes of *tempo* something of the character of the ordinary slow movement with that of a Scherzo. Both it and the concluding Allegro are at a first hearing the best parts of the work, and are characterized by much poetic feeling and considerable charm. The opening movement is less interesting; it appears more suited to a younger and more impetuous performer than to the veteran Italian artist; indeed, the whole work would have gained by a more energetic performance. At its conclusion, both Signor Piatti and the composer were recalled amid much applause. The remainder of Monday's Concert consisted of Beethoven's Quintet in C major, Op. 29, for strings, and of two violin solos by Joachim Raff, which were admirably played by Mme. Neruda. The first of these, "Im Rosengarten zu Worms," is graceful and poetical; the second, which bears the curious title "Was er vom Werbelein gelernt," was recently played by the same artist with orchestral accompaniment at one of Mr. Kuhe's concerts at the Albert Hall, where it was called "Ungarische." It is a commonplace showpiece, of no merit.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Brazilian revolution exercised more influence over the stock markets this week than all other causes combined. The Scrip of the new Conversion Loan fell from about 2½ premium to about 3½ discount—full 6*l.*—and there was a decline more or less in all other Brazilian securities. There has since been some recovery, for all the intelligence, though extremely scanty, and, no doubt, subject to Government censorship, is uniformly favourable. Still, it will be a long time before the old confidence in Brazilian stocks revives. It is said that the great house which for so many years acted as the financial agent of the Brazilian Government in Europe, and has brought out its successive loans, and even those houses which have to a great extent supplanted it of late, and the other day promoted the National Bank of Brazil, were as ignorant as the rest of the world of what was about to happen. If the most powerful houses in Europe, with the greatest and keenest interest in Brazil, absolutely knew nothing until Saturday morning of what was going on below the surface in that country, and yet a Republic was substituted for the Empire almost without firing a shot, and the Imperial Family was shipped out of the country in four-and-twenty hours, people naturally ask, Who can say what surprises are yet in store for us? The effect of the revolution was by no means confined to Brazilian securities. Speculators in those securities have naturally been realizing stocks more readily saleable on terms more favourable to themselves. If there were to be a new alarm, and a heavier fall, speculators might be ruined, unless they had provided themselves with funds. Doubtless, also, capitalists have been providing themselves with the means of taking advantage of anything that may occur. Certain houses would feel bound to support markets were matters to grow worse, and others would like to be able to buy cheap if the opportunity occurs. There is still another cause of the uneasy feeling inspired by the revolution. A group of powerful French bankers has of late been investing themselves largely in Brazil and Brazilian securities. They started, it will be recollected, the National Bank of Brazil the other day with a capital of ten millions sterling, half to be provided in Europe. And they have many other new projects in preparation. But it must not be lost sight of that the Paris market has been severely tried this year. At the very beginning there occurred the failure of the Panama Canal Company. Very shortly afterwards came the breakdown of the Copper Syndicate, and the failure of the Comptoir d'Escompte and of the Société des Métaux. Now, if there were to be a heavy fall in Brazilian securities, there would be an additional serious loss inflicted. What the consequences might be nobody can say. The losses of certain great capitalists in Paris who have still been able to weather the storms of the early part of the year have been enormous, and they might not be able to go through another trying crisis. In any event it is clear that their Brazilian plans are at an end for the moment. They have locked up much of their money in Brazilian investments, and, if they were to try to realize, they would have to submit to heavy loss. The Berlin market has not been tried like that of Paris, but speculation has run utterly wild in Berlin, and, indeed, all over Germany, and the *Liquidation* now going on is a difficult one. German capitalists, like the French, have been investing considerably in Brazil of late; and a Brazilian crisis would increase very severely the difficulties in Berlin. It is not wonderful, then, that the news of the revolution sent a very unpleasant thrill through the City, and stopped, for the time being at all events, the speculative activity that was just beginning.

Were it not for the revolution, we should in all probability have seen a very considerable rise this week in British railway stocks. The money market is easier than seemed at all likely a little while ago; trade is exceedingly good; and the traffic returns issued this week by the Companies show unusually large increases. It seems certain, therefore, that the dividends to be declared next January and February for the current half-year will be very satisfactory to the shareholders. Investors, of course, will bear in mind that next year the rise in prices and wages will add heavily to the working expenses; but speculators do not trouble themselves with a future so distant as seven or eight months hence. The present and immediate future are what concern them, and they promise well. At the end of last week there was, indeed, active speculation, and it looked as if the speculation would become still more active this week; but the Brazilian news took the spirit out of speculators, and the market has, in consequence, been dull. At the end of last week, too, it seemed as if speculation in American railroad securities was about to revive. The experience of the past two or three years had taught caution to speculators in those securities; but at last the rise in prices has been carried so far in New York, and the reports concerning trade in the United States are so good, while the railway traffic returns published are likewise so favourable, that it seemed as if European speculation was about to begin on a very considerable scale. The Brazilian revolution, however, was not the only reason why the expectation has been disappointed. A report got abroad in the United States that the Secretary of the Treasury intends to withdraw nearly 9½ millions sterling, which at present he has on deposit with bankers. It was feared that, if he did so, he would throw the money market into confusion; and in fact rates in New York rose in almost panic fashion. The Secretary, however, now states that, though it is true that he is contemplating the measure, he does not consider the present a favourable moment for beginning it, and he will be careful whenever it is done not to injure or inconvenience trade. Apparently what he has in view is to compel bankers to sell bonds to him. He deposits money with bankers on the security of United States bonds. While he does this he finds it impossible to buy all the bonds that he wishes for, except at prices that he is unwilling to give. He naturally concludes that, if he calls in his deposits, and refuses to lend to the bankers in future, they will be compelled to sell their bonds to him. Thus he will be able to effect a large measure of redemption.

The Brazilian news had less effect upon the money market than on the Stock Exchange, but such influence as it exercised was towards ease. As is pointed out elsewhere, it is improbable that much gold will be sent to Rio while political uncertainty lasts, and it is not unlikely that gold may be exported from that city. At the beginning of the week the report about the intentions of Mr. Secretary Windom, which sent up rates so rapidly in New York, caused apprehension here that gold might be withdrawn from the Bank of England for New York; but since then Mr. Windom has bought over half a million sterling nominal value of bonds, and the money of course will relieve the stringency in New York. At the same time, American buying of American railroad securities during the past week or ten days in London has been on a very large scale. This will form a set-off against the large exports from the United States to this country, and will make it less probable that gold will have to be shipped to New York. Still the state of the money market makes operators anxious, for it is felt to be artificial. The rates of interest and discount would be much higher were it not that the great financial houses have brought gold, and are bringing it, from entirely unexpected quarters. If they continue to import the metal whenever necessary, for the sake of keeping markets quiet, the value of money will probably remain about what it is. But, on the other hand, if they were to cease importing, there might be a very sharp rise in rates, for the demand for gold for various countries is yet large, and is likely to continue. There is even a report that shipments to Brazil will soon recommence. That does not seem probable in the present state of the country; but the fact that the report circulates is calculated to revive apprehension, and gold may go in very large amounts in other directions.

The buying of silver, which suddenly ceased last week, began again about the middle of this week, and the price instantly rose once more to 44*d.* per oz. The Mint demand continues, and there is a large foreign demand which may be American or Continental. There is also a good Indian demand at a little under 44*d.* per oz. The rise in silver, which seems likely to continue, and will certainly continue if the American coinage of the metal is doubled, has caused the securities of all silver-using countries to advance of late. Rupee paper, for instance, has risen this week about ¾. There is also a demand for the shares of Australian silver-mining Companies. It is curious that, of the large number of American, Mexican, and Peruvian silver-mining Companies

which have been either formed or introduced into this country exceedingly few—less than half a dozen, we believe—pay dividends, the really good properties being owned at home. But one Australian Company, which was formed only four years ago, has in the interval paid in dividends a good deal more than the original capital subscribed. This Company has sold part of its properties to subsidiary Companies formed in London, and the prices of these subsidiary and newly-formed Companies have been steadily rising of late.

REVIEWS.

WALPOLE.*

IT is with very unaffected pleasure that we meet Mr. Morley once more in the field of literature, which, perhaps, it had been better for him if he had never left. We do not quite agree with a statement of his own that "controvertists" [by the way, though we know there is authority, if controvertists, why not smokists or bakists?] "cannot long retain their kindness for each other." Perhaps some very sharp passages between Mr. Morley and a certain quondam friend of his recently may be thought to exemplify it; but for some years now we have ourselves had occasion to speak very frequently and very uncompromisingly of Mr. Morley's public language and public conduct, and we are sure that we have retained our kindness for him, even if he has not retained his for us. There is little danger of disturbance of kindness in the present instance, for reasons which we have no space to discuss here, though the discussion might be interesting. The politics of the eighteenth century present but little *cinis dolosus* even to hot-gospellers in the politics of the present day. It is still unsafe to handle the questions concerned in the great Rebellion, and not wholly safe to touch those of the Revolution. But Tories from the accession, or at least from the death, of Anne to the battle of Waterloo were so little like modern Tories, and Whigs of that period were so much less like modern Liberals, that there is very little danger of the thermometer running up too fast. Yet no period is more interesting, and in the period few figures are more interesting than Walpole's. With some rather ugly faults he had immense and peculiarly English merit. If not the greatest, we are inclined to think that he was the most satisfactory, statesman of the century. He was free alike from the incurable instability and insincerity of Bolingbroke, from the madcapperies of that genius *manqué* Carteret, from the grandiosity of Chatham, from the frigid goodboyishness of his son. The good deeds for which Macaulay praises him in reference to the funds and the price of corn, though solid enough, may not seem very interesting; we may think his aversion to war ignoble and pusillanimous (by the way, despite Walpole's moral fortitude, there are imputations, if we mistake not, on his physical courage, of which Mr. Morley says nothing); some of us, as Shippen said, may be for King James, while he was for King George. He was not only a libertine, which was between himself and his conscience, but a coarse-tongued and coarse-minded libertine, which is a very disagreeable thing, and, what was still worse, he was as indifferent to the honour of the women of his own family as he was reckless of that of others. But he was an honest man, a good fellow, a good patriot according to his lights, a farseeing statesman, a wonderfully able financier, and as a Minister and politician, whatever he was as a man, one of the boldest, wariest, most enterprising, most indomitable fighters in all history. And, above all, there was no nonsense about him, none of the sickening cant and phrase-making and posturing and Pecksniffery which are so often the besetting sins of politicians, and which have particularly beset statesmen on what may be for shortness called the Liberal side. We rather agree with Mr. Morley that Walpole's "cynicism" has been exaggerated. Indeed, what is generally called "cynicism" is much more the fault of the Bolingbrokes than of the Walpoles, and is frequently as insincere as any other form of cant. But there was no sham or cant at all in Walpole. If he did not say that "every man has his price," he knew that the great majority of men, though not consummate scoundrels or utter fools, are frequently a little dishonest and constantly very silly. The modern cant of the party that calls itself his about "sympathy," "union of hearts," and so forth, would have made him not sick, for his stomach was too strong, but uproariously merry. Perhaps, on the whole, he took things a little too unheroically. But we cannot all be heroes, and we can all, if we choose, not be Pecksniffs.

We are glad to see that Mr. Morley's view of Walpole agrees on the whole very fairly with that which we have stated in the last paragraph. He naturally thinks better than we do of Sir Robert's particular acts of policy, and it would be quite possible to cross swords with him on some matters. What, for instance, is the use of throwing an offensive word like "conspirator" at Atterbury? If the valiant Dean was a conspirator, then those who invited William of Orange over were conspirators of the deepest dye. It is wiser for both sides to keep offensive names of this kind for undoubted cases, such as the Rye House or the Assassination business. And we cannot think that Mr. Morley has cleared Walpole of the charge of loading himself with the thick clay. His own figures tell the tale. But, on the whole, his sketch of the long and interesting drama of Walpole's life is singularly free from question-begging epithets or unsuccessful pleadings, and on more than one point he breaks away from predecessors on his own side. We do not, indeed, know that he has quite grasped the argument—indeed, few writers have—which justified Harley and Bolingbroke to some extent for their conduct to Marlborough, and which is conspicuously ignored in a passage eulogizing the "Junto" which he quotes from Burke. No study of that strange battle can be complete which omits to notice that it was the Whigs and not the Tories who began to break the understanding of a joint administration. We are quite at one with Mr. Morley on the question whether government by two parties could ever stand; we are sure that it never could. Walpole's great merit, as Mr. Morley of course points out, is, that he first resolutely and rigorously refused to have anything to do with the ingenious schemes of partnership which had deluded men like Halifax and Godolphin. But this does not make it any the less necessary to recognize that faith was broken with, not by, the Tory party, in the earlier years of Anne. Of those still more famous "four last years" Mr. Morley has much, but naturally nothing new, to say. We observe that, though he very confidently speaks of the communications of the Tory Ministers with St. Germains, he is as unable as all other historians to tell us what it was from which the *coup d'état* of Argyll and Somerset saved the State, on what terms James III. was going to be brought back, by whom he was going to be brought back, and so forth. He writes one sentence showing that he knows that Marlborough was by no means unlikely to have gone Jacobite after all; and he writes another showing that he knows that Bolingbroke was up to the last in parley with the Whigs. Whether we shall ever know what was then brewing is doubtful. We suspect that Mr. Morley is not certain that anything was brewing at all; nor are we. On the Treaty of Utrecht, little as he likes its negotiators, he is quite sound, holding it to have been an excellent treaty for the country, as it certainly was; and, though perhaps here one may guess reasons, he is also much sounder on a long subsequent business, the Wood's coinage matter, than most party enemies of Swift (but Mr. Morley should not talk of Swift's "savage and unholy genius"; "savage" is only worthy of a schoolboy or a penny-a-liner who has Latin enough to construe *sæva* in the epitaph, and "unholy" is foolish). One point which tells in favour of the Drapier, and which has been missed by most writers, Mr. Morley misses too. If the bargain was an honest one on Wood's side, how could his losses on the sum coined have been honestly compensated by a pension of three thousand a year? The thing is impossible. On the Septennial Bill Mr. Morley obeys the wise advice "Glissez!" And there is nothing else to be done. The Septennial Act has worked very well in practice; but in its inception it was utterly indefensible. The Peerage Bill, of which he also says but little, is not so clear a case, and we should have liked some argument on it. But Mr. Morley probably cannot trust himself to speak impartially about the House of Lords. The story of Walpole's long tenure of almost sovereign power, and of the conspiracy (the word is in place here) which deprived him of it, is excellently told, and Mr. Morley has done very well to show that the supposed collapse of the defeated Minister is a vain imagination, and that he still exercised no small influence.

He has, we believe, written the whole book with studied fairness; but he has not been able to resist a few flings, which are vastly amusing; as thus:—

> It was in conformity to the political notions of the time, as it is to those of our own time in relation to Ireland, to strike vindictive blows of this kind.

It is rather unkind of Mr. Morley to refer thus to Mr. Gladstone's imprisonment of Mr. Parnell; but, no doubt, he knows his chief best. And here again:—

> As might have been expected, he resorted to a common device of embarrassed politicians; he called for a national party. The hypocritical phrase did not make his allies forget that it was he who had first insisted on drawing strict party lines and driving the Whigs out of government, any more than it prevented the revival, when power was once more within reach, of the acutest jealousies between the two wings of the patriot coalition.

This partakes more of miching malecho; but it is excusable. We find greater difficulty in excusing Mr. Morley for dragging in, and that not once only, references to the French politics of 1873-77. But it is, perhaps, natural, for we have always suspected that he takes a much keener interest in the politics of France than in those of England. It is interesting to find him an enthusiastic Handelian. He calls Handel "the one resplendent genius who soars above the prosaic level of that uninspired and uninspiring time." A fellow-feeling for another Handelian ought to have saved him from such an illiberal and unfounded hit as this:—

> George III. did many shabby, cunning, and unscrupulous things, yet tradition is gradually coming to pass him off as a very honest gentleman.

The following, perhaps, he would have been more or less than human if he had not written:—

> Pulteney, though he had seceded from the regulars of his party, supposed, childishly enough, that the virtue of Whig principles would remain in him if he continued to sit on Whig benches.

* *Twelve English Statesmen—Walpole.* By John Morley. London: Macmillan.

But it is to his credit that he should have ventured on so bold and transparent a reference to the nonsense about Bulgarian and other atrocities as this:—

When the country suffers itself to be swept by such stories as these, it ceases to be rigorous as to evidence and proof; the possibility of exaggeration and invention made no difference in the effect.

And so we may commend to readers a very interesting and excellent book. That Mr. Morley has, according to the common superstition, acquired any additional authority in writing it from the fact of his having sat in Parliament, or even from that of his having had the opportunity to luxuriate in the nectar and ambrosia (legend or history says this is dry biscuits) provided for Cabinet Councils we do not believe. But he is an accomplished man of letters, well acquainted with history; and, as it happens, his own pet weaknesses and prejudices interfere with this particular subject little if at all. Therefore he has written as good a book as, for the honour of letters, we could have wished him to write, and one which will, we hope, and believe, do him credit when he has long been disinfected of his association with the Gladstones and the Harcourts, the Laboucheres and the Jacobys, by the greatest of all disinfectants—churchyard mould.

NOVELS.*

THERE is no reason why a bright little story, whose author has decided to remain unknown, should have been called *The County*; but there is equally no reason why it should have been called anything else. The scene is laid principally in the well-known county of Loamshire, that favoured land of fiction; and the heroine and her very worldly sister, Frances, are "County people," and therefore very superior to all the other characters in the novel, who very decidedly are not. The book is written after the manner of Miss Broughton, only without the force and passion of that popular writer, and is perhaps more on a par with the later works of Mrs. Hungerford. The women are fair, pale, and flippant, the men big and foolish. The plot lies revealed in the first three chapters, and is of the old, familiar type. The lovely lady, poor and proud; the lover, adoring and huffy; the scheming sister, and the wealthy *parvenu*. Of course the lovely lady has a coolness with "the one man the world holds," and will not ask for an explanation of his conduct, or explain her own, and therefore marries the *parvenu*. Equally, of course, the hand of fate falls heavily on the miserable husband, and there is great rejoicing over his death. All this is *de rigueur* in a story of this stamp, and the charm of the book lies in the bright talk and amusing "frivol" of its characters. Frances Nugent is detestable, but she is distinctly amusing in her worldly wisdom:—

"You will find that smothering any little dawning fancy which may happen to trouble you is excellent practice for getting your heart well in hand. *I*"—with modest pride—"can speak from experience, as you know. Did I not tilt with my foolish tendresse for Lance Beresford and come off victor? And is not my heart—such as it is—perfectly ready to go with my hand when a fitting suitor presents himself? I remember"—with a shudder at the chilly retrospect—"that it was a bitter afternoon last March when Lance came to say Good-bye, and what quite decided me was the thought of coals. It struck me that upon 700*l.* a year one would have to economize in fires."

On diet such as this we are sustained throughout two volumes, the print whereof is large and the margins wide. It is all very light reading, of course, but there is nothing objectionable, except to those who read a novel from a serious motive. They will probably find that their sympathies are enlisted by the wife, who, though faithful to her husband in a certain sense, loves "another man twice as well," and that on account of this sympathy the moral of the story is not moral at all.

In *Apples of Sodom* we hear a good deal about music; and, taking a hint from the author, we may best describe the book by saying that it begins *scherzando*, continues *andante capriccioso*, and ends *adagio religioso*. The first part is the best. Marcus Brand, the head of his school, the captain of the school eleven, proposes to and is accepted by Jenny Fermor, a pretty, plaintive little person, who posed as a bereaved orphan, and perpetually "accepted slights and offered sacrifices which were by no means incumbent on her to offer, and then pitied herself for it." The young man's father sternly refused to sanction the engagement, and Marcus goes to Oxbridge, and remains there four years, during which time he never sees the plaintive Jenny, but does see very frequently Armine Constable, the bewitching clever daughter of a learned professor. At the end of these four years Marcus is by no means so enthusiastic about Miss Jenny Fermor as he had been on the day he left Harcheston school; but, feeling that he is in honour bound, he persuades his father to consent to a renewal of his proposal, goes down to Harcheston, finds Jenny prettier and more plaintive than ever, and recognizes that he would be "a brute" to forsake her. It is no mystery, however, that Armine Constable is the real "affinity." This being announced, we divine, with the prescience of the accustomed novel-reader, that Jenny's doom is sealed. But when and where does she die? Nothing shall induce us to reveal this, the more so as the author takes a new start from this point, with the indigestibility of "Apples of Sodom" as her text. We concur in the fact, and regret that from her point of view the sermon was indispensable. We confess that the self-confident Armine, with the caustic speech and artistic temperament, is more attractive to us than the remorseful lover; and, though it was doubtless very wrong of her to play the violin to him in such a manner as to make him feel "a little uncomfortable," it is very characteristic of womankind to waken "old memories from their sleep," and then be rather alarmed at the effect they have produced. The book, as a whole, is well written. The language is good, the periods well rounded, and the story, though somewhat spun out, is told with a definite purpose; but the writing is hard, clear, and cold as an east wind. Justice is in no wise tempered with mercy; and the standard of self-immolation is set so high that the sympathy remains with those who fail to reach it.

The charm that is wanting in *Apples of Sodom* is very vividly present in *A Hardy Norseman*. The book is eminently one suited to those good people who, living in the wide-spreading light of charity, are to our "faults a little blind, and to our virtues ever kind," but it is interesting to everybody. It is not given to every writer to make a work of this class interesting. There is generally too much "skip" about a novel in which religion plays a prominent part, and yet where no theological discussions arise. Edna Lyall herself does not always succeed, but on this occasion she has done well. Her characters live and move and have a being. We like their appearance, we take to them at once and sympathize with their joys and sorrows, their weakness and their strength. We renew also our acquaintance with some old friends of former works. Miss Edna Lyall is evidently as reluctant to say good-bye to Carlo Donati as were the readers of *A Knight Errant*; and Charles Osgood is as steadfast in good works as he was in the days of *We Two*. We are taken immediately on the opening of the story to "the land of the midnight sun," and introduced, while still on the steamer, to Frithiof Falck, the "Hardy Norseman," who had come to the landing quay of Bergen to receive and welcome his father's London correspondents. Frithiof was

tall and broad-shouldered, with something unusually erect and energetic in his bearing; his features were of the pure Greek type, not unfrequently to be met with in Norway; while his Northern birth was attested by a fair skin and light hair and moustache, as well as by a pair of honest, well-opened, blue eyes, which looked out on the world with a boyish content and happiness.

Such is our hero, like a young bear with all his troubles before him. The troubles come soon enough, and are heavy enough to weigh down a braver spirit. The boyish content is swallowed up by the apathy of despair, and Frithiof's "dark hour" is dark indeed. It is in the description of this period of her hero's life that the author excels. There is no exaggeration either of virtue or vice; we are shown a human being whose sorrows make him hard and bitter, and whose traditions keep him honest. More than this, Frithiof is represented as speaking English perfectly, but in feeling, thought, and action he remains a Norwegian. We have many, but not too many, descriptions of Norway and the home-life of its simple people. Sigrid and Swanhild, Frithiof's sisters, are charming, and the history of their life in the "workmen's model lodgings," where they had four rooms for seven-and-sixpence a week, and furnished them for twenty-eight pounds, is full of interest. The first evening that the little family spend in their new home is thoroughly characteristic. Sigrid decides that, as they have to wait on themselves, they may as well get what fun they can out of it. So the tea-things being washed and put away, the boots cleaned, and the lamp lighted, the piano lent to them by a kind friend is opened, and Sigrid asks,

"What shall be the first thing we play in our new home, Swanhild?"
"'For Norge,'" said the little girl promptly. . . . "Come and sing, Frithiof; do come," pleaded Swanhild, slipping her hand caressingly into his and drawing him towards the piano. And willingly enough he consented; and in their new home in this foreign land they sang together the stirring national song.

For those who feel interested already in Frithiof Falck we may add that the love of a good woman is his reward after much tribulation, in the course of which he learns to recognize that

every heart has its own romance, and, whether living in the fierce glare of a palace, in the whirl of society, in a quiet London suburb, or in an East-End court, it is all the same. The details differ, the accessories are strangely different, but the love which is the great mainspring of life is precisely the same all the world over.

What a terrible thing is a sporting novel badly written! A little hunting sandwiched in between two thick slices of heavy love-making. Mrs. Edward Kennard adds mustard to this compound in the shape of liberal abuse of that wretched thing called Man; but the piquancy of salt is conspicuous only by its absence, and the severest form of literary hunger, known as "Nothing else to read," would be needed to make this book acceptable. The Matron "might have been some five or six-and-thirty years of age, and was in many respects a remarkable-looking woman. Her beauty, though on the wane, was still striking in spite of a certain undefinable coarseness and voluptuous maturity which, in fastidious eyes, detracted somewhat from its charm." This woman's character and conversation match her appearance, and the combination is very unpleasant. Beaumont Dornay nevertheless loved her in the days when he was a gay young soldier of one-and-twenty and she was a widow of thirty; but he was poor,

* *The County.* 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1889.
Apples of Sodom. By M. Bramston. 2 vols. London: Smith & Innes. 1889.
A Hardy Norseman. By Edna Lyall. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1889.
Matron or Maid. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1889.

and she lost her fortune if she married again, so they agreed to wait. He went to India with his regiment, and she set to work to save. She evidently practised great economy, for out of an income of 7,000*l.* a year she not only put by 40,000*l.* in five years, but lent to her lover sums amounting in all to nearly 4,000*l.* And yet when the ungrateful one returns from India, and she awaits him with her mature heart beating tempestuously, he only thinks that she has grown quite fat and coarse-looking, wonders how he could ever have admired her, and—accepts another cheque to buy hunters with. In company with a friend, a lovelorn swain with a huge appetite, Beau Dornay betakes himself and his hunters to Fieldborough. He no sooner arrives, than he falls in love with Miss Dolly Dalrymple, and, after ten minutes' acquaintance, entertains her in this manner:—"I hope you don't wholly set your face against admirers, Miss Dolly—I beg pardon, I mean Miss Dalrymple—for men as a body would be desperately badly off if all the nicest, freshest girls refused to have anything to say to them, and took horses and dogs to their hearts rather than husbands. Not but what," he added lightly, "I daresay, the former are preferable, and give less trouble." In this wise the "Maid" is wooed and won, but not without a struggle. She speaks severely to the impetuous young man:—"Really, Captain Dornay," she said with that reserve which modest girls know so well how to assume on occasion, "your language is as incomprehensible as it is extraordinary. I must remind you that you are no longer in India, and that however you may talk to the young ladies over there, English ones are not accustomed to quite the same free-and-easy style of conversation." There is a grace and delicacy in these remarks that would inspire any man with respect for the fair speaker. Her philosophy also is full of refinement, and consists of unreasoning abuse of men in general and young men in particular. The conceit, the selfishness, the abnormal appetite of the lords of creation are freely commented on with the virulence peculiar to Mrs. Edward Kennard. All men are vile, and a duke is the most vile. His Grace of Jockland is described as "a short, stout young man, with a dull eye and an unhealthy complexion, sandy hair, and an ape-like head, which betrayed a good many more animal than intellectual propensities." This one-eyed nobleman eats and drinks enormously, and dies of delirium tremens. If Mrs. Kennard reproduces in her books people that she has seen and known, we must condole with her on her unfortunate experience; if, however, they are, as we would fondly hope, only imaginary beings, we would suggest that in her next book she should try to think of something less material and repulsive.

THE GEOLOGICAL RECORD.*

THE first volume of this valuable work has already been noticed in these pages; with the present one the Record of Papers on Geology and Mineralogy published between the years 1880 and 1884 is completed. Obviously it has made a late appearance; for in a very few weeks there will be another full period of five years, in regard to which geologists would gladly receive information. But the old proverb of "not looking a gift-horse in the mouth" applies here, and the editors are more deserving of praise for what they have done than of blame for the delay which has in no small part been due to unforeseen causes. To many workers, especially those most devoted to original research, the labour of compiling catalogues and wading through a mass of literature, not always either interesting or valuable, is peculiarly distasteful; so that the lion's share of a work of this kind generally falls to a few men whose time already is largely occupied with other duties which they cannot afford to neglect. More than once, indeed, it has been rumoured that the *Geological Record* would cease to appear; but we trust that the present issue will receive from geological students a welcome sufficiently hearty and liberal to encourage its editors to bring the work up to date and continue it in the future.

To criticize a book like this would require something very like geological omniscience, so we shall not attempt the task, but content ourselves with indicating the field covered by the present volume. The former one contained a list of the papers relating to stratigraphical and descriptive geology. The plan originally followed of giving brief abstracts of most of the papers noticed has been abandoned, and in the two parts of the present issue merely the titles of the papers or books, with the necessary references, are printed, a few explanatory words being added in a very limited number of cases, where the titles alone might give insufficient information. This second part contains a list of the papers &c. (published during the same period of five years) which relate to the following subjects:—Physical Geology, Applied and Economic Geology, Petrology, Meteorites, Mineralogy, Mineral Waters, Palæontology, General Geology (this being practically the receptacle for works which cannot be ranged under any special heading), and, lastly, Maps and Sections.

The work, as now completed, indicates the rapid increase in the amount of geological literature which has occurred during recent years. If we select for comparison the volume for 1875, the second in the series (and we choose this in preference to the first volume, because the latter in a publication of this kind is necessarily rather tentative and imperfect), we find that it consisted (including the index, &c.) of 416 pages, while the present work contains in all 989 pages. But in the former, as abstracts of the papers cited are inserted, the numbers of titles on a page is rather more than six, while in the latter it is about fifteen. Thus the one contains about 2,600 titles, the other about 15,000, which gives an average of 3,000, or an increase of 400 for each year between 1880 and 1884 inclusive. This approximation is a very rough one, because to attain anything like accuracy, owing to the inclusion of cross references and similar difficulties, would require a very minute analysis, and entail a large amount of thoroughly useless labour; but it probably gives a fair indication of the growth in this department of scientific literature.

It is also interesting to note, as we turn over the pages, that those who have attained to a considerable position among geologists exhibit a marked difference in their productive powers. For instance, if we compare the entries under the names of two men of about the same age and position, we find that in this period of five years the one has published more than forty papers, the other, at most, seventeen; thus their productiveness is very nearly in the proportion of eight to three. Yet the conditions under which their work has been done are seemingly similar, and in this respect, if there be any difference, it is not in favour of the more productive author. Another point of interest will be found in the indications afforded as to the catholicity or exclusiveness, so far as regards geology, of different authors; one man ranges over a wide field, and publishes papers upon various parts of it, while another, who writes about as frequently, restricts himself to a limited portion of a single department of the science.

A list of titles can hardly be expected to entertain, however much it may help the student. Still, a few of those quoted in this volume may be reckoned as belonging to the light literature (in one sense of the epithet) of geology. For instance, two or three commemorate those efforts to prop up dubious theology by unsound science to which the Victoria Institute has been wont to offer a cordial welcome, efforts which still linger on like the apteryx in favourable and sequestered localities. A paper on *Eophyllum canadense*, a supposed fossil from the Laurentian limestone, reminds us of the singular vagaries of an author who appeared to be endowed with a power of detecting organic structures in the most improbable of rocks, and to be quite equal to proving that a girder of the Forth Bridge was a fossil seaweed. Mr. Cope Whitehouse, that most pertinacious of imaginative reasoners, asks his favourite question, Is Fingal's Cave artificial? Mr. Ignatius Donnelly discourses on "Atlantis, the Antediluvian World," a title which recalls the poetic infancy of geology when facts were few and fancy was free; while to that on "Ragnarok, the Age of Fire and Gravel," the compiler has been unable to refrain from adding a brief descriptive note. "The drift is accounted for by the impact of a comet's tail, which caused one side of the world to be suddenly deluged with meteoric débris." These enlivenments, however, are very rare; the book, as a rule, is severely utilitarian.

* *The Geological Record for* 1880-84 (*inclusive*): *a List of Publications on Geology, Mineralogy, and Palæontology published during those years, together with certain references omitted from previous volumes.* Edited by William Topley, F.R.S., F.G.S., and Charles Davies Sherborn, F.G.S. Vol. II. London: Taylor & Francis. 1889.

THE HISTORY AND ART OF PHŒNICIA.*

WITHIN the last few years the political history and the art of the chief cities of the Phœnician coast have taken a very prominent position in the study of classical archæology. Many recent discoveries have contributed to show how great was the influence of Phœnician art on that of the early Greeks, partly through the actual contact of the two races in many of the island settlements, such as Cyprus and Rhodes, and also by means of the widely extended trade of the Phœnicians, whose daring sailors carried westwards the beautiful objects in glass, bronze, and the precious metals which were produced with such wonderful technical skill by the craftsmen of Sidon and Tyre, and were so eagerly bought by the Hellenic and other races along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

It is interesting to note how close was the analogy between the position occupied by the rich trading city of Tyre with regard to the Southern countries of Europe and that of the city of Venice during its mediæval period of greatest glory. Both Tyre and Venice were island cities; both were, above all things, famed for their wealth in ships and the wide extent of their commerce, reaching from east to west of the great sea. Both cities acted, as far as their art was concerned, as links between the East and West, the Phœnician city introducing the forms and symbols of Assyria and Egypt among the Western inhabitants of Southern Europe, while Venice brought the mosaics, the metal-work, and the marble-lined architecture of Byzantium to both shores of the Adriatic. Even in minor details this parallel holds good; Tyre and Venice were both in their time the chief centres for the production of rich textiles and elaborately ornamented glass-work. The words used by Isaiah to describe the Phœnician Tyre might have been applied nineteen or twenty centuries later to the city of Venice—"She has been the mart of nations . . . the joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days, whose feet carried her afar off . . . the crowning city whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth."

The whole story of the development and varied fortunes of

* *History of Phœnicia.* By George Rawlinson, Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Canterbury. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

Phœnicia is one of the most interesting and archæologically instructive among all branches of ancient history; and Canon Rawlinson, in producing this convenient handbook on the subject, has added another to his long list of services to the science which he has for so many years striven to advance, both by his printed books and by his lectures as the Camden Professor of Ancient History at Oxford.

In his first chapter Canon Rawlinson gives a very vivid description of the country of the Phœnicians and the physical peculiarities which so much influenced the lives and history of its inhabitants. The mother country of Phœnicia is a mere strip of coast-land, about three hundred miles long, and averaging little more than fifteen miles in width. On the west it is bordered by the sea, and on the east by the fine mountain ranges of Lebanon and Carmel, well wooded with noble timber and watered by various torrents, which are of considerable volume in the winter months, but during the dry summers shrink into insignificant shallow brooks. This narrow strip between the mountains and the sea was, as Canon Rawlinson writes, "a tract of a remarkably diversified character. Lofty mountain, steep wooded hill, chalky slope, rich alluvial plain, and sandy shore succeeded each other, each having its own charm, which was enhanced by contrast." On the whole, however, the Phœnician plains seem not to have been remarkable for their fertility, and to some extent the population of the great Phœnician cities—such as Sidon, Tyre, Aradus, and Berytus (modern Beyrout)—were dependent on imports of grain and oil from the richer soil of their neighbours, the Jews, or the Egyptians, between whom and the Phœnicians a brisk trade was kept up for many centuries. Thus, when the Hebrew King Solomon desired to build his magnificent temple and royal palace at Jerusalem, Hiram, the friendly King of Tyre, was glad to supply timber of all kinds, fir-wood, cedars from Mount Lebanon, and skilled artificers in all crafts, in exchange for large supplies of corn and oil, of which the Jews were able to produce a far larger quantity than was needed for their home consumption.

In the Book of *Kings* we have a very interesting and detailed account of this great commercial transaction; and the minute description of the magnificent temple which the Tyrian workmen constructed in Jerusalem is of unique interest to the student of Phœnician art from the fact that, in spite of its being built for the purposes of a quite different religion, it was clearly, both in general plan and in the details of its ornament and construction, purely and simply a Phœnician building—such a temple, in fact, as might have been erected in some Phœnician city for the worship of the god Baal, who, in many forms, was the chief of the Phœnician hierarchy. The large open courts, the rows of small chambers for the priests, the two pillars Jachin and Boaz, were all characteristic parts of a Phœnician temple. The very symbols and ornaments which were so lavishly introduced in carved wood and in plates of beaten gold were all borrowed from a cult which had no relationship with the nobler monotheism of the Jews. The palm-trees between the winged cherubim, which must everywhere have met the eye of the Hebrew worshipper, were among the favourite religious symbols of the Phœnicians, though this special symbol really originated with another and artistically more original race—namely, the Assyrians, in the great Valley of the Euphrates. The Phœnicians, in fact, though a people of much artistic taste and unrivalled for their technical skill in most branches of art, were not remarkable for their originality in inventing new forms of ornament. This want of invention we find in some of the most beautiful and highly-finished works of Phœnician art that exist—the bowls in bronze and silver which in the course of trade were carried to Egypt, to the islands of the Ægean, and to the Etruscans of Italy, and were eagerly bought up by these very different people. In these beautiful pieces of metal-work we see side by side, skilfully worked into the same decorative band, the strange deities of Egypt, the great conqueror Rameses II., and the sacred tree with its guardian cherubim, together with other hieratic forms which were peculiar to Assyria. And yet the general design of the whole and its exquisite refinement of detail is purely Phœnician, and in point of technique is superior to anything that either Egypt or Assyria could have produced.

Among the many arts for which this wonderful people were so justly famous none was, perhaps, more exclusively associated with the Phœnicians than the art of dyeing with the brilliant *Murex* purple. Canon Rawlinson gives a very interesting account of the various shell-fish from which the purple was obtained, and the methods employed in giving to wool or silk this most gorgeous of all dyers' colours. Several different species of molluscs, varieties of the *Murex* and the *Buccinum* or *Purpura*, secrete in a minute sac a portion of purple dye. This extraordinary secretion, the use of which to the animal is still a mystery to the naturalist, as long as it remains in the sac of the mollusc has no indication whatever that it will yield a purple dye—"the colouring matter is a liquid of a creamy consistency, and of a yellowish white hue. On extraction, it is at first decidedly yellow; then, after a little time, it becomes green; and, finally, it settles into some shade of violet or purple." In this respect the process of dyeing with the *Murex* resembles that of the indigo vat, in which no tinge of blue or any colour is visible, but in a few moments, under exposure to the air, a cloth dipped in the solution of indigo turns a strong blue in a very mysterious and striking way. In order to get the deepest shade of purple, such as in later times was reserved for the use of the Byzantine Emperor, it was necessary to dip the stuff at least twice into the *Murex* vat, and Canon Rawlinson points out that the use of two different varieties of molluscs was requisite to produce the most brilliant and lasting shades of purple—"it was necessary that the dye obtained from the *Buccinum* should be used after that from the *Murex* had been applied. . . . The actual tints produced from the shell-fish appear to have ranged from blue, through violet and purple, to crimson and rose. Scarlet could not be obtained, but was yielded by the cochineal insect."

This last statement is not perfectly correct. The cochineal insect is peculiar to America, and so was not used in the Old World till the sixteenth century A.D. The insect dye which was so important for the weavers of classical times was the *Kermes* or *Coccus*, a little beetle which lives on the ilex oaks of Asia Minor, Greece, and other Southern countries. The *Kermes* affords a more beautiful and much more lasting scarlet than the cochineal; and to its use a great deal of the beauty and brilliance of old Oriental carpets and rugs is due. Unfortunately the *Kermes* beetle is difficult to collect, and even in Oriental countries its use is now becoming rare, partly owing to the import of cheap and inferior Western dyes.

Another art in which the Phœnicians were quite unrivalled was that of glass-making. The city of Sidon especially was famous for the manufacture of those elaborate little bottles, shaped like miniature *Amphoræ*, examples of which are found in Greek, Assyrian, and Etruscan tombs. These beautiful little bottles, made usually of deep blue glass, ornamented with zig-zag enamel bands in green and yellow of jewel-like brilliance, seem to have been used to hold precious perfumes. How very highly they were valued by the Greek and Etruscan races is shown by the very beautiful and elaborate little stands of pure gold which the purchasers of these bottles made to hold them. In some cases they are topped with little caps of gold, and no existing examples of Greek or Etruscan jewelry are more delicate and graceful than the gold mounts which were made for these gem-like little bottles.

Canon Rawlinson also points out that, according to a rather obscure passage in the elder Pliny's work (*Hist. Nat.* xxxvi. 194), glass mirrors backed with a sheet of polished metal were made by the Sidonian glass-workers. No example has yet been discovered of such a mirror, though polished silver-plated mirrors are among the commonest objects found in Greek and Etruscan tombs. It is, however, probable that in these ancient mirrors the glass was only used as a loose cover over the polished surface, in the same way that a framed picture is protected. The modern method of fixing an amalgam of lead and mercury to the back of a plate of glass was probably not invented before the thirteenth century A.D. One of the earliest passages in which this invention is referred to is that in the *Divina Commedia* (*Par.* II. 89), where Dante speaks of the moon's rays being reflected

> Così, come color torna per vetro,
> Lo qual diretro a sè piombo nasconde.

In addition to the interesting sections on the geography, art, and existing remains of the Phœnician people, Canon Rawlinson gives a very valuable and highly condensed summary of the History of Phœnicia and the westward growth of its colonization. One very remarkable characteristic of this branch of the Semitic family is their wonderful recuperative power after the most fearful devastation and slaughter had ravaged their land at many different periods, from the time of Esarhaddon in the seventh century B.C. down to the utter destruction of Tyre and the wholesale slaughter of its male inhabitants by Alexander of Macedon in 332 B.C. None of the many tragic stories of ancient times is more thrilling than that of the heroic defence of Tyre during a seven months' siege, with not only the army of Alexander as their assailants, but even a navy of Phœnician ships from their own Cyprian colonies ranged on the side of their enemies. So strong was the position of Tyre on its rocky island that, without the aid of traitors among the Phœnician race, it is doubtful whether Alexander, with all the help of his gigantic moles of masonry and powerful siege implements, would have been able to subdue this stubborn Semitic resistance. The Phœnicians were like the modern Turks in this respect, that, though not specially skilled at fighting in the open, they were the most heroic defenders of a walled city. They knew not only how to fight, but how to die; and, rather than yield to the Macedonian conqueror, the men of Tyre gave themselves up to certain slaughter, well knowing that no mercy was to be expected from the proud and savage spirit of Alexander, excited to wild rage by his unwonted check before the walls of this little sea-girt citadel.

On the whole, Canon Rawlinson has given us a work of great interest, in which is condensed a very large amount of otherwise scattered information. It is to be regretted that, in his chapter on the Phœnician remains of Cyprus, and especially at Paphos, he has not made use of the results of the recent excavations which have been carried on under the auspices of the British School of Archæology at Athens. A perusal of the Report of the Cyprian excavators would have saved Canon Rawlinson from the reproduction of General Cesnola's very misleading statements with regard to the plan of the temple of the Paphian Aphrodite, and many other important points connected with the archæology of the Phœnician cities in the island of Cyprus. Canon Rawlinson's work is, on the whole, well illustrated, though some of the woodcuts of coins are, unfortunately, copied from old and very inaccurate representations.

THE ANNALS OF NATAL.*

MR. BIRD has selected a somewhat novel method of writing history; he has determined to let history speak for itself. With the exception of a short introduction there is no particle of matter that comes from his pen in these two bulky volumes; they are simply and frankly a compilation of documents already in existence. To the general reader in search of information, the prospect thus offered is not altogether pleasing. Few in this age of hurry will find the patience necessary to the task of reading and sifting many scores of old despatches, journals, lectures, letters to newspapers, and what not; indeed to some it will seem that a more primitive fashion of bookmaking could not have been invented. And yet it has striking advantages, at least to that rare person the conscientious student of the beginnings of nations, and, in this instance, will have yet more to the future historian of South Africa. We could indeed have wished that Mr. Bird had felt himself equal to the task of weaving the substance of this enormous mass of information into a clear and consecutive narrative, quoting where it was proper to quote, and commenting where comment was desirable. But the qualifications necessary to the undertaking are many, including as they do personal and lifelong knowledge in addition to literary and other gifts. The first of these Mr. Bird has, indeed, for he has spent a long life in South Africa, and many years of it in the service of the Natal Government, but we know of one living man only who possesses them all. Why does not Sir Theophilus Shepstone give the world a history of the country and the peoples with which he is better acquainted than anybody can be again?

For the rest we have nothing but praise to give to Mr. Bird's book. With untiring industry he has sorted out, and where necessary translated from the Dutch, very many documents which were hitherto either unknown, or buried from sight in Record Offices and libraries. Thereby he has let a flood of light upon the dark places of the early history of Natal and Zululand—from the Christmas of 1497 when Vasco da Gama and his party by "the mercy of God which in these cases consoles with calm weather . . . . on the day of the Nativity passed by the coast of 'Natal' to which they gave that name," till the final establishment of the Queen's authority in 1845.

By far the most interesting part of the compilation under review is that which deals with the history of the Zulu and kindred peoples of the Bantu race. There is no more striking instance in history of the enormous power sometimes wielded for good or evil by a man of genius than that which is afforded in the career of T'Chaka, the first Zulu king. Before 1812, at which date the peaceful period of these tribes may be said to have come to an end, their life might almost be called idyllic. As Sir T. Shepstone points out in a paper printed in these volumes, quoting the native words, "the sun that saw tribes fight never set till their quarrel was ended." The quarrels were purely family ones. In the main men lived at peace with each other; they traded food, they married early and often, they were happy and they died. Then arose a colossal genius and most unequalled fiend, T'Chaka, the Lion of the Zulu, and all was changed. He stalked on to power, perhaps the most absolute that was ever wielded by man, through a flood of crime and bloodshed which the imagination can scarcely grasp. Tribe after tribe went down before him, many never to rise again—for they were exterminated. One instance will suffice, that of the tribes living in Natal. What they numbered is not known, probably over half a million souls. T'Chaka broke upon them and their happy, quiet life. Soon all that remained were scattered remnants of starving wretches, hiding in rocks and caves, subsisting on roots, some of them so poisonous that those who ate of them became mad, or uniting into troops of cannibals who "hunted for human beings as men hunt for game."

As to whence came the Zulu race in its origin these volumes have little to say. Mr. Fynn, however, suggests a cautious inference in the evidence given by him before the Native Commission of 1852, which should stimulate the flagging spirits of the searchers for the lost tribes. He believes that the Kafir people have occupied a superior position in the past, and points out resemblances between their customs and those of the Jews, among which the following are the most prominent:—War offerings, sin offerings, propitiatory offerings. Festival of first-fruits. Share of sacrifice to be given to the Witch doctor, who answers to the Jewish priest. Periods of uncleanness, on decease of relatives, or after touching the dead. Circumcision. Rules as to chastity, and unlawfulness of eating flesh of swine. It is generally supposed that natives of the Zulu race are by nature particularly bloodthirsty and cruel. Of this there is little evidence. That the tyrants who rule them are cruel is true enough; but then cruelty is a characteristic of tyrants. Their subjects also show little mercy when on the war-path, it is not their custom to do so, and if they did, a distorted view of their tenderness might be taken by those they serve. But on the whole they are a kindly people rather than otherwise. For instance, their penal code will bear comparison with our own of a century ago. Treason, desertion, poisoning, witchcraft, are punishable with death and confiscation; murder, cattle maiming, and administering love philters, with death or fine; adultery and rape with fine, and sometimes death; arson, maiming, and false witness, with fine; and theft with restitution and fine. To the Bantu people also belongs the credit of having invented a family system which, although it runs counter to our ideas, works almost to perfection. They practise polygamy, not the unwholesome polygamy of the Eastern, but an open-air variety of the custom which leaves complete liberty to the women, a liberty that it is scarcely too much to say is never abused. As a result of this system vice and unmarried women are practically not to be found among the uncivilized Zulus and kindred tribes. Neither, and this seems strange, is jealousy common among the wives, who treat each other as affectionate sisters. "I have many mothers," a Zulu will say; "all my father's wives are my mothers." M. Delegorgue bears witness to this in his *Voyage dans l'Afrique*, quoted in these pages, and experience proves that his conclusion is scarcely overdrawn. He says:—

> A Kafir may have from one to fifty wives; he often has ten. His home breathes peace. There is no instance of a husband or a head of a household striking one of his wives. A mother does not know that white women allow themselves to slap their children; nor do they understand the possibility of a woman in health giving up her suckling to be nursed by another. They attach importance to devoting themselves to the end of maternal duties, the severe tasks of which they take a pleasure in increasing and prolonging; their children are neither wayward nor tearful; they grow rapidly, and soon become firm and valiant.

The result of this custom of polygamy is a vast and rapid increase of the population—that is, in South Africa, not elsewhere. So long as the increase was counterbalanced by the ravages of war this mattered little; but it is difficult to conjecture what the issue will be in Natal and British Zululand now that war is put a stop to and famines are prevented. It is curious to observe the alternating fortune which has followed these people. In the far past they must have won their way south with war and struggle. Then came a long period of rest and peace, in turn to be succeeded by the terror inaugurated by T'Chaka, which, in the case of the inhabitants of Zululand, terminated little over a year ago. Now there is peace once more. In Natal it has already endured for forty years, and during that time the population has quadrupled. What will come after the peace when the land will no longer hold its multitudes? The colonists cry out for the abolition of polygamy, which they rightly hold is the root of the evil. But there is only one way to do this, by exterminating those who practise it; for the Zulu has little craving for a monogamous existence, which—so greatly do the opinions of mankind vary on this matter—he considers improper and immoral. It is a most interesting question; but we cannot follow it here.

With the outlines of the early history of Natal most readers will have some acquaintance. The country which T'Chaka swept with his besom of destruction was occupied by a handful of adventurous Englishmen, to whom he granted it in the year 1824. This did not, however, prevent other grants being made of the same land, notably that by Dingaan, T'Chaka's successor, to Retief, the Boer leader. Subsequently to the occupation of Natal by Englishmen, the Boers, dissatisfied with the emancipation of the slaves by the Home Government, trekked from the Cape Colony in 1836 to find a new home far from the British flag. In due course they came into contact with the Zulus, then ruled over by Dingaan, T'Chaka's brother, and there followed a series of sanguinary combats and massacres. Retief and his company were treacherously slaughtered by Dingaan in February 1838, immediately after receiving from him a grant of Natal to be their "everlasting property." Following on this massacre, Dingaan despatched impis, or regiments, to make a sweep of the emigrant farmers, and some five hundred people were slain, including many women and children, in the Weenen district of Natal. The name Weenen, or "weeping," commemorates their slaughter for ever. Thereon the Boers, collecting their forces, and assisted by Panda, the brother of Dingaan and T'Chaka, fell upon Dingaan, and, by the help of their firearms, defeated him in several battles with great carnage; till in the end they drove him to a miserable but well-deserved death in Swaziland, and established Panda as his successor. After this event the emigrant Boers took possession of Natal, and declared their independence, which, subsequently to its accustomed vacillations, the Home Government declined to recognize. In 1842 Captain Smith was accordingly ordered to occupy Natal with a small body of troops. The results were disastrous. Captain Smith was defeated by the Boers at Congela, and, together with his force, was reduced to great extremities, till in the end relief arrived under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Cloete. Finally, Natal became British territory, and the majority of the emigrant Boers trekked over the Drakensberg to dwell in the South African Republic, where, as this generation of Englishmen has bitter reason to know, the story was to be repeated in due course, with even more disastrous results to the honour of our name and flag. It may be interesting to quote here the opinion of the Rev. G. Champion, an early missionary in Zululand, as to the characteristics of the Boer race. On the 9th April, 1838, he writes:—

> As to the Boers, I am not yet prepared to say what I think about them as a field of labour. God is making use of them as a scourge of the natives; and perhaps when they have accomplished this, they will be the mutual scourges of each other. Their ignorance, their parties, their ungodliness, make it improbable that they can unite in any good form of government. Far less are they prepared for independence than the worst of the South American States.

There is truth in this, though the truth admits of qualification. If only successive English Governments would have recognized that in South Africa they had a great opportunity and a duty to fulfil, the history of that country would not be what it is to-day, a long

* *The Annals of Natal*, 1495–1845. By John Bird. Pietermaritzburg: Davis & Sons.

record of bloodshed and blunders and, for us, of national humiliation. It is not yet too late. Although in our wanton folly we have thrown away the richest portion of the richest country in the world, a country that before many generations are over may surpass Great Britain itself in wealth and importance, although in their terror of responsibility our party leaders have time on time truckled and shuffled and run away, dragging our flag into the dirt and making our name a mockery to black and white—it is not yet too late. Circumstances have befriended us, little as we deserve it. Much still remains to us, and much may still be regained. And yet will it be regained? Will not the Colonial Office still cling to its ancient policy, of which the certain fruits are disaster and disgrace? Even now we hear rumours of an intention to surrender Swaziland to the Boers. They seem incredible; but with past examples before our eyes, with the Transvaal gone and Zululand dismembered—who shall say that they are not true? And if they are true; if in the face of prudence, policy, and profit these things are to be done, and that by statesmen of the Conservative party, what is there more to say? Let us fold our hands once more and practise resignation, a virtue of which the people of this country have latterly stood much in need. Meanwhile we recommend all who would form an opinion as to the future from the teachings of the past to carefully study Mr. Bird's elaborate historical compilation.

CROMER, PAST AND PRESENT.*

TO narrate the history of a parish possessing no particular historical associations in such a manner as to make a readable book is a task of no ordinary difficulty. Those personally acquainted with the locality will probably care to possess the volume, whether it be interesting or not; but even they will scarcely have the patience to read through a congeries of antiquarian lore, unless it be digested and presented to them in a form capable of easy assimilation. Yet the history of even the most insignificant place which has possessed a continuity of separate existence for several centuries must necessarily contain a good deal that is attractive to the general reader, and much more that is instructive to the student of men and manners. A mere guide-book, dealing only with the present aspect of things, will not afford this; it is necessary to go beneath the surface, to exhume long-forgotten scraps of information, to piece them together, and thus re-forge from materials insignificant in themselves the broken chain of story which connects the present with the past. Many a side-light will be thrown upon the general history of our country; many an institution now fallen into oblivion will afford evidence that our ancestors exercised and enjoyed a measure of local self-government which we flatter ourselves that we are now creating for the first time. When Guilds flourished there was no Poor-Law and no need for one. Each craft or mystery looked to the honesty and fair dealing of its members without the necessity of an Adulteration Act; the Homage of the Manor acting in Court Leet was an effectual equivalent for Petty Sessions, while the Hue and Cry against offenders efficiently anticipated the services of the County Police.

Mr. Walter Rye's *Cromer, Past and Present*, besides being a complete monograph of that place, is issued as a sample of his projected History of North Erpingham, the hundred in which Cromer is situated. Of this projected work Mr. Rye has already laid the foundations by printing some years ago a considerable amount of "Rough Materials" for the history of this hundred. He found that it was impossible to carry in mind the contents of a mass of un-indexed notes, and he therefore wisely ventured on a new departure in topography—namely, to print and index all his material first, just as it came to hand, and then to begin to write his history under separate parishes. The present volume, built on this sure foundation, may be regarded as a corner-stone of that History of Norfolk which some future historian of the county will, by reason of Mr. Rye's labours, be very much more easily and surely enabled to construct. Mr. Rye's method is as exhaustive as the industry of one single individual can well be expected to employ. It is scarcely necessary to say that he has gone in every instance to original sources for his information; he asserts that this is the first history of any parish in England to contain (1) Notes of every Inscription in its church and churchyard; (2) Notes of every Foot of Fine; (3) References to every will; and (4) Transcripts of every Subsidy Roll and Poll Book which relates to the parish. Nearly half of the volume, consequently, consists of these matters in full detail, relegated very properly to a series of appendices. That his readers will wade through this mass of names even Mr. Rye himself can hardly expect; but there they are, brought together by patient toil, and available for reference to all future time. The few who have occasion to consult them will certainly be grateful for the diligence which has placed them on record; the many, who have no such interest, should at least appreciate the labour spent upon them.

The derivation of the name of Cromer Mr. Rye seeks to account for by his favourite theory, true enough in many instances, that most Norfolk villages took their names from reminiscences of the homes of Danish or Norse settlers. To this particular instance the theory seems singularly ill adapted; for, even on Mr. Rye's own showing, the name does not emerge for two centuries after the Conquest. Along this sandy Norfolk coast, exposed to the full force of north-easterly gales, with no land between it and the North Pole, the North Sea has sliced away many an acre of good ground. Some villages, and even towns, have partially, some have entirely, disappeared from the map. To the east of Cromer, Eccles Church, half buried in sand, stands on the present sea-beach, whilst so much of the parish has been washed away, that it has been found necessary to annex the remnant to its adjacent neighbour. Still further down the coast, Dunwich, once the largest city in East Anglia, and even in the time of Edward I. populous enough to contribute eleven ships of war to the defence of the realm, has now dwindled to an insignificant village. Off Cromer the sea now rolls over the lost town of Shipden, and the remains of its church tower, known as the "Church Rock," are a danger to fishermen. Whether Shipden and Cromer were identical or were two separate places, and, if so, which was which, Mr. Rye is unable to determine, but at any rate there were two separate churches. In Domesday only the name of Shipden occurs, that of Cromer first appearing in 1262. A hundred years later we hear of the merchants and fishermen of Cromer, but as late as 1426 the fair and market were renewed under the name of Shipden. Towards the middle of the fifteenth century the form Shipden, *alias* Cromer, appears, and Shipden by itself gradually falls out, and finally disappears altogether. Under one name or the other the place carried on a considerable trade during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It was governed by bailiffs of its own, just as Norwich and Yarmouth were until they exchanged the title of their chief municipal officer for that of mayor. Fishery was naturally the principal business of the Cromer traders, but the Patent Rolls show that they also exported corn, falcons, gold, and silver, and that their imports included salt, timber, coal, pitch, oil, and wine. To Robert Bacon, a mariner of Cromer, is ascribed the re-discovery of Iceland for trading purposes; and the same bold seaman is said to have captured James, son of Robert, King of Scots, while driven ashore near here by stress of weather, in 1405, on a voyage from Scotland to France. Considerable sums were spent by the inhabitants in making and endeavouring to maintain a pier for the protection of ships in their haven; Richard II. granted to them the right of levying certain duties for five years on all merchandize coming into their port, in aid of such a pier. John Sparks, in 1483, left a legacy to place great stones to form a breakwater against the pier; in his will he refers to his cottage, called "Bloberhous," which Mr. Rye thinks may indicate that there was some whaling going on from the place. Mr. Rye quotes twenty-three other wills from inhabitants who left money towards "the reparacon of the fabric of le pere." Cromer furnished to London two Lord Mayors, who did not forget their native place; the first, William Crowmere, left a legacy towards gilding its high altar; the second, Bartholomew Rede, who was a great goldsmith and Lord Mayor in 1502, founded the free school here, still managed by the Goldsmiths' Company. In 1528 no less than thirty trading ships are mentioned as coming from Cromer. In spite of all the money spent upon it the pier had in Elizabeth's reign fallen into decay owing to the "rages and surges of the sea," and that Queen granted Letters Patent to the inhabitants to export 20,000 quarters of corn for its repair, a privilege the exercise of which led to considerable litigation. During the seventeenth century the trade of Cromer gradually fell off, its decay being accelerated by the ravages of Dunkirkers and Dutchmen; pier after pier was washed away; even a lighthouse, built in 1719, had to be replaced in little more than a century by one built further inland. Mr. Rye gives us glimpses of affrays with smugglers, and even of wrecking, during the last century; before its close the port had entirely disappeared, though a small beaching trade in coal and timber was carried on until late years; now even that has been knocked on the head by the opening of the railway, and nothing remains to represent its former commercial glories except lodging houses and Cromer crabs. As a watering-place Cromer has been frequented for about a hundred years, and until quite recently it enjoyed the charm of being undisturbed by any railway. It seems to have been brought into repute by the Norwich bankers, the Gurneys, an acquisitive and prolific family, of whom Mr. Rye records that in 1793 two members, a brother and sister, had between them twenty-two children who used to stand in a row on the shore. The same clan still throng the beach, and, with the allied families of Barclay, Birkbeck, Hoare, and Buxton, form a sort of close corporation, holding almost exclusive possession of this quiet watering-place. A pedigree, showing some of their intermarriages, is inserted by Mr. Rye as an ethnological curiosity. It also affords an opportunity for Mr. Rye's favourite pastime of breaking a lance with pedigree-makers; he pours out the vials of his scorn on the "Record of the House of Gournay," in which the late Daniel Gurney sought to connect his Norwich ancestors with the knightly family of Norman descent formerly resident in the Eastern Counties. The old landed families that once owned the four different Cromer Manors, whose descent is traced by Mr. Rye, have died out, or left the neighbourhood. The de Weylands, Pastons, and Arnolds of early days disappeared long ago; the Wyndhams and Windhams—no relations to each other—of more recent years, have also gone, and their very names are hardly remembered. Even the church now contains but few memorials

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* *Cromer, Past and Present.* By Walter Rye. London and Norwich: Jarrold & Sons. 1889.

of the former lords of the soil, though the coat-armour formerly in the windows and elsewhere, of which contemporary records happily exist, must have been of great interest. The church is worthy of the full and well-illustrated description which Mr. Rye has lovingly devoted to it. Erected on the foundations of an earlier edifice, it is a fine specimen of Early Perpendicular work with a tower of singular beauty, built of that squared flint-work, so well adapted to resist the disintegrating effects of the salt-laden blasts of the North Sea. The striking uniformity of the general design shows that it was all the work of one mind; while elaborately ornamented stone-work, let into the flint, with endless variations never exactly repeated, gives richness and diversity to the whole fabric. Formerly, as is evidenced by repeated bequests in old wills cited by Mr. Rye, the church was rich in shrines and chapels, each devoted to some saint or to the uses of some guild. These were swept away by the Reformation; and the chapels, no longer wanted for their original purpose, were suffered to fall into decay. The chancel was unfortunately blown up, for want of means to repair it, in 1681; but the present inhabitants have nobly come forward with large sums for its restoration, and the profits of the volume under review are to be added to the fund for this purpose.

PROFESSOR J. COOK WILSON'S EXPLANATION.*

THIS pamphlet of one hundred and forty-five pages is one of those pieces of personal polemic which will, we suppose, from time to time be written and published, but for which it is to be wished, in the interest not least of their authors, that they may be as soon as possible forgotten. To notice them is an ungrateful task; but when, as in this case, the position of the assailant and the assailed will secure for the dispute some passing notoriety, silence is useless and may be misleading. And so we must say our say.

In the *Classical Review* for March 1889 was published a hostile review by Professor Wilson of the edition of *Plato's Timæus* by Mr. R. D. Archer-Hind. The review was not merely adverse, but, according to the strict and distinctive meaning of the words, a hostile review. It impugned not only the views of the editor as an exponent of Plato, but also his character as a man. We ask particular attention to this point, because it is vital. It was alleged that the editor had endeavoured to obtain credit for originality in respect of work which was not his own, and this not rarely or inadvertently, but constantly and on purpose. It was also alleged, but incidentally rather, and as subsidiary to the other charge, that the editor habitually depreciated his predecessors. We are trying at present simply to state an issue; and we are sure that Professor Wilson (whom, once for all, we entirely acquit of dishonesty or bad motives) would not deny that he made and makes these allegations.

Now this charge is a moral charge, the gravest, perhaps, which can be laid against a man in the quality of a scholar. It is always held, and the life of a student would be intolerable if it were held otherwise, that between such a charge and any dispute on matters of knowledge or opinion the line should be firmly drawn and strictly kept. Accordingly, it is not surprising that the editor in his answer (*Classical Review*, April 1889) distinguished the accusation from the objections in the broadest possible way, by replying to the accusation only. He denied the charge with indignation, and denied also that there was any evidence for it, taking one or two specific illustrations to show what sort of evidence was alleged. The present pamphlet is a rejoinder to this reply.

Now, as we understand, it is not contended by the critic that the editor in his reply selected unfair or disadvantageous specimens of the evidence. He adduces in this pamphlet much fresh matter of the same kind as the original, but he also replies to the editor with complete confidence on the chosen issues. It seems to be agreed therefore, and certainly it is our own opinion, that these cases are fairly typical. We will consider one of them.

Mr. Archer-Hind introduces his note on Plato's theory of respiration with the following remarks (p. 291):—

> An important light, however, is thrown upon it [the theory] by a fragment of Galen's treatise on the *Timæus* which deals with this passage. This fragment, which was previously known only in an imperfect Latin translation, was found by M. Daremberg in the Paris Library, and published by him in 1848. On Galen's commentary the ensuing explanation is based: I cannot, however, persuade myself that it fully clears up statements which Galen himself declares to be δυσνόητά τε καὶ δύσρητα.

Thereupon the critic accused the editor of "giving the reader the impression that he has done a piece of original and meritorious research," and again in this pamphlet complains of "the appearance of originality and discovery which the editor contrives to give his notes here." Now, before touching any details, let us ask where in the above passage the editor makes any claim to merit at all? Does he claim to have given the true explanation of Plato? On the contrary, he thinks the explanation inadequate. Does he claim that the incomplete explanation, so far as it goes, is his own? The "important light," he says, comes from Galen. Does he claim to have first called attention to the document? He implies that attention was directed to it by M. Daremberg. What is the "meritorious" and "original" thing which the editor claims to have done? Here is the objection of the critic:—

> All that [the editor] gets out of the Greek [of Galen] is equally clear in the Latin, which is not here defective. All that he rightly gets out of it, and even the illustrative woodcut (a little altered), is already given in the note and translation of the edition used (Daremberg's), to which no acknowledgment is made. We can hardly think that the editor has read the Latin: his mistake about it may come from a remark of Daremberg's.

That is to say, the editor does not mention that M. Daremberg, when he published the original Greek of Galen's Commentary, also translated and annotated it; the editor writes "published by him in 1848," and not "published by him with a translation and commentary in 1848"; and the critic would have us believe that this was done with design, in order that the editor might claim originality for getting the explanation out of Galen. Now we would ask Professor Wilson, who is a good and acute reasoner when he gives his mind fair play, to consider calmly this simple question:—If Mr. Archer-Hind had this object in view, what could possibly induce him to mention the name and publication of M. Daremberg at all? Professor Wilson says (and it is part of his grievance) that, for the purpose of this passage, the Latin translation of Galen would have done equally well. If then Mr. Archer-Hind had not mentioned the publication of the Greek, this supposed theft from M. Daremberg might actually have been committed, and this might have been done with perfect security and without any chance of conviction. We are almost ashamed to point out a consideration so obvious; and we are something more than ashamed that, upon evidence of which this is a not unfavourable specimen, one English scholar of high standing should have attacked the reputation of another. From the critic's elaborate statement (eleven pages long) of the facts concerning this matter we gather the same general impression as from the editor's brief summary, that Galen's explanation of this passage is not entirely satisfactory, that any one who paid attention to Galen's commentary might know what Galen's explanation was, but that, as a fact, until the publication of the Greek by M. Daremberg, little attention was paid to Galen's commentary, owing to the general defectiveness of the Latin translation. The real service of M. Daremberg, in relation to this particular passage, appears to have been exactly that which the editor ascribes to him; but if it were otherwise—if, in reality, Mr. Archer-Hind could not or would not have read the commentary as he does, without the assistance of M. Daremberg's notes—it would still be manifestly absurd to hold that he intentionally misrepresented a service which it would have been easy and safe to ignore.

It is not a little curious, and well illustrates the wearisome futility of these captious controversies, that neither the critic in his review, nor the editor in his reply, nor the critic again in his pamphlet, makes a perfectly proper representation of the note about which all this pother is raised. The quotations stop at the word "based," omitting the rest of the sentence, which, nevertheless, deeply affects the general colour of the statement by showing that the explanation which follows does not content the editor, and therefore that he cannot have wished to claim particular "merit" in connexion with it. Mr. Archer-Hind, it is true, was at liberty to omit the conclusion of the paragraph if he pleased, since it makes for him; but Professor Wilson should have quoted every word, and the more so as he comments bitterly upon other omissions in the editor's quotation of the note, founding upon them fresh charges of dishonesty. We found no charge upon Professor Wilson's omission; it is a mere oversight, and not important; but it is every bit as important as the average of Professor Wilson's evidence.

To follow the pamphlet in detail we have neither space nor inclination. Speaking broadly, the only part of it which seems to us material and effective for the present purpose of justifying Professor Wilson's personal attack is Part I. § 2, in which the critic shows without difficulty that the editor sometimes speaks with blamable depreciation and asperity of his predecessor Stallbaum. This is true; and it is also true (as we observed ourselves in our notice of the edition) that Aristotle, whom the editor does not like, is cited and criticized not always in the tone which is desirable. To point this out once for all would have been just; though we cannot refrain from saying that the reprimand would have come better from almost any other preacher. But this is the sum of the editor's offending, and it might have been dismissed in one sentence. The attempt to make a case against him out of his relation to the French commentary of Martin (of whom he speaks with positive enthusiasm) is to us altogether incomprehensible. And with regard even to Stallbaum it should in fairness be added that the great learning and industry of Stallbaum, which the editor acknowledges, are combined with certain qualities less valuable and less pleasing, which, as Professor Wilson himself admits (p. 7), have caused his general reputation to be less than it ought to be. Where many have been unfair, Mr. Archer-Hind, who in matters of like and dislike is not a guarded writer, has rather exaggerated than corrected the error. And that is the whole of the matter.

As to the mass of the pamphlet, it is the common staple of criticism and controversy; some of it is acute, some of it is interesting, but it contributes nothing, so far as we see, to the justification of Professor Wilson for the tone of his review. Certainly some plain mistakes are pointed out; there are mistakes, and bad mistakes, in every book; but there is no proof whatever of such negligence or of such ignorance as may properly be considered a literary offence. Indeed, considering the

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* *On the Interpretation of Plato's Timæus: Critical Studies with Special Reference to a Recent Edition.* By J. Cook Wilson, M.A. London: David Nutt. 1889.

position and reputation of Mr. Archer-Hind, we are inclined to apologize for saying so.

Meanwhile, neither in the review nor in the pamphlet have we yet any adequate criticism at all upon that theory respecting Plato's philosophical purpose in the *Timæus*, which, as he who runs may read, is the only part of the editor's book to which he attaches much importance. Nor is there any praise for the translation, which, if it had twice as many errors as the critic tries to make out, would still be, in our judgment, a beautiful piece of literary work. The philosophical criticism, we understand, is still to come and may still be useful. But Professor Wilson may be assured that, unless he can altogether change his manner, nothing that he writes about this particular matter will have that weight which his place and abilities ought to command. "A nemesis," as he truly says, "attends this treatment" of an adversary in debate. How far he is at present qualified for judging impartially the work of Mr. Archer-Hind may be estimated from the following instance. In the original review he charged the editor with an elementary mistake in Greek accidence upon "circumstantial evidence" derived from a comparison between one of the notes and another book. This "evidence," which occupies three pages of the pamphlet, was not stated at all in the review, and could not possibly be guessed from it. The editor by way of reply simply reprinted his note, and it is difficult to see what else, assuming him innocent of the blunder, he could be expected to do. Under these circumstances Professor Wilson now (p. 139) actually tries to distinguish between the form of the editor's protest and a point-blank denial that he made the mistake!

We have only to repeat once more that we make no accusation against Professor Wilson. He is an able man, and we have no doubt that he has come honestly by his convictions. When he is ready to believe the same of others, he will have begun to be a trustworthy critic.

THEATRICAL LIFE IN FRANCE.*

NOT without some grudging and heartburning can an Englishman contrast with the flood of light that illumines the French stage the meagre information he possesses with regard to that of his own country. At the outset there is comparatively little of which to complain. Pepys is a more intelligent, if a less voluminous, commentator on stage doings than Loret, whose *Muze Historique* covers a period—1650–1665—almost the same as that of the *Diary*. Colley Cibber and Steele are admirable chroniclers and critics; and, with regard to later days even, the famous *Account of the English Stage* of Genest is worth every stage history the French possess, from the elaborate analysis of the brothers Parfaict to the pleasing summary of Hippolyte Lucas. No such influence over the general life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as was exercised in France by the stage is, however, perceptible in England. The figure of Garrick is brought prominently before the public in the works of Johnson, Goldsmith, and other great writers of his epoch. In France from Voltaire to Collé everybody in the eighteenth century busied himself with the stage. An actress, when persecuted by a nobleman, sought refuge with the Sage of Ferney; when censured by a critic, appealed to the throne. Appointments to the Comédie Française were decided in State Councils, and refusal to sing at the Opéra was dealt with by a *lettre de cachet*. French literature overflows with descriptions of actors and their doings, and the task of writing history from dramatic and histrionic records has in France been more than once accomplished. Up to present days the same thing has prevailed, and the actress may almost be regarded as the tutelary goddess of France.

In his *Idols of the French Stage* Mr. Sutherland Edwards gives biographies of French actresses, principally belonging to the eighteenth century. He opens in the previous century with a life of Armande Béjard, the wife of Molière, and at the close of his second volume he supplies sketches of Rachel and of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. The remaining lives, however, belong to the eighteenth century, and principally, indeed, to that period of theatrical activity that immediately preceded the Revolution.

To the English reader most of the information Mr. Edwards supplies will probably be new. It is, so far as the facts are concerned, fairly trustworthy. The volumes are, however, defaced by an almost incredible number of misprints. Occurring as they do principally in French words, these mistakes are especially unfortunate, seeing that they encourage the heresy sometimes heard from Frenchmen that our ignorance of French is commensurate with their ignorance of English. A few of them are indicated in a Table of Errata, which, however, only appears in connexion with the first volume. In this table are noted such preposterous errors as "cete" for *cette*, "noins" for *moins*, "Ju'" for *Qu'*, and "abbeés" for *abbés*. In the first quotation, however, from *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* are two mistakes which render speeches unintelligible; and when one of these is corrected (?) in the Errata another error is substituted for that indicated. This occurs on the eleventh page of the first volume, and from that time forward there are few consecutive pages without a serious mistake, while accents are thrown about almost at random. That Mr. Edwards is responsible for the inaccuracies which abound in his volumes is not to be supposed. He owes, however, to himself as well as to his reader a more careful supervision.

In the chapter headed "The Wife of Molière" Mr. Edwards gives an account of several actresses belonging to the troupe of Molière, and incidentally of Molière himself. With no mention of the doubts that have been cast upon his view, he speaks of Armande-Grésinde-Claire-Élizabeth Béjard, to give her her complement of names, as the sister of Madeleine Béjard, and does not even mention that, in spite of the statement of the marriage act of Molière, discovered in 1821 by Beffara, a relationship even closer—that of mother and child—has been assigned them. The dishonouring and infamous accusations of the *Mémoire pour le sieur Guichard* (1676), which calls Mlle. Molière "orpheline de son mari, veuve de son père," and the accusations of *Élomire hypocondre* (1670) and other works, are, perhaps wisely, unindicated. Quotations are, however, made from *La fameuse Comédienne*, in which the worst charges are supported.

It is seldom well to rake up buried scandal, if only for the fine reason advanced by Sir Thomas Browne that records of past offences are likely to embolden timid minds to imitation or repetition. The lives of eighteenth-century French actresses constitute, however, one constant record of intrigue, and to separate the stage triumph from the social career is impossible. In words quoted by Mr. Edwards, Rachel contrasts the good housewife who, troubled with domestic affairs, is an old woman at forty, and the actress who preserves her juvenility, having "no preoccupation except in connexion with art and love, two fountains of youth." "But," continues Rachel, "I am almost copying Brantôme, for it is he who says 'Live like the rose. The more a flower is cultivated, the longer it lasts.'"

The longest life Mr. Edwards supplies is that of Sophie Arnould, the most interesting that of Mme. Favart, which necessarily includes some account of her husband. For these and for the biographies of Adrienne Lecouvreur, Mlle. de Camargo, Madeline (*sic*) Guimard, Mme. Dugazon, Mme. de Saint-Huberty, and Mlles. Clairon, Contat, and Raucourt, abundant materials are furnished from sources English as well as French. In addition to the contemporary memoirs and recollections, MM. de Goncourt, Arsène Houssaye, and others have diligently collected particulars concerning these princesses or goddesses of *la rampe*. In the short and not too satisfactory account of Mlle. Clairon of Mr. Edwards, which is principally occupied with her own story concerning her ghostly visitations, one or two of her noble letters written to Garrick, and included in the second volume of his correspondence, might with advantage have been used.

Nominally a vindication of himself, the *Behind the Scenes of the Comédie Française* of M. Arsène Houssaye is, in its present form at least, a life of Rachel. From the four delightful volumes of *Les Confessions*, published four years ago, Mr. Vandam has taken enough to make one substantial volume. This will, perhaps, be adequate to the requirements of the English reader, who has to accept a rendering all unlike the original of the criticisms, the descriptions, the anecdotes, and the indiscretions of M. Houssaye. One thing, however, the translator has preserved—the faith in Romanticism and its high priests by which M. Houssaye is inspired, and the profound homage he paid to Rachel, are everywhere apparent. To Rachel he owes his appointment to the direction of the Comédie Française; she is his buckler against the assaults to which he is constantly exposed, and almost the final pages of *Les Confessions* are occupied with a vindication of the actress in a short wrangle between her and M. Legouvé.

That the intimacy between M. Houssaye and Rachel was good for both admits of no doubt. In their manifold discouragements, neither of them occupying a bed of roses, they turned to one another for support, and seldom failed to find it. Indulgent to her caprices, proud of her genius, and devoted to the enhancement of her fame, he was a counsellor on whom she could always rely, a friend who never failed. On the other hand, she had only to hear a hint that his resignation was imminent, and no Minister was safe from her pursuit.

For the great institution the fortunes of which he directed during seven years M. Houssaye has the warmest admiration. His imposition upon the actors, who had determined to manage their own affairs, was keenly contested and fiercely resented. If ever, accordingly, any man was in a position to know what anger may be cherished in celestial bosoms, it was he. When he entered upon his post the institution was practically moribund. The last balance showed a deficit for the year only of over a hundred thousand francs to be added to the debt weighing on the establishment. So neglected were the representations that the greatest company of actors in the world had played to fifty-three francs. The cashier of the company meanwhile declared himself unable to indicate "a single method by which the management could obtain a loan of ten thousand francs even for a single hour." A firm adherent of the Romantic school, M. Houssaye called to his aid its chief lights, Alexandre Dumas, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautier, and so forth. The opposition of the actors, who upon his entry served him with an injunction to abstain from exercising the functions of director, was with some difficulty confronted and overcome. When the sociétaires threatened to leave the Comédie *en bloc*, he simply bade them go, promising to fill their places from the pensionnaires, who at that time included Got, Monrose, Delaunay, Mme.

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* *Idols of the French Stage.* By H. Sutherland Edwards. 2 vols. London: Remington & Co.

Behind the Scenes of the Comédie Française; and other Recollections. By Arsène Houssaye. Translated and edited, with Notes, by Albert D. Vandam. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

Favart, Mlles. Théric and Luther. Mme. Arnould-Plessy was coming back from Russia. Bressant, Madeleine Brohan, and Mme. Doche were within reach, and the company he vowed should be further recruited from other houses by Frédérick, Bocage, Mélingue, and Rouvière. It is needless to say that the schemes of secession melted into thin air, and that not a single actor fulfilled his threat. Before long, indeed, the majority was on the side of the director. Samson and Beauvallet and others of the company were dramatists as well as actors, and their plays were in the same category as those of Viennet, Empis, and Mazères, with whose services M. Houssaye was anxious to dispense. Strong as he was, the new director was not able wholly to banish the old school of dramatists. Very far is he from supplying a record of the pieces produced during his tenure of the direction. This, however, is obtainable elsewhere. Not a few of the pieces in question are by members of the company and others who were thrust upon the management. A leaven of high-class literature is, however, seen from the first. *Louison*, by Alfred de Musset; *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, by Scribe and Legouvé; *François le Champi*, by George Sand; and *Gabrielle*, by M. Emile Augier, were all played during the first season. *Charlotte Corday*, by Ponsard; *Le Chandelier*, by Musset; *Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre*, by Scribe and Legouvé, were among the triumphs of the second. Without giving a complete list of pieces of importance played during the new management, a few works of importance may be mentioned. These comprise *Bataille de Dames; Les Caprices de Marianne* of Musset; *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière; Diane*, by Augier; *Le Bonhomme Jadis* of Murger; *Sullivan*, by Mélesville; *Lady Tartuffe*, by Mme. de Girardin; *Le Lys dans la Vallée*, taken from Balzac, by Th. Barrière; *Mauprat*, by George Sand; *La Pierre de Touche* of Augier and Jules Sandeau; *La Joie fait Peur; Péril en la Demeure*, by Feuillet; and *Par Droit de Conquête*, by Legouvé. The result of this change of programme was immediately perceptible. On the nights when Rachel did not act the receipts were not always satisfactory, and *Rosemonde*, by Latour de Saint-Ybars, in which the goddess herself appeared, was a failure. As M. Houssaye points out, however, the revival under his management was instantaneous and lasting. At the close of the first year, instead of a deficit, there was a sum of one hundred thousand francs to divide among the sociétaires. His vindication is, indeed, complete, and when, under the influence of a wave of reaction, he had to yield the reins to M. Empis, actors and actresses were as eager to retain his services as they had previously been to dispense with them.

It is needless to say that the story is brilliantly told, and is illustrated by penetrative criticism, lively anecdote, and vivid portraiture. Not a few of the most prominent figures of the middle of the century are painted to the life, and their relations and proceedings are depicted with a fidelity that in some cases goes far beyond indiscretion. Mr. Vandam's translation is fluent and accurate, but a little too familiar. His notes are few and excellent. In this case, also, the mistakes in French are numerous. They are obvious printer's errors—Haléry for Halévy, Legier for Ligier, and so forth—but are none the less deplorable.

HORACE WALPOLE'S LETTERS.*

SUCH a lucky-bag of varied prizes is Walpole's delightful correspondence that it should not be a difficult matter to make an attractive selection from its pages. But it is not by any means equally clear that Mr. Charles Duke Yonge is the properest person to prepare such an anthology, still less to edit it. A writer who, in his introductory pages, passes typographical eccentricities like "the Chancellor Maupéon" and "*Marino Faliere*" fails to inspire that initial confidence which we desire to feel in a fresh *cicerone*. Nor are we reassured when, upon further prospecting, we come upon "Tassom" for "Tassoni," "pansen" for "panser," and "Vandreuel" for "Vaudreuil." No doubt these lapses will be laid to the count of the much-enduring printer, although they should hardly have escaped the author of a *History of France* and biographer of Marie Antoinette. But what are we to say to "Lady Mary Montague" (more than once), and "Mr. George Coleman"? Furthermore, what does Mr. Yonge mean by talking of Mme de Sévigné's letters to her daughters? One would think it sufficiently notorious that the much-adored Mme. de Grignan had no sisters. If we turn to the matter more especially in hand, Horace Walpole himself, Mr. Yonge seems equally to seek. He is obviously under the impression that the Memoirs of George II. and George III., given to the world by Lord Holland and Sir Denis le Marchant, were published during their author's life-time, and he writes as if he thinks that they, as well as the *Castle of Otranto* and the *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard the Third*, were issued from the Strawberry Hill Press. His critical judgments are as remarkable as his facts. He is of opinion, with regard to certain of Walpole's works, that "not one is devoid of merit," and that two of them, the *Royal and Noble Authors* and the *Anecdotes of Painting*, "are full of entertainment, not unmixed with instruction." Also that the *Mysterious Mother* is "admitted to rank high for vigorous description and poetic imagery." This is quite in the worshipful vein of Johnson's "Dick Minim." But how shall we characterize the announcement that Gray is "hereafter to achieve a poetical immortality"? And what is Mr. Yonge's authority for saying that Macaulay was "unfit to shine at the tea-table of fashionable ladies"? Our own impression, fortified by recent consultation of Trevelyan's *Life*, is, that, wherever there was an audience, Macaulay was fitted to lead it captive, and that it mattered little whether he spoke at a tea-table or a dinner-table.

As regards Mr. Yonge's editorial notes, it is difficult to divine upon what principle they have been compiled, beyond that venerable one known as *à propos de bottes*. If the first object of notes is to afford adequate enlightenment to the bewildered general reader, then certainly Mr. Yonge's do not attain this standard. Occasionally they are compiled from Cunningham, with variations of Mr. Yonge's own—as, for example, when he turns "Dodington," which is right, into "Doddington," which is wrong; sometimes they are taken verbatim from Wright, without that formality of acknowledgment which Cunningham accords to him. Sometimes they are wholly superfluous, as when we are treated to a description of Walton's *Angler*; sometimes in part, as when we are apprised that Boswell was "Dr. Johnson's celebrated biographer." They are strongest where the editor is strongest, upon points of history, and especially French history and biography, which are seldom allowed to pass. Thus, while the note about Miss Chudleigh is brief, there is a long one about Mlle. Clairon; and, although Garrick's first appearances pass without comment, there is more than a page of small print on the *Mariage de Figaro* of Beaumarchais, a fact which significantly suggests that Mr. Yonge is, above all, the historian of the Bourbons, and that

> One science only will one genius fit;
> So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

This limitation or partiality is regrettable, because in more than one case annotation is absolutely required. We could forgive Mr. Yonge for attempting to betray us into the belief (vol. ii. p. 294) that Miss Seward was the author of the riddle on the letter "H" if he had only made some sign of disapproval—were it but to have transcribed Scott's admirable note on the subject—at Walpole's abominable comments (vol. ii. p. 56) on Swift's relations with Miss Vanhomrigh. For such an editorial protest we would willingly have sacrificed an entire essay upon Brunehault or Mme. de Boufflers.

It would not be difficult to add further examples of Mr. Yonge's editorial shortcomings. Indeed, upon occasion, he himself is not unwilling to admit them. In a letter to the Miss Berrys, dated June 1791, Walpole speaks of "Hannah *Bonner*, my *imprimée*." The explanation is obvious. Miss More had written a poem called *Bishop Bonner's Ghost*, which Walpole had printed at his private press in 1789. Yet Mr. Yonge annotates:—"Miss Hannah More is meant; but I do not know what peculiar cruelty of temper or practice entitled her to the name of Mary's persecuting and pitiless bishop." Upon such an utterance comment is needless. Mr. Yonge, in short, has had an excellent opportunity and missed it. A skilful and discriminating selection from Walpole's letters, accompanied by notes frequent enough to smooth all difficulties, and brief enough to be unobtrusive as interruptions, would have been a real boon to many, since Cunningham's excellent edition, although it is not exhaustive, is in nine closely-printed volumes. With his allotted space (two octavo volumes) and his clear and readable type, Mr. Yonge might have given us a charming Christmas present. His neglect to do so is the more to be deplored because his process illustrations of Strawberry Hill, and some of his portraits, particularly those of Horace, of his father (after Simon's mezzotint), and of Gray, are really creditable as illustrations.

* *Letters of Horace Walpole.* Selected and edited by Charles Duke Yonge, M.A. 2 vols. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1889.

ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO CAMBRIDGE.*

MESSRS. JARROLD'S *Illustrated Guide to Cambridge*, by a Resident M.A., is a handy little volume, packed full of facts, with some coarse illustrations and the most illegible map it was ever our ill fortune to meet with. Cambridge, as the author points out, was originally a Roman station on the left bank of the Cam, and a good deal of the square enclosure can still be traced, though we are somewhat sceptical as to the "entrenchments thrown up by the Roundheads while occupying Cambridge" which, we are told, are to be seen near Castle Hill. The name of the river, by the way, is probably not the Celtic "Cam" (crooked), the root which appears in the name of the River Camel in Somerset, but has grown out of the word "Cambridge" by a mistaken etymology, as though the name of the town meant, "The bridge over the River Cam," whereas the syllable "Cam" probably contains, in a corrupted form, the name of the Anglo-Saxon (*si fas est dicere*) tribe who had here their *burh*. The ancient name of the river was undoubtedly "Grant." Under the head of "Fairs" we find an account of the once famous Stourbridge Fair, now a pathetic shadow of its former self; but no notice of Midsummer Fair, or of how Midsummer Common acquired its name. Pain Peverell, Robert Courtheuse's standard-bearer in the Holy Land, is duly mentioned as the founder of Barnwell Abbey; but, as most readers of guide-books have not the

* *Illustrated Guide to Cambridge and Neighbourhood.* By a Resident Trinity M.A. London: Jarrold & Sons.

Duchess of Cleveland's *Roll of Battle Abbey* at their fingers' ends, we think it would have been well to add that he is supposed to have married the daughter of the Picot who built Cambridge Castle, and that when FitzPicot forfeited the great Honour of Brunne in Cambridgeshire, Peverell obtained it, and founded Barnwell Abbey, into which he introduced thirty monks, according to the years of his age at the time. Camden, in a passage which no Cambridge guide-book should omit to quote, tells us how Peverell "obtained a grant of Henry I. of a spot of ground without the Borrough of Cambridge: in the midst of it were extraordinary clear fountains or wells, called Barnwell, that is, the wells of children or barns; for young men and boys met here once a year, upon St. John's Eve, for wrestling and the like youthful exercises us'd in England, and also to make merry with singing and other musick. By this concourse of boys and girls, who met here in sport, it grew to be a custom for a great many byers and sellers to repair hither at the same time; and it is now commonly call'd Midsummer Fair."

The clear fountains now are all choked with mud, the trees by the river-side have all been cut down, and the meadows are a prey to the speculative builder; but we are glad to learn that the Cambridge Antiquarian Society has taken what remains of the abbey under its protection. We do not altogether think that architecture seems to be the strong point of the "Resident Trinity M.A.," judging from the unqualified admiration which he expresses for Wilkins's work at Corpus Christi College, for the new buildings at Pembroke, which have been chosen for one of the illustrations, and for the "handsome" west portal of St. Mary's; not to mention his description of the florid new Divinity School as "Early English," while the "Marguerites" and other devices on St. John's Gate are worked in plaster, not in stone. Wisely, perhaps, he declines to decide as to the derivation of "Petty Cury," which is the name of one of the principal streets of the town; though for our own part we have little doubt that the latter word is the same as that which we find in the *Forme of Cury*, a cookery-book of the time of Richard II., and that the street, like the "Rue Malcuisinat" in Jerusalem under the Frankish Kings, was in mediæval times the street of the cookshops. His style of writing is not always clear, as for instance:—"Queens' Lane is part of what was formerly, under the name of Milne Street or Millestrete, an important thoroughfare, running parallel to High Street, called afterwards Trumpington Street and University Street, right across the present site of Kings, past Clare and Trinity Hall, to Trinity, which it thus connected with Silver Street"; or "St. Edward's church . . . has been the auditorium for Chas. Simeon, and earlier, no less a one than Latimer." In his account of Madingley we read that "the Hall . . . has a fine bit of old college gateway at the stables." It is a pity that the "Resident Trinity M.A." does not tell us to what college it originally belonged. The brick and stone church which stands north and south on the Newmarket Road is Christ Church, Barnwell, not St. Paul's, as stated. Finally, though the writer speaks of Hobson and his conduit, he does not spare a word of description for one of the pleasantest features of Cambridge—the watercourses which run through its two principal streets. Still, in spite of various shortcomings, the book contains much information which will be of value to visitors and residents alike.

NEW MUSIC.

MESSRS. ENOCH & SONS send us No. 1895 of "Collection Litolff," being a pianoforte Album of "Morceaux Célèbres, par P. Tschäikowski." It is a charming collection of pianoforte compositions of the thoroughly Russian or Polish *genre* which has become so deservedly popular ever since the days of Chopin. These works demand a certain amount of *technique*, and are to be recommended to those who like brilliant music, above the average of the ordinary drawing-room fireworks. Enoch's "Dance Music," No. 4, is a capital shilling's-worth, very useful for its purpose, and has been well selected; as is also No. 2 of the Kindergarten series, a compendium of easy dance music. No. 3 of the same set is called the "Children's Sacred Wreath," and is a simple collection of sacred songs and hymn tunes suitable for quite young children. A waltz called "Little Gleaners," by Otto Roeder, is printed in one of the largest music types that we have ever seen; the subject matches the type, being both simple and clear. The same can be said of the waltz, "Fiddle and I," founded on Goodeve's popular song of that name. Most of the other music sent to us by Messrs. Enoch is printed in the same type, and for that style of music, which it is often necessary to play at sight, nothing can be more legible and clear. "Eldorado," also a waltz, by T. Popplewell Royle, has the same merit. A comic song, by Joseph Roeckel, called "On the Zuyder Zee," is sparkling, and strongly to be recommended as not being in the least vulgar. Another song of his, "The Prima Donna," is a sensational song, which we do not so much like. "You Sang to Me," by Milton Welling, is pathetic and pretty. "Babylon," a sacred song by Michael Watson, is one of the class modelled upon Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Lost Chord" (what a host of songs he is responsible for!) There is always a dramatic ring about them that makes them popular. "Little Lord Fauntleroy," a song also by Mr. Watson, is of average merit. "Thy King," by Paul Rodney, is a sacred song of an effective character. A pretty, unpretentious song, although not above mediocrity, called "Our Summer Moon," by Frank L. Moir, brings Messrs. Enoch & Sons' list to a close.

Messrs. E. Aschenberg & Co. send us a collection of "Handel's Choruses" for organ, with pedal obbligato arranged by Henry Smart. In many respects it is a satisfactory work; but we should like several great choruses that have been omitted to be inserted; perhaps there are other volumes to follow. In one particular we entirely object to the work—namely, the way in which some of the choruses are mangled and only parts given. For instance, there is only the last part of the chorus "We never will bow down," beginning at the words "We worship God alone," given, whereas the splendour of this last part entirely depends upon the grand contrast with the first, this being a point in which Handel is particularly great.

From Messrs. Marriott & Williams comes a collection of songs, music by Ferris Tozer, entitled "Oceana; or, Echoes from Afloat." They are a set of very ordinary simple songs, rather pretty, but nothing in the music, except perhaps the last four-part song, savours of the sea.

Messrs. Woolhouse & Co. send a valse, "Thoughts of Home," by Fred E. Parsons, arranged for military band by Dan Godfrey, Jun. We need not say that under his hands it is all that could be wished of the kind. The clarionets take the principal part, and there is a good deal of unison amongst the instruments; it is a pretty valse, well suited for a wind band. We have an "Intermezzo," by G. Saint George, Op. 23, which apparently is arranged in many forms, our copy being for piano and violin. It shows his accustomed suavity and simplicity of style, and ought to be very acceptable to performers who have not acquired any great proficiency.

Messrs. Reynolds & Co. send a "March of the Champions," by Felix Burns. It has a great deal of go in it, so much so that we wish some of the parts to be played in polka time to dance to. "Danse Américaine," by George Asch, we suppose must be of the schottische genus. It is very graceful and taking, and for a work of the kind is above the average in originality. "Coraline," Intermezzo, by Theo Bonheur, is chiefly remarkable in the first subject for the strong resemblance to the "Air de Louis XIII." which appeared some few years ago; the other parts of the work are even more hackneyed, although reminding us of nothing in particular. "Maypole Revels," by the same composer, is very suggestive of its title, and we should recommend it to those who wish to practise triplets with the right hand, combining, besides, a certain amount of tunefulness. "Sunny Spain" is a song by Oscar Vane, better suited for a valse than for a song; it does appear in this form, arranged by J. Warwick Moore, and is decidedly bright and pleasing. "Out in the Storm," by Cuthbert Vane, is one of those so-called dramatic songs which give great scope for variety and are so much in vogue. This one gives opportunities for representing a storm, the calm that follows, safety, and the almost inevitable prayer; in its way it is effective.

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND BOOKLETS.

THE Christmas card has probably been sufficiently developed; the Christmas booklet appears this season to be enlarging its borders in several respects, and may be said to have a future. Both descriptions of these seasonable offerings are issued in abundance and variety by Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner, whose publications this year are marked, as heretofore, by excellent printing, mounting, and harmonious colours. The cards are designed by adepts in the art, and those who yearn for novelty will find it chiefly in the forms of the cards. Here we have a "Happy Hand"—a pair of gloves; a child's worsted socks, cleverly simulated; a pair of boots; flowers, foliage, or fruit; a bandbox, and other ingenious devices, the majority of them with verses by Mr. F. E. Weatherley thrown in. Mr. Ernest Wilson's landscapes are charming. Miss Alice L. West, whose decorative borders and drawings of birds are admirable; Mr. Charles Robertson, who is associated with Mr. Harold Wilson in a series of attractive marine subjects; Miss A. M. Lockyer, whose drawings of cats and kittens are as diverting as ever—these and other practised hands have produced many very pretty designs, all of which are reproduced, and mounted in excellent style. The booklets are mostly dedicated to verse, the verse of Mr. Weatherley—who seems to be the Laureate of Christmas card publishers—and the verse of Mr. G. R. Sims, whose "In the Harbour" is illustrated by Mr. Walter Langley's clever drawings of fisherfolk and their life. A booklet, it seems, may be of almost any dimensions, varying from three inches by four or five to royal 8vo. Thus Mr. Tom Lloyd and Mr. Ernest Wilson provide a graceful pictorial setting to the pastoral verse of Thomas Lodge and other Elizabethans on a scale that is meet for exhibition or portfolio. Veritable booklets, and extremely pretty from all aspects, are "The Silvery Thames," by Ernest Wilson; "Flower Time," "Haytime and Harvest," "'Neath Summer Skies," and other miniature picture-books, all with poems and illustrations in monochrome. One of the prettiest of the booklets for children is Mr. Weatherley's "Happy Children," with illustrations in colour by Mr. St. Clair Simmons and Miss Alice West.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

BESIDES M. Ohnet, whose book we noticed last week, almost all the more prominent novelists of France have got ready each his or her volume for November and the Paris book season. Mme. Henry Gréville's *L'avenir d'Aline* (1) seems to us a good deal above the level of its author's recent work, though we are not quite sure whether the point which gives it interest to us was intended by the novelist. Aline is the daughter of a *professeur*, who dies in early middle age and leaves his wife and twelve-year-old child practically penniless. The mother (who is affectionate and sentimental, while the child is mistressful and rather hard) accepts after many misgivings an extremely lucrative place as governess in Russia, and not only amasses sufficient money in six years to keep the wolf from the door, but refuses an offer of marriage from her widowed employer. Meanwhile Aline has been sheltered by a lively widow, a friend of her mother's. Julienne Breton comes home to find the widow anxious to marry again, and Aline a very satirical young lady, less grateful to her hostess than desirous of cutting her out with an enticing young financier. The rest of the story need not be told; it ends well, though we are not sure that Aline's husband (no matter who he was) is to be congratulated. A stage catastrophe does not alter nature. Most of the characters are well drawn, and the good adopted-grandfather M. Leroy is agreeable. But the point to which we refer is contained in a scene between Aline and her mother, where the former demands all her mother's small savings (which she thinks larger than they are) as *ma dot*. It is not long ago that some one (we forget who it was) expressed his hopes that this *dot* system might be introduced into England. Mme. Gréville has exposed its essential ugliness very appositely. Some results of our own system are not pretty; but it can hardly lead to anything quite so loathsome as the situation of a young woman—supported, on the whole, by the customs and practice of her society—expecting her mother to impoverish herself in order to induce some man to be good enough, for money paid, to accept her, the young woman's, person.

If Mme. Gréville's work is above her average, M. Duruy's (2) is, to our taste at least, a long way below his. It is, in fact, nothing but an account of the last days and death of Gambetta (who is called Costalla) thrown into novel form, and provided with suitable explanations of what has been generally thought mysterious. How much of these explanations may rest upon actual fact which is not public property we do not know, and we do not care; but the selection of the subject at all seems to us not so much in doubtful taste as in taste inimitably and execrably bad. Nor should we say ourselves that the execution redeems the conception. M. Duruy can hardly write otherwise than forcibly and well; and the sketches of the patient mistress, Thérèse Gauthier, and the very impatient one, Aurélie Vidalin, with her son, Marius the Parricide, have power. But the pervading defect in taste, and therefore in art, mars the whole.

M. Duruy's chief rival among younger novelists has been somewhat, though not wholly, more fortunate in *L'illusion de Florestan* (3). The book is free from the griminess and hardness of some of M. Rabusson's work, but it is also rather thinner than most of that work. Florestan de la Garderie, a country-bred, but not particularly virtuous, young man, comes to Paris, convinced that the Earthly Paradise is to be found in a *liaison* with some accomplished Parisian lady. In short, he has the old, old lesson of *Celle-ci et Celle-là* to learn, and persists in learning it, despite the admonitions of not merely an Anglomaniac and sportmanlike uncle, but of a beautiful English or half-English widow, Mabel Baroness Gueyrard, who is the intimate friend of his chosen lady love, the Marquise de Fossanges. The rest who knows not? The Marquise is quite ready to betray her husband, to compromise herself with Florestan, to spurn the not wholly disinterested admonitions of Mabel. Florestan is as ready to imitate her in the last respect. But whereas he is, or thinks he is, ready to sail "à la rive fidèle où l'on aime toujours," he finds no such readiness in his mistress. She comes to the conclusion that great passion for a lover is as absurd and impossible as great passion for a husband. "Si nous étions capables d'aimer, est-ce que nous n'aimerions pas nos maris?" asks she of Mabel. Then why does she "succumb"? "C'est un peu affaire de perversité; mais surtout de distraction." Wherein it may be feared that M. Rabusson, who is after all a rather keen observer of modern society, speaks a good deal of truth—of truth which concerns France rather more than England, but both countries considerably. It is rather unfortunate that the personages whom he has set to work out this uncomfortable but not uninteresting thesis lack attraction. Florestan is a young fool, without the freshness which ought to attach to youthful folly, with a certain amount of depravity about him, and with (to Mabel) more than a certain amount of bad manners. Mme. de Fossanges is as heartless as Millamant pretended to be, without Millamant's charm; the uncle Le Hardouin is Major Pendennis without the Major's sap and humour; the husband is pitiable only; and Mabel herself, who would seem to be intended to give the foil to these, is allowed to be in questionable situations.

We perceive strongly in Mme. Bentzon's *Tentée* (4), and less strongly in the shorter story, "Faelle," which serves as make-weight, the fault which has marred most of her work—the fault of writing from books instead of from life. Odette, the heroine of *Tentée*, is a Frenchwoman who has married an Englishman, and the whole of the English part is pure convention; indeed, we think we could put finger on the English book (if a work of the excellent Ouida's can be called English) which has chiefly inspired it. Lord Melton, and Odette's sisters-in-law, Isa, Maude, and Kate, are as much alive as if the first-named had been called Lord Boulingrog and the last Miss Ketty. And, though of course we speak with more hesitation on this head, the French characters themselves seem to us to have the same "out-of-book" character, the same absence of spontaneity and nature. Let it, however, be observed that Hugh Carlton, the English painter, plays a very respectable part in "Faelle," if not an extremely lifelike one.

There is never any need of reserve or comparison or allowance in speaking of "Fortuné." A man is born or he is not born a client of M. du Boisgobey. If he is not, he has only not to attempt to read him, and may pass him by with a cordial and respectful salutation. If he is, he has only got to stick to his Fortuné and his Fortuné will put him through. We have not discerned in *Marie Bas-de-laine* (5) any features distinguishing it either for the better or for the worse from other "ops" of its prolific, beneficent, and admirably equal author. It is honest melodrama in novel form. "And what for no?"

(1) *L'avenir d'Aline.* Par H. Gréville. Paris: Plon.
(2) *Fin de rêve.* Par George Duruy. Paris: Ollendorff.
(3) *L'illusion de Florestan.* Par Henry Rabusson. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Tentée.* Par Th. Bentzon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(5) *Marie Bas-de-laine.* Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. Paris: Plon.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE future historian of the Secession war in the United States will have to sift and select from an enormous mass of material, if contributors do not speedily cease from their labours. Unceasing has been the flow during the last twenty years. From all quarters the instalments come, and chiefly from those who have taken active parts in the war or in the political movements that led to it. When makers of history become writers of history, it is obvious that the work of the true historian must be delayed. The hour and the man are not yet. In Mr. Eli Thayer's *History of the Kansas Crusade* (New York: Harper Brothers) we have the story of a remarkable political enterprise told at length by its originator. The book deals with the oft-told story of the desperate struggle waged over the question of slavery in Kansas, as the time approached when the claim of the Territory to be admitted as a free State or a slave State must be settled. Mr. Thayer's purpose is to show that the final settlement that resulted in the triumph of the "Free State cause" was brought about by the agency of the Emigrant Aid Company, promoted by himself and others of the "Free Soil" party in Massachusetts. By this bold move, at the very moment when the passing of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill repealed the "Missouri Compromise," there was established the nucleus of what became eventually a formidable colony of Anti-Slavery men in the midst of the enemy. It was a genuine colonial undertaking, duly legalized by the State of Massachusetts, equipped with means for building schools, churches, saw-mills, and other civilizing agents. The idea, it seems, had previously occurred to Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who, in his introduction to Mr. Thayer's narrative, declares that in 1845, during the early days of Texas, he had proposed a similar migration from the North to that territory, a kind of *Mayflower* expedition, an influx of New England "Free Soil" patriots that should purge Texas and save it. Mr. Thayer might, we think, have devoted a little more space to the history of these self-expatriated patriots and the progress of the colony, instead of filling so many pages with the testimonials of friendly politicians like Sumner, and the attacks of foes in the newspapers of the time. To many English readers it will be a little odd to note that Mr. Thayer reckons among his bitterest opponents the American Anti-Slavery Society and Abolitionists of the Garrison and Wendell Phillips school. Mischievous bigots and disunionists he styles them, and certainly they worked him and his cause as much ill in press and on platform as the fanatic John Brown, of whom he writes with refreshing candour, did in the Territory. He accepts Garrison's sneer that there was not one "Abolitionist" among his twenty thousand colonists, and thanks Heaven for it. It is not surprising that Southerners did not discriminate nicely between the Emigration Aid Company and Abolitionists. In the South all Anti-Slavery men were Abolitionists. Mr. Thayer is at some pains to show that there were men opposed to slavery on "principle," though the majority were moved by "sentiment." His record, with all its departures from strict narrative form, is full of interest. To create and foster public opinion in the North was of course the ordinary expedient of a politician; to import it manufactured into Kansas in the form of an organized colony was decidedly an original and notable achievement.

No more delightful book can be cited among the writings of its lamented author than *The Brook and its Banks*, by the Rev. J. G. Wood (Religious Tract Society). "One of the last books," as the editorial note observes, it is decidedly one of the best of this admirable observer and excellent writer. There is something akin to magic in the power that transports the reader in a few moments to the running water, free air and sunshine, and the not less pleasant influence of a sympathetic companion. The

charm is the more remarkable because no writer could be less given to description as exemplified by the effusive school of writers. Mr. Wood seldom attempted to "describe" the habitats of insects or birds, yet by a few simple touches the haunts of water-fowl, or spider, or beetle, are painted with wonderful completeness and truth. The result, in the present volume, is a veritable excursion into "the fairy land of nature," illustrated by many beautiful woodcuts. We have a curious proof, by the way, of the fact that the popularity of Mr. Wood's works is not confined to those who pursue natural history as a study or recreation. Thirty years ago, the author remarks, he made the statement, printed in capital letters, "Insects never grow." The statement is repeated at p. 119 of *The Brook and its Banks*, because Mr. Wood continued to receive letters denying the fact. One person sent him several humble bees of various sizes. Another, who forwarded a number of cockroaches, wrote, "You do not understand what you are writing about, sir. Did you never see blackbeetles in your life? As you seem not to have seen them, I send you a lot which I caught myself in my kitchen, and they are all of different sizes. Insects do grow, and you are wrong." The last letter was probably from an angry cook. It concludes with a request for publication.

Mr. Frank Stockton's *Personally Conducted* (Sampson Low & Co.) is likely, we fear, to occasion some disappointment, for it is entirely devoid of Stocktonian humour, and is, in short, but a journal of travel in Europe, a decorous account of the ordinary progress of a voyaging American through Rome, Florence, Venice, the Rhine, the Netherlands, and England. Nor does Mr. Stockton contrive to say the thing that is new of "King London" or "Queen Paris," though for untravelled American boys and girls his experiences and impressions may prove interesting. The book, however, is well illustrated by Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Joseph Pennell, and others.

There is a pretty gift of fancy, with some little poetic insight, in Mr. William Cartwright Newsam's *Reveries, Rhymes, and Rondeaus* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) Grace, as well as facility, may be said to distinguish the rondeaus. Smooth execution is the one thing to be noted of the sonnets and remaining pieces.

We must confess to have courageously put to the test *An Outline Analysis of "Sordello,"* by Jeanie Morison (Blackwood & Sons), without any considerable enlightenment of our original sin of incomprehension. With so earnest and sympathetic an exponent the result is extremely mortifying. There is more of commentary, however, than of analysis in this little book. Others may be more fortunate, and for them the darkness may be lifted. In the meanwhile

> We sit possessed in patience; prison doors
> Will burst one day, and Heaven beam overhead.

There is a good deal of instruction for teachers in two geographical class-books before us. Mr. Redway's *Teacher's Manual of Geography* (Boston: Heath & Co.) is intended to supplant the ordinary work of the teacher. *Topics in Geography*, by W. F. Nicholls, A.M. (Boston: Heath & Co.), also contains its "hints to teachers," but, unlike the companion work, the system of teaching is presented in "grades," which are exceedingly inclusive of the subject. Mr. Redway appears to be an advocate of pedantic innovations in certain matters. He insists upon the spelling "Bering" for Behring, the navigator, and declares that "Europe and Asia form a single body of land, to which the name Eurasia, or Europe-Asia, is now commonly given." He proceeds to inform a misguided world that "Africa is a peninsula attached to Eurasia, and not an island." Why not call the three continents Eurasica?

High School Lectures, by M. E. G. Hewett, A.Q.C. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), comprises brief addresses to the Girls' High School at Napier, New Zealand, on Health, Food, Dress, Books, and so forth, appropriate to the occasion, no doubt, though it were hard to suggest a reason for publication.

The Public Schools Year Book, 1889 (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), comprises an "educational" and an "athletic" section, and much useful information in both, to judge from the diverse points of view of boys, and parents or guardians. Particulars of thirty schools are given. The editors, by the way, might do well to curtail the "athletic" record, and economize space. It is absurd to give the same cricket score in full twice, as at pp. 5-7.

We have received the first instalment of *The Works of Josephus*, translated by Whiston, revised by the Rev. A. R. Shilleto, M.A., with topographical notes by Sir C. M. Wilson, K.C.M.G. (Bell & Sons). This addition to "Bohn's Standard Library" is to be completed in five volumes.

We have also received *John Bright*, by the Rev. Charles Bullock, a "non-political sketch of a good man's life" (*Home Words* Office); *Memoirs of Henry Richard*, by Lewis Appleton, F.R.H.S. (Trübner & Co.), and *Duncan's Brewery Manual* for 1889 (Effingham Wilson), from which it appears that, while brewery Companies are everywhere being formed, less beer was consumed last year "per head of the population" than in any year since 1865, with the exception of 1885.

We regret extremely that, by an oversight, in the review of Mr. Palgrave's "Treasury of Sacred Song" *Addison's "The spacious firmament on high," which is actually included, was spoken of as omitted. Mr. Palgrave also informs us that the death of Dr. Bonar occurred after the book passed through the press.*

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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THE PORTUGUESE PRETENSIONS.

THE worst enemies of the present Government must acknowledge privately, and some of them have acknowledged publicly, that the reception given by the FOREIGN SECRETARY to the recent claims of Portugal in South Central Africa is exactly what ought to have been given. There has seldom been so rickety a pretension as this on which the new paper province of Zumbo is enthroned. Although all international law is contentious enough, there is, perhaps, less contention about no point than about the proceedings necessary to give validity to the claim of territorial possession. It must be a claim prior to that of other nations, it must be distinctly made, and it must be followed up by, at least, some attempt to make the possession real. In none of these respects can any sufficient evidence be produced in support of the Portuguese position. Portugal's original claim, if it is pushed far enough back, and tied down close enough to specification, must probably come to the famous Papal division or something like it; and it need hardly be said that England is not bound to recognize that. It is not clear that much of the actual interior was ever even thoroughly explored by the Portuguese, or included in the most nominal manner in any administrative divisions. And it is clear that for years, and almost for centuries, they have contented themselves with not too actively organizing the two districts on the Lower Guinea and Mozambique coasts respectively. Their recent activity, such as it is, is exactly of that kind which induces a man to put in a claim to anything which he has hitherto thought worthless, and his neighbour has made, or seems likely to make, profitable. Lord SALISBURY has properly enough pointed out that in at least three cases—the encroachment on Mashonaland, which we hold by agreement with LOBENGULA, that on the course of the Loangwa, where we also have treaties with the tribes, and that in the Nyassa and Shire district, where British subjects are actually settled—these new pretensions not only set up what does not exist, but interfere with what does exist. And since the publication of the despatch to Mr. PETRE, Mr. SELOUS, than whom there is no higher authority, has arrived from the very districts concerned, and reports that not a few of the natives not only acknowledge no allegiance to the Portuguese, but have never even heard of Portugal.

It is manifest, however, that these words may have to be backed up with deeds. The much-talked-of agreements of Portugal with France and Germany will offer no difficulty, for neither France nor Germany has even the faintest interest in the country concerned. But there will be two real difficulties—one, the awkwardness of getting at the country, and the other, the tendency of all small States to presume upon their own weakness and dare the correction of their betters. The reported good intentions and desires of the Portuguese as to the slave-trade, and so forth, will neither make nor mar; for, though Portugal has about the worst record of any European nation in this respect, the cant is a cant common to all, and no nation has much right to reproach another with it. Those interested in the existing settlements about Lake Nyassa and those interested in the new province of the British South African Company must consider their position at once boldly and carefully, and act so that they may be supported without difficulty by the Home Government in case of need. Only let us add that, if that Government gives heed to evil advisers and abandons Swaziland, more harm will have been done than any bold front towards Portuguese claims, which are unlikely to be very vigorously carried out, can make up for. In fact, the future of British South Africa, already unfavourably affected to some extent by the strange folly about Angra Pequeña, will be far more grievously threatened on the other side, and in far more ways, by this new *rifiuto*, which the Government cannot put upon their predecessors. The first duty of every English Government now is to preserve, and, if possible to recover, every access from the coast to the interior, the second is to resist paper claims to the interior itself. We shall be loth to believe that the fatal policy of throwing away with one hand while grasping with the other is to be pursued; but, if it is, we shall not hesitate to denounce it in the most unsparing terms.

LORD MELBOURNE.

LORD MELBOURNE'S PAPERS, which Messrs. LONGMAN have published under the skilful editorship of Mr. LLOYD SANDERS, have been selected from manuscripts in the possession of Lord COWPER, who introduces them by an interesting and graceful preface, conveying his personal impressions and recollections of his distinguished kinsman. Mr. SANDERS's notes show ample knowledge of politics and society during the period over which the papers extend, and they are judiciously restricted to points necessary for the illustration of the text. Lord MELBOURNE was not a great man; he was not a great statesman; he was not a great party leader; he was not a great debater; he was not a great, though he was a fairly competent, administrator; he was not even, as Mr. ABRAHAM HAYWARD testified, from a minute and varied observation of the order, from his station below the salt, a *grand seigneur*; but he was a great character, and might have sat for his portrait to THEOPHRASTUS or LA BRUYÈRE, or their nineteenth-century successor, THEOPHRASTUS SUCH. He was at once singularly winning and singularly puzzling, uniting the opposite charms of frankness and reserve, open-hearted and solitary-minded. He was not in any sense born to the purple. Early in the eighteenth century SWIFT remarked that the conduct of political affairs in England had fallen out of the hands of the great nobles into those of new men. Interpreted by the feelings and usages of our time, in which a lord is a lord, and one lord is as good as another, and every squire, not necessarily large-acred, is potentially a peer, the remark seems scarcely intelligible. The composition of the Governments of WILLIAM and ANNE, and of the first two GEORGES, has a very aristocratic aspect, if we consider merely names and titles. But in SWIFT's time, and long after, there were social discriminations which have since been effaced. The distance which separated the great noble of almost princely rank and wealth from a peer of less degree, the peer from the country gentleman, and country gentlemen, according to the size of their estates and the antiquity of their families, from each other, was almost as great as that which now divides the squire from the tradesman. It was expressed much in the same way, by a haughty reserve or a condescending familiarity on the one side and a meek deference on the other. Among the Prime Ministers of England, from WALPOLE to GREY, NEWCASTLE, DEVONSHIRE, GRAFTON, and PORTLAND may, in virtue of their ducal rank and great possessions, be counted among the great nobles, in spite of spurious or foreign origin, merely matrimonial elevation, and "new blood" enriched by Church spoils; but these are all, unless we are to reckon in ROCKINGHAM and SHELBURNE. Lord MELBOURNE belonged to the newest of the new nobility. An attorney well in the background of the TUDOR or STUART period is a very respectable ancestor; but a Georgian attorney, whose depredations are witnessed to by a neighbouring family's limitation to a right of fishing over lands which were once their own, is with difficulty shaded off or softened down. Lord

MELBOURNE, save for the general reserve implied in his remark, "Who the devil can tell who is anybody's father?" had no illusion on the subject of his ancestry, and roughly brushed aside the inference perceptible in Sir EDWIN LANDSEER'S frank amazement at the accidental resemblance between MELBOURNE'S features and those depicted in a portrait—not a family portrait—which hung on the wall, and which had given occasion to some entirely groundless scandal. The general opinion, unfounded, Mr. GALTON tells us, that men of remarkable ability usually derive their talents from their mothers, receives such confirmation as an individual instance can give it from the fact that the first Lady MELBOURNE was not only, in her son's judgment, but in that of Lord BYRON, and most of his contemporaries, a woman of rare and almost unique gifts and accomplishments.

WILLIAM LAMB, who was born in 1779, was a younger son, and, in accordance with a common custom, observed in the cases of Lord HENRY PETTY, Lord PALMERSTON, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, received his early University education in Scotland—not, however, at Edinburgh, under DUGALD STEWART, but at Glasgow, under Professor MILLAR. He afterwards went to Cambridge, and, having taken his degree, was called to the Bar. He practised long enough to win one brief. His elder brother's death made it unnecessary for him to pursue his profession, and he betook himself to politics. He entered the House of Commons in 1805, and took his place among the supporters of Mr. FOX. This was a few months before the accession of that statesman to power, under the nominal premiership of Lord GRENVILLE. A raw recruit had naturally no place in the new Administration. Mr. LAMB'S party connexion is now chiefly remembered by his literary skirmish with CANNING; political antagonists then exchanging verses as they exchanged shots, the one method of giving satisfaction being without prejudice to the other. The dismissal of the GRENVILLE Administration condemned Mr. LAMB, if the word can properly be applied to a release which he relished, to twenty years of Opposition. He first took office as Irish Secretary in 1827, under his old antagonist of the *Anti-Jacobin*, an office which he retained under Lord GODERICH, and, until the secession of the Canningites, under the Duke of WELLINGTON. In 1830 he became Home Secretary in the Administration of Lord GREY, having in the meantime succeeded to the peerage. The intrigue which led to GREY'S retirement in 1834 raised MELBOURNE to the premiership, which he held until his dismissal by WILLIAM IV. in the same year, returning to it in 1835, and continuing to hold it until the defeat of his Government on the Corn-law question in 1841. His political career was now over, though he was hard to persuade of the fact, and was anxious to return to office. His natural life lasted seven years longer.

LAMB'S career in the House of Commons cannot be said to have been distinguished. He was not an orator, and, perhaps, for that reason undervalued oratory, saying that the worst thing he had heard of the Spanish Cortes was that its members were good speakers. BROUGHAM ranked him with WARD among the finikin prize-essay spouters who are absolutely useless in debate. WARD retained this manner to the last, but LAMB threw it aside, and preferred to be without any manner at all. He was capable, when he was warmed by attack, of strong energetic retorts, which went straight to their mark; but then, the reflection probably occurring to him What is the good of it all? he hum'd and ha'd through a string of broken sentences until it was time to sit down. As the statists—the word was not then supposed to mean statisticians—of HAMLET'S time thought it a baseness to write fair, so the Whig statesmen who followed FOX, with one or two notable exceptions, appear to have thought it a baseness to speak well. They copied their leader's hesitations and repetitions, as the followers of PITT reproduced his unbroken and monotonous fluency. MELBOURNE, as he himself confessed, had not the House of Commons temperament. It confused him. He could lay his mind side by side with another individual mind; he was at ease when he could give free play to his love of paradox and draw on his large stores of out-of-the-way knowledge; but he was wholly unable to address himself to the average stupidity, the residual dulness of either House. Moreover, he could not swear or call people fools in Parliament, and these resources seem to have been absolutely necessary to the unimpeded exercise of his faculties. As an administrator he appears to have done his work well, in difficult times, both at the Irish Office and at the Home Office. The idea that he wanted firmness seems a mistake. The letters in which "Viscount MELBOURNE presents his humble duty "to Your MAJESTY" are among the most peremptory that a Minister ever addressed to a Sovereign, and are usually lectures to WILLIAM IV. on his duty and lessons in Royal humility. The candour, too, with which he spoke his mind to Lord BROUGHAM about Lord BROUGHAM is remarkable. He was apparently the only one of his colleagues who was not afraid of Lord DURHAM. An encounter with BROUGHAM he likened to standing up against CRIBB or GULLY, which might cause him some trepidation; but he would be quite, he said, at his ease at the prospect of a set-to with LUTTRELL or old ROGERS.

Lord COWPER restores to MELBOURNE, with every evidence of internal probability, a remark attributed to SYDNEY SMITH, to whom, on the principle that to him who hath shall be given, many good things have been assigned in which he had no right of ownership. A jest's prosperity lies as much in the reputation of the jester as in the ear of him that hears it. It was MELBOURNE, and not SYDNEY SMITH, who wished that he was as sure of anything as TOM MACAULAY was of everything. The Canon of St. Paul's was at once too sound and too cautious a divine to avow himself a universal sceptic. MELBOURNE'S favourite sayings, "Can't you leave it alone?" and "It's all one to me," were something more than the expression of indolent indifference. He had a profound sense of the futility of things human, of the disposition of events to take a path of their own, and not to walk in that which has been marked out for them; of the treachery of the future, to which, therefore, it was desirable to commit nothing that could be withheld from it. It was this sentiment which made him despise system-makers. Nature and human nature were too large and varied and evasive to be fitted into any framework of theory. He told ROBERT OWEN to his face, though he had a kindness for the man, that he was one of the most foolish persons he had ever conversed with, which was probably true enough. The Benthamites were all fools. "AUSTIN? a damned fool. Did you ever read his Juris-"prudence?" Fond as he was of letters and speculation, he hated men of letters and men of science. He conveyed the offer of a pension to FARADAY in terms so offensive that the philosopher indignantly rejected it, and was only appeased by a letter of apology. On this, or on some other, occasion he affected to think that FARADAY was an astronomer. Yet his best talk was about books, and scarcely any topic in connexion with them, from the credibility of QUINTUS CURTIUS to JANE AUSTEN'S novels, from the controversy of ST. JEROME and VIGILANTIUS to the etymologies of HORNE TOOKE'S *Diversions of Purley*, lay beyond the scope of his knowledge and interest. He was an insatiable reader of theology, and went through LARDNER'S *Credibility*, comparing it point by point with the New Testament, with the result, as JOHN ALLEN put it, that he got rid of all his doubts, and settled down into a fixed conviction of unbelief. Possibly MELBOURNE'S love of paradox, and his pleasure in startling the feelings of those with whom he talked, had something to do with this impression, congenial as it was to ALLEN'S mind. His healthy animal nature, which was indicated in a countenance and frame of rustic beauty and vigour, gave him so keen a relish for life in all its aspects that, as the late Lord DERBY put it, he enjoyed even a Lord Mayor's dinner. A half-insane wife, whom he could live neither with nor without, and an idiot son put domestic happiness out of the question; but, in contradiction to the opinion of most of those who knew him, it may be doubted whether MELBOURNE by nature was a conjugally-minded person. He needed and lived largely in mental solitude; into the last recesses of his nature no one but himself could enter. The great objection to marriage, he early wrote, is that two minds can never act like one. To him, even in the happiest circumstances, constant association would have brought with it a sense of friction and intrusion. He liked the society of women, but not their habitual companionship. It required strong health, he said, to put up with a woman. The real work of his life was done during the last four years of his premiership, from the beginning of the present reign to his own retirement from office. The clear intelligence and upright purpose of the QUEEN would, in any circumstances, have worked their way through difficulties and embarrassments of youthful and feminine sovereignty. But, as a matter of fact, it was Lord MELBOURNE'S hand that smoothed the path for her, and

some share in the blessings which have marked the happiest reign in our history may be claimed for the benignant affection and sagacious counsel which guided its opening years.

THE NAPOLEON OF SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

IT would be absurd to deny—almost as absurd as to exaggerate after the fashion of the daily newspapers—the interest of the communications which have been recently received from Mr. HENRY STANLEY. We deal elsewhere with such additions as they have made to our knowledge of African geography and ethnology; we deal here with the more ephemeral but not less interesting subject of Mr. STANLEY'S *ethos* as explorer and reliever revealed by these letters. We think that, on the whole, they should greatly increase his reputation as a man of affairs; and if, as is rumoured, he is disposed to accept the post of Childe ROLAND and come to the Dark Tower of African command, we shall ourselves be glad enough to welcome his appointment. He will do his day's darg like few people, and we believe him to be as trustworthy as Major DUGALD DALGETTY himself to his actual employers. What he has recently done is no inconsiderable feat. To relieve and support EMIN Pasha he took, as we verily believe, the worst way possible. To begin with, he lost time by his selection of route; in the second place, he gave an enormous impulsion to the "wave of insanity" which is now sweeping over Central Africa by employing TIPPOO TIB on something like TIPPOO TIB'S own terms; in the third place, his arrangement of his rearguard was such as to throw the chief difficulty on his unfortunate subordinate, of whom he has not spoken too generously; in the fourth, his journeys backwards and forwards distinctly interfered, and could not but interfere, with his power of actually succouring EMIN. But all this was Napoleonic—quite Napoleonic. Most Napoleonic of all, perhaps, is the almost unconscious contempt which he shows for "ideologues" like EMIN, CASATI, and the rest, "or GORDON"—as Mr. STANLEY very characteristically remarks. "Why should "these idiots [we give his sense, not his words] hesitate? "Why should they mind leaving their people? Here are "sensible Khedives and Sir EVELYN BARINGS who say "they must stay, if they stay at all, on their own re-"sponsibility. Here am I (a little delayed by my Congo "route; but no matter) ready to give them ammunition "and put them through. What are the fools about?" We apologize for this unceremonious vulgarization of Mr. STANLEY'S words, but we think that most people who have read his letters "with their heads," as Mr. CARLYLE used to say, will admit that they are not ill interpreted. That EMIN and persons like EMIN, including that much greater than he, GORDON, see duty before them of a higher kind than mere obedience to orders, that they actually acquire an affection for the people—foolish, fickle, treacherous even though they be—to whom they have acted as shepherds so long, are subjects of impatient wonder to Mr. STANLEY. "The fatal fascination of Soudan territory," says he. Well, most fascinations *are* fatal. Your practical man or woman is never fascinated, and finds himself or herself all the better. If you happen to be an "ideologue," to be a GORDON, or an EMIN; to be, in a different sphere, a FRANCIS XAVIER, or a ST. STEPHEN; to be, in a different sphere still, a STRAFFORD or an ANTONY, it will probably go hard with you while it goes well enough with others. Still there are some who, like the excellent Miss CRAWLEY, have a certain kindness for any one who will go to the Devil—and not always to the Devil only—for a fascination.

Putting aside this little peculiarity, and some others, Mr. STANLEY has on the whole a good story to tell. He appears after the still not entirely explained, but, we fear, explicable, collapse of the rearguard to have been admirably served by his subordinates. He himself, a person not lavish of praise, has told us enough already of the proceedings of Mr. JEPHSON and Mr. BONNY, of Captain NELSON and Lieutenant STAIR and Dr. PARKE, to fill us with admiration. It is extremely hazardous to criticize at such a distance, and with such comparatively slight information, documents of this nature. But we should suggest that Mr. JEPHSON'S surprise at the attitude of the Pasha's troops expresses rather the natural annoyance of a man who finds himself a prisoner when he had hoped to be a saviour than the deliberate judgment of a well-informed judge. Nothing is easier than for a new-comer to fathom such a state of things correctly enough as to its actual condition, but to be quite wrong in estimating the responsibility of its authors. That EMIN Pasha is not the equal of GORDON we can readily admit. He is a German, and not an Englishman; a man of science, not a man of action, and in a way of literature; a doctor, not a soldier. But it would be wholly unfair to forget that for years before Mr. STANLEY'S coming he had successfully repelled the Mahdist invasions, and recovered ground from those which were partially successful; that he had kept the province in order and preserved the affection of his troops. Very likely the "wave of insanity" had reached them by the time Mr. STANLEY arrived, and it is all the more to be regretted that Mr. STANLEY'S material strength and his downright, unsentimental, practical leadership were not at once thrown in with full force to put backbone into the Pasha, and stem at once invasion and disaffection. The latter is almost inevitable in such cases, whether the troops are named Argyraspides or Black Battalions, whether the leader is named EUMENES or EMIN. The object of fidelity is far off and gives little sign; the tempters to treason are near and active. In the present case we know that Mr. STANLEY'S arrival was used directly as a means of working on the fickle native troops. We do not think that Mr. STANLEY could have helped this; but we do think that he might have foreseen it, and have made different arrangements so as to throw his whole force on EMIN'S side as soon as the unfavourable effect was produced. It is easy, of course, to make this armchair criticism, and it is as easy to dismiss it as such. But it is animated by no ill-will to Mr. STANLEY, it is based on pretty considerable acquaintance with the history of such things, and it is consistent with a very hearty desire that he, or somebody else in his spirit, though perhaps with a little less of that contempt of ideology which brought NAPOLEON to his fall, should take Central African affairs in hand and check the "wave "of insanity." If this is done, and is not done by an Englishman, or some one representing England, then foreigners will have a right to call our nation a *puissance finie*.

It is not from Mr. STANLEY, but from the opposite direction, that we hear, as we should have expected to hear, the natural results of the evacuation of the Equatorial province, on which fresh light is being thrown by new instalments of letters to and from EMIN. It is reported from Khartoum that the attacks of the Dervishes are to be directed once more in earnest on the Egyptian frontier, in the hope of repairing the disaster of Toski. It appears to be held in the councils of the KHALIFA that the flight of EMIN necessitates no more efforts in that direction, that Abyssinia can be sufficiently taken care of by mere raiding, and that the chief efforts of the faithful should be directed against Wady Halfa. We know, of course, that the faithful, whether they find Paradise or not, will not find victory. They will be repulsed as they have been repulsed before—perhaps with more difficulty, perhaps with less; perhaps with less slaughter, perhaps with more. But if they make an advance, that advance will illustrate once more the extraordinary folly of the arrangement which Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government made, and which Lord SALISBURY'S Government has continued. No rich, peaceable, civilized country since the earliest times recorded in history has ever safely contented itself with merely repulsing raids from poor, warlike, uncivilized tribes on its borders, who are left undisturbed in their own haunts. It is not in nature that such a course of proceedings ever should be successful. And we have now by laches, if not by overt act, made the possibility of its success less than ever. Not content with instituting no pursuit after the defeated raiders at Wady Halfa and Souakim, we have suffered the last remnant of civilization in the south to go by default of timely assistance. The presence of EMIN in the Equatorial province may not have exerted any very great deterrent effect on the rebels at Khartoum, but it exerted some. Now they have nothing to fear or to conquer there, while their lucky hit in Abyssinia has for a time made them secure on that side, intestine dissension and the local dislike of Italian interference being sure to hamper the NEGUS. Therefore, they think they can devote their whole attention to Egypt. A small well-equipped expedition under Mr. STANLEY, or another, directed at the Albert Nyanza might alter their calculations.

ADDITIONS TO THE NAVY.

THE launch in the course of this week of the *Pelorus* and the *Blake* is at least a proof that the work of strengthening the navy is being pushed on. The first of these vessels is to belong to the squadron which the Australian colonies have agreed to support—as part of a general scheme of Imperial defence. She is, therefore, if nothing else, a sign that the Conference of the Jubilee year has not been barren of practical results. On patriotic grounds there is every reason to hope that she may be as good as the scheme she is designed to put into practice. Unfortunately the description of the vessel does not inspire confidence. It is a great deal too like the description of some of our other cruisers which have lamentably belied the promises of their designers. The *Pelorus* is "265 feet between perpendicu- "lars, her extreme breadth is 41 feet, her mean draught is "15 feet 6 inches, and her displacement 2,575 tons. She will "be fitted with twin screw triple expansion machinery of "the aggregate power, with forced draught of about 7,000 "horses (indicated), and with natural draught of about "4,500 indicated horse-power." She is to attain a speed of nineteen knots with forced draught and seventeen with natural draught. All this—well as it sounds—is, to put it frankly, a great deal too like the description of H.M.S. *Magicienne* and the other failures of the M Class. It shows that the *Pelorus* is a light vessel carrying a very powerful engine; and, with the M Class before us as a warning, it would be rash indeed to take it for granted that the *Pelorus* will stand the strain to which she is to be subjected any better than they have done. It remains to be seen on real trial whether it will not be found that the engines, which are meant to force her to a high nominal rate of speed, do, in fact, tear her to pieces. Other vessels answering to much the same description, both in our navy and in others, have as yet only proved how impossible it is to exert more power in any machine than the machine will bear.

The *Blake* is an infinitely more promising war-ship. In her case the Admiralty has recognized the fact that, in order to attain great speed at sea, and to keep it up, it is necessary to have size. The *Blake* will be a vessel of 9,000 tons, and is, therefore, larger than any vessel yet built as a cruiser and not a battle-ship. She is not the less promising because she is in some respects a return to old models. Neither is it a less promising fact that she marks the beginning of a reaction against the mania for small vessels carrying very heavy engines. A few years ago it was almost a commonplace to declare that the time of great ships was over; that, in these days of arms of precision, torpedoes, and so forth, the ship of the future was to be small and very swift. Flotillas of such craft, it was asserted, would swarm round the clumsy big ships, and soon destroy them. The late M. Gabriel Charmes was the chief spokesman of this school, which, luckily for us, did succeed in applying its principles for a time in the French Admiralty. A little experience has shown that small and very swift are almost contradictory terms as applied to ships. The torpedo-boats have illustrated the truth most effectually, which, as they were to have been the destroyers of the big ships, is an example of poetic justice. Their twenty-knot speed, from which nothing was to escape, has been found to be available only on measured miles, and in absolutely calm weather. When the wind begins to blow, even in moderation, their speed drops to half, or less than half, that imposing figure. A ten-knot boat could keep them at a distance and a twelve-knot boat walk away from them. A very similar discovery has been made with the smaller cruisers; none of them have kept the promise of speed made on their behalf by their designers. They may attain a high rate of speed, but they cannot keep it up. It is not very creditable to the Admiralty that so many experiments and so many costly failures should have been required to convey a lesson which could have been learnt from a comparison between the Atlantic liners and other merchant ships. It is, however, but idle to complain of the tardiness, and we must be content to see that a truth has been recognized at last. The *Blake* may be spoilt by over-gunning and by too many machines; but at least she has size enough to bear both heavy armament and powerful engines, and to bear them with ease in a seaway. Even as it is, she will not attain the speed of the Atlantic liners. That is a fact worth noting, not as a reproach to her builders, but as a proof that in these days of steam a vessel built for speed only can always excel a vessel which is also built to fight. From that we may fairly draw the deduction that, since something must be sacrificed in the war-ship, it is better to give up her power of overtaking a packet rather than her power to beat an enemy. If, as Lord George Hamilton has just been saying in his very cheerful speech at Liverpool, we are to rely on hired merchant ships to do our scouting in war, it is the less necessary to strain for very great speed in cruisers. The rest of the First Lord's speech is of the brisk, confident, official stamp, and not, therefore (to be frank), more instructive than the unmeasured growl of the regular critic. We should have preferred something to show that the Admiralty is going to give up experimenting in miraculous fittings, "phenomenal" ships, and overgrown guns.

LORD SALISBURY AT NOTTINGHAM.

THE infallible test of reception by adversaries applies in a very satisfactory manner to the Prime Minister's speech, or speeches, before the Conservative Conference at Nottingham. When your enemies can only exclaim "Stuff "and nonsense!" the reverse of the celebrated dictum of the Greek orator is allowable, and a man may well ask, "Have I then said something wise?" In the particular reference Lord Salisbury had said something wise, though he had said nothing new. He had said that the demands of the Irish Home Rule party amount to something on which the life of the nation and the existence of the Empire depend. In saying this he had said not only what the enormous majority of men of sense and brains, of knowledge and reasoning faculty, in England say at this moment—not only what almost the entire body of such men in both political parties said but the other day, but what the only man in the present English Home Rule party who has argued the question, Mr. John Morley, admitted, in his celebrated argument that we must risk even this danger, lest the Irish make themselves intolerable—just what, by the way, a certain section of Whigs said about the resistance to Napoleon, urging that we must not resist him because he was irresistible. And it will always remain a standing proof of the positive insanity which party spirit may bring with it that men of ability and education should meet the anti-Home Rule arguments by saying that there are a great many independent Parliaments in the British Empire already. So might it be said, "O foolish man! "there are fires in Pekin, and you do not mind it; Constan- "tinople has constant conflagrations, and you sit at ease; "the engines are at work almost daily in Paris, and you "pay no attention; and yet you are in a flutter of alarm "because the semi-detached house next door is in a "blaze!"

But what Lord Salisbury had to say on this well-worn subject was not what was expected with most interest. We are not wholly with those who think that Ministers spend too much time upon Ireland. The person who complains of such repetition because it bores him is neither a good citizen, nor a wise politician, nor invariably a very sincere speaker; his affectation of boredom being as often as not affectation merely. But undoubtedly there are other parts of the world besides the best puffed and most spoilt island in that world, and other subjects besides its condition and government. The mere party position of the Government is a very interesting subject, and the details of its past and intended policy, both domestic and foreign, are very interesting too. In reference to the first, Lord Salisbury was not, we think, unduly sanguine, and was quite sound. Especially was he sound in putting forward the necessity of organization. The old "Register! Register!" has not lost its force, but has become merged in the greater necessity of managing your register when you have got it. With every increase of the franchise the party of the doubtfuls, of the men who, whether they have been put on the register as Tories or put on it as Radicals, are at each election to be won to the side which applies most skilful and most unremitting pressure to them, increases. With every split of parties, every change of questions, it increases likewise. Good influences and bad work in the same way; and it is hardly too much to say that the business of each election has to be done very much as if the whole register were neutral, and had to be made Tory or made Gladstonian *de novo*. It is mainly because Gladstonians have, on the whole, and with some brilliant exceptions, understood this better than the other side that the

Gladstonian triumphs in bye-elections have been obtained. In regard to those elections, nothing can be more true than that, not merely no bye-election, but not even a disaster at a general election, can settle such a question as Home Rule. The analogy of Reform Bills and suchlike things is quite delusive. An extension of the franchise may be wise or unwise, prejudicial or beneficial. But in hardly any case can it lead directly and immediately to absolutely unworkable and intolerable results. It is the contention of those who resist Home Rule that it is unworkable and intolerable; that civil war might as well be accepted at once; that it must, in fact, end in civil war or in the paralysis of government.

On Lord SALISBURY's attitude to the Eight Hours Bill nothing need be said, because at present the question is one on which Mr. GLADSTONE has not yet seen a possibility of getting votes, and therefore all Gladstonians of sense are at one with all Unionists of sense on the subject. Nor is there likely to be much difference felt, however much may be expressed, on the subject of allotments and assisted education. We do not think compulsory allotments a good thing, because we know, as all honest politicians who have looked into the matter know, that the cases where men cannot get small allotments without compulsion are very rare, and that large allotments are of less than dubious value. We do not like assisted education, simply because we do not like the compulsory education of which it is the corollary, or the extension of State aid of any kind in a greater measure than is necessary to help men to help themselves. But assisted education is, in fact, the corollary of compulsory education, and if you have an Allotments Act, you must get it to work or repeal it. And Lord SALISBURY's "concessions" on these points were more than compensated by his unflinching attitude in reference to those strongholds of religious freedom, the denominational schools, which our Gladstonian friends would disestablish in favour of as near an approach to enforced atheism as they dare.

Of such details, however, there is no end, and, though they cannot be omitted in a statesman's address, they are not to be criticized in equal detail with any kind of advantage. The general declaration to which both these remarks and the PREMIER's further observations on the housing of the poor and the incidence of taxation led up was of much more value. It is at least as fair a distinction between Conservative policy and the policy which, without any disrespect to Liberal-Unionists, may be called Liberal, to urge that the one is calculated to inspire confidence and the other is not; and Lord SALISBURY's argument might be illustrated and carried out in various directions. Nothing is commoner than for the gutter Gladstonian journals to speak of a man, say, with a quarter of a million a year, as the possessor of a fortune "which, if divided, would diffuse "happiness among," and so forth. "What proportion "of the nation is a quarter of a million of people, and what "good would a pound a year (that is to say, rather less "than three farthings a day) do to each even of that small "fraction?" is a pertinent reply. But it is even more pertinent to urge, as Lord SALISBURY urged, that by dividing the spoils of your capitalist you effectually kill the goose with the golden eggs, and prevent other people from making or keeping fortunes for you to divide. A man will not buy, and expensively cultivate land, if he is constantly liable to have it taken at prairie value. He will not build houses if you decide that his tenant, after being underrented for years, shall acquire a permanent interest in the property to compensate him for his present outlay and future resignation. He will not invest in business if you decide that his workmen shall be helped by the law to extort higher wages from him whenever they choose, and forbidden by the law to work for him, even if they had work to do. He will not invest in stocks and companies if, in addition to these liabilities, he may suddenly have fancy property taxes, fancy rates, and so forth, laid upon him. It is in putting these matters, as well as those others, in his later speeches, concerning the House of Lords and disturbing legislation generally, that Lord SALISBURY can do most good. There was once a somewhat arrogant humourist who defended his adhesion to unpopular ideas by saying "*I* can believe that; "and even you do not call me a fool." In the same way Lord SALISBURY, though he does not put things quite so brutally, is a perpetual difficulty and despair to those who would fain associate Conservatism with a lack of intellectual activity or ability. And we ourselves have no doubt whatever that the Toryism which, without being merely "akinetic," takes the true Tory attitude and asks whether rational making the best of things as they are is not better than never-ending experiments and continual fumbling, has a more promising future, as it certainly has a more logical basis, than the perpetual endeavour to "go one "better" than the last Radical bidder or player. Nor will it be quite an indifferent consideration that, according to observed historical chances, the era of fidget which set in at the end of the last century, was driven back for a little by the Revolutionary wars, and broke out again at their end, may not impossibly be near its close, and that we may live to see an Age of Rest and Reason instead of one of Ransack and Rummage.

IRELAND.

IT is particularly edifying to observe the manner in which the affirmation by the Court for Crown Cases Reserved of the conviction of the prisoner COLL for manslaughter at the Maryborough trials has been received by the Gladstonian press. Even if the points respectively urged by the Crown and on behalf of the convict had been of an equally technical character, the contention that the prisoner should be released because four judges held against five that the conviction was bad, would not have been entitled to much weight. But when, as it happens, the decision of the minority of the Court was admittedly based upon the most strictly technical grounds, and when more than one of the four judges acknowledged in effect that on the moral merits of the case the prisoner was justly convicted, there is a peculiar audacity in the demand that the judgment of the majority should be set aside. What the argument before the nine judges went to establish was practically this—that a piece of documentary evidence, which would unquestionably have sufficed to convict COLL, was wrongly rejected at the trial by the presiding judge; but that, whereas a majority of the Court were of opinion that the judge might legitimately repair his error by subsequently admitting oral evidence to the same effect, and was not bound to exclude true testimony in deference to technical rules of procedure, a minority of the Court held that his error was irreparable, and that technicalities must be allowed to triumph over truth. And this is the ruling, on the strength of which it "is presumed that "Mr. BALFOUR will now scarcely hesitate to order Lord "ZETLAND to release the prisoner"! We should be glad if charity would enable us to assume that those who were thus eager to see Justice tripped up by legal subtleties had really misconceived the drift of the minority judgment. But it is too plain to admit of any such assumption. For it was perfectly clear from the pronouncement of the two judges whose dissent is made the most of—the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Chief Baron PALLES—that they entertained no doubt as to the admissibility of the evidence on which COLL was convicted, and that the only ground of their adverse decision was that they could not see their way to approving its admission in the particular form in which the ATTORNEY-GENERAL succeeded in getting it in. Chief Baron PALLES declared that the third question—namely, whether the "oral" testimony was admissible—was "the only substantial one in the case." And Lord Chief Justice MORRIS, in still more definite terms, expressly laid down that "it was open to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, "and his bounden duty," to put in the deposition of VARILLY, made on the 14th of February, in which COLL's name was mentioned; but that, this having been excluded, the witness's parole statement as to what he had testified to in that deposition was not legally admissible.

The appointment of the distinguished judge whose language we have just quoted to succeed Lord Justice FITZGERALD happens a little unfortunately for the gentle critics of the Irish judiciary in the English Parnellite press. If Sir MICHAEL MORRIS's judgment in favour of COLL had preceded the announcement of his elevation by only two or three days, the newspaper eulogist of the author of that judgment would have had a decent time in which to convert himself into the stern critic of the new Lord Justice of Appeal. But it certainly would have been a little awkward to have extolled the just and upright Irish judge in one column and to have cavilled in an adjoining one at his appointment to his new post. That is a feat to which only the "lightning-change artistes" of Gladstonian journalism are unequal. It may be admitted, however, that they displayed much "flexibility of adaptation"—to use the phrase coined by Mr. MORLEY with prophetic applicability to his

present colleagues—in accommodating themselves to the circumstances. It being inconvenient to blacken Sir Michael Morris, the next best thing was to paint him as white as possible, and use him as a foil to Mr. Peter O'Brien. At the moment of writing the announcement that the Attorney-General is to succeed to the Lord Chief Justiceship does not appear to have been officially confirmed; but there is no reason that we know of to doubt its accuracy. It is in accordance with the precedents established in such cases both in England and Ireland; and, apart from this, there will be a general disposition among sensible Englishmen to approve of it. Little, it is true, is known of Mr. O'Brien in this country, though not less than is usual in the case of Irish law officers without a seat in Parliament; but he is equipped with testimonials of the strongest possible description in the shape of the infamous abuse which has been heaped upon him by *United Ireland*, and by its followers, *haud passibus æquis* in this country. We may feel well assured, after reading these tributes, that the late Attorney-General for Ireland has simply done his duty.

To Miss Helen Taylor is due the credit of having supplied the material for the latest, and perhaps the most striking, addition to Mr. Balfour's "Complete Letter-"writer." Everybody has by this time read it. All who understand the "art of putting things," even the Gladstonians, who abuse when they possess that art, have admired it; and everybody who is capable of perceiving how the exquisitely ridiculous pierces through the intensely serious in the affairs of life—we need not here add "even "the Gladstonians," since the faculty is so rare among them as to be a negligible quantity—have laughed at it. Of course the opening given to Mr. Balfour by Miss Taylor's lecture was an immense one; but that is only the good fortune which so often waits on the artist. Any controversialist who makes such admirable use as he does of his opportunities deserves that the case of two women unfortunately shot by the police in dispersing a riot which took place under Mr. Gladstone's administration should be cited by a Gladstonian lady lecturer as a proof that under the demoralizing influences of Mr. Balfour's *régime* the Irish Constabulary have taken to entering huts and stabbing women with bayonets specially constructed for that purpose. Miss Taylor's two victims, who lost their lives at Belmullet in October 1881, were not stabbed by the police in the interior of a hut, even with an ordinary regulation bayonet, not to speak of one "sharpened on both sides and at the "point." They unhappily fell under the fire of the police, who were at that moment engaged in "defending their lives "against the attack of a crowd of five hundred persons armed "in part with stones and in part with reaping-hooks." In this careful explanation of the real circumstances of a case which concerns his political adversaries alone Mr. Balfour displays a contemptuous magnanimity which, to the moral merits of such an attitude, adds that of the most telling controversial effect. He is "constrained by common "charity," he says, "to satisfy Miss Taylor that no blame "attaches to the Government of his predecessors in respect "of the loss of life to which she refers." (We wonder what those eminent persons would have done if the position had been reversed.) And in a pregnant sentence, from which it would be an excellent discipline both in politics, morals, and literary composition for a young Gladstonian to evolve its embodied propositions, Mr. Balfour concludes with the expression of his hope that this account of the mishap in question will be accepted even by some of the advocates of Home Rule—"not, I need hardly point out to any one "acquainted with their canons of belief, because of its "inherent probability, but because its acceptance is neces-"sary to exculpate the Government of Mr. Gladstone and "its rejection of no avail to discredit that of Lord "Salisbury."

Miss Helen Taylor, however, is not the only politician of her party who commits the very serious mistake of shooting at the enemy so unskilfully as to hit her own comrades. The *Daily News*, the other day, in its eagerness to attack the Attorney-General for Ireland, startled its readers—or those of them who were foolish enough to believe what party spite apparently enables less foolish writers to retail—with the preposterous story that Lord Chief Justice Morris had charged the first law officer of the Crown in Ireland with "gambling with the lives of men." With the trifling exception that the remark was addressed to the counsel for the prisoner instead of the Crown, and that the former was accused of the somewhat different offence of "gambling for "a verdict," by relying upon an objection on the appeal which they had not raised at the trial, our contemporary's statement may be said to have been substantially accurate. The Lord Chief Justice, however, has been at the pains to correct it through his secretary, and the *Daily News* appends to his published letter of disclaimer the ingenious explanation that "we had in view a quotation which, in "*United Ireland*, was said to be from a shorthand note "taken in Court," and that "we" thought it safe and prudent to assume, on the strength of the arrangement of the quotation marks, that Sir Michael Morris had been guilty of the incredible sally referred to. This is, indeed, touching. We know of people who read even the "words "and figures" of *United Ireland* with considerable caution; but to find anybody who carries trustfulness so far as to pin his faith to its inverted commas is a positive cure for cynicism.

In the meantime, a new occasion for libellous abuse of the administrators of law in Ireland has arisen in the refusal of Mr. Meldon to grant informations against the police-constables charged with the murder of Stephen Heffernan, the man who was shot in the Tipperary riots on the day on which bombs—playfully described by the witnesses for the prosecution as "squibs"—were thrown at the Constabulary, and an attempt was made to blow up Mr. Smith Barry's rent-office with infernal machines. The magistrate, in giving his decision, held that every reasonable effort had been made by the police to disperse the rioters before firing on them; that there was no evidence of malice on their part, and they ought to be protected against criminal proceedings. This disappointment to the hopes of the enemies of law in Ireland, coinciding as it does with news of the total collapse of the Plan of Campaign on the Olphert estate, seems to leave that energetic party in rather a bad way.

THE GENTLEMEN OF FICTION.

IN the Paradise of Fiction, where the really living characters out of novels go before the novels die, the company in the servants' hall must be of the very best. The gentlemen's gentlemen must rally round whatever ambrosia takes the place of biled swarry with turnips in great numbers and admirable spirits. Here shall honest Sancho Panza find no physician coming between him and his meat, and that far better than the dish which the old English translator calls "gripes and grumblings." Here shall that great butler of Sir George Dasent's fancy "have "his meals regular," disturbed, perhaps, by Mr. Wilkie Collins's Betterton and his eternal Robinson Crusoe, and by the peculiarly blunt humours of that Norfolk hind who is buried beside the pillar of eternal fire. There Sganarelle has for ever the better of Don Juan in theological argument, and there Mascarille, Job Trotter, and Mr. Samuel Weller may fight an eternal triangular duel of sharpened wits. It is probable that the great question between Micky Free and Sam Weller for presidency over the gentlemen assembled had to be settled, once for all, in the manner favoured by gentlemen of this degree—that is, with fists. Mr. Free may have winked at Mary; he was ever an amateur of the sex—but the conflict was inevitable. Strife arises from small occasions, but for great results; and, as Sancho was never a fighting man, while Mascarille was probably ignorant even of the *savate*, the war for pre-eminence must have been waged between the cockney and the private in the fighting Fourteenth. Most backers will favour Mr. Weller, who never, it is true, made capture of a French trumpeter in the sight of both armies, but whose knowledge in fisticuffs was extensive and peculiar. In this paradise it may be hoped that the climate is not "too dam cold," but warm enough for Jos Sedley's hookabadhar, and for Secundra Dass, while sufficiently temperate for the Scotch gentlemen, Andrew Fairservice, Richie Moniplies, and Mr. Caleb Balderstone. These, we may presume, keep themselves much to themselves, having been associated in this life with families of the first rank. Indeed, it is not certain that Sir Richie Moniplies condescends to sit below the salt at all. Whether the presence of Mephistopheles (not Faust's, but Mr. Midshipman Easy's) contributes to the general happiness might be doubted, if we were not in the Paradise of Fiction. Benson the vast, out of *Richard Feverel*, will still be troubled by a plague of pages, an invasion of boys, from the Fat Boy downwards, unless for the pages of romance there be a special Elysium, a realm of leap-frog and

jam-tarts, where BAILEY junior will assuredly hold an honoured place. If the Scotch gentlemen make friends at all, it will be with the worthy valets of MM. PORTHOS, ATHOS, and ARAMIS, with BLAISE and his brethren, who are by no means beneath their own quality. The serving-men of SHAKSPEARE—LAUNCE, with his dog, and LAUNCELOT GOBBO, and ROBIN, FALSTAFF'S lad—may share their sack with Mr. WELLER, and partake, not haughtily, of his dog's-nose and half-and-half. It is a delicate question whether the *suivantes* are there, DORINE and her bevy, who might breed strife in a gathering of men so gallant and so amorous. Probably Major PENDENNIS'S Valet MORGAN was blackballed on the proposal of Mr. SMAWKER; he is not fit to associate with such fair good company—more probably he and LITTIMER are in the limbo of fiction. This noble servants' hall is doubtless visited on occasion by JEAMES YELLOWPLUSH in all his glory—nay, he may have chosen to cast in his lot wholly with his earlier comrades. They are not supernumeraries in the world of fiction—they, and the nurse of JULIET and the nurse of ORESTES. But the great days of service are gone, and the novelists of a democratic day add few indeed to this delightful assembly of dear old friends, whose place is assuredly a good place in the Paradise of Fiction.

SQUARETOES AND SQUAREFACE.

IS it quite true that Commerce and Civilization go hand in hand? Always? At a somewhat less enlightened period—for we are always progressing, and fifty years is a long time ago—there was not a doubt of it; but the belief is not allowed to pass unchallenged in these later days. Yet when we look to the Brussels Conference, which is actually sitting at the present moment, we find an answer to the doubting. At the Conference emissaries from most of the great nations of Europe appear, as well as from some of the smaller ones; and what has brought them together? What is their business? No sooner do we ask that question than we perceive that we should rather extend than attenuate our faith in the beneficent agency of Trade. For hitherto belief in the civilizing influences of commercial intercourse has been very much restricted to its effects on distant and barbarous populations. But what do we see here? We see here a most remarkable example of the civilizing, Christianizing influences of commerce on traders themselves. Every nation represented at the Brussels Conference was saturated with civilization and Christianity long before the Conference was thought of. But, excepting the most commercial people (where foreign parts are concerned) on the face of the earth, there was not one who cared "a twopenny d—mn" about the suppression of the slave-trade. Over and over again, every nation of them had been invited to take part in putting down the inhuman traffic in flesh and blood where it appeared that they had some call to do so, or some means and opportunity; yet none responded kindly, spite of the harrowing pictures of cruelty and suffering presented to their view. Even the sympathies of the Portuguese, who have long carried on a considerable traffic in negro lands, remained unawakened; but that may be explained by the circumstance that till the other day there was little or no competition in the dark regions of Africa where their business was mainly carried on. As for the other peoples, they had no such trade at all, or next to none; and therefore, civilized and Christian as they were, their hearts remained untouched.

But now behold a change! As everybody knows, there has been an extraordinary awakening of trade adventure throughout Europe of late; and more particularly, a raging current of commercial enterprise has been directed upon Africa from nearly every European State. It has been like a "rush to the diggings," as recorded in Californian or Australian story, with the difference that Governments and peoples have made the rush instead of individuals; while the parcelling, and the claiming, and the jumping of claims has been carried out upon a corresponding scale of magnitude. Hence great heart-stirrings have arisen; and, to add to the general emotion, a variety of ferocious native tribes have started up near the seaboard, and yet more of them in the interior, with a view to expel the parcellers and traders. At once all the Continental Powers concerned become animated by these rousing complications. Inspired by the enthusiasm of trade, the scales fall from their eyes. The enormity of the slave traffic looms into view from the darkness of their unregenerate, unadventurous days; and with melting hearts they perceive that nothing will go well in Africa—not only the arrangement of their various claims, not only the maintenance of those claims against savage incursion, but even the sacred right of Man to live unpropertied by Man—without a combination to suppress the hideous traffic in slaves! Thus do we see how the yearning for trade may not only civilize barbaric tribes to whom imports are comparatively unknown, but soften and humanize the heart of the already Christianized exporter.

We can but hope that harmony will attend every session of the Brussels Conference, that no extreme warmth of ambition to exceed in well-doing will disturb its efforts to delimit the various boundaries of operation, and that the result will be to deliver Africa from one of its more terrible afflictions. One of them, we say, for it is scourged by others; and of these, about the most odious and abominable will become a hundredfold worse if the Conference does not look out. It is bad enough as it is; but at present its ravages are confined to the immediate neighbourhood of European colonies and trading stations. Compared with the vast areas of territory which are about to be opened up by Germany, France, Italy, Portugal, Belgium, and Great Britain, these stations occupy but a small space, and the paths therefrom are few and narrow. And what we should like to know is, whether the Brussels Conference will be instructed to put down a European traffic as murderous as the slave-trade itself? Or is it that, while the conscience of all Europe has been shocked at last by slave-trade cruelties committed by gangs of heartless Arabs, it is not yet touched by the devastation deliberately perpetrated by Christian dealers in counterfeit strong waters? The liquor trade in many parts of Africa is the chief trade. Dishonest to the root, it is worse than that as deep as we can go. It pretends to be a trade in cordials; nine-tenths of it is, to the knowledge of those who flourish on it, the sale and distribution of poisons. The extent and destructiveness of the traffic have been brought to light over and over again, as by the Duke of WESTMINSTER in the House of Lords this year. Such stuff it is that our good missionaries of civilization retail to the "poor blacks," that on the Cape coasts "superior gin" is sold at twopence-halfpenny per pint bottle; while "splendid rum" is invoiced at ninepence a gallon! A Mr. JAMES IRVING, of Liverpool, declared a little while ago that "two hundred miles of the "West Coast of Africa consume 20,000 tuns of spirits a "year; say, twenty ships of a thousand tuns each"; and, says he, "the amazing thing is that all this traffic is con-"ducted in the main by not over a dozen firms, and many of "them, I believe, sincere Christians." Christians, and not without remorse sometimes, even while they offend. Of such must have been a British merchant in Sierra Leone, who lately said of himself, "I have on the road now thousands "of gallons of rum, and several thousand demijohns "of gin, bound for the Northern River countries, where "I carry on the greater part of my business. The "liquor traffic destroys body and soul together, such "slaves have they become to the white man's rum "and gin. Rum and gin are their incessant demand and "cry. The traffic has so debased them that everywhere "they neglect their own comfort." On the Kru coast may be seen, says Mr. JOSEPH THOMSON, the famous traveller, "a kind of Hades, peopled by brutalized human beings "whose punishment seems to be a never-ending thirst for "drink." And not only does the filthy poison destroy the ignorant wretches to whom it is sold, but the traffic in it excludes wholesome and honourable trade. "From the "moment the traveller leaves Liverpool" for the African coast "he finds himself in an atmosphere of poisonous "spirits. It pervades every corner of the vessel in which "he takes passage. He sees the gin and rum disgorged "from its capacious holds at port after port, and he will "almost look in vain for a bale of Manchester cotton." This, also, is Mr. THOMSON'S testimony. Elsewhere we find that, whereas a certain Glasgow firm used to employ a large number of looms weaving cloth for the African market, now it has not one. "A trader in the Calabar river wrote "recently to his principals to send no more cloth—drink "was the only article in demand." In the Niger regions the natives traffic almost for drink alone; and we read that in one Portuguese opium factory on the Zambesi the workpeople are paid in spirits.

Thus it appears that, even from the merely commercial point of view, and putting aside those feelings of humanity

which are so thoroughly if tardily revolted by the horrors of the slave-trade, it might be well for the august partitioners of Africa to look into this matter a little. It cannot be an advantage for commerce in general that one kind of trader should destroy every other; especially when, at the same time, he poisons down whole populations, who, while they cease, by dying out, to be consumers even of "the white "man's gin," drink themselves out of all industrial energy meantime. And, though it is undeniable that enormous quantities of destructive liquor are sent from England, it is notorious that yet larger quantities of stuff more cheap and deadly still are sold from Germany as well as other Continental countries; and, meanwhile, there at Brussels sit the representatives of these nations, painfully considering how a traffic not one whit more odious or more dreadful in its consequences shall be extinguished. Unless the Portuguese bear some share of the guilt, no European nation is responsible for the African slave-trade. This other traffic was started by some and is continued by all; and it has been truly said that, beginning in fraud, it ends in nothing less than murder in disguise. Can nothing, then, be done to put a stop to it? Or is it intended that, while the Arab slave-dealer shall be driven from his cruel business with one hand, the other shall make neat new paths and undisturbed new markets all over the continent for "sincere Christians" who exterminate by agencies more debasing than slavery itself? If so, if nothing is to be done to destroy that most fraudulent and most murderous traffic (and of course much can be done), how monstrously hypocritical will the Brussels Conference look! It has something of that appearance already; but what then?

STUDENTS AT GLASGOW.

THE life of a Scotch Professor has long been a happy one. What the Commission may do with him is unknown, but the tendency of reformers is not to increase the joys of professors, but rather to dock their incomes and abridge their holidays. Whether the performances of the students at Glasgow added to their felicity is a matter of individual temperament. To hold a strong position in the face of overwhelming numbers no doubt represents a brave man's ideal of bliss. Horatius Cocles on the Bridge, the five who barred the gates of Hougomont, Umslopogaas on the staircase, and Mr. Ramsay at the doors of the hall where the graduates were capped in Glasgow University, no doubt enjoyed themselves extremely. But all professors are not tall men of their hands, and the disappointed candidates for the Greek and English chairs may now console themselves. In the recesses of their studies they need not fear incursions of students armed with sticks and with the hose of fire-engines.

It is not prudent for observers at a distance to give judgment on the wrongs of students and the rights of professors. At Glasgow, it seems, as elsewhere, the ceremony of conferring degrees has been a kind of saturnalia. Even at Oxford it was found necessary to try for some kind of order and decency at Commemoration. Men whom nobody ever saw at other times and seasons, on Cowley Marsh or on the river, used to fill the galleries, and yell their senseless witticisms. At Glasgow it was of old the custom to throw peas, and, we believe, halfpence, and those peas were wont to sting. For this, we presume, or for other reasons, the professors determined to shut the students, or the majority of them, out of the hall on the day of degrees. To assemble outside and howl was exactly what these Peris were certain to do at the gates of Paradise. Professor Ramsay and other professors displayed great vigour and presence of mind. In yon strait pass a thousand might well be stopped by three, and stopped they were. But the students had sticks; with these they belaboured the door till a panel cracked, then they rent it out, smashed the other panels, got hold of the water-hose, with which some thinkers believe that mobs can be quelled, and used the limpid element for their own revolutionary purposes. The gallant professors were very much drenched, and in the evening the students held noisy assemblies. They did not actually make a vacancy by hanging any professor on a lantern, but their conduct was highly unacademic. Their more thoughtful members invited them to constitutional courses, and reminded them that they had a representative Council. Their blood was up; they yelled; the cry was Clubs; and by this time it is to be hoped that they are rather ashamed of themselves. Members of other Scotch Universities who have heard very much about the superior discipline of Glasgow may perhaps smile a worldly smile. We don't drench professors and break in doors at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and St. Andrews, they may say. But it is premature to boast; disorder is contagious, and professors may yet be "swum" in the Witch's Lake, dipped in the heretical well of St. Leonard's, or even burned (in effigy) where pious Mr. George Wishart suffered under the Cardinal's windows.

College riots are things that will happen, especially when there is snow on the ground. An Edinburgh "bicker" once demanded military interference; and in Lever's days there appears to have been a charge of dragoons in Dublin about once a week. But these were town and gown squabbles; it is more melancholy when the gown is divided against itself. Except for an annual explosion or so, the Glasgow students have a good character for order, and it may be trusted that order has long been restored, and that "Warsaw is tranquil." Nobody objects to a little banter and noise on "capping" days; but there is a length to which St. Mungo's students should not go, and perhaps they will recognize that they have gone it.

SCATHOLD.

WITHIN the last few days the Scotch papers have reported and commented on a decision of the Crofters Commission, which is indeed deserving of some attention, if only for the illustration it affords of the consequences which follow on interfering in old-established methods of conducting business. The subject of the decision is the scathold (or, as it is now commonly spelt, scattald) rights of the Shetland Crofters. The meaning of "*scat*, and "*wattee*, and *hawkhen*, and *hagalef*" is doubtless not very familiar at this end of the island—not even to those who know their Scott well enough to quote him at will. And yet scathold, or scattald, is an easy thing to understand. It is simply a right of pasture on the hill-ground—the alp—of a Shetland estate. It is shared by all the Crofters in the township, and enters into their rent. Nothing could well be more simple or easy. As long as there was a central authority and the parties interested were left to settle their claims by the "higgling of the market" it was regulated by use and wont, or by compromise, in the way most things are. Probably, or even certainly, there were disputes. Landlords and Crofters differed as to the number of sheep a given pasture could support. Crofters quarrelled among themselves as to what proportion of the total they were respectively entitled to feed. Still, in the long run, the balance of interests led to the formation of a working compromise; and, in the last resort, the authority of the landlord could be appealed to. A tenant who abused his rights could be evicted, and that prospect acted as a check on him.

The Crofters Act has altered all this. By giving the Crofters fixity of tenure, it has removed the one effectual means of stopping encroachment by the Crofter, either on the rights of the landlord or of his fellow-Crofters. The Commission took the scathold-right into account when it fixed the judicial rent, but it did not specify how far it extended. There is, therefore, nothing, as the law now stands, to prevent the Crofters from sending as many sheep on to the scathold as will exhaust the pasture. The landlord cannot evict them, and the Commission has not inherited his power of eviction. Neither is it only the landlord who is sacrificed; for the removal of the check imposed by the liability to suffer eviction has made it possible for the Crofters to eat one another up. These tenants differ greatly in position from one another. Many of them are sailors or fishermen, who take a croft consisting of a house, a potato patch, and grass for a cow. They either do not want to use the scathold right at all, or keep half a dozen sheep, from whose wool they make their homespun clothes. But some of them are farmers who wish to make the utmost they can out of the land. It is easy to understand that these men are greatly tempted to abuse their right of pasture, to the damage both of the landlord and of their fellow-Crofters. This is what on a general view of human nature might have been considered as probable, and it is what has happened. Therefore, the landlords have appealed to the Commission to define the rights of the Crofters, as they have fixed the rent. This the Commissioners have declined to do, on the ground that, in "fixing the fair rents, due re-"gard was had to the amount of stock which the

"scattald could probably carry," and that a yearly ascertainment of the stock would be beyond their powers. The practical result of this decision is self-evident. The Commissioners, in fact, confess that they can find no means of checking an abuse of their rights on the part of the Crofters. They, indeed, had a regard to what the scattald could bear; but they did not compel the Crofters to show any such regard, and confess that they have no means of compelling them. It would seem, therefore, that they can do no more than stand by while the Crofters starve one another's flocks off the pasture and ruin the landlord's property. There is no check on the Crofters except their own moderation or good sense; and these virtues on the part of thirty-nine may be of no avail if a fortieth is grasping and penny-wise. No doubt a remedy of some kind will be supplied by the nature of things. General loss of the flocks will be the punishment of excessive use of the pasture. But, as even so good a Liberal as the *Scotsman* very pertinently points out, the loss of their flocks and the exhaustion of the pastures will hardly bring about that improvement in the condition of the Crofters which the Commission was established to achieve. A more complete demonstration of the futility of all efforts to better the condition of a people by legislative interference has never been given than this. The Commission has not made the Crofters more prosperous by destroying the power of the landlord, and it has opened the door to a new abuse by which both owner and tenant may and must suffer in the long run. It is obvious that things cannot be left where they are. The old balance has been destroyed and another must be found. The best course of all would be the repeal of the Crofters Act; but, if that is not done, then the Commission must go on to define the rights of that fixity of tenure which they have conferred. In short, legislative interference will breed more legislative interference, and will go on breeding.

A MUZZLED MEETING.

THERE is a good deal more common sense in the world than fanatics would lead us to suppose. One symptom of its prevalence is the dismal collapse of the great dog agitation. We are so much governed in London that the authorities were a long time making up their minds who was to bell the cat, or rather muzzle the dog. The Privy Council said it was the duty of the County Council, and the County Council said it was the duty of the Privy Council. Finally, the Privy Council found a Major, and the Major has, after some not unnatural friction, succeeded in accomplishing his allotted task. The dogs are perfectly comfortable, their owners obey the law, and something at last is being done to remove a terrible plague. Unfortunately, the law is imperfect, and fails to apply that universal compulsion which could alone effect an entire cure. Rabies may still be imported into the capital by rustic dogs who have been unduly neglected, and in this way all the precautions taken in the metropolitan district may be suddenly rendered of no avail. If Sir Henry Roscoe re-introduces his Bill next Session, it will be supported from both sides of the House, and ought to become an Act. Meanwhile partial muzzling has done a great deal of good, and deaths from hydrophobia in London have almost ceased. In these circumstances, the Dog-owners' Protection Association thought it expedient and opportune to call a meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel "for the purpose of discussing "the present regulations with regard to dogs now in force "in London and the neighbourhood, and to consider the "advisability of asking the Minister of Agriculture to re-"ceive a deputation on the subject." What protection the owners of dogs require, and how this Association supplies it to them, does not appear. The muzzle is intended and operates for the protection of the public, including those who possess dogs, and of the dogs themselves. If every one who kept a dog were required to wear a muzzle, there would be a good deal more significance in the title of this Society than there is now. The rational conclusion at which the meeting finally arrived may perhaps prevent the deputation to Mr. Chaplin from keeping its appointment. Otherwise he will have no difficulty in explaining to these false friends of a noble animal that scientific and practical opinion is agreed in holding the muzzle essential to the welfare of the canine race. A dog has more chances of being bitten, and is less able to defend itself from other dogs, than a man. Dogs would clamour for muzzles if they had the same means of knowledge as the members of the Dog-owners' Protection Association.

The amendment ultimately carried was very different from the resolution originally proposed. The amendment, moved by Mr. Victor Horsley, was to the effect "That, "inasmuch as the orders for the muzzling of dogs have been "most successful in stamping out rabies, both at home and "abroad, this meeting hopes the regulations will be con-"tinued in force until the disease is entirely eradicated "from the country." Nothing could be better than this motion, and it is most satisfactory that a chance assemblage in a public room should have unhesitatingly adopted it in preference to the absurd proposition laid down by Mr. Candy. This learned Queen's Counsel objects to muzzling because mad dogs are not muzzled. Does Mr. Candy object to vaccination because it is not performed upon people who are suffering from the small-pox? Or to tonics, because they are not given to patients *in extremis*? Or to surgery, because it is of no use when mortification has set in? The Bishop of Ely, who presided over the meeting, and sympathized with its object, was, nevertheless, compelled to declare the success of the amendment. The Bishop of Ely is an excellent prelate, and made an admirable Prolocutor for the Lower House of Convocation. But he does not seem to know much about dogs, or at least he had not much to say about them. He confined himself to criticizing a circular which described the members of his Association as "anti-vivisectionists," and further said that they were "animated by a hatred of science." Of course the Bishop does not hate science any more than Mr. Candy hates law. But Mr. Candy hates a particular law, and the Bishop will not accept the strictly scientific deduction that, if no dog can bite, hydrophobia must die out. The meeting wisely decided that the prevention of hydrophobia was more important than the so-called protection of dog-owners.

THE MINERS' CONFERENCE.

IT is to be regretted that the political instinct of the Miners' delegates recently assembled at the Newport Conference is not as sound as their practical judgment on their own affairs. They have had the wisdom to resist the pressure which has been put upon them from some quarters to give the word prematurely for a general strike in the collieries at the beginning of the new year; yet they are unable to perceive that the arguments against the legislation which they demand are arguments of a precisely similar nature to those which prevailed with them in the matter of the strike. The reason why counsels of moderation gained the day in that matter was simply because, to put it plainly, the Conference agreed that it was unwise to begin a battle in which victory would be more than doubtful. The colliery proprietors are united in their resolution to resist any further reduction, for the present at all events, in the hours of underground labour, and have so declared themselves at their recent meeting in London. On the other hand, the miners are by no means equally unanimous in the resolve to go out on strike to obtain the minimum. Too many of them have got all they want in this direction already, and their representatives evidently fear that to call upon these contented spirits to come out might have results as negative as Hotspur anticipated for the incantations of Owen Glendower. Mr. Fenwick (Northumberland) stated, at the first day's sitting of the Conference, that "the question only affected the boys in his own "county, as with them no adult worked more than eight hours "a day." The Chairman of the Conference, Mr. Pickard, M.P., said "they had not two per cent. in Yorkshire work-"ing more than eight hours a day, and before his men came "out he would like to have some guarantee of general "support." Again, the attitude of the South Wales miners seems to have been doubtful; and, in short, considering that, as the Chairman put it, they had 200,000 men, either directly or indirectly, opposed to taking trade action in the matter, it would certainly have been imprudent on the part of the Conference to have passed any "fighting "resolution."

It is a pity, however, that they did not content themselves with "hereby agreeing to adjourn the question for "a short time, and to refer it back again to the districts for "further consideration." Instead of stopping here, they went on to resolve that, at the same time, every district and

county shall use every means to press their local member of Parliament to support an Eight Hours Bill. It is, of course, an easy matter enough to do this; but the question for them, as Mr. Burt, in his judicious, but we fear quite ineffectual, speech, pointed out to them, is whether they will really serve their cause by this mode of procedure. "In the mining districts," said Mr. Burt, "they could "compel their Parliamentary representatives to support "the Eight Hours movement; but let them find out how "many seats they would command." He added that he was perfectly sure that they would get what they wanted "much more speedily and effectively" if they depended on themselves and their organizations rather than on the House of Commons. That they will get it much more effectively by organization—in the sense, that is to say, of getting it in the only way which can ensure them against victory proving more disastrous than defeat—it ought to be possible to convince them; but as to Mr. Burt's "more speedily" we do not feel quite so sure. Mr. Burt has probably contented himself with counting the number of Gladstonians whom he knows or believes to be opposed to the Eight Hours legislation. But perhaps the delegates have reflected, for their own part, on the number of Gladstonians, now so called, who four years ago were equally opposed, so far as professions went, to Home Rule; and, taking the "infinite squeezability" of these gentlemen as a truth no less philosophically certain than that of the infinite divisibility of matter, they may plausibly enough have persuaded themselves that squeezing Gladstonians into supporters of legislation they have declared against will be a speedier way of limiting the hours of labour than organizing themselves to obtain what they want by "the higgling "of the market." What is so discouraging in the matter is the apparent hopelessness of convincing them that the possibility of getting it in this latter way is the only security that the advantage they are contending for could not be ruinous alike to the employers and to themselves. The limit of what the labourer can demand—and, of course, we assume that reduction of hours is not to be accompanied by any reduction of wages—is and must be ultimately fixed by what the employer can afford to give; and how can this possibly be ascertained if the State steps in to say, in effect, that he shall give so much, whether he can afford it or not?

THE PLUMBER.

WHEN the enterprising plumber's not a plumbing, he dines in the Fishmongers' Hall. This must be a great satisfaction to those who employ him, and who, after paying a heavy bill, are flooded with dirty water, or drenched with sewer gas. Of course, however, the plumbers who entertained the Lord Mayor and the President of the Local Government Board and the Solicitor-General are plumbers of the best type, who adopt what Lord Grimthorpe calls the autogenous system of soldering, and are otherwise disposed to learn the details of their own business from His Lordship. The Master of the Worshipful Company of Plumbers, in his very interesting speech, drew a most attractive picture of what plumbing may become. The plumber of the future will be a sort of Admirable Crichton, plus a great many accomplishments of which that historic or traditional personage never heard. He will be equally well versed in the scientific basis and in the practical superstructure of his profession. He will have taken high honours in a competitive examination, or he will have little chance of being called in to respectable houses. He will have been subjected almost from his cradle to a severe course of that distressing fad known as technical education. Chemistry and metallurgy will be his lightest amusements. He will take all drainage to be his province. Nor will a sceptical public be left to take any of these virtues and qualifications on trust. They will be attested by a certificate, and to question the infallibility of certificates is to flounder in the region of pure Pyrrhonism. Mr. Bishop, the Chief Plumber of the day, invokes the aid of Parliament to facilitate the task of finishing the plumber. But Mr. Bishop seems to be perfectly capable of finishing the plumber for himself. In Scotland and the North of England the plumber, it seems, is already what he should be; for are not "twenty-six "counties covered by the organization"? and is not organization as wonder-working a word as Mesopotamia itself? This superiority of the frozen North to the freezing South will be extremely gratifying to all Londoners, who have long felt that somewhere must exist the perfect plumber; but not here, as Mrs. Hemans would say—not here. For the metropolitan plumber does sometimes make mistakes—*Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis*—and occasionally he reverses the process in an inconvenient way. He sunders what should be united, and unites what should be kept asunder. In constructing cisterns he provides, with misdirected benevolence, a home for the blackbeetle. But, if it is difficult to live with the plumber, it is impossible to live without him.

Mr. Bishop exclaims, like a late politician, "Register, "register, register." A registered plumber will, he thinks, meet every requirement, or, in familiar language, do the trick. Certainly Mr. Bishop has a good deal to say for his movement. It is "the only instance, on a large scale, in "which the masters and operatives in any trade have com-"bined to advance technical education among their mem-"bers; it is the only instance of a large body of trade-"unionists giving their support to a system of registration "based upon tests of qualification; and it is the only in-"stance of the members of an important craft seeking the "co-operation of the public authorities in rendering their "craftsmen more serviceable to the public." It is not the only instance, by a good many, in which the representative of a flourishing trade has congratulated the country upon the possession of such excellent artists. Mr. Bishop's words of hope and encouragement are not the less welcome because they were the more needed. The public in general are apt to bear with fortitude, and even with levity, the sorrows of members of Parliament. People, they reflect, who do not relish the House of Commons can keep out of it. It is not like the workhouse, or the House of Lords, into which men are driven by circumstances over which they have no control. Therefore, Mr. Ritchie's pathetic lament over "the foul smells with which the atmosphere of "certain parts of the House is redolent" falls somewhat flat upon the ear. But the Court of Appeal is a different pair of sleeves. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that every judge, or even every Lord Justice, is regarded with personal affection by the community. Nor, indeed, is it necessary to go that extreme length. It is sufficient to observe that suitors have real or imaginary grievances, and that they desire to see those grievances redressed. When one division of the Court of Appeal is closed by the operation of a bad air, not only does Lord Justice Cotton suffer in his health, but litigants suffer in their purses, nor are errors and excesses of the Divisional Courts corrected. Mr. Bishop promises to change all that, and we only hope that his beneficent exertions may be also applied to private dwellings, especially those of the poor, who cannot help themselves. One of Mr. Bishop's suggestions is rather alarming. He states that the intervention of the Legislature is necessary "for various financial and other matters." Is the plumber to be paid twice over? Must one first remunerate him as a householder, and then subsidize him as a taxpayer?

THE FISHERY DIFFICULTY.

MR. STAVELEY HILL'S letter in the *Times* of Thursday may serve to remind some of those who would greatly prefer to forget it that the Fishery difficulty in Behring Sea is not settled yet. Mr. Hill reports the state of the question as he saw it in British Columbia. Unfortunately, it is just what it was last year. Now, as then, the Alaska Company is making claims which we do not admit, and which are flagrantly contradictory to the avowed principles of the United States, to monopolize the seal fishery in Behring Sea, and in no small part of the ocean outside it apparently. Now, as then, British vessels are liable to be captured by U.S. Revenue boats; and not only so, but to have their cargoes taken out of them and confiscated, without even the show of judicial proceedings before an Admiralty Court. Russia, too, has been lending a hand. A Columbian schooner has been seized six miles at sea, off Copper Island, taken into "Petropaulovski or "Vladivostok," and there sunk, while her crew has been "shipped to Nagasaki." No effectual protest has been made by Her Majesty's Government against these proceedings. Neither Russia nor the United States has received such a despatch as has just been sent to Portugal. The circumstances alter cases of this kind. There is thus every probability that things will go on as before. We are, therefore, not surprised to hear that there is dis-

content among the sealers of British Columbia and throughout Canada at large, and some complaint that the British cruisers in Esquimalt are more ornamental than useful.

However inconvenient the Canadian view may be to the Foreign and Colonial Offices, it is natural. The claim of the Alaska Company is, indeed, extraordinary. It is a repetition of a Russian claim made a little less than seventy years ago, and then rejected in a tone of indignant remonstrance by Mr. Quincy Adams, who wanted to know "What "are the grounds of right, upon principles generally "recognized by the laws and usages of nations, which can "warrant these claims and regulations?" Circumstances have altered the case here, too. Now Mr. Blaine approves claims and regulations made by an American Company for its own benefit which were indignantly remonstrated against by Mr. Quincy Adams when they were made by Russians. Mr. Blaine enforces them by the loan of U.S. Revenue boats to the Company, and England does not talk in the style of Mr. Quincy Adams. This being so, what is to be done? Mr. Staveley Hill, fresh from British Columbia, rather inclines to the opinion that something energetic ought to be done. The *Times* is astonished at such martial language from a legal gentleman, and is inclined to think that there is no such need. It relies, with polite confidence, on the influence of public opinion in America. The claim of the Alaska Company is, it feels, so monstrous, and has obtained such a very small measure of approval in America, that it cannot be maintained. Besides, if the matter were brought before the Supreme Court, or even an American Court of Admiralty, good and prompt justice would soon be done. We confess we cannot quite share the confidence of the "leading journal," and for various reasons. If public opinion in the States is hostile to the claim of the Alaska Company, and is likely to influence Mr. Blaine, it would have done so long ago. We do not think it will so influence him, and the ground for our belief is this—that, while very little or nothing is to be gained for any party in the States by disavowing the Alaska Company, a great deal is to be gained by treating British subjects with injustice, and the British Government with insolence. The Irish vote is to be gained, and that will have more influence on Mr. Blaine—who knows its value, and is a very typical American of the kind which holds that rudeness to England is the noblest form of assertion of the national dignity—than any mere mugwump notions of justice and international dignity. As for what the Supreme Court might say, we have no doubt it would be admirable if the question is ever brought before it. But how is that to be done? American Admiralty Courts may be models of fair play; but, as a matter of fact, the only American Admiralty judge who has been appealed to hitherto, the gentleman at Sitka, has said ditto to the Alaska Company very briskly. He has even gone the length of treating a telegraphic order from Washington with contempt. With these facts before us, we doubt whether much good will come within any reasonable time from waiting for the justice of America to set things right. More good would come of the stringent measures hinted at by that martial Q.C., Mr. Staveley Hill. Besides, we confess that platitude of this kind, which is exceedingly common in the mouths of judicious politicians and judicious newspapers, does a little raise our gorge. It would be so much more honest to tell the British Columbians at once that Russia and the United States are far too strong to be talked to as if they were Portugal; that an outlying British colony must not expect the British Empire to risk a quarrel with awkward customers for its sake as readily as it will snub a poor little fifth-rate European Power. To be sure, honesty of this kind would not sound magnanimous, and might raise an ugly feeling in British Columbia and the Dominion at large. The worst of it is, however, that the colonists are perfectly capable of seeing the truth, whether we put it into words for them or not—which again leads up to the reflection that it is a sad thing to have the responsibility of empire and not to have the courage to bear its burden.

SCHOOL BOARD BUILDING.

A NEWSPAPER controversy is not the most satisfactory way of getting at truth. In particular, it is a very bad way when it is attempted in a newspaper which makes a business of encouraging sensational correspondences on any subject that incontinent amateurs can be induced to write about. Gush divided into sections by flaming headings is not what sensible people will look to for evidence. One entertains a certain distrust of the measure and accuracy of the language used, to say nothing more. For that reason, if for no other, it is as well to wait a little before accepting all as good that is upcome in the *Daily Telegraph* on the subject of the School Board Scandals. For the rest, as Messrs. Wall Brothers have pointed out, the alleged worst case of all is to come before a judge and jury. When it does, we may possibly get at the truth, or at least may discover in the conflict of scientific witnesses, of whom there will assuredly be no lack, that the truth is not easy to get at. In the meantime, some part of it has leaked out, no doubt, in the *Daily Telegraph*. Whether they prove all Mr. Lobb thinks they do we are not prepared to assert; but his cases do prove something. He quotes too many examples of bad drains and bad building to leave any doubt that many of the imposing masses of bricks and mortar raised for the School Board at the expense of the ratepayers are monuments of the bad calculation of modern architects and the sins of modern contractors.

Morals of various kinds will be, and have been, drawn from this revelation—which, by the way, has not taken away the breath of a good few observers, by coming upon them as any kind of surprise. One of the morals which we note with pleasure as a proof of the honesty and thoroughness of a part of the press is, that here we see the handiwork of the Tory obscurantist. He—wretch that he is!—built the schools badly; first, because he hates the people and rejoices to poison their young families with sewer gas; and, secondly, because he hates education, and would like to see the palaces in which it is dispensed fall on the heads of schoolmistress and pupils in utter ruin. To be sure, Tory obscurantists were not in a majority on the Board when those buildings were set up; but that does not matter. If the Tory did not do these things, he ought to have done them, and ought in any case to be accused of having done them. For our part, we are inclined to find a cause for these "scandals" which has no immediate connexion with politics. The fact that the schools were built all at once, and in a great hurry, is, in our opinion, enough to account for a great deal of blundering. There is no business of which it is truer than it is of building, that the slow fire makes the sweet malt. Hasty building on a large scale is almost always bad building. When, in addition, the work is done by contract, the risk of badness is greatly increased. Contract work is very particularly apt to be work done at a rush, and though the materials be ever so good, they are not used with that infinite care in the details which is required to make a really solid building. The contract system has a delusive appearance of cheapness about it; but as it is worked it commonly makes it the interest of the con'ractor to do as little as he can, and therefore it is dear in the long run. Now, without committing actual fraud, a builder can so build that his work stands inspection, but will not stand wear and tear, wind and weather. We shall be somewhat surprised if, on inquiry, it does not prove that this is what has happened with School Board schools. The evil might have been avoided by constant vigilant inspection; but, unfortunately, no body of persons could well be less competent to inspect than the School Board—and that whether the majority is Tory or Radical, or belongs to any other party. Inspection, to be efficient, presupposes both time and knowledge. The members of the School Board have neither one nor the other to give. As they are certain to share the miserable "democratic" unwillingness of the day to pay competent persons to devote their time to them, their inspection is badly done. Naturally, under these circumstances, the contractor is allowed to make frequent use of that most immoral phrase "This will do." Then small oversights, small miscalculations, small dishonesties, creep in. They may not show when the building is passed by an inspector, who very likely looks over them as hastily as they were committed; but they show to some purpose after a few years' use. This has certainly been the history of many acres of building erected for others than the School Board, and we are quite prepared to believe that it has been the history of their work likewise. It is the very natural result of the system of allowing incompetent persons to have the direction of practical work simply because they are elected for some very different purpose. They wish to do things on the cheap, and, there-

fore, employ a contractor whose interest it is to do as little as may be for his money. Then they employ somebody of no mark who can also be got cheap to look after the contractor. When this turns out to be a very costly way, indeed, of getting your work done there is a loud outcry—which again proves that there is a very dim comprehension in the public mind of the conditions on which alone good work can be done.

THE RESPITE OF LAURIE.

IT was announced last Thursday evening that the Provost of Greenock had received an official communication that morning that LAURIE, the man recently convicted of the murder of the English tourist, Mr. ROSE, had been respited. The convict, it was further stated, "was made very cheerful "by the receipt of the news," although when the intelligence was communicated to him he manifested no particular emotion, but confined himself to merely saying "Thank you." Before the public, however, can either share his cheerfulness or re-echo his thanks, it will be necessary to know a little more than we do at present as to the causes of his reprieve. The first impression, in some minds, may possibly have been that the advisers of the Crown felt uncertain as to the correctness of the verdict on the facts of the case, and thought it just possible that the prisoner's account of the manner in which Mr. ROSE met his death may have been true. Nor is it even now quite certain that this is not one of the assumptions on which the respite has been based. Seeing, however, that it was LAURIE'S own behaviour subsequently to ROSE'S death which threw discredit on his explanation of that event, it will probably have been concluded by most people, on a little reflection, that the acceptance of some theory of his mental unsoundness must have been a condition precedent to the step which Lord LOTHIAN has taken. And that conclusion was confirmed by the promptly following report that the reprieve had been granted by the SECRETARY for SCOTLAND on the strength of the report of medical experts that the prisoner was of unsound mind.

We presume, however, that the public wish to be let a little more into official confidence. It may be a purely speculative curiosity, but we should certainly like to know what is the exact view taken at the Scotch Office as to the death of Mr. ROSE, and in what precise way LAURIE'S insanity, assuming him to be insane, has operated to bring about his reprieve. Has it, that is to say, been treated as exculpatory or merely as explanatory? Is it the official theory that he killed Mr. ROSE, but that, being of unsound mind, he is not criminally responsible? Or does that theory start with the assumption that Mr. ROSE'S death was, as LAURIE protested in his defence, accidental, and that the latter's insanity only comes in to explain his flight and concealment after the accident took place? Our curiosity on this point may, as we have said, be rebuked as purely speculative; but we are not disposed at present to submit without protest to that reproof. On the contrary, it seems to us to be very material to know which of these two alternative reasons for reprieving the prisoner has in fact been adopted. It is notable that the difficulty which the ordinary mind would experience in assenting to the former theory is more considerable than it would prove in the case of the latter. But, for our own part, we must admit that we have seen nothing in the case from first to last to raise any presumption of LAURIE'S insanity, and that we trust the public will be informed, not only of the grounds on which certain medical experts unnamed have discovered a defence for him which was not, as far as we remember, so much as suggested on his behalf at the trial, but of the complete theory of his connexion with the death of Mr. ROSE, as that theory has definitely taken shape in the mind of the SECRETARY for SCOTLAND.

MR. STANLEY'S DISCOVERIES.

THE geographical and ethnological results of Mr. Stanley's expedition are as yet very imperfectly known, and can hardly be comprehended fully until his extended narrative, with such maps as he may be able to give, are in the hands of readers. What he has learnt appears to concern mainly two different lines of country—the riverine territory of the Aruwhimi or Ihuru, and the route from the Albert Nyanza, between the other two great lakes, the Victoria and that which used to be known by the name of Muta N'zige, but has now acquired rank in the family as Albert Edward (Edward by itself would have been better and more distinctive) southeastwards. This lake, by the way, though it seems to be of great importance, Mr. Stanley now thinks to be less in extent than the Muta N'zige was held to be. In regard to the first district Mr. Stanley's thrice-repeated journeys have not furnished him with very much information, owing to the nature of the country and the character of its inhabitants. His picture of the dark belt may have something of "newspaperese" about it; but the plain facts are sufficiently uninviting. The country would appear to be for the most part swampy forest, full of unwholesome and poisonous things, and curiously unprovided (though it is fair to remember that the large scale on which African exploration is carried on makes rather excessive demands on the resources of any such country) with game or edible products of any kind. As for the inhabitants, we must, of course, again make considerable allowances. The savage who does not like great caravans of armed strangers invading his territory and eating up (even if they do it in a friendly way and by fair barter) his not too abundant supplies, who perhaps confuses them with the raiding Arabs and Manyuema, may be *très méchant*, but he is not exactly unnatural. But Mr. Stanley, though he may have blackened his friends from Yambuya to Kavalli's, can hardly have done more than deepen their natural colour. The Arab raiders of Ugarrowa's type are probably, as a class, as great scoundrels as any that the world has seen since the palmy days of buccaneering. Cannibals (though cannibalism is itself a pretty clear sign of the insufficient supply of other food) are not agreeable people either, nor are "crafty little dwarfs," though we own that we should dearly like to hear the Wambutti or Mombuttoo account of the "violent large giants." It would seem very improbable that much will for a long time be done with these quarters. The in some way corresponding districts of South America, on the Amazon, the Madeira, and the Rio Negro, have been known for hundreds of years, are far more accessible from the outer world, are much better provided with food, and are inhabited by comparatively unwarlike tribes where they are inhabited at all; yet great part of the Brazilian provinces of Matto Grosso and Amazonas are in reality *terra incognita*. And so, no doubt, will Ihuria, or whatever it pleases geographers to name the scene of Mr. Stanley's adventures and sufferings, long be.

The latter part of his route, of which we have at present still fewer details, is much more interesting and much more promising. Lakes, rivers of the character of the Semliki, and mountains—those Mountains of the Moon, as frequently slain and as constantly resurgent as John Barleycorn himself—are much better features than swamps and forests. The Muta N'zige or Edward Nyanza must be not only an interesting feature in itself, but offers a highway to the large, and at present almost absolutely unknown, district between its western bank and the Upper Congo above Stanley Falls. The mountain region to the east of it ought to provide a sanatorium for Equatorial Africa, and may supply new sources of wealth. In regard to another statement of Mr. Stanley's as to the approximation of the Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika, it is not quite so clear in what way we are to understand it. It may mean that the Nyanza itself, though it was understood to have been explored all round, has bays yet undiscovered, and the half-conjectural location in the present maps of bodies of water—Akanyaru, and so forth—might explain it in that way. Perhaps, on the other hand, it means that the ordinary map interval is not true to the actual ground. However this may be, it is clear that the region west and south-west of the Victoria Nyanza is not the least promising of African regions. The "cold winds from the mountains" are an inseparable incident of tropical countries where mountains exist, and they seem to constitute the chief, if not the only, climatic or geographic drawback, unless the presence of salt lakes (in itself, the salt being eatable, a great advantage) indicates desert land somewhere about. Nor would the natives, from Mr. Stanley's account, warlike as they are sometimes, appear to be either as savage or of as degraded a type as those further west and north. The British East African Company ought to strain every nerve to get this tract of country under its influence, both in order to tap the local resources and in order to create the markets now so much required for English trade. Perhaps the best preliminary means of doing this would be the restoration of some sort of order in Uganda, short of which neither the navigation of the lake nor travelling along its shores can be safe or profitable. This once done, the opening up of the Edward Nyanza country and the recovery of the head-waters of the Nile from the Mahdists and other savages, might proceed hand in hand, and would be at once a crown and a justification of English interference in Egypt.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO.—LEMURS.

NEARLY one-half of the wall-cages in the Monkey House are occupied by lemurs, which attract much less attention from ordinary visitors than do their neighbours and distant relations, the monkeys, the result, no doubt, of their less human appearance and quieter habits. Nevertheless, they are extremely interesting animals, whether from the point of view of the naturalist, or simply of the unscientific lover of pets.

Scientifically the Lemuroids are placed next in order to the monkeys and form the second sub-order of the Primates, and to

quote from the very excellent guide to the Mammalia in the British Museum :—"This sub-order consists of a number of very remarkable animals of a far lower type than the monkeys; they are for the most part natives of Madagascar, although a few aberrant members of the group are found in Africa and Southern Asia. They are invariably arboreal in their habits, with generally long, bushy, and non-prehensile tails, opposable thumbs and great toes, large eyes, and long dog-like faces." They are divided into three families—the Lemuridæ, Tarsiidæ, and Cheiromyidæ, each of the two latter containing only a single species, while the first is subdivided into four groups, which contain all the remaining species known. The first and last of these families are at the present time represented at the Zoo; the first by specimens of ten or eleven species, and the last by its solitary species, the Aye-aye. The best known of the Lemuridæ are the true Lemurs, all of them inhabitants of Madagascar, of which something like twenty specimens, representing six or seven species, are now in the Gardens. It was to them that Linnæus gave the name Lemurs—lemures, ghosts, from their habits being more or less nocturnal—though it is now popularly extended to all the family. By most of the authors of the last century, to whom several species were known, they were called Macacos, or Makis, though we find many variations in the spelling—for example, Maucauco, Mocawk, and Mococo, and these by no means exhaust the list. Dr. Brookes, in his *Natural History of Quadrupedes*, describes seven species, while Pennant enumerates eleven; but the ringtailed lemur was *the* Macaco, or Maki, *par excellence*, of all the authors of this time, being then, as now, generally the best known of the family. Unfortunately this extremely handsome and gentle lemur is excessively delicate and difficult to keep in confinement, seldom living for any length of time, and is not at present represented at the Zoo. It is the animal which is more particularly known to sailors and dealers as the "Madagascar cat." Among the species that are represented the ruffed lemur is certainly the handsomest, as it is also the largest; indeed, it is a very handsome and striking animal, with a long, thick, black-and-white coat, and a grand bushy black tail; but it is neither so lively nor so amiable as some of its smaller relations. The black lemur is perhaps the plainest of the family—no lemur can be called ugly; this species is noticeable for having the sexes so dissimilar in appearance that until quite recently they were considered to be specifically distinct, as the male is perfectly jet black from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, while his mate is of a dingy yellowish-red, with white whiskers. Animals of this species appear to be comparatively hardy in confinement, and several of them have lived for a considerable period in the Monkey House. So well, indeed, do they thrive that one female has brought forth no less than seven young ones since its arrival at the Gardens in the year 1882, the last of these, a male, having been born on June 10 last. And here we may mention the curious manner in which the young are carried. When first born, the helpless little creature, which is almost naked, clings to its mother's waist, attaching itself firmly by grasping her fur with all its hands, and twisting its tail tightly round her in such a position that when she sits up it is hidden by her legs, and so firmly is it fixed that it rides safely through all her leaps and bounds. As time goes on and it becomes stronger it changes its position from time to time, often riding on its mother's back, and eventually, but gradually and by slow degrees, it learns to walk alone. Besides the ruffed and black lemurs, there are now living in the Gardens specimens of the five following species—the black-headed, the white-fronted, the red-fronted, the flocked, and the mongoose lemurs—all of which are dull-coloured in comparison with those we have already mentioned. In addition to the true lemurs there are in the collection specimens of the genera Hapalemur, Cheirogaleus, and Microcebus, but of these one alone, the little grey lemur (*Hapalemur griseus*), is shown in a wall-cage, the others being kept in the keeper's room. This little animal, however, is one of the most interesting of the lemurs, not only for its rarity—it is but the second that has been in the possession of the Society, its predecessor having been acquired in 1883—but also for its quaint beauty and wonderfully gentle winning ways, which obtain for it a good deal of attention. Both Cheirogaleus and Microcebus are strictly nocturnal, and, therefore, of very little interest to the general public; but this remark, perhaps, hardly applies to the brown mouse lemur (*Cheirogaleus milii*), which the keeper regards with great pride and is fond of showing to visitors. This beautiful little animal, which is in appearance much like an enormous dormouse with very large and prominent eyes, has lived in its present quarters since the year 1878, and is still fat and well-liking. "Billy," as it is called, is perfectly tame; but from its strictly nocturnal habits is by no means lively in the daytime, though it never seems to resent being taken out of its snug nest of hay for purposes of exhibition; but, in the evening, after the Gardens are closed, it wakes up, and takes both food and exercise. Like the dormouse, this species hybernates during the cold season.

To lovers of pets, lemurs must always be of interest, as no other animals combine so many attractive qualities; in fact, in our opinion, the only drawback they possess is their excessive delicacy, which renders them extremely difficult to keep in a house; so difficult, indeed, are most of the species, and notably the most beautiful of all, the ring-tailed lemur, that even at the Zoo, where they live in an even temperature and carefully guarded from their greatest enemy, draught, they are by no means long lived. Were it not for this most unfortunate drawback they would, no doubt, be far more often kept than they are. They have all the amusing ways of the smaller monkeys without their treachery and cunning, and, though they can bite shrewdly on occasion, they are, especially if they have been captured young, usually gentle in their manners and capable of great affection; in fact, to quote an old author, they are "very sociable, gentle, harmless creatures." Their activity is most extraordinary, and they delight in taking long flying leaps, pitching with the utmost lightness, and never by any chance missing their hold; in this way they will, for example, leap on to the top of an open door, and from that on to a distant chair. When in good health they are extremely playful, at which times, as Dr. Brookes said, they "use a sort of galloping with their tails raised over their backs," pouncing about with extended arms in a peculiarly ludicrous manner. They form affections for, and are fond of playing with, not only human beings, but also other animals; for example, one which the writer had in his possession for some time was on most affectionate terms with a wire-haired fox terrier and a cat, both of which animals reciprocated its affection, and were never more happy than when playing with it or lying together curled up with it in a basket before the fire, where it would, with the greatest care, wash the dog's coat, at the same time combing out any knots in the hair with its teeth; a performance which seemed to afford the greatest possible gratification to both animals. This habit of licking and cleaning is one of the lemurs' peculiarities, as not only do they keep themselves scrupulously clean and attend to the coats of other animals with which they may be friendly, but they also show the greatest interest in the cleanliness of their human companions; as, for example, if a finger stained with ink be presented to them, they will lick it and scrape it with their teeth in a most persistent manner till the stain is removed. They are most chilly animals, and nothing delights them more than a good fire, before which they will sit by the hour together with their hands spread out to the blaze enjoying the warmth, in which position, notwithstanding their fox-like faces, they are quaintly human in appearance. On a hot summer day they will sit in the sun, spreading out their arms and hands to receive the heat in the same way. They are also very fond of being nursed. These animals make several different sounds, which to those who understand their ways are very expressive. When pleased and comfortable they purr loudly, much like a cat. They make a chattering noise when displeased or when wanting anything, and they also have a loud call-note—a rather shrill long-drawn-out coo-o-o—and, lastly, they grunt in a peculiar manner, which cannot easily be described, but which is by no means the least expressive of the sounds they make. They should be fed principally on fruit, vegetables, and sopped bread; but they have most omnivorous tastes, and, if allowed to be at liberty in the room during meal-times, will endeavour to help themselves to anything that may be on the table, and express the greatest disgust if they are prevented. The one we have mentioned was particularly fond of fish and butter; the latter especially it found perfectly irresistible. It was also very fond of tea, though it was by no means a total abstainer on principle, as it never missed a chance, if it saw one, of helping itself to either beer, wine, or spirits, though it was perfectly conscious that this was against rules and would meet with prompt punishment. This little beast, which was certainly among the most charming of its race, eventually, like most of its fellows in this country, fell a victim to the cold. All lemurs are particularly fond of anything sweet, and there is no quicker way to their affections than giving them pieces of sugar, or raisins, or—perhaps their greatest treat—lumps of "Turkish delight"; but they do not, contrary to the ideas of many visitors to the Zoo, care for nuts.

THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIME.

AN experiment is being tried at the Liverpool Court of Quarter Sessions which deserves attention. The Recorder, Mr. Hopwood, Q.C., holds and expresses in public a very strong opinion that the sentences usually given in criminal courts are much too severe. In his address to the Grand Jury at the last Quarter Sessions, he is reported in the *Liverpool Daily Post* of the 24th of October to have said:—"I am bound to affirm my deliberate opinion that two-thirds of the imprisonment inflicted throughout the country, whether on indictment or on summary conviction, might be abated without in the least detracting from the security of property or the safety of person." This is a very grave statement; for, if Mr. Hopwood is right, the judges of the superior courts, the Chairman of Quarter Sessions, his brother Recorders, and the magistracy generally are all wrong. In cases in which a sentence of three months' imprisonment is usually given, one only would be consistent with justice, or where a sentence of twelve months is given four would be sufficient. Mr. Hopwood confessedly acts on the principles he enunciates, with results which he thinks are beneficent, not only to criminals, but also to the public. Other authorities, including the magistrates and the heads of the police, it is believed (and not without warrant), hold them to be mischievous.

In commenting on spoken words it is, we admit, the fairest thing to set out the whole speech, for detached sentences may be,

and often are, much modified by the context; but, as this is impossible in an article like the present, we will endeavour to extract from the address above mentioned certain principles which we conceive there can be no doubt that Mr. Hopwood laid down. They are as follows:—

1. That sentences are generally too severe.
2. That a criminal should only be punished for the crime immediately under the consideration of the Court, no matter how many previous crimes he may have committed and been tried for.
3. That severity of punishment has been tried and has been found to be not efficacious.
4. That diminished severity in Liverpool has diminished crime.
5. That in sentences the temptation to which the prisoner has been subjected should be taken into consideration.

With regard to the first proposition—namely, that sentences are generally too severe, Mr. Hopwood may be right, although authority, as we have suggested, is against him. It is true that there has been a general tendency for many years towards leniency in punishments. If Mr. Hopwood can make out that a sentence of one month is sufficiently deterrent, a sentence of three months would be cruel. Upon this point we insist most strongly, that the end and object of punishment is to deter, and that reformation, however desirable it may be, is only an incident. The object is, first, to deter the offender from offending himself; and, secondly, to deter others from offending. If this can be done by sentences which are loosely called "lenient," as well as by sentences described as "severe," Mr. Hopwood has proved his case. But whether or not he has proved it is what we propose to consider.

With regard to the second proposition, that only the crime for which the offender is being tried should be considered in the sentence, if the object of punishment is to deter, and it is found that the punishments previously inflicted do not deter, it seems logical to increase the punishment in the hopes of its becoming deterrent. Abstention from crime is practised habitually by the majority of mankind. If a man who has made thieving a profession were absolutely certain to receive fifty lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails immediately after a theft, he would abstain. The inconvenience on one side would outbalance the desire on the other, "the malady of not wanting"; but if this is true, and it is found by experience that previous punishments have not afforded sufficient inducement to abstain, it is surely not unreasonable to try to increase the punishment up to abstention point.

The third and fourth propositions, viz. that severity of punishment has been tried, and has been found inefficacious, and that diminished severity in Liverpool has diminished crime, may be taken together. In the first place, has severity of punishment been found inefficacious? This question is quite apart from that of the cruelty of unnecessarily severe punishments. But has it been shown by experience that severe punishments have not been efficacious to deter? The familiar instance given is the sentence of death for sheep-stealing, which was the sentence provided by law for that offence within living memory. As long as the death sentence was the penalty, sheep-stealing went on in the Western counties; after the death sentence ceased to be the penalty, the crime died out. But the fact was that the death sentence for such an offence so shocked the public conscience that juries would not convict, and the offenders had a fair prospect of getting off scot free. When juries had no longer any hesitation in convicting, and a long term of imprisonment or penal servitude was almost certain to follow, sheep-stealing became not good enough This, we believe, to be the true explanation; uncertainty in punishment is a fruitful source of crime, and whether Mr. Hopwood's so-called system or the general practice of other criminal tribunals is right, it is little less than a scandal that on one side of the invisible line which separates the city of Liverpool from the county of Lancashire a man should be liable to three months' imprisonment for an offence for which he would get only one month on the other. As to the diminution of crime in the city of Liverpool, figures are very deceptive. It is possible, and indeed probable, that magistrates who do not approve of Mr. Hopwood's principles do not commit prisoners to the Sessions if they can help it, they either send them elsewhere or deal with them themselves; and the Report of the Chief Constable of Liverpool just issued is sadly against Mr. Hopwood's theory of a diminution of crime, for he says that, not only has there been a considerable increase in the number of robberies in the last year, but the number of habitual thieves has latterly largely increased. Indeed, the danger is that Liverpool, with all its wealth, may become a happy hunting-ground for thieves, which is a little hard on the population and also upon the police. Figures, as representing the number of persons sent for trial at the Sessions, are more than usually deceptive, as far as any deduction from them can be made as to the state of crime; but the figures represent offenders in the aggregate. If, as Mr. Hopwood suggests, his lenient sentences have diminished crime, this must have taken place by a process of reasoning by individuals. A professional thief (we will say) practising in the city must have reasoned in this way:—"I feel very much tempted to commit this theft; but the Recorder's sentences are so lenient that I will not do it." We can fancy such a man stepping across the city boundary with a sense of freedom. "Here I am in the county, the county magistrates give penal servitude; Mr. Hopwood has never given it, although he has had 2,000 cases of crime before him; moreover, the magistrates give long sentences of imprisonment; therefore, I will commit a robbery at once." Does any one seriously believe that severe punishments, whatever may be the other objections to them, are less deterrent than lenient ones? When Mr. Hopwood says, as he is reported to have said in the charge above referred to, that "the question of punishment has been too long treated as one of system on paper supported by theoretical anticipations [this, we suppose, is a misprint] without sufficient regard to flesh and blood, the weakness of human nature, and the overmastering temptation to which it is subject," he is treading, in our opinion, on very dangerous ground indeed. We ought to feel, it would appear, for a poor fellow who is tempted by the sight of a splendid piece of plate or jewelry, or, if he be horsily inclined, a very fine horse, and modify our sentences according to his temptation. If this theory were carried out to its legitimate conclusions, stealing the Koh-i-noor diamond would hardly be deserving of any punishment at all—we doubt whether logically it might not be made into a meritorious transaction. Is it possible to conceive a scale of punishments which shall take into consideration flesh and blood, the weakness of human nature, and temptation? After all, who is to judge of a man's temptation? One man's temperament may make him much more liable to temptation than another's. Prisons and penal servitude were invented to assist men in making up their minds whether they should commit crimes or not, that they do give men very valuable assistance in that way is certain. We do not in the least believe in the efficacy of mild punishments as a deterrent, although, for aught we know, the general scale of punishments is too high; but that remains to be proved.

THE CLOSE OF THE RACING SEASON.

THE racing season has now come to an end, and we propose to take a short survey of the principal meetings since the last of those at Newmarket. At Liverpool Mr. J. Hammond's Garter beat ten other two-year-olds for the Knowsley Nursery, although giving every one of them weight. Roseus ran him to a head at 29 lbs., and Spring Cup ran him to half a length at 26 lbs.; but he had had to wait a long time before he got an opening, and at the distance, where he obtained a clear course for the first time, he was so far behind the leading horses that his victory seemed impossible; so, although hard fought, it was in reality rather a brilliant one. He had lately been estimated within 13 lbs. of Surefoot, and he is generally considered a level, lengthy colt, and especially well shaped behind the saddle; moreover, with three crosses of Touchstone, Birdcatcher, and Melbourne, and two of Gladiator, there is nothing wanting in respect to his breeding. It was a great compliment to Captain L. Heywood Jones's Theophilus to lay 5 to 1 on him when meeting Sir R. Jardine's Lord Lorne, the winner of the Ascot Stakes, the Ascot New Biennial, and the Drawing-Room Stakes at Goodwood, for the Bickerstaffe Stakes, even making allowance for his third in the Cambridgeshire; yet these long odds were amply justified, as he won easily by a couple of lengths. Possibly Lord Lorne was somewhat out of form; for two days later, with odds laid upon him, he was beaten by three and a half lengths, for the Liverpool St. Leger, by Mr. Abington's Freemason, whom he had himself beaten by a very similar distance when giving him almost as much weight at Ascot. Mr. Abington's handsome, and very speedy, four-year-old colt, Juggler, won the Liverpool Stewards' Cup easily under the heaviest weight in the race. He won the same stake a year ago; and all his three victories of the last two years—he has only run half a dozen times in the course of them—have been gained at Aintree.

The Liverpool Cup had excited a good deal of interest immediately after the Cambridgeshire, because the second and third in that race—Claribelle and Theophilus, who had been separated by a head—were handicapped for it with only 1lb. less between them. As the handicap had been made before the Cambridgeshire was run, it reflected very great credit upon its compilers, Messrs. Topham and Mainwaring. Before the race, however, Captain L. Heywood Jones decided to run his four-year-old, Theosophist, instead of Theophilus. Strange to say, Claribelle now only finished fifth to Philomel, who had run twelfth in the Cambridgeshire, while Rêve d'Or, who had run eleventh for the same race, now ran second. It is true that Claribelle was receiving 4 lbs. less from Philomel, and 6 lbs. less from Rêve d'Or, than in the Cambridgeshire, but this alone was not nearly enough to account for the reversal of form. The true cause of it may have been that Claribelle failed to stay the quarter of a mile by which the Liverpool Cup course exceeds that of the Cambridgeshire in length. Theosophist ran third, and his victory on the following day in the Great Lancashire Handicap made the Liverpool Cup form of Philomel and Rêve d'Or appear still better and still more surprising when considered in relation to their Cambridgeshire running. The Liverpool Cup was the first race of importance won by Colonel North, who has spent very large sums in the purchase of racing stock. His lengthy, short-legged, and wide-hipped mare, Philomel, if not exactly very graceful, is of an excellent stamp, and she is a direct descendant of Melbourne, while her dam was by the good little Lecturer, who landed a

very large stake for the late Lord Hastings at a time when it was sorely needed.

At Derby, a field of twenty-three came out for the Chesterfield Nursery Handicap, which Major Egerton had made with such skill that bookmakers laid as much as 10 to 1 against the two first favourites, while thirteen horses were backed at 100 to 6, or less; yet he had allowed himself a margin of less than 2 st., and at the finish the three placed horses were all carrying within a very few pounds of the middle weight. He showed quite as much knowledge of his subject as did his critics in the betting-ring; for, although the latter were right in making Killowen the favourite, he only won by a head from Devilfish, who started at 25 to 1, while Ambassador, against whom 20 to 1 had been laid, was third, half a length off. A head behind him followed Ratton, with Roseus close to him; so it was a beautiful race, as well as a magnificent piece of handicapping, the first five horses finishing in a cluster. Killowen had been handicapped as 16 lbs. inferior to Garter before the Houghton Meeting, and as his running now with Devilfish and Ambassador, who ran second and third, pretty nearly bore out the estimate then formed of their merits in relation to himself, it is probable that Garter may still be about a stone in front of him. Like Philomel, he is a grandson of Solon, and consequently he also represents Melbourne blood, as also do both Theophilus and Theosophist, whom we have already had occasion to mention. Killowen has double-crosses of Melbourne, Emilius, and Bay Middleton in his pedigree. On the second day at Derby, Mr. Houldsworth's Ponza, who had finished in the rear-rank for the race just noticed, gave weight to all her opponents for the Doveridge Stakes of 750*l.*, and won by a length. A most unusual thing happened earlier on the same afternoon. Owing to the dense fog, the jockey who was making the running for the Foston Selling Plate got off the course, and sent his horse with a crash into some black boards, while some of the other jockeys found themselves in a lane. Two horses that had persevered fought out a pretty finish; but the stewards declared the race void, on the ground that not one of the nine starters had run the right course. Half an hour afterwards it had cleared sufficiently to allow a field of fifteen to run off the Chatsworth Handicap of 500*l.*, which was won by a 16 to 1 outsider, in Captain L. Heywood Jones's Coolshannagh, a filly by that very moderate Derby winner Sir Bevys. This, again, was an excellent handicap, the first four finishing within a length of each other, not one of them having started at less than 12 to 1. On the last day at Derby it was thought that Claribelle would make amends in the Chaddesden High Weight Handicap for her defeat for the Liverpool Cup, and she was again made first favourite, although she had to face an opposition of seventeen; but she only ran ninth, and the race was won by Mr. C. Hibbert's Parga, who was carrying the lightest weight for her age in the race and started at 12 to 1. But an even greater surprise was in store in the next race, the Osmaston Nursery Handicap of 500*l.*, for which seventeen horses ran and Prince of Tyre was a strong favourite. As much as 20 to 1 was laid against the winner, Mr. J. Glover's Oxeye, who had won four races, run second three times, and been unplaced only twice this season. This chestnut colt by the little-known stallion Oxlip, by Strathconan, had been wonderfully cheaply bought after a Selling Race for 290 guineas. On the afternoon of Oxeye's last victory we had one of the, to our mind, highly objectionable exhibitions of two-year-olds running a two-mile course. Among the starters was San Marino, the two-year-old winner of the Feather Plate over an even longer course at Newmarket; but the favourite was Mr. T. Holmes's Dauntless, who had lately won races over a mile at Newcastle and Liverpool, and he now won, after a hard race, by three-quarters of a length from Theosophist and a length from San Marino.

At Northampton, Mr. Hammond's two-year-old filly Enamel showed herself much nearer Lord Penrhyn's Far Niente than had been generally supposed; for she had been handicapped 8 lbs. below him in October, and now at only 3 lbs. she ran a dead-heat with him, and was subsequently only beaten by a neck. On the same day, Devilfish and Rotten Row, a couple of two-year-olds that had hitherto been ranked as third or fourth class, won races from large fields, and showed so much improvement that they must be estimated higher when calculations have to be made for next season.

The Manchester Meeting was, as usual, very largely patronized by owners of racehorses, and two hundred and thirty-eight horses ran in the course of the three days. Mr. H. T. Barclay's Galway, who a week earlier had run third to Oxeye for the Osmaston Nursery at Derby, and three lengths behind Shall We Remember, now, when meeting her on 5 lbs. better terms, beat the last-named filly by half a length for the Lancaster Nursery. The best form shown in the race was that of Captain Machell's Innisheen, who gave Galway 8 lbs. and ran him to a neck; and, judging from Innisheen's subsequent running in the Eglington Nursery, he cannot be very smart, even when due allowance is made for the weight he was then carrying. Sir Robert Jardine's neat little chestnut colt, Wise Man, who had begun the year well by winning the Lincolnshire Handicap on the third day of the racing season, ended it by winning the Lancashire Handicap on the last day of it but one, bringing up his winnings in stakes to something over 2,000*l.* Curiously enough, he had not won a single race between times. There was heavy rain on the Friday night, and the course was very heavy in consequence on the Saturday, and, although fine throughout the day, it was so misty that it was impossible to see anything of the racing more than a quarter of a mile off. There was a field of twenty-eight for the Manchester November Handicap, a race that had given rise to a great deal of betting beforehand. Mr. Abington's Lady Rosebery, the winner of last year's Liverpool Autumn Cup, was the favourite at 9 to 1; Amphion, the winner of the Jubilee Stakes and two races at Ascot, and Vasitas, the winner of the Grand Prix de Paris, came next in favouritism at 10 to 1, and then came Mercy, the hog-maned Ringmaster, Ashplant, and Fallow Chat at from 14 to 17 to 1. There was scarcely room for the large field at the start, and in the six or seven breaks-away there was a good deal of crowding and crushing. Ashplant bolted at an early stage of the proceedings, and took no further part in the contest. The old plater, Tommy Tittlemouse, made the running during the greater part of the race. On entering the straight he was beaten, and so also was Amphion, whose heavy weight told upon him in the heavy ground, in addition to which it is probable that, excellent as he is, he may not be a good stayer. The winner of the Grand Prix, who had nearly a stone less on his back, struggled on a little longer; but he was well beaten a quarter of a mile from home. Rather to the surprise of the majority of the spectators, the six-year-old Irish hurdle-racer, Conservator, a son of Arbitrator, whose stock have run very well during the last month or two, was now leading, under his light weight of 6 st. 10 lbs. Below the distance he was challenged by Mr. Vyner's Fallow Chat, who passed him easily, and won by a length and a half. Conservator finished about as far in front of Phil. The second, third, and fourth in the race had started at 33, 40, and 100 to 1, and the first, second, and third favourites did not finish among the leading ten. Goldseeker, for whom 8,000*l.* was refused after he won the City and Suburban—his last victory—pulled up lame. It should be said to the credit of Mr. Vyner that he himself not only bred Fallow Chat, who is a bay filly of a useful rather than very ornamental type, but also her sire, Hagioscope (by Speculum out of a Macaroni mare, grand-dam by Stockwell), as well as her dam, Stonechat, who was by Adventurer out of a King Tom mare. Her only other victory of the year had been in the Lincoln Autumn Handicap. She was now ridden by Luke, who has won twenty-six races in France this season, but has only had seventeen mounts altogether in England. The 7 st. 5 lbs. which she carried was rather below the middle weight of the handicap, and it cannot be said that the winners of the great handicaps during the past season, with the exception of Amphion, have done anything very extraordinary. Then the great three-year-old races have been almost monopolized by Donovan, and by far the most interesting racing of the past season has been among the two-year-olds—a fact which may well lead us to hope for excellent three-year-old racing next year.

THE MAXIM GUN.

TO give an exact description of a piece of mechanism such as the Maxim gun in an article of this nature, and without the aid of diagrams, would be a hopeless task, and we shall not endeavour to do more, therefore, than furnish a general idea of the principles on which the automatic system is based. The weapon which has attained so much notoriety of late years, made its first appearance at the Inventions Exhibition of 1884, but has since been considerably altered and improved upon. Striking and original as the invention was, it did not at first make much way towards favour, owing to the prejudice against machine-guns in the military mind, engendered to a great extent by the failure of the mitrailleuse in 1870, and the numerous cases of guns "jamming" in our recent small wars. The French mitrailleuse was as heavy as a field-piece, was very cumbersome, had only a very moderate rate of fire, and a range only equal to that of the musketry of the period. Its successors of the Gatling and Gardner types had all the same tendency to get out of order at a critical moment, and many gallant lives have been recently lost owing to their "jamming," especially with the naval brigades that have had charge of them in our battles in the Soudan. Their fire was likewise inaccurate, because of the fact that they were all fired by working a crank or lever, and the impulse given to the gun by the force that had to be applied was sufficient to divert its aim. Another cause of inaccuracy was the heating of the barrels when the fire was at all rapid.

The novelty of the Maxim system consisted in this, that the force of recoil, which was a source of trouble in other patterns, was turned to good account, and utilized for the eminently practical purpose of loading and firing the gun. The mechanism, therefore, became entirely automatic, and a force which had to be counteracted by brakes and other costly devices, was now absorbed, and set to profitable work, like a burglar in a convict prison. A wasted energy was diverted to a useful purpose, and became the principal element of success. That this is so will be apparent from the following considerations. The "jamming," which was the most fatal defect of previous patterns, occurred owing to the cartridge being damp and hanging fire, while the crank or lever was being rapidly worked. It was therefore, perhaps, partially withdrawn when in the very act of exploding, the forward end of the case was driven firmly into the chamber, and the mechanism thrown out of gear. Or, again, the crank may well, in the heat and excitement of action, be worked so rapidly that the cartridges, which fall into position

in the older systems by their own weight, cannot attain their allotted position in due time. They are, therefore, crushed in the act of falling, and the gun is put out of action. This is why machine-guns have so constantly refused to act just at the supreme moment when their powers are most needed, and these are the defects Mr. Maxim has especially succeeded in overcoming. In the automatic gun, which is his invention, the first cartridge is exploded by simply pressing a button, much in the same way as one rings an electric bell. The recoil engendered by the explosion opens the breech, inserts a fresh cartridge, throws out the old one, and explodes the next round. This one in like manner causes the same movements to be automatically repeated, and "so *ad infinitum*," like the fleas. The cartridges are "fed" from a revolving belt, which can be quickly replaced, when emptied, by a full one. There is only one barrel, usually of a calibre suitable for a rifle, although, with slightly different arrangements, larger natures have been proposed, and are being experimented with at present. The rate of fire thus obtained with these cartridges is about six hundred rounds per minute.

It will be understood that, since the explosion of a cartridge is entirely dependent on the recoil caused by that of its predecessor, a jam owing to a "hang fire" or a "miss fire" is simply an impossibility. All that would then occur would be that the gun would cease firing, and none of the mechanism would be in the least injured or out of gear. A few seconds would be sufficient for a man to remove the cause of trouble, and the bullets would again pursue the even tenor of their way. The automatic system, however, has likewise a considerable advantage over others, in so far that no external force is brought to bear on the gun to fire it. One of the chief causes of inaccuracy in the other types is, therefore, entirely obviated, and on a perfectly rigid platform a Maxim gun, once carefully laid and set in action, should go on putting bullet after bullet into the target without any relaying or interference being required. The fact of its only having a single barrel likewise gives it an advantage in a way we have not alluded to as yet. It can be surrounded with water, and the temperature of the barrel kept down by this means. This is provided for by surrounding it with a water jacket in such a manner that the water has not only to be heated, but also evaporated. The barrel cannot, therefore, become heated beyond 212° Fahrenheit. It is found in practice that, after 600 rounds have been fired rapidly, the water in the jacket commences to boil, and that it subsequently evaporates at the rate of one and a half pints for every 1,000 rounds fired in rapid succession. After 2,000 rounds have been thus discharged it becomes necessary to replenish the water; but it is not necessary to cease firing to do so. This rapid evaporation of the water is looked upon by some as the weak point of the system; but the occasions on which it would be necessary to fire at the maximum rate from one gun for three minutes would not often occur, and it would, in any case, not be a matter of extreme difficulty to carry a few quarts of reserve water with the gun. The other natures of machine-guns become so heated after firing 1,000 rounds in rapid succession that a lower rate of speed has to be adopted; so that here the Maxim has an immense advantage as long as the water holds out. We should mention that the force of recoil likewise introduces a definite quantity of water to the jacket as each round is fired. The number of rounds per minute can be accurately regulated from two or three up to six hundred. The weight, of course, varies with the calibre, that of the 45″ gun being 65 lbs., while the total weight of this piece mounted on a travelling carriage with limber and boxes, packed with nearly 4,000 rounds of ammunition, is only 11 cwt. 44 lbs. The gun can be mounted in various ways according to the uses for which it is intended, but is usually placed on a tripod stand or on a travelling two-wheeled carriage; in every case it is pivoted on a universal joint capable of motion in any direction. It stands about 3 ft. high, is 4 ft. 9 in. long, and is protected by a steel shield which is fixed on its carriage or stand and weighs 70 lbs. This would be an immense protection to the man working it, who can do so sitting low down behind it and completely covered, as far as his front is concerned, from musketry fire. The tactical application of the weapon is a point on which opinion is still a good deal at variance, because it has never been subjected to anything like a practical trial. The next big war will certainly see it in use, and a scheme of tactics will then be evolved from the experience of the campaign. Contrary to our usual custom, we have taken the field first in regard to machine-guns, and they have, in the recently-issued *Infantry Drill*, attained a recognized position in the organization of our forces. They are intended for use with the advanced guard, and will find congenial employment on outpost and reconnaissance duties too, where they will probably be profitably associated with the mounted infantry, an arm which we have likewise been the first to adopt. It is a remarkable and somewhat extraordinary circumstance that in the service in which it would seem that there lay the widest sphere of action for its powers, the Maxim gun is conspicuous by its absence. The navy patronize the Hotchkiss and Nordenfelt, and other systems, but not a Maxim is to be found on board their ships. Yet for use in the tops, in boats, or to repel an attack of torpedo-boats, this weapon seems especially suited, while there would here be no danger of a want of water for the jacket. The service which has most cause to regret the jamming tendencies of other patterns should try their luck next time with an arm that will not play them false in that respect, and will shoot as straight, if not straighter, than any other. With all these vaunted guns, however, there is always the difficulty of picking up the range, owing to the impossibility of seeing where your shots fall. With field-artillery itself this is a matter of great difficulty, even at ranges as short as 1,500 yards, and the help to vision in the smoke the explosion of a common shell supplies. But with small-bore machine-guns there is no indication whatever to guide us, and a stream of bullets may be flying altogether wide of the mark, and an enormous waste of ammunition taking place, without the gun-detachment being any the wiser. Range-finding has entirely to be trusted, and range-finding on service has not, as yet, shown itself altogether above suspicion.

THE ARGENTINE CRISIS.

THE Argentine Republic is passing through a severe financial and commercial crisis, which threatens to become severer still. For some years past the Republic itself, the provinces or States of which it is composed, and the municipalities have been borrowing in Europe in a most extravagant manner. Most of the loans have been raised in London; but at length the British investing public became alarmed at the haste with which debt was being piled up, and then issues were made upon the Continent, especially in Paris, Berlin, and Amsterdam. At the same time, too, to encourage the opening up of the country by means of railways, guarantees were most lavishly given by the Federal Government. New lines were projected in every direction; many of them have been built or are being constructed, and not a few run parallel to old lines, while many pass through districts as yet unsettled. Other industrial enterprises were likewise encouraged, and the result is that the number of loans raised and Companies brought out in Europe of late years has been such, as we have said, that the European public refused to subscribe any longer. At the end of September last the *Statist* published a list of the borrowings and Company issues from the beginning of 1882 to the date at which the article appeared. The whole amount applied for was, in round figures, 110½ millions sterling. Some of the loans, it is to be recollected, were Conversion loans, and therefore added nothing to the already existing debt. But, on the other hand, the whole of the loans brought out upon the Continent are not included, as it was found impossible to get correct information respecting the smaller of these. Several small issues in London, too, were excluded. Setting off the omissions against the conversions, it may be said that, in round figures, the Argentine Republic, the provinces, cities, and industrial Companies raised in Europe, or at least attempted to raise, about 100 millions sterling in 7¾ years. This, it will be admitted, was going rather fast for a population of about four millions. But this is not all. The Buenos Ayres *Standard*, which is edited by a well-known statistician, published at the end of last month a table of the new Companies brought out in the Argentine Republic itself since 1882. It is evident that the list was suggested by the table published in the *Statist* a month previously; but it is not clear whether the *Standard's* figures, like those of the *Statist*, include the year 1882. The substance of what our Buenos Ayres contemporary tells us is that since 1882 new Companies have been issued in the Argentine Republic with capitals amounting in the aggregate to very nearly 600 millions of dollars. It will be understood that the issues at home are quite separate from and in addition to the issues in Europe. There is this further difference between them, that the issues in Europe are all gold obligations. The loans have to be paid, principal and interest, in gold, and the dividends on the shares are likewise payable in gold; but the capital raised at home is in paper. Over and above all this, the National Mortgage Bank and the Hypothecary Bank of the province of Buenos Ayres have issued Cedulas, which the Buenos Ayres *Standard* estimates to amount to about 500 millions of dollars at the present time. These two banks are somewhat like the Crédit Foncier of France. They lend to owners of houses and lands; but they do not lend money; they lend bonds secured by mortgage on the houses and lands, the borrower selling the bonds for the best price he can get. The bonds are called Cedulas, and they therefore represent debt incurred by the owners of houses and lands in the Argentine Republic—that is to say, in a population of about four millions of souls—and the debt is estimated by a competent authority at about 500 millions of dollars. We find, then, that in less than eight years the owners of houses and lands have incurred debts amounting in the aggregate to 500 millions of dollars, that new Companies have been floated at home with capitals amounting in the aggregate to about 600 millions of dollars, and that loans have been raised and Companies floated in Europe amounting in the aggregate to about 100 millions sterling. And all this, we repeat, has been done by a population of about four millions of souls.

While all this was going on an Act was passed to establish what was called free banking—that is to say, banks with the right of note issue on condition that they deposited gold in the Treasury. Most of the provinces founded banks under this Act, and borrowed largely in Europe in order to do so, and the banks, new and old, immediately began to issue notes in competition with one another. The issue soon became excessive, and the pur-

chasing power of the notes of course declined. We may remark, in passing, that specie payments are suspended, and the notes, therefore, are legal tender. This excessive issue of notes, together with the still more excessive issue of Cedulas, and the great influx of foreign capital, gave rise to a speculation rarely paralleled. Prices of all kinds rose to unheard of heights. Perhaps the speculation was wildest in houses and lands. The two mortgage banks referred to above were eager to lend to any intending purchaser who applied to them, and the purchasers, finding such accommodating bankers, were not slow in making application. As an example of the recklessness that ensued, we find it stated in the Buenos Ayres *Standard* that in the summer of 1887 a piece of ground in the city of Buenos Ayres was offered to the Government for half a million of dollars, twelve months later it could have been bought for a million of dollars, and in the summer of this year it was purchased by the Government for five millions of dollars. In two short years the price of this plot was multiplied ten times. Probably this is an extreme case, but there is no doubt that something similar has occurred all over the Republic. Men saw the chance, in Johnson's phrase, of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and they were eager to seize it. They rushed to the mortgage banks for loans, and the loans were given without stint, and it is to be feared with very insufficient examination. Hardly less wild, however, was the speculation in securities, and more particularly in the shares of new Companies. The fact that in so small and backward a population such vast issues could have been made in seven or eight years is evidence enough of the wildness of the speculation. It is stated by our Buenos Ayres contemporary that only part of the capital of these new Companies has yet been paid. It is, however, now being called up in instalments monthly or quarterly. But the subscribers are very often unable to meet the calls. Even men reputed wealthy have been obliged to ask for delay. The result of the whole is that the value of the legal tender-notes went on constantly falling. As specie payments are suspended, gold is bought and sold like any other commodity, the price, of course, being measured in paper. When gold was quoted at a premium of about 80, the Government became alarmed, and, instead of recognizing its own mistakes, accused speculators of manipulating the gold market and endangering the credit of the country. Accordingly, it forbad what are called time bargains in gold, and when the authorities of the Stock Exchange offered some remonstrance, the Stock Exchange was closed by force, and only opened again on a promise from the authorities that time bargains would in future be prevented. The obstinacy of the Government in clinging to its mad policy, and its childishness in attributing the blame of the result to others, alarmed the public, and the premium on gold continued to rise. In other words, the value of the notes fell more rapidly than before, until at last 240 paper dollars were worth no more than 100 dollars in gold. Then at last the Government became seriously alarmed, and adopted measures which, if taken a couple of years previously, might have prevented a serious crisis, but which unfortunately were put forward too late. It stopped the issue of Cedulas by the National Mortgage Bank, it ordered the withdrawal of the notes of the National Bank, it promised to contract the note issues of other banks, and it entered into negotiations with the Government of the province of Buenos Ayres to stop the issue of notes and Cedulas in the province. It undertook itself to withdraw the notes of the National Bank, which was throwing upon the taxpayers an obligation that ought to have rested upon the shareholders. But, on the other hand, it increased the capital of the bank very largely, taking a portion of the increase itself in repayment for the withdrawal of the notes—an illusory compensation. And, lastly, it ordered the sale of a tract of country larger than all Germany.

Had the excessive issues of notes and Cedulas been prevented years ago, all would have been well; but to stop further issues now, and actually to withdraw the issues of the National Bank, exceeding 41 millions of dollars, is to threaten with ruin every speculator in the Argentine Republic, and to endanger the position even of investors. The wild speculation in land and houses, for example, was fostered by the readiness with which the two mortgage banks made advances to the owners of houses and lands. Every one who bought calculated that he would be able to sell again to some other speculator, and that the mortgage banks would go on lending as freely as ever. But if Cedula issues are stopped, the mortgage banks cannot go on lending; speculators, therefore, cannot obtain accommodation, alarm will be excited, and almost inevitably there will be a ruinous fall. Further, if the 41 millions of dollars in notes now issued by the National Bank are withdrawn, an artificial scarcity will be created in the Buenos Ayres money market. Every borrower will be called upon by lenders to repay the loans made to them, and nobody will be able to obtain accommodation from his banker. As a matter of course, there will be alarm, probably even consternation, and prices will fall, perhaps, as much in a day as they rose before in weeks or months. It is, of course, better to apply a remedy now than to let matters become even worse, and, therefore, bring on a more ruinous catastrophe. But, all the same, the application of remedies now is likely to be attended by the gravest consequences. That this is the view taken in the Argentine Republic itself is very clear, from the fact that the premium on gold, which was about 140 per cent. when first the Government recognized the magnitude of the errors it had committed, fell to about 100 per cent. when remedial measures were promised, but has been rising again very rapidly. At the end of last week it was as high as 132 per cent., and, though there has been a slight decline since, the probability appears to be that before very long it will be higher than it ever hitherto has been. All this means that, while a little while ago 240 paper dollars were worth no more than 100 dollars in gold, the public regained confidence when remedial measures were promised to the extent that 200 paper dollars exchanged for 100 gold dollars. But now that the remedial measures have been made known, and time has been given to consider them, the value of paper has again fallen alarmingly, so that at the end of last week 232 paper dollars were worth not more than 100 dollars in gold. Of course everything possible is being done to persuade the public that there is no cause for panic, that the Government has very large funds in the Treasury, that its credit abroad is excellent, that in the immense tracts of unsettled lands it owns it has reserves to draw upon far beyond its needs, and that the large immigration from Europe is reinforcing the population so rapidly, is so extending the area of cultivation, and is increasing wealth so fast, that, if the people will but have confidence in themselves and in their country, all will go right. Of course, too, the great financial houses all over Europe that have brought out loans and Companies in such numbers of late, and that have thereby committed themselves so deeply, are supporting the market; but it is difficult to see, nevertheless, how a catastrophe can be avoided. The crisis may be prolonged, but it will be strange indeed if, on that very account, it does not become more and more acute.

PICTURES OF EGYPT.

IT was a bold act on the part of Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., to collect his work of thirty years in the exhibition which is now on view at Messrs. Graves's galleries in Pall Mall East. A few years ago Mr. Goodall might have anticipated a more popular success than he has any right to expect now, since his methods are old-fashioned and his style constrained within academic limits. We confess, however, to being pleasantly surprised by the general effect of these fifty examples of Egyptian painting, executed between 1859 and 1889. We did not think, if we may misquote *Macbeth* without flippancy, that there was so much tone in the old man. When we have seen these pictures hanging singly on the walls of the Royal Academy, we have been apt to be struck rather by their bright thinness, by their tendency to garishness, than by their harmony. But doubtless the kindly element of time has done much for them; at all events, when they hang side by side in no alien company, they are rather pleasant to look at.

When Mr. Goodall was bringing home, thirty years ago, his Eastern studies, and was exhibiting these and his more elaborate Oriental compositions, they were looked forward to eagerly, and were hailed with delight; they were a novelty, if not a revelation. But Egypt was much less known then than it is now. The incidents of life among an obscure people are always attractive to us, and we suspect that it was the incidents more than the execution of the paintings that interested the British public; to whom were welcome the unusual Eastern sunsets, and of course the constantly recurring Mother and Infant theme, the babe in this case held on the shoulder or in the palm of the hand. But Mr. Goodall's work fails today to raise much enthusiasm in the breast of the spectator, who sees on every hand more minute, realistic, and animated portraiture of Oriental life and effects. We confess, for our own part, to preferring Mr. Goodall's studies to his more elaborate compositions; for instance, (20) and (23), of men swathed in voluminous draperies, standing in groups talking together in the sunset light, are very effective, while the majority of the larger compositions are undoubtedly laboured and wanting in conviction. Of the several heads of pipe-bearers, camel-drivers, and singing girls, the dull faces, devoid of all alertness and animation, are the reverse of stimulating; but then facial expression is understood to be not a strong point of Oriental ambition.

Of the larger pictures of incident, "The Sheikh's Daughter sowing the Dhowrah Seed" (35) into holes formed in a ragged-looking strip of ground, while her handmaidens hasten after her to pour water into each hole from an earthen ewer, is interesting. Another large canvas, "Dwellers in Tents" (3), is positively charming; the group of a woman standing with her hand outstretched towards two goats is effective and good, where the effect of the whole is very harmonious, with its suffusion of brown tone over the tint and its accessories. Of the numerous "Evening Prayers," that of the Bedouin (40) is reposeful and pleasant with its twilight sky. But Mr. Goodall's "Pets of the Harem," lately seen at the Royal Academy, looks sadly thin and garish in execution and in colour. Perhaps if this subject had been treated on a smaller scale, it might have been more successful, and the unfortunate suggestion of a Venus—absent—would not have been so palpable.

We need not, however, dwell at ungracious length on the imperfections of pictures the greater part of which are exhibited solely by the courtesy of their owners, among whom his Grace the Duke of Westminster is the principal.

THE RED HUSSAR.

RECENT English authors and composers have displayed very little capacity for the production of good comic opera. The work of Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan is a thing apart. The dramatist has humour and imagination, the composer never falls below a high artistic standard of merit, which rivals and imitators rarely approach; and their operas are governed by an intelligence peculiar to themselves. When their characters do anything, it is with a comprehensible motive, fantastic or quaint as the motive may be; there is none of the meaningless "business" which the average stage-manager devises because he feels that characters and choristers must not stand still and do nothing. A certain level of passable mediocrity is often reached away from the Savoy, and *The Red Hussar* is a case in point. Mr. H. Pottinger Stephens has strung together familiar stage incidents, which are evolved by the aid of familiar stage characters. There are verses which rhyme and scan, but are devoid of fancy, feeling, or wit; there is dialogue to match, though the hearer may perhaps smile at rare intervals if he is easily amused. Mr. Edward Solomon has composed some thirty numbers, of which about three have a shade of distinctive ability, the rest being the journeyman labour of a musician who knows his profession and could doubtless write year after year for an indefinite period half a dozen or more such scores to order. The parts are filled by vocalists who have studied singing and are accustomed to the stage, for which, however, they display no particular aptitude, and they are aided by a low comedian whose object is not to develop comic character, but to pick up and repeat such jokes as he can find. It has never been our custom to eulogize everything on the French stage to the depreciation of our own theatre; on the contrary, we are convinced that plays are often better acted in London than in Paris—sometimes an adaptation is more artistically interpreted in one of our own theatres than the original was in Paris; but where comic opera is concerned it is different. We have not a Judic, a Chaumont, a Granier, a Dupuis, and the opéra-bouffe tenor of the Mario-Widmer type, who very often indeed had no voice, and yet rendered the music very pleasantly, is unknown on our boards. Light comic opera is essentially a French product. Their librettists, if not by any means all Meilhacs and Halévys at the best, usually contrive to invent character and incident; the music, slight as it may be, seldom lacks a joyousness and appropriateness that is absent in the writing of our own composers, and there is an art in the performance of these trifles of which our singing actors and actresses are ignorant. Take the average French success, such a piece as the *Giroflé-Girofla* of M. Lecoq—how infinitely superior it is in all respects, humour, wit, imagination, character, incident, novelty, melody, musical significance, to the very best our own manufacturers of regulation comic opera can produce!

Mr. Stephens, having nothing new to say, says it at great length. The "Red Hussar" is one of the many maidens known to fact and fiction who have followed their lovers to the wars, the wars in question being those campaigns in which, according to Uncle Toby, our armies swore terribly. Kitty Carroll's lover is a ruined spendthrift named Ralph Rodney, who is cast off and captured by Barbara Bellasys, according to her varying beliefs as to his pecuniary prospects. He has a rival, Sir Harry Leighton, who also goes to Flanders, and causes Ralph to be arrested for deserting his post, as he does at Kitty's request; she, in her ignorance of martial law—in spite of her exploits in a red uniform, with high-heeled boots and gilt spurs, such as never hussar nor other horse soldier could or would have worn—having written to beg him to come. This is practically the whole of the story; for it will, of course, be understood that Kitty, who ultimately proves heiress to the fortune which Ralph had for a time held, is married to the man of her choice. The flirtation of Corporal Bundy and Mrs. Maghee, a military Little Buttercup, and the aimless philanderings of an amorous Colonel, fill up intervals which struck us as being very unnecessarily protracted. Of the music the best number is a tenor song, "Guide of the Night," an aria in F, common time, which would be much more meritorious were it not so direct an imitation of the French school. Gounod, Massenet, Délibes, Adam, Bizet, and others have written similar melodies, and scored them in similar fashion; and, if the song had been signed by Mr. Goring Thomas, it would have been recognized as not uncharacteristic work. Let it be admitted, however, that it is a good example of its *genre*. The great proportion of the score is sadly barren, however. We look thankfully at a neighbouring exit, grateful to see that we can escape if the business grows wearisome beyond endurance, as we hear Mr. Hayden Coffin grinding out bars of insignificant crotchets and quavers, and trying to persuade himself and us that they are melodies, or as we listen to the not too rich or accurate intonation of Miss Marie Tempest following Mr. Solomon's unsuccessful researches after and attempts at a new air in three-four time. The "Song of the Regiment" has spirit and swing, and the approval which we notice has been bestowed on the little duet, "The Maiden and the Cavalier," is deserved. Effect is here gained by simple means, and the chorus of soldiers, "Tramp! Tramp!" is also lively. In order to hear what is bright and pretty, one has to sit out much that is dull and cruelly commonplace. Mr. Ben Davies, as Ralph, sings well enough to induce us to overlook his somewhat ponderous acting. As a rule the players have small chance of distinguishing themselves; but then if chances were provided it is far from certain that they would be accepted.

MONEY MATTERS.

AS the end of the year approaches uncertainty in the money market increases. Most of the joint-stock banks make up their accounts on the last day of December, and for a little while previously they do not lend as freely as at other times. On the contrary, some of them require loans already made to be repaid, for they desire to show a large amount of money in hand and at the Bank of England, so as to give the impression that they habitually hold more cash than they really do. Commercial firms also like to have large balances with their bankers at the end of the year, and immense sums have to be accumulated to pay interest and dividends due at the beginning of January. There is, therefore, a smaller supply in the short loan market, and a stronger demand than usual, and consequently there is more or less of pressure every year towards the end of December. This year it is feared that the pressure may be exceptional. The causes which tend to make money scarce in London operate in every great banking city of the world, and money is exceedingly dear already in many cities, more particularly in Berlin, New York, and Buenos Ayres. For a little while past small amounts of gold have been going from London to Berlin; and if the Berlin money market should become seriously stringent, the amounts taken may be greatly increased. A demand for gold for New York is also possible; while a demand for Buenos Ayres is sure to make itself felt before long. The causes of the crisis in the Argentine Republic are explained elsewhere; and it is pointed out that the Government is withdrawing the notes of the National Bank, has ordered the contraction of the circulation of the other banks, and has pledged itself to accumulate a large gold reserve. All this clearly cannot be done without taking gold from Europe. There must be sales by the Government of something which it now possesses in order to obtain gold, or a loan must be raised. It is possible that the demand may be put off till next year; but it is also possible that the crisis may become so acute in Buenos Ayres that gold may have to be taken at any cost. Still, though all prudent people are taking precautions, the money market has remained easy throughout the week. The rate of discount has been only about 4 per cent., and at the settlement on the Stock Exchange which ended on Thursday evening borrowers were able to obtain all they required at rates ranging from $4\frac{3}{4}$ to $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., though in some few cases $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was charged.

While the money markets of Europe and America are thus tight, there is unusual ease in the Indian money market. Trade in India is exceedingly good, the exports are of unusual magnitude, and the imports are also large. There is likewise general activity in the interior, yet the discount rate of the Bank of Bengal is only 5 per cent., while that of the Bank of Bombay is as low as 3 per cent. At this time last year the rates were in both cities 7 per cent., rising rapidly to 12 per cent. in February. Still there is a good Indian demand for silver, although the Indian banks are not willing to pay more than 44*d.* an oz. Early in the week the price advanced to $44\frac{3}{8}d.$ per oz. But as the Indian banks were unwilling to give as much, and as the Mint ceased buying, there was a decline to $44\frac{3}{16}d.$ Operators evidently are waiting for President Harrison's Message next week. It is known that an attempt will be made to carry through Congress a Bill doubling the present coinage of silver in the United States. And it is believed that both in the House of Representatives and in the Senate there are majorities sufficient to carry the measure. It is doubted whether President Harrison approves or disapproves of the Bill, and the market is waiting for some expression of opinion by him to gather whether he will veto the Bill if it is passed. If the Message is favourable, there will probably be a sharp rise.

The uncertainty of the money market and the Brazilian revolution have taken the courage out of speculators. All departments of the Stock Exchange, therefore, have been inactive this week. Other circumstances have combined to impose quiet. There are fears of a great coal strike at home which would paralyse all trade and tell most injuriously upon the earnings of the railway Companies. Miners are not unanimous; but there is evidently a strong party in favour of a strike, and the fear that there may be one tends to depress railway stocks. Then the International Department is affected by the *Liquidation* in Berlin, which ends to-day. Apparently, it will pass over without serious difficulties; but operators have had to pay very heavy rates for the accommodation they obtained, and they are little in a position to engage in new risks. The Brazilian revolution, too, has further discredited the leaders of the Paris market. The revelations of the Comptoir d'Escompte failure were little calculated to inspire the French investing public with confidence in Paris bankers, and now within a few weeks after the issue of the National Bank of Brazil by a group of powerful bankers there comes the revolution in Brazil. The public, therefore, refuses to follow its former leaders, and speculation is for the time being paralysed in Paris. Still, there was a sharp rise on Thursday in Egyptian Unified Bonds, it being believed in Paris, notwithstanding semi-official contradiction, that the Government

has now given its consent to the conversion of the Egyptian Preference Debt. In New York the money market is very stringent, and is likely to become more so before the end of the year, while a judgment of the Supreme Court of Illinois has disorganized the market for Trusts. Trusts, as they are called, have been in much favour lately in the United States. The Gas Trust in Chicago was a combination of four Companies to obtain a monopoly, and the Court has decided that its operations are illegal. There was a fall in consequence of about twelve dollars in the shares of the Trust, and of course, if the ruling is good, other Trusts, at least in Illinois, are in no better case. In Buenos Ayres the Government is endeavouring to restore confidence by asserting that it has immense assets, that it will contract the circulation, and will accumulate a vast gold reserve. It is reported that on Thursday the premium on gold declined to 114½ per cent.; but, as fluctuations in the premium are incessant, this will probably be followed by another rise. However, there has been a recovery in Cedulas dealt in on the London market. There has likewise been some recovery in Brazilian securities, the news from Rio being all favourable. But it will be long before confidence revives.

The trade improvement continues most satisfactorily at home, and is spreading upon the Continent, and, indeed, all over the world. The prices of produce, therefore, are all tending upwards. It is true that iron fell this week about 5*s.* a ton, and recovered only about a shilling. But this is a mere fluctuation in the upward movement. Speculation has been very active of late, and the speculators who bought cheaply have been selling with a handsome profit. The price of silk has risen in about six months fully 25 per cent., and the market is very firm. Coffee, too, is rising. The price in Java has been advanced, and, naturally, the Brazilian revolution tends to strengthen the market. Brazil is a great coffee producer, and if there should be disturbances the conveyance of the crops to the ports might be interrupted. The copper market, too, is steadily advancing. The consumption has increased very much since the failure of the Comptoir d'Escompte, and the production was checked by the fall of prices that took place early in the year. Now a great fire has broken out in one of the American mines, which is likely to diminish the supply still more. The prices of copper-mining Companies, therefore, have all advanced.

HUMANITY TO THE RESCUE!

["The National Vigilance Association further asserted the right of women confined in lock-ups to be dealt with by Matrons of their own sex."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE jesting world, too ready with its sneer
Of cheap derision for your works and ways,
At last grows serious; and in shamed amaze
Crying, What hideous scandal have we here?
Before you, O Association! lays
The offering of its penitence sincere.

Alas, for wrongs unheeded, nay unknown!
Alas, that, after ages come and gone,
The light of Vigilance but now has shone
On wretched women into lock-ups thrown,
And vainly pleading to be waited on
By matrons of the female sex alone!

Ah! monstrous fruit and melancholy sign
Of long injustice and the vassal state
Of voteless woman! *We*, who legislate,
To no such outrages ourselves resign.
The men who on our male offenders wait
Are all, without exception, masculine.

Nay, 'tis no theme for laughter; 'tis a tale
For blushes rather, if in times like these
So pure, so civilized, so—what you please—
The matron of a nineteenth-century gaol
Employed in such peculiar services
Should often be—or should be ever—male.

Nor let the shallow critic, keen of eye
For words alone, and miserably blind
To vital truth within the word enshrined,
Pretend the bull of Ireland to descry,
Deride the wrong, and in false ease of mind
Its very possibility deny.

For though the vulgar hold his saying true,
The Vigilants know better: inward aid
From self-examination has conveyed
This truth to them, that Nature, with the view
Of varying her programme, has not made
Matrons of one sex only, but of two.

REVIEWS.

FANNY BURNEY AND HER FRIENDS.*

ALMOST before reading his book we were disposed to give Mr. Seeley a "fistful of hand." Considerable as has been for years the taste for the eighteenth century, Mme. d'Arblay has scarcely had her full share of it. A new edition of *Evelina* was published, it is true, a few years ago, and we think *Cecilia* followed. But the nineteenth century has, on the whole, refused to follow the laudable example of Mr. Delvile, and "receive Cecilia"; while even her earlier, and to our thinking much more agreeable, sister has been rather cavalierly treated. The Branghtons (they are so forgotten that people actually print them Braughton) and Mr. Smith are infinitely amusing, and even Mme. Duval "makes spread the spleen," and Captain Mirvan, though an intolerable brute, is, we greatly fear, by no means a very gross caricature of the service which made us a great nation at the time that it was at its best. But to the creator or copyist of Miss Branghton and Mr. Smith the capable critic shall refuse no admiration at his disposal; and we hereby promise that, if any lady-novelist will during a reasonable time produce even one character half as good as either of these two, we will give her leave to write sixteen bad novels off the reel without a murmur from the *Saturday Review*. Even Miss Burney's admirers have usually treated her cavalierly. It has never been very clear to us whether Macaulay really liked her, or merely availed himself of her harmless little body as a weapon wherewith to deal swashing blows at Croker and at Courtiers and at people who do not consider the late Mr. Charles James Fox the ideal of all that constitutes a gentleman, a statesman, and a proper moral man. Even in his treatment of Bacon he hardly daubed on the antitheses more crudely than in this famous and certainly delightful essay. Thackeray, of course, was far more in sympathy with her, but he had more occasion to borrow than to praise. Elsewhere *laudatur* (and not so very much of that) *et alget*.

Mr. Seeley has devoted himself much more to the Memoirs than to the novels, and has indulged in but little strictly literary criticism. He has, however, we think, made a very good point in reference to the curious inequality between the best parts of the novels, and still more the Diary, and the worst. He has pointed out that at the time when *Evelina*, and to some extent *Cecilia*, were written, Fanny was what they would call in France *surexcitée*, by mixing at once in abundant society and in very literary society, and that this stimulus was wanting to her later work. We are not sure that he has pointed out, but it is, at any rate, a legitimate part of his argument, that the so-called hardships of her Court sojourn were exactly suited to stir up her observing, if not her creating, faculty afresh. He has argued very well that she really possessed little strictly literary taste or interest in books, and that the despised family of Windsor, the butts of the skits of the young gentlemen of Brooks's, and of kind Dr. Wolcot and of clever Mr. Macaulay, in reality knew much more about English literature, and took much more interest in English literature, than the author of *Evelina*. What he has not fully accounted for, and what no man has accounted for, is the tremendous badness of her later style. One can only say that she remembered nothing but Johnson and her father, and only the worst features in their case.

Fanny Burney is very far from being the only example of this forcing or manuring effect of society and circumstances. The Single-speech Hamiltons of both sexes are a great deal more numerous than is commonly supposed. Where she had quite unusual luck was in the character and combination of those circumstances. She was practically the first woman in England to adopt a style of writing peculiarly suitable to women's talent, and she had no immediate rivals, and none for a very long time of any importance, except Miss Edgeworth. She may be said to have unconsciously anticipated a taste of which the public itself was unconscious, the taste for the novel pure and simple, the novel of observation and conversation, almost of tittle-tattle. The immense consumption of such novels during the past century (*Evelina* was published 111 years ago) proves that Fanny had unawares struck on just such an idea as those which have made the fortune of many scores of millionaires. Unluckily for her, "copyright in ideas" being unobtainable, she could only secure a few thousand guineas on her own exemplifications of the notion, instead of, like the happy patentees of self-acting minders and of Turkey Red, quietly hauling in the money on other people's use of them. Like other epoch-making books, *Evelina* may be regarded as in one sense the end, as well as in another the beginning, of a school. But, like them, it is much more a beginning than an end. Contrast it with its immediate predecessors, the work of Richardson, of Fielding, of Smollett, of the French school of sensibility, and its literary inferiority to all (for Fanny never was a good writer, and all the schooling of Johnson and Crisp could not make her one) is not more marked than the presence of something which is in none of them. Immeasurably as Fielding stands above Frances Burney as a student and painter of human nature, he is not her equal in the little trivial thumbnail sketches of individuals which constitute the charm of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*. If we may adopt a fanciful comparison, there is the same differ-

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* *Fanny Burney and her Friends.* Edited by L. B. Seeley, M.A. London: Seeley & Co. 1889.

ence between them as there was to the Divine ear between the devotions of Theocrite and those of the Angel in Mr. Browning's poem. And, to take another point of view, though Miss Austen is nearly as far above Mme. d'Arblay as Fielding is, it is at least possible that we should never have had the Meryton circle and Mrs. Norris and the Prices (Fanny could not set her any example of Mr. Collins or of Mrs. Elton) if it had not been for the forerunner whom Jane so diligently studied. For, though Miss Burney tried sensibility and romance often enough, her real forte lay in absolute realism, slightly, but only very slightly, satiric. Where Smollett and Sterne aimed at bravura and caricature, where Fielding and Richardson, each in his different way, aimed at, and succeeded in, realizing great literary types of character, real enough, at least in Fielding's case, but also more than real—nature turned into great art—Miss Burney gives us the natural men and women with the art—but also with the minimum of the art—necessary to make them acceptable. And it is for this very reason that her Diaries, at least during her best period (for her interests as wife and mother seem to have quite choked her literature) are so much better than all but the very best part of her novels. The equerries and the princesses, her guests at Streatham, and the mad King at Kew, are as much alive as the Branghtons and Mr. Smith—they could not be more so.

Mr. Seeley, as we have said, pays comparatively little attention to the novels. He weaves his narrative out of extracts from the Diary and letters, with connecting comment, and he has succeeded in making a really interesting book of it. Parts, indeed, are well known even to those who do not know the original work by their transfusion into Macaulay's matchless, if also rather sophisticated, summaries, by the excerpts in Thackeray's *Four Georges*, by selections of this and of that kind in one place or another. The recesses at Streatham, the Royal visit to Oxford, the arrival of the King and Queen at Mrs. Delany's, the rage of Cumberland at Miss Burney's success, the last days of Johnson, the visits of this first of lady-reporters to Warren Hastings's trial, the odiousness of Mme. Schwellenberg, the faithlessness of Colonel Digby—a score, or rather a hundred, of other things rank among our best memoir pieces, among the passages that we can set best against the death of Vatel and the heroic conduct of the Mr. Whiffers of Les Rochers, who resigned when asked to make hay, against the capture of Orleans by Mademoiselle and Mme. de Rémusat's interviews with Napoleon. Mr. Seeley might perhaps have illustrated more freely from contemporary literature. His note on Fanny's reference to the *Probationary Odes* is a little vague, and does not of itself show much acquaintance with that graceless but very amusing book (observe the frankness with which we admit that the Whig dogs can sometimes have the best of it). Mrs. Schwellenberg certainly invites illustrations from Peter Pindar, "savage" as even Macaulay allows him to be. But, on the whole, Mr. Seeley makes a good and useful fight against the notion (to which Macaulay lent the whole of his vast influence) that Miss Burney's Royal master and mistress not only overlooked and underpaid her, but deprived English literature of immortal works by employing her to hand caps and mix snuff. To begin with, half-pay for life after five years' service is not absolutely stingy treatment. In the second place, though some of the duties of the place were irksome, and Mrs. Schwellenberg an old German she-bear, it is by no means so clear that Frances could have done much better for herself. In the third, when she was set free, she showed anything but extraordinary eagerness to resume novel-work, and accomplished anything but first-rate work in the kind when she did resume it. In the fourth, even if the postponement of *Camilla* for some years seems an intolerable evil (it will seem so to very few), there remains the question whether we could possibly have got out of Miss Burney as a novelist anything better than we have got from her as a diarist. In that capacity we owe her, as all competent authorities are agreed, one of the very best pictures of a decorous kind of a Court "in intimity" that exists—probably by far the best of such pictures. The Prince who would and could not "keep sober for Mary," the surreptitious banquet enjoyed by great ladies and waiting-women alike behind the ample gowns of the dons who had provided it in Christ Church Hall (thought as much to be associated with that building as its "line of light" from the opposite heights), the inimitable panic when the King and Queen dropped on the quiet household which their homely kindness had not only endowed but furnished with everything down to "sweetmeats and pickles"—these and other figures and scenes rank among the best of their kind. They could not have been better if they had not been true, or if Queen Charlotte had not wounded Macaulay in the most sensitive part of authors, from Martial to Mr. ——, by trying to avoid buying new copies of books.

NOVELS.*

IF a study of mental disease makes a legitimate basis for a novel, the author of *A Conspiracy of Silence* has achieved success. But to many minds such a subject is repulsive, to others it may be at once attractive and unwholesome. But, if it is to be treated at all, it ought to be treated with practical knowledge and literary skill; and both qualifications are present in this very clever and very painful book. The power which the writer possesses has been intensified by artistic self-restraint. We are neither shocked with a multitude of morbid horrors nor bored with the crudities of a note-book realist. The plot is simple; the characters are few and distinct; the motives are intelligible; the catastrophe is inevitable. Charlotte March is a bright and healthy girl, who falls in love with a rich and attractive young man, the chosen friend of her more prosaic cousin, a hard-working barrister who writes for the newspapers. She supports herself and her mother by teaching, and she is naturally glad to give up drudgery when Eustace Sotheran returns her affection and offers to make her his wife. Everything is going quite smoothly, although the reader suspects from the first that there is something more than eccentricity in her lover's extravagant gaieties. Before the wedding takes place it becomes clear that he is doomed to develop in his own mind the malady of his ancestors—clear to the mother, who conceals her knowledge; clear to the cousin, who is baulked in trying to reveal his discovery; clear to the unhappy man himself, who fights against his self-condemnation, first honourably and afterwards deceitfully; clear to everybody but the destined bride. That is "the conspiracy of silence" to which she becomes a victim. The blow does not fall at once, being for a time suspended by the painful struggles of the afflicted man, first to avert and afterwards to conceal his lunacy. The most powerful chapter in the book is where the young wife beginning to be anxious surprises her husband's awful secret, realizes what sort of a life lies before them both, and sees that he is too mad to be at large and not mad enough to be placed under control. Feeling an insurmountable physical repugnance towards her husband's disease, and indignant at the fraud practised upon her, she doubts her own power to carry out obligations which never ought to have been imposed upon her; and she is particularly bitter against the barrister cousin, in whom she had trusted, and whom she unjustly believes to have been a party to the "conspiracy of silence." It is to her mother, deceived (so she thinks) along with herself, that she turns for comfort, and the good lady does not enlighten her. With an admirable philosophy the mother takes a good share of the daughter's material prosperity, and shuts her eyes to the mental wretchedness by which it has been purchased. Indeed, she finds complete consolation for a trouble which does not affect herself by bragging, in a lady-like way, about the grand country-house which she visits as an honoured mother-in-law and the fine county-folks with whom she associates on terms of equality. Up to this point it has been fair enough to disclose the plot because, even without our judicious revelation, it would have been clear to the least experienced readers of novels. Those who are tempted by the taste which we have given them must go to the book itself if they wish to trace the further developments of an unhappy marriage, and to discover whether the filial illusion is maintained to the end, whether a kind irony permits the daughter to keep her faith in the mother who had betrayed her, and whether the barrister cousin (who is, of course, a lover) continues to bear the reproach for a disaster which he had done his best to avert. With all his goodness he is not quite so attractive as he ought to be; there is no complexity in his character. He is always certain to do what is right; an admirable quality in real life, but in a novel not interesting. Even the heroine gets our sympathy more from the trials to which she is exposed than from regard for herself. The real interest of the book lies in the two conspirators, the mother and the husband; being neither good nor bad, they introduce the element of uncertainty. We never quite know what they will do next; when they have done it, whatever it is, we begin to see that they could not have done anything else. That is high praise to the author; but the author deserves high praise—except in the choice of subject. Not the smallest merit of the book is that the two persons who work all the mischief are not in the least odious. The mother who is bent upon her daughter making a good match would pass in the world for "quite a dear old lady," and her conscience evidently gives her no trouble. The young lover, on the other hand, who conceals the affliction which should have prevented him from becoming a husband, is fully conscious all the time that he is behaving in a dishonourable way; but in his disordered mind we see that passion is too strong for the sense of duty, and we pity him even in his selfishness.

Difficult to read and difficult to appraise, *Gobi or Shamo* is as full of cleverness as an egg is full of meat. Written by the most youthful of Greek Professors, it describes the adventures of three young men, two scholars and a bore, who start on a journey through the unexplored regions of the Chinese Empire in search of a distant Ionic colony, founded by some of the captives of Darius, who made their escape into "the great desert of Gobi or Shamo," and there built a town for themselves, where their descendants are still preserving the old civilization in a land of barbarians. Their existence was accidentally revealed to one Mavrones, an ardent young scholar engaged in the collation of MSS., who found and deciphered some writing on the parchment cover of one of his codices. He determined to visit the overlooked colony of Greeks, partly from curiosity, and partly because he was distressed that the founders had gone away from Greece too soon to have known anything about Plato. He persuades another

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* *A Conspiracy of Silence.* By G. Colmore. 2 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1889.

Gobi or Shamo: a Story of Three Songs. By G. G. A. Murray. 1 vol. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1889.

Another Such Victory. By Annette Lyster. 3 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1889.

For One and the World. By M. Betham-Edwards. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

enthusiast to go with him, and another companion (the bore) forces himself on the expedition. One thing should be noted; the MS. which Mavrones found had apparently been read by some scholar before him, since there was a blot upon one of the letters. Well, to pass over their adventures on the way, which were sufficiently interesting, they succeeded in their object; having got a passport through the Chinese Empire (a matter of some little difficulty), they did at last arrive under the walls of the Greek city; but they were not permitted to enter it. The inhabitants, who had jealously preserved the purity of their blood as well as the traditions of their literature and politics, did not permit any foreigner to pass their gates. True, they had made an exception, but that was by inadvertence. A stranger whom they mistook for a Greek, because he was evidently not a Tartar, had been admitted. But when a rising took place in the tribe that dwelt outside their walls, they suppressed it, and put the district under the command of this stranger who was neither Greek nor Tartar—Algernon the Briton, as they called him. When our travellers made his acquaintance, it very soon appeared that he was none other than the scholar who had forestalled them in reading the MS., the careless fellow who had blotted the *theta*, and who had started right away to anticipate their discovery. His name was Algernon Trench, or (more academically) Trench of Balliol, and of course they fraternized with him at once, and had a good time. Up to this point the book is easy to read, although we do not seem to have reached an understanding with the author. Is he going to give us an elaborate skit? or are we to be thrilled with uncouth adventures? Mr. Murray seems to have wavered in his mind. He had an excellent opportunity for contrasting modern anomalies with ancient lucidities, and in a dialogue between his European tourists and the elders of his Asiatic Greeks he does make a few good points, and contrives to air his own opinions (not particularly well considered, and not specially well expressed) upon some of the social and political questions which agitate the bosoms and elicit the platitudes of mechanics-institute-young-men—such as the injuriousness of the Liquor Traffic, the silliness of Bloated Armaments, and the naughtiness of Cruelty to Animals. But Mr. Murray soon becomes weary of imitating Plato, and turns to Mr. Rider Haggard as his model. We are plunged into a savage revolution against the beneficent, but somewhat arbitrary, rule of Trench of Balliol, the Philosopher King, who fought harder for his crown than the King Philosopher of Brazil. The revolution over, we are asked to follow the perils and hairbreadth escapes of the scholars on their return to Europe *viâ* the Indian frontier. Frankly, we do not think that Mr. Murray is quite successful either in his invention or in his narrative. His tales are quite as bold as Mr. Rider Haggard's, but he lacks the cool plausibility which is the first and last essential in the art of lying with a circumstance. Where he is most successful is where he seems to have taken least pains—that is to say, in the characters which lie outside the main action of his story. Best of all is Mozep Kiarsk, the vain, good-natured braggart and bagman, who combines a superstitious credulity with a keen eye for the main chance. His sister, the beautiful Clearista, is an impostor and enthusiast of a different type. Ashamed of her Tartar origin, she pretends to Greek blood, gives herself out for a leading spirit in "the patriotic movement," and even goes so far as to deny her relationship to her brother. She is receiving the attentions of an English nobleman on his travels, and explaining that Mozep must keep her secret for a time. "Don't be angry with me," said Mozep; "if you were really likely to marry this Lordos, I would gladly wait a month or more, but I can't help . . . ." She sprang from her chair:—"Mozep, you are too stupid this evening. I could at this moment ring for the Lordos and tell him to make me an offer. I have only to . . . ." "Then," said Mozep, "why, by the glory of God, don't you ring for him?" Unfortunately her heart is given to the young scholar who is going away from her to find a distant settlement of that race of which she pretends to be a member. We are sorry that we do not see more of her, her brother, and her Lordos. In their characters and fortunes there was the material for a pleasant novel. But Mr. Murray has had other views, and he has so far succeeded that he has produced a book which deserves to be read for the sake of its undeniable cleverness. Evidently he could write a novel of sentiment; perhaps he could write a tale of wild adventures; perhaps, again, he could write an elaborate skit. To combine all three was to court a failure.

Men flirts and girl coquettes are advised to mend their ways. Reprehensible their conduct has always been known to be. But it is now proved to be physically dangerous. That is the lesson expounded in *Another Such Victory*. Victory, indeed! The book is a record of bodily retributions inflicted upon sentimental misbehaviours. Does a maid trifle with a man's devotion? He at once becomes sick unto death through misery, and she takes to her bed from remorse. Does a man offend against his wife's affection? She promptly goes off her head, and he begins to pine away in anguish. Summing up the casualties attributed to misplaced or misused love in *Another Such Victory*, we arrive at the following sick-list:—

Edmund (heartbroken, because Angel had married Harry).

Angel (off her head, because Harry had proved unworthy of her).

Harry (pining away, because Angel wouldn't let him explain).

Charlie (heartbroken, because Flossie laughed at his love).

Flossie (nearly off her head, because she is so sorry for Charlie).

These sad events are, so far as we can gather, contemporaneous; and the stern author does not stand any nonsense. She does not permit her invalids to go mooning about. They are ill, and they have to behave accordingly. She fairly sends her characters to their beds. But for the stern lesson which it is her mission to insist upon, these three volumes of juvenile affection and puerile misunderstanding would be pleasant enough. Twaddling? Not quite. Vapid? Yes, they are that. But they will be tolerable to anybody who can endure the ordinary gossip of ordinary folks. They seldom fall below that level, and they can be recommended for the bedside. Open the book anywhere, read a dozen pages, and you will exchange the most persistent insomnia for a deep and refreshing slumber.

For One and the World is the story of an unconventional household. The mistress of it is a servant promoted by marriage, and made the guardian of a sickly lad with great expectations. In order to prolong her own importance she is anxious to keep him alive, but in order to retain unquestioned control of his money she tries to stunt his intelligence, and always speaks of him as little better than an idiot. She has been imprudent enough to engage as his attendant a young lady from Russia, a qualified M.D. (Paris), beautiful, enthusiastic, tender-hearted, who has no sympathy with any plots which are not Nihilistic. Between the two women there is a sharp tussle for influence over the boy patient. The lady M.D. finds her way to his heart by teaching him Euclid and algebra; the scheming trustee encourages him to make toffee with the cook and romp with a pretty maid. Sad to say, he takes an equal delight in the lower and higher pleasures. There is no telling which influence would have triumphed in the end had each been allowed to have fair play. But the lower pleasures are handicapped when the scheming trustee goes away for a honeymoon with a young architect, on whom she had cast the eye of middle-aged amorousness, and whom she had made all her own by lending him money which he could not otherwise repay. Here the plot thickens, and we begin to revel in the Unexpected. The incidents are adroitly fitted in, and we are not disposed to quarrel with the few impossibilities, legal and moral, which find their way into an amusing story. Any work of Miss Betham-Edwards is sure to contain many smart passages, and the characters talk like books—too much like books. The fault of the story is that the writer has not set herself either to copy life as it is or to imagine it as it might be. Except the lady-doctor and the boy-patient (and, perhaps, the pretty maid in whose company he takes delight), all the characters are extreme travesties of impossible types. They are so widely different from what they are intended to be that we do not believe in their existence while we are reading about their doings. A man-cook may be very genteel indeed; but even when he is masquerading as a guest at a foreign *table-d'hôte* he does not lay himself out to defend mother-wit against book-learning. If he did he would not talk like this:—"We have all heard what the blind say of scenery. Talk to the non-seeing of lakes, mountains, and rivers. They imagine sights far more splendid than their luckier fellows gape at with their eyes open." It is a fitting sequel to this kind of talk that, without any inquiry as to his means or antecedents, the gifted *chef* should become the husband of a lady of rank and fortune. Even less conceivable are the terms upon which the mistress, who was a servant herself, is supposed to associate with her own servants. First, she entertains them at table as her equals, and a few minutes afterwards she will be giving them orders about their work. In real life there is no mistress so anxious to "keep servants in their places" as one who has herself risen from the kitchen. If Miss Betham-Edwards had intended to draw a topsy-turvy state of things she ought to have taken much greater license. She might then have produced an amusing satire. By combining the probable and commonplace with the wildly impossible, by mixing human beings with abstract types, she has spoiled a rather clever book and committed the capital fault of puzzling her readers.

FENCING.*

THE volume on fencing and other arts of self-defence in the "Badminton" series has been long expected. The somewhat elaborate co-operation which has been employed, and very well employed, in producing it may be more or less accountable for the time that has elapsed since it was first announced. We propose to deal at present only with that part of it which treats of fencing. It is many years since any serious and comprehensive work on the use of the small-sword has been published in England; it would be hardly too rash to say that it is a century since any English work on fencing has been published with adequate illustrations. Captain Chapman's *Foil Practice* and *Notes and Observations*, admirable so far as they go, do not form an elementary treatise, but are rather in the nature of a companion for instructors, and at the same time a manual of reference for fairly practised fencers. Moreover, these little books are a gene-

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* *Fencing.* By Walter H. Pollock, F. C. Grove, and Camille Prevost, Maître d'Armes. With a complete Bibliography of the Art by Egerton Castle. *Boxing.* By E. B. Michell. *Wrestling.* By Walter Armstrong. (In "The Badminton Library" Series.) London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

Fencing. By H. A. Colmore Dunn. With Illustrations by H. G. Willink. London: George Bell & Sons. 1889.

ration old, though it is well known to fencers that the author's hand has not forgotten its cunning; and we believe they are not easy to come by. The precepts to be found in encyclopædias, books of "manly exercises," and the other miscellanea of British sports and pastimes, are mostly too meagre to be intelligible except by those who already know as much as the writer has to tell them; and the substance of them, so far as it has any value, is for the most part ultimately traceable to Roland's treatise of 1809. Not that Roland's book was at all a bad one in its day; but, although the weapon is the same as it was then, the art of handling it has made considerable progress in eighty years. The late Mr. Maclaren's attempt to improve on the French school is memorable only as having led Captain Chapman to affirm the doctrine of the French masters by way of protest.

The French school of fencing teaches the use of the three-edged French duelling-sword (*épée de combat*), which for purposes of instruction and exercise is generally represented by the foil, not only a cheaper and handier instrument, but in some ways more elegant. The flat-bladed two-edged rapier was supplanted by the small-sword early in the eighteenth century in France and England. In Italy, however, the flat blade survives, and in Italy, now as much as in the seventeenth century, the weapon of instruction and practice differs from the fighting weapon only in being made harmless. It answers to the French *épée boutonnée*, not to the foil. Strictly speaking, therefore, there is no such thing as a foil in the Italian school. The grip of the sword, and consequently the muscular mechanism of sword-play, if we may be allowed the expression, are quite different. The Italian works from the shoulder, with an immovable hand-hold, where the Frenchman works with the fingers. An English reader who meets with occasional mention of the differences between French and Italian fencing—as he may in the present book, for example—must bear these things in mind if he will not be misled. It is not a matter of using the same instrument with differences of detail in execution, but of using different instruments and with distinct methods, though for similar purposes and with more or less similar general ideas. There are not many persons either in France or in England who know enough of both schools to be qualified to pronounce a comparative opinion upon them. Of those few persons Mr. Egerton Castle, one of the present joint authors, is one; but his bibliographical contribution has, of course, not given him any opportunity in this kind. As for an English school of fencing, there has never been one; and, if there is ever to be one, it can only come of much more and better acquaintance with the French school—and, if that can be added, the Italian also—than is yet to be met with. British fencing has for two centuries consisted in the following, with greater or less diligence and success, of the French model; and the only hopeful course at this day is frankly to confess ourselves the scholars of the French in this matter, and profit by their best authorities.

Accordingly Mr. Walter Pollock and Mr. Grove have not allowed any false national pride to stand in the way, but have arranged with M. Camille Prevost to offer to the English reader an authorized version of his *Théorie pratique de l'escrime*, one of the latest French works on the subject, and second to none for lucidity and general utility. Mr. Grove has written an introduction which will excellently serve its purpose of giving the general public some notion of the width and variety of interest attached to the noble science of arms. He does not pretend to be exhaustive. The modern Italian school is not even mentioned, and perhaps not quite enough historical allowance is made for the difference of conditions between the seventeenth and the nineteenth century. When a gentleman carried a sword as a real weapon of defence, and might have to oppose it in deadly earnest to one or more unknown adversaries, who might or might not be similarly armed, and might or might not observe the courtesies of the duello, there were things to be considered which are justly regarded as irrelevant in the modern fencing-room. But these minute points are collateral. No one can read Mr. Grove's thirty-four pages without learning that fencing has a history and a literature of no mean rank, and that it is a living art which has never ceased to make advances. With regard to the dogmatic portion of the book, which is in substance M. Prevost's, we must call attention, in the first place, to the admirable illustrations. They do not belong to M. Camille Prevost's published work, but are advance impressions from a new work forthcoming in Paris, of which he is joint author, and of which, we may say in passing, we are curious to know more. Any one who desires authentic ocular information as to the correct positions of modern fencing has only to consult this series of plates. They will not give him, indeed, the animation of the assault, or the rhythmic grace of a well-executed salute. But they will enable him to study at leisure, and with all possible exactness, the types on which all the varied movements of the fencer are constructed. As to the text, M. Camille Prevost has for several years been among the acknowledged masters of Paris, and adds to mastery of his art the power of expressing himself clearly. If we are to single out a point in which he shows the superiority of the modern school at its best, it is the careful attention paid to the management of the fingers. We think M. Prevost's book is the first which has done full justice to the importance of *doigté*.

There are one or two points in M. Prevost's system on which he differs from the majority of French teachers. Such are the formation of the parry of septime and the preference of tierce to sixte. These things can, perhaps, not be adequately discussed except foil in hand, and it might be enough to say that M. Prevost, whether in the majority or not, is fully entitled to his opinion. But the question between tierce and sixte leads to one reflection. This is wholly a manual of foil-play. Nothing is said of the use of the sword as distinguished from the foil. Now tierce (the parry in the high line to the right or outside with the nails down) is preferred to sixte (the same with the nails up) because it gives, as is said, a stronger position, and is really not less quick. We venture to submit a distinction. Are we speaking of the foil? Then we admit that the difference of speed may be neglected; but the difference of strength is also not worth considering. Are we speaking of the sword? Then we would ask the judicious fencer to take a duelling sword in his hand, and go through some half-dozen combinations of the circular parries, alternating tierce and its counter with sixte and its counter. If our experience is normal, he will find that there is a certain drag about the rotation of the pommel in tierce which is absent in sixte. On the whole, we should counsel a fencer to learn both tierce and sixte, and prefer the one or the other as it suits his hand best; and the same, for like reasons, as regards seconde and octave. By sixte we mean to imply that the hand is in complete supination, the thumb outside and not uppermost. There are some who take this latter neutral position and call it sixte: a practice for which we have nothing to say. The wider question of "Le jeu de l'épée" is not raised here. For our own part, we fail to see any difference between sword-play and careful and cautious foil-play. At the same time fencing, regarded as a pastime, may fairly indulge in a certain amount of experiments which would be dangerous in a duel. As a rule, fencers do not think very much of the first hit in an assault; but a duel is an assault in which the first hit is apt to be decisive. We have to add that the instructions for the salute—a grace which should never be wanting at a public assault—are given according to the revised form lately issued by the Académie d'Armes in Paris.

Mr. Egerton Castle's bibliography is an enlarged and revised edition of that which he published in 1884 in *Schools and Masters of Fence*. We believe it to be the most complete account of the literature of sword-play, or rather of *l'arme blanche*, which has hitherto been published in England or elsewhere. To comment on it would be to enter on infinite fencing gossip, and we must unwillingly forbear. As a specimen of Mr. Castle's work, however, we may call attention to the minute account of the three states in which Vincentio Saviolo's book, the earliest fencing-book known to have been composed in England, occurs. Those who are happy enough to possess it should be grateful to Mr. Castle. Only two remarks of a critical kind occur to us. We quite agree that the chronological arrangement under languages was the best for a bibliography of this kind; but an alphabetical index of authors' names would be a profitable addition. And we think the titles of the few modern Greek works on the subject might have been allowed to appear in Greek type. Mr. Castle probably transliterated them in strict obedience to the general rules of cataloguing which he followed; but we do not see the necessity in a special work of this kind for carrying obedience to that point.

Mr. Dunn's handbook, a much shorter and less luxurious one, is still a creditable product of the Inns of Court School of Arms. Mr. Willink's illustrations are somewhat roughly reproduced, but are both spirited and correct. Here, too, M. Prevost's book has been drawn upon, though only in a general way of consultation. We think Mr. Dunn's manner a little too argumentative for an elementary work, and he hardly makes enough of the paramount importance of doing the simple things well. Thus we cannot agree with him that the *coup droit* is not of general utility. And the suggestion of trying *prime coupé* "as a forlorn hope" is, we presume, ironical. The fencer who tries it against a superior adversary is like to be much more forlorn afterwards. Mr. Dunn, however, writes like a practical fencer who has really worked and thought out his subject, and those who procure the Badminton book, or already possess one or more of the modern French treatises, will none the less find his essay (for it is an essay rather than a book of set instructions) a welcome and useful addition. We need hardly add that neither book pretends to teach fencing without a master.

THE BIRDS OF OXFORDSHIRE.*

OF late years the chronicles of local British ornithology have become very numerous. One by one, every county in England is beginning to boast of a volume entirely dedicated to the history of its birds. The latest addition is Oxfordshire, which now rejoices in a handsome volume, written by Mr. Aplin and printed at the Clarendon Press. If we supposed that it would in the least degree damp the ardour of any local naturalist, we would not express a doubt which occurs to us as we take up one and another of these county histories of birds, and ask ourselves what is the positive use of them. Last year it was a volume on the Birds of Wiltshire which we had to welcome; and we ask ourselves in what essential respects the fauna of these two counties differ. The marine counties of England have manifest claims to individual consideration. A History of the Birds of Cornwall must be a totally different thing from a History of the

* *The Birds of Oxfordshire.* By O. V. Aplin. With a Map. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1889.

Birds of Northumberland. There is obviously room for separate bird-books on Lancashire and Kent and Caithness. We gave a very warm welcome this year to a volume mainly dedicated to the Birds of the Outer Hebrides. But why Oxfordshire? This is a central county, with no natural boundary except the Thames—a county in a high state of cultivation, without mountains, lakes, moors, or forests. Its hills, ponds, commons, and spinneys have no special characteristics of their own. On the west the open hills are mere spurs of the Cotswold Hills, which we must journey on into Gloucestershire to study. On the east those "deep plains of Otmoor," of which Camden writes, melt imperceptibly into Buckinghamshire. The soft woodlands of the north are not to be distinguished from their neighbouring parishes of Warwickshire. Even the great river which forms the southern frontier of Oxfordshire confounds the zoology of the county; since who is to decide whether a bird shot in the reaches of the Thames is an Oxfordshire or a Berkshire bird? This is a question which even the Scholar-Gipsy would not be able to determine.

The arbitrary limits of our counties, however, will never fail to give a legitimate stimulus to local naturalists like Mr. Aplin in the collection of local facts and instances. His book is excellently edited, and forms a veritable addition to our knowledge of his county. A careful introduction forms an interesting essay on the natural history of the county, and the volume is further enriched by a good map. This latter is, however, somewhat overstocked with names; and the writers of such books as the present would serve their readers best if they would, in the course of making their volume, jot down on a blank map those names, and those names only, which they mention in the course of their narrative. Mr. Aplin tells us that one of the most interesting spots in the county, from an ornithological point of view, is Clattercote Reservoir. After a vast deal of search on his crowded map, we have discovered, at the extreme north of the county, a nameless object drawn like a pond, and not very far from it a hamlet called Clattercot (*sic*). No doubt this is the sheet of water in question; but, on a map inserted specially to illustrate a book on the birds of Oxfordshire, a place to which incessant reference is made in the text might have been marked more certainly and more prominently.

Mr. Aplin does full justice to his precursors, who have not been numerous. Camden says that "Oxfordshire abounds with all sorts of game, both for hunting and hawking"; but no one went into particulars until Robert Plot, that scientific don of Magdalen, in the chapter "Of Brutes," in his *Natural History of Oxfordshire*, made a few notes in 1677. It is Plot who has recorded that Osney Abbey owes its foundation to a "company of Pyes" which haunted a certain tree in the meadows there, and were "alwaies so clamorous" when the wife of Baron Robert D'Oyly passed their tree, that she consulted with Radulphus, Canon of St. Frideswide's, as to what the chattering of magpies might portend. That earnest son of the Church saw his opportunity and recommended the lady, without delay, to erect some church or monastery upon the spot so indicated. It is perhaps more interesting to find Dr. Plot stating plainly that the hoopoe bred in Oxfordshire in his day. It seems that even then this beautiful and harmless bird was the object of superstitious fear. Dr. Plot tells us that the country people believe that it never appears save—like the Sea Devil, whatever that may be—to announce an approaching calamity. A curious incident recorded by Plot is the killing of a cormorant in 1675 on the steeple of St. Mary's, in Oxford, where it had alighted after what must have been a long flight, since the sea at its nearest point, at Portishead, is about fifty miles distant. Dr. Plot was so careful an observer—though he did not know the nuthatch when he heard it—that the paucity of his notes is a misfortune. He formed a collection of birds in his college, "all of them collected in this shire."

It was more than a century later before any fresh Oxfordshire ornithologist appeared. About a hundred years ago, Dr. Lamb, of Newbury, began a manuscript list of the birds of this county and of Berkshire, which was forwarded for publication to the Linnæan Society about 1814, but was long lost or mislaid. In 1880 it saw the light at last, under the imperfect title of *Ornithologia Bercheria*. In 1849–50 the Revs. Andrew and Henry Matthews issued their *Birds of Oxfordshire and its Neighbourhood*, in which they included two hundred and thirty-two species, nine of which Mr. Aplin rules out of court, as resting their claim to inclusion on Berkshire or Buckinghamshire specimens. Since then Mr. C. M. Prior, Mr. W. Warde Fowler, and Lord Lilford have done good work in the observation of local Oxfordshire birds. Mr. Aplin claims for Oxfordshire slightly over three hundred distinct species. One or two of these may, however, be considered dubious, the evidence for the marsh warbler, though considerable, being very slight, and that for the hairy woodpecker (*Dendrocopus villosus*) being abandoned by Mr. Aplin himself.

Among the curious and rare birds claimed by Oxfordshire is the eagle owl (*Bubo ignavus*), one specimen of which was shot in 1833, and another distinctly seen close to Goring in 1843, by the Rev. A. Matthews. Three golden orioles have been shot in the county, including a pair in full plumage killed in a wood at Great Tew in 1880, apparently while in the act, with grasses in their bills, of building their pendant nests with intent to settle in our inhospitable and murderous country. The bearded reedling (*Panurus biarmicus*), at one time not wholly uncommon, has been exterminated for half a century; but the Bohemian waxwing is still occasionally seen. A solitary specimen of Richard's pipit has been captured in Oxfordshire, and another of the roller. In one instance, that of the Andalusian hemipode (*Turnix sylvatica*), Oxfordshire has added a species to the English fauna. The hemipode is a quail, without a back toe; the specimen referred to was shot by a gamekeeper at Cornwell, near Chipping Norton, in 1884. It is a bird that haunts the shores of the Mediterranean; according to Yarrell, it is very local in its distribution, and no wanderer. How this solitary specimen found its way to Chipping Norton will probably never be discovered. The red-necked phalarope has occurred once and the black-winged stilt twice in this county. It is curious to note how large a number of the essentially marine birds are claimed by Mr. Aplin for a district so remote as Oxfordshire from the sea. No less than seven of the terns are found here, the common tern (*Sterna fluviatilis*) being quite frequent on the Thames and the Cherwell in May, these flocks returning sometimes in September. The Arctic tern, and the record is a unique one, was found breeding at Otmoor in 1834. An equal number of gulls—seven species—are claimed for the county, many of the specimens secured being, no doubt, shot in the act of taking a short cut across England, from the Wash to the Bristol Channel. The same is true of the skuns, petrels, guillemots, and auks, which so oddly swell the tale of Oxfordshire birds.

Mr. Aplin gives an interesting account of Clattercote Reservoir, which we have already mentioned, a remote sheet of water, some twenty acres in extent, on the Warwickshire frontier of the county:—

> Surrounded on three sides by thick hedgerows, and well furnished with rushes, flags, and other water-plants at the sides and upper end, it forms an attractive resort for ducks and other waterfowl. The following water-birds have reared their young there in recent years—namely, Wild-duck, Teal, Coot, Moorhen, Great Crested Grebe, and Little Grebe; the Kingfisher and Water Rail inhabit the pool, but have not been detected breeding there, while the Peewit, Reed Bunting, Sedge, and some other species of Warblers have their nests in the surrounding undergrowth, or in the immediate vicinity. I have also observed the Reed Warbler, but it is scarce. At the close of summer the waterfowl with their young throng the water, and mingle with others which visit the pool at that season, especially if the water is low. An extract from my journal relating to the 3rd and 4th of August will give some idea of the bird life to be seen at that season. The water was very low, and, at the upper end, mud flats extended far beyond the reed-beds; little streams trickled through the mud, and some deeper parts formed pools, while the growth of water-plants produced little wet islands. On the mud were nine or ten Herons, in every possible attitude. Three Green Sandpipers fed along the edge of the water, and at a little distance a couple of Common Sandpipers, while numbers of Moorhens, both adult and immature, were dotted about over the mud; every now and then one of the latter would take fright and scuttle into the reeds. The shallow water was occupied by numerous Coots of all ages, from the adults to the young not yet out of down; out in the deeper water were a few Wild-ducks and one or two Crested Grebes, and four small ducks, evidently Teal, rose from some part of the water and flew past, on a boy showing himself from one of the fields at the Claydon corner. This, of course, roused all the fowl, and sent the Herons off in a body; the latter, after flying round for some time, uttering loud croaks, perched on the tops of some neighbouring trees. A Kingfisher perched on the old wooden piles out in the water, and they were occupied later by a sandpiper.

Later on in the season this sequestered pool is the haunt of other visitors—pochards and golden eyes, snipes and tufted ducks, wagtails and pipits. Another spot famous for water-fowl is Port Meadow, lying along the banks of the river north-west of the city.

The changes which have taken place in the avifauna of Oxfordshire are worthy of notice. Mr. Aplin notes the almost total disappearance of the kite, buzzard, harrier, raven, and bittern. The latter has slowly vanished as the swamps on and around Otmoor have been drained. The snipe and the redshank no longer breed within the county. A very curious and unaccountable change has taken place in the distribution of the nightingale, at one time as common throughout the shire as it now is in Nuneham Park and in the college gardens of Oxford. Five-and-twenty years ago the nightingales began to desert the northern portions of the county, and now it is hardly ever met with north of Woodstock. As in other parts of England, the quail is growing more scarce; but the goldfinch, which had become extremely rare, is now, as we are glad to learn, "steadily increasing again, and at the present time is fairly numerous." Among birds which are becoming more abundant Mr. Aplin mentions the hawfinch, the ringdove, and the starling; and he is plainly of opinion that the Wildfowl Preservation Act of 1876 and the Wild Birds Protection Acts of 1880 and 1881 have been of genuine service in preventing the extinction of species. Throughout his interesting record, too, we are glad to note that naturalists are beginning to shoot rare birds less ruthlessly and to observe them more lovingly. In time, if this sort of thing goes on, the orioles and hoopoes may forgive us, and may return to breed amongst us in peace.

MR. COTTAM'S CHARTS OF THE CONSTELLATIONS.*

STAR-GAZING is not astronomy, but it makes an excellent introduction to it. Indeed, we privately entertain the perhaps presumptuous opinion that the majority of professional astronomers might with advantage be somewhat more of star-gazers than they are. A man, to be sure, who, while he spends

* *Charts of the Constellations from the North Pole to between* 35 *and* 40 *Degrees of South Declination.* By Arthur Cottam, F.R.A.S. London: Edward Stanford. 1889.

his life in taking transits to the tenth of a second, would yet be puzzled to point out with the naked eye the great square of Pegasus, and has never had the curiosity to direct a telescope upon the Orion nebula; who consults the Nautical Almanac instead of the face of the sky, and is far more interested in the rate of his clock than in the construction of the heavens, may be an excellent observing-machine, but is scarcely to be called an astronomer. His chronograph, indeed, records about as intelligently as he makes his observations. He, and others like him, of the "honest, jog-trot kind, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them," are the especial products of an age of divided labour and perfect mechanical appliances. In the good old times, when it seemed as badly worth while to split a second as a hair, and the "imponderables" had scarcely begun to be broken in to the service of man, they were less plentiful. It was said of Olbers, who did invaluable work out of a garret-window at Bremen, and had probably never in his life noted the transit of a star across a set of wires, that he could always tell, by the mere configuration of the stars in the field of a telescope, the spot of the sky it was pointed towards. His case was unique; but the want of some degree of personal intimacy with the objects of research saps the vitality of many an astronomical career.

Mr. Cottam's admirable maps of the constellations are designed expressly for the use of amateurs; but every astronomer might profitably (we do not say *possibly*) devote a couple of years to scanning the heavens with their aid. To say nothing of the profound delights of such an apprenticeship, it would be of essential use in quickening thought; and thought is progress. Without it giant telescopes, spectroscopes, photometers, and heliometers are so much lumber, and might as well be blown at once to that "windy sea of land" where Milton's fiend "walked up and down alone, bent on his prey."

The maps before us are drawn on a scale—one-third of an inch to a degree—unprecedentedly large in modern works of the kind. They are thirty-six in number, and each includes at least one complete asterism, Hydra—an especially ill-conditioned one—alone proving recalcitrant to this advantageous arrangement. Originally projected as auxiliaries to the fifth edition of Webb's *Celestial Objects* (1881), and to Mr. Chambers's edition of Admiral Smyth's *Celestial Cycle* (1881), they include, besides naked-eye stars, the whole of the "celestial curiosities"—double, variable, and red stars, clusters, and nebulæ—described in those works. Their scope was, however, enlarged in the course of execution by the addition of all the 2,775 double stars in Lord Crawford's summary of the Dorpat Catalogue; of Otto Struve's 650; and of 360 out of Burnham's thousand pairs. The projection employed is, moreover, of so simple a character that observers can readily lay down supplementary objects, thus converting the maps into a graphical working list of a handy and suggestive kind—of the only kind, indeed, available for the possessors of telescopes mounted on tripod or altazimuth stands. Yet they need not regret being precluded from the orthodox method of pointing by the setting of circles if they gain, with the expertness in the visual performance of the operation, which the persevering use of Mr. Cottam's charts can hardly fail to confer, a familiar acquaintance with the minuter features of the heavens, joined with the deep-seated and reverential wonder inseparable from their thoughtful contemplation.

A genuine reform of the constellations is hardly any longer to be looked for. The decree by which, on the banks of the Euphrates some four thousand odd years ago, the starry vault was turned into a menagerie, has proved irreversible. We may, however, be permitted to express some ineffectual regret at the disproportionate representation of the serpent tribe in the zoological collection. This class of animals combine every quality of objectionableness to astronomers. They are the least compact of vertebrates. They drag their slow length, in catalogues, through hour after hour of right ascension. Their folds and windings in the sky defy the aggregating faculty of the imagination. Each is separately troublesome; and there are many of them. But these are vain repinings. *Cuivis dolori remedium est patientia.* Let us turn to something more practical.

Stellar nomenclature is becoming every day more alarmingly intricate. One system superposes itself upon another, synonyms multiply, identification already in many cases demands an expert. We cannot, it is true, afford to part with the old picturesque Greek and Arabic star names, which still linger on in our text-books. Sirius and Arcturus, Vega and Altair have traditional and poetical associations which cannot be transferred to the first letter of the Greek alphabet. But we do revolt against the gratuitous puzzles provided by interlacing and intercrossing schemes of lettering and numeration. A double star in the Swan is famous as "61 Cygni." Not far off is a very similar couple, known as "6 Cygni." But the numbers in each case are without mutual significance or relation. One is Flamsteed's, the other Bode's. Flamsteed's "6 Cygni" is the beautifully-tinted pair, Albireo. Again, a single letter is frequently made to do duty for several—in one instance as many as *ten*—adjacent stars, which are then formed into a subordinate little series, numbered in order of right ascension. The components of a binary star are often similarly discriminated, only in order of *magnitude*. Thus, a^2 Centauri is the less bright, δ^2 Tauri the more easterly, of two connected stars. Anomalies of this kind abound.

The case of variables is perhaps the most immediately intolerable. That something must be done to remedy it is nowhere denied, but vague unanimity of opinion is well known to be compatible with practical inertia. The infelicitous device is due to Argelander of discriminating stars fluctuating in light from others in the same constellation by appropriating to them the Roman capitals from R onward (the earlier letters having been mostly used up otherwise). But, apart from attendant ambiguities, which we need not here stop to explain, the framework thus supplied was far too narrow for the requirements of advancing discovery. Already in two asterisms the overflow has begun, and superfluous variables are getting named by the crude expedient of doubling the significant letters, as RR Cygni, RR Virginius, and so on. We shall probably get to tripling them in a few more years.

The various systems of catalogue-numbers by which double stars and nebulæ are designated have at least shaken off constellational trammels. They are frankly technical. It is nevertheless to be regretted that the reduction of the nebulæ into a uniform numerical series in Dr. Dreyer's "New General Catalogue" is still largely ignored in current astronomical literature, and we question Mr. Cottam's discretion on the one point of the prominence given in his maps to Sir William Herschel's numbers and classes. They have long since been virtually superseded; they are, with very few exceptions, unfamiliar even to deeply-read students; they correspond to no natural arrangement, and, except for purposes of literary reference, were better suppressed.

Mr. Cottam was probably wise in refraining from any attempt to delineate the Milky Way. It is not a telescopic object, and the telescopic workers, for whose interests he has catered, can sufficiently distinguish for themselves galactic from non-galactic fields. To appreciate the labour of depicting, in all its delicate details, the majestic arch of accumulated suns by which our situation in space is surrounded, one should examine Dr. Boeddicker's splendid drawings of it, now on view at Burlington House. They are in many respects a completely new disclosure. Features barely suspected before come out in them as evident and persistent; every previous representation appears by comparison *structureless*. There is something of organic regularity in the manner of divergence of innumerable branches from a knotted and gnarled trunk; nor can the protrusion of cloudy feelers towards outlying nebulæ and clusters be regarded as purposeless; while the fidelity with which the milky effulgence coils and sweeps along the lines laid down by the stars emblazoned upon it is perplexing, if it be not significant. It is simply amazing that such a work should have been executed in such a climate as that of Parsonstown.

THREE SCHOOL HISTORIES.*

OF making of school histories there is no end. We wonder whether people think that it is easy to write a good history for young learners; so many try their hands at it that it must seem a simple matter. In reality, it is nothing of the kind. In the first place, the author ought to be far more conversant with his subject than is necessary merely to ensure accuracy; he should know his original authorities, or his book will lack freshness and vigour, which is, perhaps, the chief failing in Mr. Webb's respectable volume. Moreover, he should have the art of putting things in striking, though not exaggerated, language. This implies an amount of literary skill which is not often visible in school-books; and, though we feel that its absence in Mr. Symes's *Companion to School Histories* injures his work, we are not inclined to judge his little essays harshly on that account. Lastly—for it is not our intention to discuss all things necessary to a perfect book of the kind—it is, of course, absurd to write a history for young people which all right-minded boys and girls must necessarily loathe, and out of which they will probably remember nothing. Such a book, however, has been written by Mr. Ropes. It is possible that he did not intend it for young people; but that makes no difference, for it is equally unsuited to persons of all ages. He gives what he calls a "Sketch"—a skeleton would be a more appropriate description, for his book is full of dry bones—of the history of Europe, from the foundation of the Roman Empire to the present day, in two hundred pages. An attempt of this sort can only be successful when it is made by an historian of first-rate ability. Professor Freeman, in his *General Sketch of European History*, has shown how far it is possible by skilful arrangement, by adopting broad lines of treatment, and by making facts subordinate to the general character of the period to which they belong, to handle this vast subject satisfactorily in a small space. Mr. Ropes has tried the same experiment in a considerably smaller number of pages, and, as far as we can see, without any qualifications for the task except accuracy—with which, after a pretty careful examination of his book, we believe that he may be credited—and the power of stating an enormous number of facts in wonderfully few words. We give a quotation from his "Sketch" as the best means of informing our readers as to the kind of book it is:—

After Rudolf's death there was a war between *Adolf of Nassau* and *Albert of Austria*, son of Rudolf, who overthrew and slew Adolf in battle,

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* *A History of England for the Use of Schools and Colleges.* By E. J. Webb, B.A., formerly Junior Student of Christ Church, Oxford. London: Allman & Son.

A Companion to School Histories of England. By J. E. Symes, M.A., University College, Nottingham. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

A Sketch of the History of Europe, chiefly International. By Arthur Reed Ropes, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London: S. P. C. K.

but was himself afterwards murdered. *Henry VII.* of Luxemburg was a good and able ruler, but was unable to restore the Imperial power in Italy. His death there gave rise to another civil war between *Louis of Bavaria* and *Frederick of Austria*, the House of Austria now always trying to secure the Empire. Frederick was defeated and taken at *Mühldorf*; but Louis now quarrelled with Pope *John XXII.*, who lived at Avignon, and was a warm partisan of France.

And so on. The later part of his work is decidedly the best; Louis XIV., Maria Theresa, Frederick the Great, and the first Napoleon, fill such large places that it is easy to group the leading facts of European history during their times, and he has accordingly been able to present us with a somewhat more coherent narrative than he seems to have found possible when dealing with earlier periods. Still his book, as a whole, is absolutely unreadable.

Mr. Webb's *History of England* is carefully compiled, and is a better book than most of its class. He has divided it into chapters of convenient length and has given plenty of marginal notes of contents. His sentences are often awkward, and sometimes have too many relative pronouns, but his meaning is always plain, and he writes without affectation. Considering how important it is to make history pleasant to young readers, we think that it is a pity that he has not oftener quoted the very words which one or another famous person used on some critical occasion. As it is, his narrative is rather flat. The pre-Norman period is cut very short; no account is given of the constitutional or social condition of the kingdom before the Conquest, and it is certainly odd to find such a term as the "Witan" used in a school-book without any explanation of its meaning. As a rule, constitutional matters are treated rather feebly throughout the volume. Stories known to be false and foolish, like that about Becket's mother, should not be inserted in a book in which they must necessarily crowd out something more worth telling, and, if repeated, should be described as mere legends. Mr. Webb, we may observe, should not have spoken as though Becket's parentage was a matter of doubt. Here and there other amendments might be made; he should not, for example, call John Cabot a Venetian "by origin," or say that the clergy acknowledged the King as supreme head, without making any mention of the qualifying clause which they appended to that title, or assert that after the death of Pitt George III. was compelled to receive Fox as Minister, "much against his will"; for the King assented readily to Grenville's proposal to consult Fox on the formation of a ministry,—"I thought so, and meant it so," he replied. Mr. Webb is evidently far better acquainted with the history of the last two centuries and a half than with earlier times. There is, however, little to complain of in his book as a whole; though certainly not an ideal School History of England, it may be used with advantage. Mr. Symes believes that it is impossible to write a history of England for young people which will give due prominence to the "most interesting and important movements in the national development," and has, therefore, published a volume of short essays on these matters to be read along with narrative histories. His subjects are well chosen, and he has treated most of them very fairly. At the same time we do not think that his essays are likely to interest young readers; they are not particularly well put together, and seem to us to be deficient in method, point, style, and originality. Like a good many other writers of small historical books nowadays, he is extremely weak upon early history. His assertion that when the tribes of Angle and Saxon invaders formed themselves into nations the ceorl became a "sort of serf," and that it is doubtful whether in England he was ever a free man, is utterly erroneous. In his essay on "Feudal England" he says, "Military tenure generally involved the obligation of following the lord for forty days in the year. Thus [why thus?] in case of war the King summoned his tenants; and these summoned those who held land from them on military tenure; and thus a national militia was got together." The difference between the national militia and a feudal force, which was "got together" by "these summoning those" and so on, is an elementary matter. Among his essays on later periods, the two on the Reformation are perhaps the poorest, and that on the early part of the reign of George III. the best.

THE DISEASES OF PLANTS.*

THIS is scarcely the kind of book we should expect to find in a series entitled "The Romance of Science," a term that implies that popular treatment of a subject which is especially designed to attract and instruct young people. Professor Marshall Ward's little volume will indeed be found extremely interesting to the average young person with a good microscope, and the young botanist who would investigate the physiology of plants; but those who will best profit by this excellent and lucid exposition of the more common diseases caused by parasitic fungi are students at agricultural colleges, whose education embraces that comprehensive course of scientific study the want of which has, in the opinion of many good judges, proved a serious disability to British farmers in the past. Mr. Ward treats of smut, rust, and ergot in cereals; of "club-root," the "damping-off" of seedlings, the "mildew" of vines and hops, the potato disease, the curious disease that results in "bladder plums," and the lily "rot," which attacks the buds and leaves of *L. auratum* and its allied species. Of these diseases the two last are at present by no means general through the country, though familiar to most growers of fruits and flowers. Rust in wheat has in recent years, as Mr. Ward says, been "rigorously kept in check now that botanists have explained the nature of the disease," and it is not the devastating plague it once was to the British farmer. Science, too, has done much towards the eradication of "smut," through the investigations of botanists and the various dressings of the seed now in use. Happily in England rye is not cultivated as a food for man, and the terrible disease caused by ergot does not exist as a danger to our agricultural population. The remaining diseases that afflict plants, which Mr. Ward discusses and illustrates by excellent woodcuts enlarged from microscopic studies, are, unfortunately, more or less rampant, and the radical cure of them is yet to be discovered. Mr. Ward does not indeed profess to suggest perfect remedies. The best remedies known are, after all, mere palliatives, and what this little book supplies is a clear and full demonstration of the chief diseases caused by *epiphytes* and *endophytes*, the life-history both of the afflicted plant and the destructive parasite, and the whole process as revealed in cause and effect. Now that this knowledge is an excellent thing may not be apparent to the agriculturist in practice. The student in schools of agriculture, he will argue, may well benefit by the researches of botanists; but he, as a farmer, knows all about the "dressing" of seed-corn from long and sore experience and experiment. The gardener, again, whose whole time is occupied by tending vines under glass, knows how to deal with the pest of "mildew," and is professedly indifferent to the life-history of the specific *Peronospora* which causes the disease. Plant-cultivation will, of course, tend to become increasingly scientific in the future; but these men are content to leave to coming generations the study and the profit of scientific investigations. The practical cultivator, in fact, is chiefly interested in remedies.

If this, then, is the attitude of the agriculturist, it must be owned it is not unnatural. Let us take as an example the potato disease—an almost universal plague, recurring, with more or less virulence, every year, and at this date as entirely beyond control or cure as ever it was. No farmer or grower could read without some measure of intelligent interest Mr. Ward's admirable chapter on this familiar malady. The ravages of the fungus *Phytophthora infestans*, from its inconspicuous appearance through all the phases of development, are set forth with excellent exactitude in language that the practical man can have no difficulty in apprehending. Nor are the external phenomena which escape no observer neglected. The extraordinary suddenness with which the disease is manifested soon after midsummer—when the temperature is high, the atmosphere calm and full of moisture, and "thunder" is in the air—is one of the facts known to everybody. The susceptibility of plants in low situations on heavy land, and the frequent escape, during an epidemic, of crops on light soils and elevated positions, are other facts known to all and noted by Mr. Ward. But the cure loudly demanded by the suffering cultivator does not exist—"if," adds Mr. Ward, "by cure is meant some substance which can be supposed applied to the diseased crop, and stopping the progress of the disease." "And yet," Mr. Ward proceeds, "it is astounding how many people seem to be still credulous on such matters." It is the old story. Prevention is better than cure. The remedies are all in the way of precaution. To cut away the haulm—the oldest remedy known—is at the best a desperate remedy, a palliation if done in time, worse than useless if attempted too late. "Start with clean soil, plant tubers absolutely free from dormant mycelium," and lastly, "prevent people who have just passed through badly-diseased foliage passing through a field of healthy potatoes"—such are the three points of good husbandry advocated by Mr. Ward. And no agriculturist ought to need the advice, for it embodies the wisdom of common experience. It is somewhat curious, however, that Mr. Ward has nothing to say of the new experiment in potato planting which has been practised in all parts of the country this summer. Late planting, late enough for the crop to mature and be lifted in mid-September, and in favoured districts in the first weeks of October, has, according to the majority of reports to hand, proved very satisfactory. There has been abundant disease in the early crops, but these late-sown potatoes, owing possibly to their non-development at the critical period when disease is generally active, have for the most part entirely escaped. Here, again, the remedy suggested is but partial, for people will have early potatoes, and the vexed problem yet remains for the solution of scientific investigators.

* *The Diseases of Plants.* By H. Marshall Ward, M.A., &c. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

CELTICISM, A MYTH.*

WERE there never any Celts, or, if something like Celts did exist, were they "shiftless savages"? These are the questions which Mr. Roger settles in his own way, in *Celticism, a Myth.* He has reached what he calls "the exclusively Scandinavian theory," after passing through a stage of belief in Celtic antiquities and familiar theories. "Let him who will," cries Mr. Roger nobly, "deduce his origin from the shiftless savage of the British isles. I am content to believe myself of that great

* *Celticism, a Myth.* By James Cruikshank Roger. London: E. W. Allen. 1889

Teutonic stock which has ruled the world in the past, and will rule it to the end of time." "Thus freely speaketh Mr. Roger of the Celts," as Montaigne, according to Izaak Walton, does about cats. It were a pleasant thing to set Mr. Roger down to argument with Mr. Grant Allen, and let them fight it out. For Mr. Allen's dear Celts, if we understand Mr. Roger, are but a set of degraded Teutons, even in the language which comparatively few of them can speak. But about language we can hardly hail Mr. Roger as an authority. He quotes Pinkerton's doubt as to whether, "in the more remote periods, the Goths spoke Greek, or the Greeks spoke Gothic." This hath a rather antiquated sound, and Darwin can hardly be refuted by a rhyme from Mortimer Collins. He does not even believe that the Celtic speech survives in names of places, where it has died out from spoken language. Now half the rivers and three-fourths of the hills of Southern Scotland are what we call Celtic. What does Mr. Roger call Tweed, Yarrow, Penchrise, the Righ wheel? His theory we gather from a note (p. 22):—"With equal truth might it be affirmed that, where the Northmen never settled, there are no remains of what is called Celtic speech. The Northmen formed colonies in Wales, in Cornwall, in Brittany, in Ireland, in the highlands and islands of Scotland, and in the Isle of Man, and there only do we find those types of obsolete Gothic speech which philologers of the Celtic type include under the Celtic myth." Are the languages called Celtic only obsolete Gothic? If so, was there an invasion of Northmen into Scotland at a date so remote that their language was wholly differentiated from the speech of Northmen invaders of the seventh-tenth centuries A.D.? This we understand to be Mr. Roger's position. For example, Sutherland was invaded, at a remote period, by Northmen, who gave the hills such names as Suilvean and Ben Mohr. These are obsolete Gothic names, and the obsolete Gothic still survives in the vernacular. Then came, say, 700–1000 A.D. Northmen invaders, who gave such local names as the Fleet, Halladale, Helmsdale, and so forth, which are not obsolete Gothic. Or, in the South, the earliest Northmen gave place-names like Penchrise, or Eildon, obsolete; and the later Northmen gave names like Windburg, or Whitecombe. Sometimes *both* names survive, as in Mull, later Northman, Loch Scavaig; earlier and obsolete Northman—Loch na Keal, the Loch of the Dead Men. This, we are compelled to suppose, is Mr. Roger's theory. There are no "Celtic" place-names, as far as we are aware, in Iceland, which was settled by Northmen. So the "obsolete Gothic" did not become obsolete after 874 A.D. And so Mr. Roger must postdate the presence of obsolete Goths, wherever, all over Europe, he finds Celtic place-names. It is not in nature that people should accept Mr. Roger's or Pinkerton's opinion in preference to the universally held belief that Celtic speech is a language of the Indo-European family of speech, akin to Gothic, Greek, Lithuanian, Sanskrit, but not an obsolete form of any one of these. Mr. Roger considers all these ideas to be, possibly, "but the conclusions of learned ignorance." If Mr. Roger cannot be persuaded, he must be left alone in his scepticism.

If there be Celtic languages, as nobody but Mr. Roger can doubt, there must have been Celts. He himself must, we presume, put in the place of Celts some degenerate descendants of prehistoric Goths. He must get into "pre-history" somewhere, in spite of his rather healthy and amusing unbelief. He is on much firmer ground when he declines to believe in any art or culture that can fairly be called Celtic. The very patterns which are usually spoken of as Celtic are common on the gold work of the Mycenæan graves, which few people, we think, will now place much later than 1500 B.C. The decorated sword-blades, for example, previously held to be unique, have a parallel in a sword from the grave of Queen Aahotep, of the sixteenth century before our era. (Mr. Cecil Smith, in *Archæological Review*, July 1889.) At the Ashmolean Museum Mr. Arthur Evans has arranged enlarged copies of Mycenæan and so-called Celtic patterns. It is certainly a plausible hypothesis that the spiral system of ornament won its way North over the trade tracks by which amber was carried from the Baltic to the Mediterranean and to ancient Egypt. At the very least, Dr. Schliemann's Mycenæan discoveries deprive the Celts of any credit for originality in their system of spiral ornament. But perhaps Celtophiles will maintain that the founders of Mycenæan civilization were Celts, or that the system of ornamentation was independently evolved in several places. On their side they might quote the Maori decorative art, but then, unluckily, we know nothing of the original homes of the Maoris, and of their ancient history. If we prefer the principle, in constructing a working hypothesis, of choosing verifiable causes, we must provisionally assume that "Celtic" patterns, which certainly existed on the shores of the Ægean fifteen hundred years before our era, were carried north by trade routes which also existed. If later excavations find the same patterns in the North, in places where they must be older than the Mycenæan graves, it will be time to reconsider the question. Certain it is that the involutions of lines and spirals most characteristic of Irish art were quite familiar in Roman mosaic pavements. Mr. Roger believes this class of art, on British soil, to be Scandinavian, not Celtic. He declines to trace it "through periods of unwritten history which do not help us even approximately to any chronological conclusion." Unluckily for his scepticism, written history with ascertained dates is extremely old in Egypt, and day by day discoveries are helping us to chronological conclusions of more than approximate value. Mr. Roger himself has learned from Hope's *Costume of the Ancients* that the "Celtic" spiral was familiar to Greece. "Were the Celts the originals of men, and was their art antecedent to that of the Phrygians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans?" Probably not even Professor Blackie, or even Mr. Grant Allen, will support this hypothesis. So-called Celtic art merely makes rather exclusive and elaborate use of artistic ideas infinitely older than any Celts about whom we have any knowledge. Mr. Roger is probably right when he claims a Scandinavian origin for the ancient claymores (two-handed), for the Tara brooch, and other brooches, for stone crosses, dirk handles, and what so else is too commonly attributed to Celtic art. "What *is* Celtic art?" cries Mr. Roger, triumphantly. What, indeed? "The Celts," Pinkerton tells us, "had no monuments, any more than the Finns, or savage Africans or Americans." As to Americans, Mr. Roger can see *their* basreliefs at the South Kensington Museum; but for Celtic art, not derived from the Scandinavians or Romans, we know not where to bid him look. The celebrated "brochs" of the Western Isles were not built by Celts against Northmen, Mr. Roger argues, but by Northmen against Celts, or somebody else. We think he might leave the poor Celts these primitive Martello towers; but the late Mr. Fergusson agrees with him. We can easily imagine Mr. Roger denying that the Celts were worth building even brochs against. Is broch a Teutonic word, by the way, or obsolete Gothic, or what? But when Mr. Roger denies that the Northmen could have used wood "in a country where wood is not to be found," is he not confusing the Mull where Dr. Johnson's stick was a considerable piece of timber with the Mull of nearly a thousand years earlier, when wood may well have been common enough? There are traces enough of adequate trees in the Highlands where now "wood is not to be found."

As to race and blood, Mr. Roger is on perfectly safe ground when he stands up for the large proportion of Northman blood in Gaelic-speaking people of to-day. The Northmen of the Western Isles became Celticized, more is the pity, and we see the result when we contrast the East-coast fisherman with the indolent West-coast man, altered by a Celtic strain, by a relaxing climate, and by an unhappy history. Dean Stanley talked of the Celtic element in Dr. Norman McLeod. Well, in spite of Mr. Roger, there *was* a Celtic element there, plenty of it, but many of the clans bear Norse names for all that. Mr. Roger quotes Dr. Norman's brother, Dr. Donald Macleod. "My father, Dr. Norman Macleod, senior, who was a well-known Celtic scholar . . . always recognized the Scandinavian origin of the Macleods." But this gentleman adds, what Mr. Roger will not hear of, that the family of the excellent Doctor "had from other sources a very strong dash of Celtic blood." The truth is, we fancy, that the "Mac" names were derived by the clans from their chiefs, who might readily be conquering Northmen, while the majority of the sept were Celts. Mr. John Hill Burton agreed with this opinion. The families at the head of Highland tribes "have generally been found to be of Teutonic race," Norwegian or Norman. Mr. Roger gives a crowd of Macs, prefixed to a Norse name, as MacEwen, MacRannel, MacGill, MacOtter (which would be MacDobhran in Gaelic, we presume), MacColl (Kol), and so forth. In our own opinion, these really *were* Celts, probably named after animals and plants, salmon and boar, and so forth, who were conquered, Christianized, and adopted a patronymic derived from a Norse chief as their clan name. The process is illustrated in Australia, where a Totem kin sinks its totem and makes the head medicine-man's personal name into a patronymic. Many cases occur in India, and some such change, perhaps, gave us Sons of Kol (MacColls), in place of the older "Sons of the Dog" (McCunns). Thus the Scotch clans would be really Celts, with Norse chiefs, Norse arts, Norse weapons, and even Norse names. But a Celt's a Celt for a' that, in spite of Mr. Roger—a Celt in language, in character, and, with unavoidable mixtures, in blood.

THE SPINAL CORD.*

OUR author records his clinical observations on injuries and other traumatic affections of the spinal cord, states which were originally supposed to be of organic or spinal origin, but are now attributed to a totally different form of nervous disease. It is acknowledged that until very recently published descriptions of the symptoms of spinal injuries have been vague and indefinite; so much so as to be almost valueless in throwing light upon the more obscure questions of spinal pathology and physiology, or even permitting an accurate diagnosis of the cases themselves. Yet such injuries contain a mine of wealth which must advance our knowledge of the normal and diseased action of this portion of the nervous system, and there can be no doubt but that the "experiments" provided for us by traumatic lesions of the spinal cord must, in their turn, illuminate those branches of physiological and pathological science to the growth of which they owe the attention now bestowed upon them.

The marvellous resources of the "antiseptic" treatment allow surgeons to handle the spinal canal and its contents with as little hesitation as the cavity of the skull, the abdomen, or chest. We congratulate Dr. Thorburn on his masterly monograph, and wish

* *A Contribution to the Surgery of the Spinal Cord.* By William Thorburn, B.S., B.Sc., M.D. (Lond.), F.R.C.S., Surgical Registrar, Manchester Royal Infirmary, formerly Surgical Tutor to the Owens College, Manchester. With Diagrams, Illustrations, and Tables. London: Griffin & Co. 1889.

him all success in his bold field of work. The volume is very well got up. We suspect the letterpress is somewhat too technical for the average lay reader, though it must prove to him what can be done nowadays for obscure suffering by the scientific surgeon whose knowledge is based upon experiment, analogy, and sound reasoning.

CHESS BOOKS.*

THE literature of the game of chess is increasing in volume as rapidly as any other educational or quasi-educational literature that could be mentioned. It seems as though every proficient in the art, like every young man who gets his first-class at Oxford or Cambridge, considered it necessary to give proof of his quality by writing and printing a brand-new text-book. The practice is a pretty one, in so far as it adorns the individual writer, profits his printer, and leads to a harmless emulation; but one may have too much of it after a time. We cannot see, for instance, why Mr. Gossip, who had already fathered a *Chessplayer's Manual* and a *Theory of the Chess Openings*, should have produced another work containing very much the same sort of materials, differently arranged and more concisely stated. The explanatory title of *The Chessplayer's Text-Book* is "an elementary treatise on the Game of Chess, illustrated by numerous diagrams specially designed for beginners and advanced students." Why an elementary treatise of a hundred and fifty duodecimo pages should contain diagrams specially designed for advanced students is not quite clear. Chess-writers, even of Mr. Steinitz's calibre, think it necessary to comprehend the whole domain of chess in a single volume, beginning with pictures of the men, of a blank chessboard, of the knight's moves, and so forth, and ending with difficult positions, or contests in which they triumphed gloriously over distinguished rivals. It is as though a professor of Latin should try to advance his pupils from *mensa* to a stiff piece of composition in the course of a few hundred pages. Why does not somebody treat chess on common-sense principles, and publish a primer containing all the necessary elements, with a dozen Giuoco Pianos, carefully annotated for beginners, and nothing beyond that? Such a book would be more educational, as a first introduction to chess, than any other with which we are acquainted. There is evidently no room in an elementary text-book for remarks like the following:—

> The foregoing moves occurred in a game between the author and Mr. Crane, the present champion of Australia, who was signally defeated by the author, of whom he was never able to score a solitary victory out of seven games contested in public club matches and tournaments and off-hand encounters.

There is a ring of pugnacious defiance about it; but it is not chess. However, we are far from denying that Mr. Gossip does a great deal for the young player before he addresses himself to proficients. His ten "Hints to Beginners" and his "Preliminary Game" are very useful. They occupy six pages between them, and they comprise just such materials as might have been profitably extended over fifty or a hundred pages.

Mr. Wayte's edition of Horwitz and Kling's *Studies and End-Games* has undergone a careful revision, and this is now one of the most valuable and interesting books which a chessplayer can have upon his shelves. The first edition, for which the editor wrote a preface in 1884, did an injustice to the memory of Mr. Kling, whose share in the authorship was not acknowledged; and Mr. Wayte appears to have been deceived on this point when he originally vouched for the volume. The matter is set right in the second edition, which includes Kling's name on the title-page, does justice both to him and to Horwitz in a new preface, and supplies a list of more than fifty *errata* in the text. Mr. Wayte has earned the thanks of all chess students for the trouble which he has taken over this rehabilitation of a favourite text-book.

TWO BOOKS ON AMERICAN HISTORY.†

THESE two books are a part—a small and not the worst part—of the stupendous mass of writing produced, and in course of production, about the brief, and not particularly interesting, history of the United States of America. Mr. Lodge may, perhaps, take this description as one more example of what he calls in his Life of Washington the "stupid arrogance" of Englishmen. But we really cannot help it that American history is dull, consisting for the most part of easy victories won by rather commonplace men, and followed by intensely commonplace prosperity. Round assertion of this kind is undoubtedly a little crude, but there is a time for it. When Mr. Fiske tells us that there was more political faculty in the Convention which drew up the Constitution of the United States than in any body which ever collected in a single room the time is, we think, convenient for flat contradiction. The Convention was an assembly of decent, second-rate men, who had among them one politician who might plausibly be said to belong to the first rank—and he was a Scotch West Indian, whose mother was a Frenchwoman. It had a piece of work to do which might have been spoilt by gross folly and ignorant passion. It did not spoil its chance, and is, therefore, fairly well entitled to the praise of common sense and freedom from mere temper—which, as far as it goes, is respectable. But those who compare the men, the work, the obstacles, and the victory with the great crises of European history can only laugh at such language as Mr. Fiske's. The United States have been immensely prosperous. They have done wonderfully well, if they are compared with the Republics of Spanish America, and have every reason to be pleased with themselves. When, however, one is asked to admire their prosperity as being intellectually and politically great, when we are told to receive masses of details about magnified vestries as being highly instructive, one revolts. There is really nothing for it but to declare roundly that there is more intellect and more politics in any paragraph of Burke or any page of Joseph de Maistre than in the whole constitutional history of America taken together—there is more instruction in the doings of England during any ten years taken at random, or in any generation of the history of Holland between 1500 and 1700, than in the whole mass of American acts and sufferings, from the sailing of the *Mayflower* till the thrice glorious day when the great Republic was convulsed by the success of a dirty trick played on the British Minister.

Having now made our point of view perfectly clear, as we hope, let us proceed to examine the books of Messrs. Lodge and Fiske. Mr. Lodge, who is painfully anxious that the United States should be American, and not colonial, is, we cheerfully acknowledge, thoroughly American. He has the absolute incapacity to put himself in any but his own parochial point of view, the inability to see that anything was going on in the world except the founding of the great Republic, which distinguishes the historical writers of his nation. Withal, too, he abounds in assertions of the independence and Americanism of Americans while he is showing the most childish sensitiveness to English opinion. He starts in his Life of Washington by referring to Carlyle's famous phrase about the "limited uninteresting sort." He comes back to it, and the "bloodless Cromwell," again and again. He quotes, in an almost abject tone, Mr. Thackeray's comparison between George IV. and General Washington—a piece of claptrap, be it said with reverence, put in to please his audience when the lecturer was going through the States with a piano. In short, like so many of his countrymen, Mr. Lodge displays the most pitiable colonial sense of inferiority at the moment when he is most loudly boasting of his manly independence. This underbred longing to assert oneself breaks out comically when Mr. Lodge has a chance of speaking of the almost solitary grandeur of Saratoga. "'Why,' asked an English lady of an American naval officer in the year of grace 1887—'why is your ship named the *Saratoga*?' 'Because,' was the reply, 'at Saratoga an English general and an English army of more than five thousand men surrendered to an American army and laid down their arms.'" We wonder if any English naval officer ever thought Long Island or Brandywine worth swaggering about. In truth, Mr. Lodge has an uneasy feeling that what is so all-important in American is a very small part of English history, and is, in fact, forgotten by a people which goes on thinking very well of itself, and caring not one jot what America thinks of it; and this makes Mr. Lodge very angry. As it is with Mr. Lodge, so it is with Mr. Fiske in his account of the years between the end of the war and the establishment of the Constitution. There is in both the same cackling delight over the extraordinary genius of Americans, the same would-be lofty condescension to the dull minds of George and his Englishmen. It never seems to strike either of them that the more completely they show George and his Englishmen to have been stupid, the more they show what an easy business their War of Independence was, and the more discreditable do they make it that the rebels could not win without the active help of France, Holland, and Spain, and the tacit help of Prussia and the Northern Powers.

The two gentlemen are, we will not say sure that they are dealing with great men and great transactions; but they assert it eagerly. The things are different, and manifestly the assertion is not enough. One must have proof. Now that is what neither writer affords. Mr. Lodge, for instance, is very angry with those perverse people who doubt whether Washington was either a great man or even particularly American, and eagerly contradicts them; but when he proceeds from assertion to argument the drop is quite ludicrous. Thus, for example, he is emphatic in declaring that Washington was a general; and so determined is he to prove his point that he calls the Father of the Republic the first soldier on the Continent at the end of the Seven Years' War. As Mr. Lodge is not an arrogant, stupid Englishman, we suppose he does not mean this sarcastic; but it is a sarcasm none the less. What had Washington done to be called the first soldier anywhere at that time? He had been sent by Lord Dinwiddie in command of an irregular expedition against the French at Fort Duquesne, and failed completely. The surrender at Great Meadows was the end of his expedition. He then served as subordinate to Braddock; and, though he fought bravely, as all the English officers did, he certainly did not avert the disaster. From that time forward he was doing frontier work on the Alleghanies—solidly, no doubt, but quite without distinction. No single

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* *The Chessplayer's Text-Book.* By G. H. D. Gossip. London: Trübner & Co. 1889.

Chess Studies and End-Games. By B. Horwitz and J. Kling. Second edition. Revised by W. Wayte, M.A. London: Bell & Sons. 1889.

† *George Washington.* By Henry Cabot Lodge. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1889.

The Critical Period of American History—1783-1789. By John Fiske. London: Macmillan & Co.

incident occurred in those years of his service which any human being has cared to remember. If this was enough to make a man the first soldier on the continent, the place was hardly worth having. Mr. Lodge is very angry with the Englishmen of those days who said, rudely enough, that the Yankees were cowards. But, after all, what had the colonists done in the struggle with France to make Englishmen respect their fighting power? Little, indeed. The brilliant things, such as the expedition to Quebec, were the work of English generals and troops unaided by the colonists. We find the same disparity between the claim made for Washington and the evidence produced all through Mr. Lodge's book. He is continually talking of his hero's faculty as a general and superiority to the stupid English, and yet when it came to actual fighting, Lord Howe—no genius, certainly—beat him through and through. If the English, then, were so stupid, what was Washington? We do not say he was stupid, being rich enough not to grudge an enemy his praise, and knowing that after all he won. What we do say is, that he was good man enough to win against very indifferent generals commanding very insufficient armies. This is creditable as far as it goes; but it hardly classes a man with Marlborough or Gustavus Adolphus. At Yorktown Washington had the help of French allies, of an overwhelming superiority of numbers, and of a long course of luck. Of course an absolute fool might have thrown these chances away. Washington did not, and therefore was not an absolute fool; but is it so very great to win the trick when you hold all the trumps, and your opponent is a very average player?

Mr. Lodge is as anxious to destroy the belief that Mr. Washington was "a prig" as to confute those persons who cannot be got to agree that he was a great man. He asserts that this erroneous notion is based entirely on the biography of Mason Weems—the inventor of the famous cherry-tree legend. Now prig is an offensive word and need not be used. We prefer to put "perfect man" in its place, or "limited uninteresting sort," and to ask whether the description is not well deserved. Mr. Lodge has certainly quoted nothing to show that it is not reasonably accurate. He shows that Washington was brave personally, had very definite notions as to what he wanted, and could get very angry when he was thwarted, or when ill-judging persons thwarted the cause. Therefore, says Mr. Lodge, there was nothing commonplace about him. Unfortunately the demonstration seems to us insufficient. It is possible for a man to be brave, clear-headed, and capable of becoming angry, and yet be commonplace. To take him out of that class there must be a note of individuality about him, that "certain extemporaneous spirit and pointedness in his speeches and replies, which always carries its own authenticity therewith, and can never belong to another man," which Harte so justly cited as the internal evidence for the greatness of Gustavus Adolphus. Now it is this extemporaneous spirit and pointedness which, saving the reverence of Mr. Lodge, is so entirely wanting in all that Washington ever said, wrote, or did. His words and acts are honourable and intelligible, they belong to a brave man with an honest intellect, but they want the something at once individual and commanding which is to be found in the words and acts of Cromwell or Chatham, Nelson or Wellington. The hand of these men is never to be mistaken when once known; but if Washington's work were not expressly signed, it would be at all times hard to sift from others. Mr. Lodge's anxiety to prove that his hero was in some peculiar way American seems to us no more convincing. He can only say again and again that Washington was born in America, was brought up there, and worked for its interests all his life. But these things are accidents, not essentials. The question is, whether there was anything in his turn of mind, any flavour in his language, any distinguishing feature in his conduct, which marked him off as belonging to a different nationality from the average Englishman of the corresponding class. If there is, we have never seen it, nor does Mr. Lodge quote it. When he has done his utmost, he has only made Washington look like what many people have thought him all along—an Englishman who happened to be born in Virginia, and had his interests there, whose local patriotism and sense of his personal dignity was strong, and who was always glad of a chance to show that he was as good as a King's officer, who was so far a general that he understood the need of organization, who could recognize a fact, and was not easily led away by phrases. All that is respectable, but it is not greatness, nor will any amount of easy prosperity nor any chorus of applause alter its essential character.

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*THE HUMAN TRAGEDY.**

THE poetic gift and the critical faculty are not very often to be found united in the same mind. Were the conjunction more common, we should possess not, perhaps, more accomplished critics, but in all probability better, if fewer, poets. Or, at least, we should do so in every case in which the critic does not kill the poet outright—a contingency which we are bound to admit should not be overlooked. It occurred, we fear, in the case of Mr. Matthew Arnold; it undoubtedly did in that of Coleridge. There is good reason, however, to hope that Mr. Alfred Austin will escape that fate; for, though he possesses critical ability of a high order, he has, on the other hand, so long retained and so recently displayed his poetic powers in undiminished vigour, that we may fairly credit him with having effected a permanent *modus vivendi* between the creative impulse and the analytic habit. In the preface which he has prefixed to the "new and revised edition" of *The Human Tragedy*, he discusses the "Position and Prospects of Poetry" in a spirit well worthy either of poet or of critic. That is to say, that while Mr. Austin sets before him what is unquestionably a lofty—some might say an unattainably lofty—ideal of his art, he at the same time shows a thoroughly critical comprehension of the necessity of justifying that ideal to the understanding and of the argumentative process by which that justification is to be effected. We may or may not accept his conclusions, but no intelligent reader can fail to do justice to the skill with which they are presented.

Mr. Austin's theory, if we may put that theory with a brevity amounting to baldness, is this—that, the present age being pre-eminently the age of prose-fiction, just as the age of Shakspeare was pre-eminently the age of the drama, the form in which, beyond all others, contemporary poetry should seek to express itself is that of the Narrative, in one or other of its two varieties, the epic and the dramatic. Lest any one should suppose that this involves the heresy of counselling poetry to follow where it should lead, we hasten to add that Mr. Austin is of course far from recommending the poet to borrow anything of the novelist but his form—and his virtues. He must so far imitate the novelist as to make his story "interesting, and interesting to readers who are alive at this moment," but he must "tell it like a poet, and not like a novelist." It must be accompanied in the telling by "form and music," with "all the glamour which these command and radiate" (and in speaking of form Mr. Austin is careful to signify his recognition of the demand of the present day for a higher "perfection of expression" than satisfied the taste of earlier periods); and, lastly, "if the poem is to be a true reflex of the time, and to retain interest for all time, it must present, by implication at least, together with the individual story, one of those larger issues arising out of Philosophy, Religion, or Politics, which, long of import to mankind and likely always to remain so, haunt with exceptional pertinacity the alert conscience and sensitive intellect of the present generation."

Now we do not deny that *The Human Tragedy* is in some ways a striking contribution on Mr. Austin's part to the support of his theory. No one can question either the interest of the story, or the fact that the finish of its poetic workmanship is as complete as the difficulties of his task permit it to be; or the stimulating and suggestive fashion of its dealings with the great problems of life which are struck out in the course of the narrative by conflict of character or clash of circumstance. And yet—and yet—we ask ourselves as we close the volume, just as we asked ourselves when we finished the preface, *Is* Mr. Austin's theory a sound one after all? Is it the fact that a poet does well—we will not say to conform to the spirit of an age in which "prose fiction is universally read and exercises a dominant influence," but to endeavour to compete—for that is what it amounts to—with prose fiction in those special qualities to which it owes its popularity? To feel doubt, and very grave doubt, on this point need by no means imply any questioning of the soundness of Mr. Austin's general proposition that the epic and dramatic forms of poetry, as, in their full development, including and employing all other kinds of poetry, are its highest forms. One may be quite ready to admit that the narrative poem, properly handled, is capable of being made to yield us all that lyrical poetry and all that descriptive poetry can in their own specific forms supply, and that it can give us the results of thought in a far better and more artistic shape than the reflective—or, to call it by its other and more depressing name, the philosophical—poem has ever succeeded in impressing upon them. Nay, one may add the further admission that the narrative poem can "tell a story" as well as the prose romance in the hands of its greatest masters. What Mr. Austin says about the Odyssey and about *Romeo and Juliet* is perfectly true. No novelist need wish to tell a story of adventure better than Homer tells the former or a love-story better than Shakspeare tells the latter. But to admit all this brings us not a step nearer to admitting that narrative poems should or ought to please, or can without suffering in their poetic character be made to please, *because* this is "an age in which prose fiction is universally read and exercises a dominant influence." For we have first to ask ourselves what are the qualities in the prose fiction of the age which causes it to be "universally read" and procures it its "dominant influence?" And from Mr. Austin's own account of them it seems that they are confessedly qualities alien to the genius of poetry. In the earlier part of his preface (where he deplores the neglect into which narrative poetry has fallen, and the monopoly of regard which the novel has acquired) he admits that, apart from mere plot-interest, the attraction of the contemporary novelist for the great mass of his readers consists in the "elaborate presentation of human character," not by the synthetic but the analytic method, by "investigation into temperament, qualities, and motives." Another cause of the novelist's popularity is, to put it shortly, his realism—the fact that he simply offers his readers the "literary delineation of ordinary human beings as they are." Yet another fascination which the novel possesses is that it declines to trouble itself with anything

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* *The Human Tragedy.* By Alfred Austin. New and revised edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

more than "the passions and the fate of individual men and women." And Mr. Austin admits, as we have said, that at each of these points the literary processes and the literary material of the poet are entirely different from those of the novelist. There is neither opportunity nor room for the analysis of character in a narrative poem—abundance of both in a novel. The poet, as such, is not a realist, but an idealist who, though he is bound to know mortality as it is, only makes that knowledge subservient to the ideal transfiguration of human nature. And, lastly, the poet is not, as a rule, content with "the passions and the fate of individual men and women," but insists on adding that "something more"—the "arma" as well as the "virum"—which is "precisely what most readers do not want to find treated either in verse or prose, and, least of all, in verse." Yet while thus recognizing these essential distinctions, Mr. Austin, true to his theory of the relation of poetry to the "spirit of the age," has set to work in *The Human Tragedy* to efface it. Not only does he give us a plot substantial enough to furnish forth a three-volume novel, but he devotes a goodly proportion of his poem to matter which, often genuinely poetic in form of expression, is yet more or less in the nature of the analytic presentation of character; and, while idealizing his story by making it illustrate the play of the great forces of Love, Religion, Patriotism, and Humanity, and dignifying it with the interwoven narrative of such great events as the Liberation of Italy and the Insurrection of the Paris Commune, he has strictly adhered to the principle of keeping the passions and the fate of individual men and women as the never-shifting centre of the spectator's gaze. In a word, Mr. Austin has aimed at vindicating his theory by giving us a glorified three-volume novel in verse, with all the plot-interest and much of the character-interest that a three-volume novel can possess, *plus* all that higher and wider interest in the drama of human action and the problems of human destiny which the novelist, or at any rate the contemporary novelist, deliberately refrains from attempting to infuse into his work.

Now we cannot think that Mr. Austin has realized his ideal, and it is no idle compliment to him to say that his partial failure to realize it is as good a proof as could be required of its being incapable of realization. Apart from his purely literary gift, the character of his mind and the experiences of his life combine to qualify him better than most men to double the parts of the poet and novelist. But, with all his qualifications and all his skill, he suffers as a poet, and he suffers as a thinker by the attempt to play this double part. Most, no doubt, as a poet; and that, after all, is our main objection. He pleads, and justly pleads, that only "a reasonable and approximate perfection" of form is possible in poems of some length and some variety; that the "Eve of St. Agnes" and the "Pot of Basil" are not, like the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and the "Ode to a Nightingale," flawless works. But, when a poet who can give us something more than "approximate perfection" of form asks us to be content with that because of the length of his poem, we have to ask ourselves in turn why the poem is long, and whether the causes of its length lead also to other and compensating results. Now *The Human Tragedy* is long because it has to deal with the life histories of five personages, every one of whom is of importance to the development of the story; because it has to take the reader through a series of great European events; and because the author has to exhibit the play of four of the greatest spiritual influences that govern human affairs. In other words, *The Human Tragedy* is long because it attempts to do the work of poet and novelist at once. And, being thus long, it cannot maintain itself—it is not in reason that it should—at the level of its best parts; it cannot, for instance—it could not be expected to—sustain the fire and rush of its third act, the "Rome or Death" division of the story. Nor can it, nor could it be expected to, display anything like the rounded artistic completeness of such a work as, for example, Mr. Austin's last production in the order of narrative poetry—*Prince Lucifer*—a fact which ought to show him, we think, that it is in the poetic drama alone that he, or any one else, can hope to realize, without danger to their art, the aspirations of his preface. There the severity of the form itself is a protection to the poet. But the poetic three-volume novel, we are convinced, is naught. The attempt after it would not really enable Mr. Austin to win over those prosaic "hopeless cases," the lovers of the "analytic novel"; it will only make his poetry less pleasurable to those who can really appreciate it.

REMINGTON'S ANNUAL.*

THE newest addition to the ever-increasing family of *Annuals* makes an excellent start under Mr. Egmont Hake's conduct with a varied collection of stories, essays, and poems by distinguished and popular writers. The counterfeit presentment of the contributors' signatures, which grace the bill of contents, is a significant index to the wide scope of *Remington's Annual*. Variety of entertainment, diversity of theme and treatment, people require in a Christmas annual, and variety is abundantly provided by Mr. Hake's company of contributors. In prose and verse they range many fields at will. The short story, the art of the novelist epitomized, is capitally represented. Mr. Walter Besant mingles three fit measures in one cup—humour, pathos, and romance—in his pleasant sketch of a much-engaged lady of an intolerably sanguine disposition. The seasonable note—and what were Christmas without it?—is sounded by Mr. Egerton Castle in his powerful and rather gruesome story of a Hungarian lady, whose cruel witchery is like unto that of the fascinating Geraldine of Coleridge, and by Mr. Walter Pollock's recital of the last exploit of that invaluable "agent," Mr. Peregrine, who provides a private theatrical audience in the nick of time with an original and truly first-night performance of *The Rivals* by a company that must have been "Sheridan's own." Mr. A. J. Duffield, in an amusing account of the "Naughty Club," embodies a very singular and surprising adventure, told with such persuasive *vraisemblance* that it should astonish no one to find it portion and parcel of some wondrous past in a future volume of *Recollections*—of Travels at Home perchance. With these lighter excursions of fancy may be classed various examples of the divine art of poesy—"The Holocaust," by Mr. Austin Dobson, charming and characteristic in style and sentiment; Dr. Hake's grim and literal setting of the text "Let the dead bury their dead"; Mrs. Meynell's graceful stanzas, "A Day and a Life"; Mr. Gosse's sympathetic sea-piece, "The Dead Gull," and the Marchioness of Huntly's musical couplets on the Nightingale. Apart from these is a chant of a fuller and graver strain, a "fable of evolution," by Lord Lytton, with the happy title *Sic vos non vobis*, wherein it will be found, by not a few, that the author of *Lucile* has not outworked that fantastic poetic vein in which he first achieved distinction. For other diversions, using the word not in its amusive sense, various aspects of interest may be indicated in Stepniak's account of the Nihilists' plot that resulted in the explosion of the Czar's Winter Palace; Mr. Wesslau's cynical advice to a Parliamentary Candidate; the Bishop of St. Andrews on the genuineness of Mark Antony's friendship for Julius Cæsar, and Mr. Eustace Balfour's exposition of the *Kriegspiel*, which shows that the "War-game" is a real game, and may be a source of recreation even for non-professional folk. The editorial article, "Pessimism and the Public Conscience," is, in the main, a plea for "rational Political Economy," a political creed which is at present alien to the practice of politicians and of the bulk of the electorate. The strength of Mr. Hake's position lies in his indictment of the Socialistic tendency of much recent legislation, which he demonstrates to be harassing at once and subversive of true freedom, though enacted always in the interests of some one or another distressed section of the labouring community.

* *Remington's Annual.* Edited by A. Egmont Hake. London: Remington & Co. 1889.

NEW MUSIC.

THE London agents of Mr. John Heywood, of Manchester (The London Musical Publishing Company), send us a series of six anthems from the oratorio *Immanuel*, by William Spark, Mus.D. The first to hand, commencing with the words "This is the day which the Lord made," is a trio, followed by a recitative and chorus, and is a tuneful composition, with quiet and effective harmonies. It is a worthy representative of our classical "Church music," and is well suited either for cathedral or church performance. On p. 162 we cannot help thinking that there must be a misprint in the last chord, and that the G natural has been omitted; for the chord with the sharp as it now stands has no connexion with that which follows—namely, the common chord of C major. "Unto Thee, O Lord," another of the series, has the same quiet charm as the former, but is not very original. "I delight to do Thy will," with the recitative and air "And He arose," has dramatic power. A Christmas carol, "It came upon the midnight clear," is very simple and pretty; we strongly recommend it for a village choir. We are sorry when Mr. Sparks becomes ambitious; his recitative and march, with chorus, "And a very great multitude," followed by "Hosanna to the Son of David," is trite and commonplace. It is curious how the march rhythm taxes the power of an ordinary composer, and always proves a stumbling-block to any one who is not a real genius. Judging from these excerpts of Mr. Spark's oratorio *Immanuel*, we should advise him not to soar too high and attempt ambitious and dramatic effects; he has a simple charm of his own when confining himself to quiet and harmonious writing. "Sweetheart" is a song sent to us by the same publisher, and is an adaptation of Percy M. Hewitt's "Ma Chérie Waltz." It is of the genus of so-called music which is likely to prove popular. It has a cheerful refrain in valse rhythm, and in another part has an accompaniment suggestive of bells. "Love's Story," by Joseph Spawforth, has the same elements of popularity in a minor degree, the whole being in valse rhythm, and consequently rather monotonous. "Sailing Home," a song by Lindsay Lennox, is commonplace, but has a certain go and spirit. His "Dream Memories," another song, is well adapted to be turned into a valse, which transformation is duly effected by Charles Deacon. It makes a pretty enough valse, but sadly like numbers of others. We suppose this want of variety is to be accounted for by the constantly changing race of ballgoers, and therefore originality is not a necessity. From the introduction of "Breaking Waves," by Harrison Russell, we are led to expect some change, for it begins like a chant. Alas! we are doomed to disappointment, for immediately we get to the *tempo di valse* our hopes are shattered, and we then find the ordinary, but far from ugly, valse.

Messrs. Marshalls send us Vol. IV. of *The Abbey Original Voluntaries for the Organ, Harmonium, or American Organ*, by Alfred Rawlings. Although they are not strikingly original, they have the merit of being melodious, and are sufficiently easy to be useful for performers and instruments of not very high calibre. "A Cossack Dance," by Ivan Tchakoff, is a bright and crisp polonaise, with a great deal of local colour. "Roses Red and White," by William M. Hutchinson, is an ambitious song of the kind dear to the hearts of performers at second-rate concerts. It has a valse refrain, is dramatic in a certain way, and will no doubt prove popular. This we can also say of Mr. Edward St. Quentin's "Honour's Call." It is a patriotic song of the right kind, and has a taking march refrain, which, although perhaps not altogether original, is decidedly inspiriting, and sure to be a success at any public meeting. He is much more at home in this style of song than in a sentimental one. "The Friends that could not stay," of this last type, is neither particularly attractive nor pathetic.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IV.

IN one of the addresses to "My dear lads" that preface all his stories for boys, Mr. Henty delivers a little lecture—*One of the 28th: a Tale of Waterloo* (Blackie & Son)—on the courage of women, "female heroines," and the arrogance of boys who think themselves braver than girls because they are stronger. "For the first time," he says, "a woman is the real heroine" of his story. On the whole, we sincerely trust there will be no repetition of the lecture or the example. Happily, however, a boy is the real hero of *One of the 28th*, and, like all Mr. Henty's heroes, he is exceedingly lucky as well as brave and good-tempered. The heroine is his mother, and her title to heroism is made out in a somewhat odd fashion. Left a widow with an only son, badly off in this world's goods, she suddenly hears from an old admirer that it is his intention to leave half his property to her son Ralph Conway; the other half to go to a young lady who he hopes will eventually marry the fortunate Ralph. Now this rich and kind gentleman lives with his two maiden sisters, who detest Mrs. Conway, and contrive cunningly to conceal their brother's will at his sudden decease. The old house abounds in secret passages and nooks where once seminary priests and other suspects were wont to lie hid; yet none of these gives forth the will after diligent search. Mrs. Conway is not a lady to be baulked of her own. She intrigues a little with her solicitor, disguises herself, and, under a false name, manages to be engaged as a servant by the two maiden sisters. She proceeds, generally under the cover of "dusting" furniture, to survey the premises, and, with a man's clothes, dark lantern, and certain burglarious implements—to wit, a bradawl and thread—develops her dark enterprise. In the end the will is found. She absconds with it to the friendly vicarage under the safe conduct of an ingenuous rustic constable, and all rejoice, save the poor old ladies. A strange kind of lady she is, somewhat after the heroic style of the late Mr. Wilkie Collins; pertinacious, courageous, audacious, beyond all doubt, yet scarcely a dainty heroine to set before the boys. Even Ralph does not quite like it when he hears the story, and most boys will more than echo his doubts. However, Ralph's own adventures in the Channel and on the field of Waterloo are of the most thrilling description; and he, we repeat, is the hero of a story which has two aspects, one of which cannot be said to be admirable in a book written for boys.

If it were not almost as thickly sown with puns as one of Hood's ballads, *The Opal Mountain*, by Henry Frith (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is as good a book for boys as one could desire. The story is skilfully developed, the incidents are vigorously described, the sketches of character in boys and men alike are forcible, and the book brims over with marvels. The search for buried treasure in the "Opal Mountain," in some high latitude near Melville Bay, involves a kind of rivalry between two sets of adventurers, much like the expedition of Cooper's *Sea Lions*, and a succession of perils and wonders, rich and varied enough to satisfy the most ardent lover of excitement. The description of the deserted oil city with its spouting flame and one inhabitant, the account of the voyage to the North seas, the whaling scenes, and other episodes of sport, are uncommonly vivid and striking. One rather incredible circumstance must be noted. The three armed Yankees who surprise the Upton party studying the mysterious chart in the hut should scarcely succumb so readily as they do. And do "road agents" shout "Hands down!" when they suspect a little play with shooting-irons? With hands down you can do much with a revolver. In another place Mr. Frith writes correctly, "Hands up!" Boys who love sporting adventures, with exciting encounters with big game, have a goodly provision for their delight in Major-General Drayson's *The Diamond Hunters of South Africa* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) The interest this book arouses is not due to the story, but to the lively accounts of a wandering life in the wilds of Natal and Zululand in which it abounds and the stirring stories of lion and elephant hunting. A new edition of Dr. Goulding's popular story *The Young Marooners* (Routledge) is prefaced by a brief notice of the author, written by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris. *The Young Marooners* was written in 1850, and reprinted in England repeatedly since that date. The story thoroughly merits the warm commendation which "Uncle Remus" bestows on it. It is entirely wholesome and has much originality. In *The Brig and the Lugger* (Hutchinson & Co.) Colonel Walmsley revives with excellent effect the stirring times of the war with France in the days of the Directory and the Consulate, and has not hesitated to introduce the figure of Napoleon himself, though less successfully than Mr. Blackmore in *Springhaven*. The story, however, is well devised, and the accounts of naval engagements are spirited. At the opening of the story we find "Collot d'Herbois, Barrière, and Billaud Varennes," the second an obvious misprint. The book intended to stir the latent scientific aspirations of youth or to foster inventive faculties and stimulate a taste for mechanics is so frequently marred by a pretentious tone of moralizing and an unseasonable intrusion of didacticism, that it is refreshing to find a book absolutely free from these defects. This welcome novelty is *The Modern Seven Wonders of the World*, by Charles Kent (Routledge), a book that treats of the steam-engine, the electric telegraph, the sewing-machine, the phonograph, spectroscope, electric light, and telephone in a perfectly lucid style of exposition and with workmanlike thoroughness. For boys no better book of its class have we read. It is well illustrated by over a hundred woodcuts, and will be found full of interest not by young people only.

In spite of recent inquisitions into "what girls read," and the gratuitous advice on the subject occasioned by school *plébiscites*, the supply, and the average quality of it, appear to be in no way affected. Everybody knows that girls read boys' books, with delight often enough, perhaps also with a feeling of riotous independence. But for very young girls and the schoolgirl in her teens there is ever a fresh supply of stories designed, not merely for their amusement, but primarily for their improvement. The latter show a diminishing tendency in point of number, though there is no reason why they should be less bright and readable than books of a more adventurous strain. *For Auld Lang Syne*, by Alice Weber (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), has a more ambitious projection of aim and plan than most stories for girls. It is decidedly clever, though it would have proved a more effective story if less spun out. The young people depicted are all more or less interesting, and they are drawn with sympathy and insight. The tortuous course of their love affairs will be found somewhat harrowing by sensitive readers, though the problem presented by the author—the conflict between true love and a lofty ideal of self-sacrifice—is skilfully worked out to the end. Mrs. Meade's *Polly, a New-Fashioned Girl* (Cassell & Co.) is no exception to the general excellence of the author's stories. It is a thoroughly pleasing story of the trials that befall a large family of motherless children, who are tolerably ungovernable, yet, for all their wayward and exasperating ways, charming by reason of healthy natural gifts. Polly is one of those dreadfully trying children who contrive to be exceedingly entertaining to lookers-on at the game. She takes life seriously, yet makes it look in practice like a very cheering sport. When she undertakes to keep house, then does chaos reign, and the unfortunate family is compelled at length to dine on potatoes. She's all right when you know her, but you've got to know her first. When she is known she will be first favourite in many a house. *White Lilac*, by Amy Walton (Blackie & Son), is a pretty story of rural life. The rusticity, without any pretence to local colour and dialect, is a genuine element in the story. Village life and gossip, and the day of small things that is often so momentous a day in a country district, are neatly depicted. There is almost as much pother about the naming of the interesting heroine Lilac as there was about Mr. Shandy's heir. The mothers of the village sit in solemn conclave and discuss the preposterous innovation of Mrs. White's choice of Lilac. The scene and the dialogue generally in this pleasant little book are bright and natural. *Her Own Way*, by Frances Armstrong (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a rather placid story of a spoiled girl who resents the arrival of a stepmother, a very harmless lady, and behaves as spoiled children will, till a course of boarding-school life cures her.

Mr. H. E. McLean's "Story of Life Afloat," *Andromeda; or, the Maid of the "Golden Age"* (Sampson Low & Co.), comprises the adventures of a young middy during his first years in the Royal Navy. They are not particularly exciting, compared with the more lavish provision of other writers; but they are forcibly presented, and Mr. McLean's pictures of sea life are tolerably realistic. The "maid" of the story is an American girl who is rescued from a burning ship, the *Golden Age*, by the officers and crew of H.M.S. *Andromeda*, among whom the hero is present. This young lady is promptly christened Andromeda, in honour of the event, by her father, and is henceforth known by the hideous abbreviation "Meda." For the rest, the story is made up of much voyaging, during which Harry, the hero, wins his spurs, and in the end is united to the charming "Meda." As a self-willed young person it were hard to find the equal of the heroine and narrator of *Cousin Geoffrey and I*, by Caroline Austin (Blackie & Son). She is a charming girl, as may be inferred from Mr. Parkinson's clever illustrations, and the way in which she shows her younger cousin how to go the pace on horseback, and in other directions, is extremely exhilarating. She is a fine creature altogether, and her youthful troubles rise to a pretty climax when she takes to circus-work, and is rescued from the burning hippodrome by her old admirer Geoffrey. Miss Austin's story is bright, clever, and well developed. *Down the Snow Stairs*, by Alice Corkran (Blackie & Son), of which we have a new edition, with illustrations by Gordon Browne, was an old favourite of a year

ago, and should not lack fresh readers. In the matter of fairy tales, more than any other form of juvenile literature, youthful tastes are readily formed, and stubbornly unwilling to be reformed. We put the old love before the new, and perhaps for this reason are not greatly impressed by Mr. Ashworth Taylor's *Knight Asrael, and other Stories* (Swan Sonnenschein). *The Story of a Queen*, by Mary C. Rowsell (Blackie & Son), offers a picturesque setting of the pathetic story of Marie of Brabant, the queen of Philip the Bold, her patient long-suffering, and final triumph. The choice of subject is rather an odd one to set before children, for stories of poisoning are scarcely edifying. Mrs. Macquoid's *Pepin, the Dancing Bear*, illustrated by Percy Macquoid (Skeffington), is a delightful little book for children, less amusing than the author's "autobiography" of a dog, but quite as interesting and quite as natural and charming in the telling. From Messrs. Routledge we have received sundry reprints of Fenimore Cooper—*The Prairie, Deerslayer, Pioneers*, and *The Last of the Mohicans*, in pretty cloth bindings, with illustrations in colours, and all "arranged for youth." It is hard to say why they are so arranged, and for what "youth" the deed is done.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. JULES LEMAÎTRE is always good reading, whether we do or do not take the very high view of his critical faculties which was—good-naturedly, we hope—opposed here some time ago. And his theatrical impressions are not the worst of his work, though there is, as a rule, little strictly theatrical criticism in them, the drama, and not the actors or the theatre, being usually his subject of interest. Those persons who have chiefly delighted in his *littérature personnelle* may, perhaps, find less of their favourite buttonholing in this (1) than in previous volumes; for, however stoutly he may argue to the contrary, the censures of M. Brunetière and others seem to have rather had the effect of "drying his vein," as was said (M. Lemaître will not think the comparison a bad compliment) of Corneille. We do not, indeed, think that his article on his own play, *Révoltée*, is very happy, for a *tour de force* of that kind must be *fort* and *très fort*, or it is nothing. And, without subscribing to the extravagant eulogies of *Henri III et sa cour*, which have sometimes been uttered—chiefly, it would seem, in order to disparage *Hernani*—we certainly think that M. Lemaître is unjust in his censures of it—unjust in no very different way from that frequent injustice of the late Mr. Arnold which consisted in refusing to acknowledge the "historic estimate." Again, in the interesting series of articles on the plays of Théodore Barrière, the defects of the personal, untempered or too little tempered by the historic, judgment appear remarkably. *Les jocrisses de l'amour*, with its satire on sentiment, appeals to M. Lemaître directly, and he "extasiates himself" over it. But when he comes to *Les filles de marbre*, "cela lui semble presque imbécile." And most imbecile of all seems to him the once celebrated Desgenais. "Cela était de l'esprit il y a trente-six ans! Pauvres nous!" cries M. Lemaître. Now we shall own that, as we read these words of his, a sort of terror came over us, and we put up a prayer for him and for ourselves (which in the liturgy of this particular goddess it is never safe to omit) to Nemesis For, to tell the truth, having accustomed ourselves for some years to look at things with the detachment which comes of a good deal of study of literature historically, we can perceive a M. Jules—a third M. Jules—saying very much the same thing of M. Lemaître in 1925. The journalist who prattles, who has *fougue*, and *esprit*, and cynicism, and a good knowledge of the Paris of his day, and a mixture of buttonholing and literature, who is he that he shall profane the graves of his grandfathers? And M. Lemaître, who is clever enough in all conscience, partly sees this. It is terrible. On the other hand, let us commend the story of M. Sarcey's corruption and fall by a slice of cake at the end of the article on Molière as one of the best things of the kind which we have ever read, and about as like the sickening compound of twaddle and impertinence which our own gutter journalists of the personal kind would turn out on the occasion as Tell or Hofer was like one of Mr. Parnell's Yahoos. We are one with M. Lemaître, again, in some capital remarks which he makes about the work of the glorious triad of Meilhac-Halévy-Offenbach, and he cannot praise "Gyp" too much for *us*. But his criticism, and still more his remarks, on M. de Gramont's *Rolande*, seem to us to bring him rather close to M. Ohnet; for saying which M. Lemaître will perhaps try to have our lives. Yet we thank him much for a very pleasant book, and only express a mild wonderment that he should attribute a certain series of scientific experiments recorded by Master Francis Rabelais to Pantagruel instead of to his respected father. O M. Jules Lemaître! is it worthy of a French critic not to know his Rabelais? Refuse to learn English, if you like; quote Shakspeare, and give hardy judgments on him in translations; ignore, at least for the most part, every modern language and literature except French; but at least know that, at least do not commit errors horrific and damnable in it. For, not only was it not Pantagruel, but Gargantua, whose *esprit merueilleux* was discovered by his invention, after a truly Baconian process, of the best medium for a special purpose; but Epistemon, Pantagruel's governor, would never have allowed it; and Pantagruel's own nature was not in the least inclined to such experiments, even *dans son ieune eage*. So that the misquoter, unless we misunderstand his reference strangely, has not only misquoted a passage, but shown ignorance of a whole book. "O Monsieur Jules Lemaître! this *is* very sad to find."

Three numbers of M. Jouaust's delightful reprints of classics (2) are before us, and we are almost driven to say "Buy! buy!" like antique butchers. The official *réclame* of the first says:—"On n'achète plus aujourd'hui de Voltaire complet." We hope this is not true. "On ne *lit* plus," &c., we fear, *is* true. By trusting M. Bengesco we, who may perhaps boast of knowing something of our "Voltaire complet," can assure both readers and buyers that they will not go wrong. We spoke some time ago of the first part of the new edition of *Julie* (3), "où," as it might be said in the famous old words, "l'art d'amours est toute enclose," if only Rousseau had been more of a gentleman and less of a valetudinarian and a self-tormentor. The second part now appears, and is worthy of the first. The *Contrat social* (4) is a very different book, though not perhaps less interesting, at least to political students. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of democracy, done once for all, unconsciously, insurpassably. This, it may be well to say, is not the view of M. Jean Larocque. For our part, we should have no hope of an intelligent man who read the *Contrat* and did not become an ardent Tory. He must have a *lésion* somewhere.

Three philosophical books of interest complete our list for the week. We have still to ask of M. Fouillée (5), who is "Stephen Leslie"? The inquiry is not impertinent. "Stephen, a Christian name," says M. Fouillée evidently to himself. And "clan," he says, and "Leslie," and "clearly a surname"—which things bear on *L'avenir de la métaphysique* more than at first appears. There is only one way to a metaphysic, and since Mansel in England, and, perhaps, even Schelling in Germany, folk are out of it. M. Guyau (6), who being dead yet speaketh under M. Fouillée's own guidance in many books, was a clever man, but not a philosopher. M. Bertrand's book (7) is a collection of psychological essays of some interest, especially in reference to Maine de Biran, a too-much forgotten person.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SCENES from a Silent World (Blackwood & Sons) is the taking title of a series of papers on prison life recently contributed by Mr. Francis Scougal to *Blackwood's Magazine*. The author is gifted with considerable picturesque power, and is undoubtedly moved by a sincere and ardent spirit of philanthropy. He writes with genuine eloquence on such hackneyed themes as the infallibility of human judgment, the hindrance to the full exercise of moral and religious influence on criminals within the confines of prisons, and the want of some inflexible standard of measuring moral guilt in the various degrees of murder. On certain subjects, such as the present system of prison visitation, it is possible to go far in agreement with Mr. Scougal without being in the least degree affected by the main argument urged in these sketches of prison experience against the efficacy of capital punishment as a deterrent. The proof case of "John Butler" proves nothing more than the fact that the fear of capital punishment did not deter "John Butler" from committing murder in a fit of passion under great provocation. But this is no evidence whatever against the general deterrent effect on the community at large. That is an influence which may be denied but cannot be disproved. On one subject which is an inexhaustible source of weak-eyed sentiment Mr. Scougal utters no uncertain sound when he says "The risk of evil influences to a prisoner within the jail has been greatly overrated." It is unfortunate that a book marked by so much ability and sincerity should be marred by a tone of sentimentality and appeals to the public that tend perilously near claptrap. In one case, after a forcible statement of facts, Mr. Scougal goes out of the way to depict a "dramatic situation," to give a finer edge to his pathos by portraying the interesting "personal appearance" of a murderer, and to draw a ridiculous picture of the burly criminal contrasted with the "small, elderly gentleman" who presided at the trial. This sort of thing should be left to the reporters of the New Journalism.

If not altogether true to its title, *Auld Scots Ballants*, edited by Robert Ford (Alexander Gardner), is a capital collection of ballads and poems of kindred form. It comprises genuine ballads and the poetic wares of the vagrant chapman; old ballads such as "Chevy Chase" and "Helen of Kirkconnell," and modern examples such as Hogg's most stirring and imaginative poem, "The Witch of Fyfe." Where a choice of versions is possible, Mr. Ford is, so far as we have consulted the book, to be commended, as in "The Queen's Marie" and "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray"; while the selection of chap ballads is altogether excellent. In

(1) *Impressions de théâtre.* Par Jules Lemaître. Quatrième série. Paris: Lecène et Oudin.

(2) *Œuvres choisies de Voltaire.* Par Georges Bengesco. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(3) *La nouvelle Héloïse.* Deuxième partie. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(4) *Du contrat social.* Par J. Larocque. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(5) *L'avenir de la métaphysique.* Par A. Fouillée. Paris: Alcan.

(6) *Education et hérédité.* Par M. Guyau. Paris: Alcan.

(7) *La psychologie de l'effort.* Par A. Bertrand. Paris: Alcan.

this division are included rare and notable specimens not accessible to the general reader, such as the delightful "Thrummy Cap" of John Burnes or Burness, "The Blaeberry Courtship," a charming sample of popular song, and the quaint yet very un-Chaucerian "Wife of Beith." Mr. Ford's collection is a book for ballad-lovers to rejoice in as a companion. It is handy in form and compact of all descriptions of popular song, compiled apart from any very lofty critical standard of poetic excellence. The introductory notes are good and sufficient.

Mr. Grant Allen's versatility must long since have ceased to surprise readers of his multiform and multifarious books. In *Falling in Love; and other Essays* (Smith, Elder, & Co.) we have a number of papers, originally printed in sundry magazines, of a scientific cast, in which the "science" is sweetened to the taste of the numerous section of the public blessed or cursed with a little science. If, as Mr. Grant Allen says, science is "dry" for most people, the sweetening process will certainly be found agreeable to the general taste. There is very little disguise about it. Mr. Grant Allen's treatment is dexterous, his style light and pleasant, his command of the fields of science extensive, and his resources in all that pertains to the "fairy-tales of science" admirable indeed. The result, for those who do not like science and champagne as "dry" as they can be had, is a bright and readable book.

Probably every one interested in the sonnet and its literature is under the impression that Mr. Samuel Waddington is not the originator of the title *A Century of Sonnets* (George Bell & Sons). Rossetti thought the term had been used and applied by some one. Yet Mr. Waddington says he cannot discover that such is the case. Nevertheless we are not rid of the impression that the title has been employed once or twice before. Both as a writer of sonnets and an authority on the subject Mr. Waddington has done good work. The present collection is worthy of his reputation as a scholar and a poet. His sonnets possess the not common distinction of clearness of expression. They reveal also a sense of form and an avoidance of mere sonority of language that are exceedingly rare in the sonnets of the day.

Psalms of the West (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is made up of fluent rhythmical prose in the form of philosophic or religious musings, a little rhapsodical at times, though for the most part strictly meditative. Here is a Whitman-like sample (xlii.):—

> I love the common things, and the daily journey is rich in stirring mystery.
>
> To think of them is to be borne on a current of rapture; to behold the actual aright is the opening of the ideal.

It is in this fashion that we are compelled to feel the heavenly superiority of the *Psalms* of David, just as the sublimity of *Genesis* is vividly brought home to us by the following Psalm on the beginning of things (xli.):—

> In the beginning was the beginning of time, and in the boundless darkness was neither space nor measure.
>
> Of the masses of world there was naught; of the knowledge that they were not, there was no perception.
>
> If a mind had arisen to see, the depth of silence would have slain it with horror, &c.

Of two diverting little volumes by Mr. W. Beatty-Kingston that appear hand in hand, as it were, like the two Dromios on their exit, we prefer the prose sketches, *The Chumplebunnys* (Chapman & Hall), to the verses, *My "Hansom" Lays* (Chapman & Hall), though there is plenty of humour in both. The drollery of "The Chumplebunnys" and "Why A. P. lives in Lodgings" is piquant, indeed, and perfectly individual. Nothing so good in its vein have we read since the author of *Up the Rhine* was alive to make laughter for us. The *Lays*, written in a "hansom," are often "very gay, very foolish, indeed," as the concisest of critical judgments has it. "A Benevolent Adulterator," "The Four Noble Burglars," "The English Abroad," and the rest, are extremely sprightly. Appended to these sportive examples are some capital translations from the French and German, with some Roumanian renderings that will attract readers not merely by their novelty.

Mr. Joseph Irving's very useful work for reference, *The Annals of Our Time* (Macmillan & Co.), a kind of "Diurnal Register," fully as valuable as its *Annual* prototype, is brought down to the Jubilee celebration in the new volume just issued.

Like other documents that offer "revelations" of a nasty kind, *Ruby*, a novel by Amye Reade (Authors' Co-operative Publishing Co.), is put forth in the interest of truth, public morality, and so forth, though public morality is ill served by the publication of one of the most vulgar, ignorant, and offensive specimens of fiction ever offered for sale in this country.

Some advance sheets, extremely handsomely got up, have been issued by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, of an edition by Lord Carnarvon of certain unpublished letters of Lord Chesterfield, which will make one of the most interesting books of the season. These letters are addressed to his godson and successor, and will fill about three hundred pages. We shall look forward to the book with much interest, and are not surprised to hear that Lord Carnarvon has ended his task with a much higher opinion of Chesterfield than he began it with. All, or almost all, Chesterfield's faults were superficial; some were even assumed; his merits were great and solid.

The enterprising Mr. Frowde, of the Clarendon Press and Oxford Bible Warehouse, has brought out a new set of "Finger" Prayer-books, about the size of a Neapolitan ice, and bound in various pretty and ingenious fashions. To speak truth, some of them—not all—open something hardly; but that is almost unavoidable in a book an inch wide. For portability and elegance they are admirable.

We have received the new volume, the forty-fourth annual issue, of that excellent handbook and directory, *The Lawyer's Companion and Diary*, 1890 (Stevens & Sons).

We have also to acknowledge new editions of *The Animal Alkaloids*, by A. M. Brown, M.D. (Hirschfeld); *Elements of International Law*, by Henry Wheaton, LL.D. (Stevens); Dr. Gneist's *History of the English Constitution*, translated by Philip A. Ashworth (Clowes & Sons); *On the Animal Alkaloids*, by Sir William Aitken, M.D. (H. K. Lewis); *Law and Practice of Divorce and Matrimonial Causes*, by the late George Browne, Q.C., and L. D. Powles (Sweet & Maxwell); and Vol. XXVI. of *Bancroft's Works—The History of Utah* (San Francisco: The History Co.)

With reference to an article headed "Relics of War" (November 2, 1889), *we are informed that the Catalogue quoted from errs in saying that the colours of the* 20*th were* "*taken at Minden.*"

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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1852	2,571,328	254,675	185,666	167	£26,159
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1866	7,525,373	1,245,372	611,858	2492	181,544
1873	12,297,445	2,253,175	1,007,803	4599	376,577
1880	19,695,470	3,913,252	1,660,077	6662	624,473
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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,780, Vol. 68. December 7, 1889. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

TRADE-UNION TYRANNY.

IT is possible that the parallel disputes between the South Metropolitan Gas Company and the Gas-Workers' Union and between the Maxim-Nordenfelt Company and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers may serve to bring the "wages" question to a crisis. It is called the wages question by a figure of speech; but, in fact, it is in many cases a trial of strength between the employers of labour on one hand and the Union wirepullers on the other. If one wanted to define the disputes named accurately, it could not be better done than by saying that they are the very reverse of the kind of quarrel sketched by the Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers in his letter to the *Times* on the 5th of this month. This person ends by saying, with some unction, that the Society has "no "objections to the Maxim-Nordenfelt Company or any "other employer being masters of their own shops; but it "will be a sorry day for Britain when the workmen of "this country give up the right of combination with "their fellows, and of the terms and conditions under "which they will work and dispose of their own "labour." We need not question the Secretary's grammar, since the meaning of his words is clear. It is, we allow, true that it would not necessarily be a good thing for the country if workmen ceased to exercise the right of combination, and became so incredibly careless as not to care on what terms they sold their labour. Nothing, that we can see, would be gained by the permanent fall of a large part of the population into a state of idiocy. Their work would suffer in every way, which would not be a good thing for the community. But, as a matter of fact, it is not this right which is in question, but quite another thing.

What the Gas-Workers' Union and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers are, in fact, fighting for is not the right of workmen to combine with their fellows and sell their work as they please, but the right of a couple of committees to dictate to a large body of workmen what terms they will accept. The Gas-Workers' Union threaten a strike because a thousand workers have made a contract with the South Metropolitan Gas Company. This Company, arguing, as we take it, that it is worth while paying something in order to secure a permanent body of workmen, has offered very good terms as to share in profits and hours of work to those of its men who will make a yearly agreement. It is not denied that the terms are good terms. In fact, a thousand men have already accepted them. The Union, however, sees, and we do not think it sees wrong, that the yearly engagement and all it implies will seriously diminish its power over the men. It has therefore announced that it will call its men out, and as far as it can will suspend the lighting of South London, unless the Company not only tears up its agreement, but dismisses the thousand "blacklegs" who have accepted it. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, again, does not like piecework, and has announced that it also will call its men out unless this form of contract for labour is given up by the Maxim-Nordenfelt Company. It is not denied that many workmen are quite prepared to accept the Company's terms. Here, then, we have the wages dispute so-called in its crudest form. Two Unions are simply trying to dictate, not only to employers, but to a large body of workmen. It is to be noted that they talk of calling their men out much as a government might speak of summoning the Reservists. In all probability they are not exaggerating their powers. From recent experience it seems certain that the mass of workmen who belong to a Union have as completely forfeited their independence as the members of a secret society. They will obey their committee meekly, and will be prepared to intimidate those workmen who do not choose to submit easily to the dictation of this or the other "executive." It is a state of mind not peculiar to workmen. Political parties which hand their conscience over to revered leaders are in much the same state. So are Secretaries for the Home Department who cannot see the organized intimidation which is as clear as the sun at noonday, in some parts of the world, or Chief Commissioners of Police, who think it consistent with their duty to wait for a riot before recognizing the possibility of rioting. It is all a part of the nerveless cowardice of the time which reduces the rank and file to the moral condition of sheep, and makes distinguished persons run about begging every one who is threatened to surrender for the sake of peace, and be fleeced to spare their neighbours annoyance. In business it leaves us at the mercy of little committees, whose general intellectual faculty may be judged of by the pert self-sufficiency and cockney smartness of the Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. The thing will work its own remedy, as other follies do, after it has caused immense loss of capital to employers, immense loss of wages to the employed, and immense damage to the general interests of the nation.

MR. GLADSTONE AT MANCHESTER.

IF there is ever an occasion when a certain disadvantage is felt by the controversialist who is unable to sink (in a rather felicitous phrase of the late Mr. MARK PATTISON's) "below the level of average gentility and education," that occasion presents itself nowadays when Mr. GLADSTONE makes a "great" speech. The level of average gentility and education which we, at least, always endeavour to preserve enables us to expatiate upon that level in fancy, and to behold from its terrace in successive deeps a Tory Mr. LABOUCHERE, a Dissentient-Liberal Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and a pack of Mr. PARNELL's Yahoos turned Conservative, each dealing after their manner with the discourses delivered in the Free Trade Hall during the earlier part of the present week. We, for our part, cannot attempt to imitate such a style of controversy; and one of the most famous tags of the French stage, that about the "irrepar-"able outrage of years," may dispense us from further endeavouring to conciliate truth and courtesy. It is a simple fact that, as in the Southport speech the other day, so in the Manchester speeches of this week, the oratorical presentation of the matter has almost nothing that can remind the reader even of the Atrocity speeches of thirteen years ago, much less of the addresses which succeeded Mr. GLADSTONE's "unmuzzling" ten or twelve years earlier. To generous antagonists it must always be painful to behold such a spectacle, and to conscientious ones it must always be difficult to expose the futility of the argument without dwelling on the shortcomings of the presentation. But the "dotages" of Mr. GLADSTONE (we are simply adapting the words of no less a person than DRYDEN on no less a person than JONSON) have got to be dealt with as gently as duty will permit, as thoroughly as duty may demand.

Let us in beginning pay a compliment to Mr. GLADSTONE. Even he had to confess, and did confess, that he and his followers had perforce abstained for the most part from hostile criticism of the foreign policy of the present Government. Even he, in paying, as in duty bound, a tribute to the support of the only London newspaper of repute which abides by him, said little or nothing about Crete. Mr. GLADSTONE is ill informed about foreign politics, and his judgment is worse than his information; but even he must know, and evidently does know, that if ever charges were hopelessly shattered, those of the *Daily News* Correspondent's against the Turks in Crete have been. He must know that, whatever new

evidence may turn up, the furnishers of this particular evidence are discredited in the eyes of every judge of evidence in Europe as either sheer fabricators or else persons who do not know the meaning of words. And, accordingly, though he would doubtless have liked to say much, he said practically nothing. Of Armenia he could say something, because, as has been pointed out here over and over again, the conduct of the Turks in Armenia and towards Armenia has been foolish in the extreme. But as to anything else he said little or nothing, and this is of itself a pretty strong testimony that he had little or nothing to say. As to the bye-elections, we may be excused from commenting much upon that subject. Mr. GLADSTONE has anticipated the effect of his own words in a magazine article, and, as a matter of fact, both he and his followers know thoroughly well that no inference of the slightest value this way nor that can be drawn from bye-elections, or from municipal elections, or from anything of the kind. We do not say this ourselves in any kind of exultation; for the "incalculableness" of the constituencies is a serious evil. But incalculable they are, and the results of a general election to-morrow, next year, three years hence, will depend partly on the questions which happen at the moment to be before the electorate, and partly on the work done in each more or less immediately before the day of election.

The real, however, or at least the main, interest of a speech of Mr. GLADSTONE'S on such an occasion as this is the interest of seeing how much further on the downward road he will go. As JOAN of ARC, in the play which unnecessarily sensitive persons think is not SHAKSPEARE'S, offers "to "lop a member off and give it" to the demon who is backward in assisting her, so Mr. GLADSTONE has constantly to make some fresh sacrifice of the kind. On the present occasion the sacrifice was handsome. Mr. GLADSTONE'S attitude towards Scotch and Welsh Disestablishment has always been particularly interesting to students of his political peculiarities. To a person of what are believed to be (if he has any left) Mr. GLADSTONE'S conscientious ecclesiastical and religious beliefs, Disestablishment in Scotland can *per se* offer no terrors. The Established Church of Scotland cannot be, in Mr. GLADSTONE'S eyes, the true Church of that country, even if it is a true Church at all. But, on the other hand, he had a very large number, and still has a certain number, of devoted adherents who hold that the "Kirk" is a true Church, and the true Church of Scotland. Hence many hesitations. As to Wales Mr. GLADSTONE'S hesitations have been much more recent and interesting, and even more easily explicable. The Church in Wales is a true Church, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, and he knows perfectly well that neither the recent arguments for Scotch nor the old arguments for Irish Disestablishment apply to it in the very least. Not only is there no such flaw of title as was urged in each of the other cases, but there is no rival body which actually stands even as the Free Kirk in Scotland does, much less as the Roman Catholic persuasion in Ireland did, towards the Establishment. In Wales the question is one merely and purely of political bargain. "Will so many persons give me their "votes if I yield, and withhold them if I am staunch?" The calculations have satisfied Mr. GLADSTONE, and he has yielded. It is now time (though so short a time ago as the summer of this year it was not) "that Parliament should "consider" whether it will pay the consideration necessary to keep the Welsh Nonconformists steady to Mr. GLADSTONE or whether it will not.

Yet Mr. GLADSTONE seems to have thought that this was all that could be expected from him. There was nothing about an Eight Hours Bill, nothing about the present meaning of Home Rule. The disappointment which his followers have in effect shown at his speeches, the apparent necessity which seems to have been felt for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to "drop in" and (without, of course, the least expectation that he should be called upon to make a speech, or intention of making one) doing a little "rousing" to counteract the deadly lively effect of his great leader's eloquence, the elaborate artifice of Sir JAMES KITSON to get a cheer out of the name GLADSTONE in a new collocation:—all these things, little and great, show the real effect of these Manchester addresses. We do not undervalue the enemy. Mr. GLADSTONE has behind him a very considerable party which has gained in recklessness what it has lost in brains. He is almost finally disembarrassed from the necessity of addressing the reason of any of his followers, most of them not possessing that inconvenient faculty, while those who do have set it unreservedly at his disposal. He can appeal to "predatory instincts," to the love of destruction, to the natural willingness of those who have axes to grind to lend a hand to turn the grindstone. He can still command much of that personal devotion which, like all personal devotions, is scarcely intelligible to those who do not feel it. But it must, we think, be unquestionable now, if it was at all questionable before, that he has lost much of the chief motive power of all his former successes—the resistless rush of his discourse, and the inexhaustible ingenuity of his casuistry. The dreary *kyrielle* about Mitchelstown and MANDEVILLE, KINSELLA and Killeagh, faintly refreshed with a little Father MCFADDEN, does not show the ebbing of the tide of force less than the verbiage about the elections and the juggling with social questions, on which no decided sound was given, show the loss of ingenuity. It would have been exceedingly strange if it had not been so; for, after all, the outrage of years *is* irreparable. But in that case why display it unnecessarily? It is in a way, no doubt, a wonderful thing to see a man all but eighty years old, who, with whatever loss of energy, has still energy enough to promise the overthrow of some of the institutions of his country, and, with whatever loss of astuteness, has still astuteness enough to avoid committing himself to the overthrow of more than seems necessary for the immediate purpose. But whether the spectacle is as reverend as it is wonderful is a question to which it would be painful, and is fortunately unnecessary, to give the obvious answer.

JUMBIES.

A NEW and attractive field for cocoa-growing and psychical research is the pleasant isle of Grenada within the Spanish Main. "Such a place for *lougarous*, "I'll never see again," the Researcher may cry, as this agreeable West Indian possession. Mr. HESKETH BELL has written an amusing and rather rambling book on the subject, named *Obeah* (SAMPSON LOW), and has collected modern and ancient instances of high curiosity. We need not linger over the primeval Grenadan method of protecting property by dint of magic and spells. This is the only method that keeps QUASHEE'S hands from picking and stealing plantains, but this plan is of no use with Socialists, as yet. When they have brought the general level of intellect down to QUASHEE'S standard, then tabu, and ghostly serpents, and bags full of every kind of bones and shells will recover their magical efficacy. It is only a question of waiting. The crude magic of the Obeah men and women chiefly depends on the old sympathetic theory, the belief in the essential qualities of accidental analogies. A good deal of darker business is done in poisons, which seem to grow thickly in every tropical forest. Obeah men do a roaring trade. A friend of Mr. BELL'S, a French Catholic priest, once recovered a great deal of gold coin from a hiding-place in the thatch of a dead conjurer, and, with a reluctant heart, sent the money to the Government, as the wizard had no heirs. But far more interesting than the gross, palpable frauds and foolish spells of these magicians are the extraordinary things which, in the opinion of the whites, they can really do. Now the beliefs of even educated Europeans easily "go "Fantee" when settlers have lived long in the society of a superstitious race. We cannot rely on them to keep clear of native follies; but, on the other hand, some of the legends of the whites have a certain historical curiosity. Mr. SAVAGE, an American minister, has opened a discussion on "Spiritualism" in the *Forum*, and tells a few anecdotes of personal experience which are odd enough, and others which may be pretty easily explained on obvious natural principles. The most interesting are those in which Mr. SAVAGE, as he believes, was present at queer vagaries on the part of furniture and other inanimate objects. These jumped about as if possessed; and the stories of similar performances by dint of Obeah form part of the same imposition, or of similar phenomena. Mr. BELL'S Catholic priest is responsible for the following example, though his anecdote, like "what the soldier said," is not evidence. He was sent by the Archbishop of Trinidad to take a parish in the interior of the island, and he was obliged to lodge in a small cottage, with an old Obeah woman and her little girl. It was hoped that he would, at least, make the old woman go to church. That was not exactly what happened. The lady lived in the "but" of the house, the priest in the "ben," and she could only come out into the open

air by way of a door leading into the room of the holy man. Her own room was crowded with heavy articles of Creole furniture, such as "a tremendous four-poster and a "portentous mahogany wardrobe." The priest went to bed on the first night of his tenancy, but was disturbed by a droning incantation which the witch kept chanting in her own room. At last he fell asleep; he slept well, rose, dressed, and never heard a sound from the old woman's room. A chair which he had set against her door was *in situ*; he knocked, no answer. He entered and found the room literally empty, swept and garnished. Old woman, child, four-poster, and all the rest of the "plenishing" had vanished, and never were seen or heard of more. The priest says no man could have moved the wardrobe, and the noise made in the "flitting" would have wakened the sleepers of Ephesus. The "but," the witch's room, had only two small windows. How was it done? The intelligent author of *Dodo and I* may say that witch, four-poster, and child, and wardrobe were all "disintegrated," and so disappeared, to be reconstructed elsewhere. That the priest was "hocussed," and slept sounder than he knew, or that the priest, like HERODOTUS's scribe with his "Krophi and Mophi," was amusing himself at Mr. BELL's expense, is the only orthodox explanation. But Mr. SAVAGE, in the *Forum*, may suggest a theory much more marvellous if he pleases. The old lady was a "psychic," who could make furniture jump.

A French Catholic priest—the same gentleman, we presume—told Mr. BELL another tale as odd. It was in Trinidad. A pair of planters were living in a small two-roomed house, "with no ceiling but the roof above them." They had been sitting outside till it was dark; when they entered stones were simply rained on them from above. The priest went with them, carrying a lantern. The light stopped the rain of stones; but when the wind blew it out they fell more heavily than ever. The moment that the light was kindled the shower ceased. They collected the stones, piled them outside, and went to sleep with the lantern burning. By way of experiment, the priest blew it out, and instantly the cataclysm of stones returned. The stones did not belong to the district. The following night saw the same game repeated, and then it ceased. Of course this sort of thing is familiar in stories like the "Devil of "Glenluce," in SINCLAIR's *Satan's Invisible World Discovered* (1681). The local explanation probably is that Jumbies did it, and, of course, Jumbies are Spooks. That QUASHEE did it, somehow, is more plausible; but why or how he did it, and why he left off, remains a mystery. Whoever the agent, his deeds are of the darkness. But *he* is nothing to the little girl in St. Lucia. One day her lady mother was told that it was raining in the little girl's bedroom. Raining it literally was! The floor was soaking, umbrellas had to be unfurled, and the shower followed the little child into the room where she was removed, while it ceased in her own room. She was taken into the garden, where rain was wanted. Nothing happened, but it (whatever *it* may have been) rained whenever she came under a roof. The attack only lasted for two or three days, and in this tale Mr. BELL emphatically "sees" Mr. SAVAGE, and "goes one better." Turning to history, he eclipses even his own marvels by a story of a witch, a captured negress, who stopped a ship in spite of the wind and performed many other miracles. Where is ROBERT ELSMERE now? He has only to read *Nouveaux Voyages aux Isles d'Amérique*, by the Père LABAT, and he will see that water-melons locked up in a box can yet be eaten by an Obeah woman or by the Jumbies at her command. She was set on shore; and then the ship went on all right, and people only ate melons in the usual way, not "with alien lips." The climate, scenery, and Jumbies of Grenada are, in short, so charming and satisfactory, and Obeah is such a pleasing alternative to strikes, that many will envy Mr. BELL his unrivalled opportunities.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE WELSH CLERGY.

THREE letters written for the *Guardian* by Mr. PROTHERO have just been republished in pamphlet form. In this shape they may be had for a few pence, and they are a cheap, efficient aid to all who wish to understand the origin, character, and effect of a most unjust and cruel agitation.

The anti-tithe movement in Wales has its connexions with the Irish anti-rent conspiracy, but differs from it in several particulars. The Hibernian agitation was promoted by and has flourished upon a mixture of patriotic animosity and profit; the Welsh upon a combination of religious animosity and gain. Apart from original essentials, violence has been the chief characteristic of the one, cant of the other. There is no other considerable difference, though we might add that if the Irish agitation was spiced from the beginning with race-hatred, the Welsh movement has been inflamed by a heavy dram of political strong drink. It is very largely a Dissenting movement; and it is unhappily true—not of Wales alone, but of Wales especially—that Nonconformity has exchanged much of its old devotional fervours for political ardour and the bitterness of political partisanship. For the rest, the direct aim of the agitators was the same in both cases. The one preached the abolition of rent, the other preached the abolition of tithe dues; and tithe is rent under another name.

It appears, too, that in the case of the Welsh agitation the first impulse came from Ireland. Mr. DAVITT's concern for the nationalist and property tribulations of his fellow-countrymen is not so absorbing as to prevent him from stirring up strife elsewhere; and a few years ago he endeavoured to rouse gallant little Wales to rebellion on behalf of the three F's. He did not prosper much, having taken the wrong road to success. But native agitators knew of the better way that lay alongside of it, though it seems to have escaped Mr. DAVITT's observation. The Liberationists had long been at work with their propaganda of Disestablishment and Disendowment; and it was at once perceived that, though the proposed combination against rent failed, even when associated with heroic appeals to national sentiment, an attack on tithe-rent charges under cover of religious zeal would probably succeed. It was no miscalculation. The Welsh farmers were quite as willing as the Irish to keep back a part of their rent, when that excellent substitute for patriotic motive—religious scruple—was advanced to account for its retention. Besides, the Welsh agitation was begun during a spell of "hard times." Wales has long been, and is still, a prosperous country for agriculturists. No portion of the United Kingdom has been so little affected by agricultural "depression." Nevertheless, it was felt rather keenly in 1884–6; and, as Mr. PROTHERO tells us, the fall in prices was the opportunity of the agitators. Then the anti-tithe movement was pushed with such vigour that a spontaneous outburst of hostility to the extortions of an "alien church" (alien since when?) could soon be announced. But the spontaneity took some exertion to get it well aflame. The press, the Methodist pulpits, the chapel organizations, were all at work at once; being vigorously assisted by Board schoolmasters, deacon-farmers, and much-concerned small freeholders, and helped not only by itinerant agitators of the ordinary type, but by "house-"to-house visitation by Calvinistic Methodist deacons." Local branches of the Anti-Tithe League were established, with the chapel, the politician, the preacher, the investor, and the vernacular press to sustain them. The investor, we have said, for it appears that "chapels in country dis-"tricts are, in a certain sense of the words, commercial "enterprises. That is to say, numbers of the farmers have "invested their savings in them. To destroy the organ-"ization of the Church is to improve the value of invest-"ments which its continued progress threatens to depre-"ciate." How should such an agitation fail to prosper? Prosper it did, favoured by political rancour, falling prices, private greed, immunity for lawlessness, the instigations of genuine religious sentiment (for of course that had something to do with it), the ignorance of many tithe-payers as to the ground of their obligations, and the helplessness of the victims of the agitation.

Before we look at the misery inflicted upon these unhappy men, let us glance at the excuse for its infliction. The excuse is religious or sectarian scruple, and a conscientious belief that tithes should be appropriated to common uses of religious teaching and general education. Well, the money being retained, how is it employed and what is its destination? The answer is that, withheld from the ministers of churches, it is not bestowed on the chapel ministers. It is kept in the pockets of the farmers themselves. "While "they appropriate to their own use many thousands of "pounds of money formerly devoted to a religious object, "they permit the debt upon their chapels to rise from "246,926*l.* in 1878 to 323,118*l.* in 1886; and allow their "contributions to the Nonconformist ministry, to the Non-"conformist Missions, to the Nonconformist places of "worship, and to the support of the Nonconformist poor

"to decline sensibly and materially." We may safely take Mr. PROTHERO's word for this, for he shows himself at all points a most careful and fair-minded inquirer. As for general education, take this in illustration:—A local grammar-school, supplying the very education to which the tithe is to be devoted upon the principle of nationalization, is asked for 25 per cent. reduction, while the local clergyman is only asked for 10 per cent. Besides, "lay "and clerical tithes are equally opposed. Radical laymen "are obliged to distrain as well as Welsh clergymen, "English colleges, or Ecclesiastical Commissioners."

Enough said on that point; and now let us turn to the effects of this most selfish and corrupt agitation on those who are made to suffer from it. Widespread misery is the result, and that of the keenest and most painful character. But perhaps the clergy have contributed to this unhappy result by hard insistence on their dues? It is not so, if what Mr. PROTHERO tells us be true; and his statements do not come before the world for the first time in this pamphlet. As a rule—indeed, it may be said almost universally—the clergy have shown themselves ready to consent to tithe reductions of from fifteen or twenty per cent. in some cases, in most to ten per cent., in others to seven, or six, or five. This has been done by men of whom few are blessed with private means, while most are poorly paid; and it has been done in favour of farmers who, "in "numerous instances, could buy them up over and "over again." The landlords have made no such reductions, taken generally. Out of their meagre pay the clergy have been willing to spare something, and not a little either, to meet the decline in prices which no longer afflicts their still obdurate debtors. But that did not satisfy; and tithe (which is that part of the rent that has to be paid to somebody who is not the landowner) has been withheld altogether to an enormous extent. To illustrate the losses which the clergy have been compelled to endure, Mr. PROTHERO prints a long table of instances, of which we take the first half-dozen (not the worst) for example:—

Tithe due last Audit						Tithes received		
£101	9	3	...	...	...	£13	7	8
95	0	6	...	...	...	13	13	9
48	0	0	...	...	...	12	0	0
133	0	0	...	...	...	48	0	0
158	12	9	...	...	...	19	14	9
113	10	6	...	...	...	42	9	1

It has to be remembered, too, that in many cases "fixed "charges upon the living swallow up the greater part of "the money received, and with rates and taxes leave but a "narrow margin." Thus one clergyman receives 86*l.* 10*s.*; of that, Queen Anne's Bounty Office takes 21*l.*, and rates and taxes consume nearly 28*l.* So goes the game, the clergy being reduced, not unseldom, to half-starvation. Mr. PROTHERO assures us—and we can see for ourselves how likely he is to speak the truth—that it is difficult to exaggerate the privations, the extreme destitution, the mental anxiety to which these poor gentlemen are reduced. He tells of one with whom he passed through the vicarage garden to see the church, a garden overgrown with weeds and branches of creepers. The vicar walked with difficulty, and, on the way, apologized for the condition of the path by saying, "We "hoped to receive money enough to get it cleared," and for the slowness of his gait by the remark, "I really do not "get enough to eat." Yet this man was at that very time arranging to hold additional weekday Mission services during the winter months. We read of another poor parson who scarcely ventured into the village because he felt so acutely his debts to the local shops; of another who sold his carpet to pay his way; of another whose son apologized for a hearty appetite, saying, "We have had "no meat at home for weeks." Of yet another this tale is told. When he was already impoverished by sickness, his wife died. Ten days after, he was informed that there would be no more payment of tithe. He had no money left, and none was expected to come in. Food ran short. His two daughters, naturally delicate, fell ill from want of nourishment, and died. About this time "he received from his "parishioners a box. On opening it, it was found to con-"tain a collection of nameless filth," and on the top was placed the message, "We hear you are starving; here is "food for you." That, however, must be taken as an occasional indulgence in ferocious cruelty, and counted for no more. Yet Mr. PROTHERO says that, stripped of its insulting savagery and its pathetic incidents, the story "accurately "illustrates the condition to which the Welsh clergy are "reduced." At best, and in the general, the condition of these poor clergymen is pitiable. Straitened for food and clothing, many of them find their credit exhausted and their friends overdrawn upon. Their boys have to be taken from school, their insurances have to be dropped, and some have succumbed altogether to sickness and anxiety.

But we can dwell no longer on a state of things which surely ought not to be allowed to continue, and the less as it proceeds altogether from organized lawlessness and absolute wrong-doing. As to the remedy, that, too, Mr. PROTHERO discusses; and we perceive that he is in favour of transferring direct liability for tithe rent-charges from occupiers to owners. That, we believe, is the solution which Lord SELBORNE's Committee favours; but, for reasons that appear in this pamphlet, it will not suffice alone. One thing is certain—distraint is no remedy. Distraint often costs more than the debt amounts to; and we can all understand how reluctant a clergyman must be to put it in operation.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

BY far the most interesting piece of American news is the report of the death of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, which reached London yesterday. Since the death of General GRANT, the President of the Confederacy was the last survivor of the Civil War who could be described as having been in the first rank of the actors on that stage. Among them he was at one time the most conspicuous, and in any fair historical estimate he will always appear to have been one of the most honest and the most able. His death breaks the last link which even feebly connected the "un-"inspired and uninspiring" American party politician of to-day with the political generation of CALHOUN, DANIEL WEBSTER, and HENRY CLAY.

In the present condition of American politics it is no dispraise of the PRESIDENT's Message that it should have attracted, as the telegrams report, "only moderate "attention." The very great prosperity of the United States is not, as some Americans, at least, are aware, altogether unthreatened by possible dangers. It is hardly possible that another generation can pass before the position of the negro population in the South becomes a pressing difficulty. Already it is the cause, or the excuse, for acts of violence which are hardly to be paralleled in any other country with the most superficial claim to be considered civilized. The influence of the Irish vote in American politics is already a cause of trouble and discredit to the foreign relations of the Republic. Before long it also may become a domestic danger which it will no longer be possible to ignore. But Americans feel a profound confidence in the stability of their institutions, and are so little directly affected by the Federal Government, that they are, perhaps wisely, unwilling to do anything which would tend to hasten a crisis, even though they may believe it to be inevitable. As they enjoy complete immunity from external dangers, they can afford to be tranquil even in the actual presence of internal difficulties. Apart from the largely fictitious excitement of the Presidential election, they have little to interest them in political matters. As General HARRISON is as yet at the beginning of his term of office, he can afford to make his Messages insignificant. On the approach of the next election he may, perhaps, be advised to follow the example of his predecessor, and publish a Message which will, in fact, be a party manifesto. It would be a pure waste of trouble and ingenuity to do so now. His party do not want it, and his opponents might profit by it. Under these circumstances, the wisest course is to say as little as possible.

General HARRISON has said very little. His references to foreign affairs are characteristic. The brief mention of the recent Revolution in Brazil and the Pan-American Congress contains only an assurance that the United States Government will commit itself to nothing. Even the somewhat longer notice of the fishery dispute with Canada amounts in substance only to a similar assurance. To those who do not understand that foreign relations are of no interest to Americans, except in so far as they can be made use of for electoral purposes, there may be a certain absurdity in the comparison between President HARRISON's brief recognition of the friendly conduct of Canada, and the violent language used about a year ago by his present Secretary of State, Mr. BLAINE. In fact, however, the inconsistency is merely superficial. The fishery dispute was made much of just before the last presidential election, and it may become of value as the next approaches. In the interval the vast majority of Americans, who are not at all interested in it, will be content to see their Government leave

it alone. Unless the British Government is induced by the Canadians and Columbians to press for a settlement, the PRESIDENT will be quite content during the next two years or so to acknowledge that "Canada has administered the "fisheries during the past season with little friction," and to express a hope that all existing causes of difference "will "soon be equitably adjusted." A harmless promise to do whatever is proper to help the Nicaraguan Canal, a polite salute to the Anti-Slavery Congress, and a cheerful assurance that difficulties in the naturalization of foreigners have now been removed, complete all the PRESIDENT had to say on foreign affairs. His recommendation that "the number of "extraditable offences between Great Britain and the United "States" should be increased belongs, except in the order of its appearance, to the domestic portion of the Message. It is not from this side of the water that the difficulties will come. Such a treaty as is about to be presented to the Senate would have been welcome enough to us, even if it had been of a character which would have deprived the United States of the valuable services of a diplomatist whom they have thought good enough to represent them at the capital of a sister American Republic.

The pith of the PRESIDENT'S Message is in the passage which deals with the financial difficulty—the only really serious one which presses for immediate treatment in the States. Even this has no great gravity for the moment, and General HARRISON could afford to deal with it as to attract only moderate attention. The position of the State which has more money than it knows what to do with has its difficulties certainly, but they are not very troublesome. It is at least possible to let them stand over for a time; and that is, in substance, what the PRESIDENT asks Congress to do. The Federal Government has, or very shortly will have, on its hands a surplus of about twenty millions sterling. In spite of almost heroic increase of the pension-list, and in spite, too, of the lavish generosity which Congress-men have displayed towards themselves in the matter of pay and allowances, the excess of revenue over expenditure is still great in America. Something may be done by building a fleet of warships, and another fleet of steam-packets; something may still be done by continuing to grant pensions to all and sundry who had any share, however indirect, in the Civil War. But when all has been done in these ways which American politicians feel they can safely do—a surplus will still remain. It might be got rid of by a sufficiently large outlay on public works; on the construction, for instance, of the Nicaraguan Canal as a national undertaking. But, although Americans are far from averse to lavish outlay, this particular method of evacuation will hardly be permitted to the Federal Government. It would put far too much patronage into the hands of one party. In the present Congress the Democrats are too strong to allow the Republicans to hope to set up such an immense extension of the "machine." The redemption of debt has hitherto been a great resource, but now all that part of it which can be forcibly redeemed is extinguished. The remainder could only be wiped off by the purchase of shares in the market, a process which forces up their price. It is very doubtful, too, whether Americans, who understand as well as any people the value of an absolutely safe investment for trust and reserve money, wish to see the debt wholly redeemed. There remains, therefore, only what, at the first blush, looks like the easiest of all methods—the remission of taxation. As a matter of fact, however, it is about the most difficult of all in the United States. Two-thirds of the revenue is raised by Customs duties imposed for protective rather than for revenue purposes. They must not be touched by a Republican President who relies on the Protectionists. Of the internal revenue a large part is raised by excise on the distilling of spirits, and that could not be removed without creating considerable offence. The Federal Government is, therefore, burdened by a surplus which is a "dis-"turbing element in business," but which it must not deal with on business principles. The PRESIDENT can hardly be said to have suggested any remedy, good or bad. He remits the question to Congress, and recommends a revision of the Customs Tariff, which is not, however, to affect its protective character. Obviously these are no resources at all. If the tariff is to remain protective, it will remain as it is. In all probability the immediate difficulty will be tided over by the remission of some internal taxation and further outlay on the navy. This is not a cure, only a palliative; but, after all, the disease is not of so painful a character that the United States cannot bear it for some time longer with equanimity. A thorough cure cannot, and will not, be tried until one party has a decisive superiority in Congress and a President of its own views. At present the forces are so evenly balanced that decisive action of any kind is not to be expected. For the same reason it is improbable that Congress will accept Mr. WINDOM'S proposal to repeal the Bland Act. It is true that experience has shown that the compulsory coinage of silver serves no good end, and does not even keep up the price of the metal. But it does serve the interest of an active, resolute, and astute body of wirepullers, who will, in the conflict of authorities made possible by the American Constitution, be able to obstruct whatever they find inconvenient. We do not, therefore, expect to see Mr. WINDOM succeed easily with his Bill. Neither, however, do we expect to see the silver interest carry that "free coinage" Bill which would enable all debtors to pay their liabilities in a debased coinage.

THE PHILANTHROPIST ON THE WAR-PATH.

EVERYBODY seems to be agreed about the excellence of Dr. BARNARDO'S motives, and what everybody seems to be agreed about is of course always true. Even the judges who are called upon not unfrequently to administer to the Doctor what Lord BRAMWELL would call a "good, "sound *habeas corpus*" unite in testifying to the purity of his irregular proceedings. If we do not swell the chorus of adulation, it is not because we are prepared to charge Dr. BARNARDO with anything worse than wrongheaded obstinacy and concealment of the truth, but because Dr. BARNARDO gets at least as much flattery as is good for him. It is natural that people should be predisposed in favour of a man who keeps Homes for destitute children. Benevolence, however fussy, and charity, however intolerant, always appeal to those who are neither gods nor beasts. But, in the words of the novel quotation recently made by Mr. JOHN BURNS, evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart. In one of M. CHERBULIEZ'S novels the hero accuses himself to his employer, a mine-owner, of having been the cause of a fatal explosion by not giving the proper directions for the safety of the mine. The accusation is false, and made to screen another person, but that is neither here nor there. The point is that the employer rejects with scorn, as a plea for mercy, the courage and assiduity of the supposed culprit in rescuing the imprisoned and helping the wounded after the accident had happened. "I did not engage you," he says in effect, "to perform prodigies of valour in an emergency, "but to be ordinarily careful in the discharge of your "duties." The remark was brutal enough, but it contained a substratum of truth. It may fairly be argued that the world would be better for less generosity and more justice. At all events, Dr. BARNARDO, as the Courts will soon be tired of telling him, cannot be allowed to break the law for the real or imaginary benefit of children whose parents are not altogether to his mind. Here, for instance, or rather not here, but probably in Canada, is HARRY GOSSAGE, whose mother wishes to send him to a Catholic home. Dr. BARNARDO is a Protestant, and the Church of Rome is, next to parental power, his darling aversion. Rather than subject HARRY to the danger of being perverted, he sent him out of the country and out of the jurisdiction of the Queen's Bench. He has been commanded to bring HARRY back, for the Court informs Dr. BARNARDO again, as it informed him before in another case, that he cannot say "I am unable to "produce this boy, because I have caused him to be removed "from England." A person improperly taken out of the jurisdiction must be restored to the jurisdiction, or else those responsible for his withdrawal must be prepared to face the consequences.

Dr. BARNARDO was perfectly justified in originally receiving HARRY GOSSAGE as an inmate of his home. He was asked to do so by a clergyman at Folkestone, and very properly asked leave of the boy's mother. Mrs. GOSSAGE replied, "I shall be pleased if my son is kept in Dr. "BARNARDO'S home, as I cannot afford to support him "myself." Mrs. GOSSAGE is apparently unable to write, but to this sentence she affixed her mark. Dr. BARNARDO, who does not seem to be quite so innocent of the world and its ways as some of his acts would lead one to suppose, took the further precaution of sending her an agreement, but this agreement was never signed. A day or two after it was sent Dr. BARNARDO received an application on Mrs. GOSSAGE'S behalf for the removal of her child to a Roman

Catholic institution in the Harrow Road. Dr. BARNARDO's answer was a lithographed form of unctuous religiosity, in which he inserted no reference to the distinct demand made upon him. Whether Mrs. GOSSAGE could by agreement have divested herself of her maternal rights is not the question, for she signed no agreement. There can be no doubt whatever that she was legally entitled to recall HARRY from Dr. BARNARDO'S, and send him wherever she pleased. But Dr. BARNARDO is a law unto himself. Two days after dispatching the lithographed form, instead of sending the lad to St. Vincent's or restoring him to his mother, he handed him over to a gentleman named NORTON, whom he had seen for the first time less than a week before, and of whom he knew absolutely nothing. Mr. NORTON produced a letter from Mr. BLAKE, and references from other less distinguished Canadians whose names Dr. BARNARDO has forgotten, and added that he "was anxious to find a nice-looking boy, not older than "ten or eleven; one who was not likely to be interfered "with by his relatives, as he wished, if he liked him, to "adopt him as his son." It is almost incredible, but it is true, that Dr. BARNARDO gave Mr. NORTON the boy to do what he pleased with him then and there. He did not even ask for Mr. NORTON'S address, and, when further applications were made on Mrs. GOSSAGE'S account, she received answers from Dr. BARNARDO'S subordinates which naturally led her to suppose that her son was still under Dr. BARNARDO'S care. The mother's authority to keep the child had been revoked. Her authority to send the child away had never been given. Lord COLERIDGE and Lord Justice BOWEN have decided that Dr. BARNARDO broke the law of the land. They could not go further. But there are other laws than those made by judges or Parliaments; and it will be for the charitable public to consider whether Dr. BARNARDO deserves the confidence hitherto reposed in him.

CHURCH AND LAND IN WALES.

IT is not to be wondered at that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT —a son of the prophets, a fair example of purely clerical origin and bringing up—should display his ancestral interest in ecclesiastical matters by making fun of what the *Times* not improperly calls the "very unlovely quarrel" between Welsh landlords and Welsh clergy, occurring, as that quarrel has done, just at the moment when Mr. GLADSTONE has made up his mind to throw the Welsh baby over the sledge. For some time past the probability of such a quarrel has seemed only too likely to those who know at once something of politics and something of human nature. The alliance between parson and squire is, indeed, one of those alliances which can only be unnaturally divorced; but it by no means follows that individual specimens of the two classes are incapable of wishing to dissolve it. That the main fault in the recent instance lies with the landlords there can be no doubt; but the clergy are not faultless. Great as have been their sufferings during the past year or two of Nonconformist dishonesty, and great as have been the efforts which the larger and better part of them have made to do their duty, it is probably true that in Wales, as elsewhere, and rather more than elsewhere, there have been and are clergy who do not do their duty. It has been over and over again confessed here, as it has been by all who are really attached to the Church of England, that one of the greatest blots on the discipline of the Church is the exceedingly slight hold given by the law over a clergyman who does not do his duty, and the expense, difficulty, and inadequacy of the means by which even that slight hold can be maintained. And, if it is particularly disgraceful for the castellan of a fort in a half-hostile country to be remiss, human nature, we are afraid, makes it very likely that just such a one will be remiss.

It is absurd, however, to recognize in the complaints of the recent Rhyl Conference a *vera causa* for the unwillingness of the landlords to acquiesce in the only solution of the tithe difficulty—the placing of the burden directly, instead of indirectly, on themselves. Some of them, indeed, seem to have quite frankly admitted the true reason, that they did not wish the bad relations now existing between tithe-owners and tithepayers to be transferred to themselves and their tenants. There would be nothing to be said against this exceedingly natural reluctance (or nothing except from the high moral standpoint which is not a convenient *pou sto*) if it were not as unwise as it is natural. Do any Welsh landlords really think that by abandoning the tenth to the tenants they will save the nine-tenths? Do they imagine that the eminent Mr. GEE and his friends will be content with mumbling the parson's bones, and will not think of fixing their jaws in the squire's flesh? Did they ever hear of a place called Ireland, of things called Land Acts, of prairie value, of holding the harvest, and so forth? Do they imagine that one kind of property in land can fall and another kind of property in land stand uninjured and unshaken by the falling? If they really think these things, the application of the old saw in their case is unpleasantly obvious. They must certainly have lost their wits, and they will go near to losing their goods. The blindness of property is, indeed, unfortunately a very well-known variety of blindness, and one of the most difficult to couch or cure. If the grumbling Welsh squires, who are no doubt not all the Welsh squires, do not want to exemplify the disease even more signally than their Irish brethren, let them agree speedily with their clerical allies. They are in the same boat with those allies, they cannot get out of it by throwing their companions overboard, and they will not lighten or quicken the boat itself by any such jettison. Parson and squire may sink or swim in England; but, will they nill they, they must sink or swim together.

TOY CAPS.

MANY people will remember the terrible explosion which occurred in the summer of last year at a manufactory of fireworks, near Wandsworth. Only a pound and a half of powder was ignited. But three girls were killed, and the neighbourhood was naturally a good deal alarmed. One result of the catastrophe was that Mr. MCMURRAY, the well-known maker of paper--whose premises are on the other side of the Wandle—instituted legal proceedings against the exercise of this dangerous trade. Lord Justice BOWEN, in the interesting sketch of legal history which he contributed to Mr. HUMPHRY WARD'S Jubilee volumes on the present reign, observes that, in 1837, the chances were against a man who began a Chancery suit living to see the end of it. We have considerably improved upon the pace of our ancestors. Lord ELDON has left no successor, and there are five Chancery judges. Aided by these positive and negative advantages, Mr. MCMURRAY has succeeded in obtaining a judgment from the Court of First Instance within little more than a year and a quarter. As his opponent has only two appeals, and as the House of Lords sits for judicial purposes during the Parliamentary recess, Mr. MCMURRAY need not despair of surviving the litigation upon which he has embarked. That he has so far succeeded may be partly due to the fact that he had Mr. RIGBY for his counsel. But the public will be very much inclined to congratulate him upon his success, without reference to how he won it. Mr. Justice KEKEWICH expressed some commiseration for the hard fate of the defendant, Mr. CALDWELL, and, no doubt, a man is to be pitied for having his trade molested, if not destroyed. Mr. CALDWELL produces fireworks, and also "amorces," or detonating paper-caps for children's pistols. He has obeyed the Regulations of the Home Office, which were altered and made more stringent after the explosion of August 1888. It may seem unfair to say anything against a man who carries on a lawful business in a legal way. Fireworks seem to be an acknowledged necessity of modern and civilized existence. But is it absolutely essential to our growth as a nation, or to the progress of mankind as a whole, that detonating paper-caps should be manufactured at all? What good object do they serve? They make a disagreeable noise. They emit an unpleasant smell. They corrupt the taste of the young and disturb the peace of the old. They lead to that insane passion for revolvers which threatens to become endemic if it be not extirpated by law. They yield no pretty or fantastic results, and are, if possible, less interesting than Pharaoh's Serpents. In short, they are an unmitigated nuisance.

Mr. Justice KEKEWICH, in one of those learned and elaborate judgments which, in their style, remind the flippant reader of a policeman's evidence, has come to the conclusion that Mr. CALDWELL'S factory is, as DOGBERRY would say, "very tolerable, and not to be endured." So he has issued an injunction; and, unless his decision be reversed on appeal—as does sometimes happen—the defendant

will have to discontinue his operations, or conduct them somewhere else. Where dangerous trades which are not prohibited ought to be located is a delicate and difficult question. There are not many waste and desolate places left in England, or at least in such parts of it as are possible centres of industry. But common sense, if not common law, would seem to suggest that paper and gunpowder are mutually unsuitable neighbours. Mr. McMurray is a very important personage, for he supplies much of the material from which the free press of this enlightened country is physically formed. Now fireworks may be all very well in their proper place. But even Messrs. Brock would find their "pyrotechnic displays" less attractive and less profitable if there were no journals to give them a descriptive report. Mr. Justice Kekewich had, of course, to decide the case as between man and man, heedless of the consequences to the community in general. His parade of authorities is imposing and formidable. But the real point is whether this manufacture of caps and fireworks is dangerous to the plaintiff and his servants or no. As to this, there was, of course, the usual conflict of experts retained on either side. Mr. Justice Kekewich, extending the principle of George Eliot's publican, thinks that all are right and all are wrong. Some say that the stuff of which caps are made is explosive when dry, but not when wet. Others hold that it is not explosive until it has been put into the cap, which certainly seems an odd view. Mr. Justice Kekewich, taking a middle course, which, in this instance, at all events, is the safest, opines that an inexplosive substance may be made suddenly explosive by hot weather. Now, as the Queen says in her Diary, we have no control over the weather, and therefore the only remedy is an injunction which applies to all seasons of the year alike. One thing which must strike the least scientific reader of the evidence is, that nobody knows the cause of the explosion fifteen months ago. The most plausible solution offered is described by Mr. Justice Kekewich as a "bad guess." These are not circumstances in which "it's "better only guessing." On the contrary, if we cannot be sure, we should be on the safe side, like Mr. Justice Kekewich.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

We are not so careful, as perhaps it might seem to some hasty ones that we should be, in noticing the death of the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. We did our best many years ago to kill Mr. Tupper as a standard and ensample of literary faith and manners; and we succeeded. He had to be killed, or sent, where bad English authors go when they die, to America; and the thing was done. We do not repent of it. As a man, Mr. Tupper continued to live for a long time, and was a very excellent specimen of humanity. He ought, as far as the sale of his books went, to have been a millionaire, and he was very far from being that. He was justified by his earlier popularity in believing himself one of the first men of the day, and the general public for nearly a quarter of a century before his death altogether declined to treat him as such. Even while *Proverbial Philosophy* held its vogue, other work of Mr. Tupper's was, unless we mistake strangely, anything but successful, and he was not one of those persons who trust in their vein and believe in their star and care nothing for recalcitrants and maligners. Yet we believe also that we are perfectly justified in saying that Mr. Tupper was never in the least sour; that he never bated a jot of heart or hope; and that he was to the last genial. He came of excellent folk, whether the stern genealogist does or does not believe in the Toupards and Topherrs, and all the rest of it. He was thoroughly well educated; he had the taste, if not the faculty, of letters. We salute him, as we have the right to do.

And yet there will always remain for the critic that astonishing problem of the popularity of *Proverbial Philosophy*. We call it, and we call it deliberately, astonishing; for, though it does not astonish the critic in kind (he has seen many others in that respect of it), no critic living has ever seen anything like it in degree. If, from the early forties to the early sixties (after which it "went with "a run") it exasperated some critics beyond the bounds of fairness, and made them forget that it was not the guiltless Mr. Tupper, but the guilty public, which was really to blame, that is a detail of the past. Perhaps some of these critics did forget one of the very axioms of criticism, that, from time to time, when the public has nothing better, it will jump like a trout at a mayfly at anything that is expressed in quasi-literary fashion, and goes just so little above its own head that the effort to seize it is a merely pleasurable exertion. Between 1840 and 1860, the era of Mr. Tupper's greatest popularity, the public simply had not got a poet. The great race of the beginning of the century were dead or dying, or had long ceased to produce important verse. Mr. Tennyson as he then was, and Mr. Browning as he still is, it declined to hear. It admired Sir Henry Taylor because it was told it ought to do so, and so it ought; but Sir Henry Taylor, it may be admitted, "do not," and did not, "over-stimi- "late." It admired, and no shame to it, Mr. Longfellow; but he was a foreigner. Youthful Spasmodics it would none of, and here again small blame to it. The *Defence of Guinevere*, the morning star of a new poetry, came twenty years later than the first appearance of *Proverbial Philosophy*. Meanwhile there was *Proverbial Philosophy*. It looked like verse; it scanned (rather badly) like verse; they called it verse. Its sentiments were quite unexceptionable—indeed, to give our own unbiased opinion, there is more sound sense as well as more sound sentiment in it than in the whole year's production of the average minor bard to-day. "They thought it said what it ought to "have said, and they coomed away," having, for the sake of the excellence of its saying, for the most part bought it. That the matter, even at its most excellent, was utterly commonplace, and the manner inexpressibly inartistic, the public did not, would not, perhaps could not, see. It is one of the most painful tasks of criticism, to any critic who is not a mere cub, to have from time to time to visit the idiocy of the public on the head of the author. The cub does it, and delights; the critic groans, and does it. It has got to be done now and then, be the author's name Blackmore or Montgomery, Tupper or Farrar. What was Mr. Tupper's abiding and distinguishing merit was, that whether he thought himself misjudged or not (and he would have been more or less than human if he had not), he took his punishment smiling, and if he never learnt, never whined.

ART, SCIENCE, AND "MY LORDS."

If Professor Huxley and Sir Henry Layard had laid their heads together to put officialdom to shame for its dealings, or rather its refusal to deal, with the needs of art and science, they could not well have performed that useful work more efficiently in concert than they have succeeded in doing by independent action. So happy, indeed, is the concurrence of their respective complaints, so fortunate the simultaneous publication of their two letters in the *Times*, that one is at first almost tempted to adopt the theory of a conspiracy of two. But, as a matter of fact, there is no ground for the suspicion. Professor Huxley writes, presumably in England, under date of December 4; Sir Henry Layard's letter is dated Venice, November 30; and we may regard it as purely accidental that the protest of the one correspondent against the anticipated refusal of the Government to make proper provision for the new Science Museum, and of the other against their indisposition to complete the project of worthily housing our collection of national portraits, should both have met the eye of the public in the same day's impression of a newspaper.

The Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 have offered to the Government for 70,000*l.* a plot of land worth nearly three times that sum, on condition that it shall be permanently used for purposes connected with science and the arts. A purpose answering with remarkable accuracy to this description is and has been for some time past in official contemplation—the construction, namely, which is said to be at last sanctioned, of the Science Museum; to which might be added, if necessary, the enlargement of the Normal School of Science, at present compelled, as Professor Huxley points out, "to turn away many applicants "for admission every year." Yet, with this land offered to them on these handsome terms for a scientific purpose, and with their scientific purpose imperatively demanding the purchase of land for its execution, the Government are minded, it is said, to refuse the offer, preferring, it is supposed, to patch up the old Exhibition buildings into a poverty-stricken Science Museum, and to allow the erection, as a *vis-à-vis* to the Imperial Institute, of a series of

"desirable family mansions" in the best possible position from which to discharge "red-hot flakes of soot," whenever their chimneys happen to catch fire, upon a museum containing "thousands of gallons of proof spirit" in the "pre-"parations" which form a considerable portion of its specimens.

Sir HENRY LAYARD's protest, however, relates to a piece of official parsimony—not, we are glad to be able to hope, in actual contemplation—which it would have been even more difficult to regard with patience. There is, as is known, a small plot of ground adjoining the site of the proposed addition to the National Gallery, the possession of which the architect declares to be absolutely necessary before he can proceed with his plans. Not to acquire it would be to run a double risk. A building might be erected upon it which would seriously obstruct the light in the new galleries, or one which it might not be desirable to have in their immediate vicinity. It was to be supposed that the Treasury, after having been by the munificence of a private benefactor relieved of the cost of erecting the new National Portrait Gallery, would not hesitate in taking steps to secure to the nation the fullest advantage derivable from this public-spirited offer by purchasing the plot of ground in question. The sum required to do so would not be large; it amounts only to 7,000*l.* Sir HENRY LAYARD, however, had been informed that, "out of parsimony," the Treasury declines to advance the money; while, on the other hand, the London County Council refuses, and no doubt very properly, to have anything to do with what it considers, and what, in fact, is, an Imperial and not a municipal improvement. The unfortunate Portrait Gallery, therefore, was thus likely, he feared, "to fall between two stools, "unless a strong expression of public opinion may induce "the Treasury to reconsider its decision." It is with satisfaction that the public have learned from Mr. PRIMROSE's subsequent letter of explanation that this pressure will not be necessary, and that the land will be acquired. In no case, of course, could Sir HENRY LAYARD's worst fears have been realized by the project of the National Portrait Gallery falling to the ground. The building having been promised as a gift to the nation, an eligible site will, of course, have to be found for it somewhere. But no site could be more eligible than the one proposed; and from the first it seemed incredible that, for lack of such a trifle as 7,000*l.*, it should have to be exchanged for a less suitable one. We have all heard of throwing away the ship for a halfpennyworth of tar; but to do this with a ship which has been presented to you free of cost would be an ineptitude of which even "My Lords" are not yet proved capable.

BOURKE *v.* DAVIS.

THE sympathies of the man who is not a riparian owner are naturally against the man who is when he endeavours to keep a river running through his land for his own delectation. If the river ever has been used, even only a little, as a place of amusement by the boating-men, then the action of the owner who suddenly exercises his power to shut out strangers is apt to look odious indeed. And yet the owner may be right. Mr. Justice KAY has, after taking several days to think of it, decided that the Hon. HENRY NORTON BOURKE is entitled to put a stop to the hiring of pleasure-boats on the river Mole. A certain amount of use has been made of that water for purposes of recreation; but the judge has decided that it was only by sufferance on the part of the riparian owner, and that he was entitled to cease tolerating trespass on his river if he chose to do so. However unpleasant it may be to learn that a very pretty stretch of water within reach of London is shut to all those who do not enjoy Mr. BOURKE's permission to row on it, we think that reasonable boating-men will allow Mr. Justice KAY to be in the right. Not that their approval matters to Mr. Justice KAY. It will, however, be for their own peace of mind and edification to realize the grounds on which Mr. BOURKE's claim is upheld. Whether the reader of Mr. Justice KAY's judgment is also bound to believe with him that a Commissioner for the Administration of Oaths ought to see that those who take them know what they are swearing to is not to us equally clear. After all, the Commissioner's business may be plausibly held to be only to administer the oath, not to assure himself that it is not taken in ignorance or dishonesty. The sin and the risk of that should rest with him who swears.

Mr. BOURKE's right to warn the holiday-maker off the Mole is based on the rule that a man is entitled to what he has paid for. In this country a purchaser can acquire the right to keep a piece of water to himself, provided it is not a tidal river or a highway from one public place to another. When Mr. BOURKE first began his endeavour to stop the letting of pleasure-boats on the river by Mr. DAVIS of Helsham, he had not acquired all rights over the river, and for that oversight he will suffer in his bill of costs. He has since put himself right by purchasing the bed of the river from Cobham to Esher, from those who had power to sell it, and is therefore entitled to put obstructions in the way of Mr. DAVIS's boats. The only grounds on which he could be debarred from doing so would be that the river is tidal, or that it has been used as a highway. The first contention is absurd to any one who has an elementary knowledge of the geography of the Thames Valley. The second was shown to be unfounded by the evidence. The part of the Mole which was asserted to be a highway neither starts from nor ends in a public place. It has never been used for purposes of carriage, except on a very few occasions, when owners on either bank found it convenient for the purpose of floating bricks or poles. That is not traffic. In fact, the Mole is so little of a highway that it owes its character as navigable water entirely to dams erected by millowners. As Mr. Justice KAY said, it is a long artificial pond, and if it had been left in a state of nature would be a succession of pools connected by a mere thread of stream. The attempt to prove that such a piece of water is a highway only shows on what desperately small pretexts men will fight in law courts. It is exceedingly probable that to many people Mr. BOURKE will seem to have played the part of dog in the manger; but, even if he had, it would not follow that he was not thoroughly entitled to the judgment he has obtained. As long as the law allows a man to acquire certain rights, it must enforce them. The law does allow Mr. BOURKE to acquire those rights for which he has paid, and the rest follows. Moreover, although it may be a good thing that places of recreation should exist near great cities, it is not an equally good thing to live near those places of recreation. The state of certain parts of the Thames on a Sunday may well have appeared a warning to the riparian owners of the Mole. If they, or the most spirited of them, availed themselves of their rights to prevent Mr. DAVIS, of Helsham, from turning their quiet water into a small copy of what the main river is at times at Hampton Court, we do not know that they are to be blamed.

THE WRONGS OF MOLLOY.

HOW is it that Miss HELEN TAYLOR and her sisterhood of itinerant Home Rule prælectresses have overlooked the case of the persecuted MOLLOY? It is simply perfect; a monumental instance of landlord rapacity and of the sufferings of a fleeced and face-ground tenantry. The account of the case in Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM's letter to Mr. BANNISTER, all simply told as it is, is touching in the extreme. MOLLOY, who is a tenant on Lord KENMARE's estate, owed 30*l.* rent and arrears—a fact alone sufficient to prove that he is a wronged and cruelly entreated man. To him thus in default enter the estate bailiffs, who first seized his cows—for *pecus*, it seems, he had, though not *pecunia*—and then, having taken this heartless advantage of him, called again at his home to ask him if (that such things should be!) he would redeem them by paying the debt. MOLLOY replied that he was willing to pay—and where is the Irish tenant who is not?—but that he had only 7*l.* altogether, wherewith he handed seven notes, by way of *cessio bonorum*, to the bailiff. And now a strange thing happened. On examining the tender, the bailiff found that one of the 1*l.* notes was, to employ a local idiom, a 5*l.* note; so that the account between MOLLOY and his landlord, instead of having been reduced by 7*l.*, had, in fact, been diminished by 6 + 5 = 11 (say eleven) pounds. It is much to MOLLOY's credit, and demonstrates the inbred honesty of the Irish nature, that he made no demand for the return of the 5*l.* note, though it was obviously a payment made under a mistake of fact, and might surely have been regarded, in contemplation of law, as money received by the bailiff to MOLLOY's "use." So far, however, from being impressed by his moderation, the agrarian SHYLOCK was apparently only emboldened by it to give another turn

to the screw, and he accordingly prceeded to put further pressure on the tenant to pay the balance of the debt.

It is to be supposed that MOLLOY's spirit was at last broken under this system of moral torture; for he now admitted that he had a small deposit of 20*l.* in the bank, and produced a document which he said was the deposit receipt for that sum. This paper he handed to the bailiff; and here another strange thing happened. On the receipt being examined, it proved to be one, not for 20*l.*, but for 100*l.* The mistake was pointed out to him, and, taking back the document, he produced another; but neither was this the receipt for which he was in search. Wonders, to use another local idiom, had "never done ceasing" in connexion with MOLLOY and his assets; for this second receipt turned out to be one for 40*l.* The quest of the 20*l.* voucher was, however, continued, and was at last successful; and with this and 10*l.* in notes the victim of landlordism paid his rent. Every man with a heart to feel for another must sympathize with the story of his wrongs; but still they have their compensations. It must have been, after all, a relief to him to find himself solvent, instead of, as he had imagined, bankrupt. A glance at his balance-sheet at the conclusion of his interview with the bailiff, and a comparison of it with his former estimate, will show how different was his position to what he had supposed. At the commencement of the interview the account stood thus:—Liabilities, 30*l.* rent and arrears; assets, 7*l.* At its close we have the following figures in this second column:—By cash, 11*l.*; on deposit account, 100*l.*, 40*l.*, 20*l.* Total, 171*l.* Balance, after discharge of all liabilities, 141*l.* This is certainly better than bankruptcy; and, after all, it is better to be solvent and oppressed than to be insolvent and ditto. Still his case, however we look at it, is a hard one, and Miss HELEN TAYLOR might have made much of it, if it had been brought to her notice. We cannot help thinking that these ladies are not being well served by the persons to whom they look for information on the wrongs of Irish tenants.

MR. BALFOUR AT GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH.

MR. BALFOUR, who has been virtually replying to Mr. GLADSTONE throughout the week, has, in one important respect, had less to answer than usual. Hitherto it has commonly fallen to his lot, not only to repel unjust and slanderous attacks upon the methods of his Irish administration, but also to correct the grossest misdescription of its results. On the present occasion he has found himself spared at least one-half of his customary task. Mr. GLADSTONE is unexpectedly, and as we believe almost inadvertently, "with him" as regards one of the two contentions which it is as usual his duty to support. When he declares, as he has declared before, that law "has been "restored in Ireland, and can be maintained," that "con- "tentment will follow, and is following the wake of the "law," his declaration is, wonderful to relate, at last echoed by the leader of the Opposition, who, much to the inconvenience of his followers, has admitted that "the "state of Ireland generally is tranquil and happy, and the "law respected and obeyed." It is unnecessary, of course, to add that Mr. GLADSTONE allows no credit for this to Mr. BALFOUR; but that is a minor matter. He is at liberty to explain the encouraging circumstance in his own way; those who recognize ordinary sequences of cause and effect will interpret it in theirs. The great point is that the fact should have been admitted, as it now has been for the first time, we believe, by both parties to the dispute; and that while the Government have steadily prosecuted their administrative policy in Ireland, in the face of all the calumny and obstruction which their opponents have brought to bear upon it, the condition of the country should, either as a result of that policy, or, if Mr. GLADSTONE prefers that belief, by a fortunate coincidence, have continued as steadily to improve. There may possibly be only a mysterious sort of pre-established harmony between the resolute enforcement of the law on the part of the ruler and the respect and obedience which are now admittedly paid and rendered to it on the part of the ruled. But, even if that be all, it will be worth the while of the Government to persevere with the experiment, if only in the hope that the same inexplicable concurrence of firm administration with re-established tranquillity and reviving prosperity may continue.

No verbal answer, however, that Mr. BALFOUR could give to Mr. GLADSTONE is likely to produce half so great an effect on the public mind, not to say on the mind of his vehement opponent himself, as the reception which has been accorded to the CHIEF SECRETARY in Mr. GLADSTONE's own constituency. To Gladstonians, to whom it apparently gives an actual sense of virtuous self-satisfaction to count the number of people who assemble to hear their "illus- "trious leader" or stare at him when they cannot hear him, it will come, we have no doubt, with something like a pang to hear that at the banquet at which Mr. BALFOUR was entertained last Wednesday in the Waverley Market, "covers were laid for 2,700 persons." This, we imagine, must have beaten the Gladstonian record in banquets altogether, and since it seems to be purely largeness of scale in political demonstrations which inspires them with hope and confidence of future victory, we should not wonder if some of their meteorologists were to feel uneasy until arrangements have been made for Mr. GLADSTONE to sit down to a political dinner at which covers have been laid for 3,000 persons. Meanwhile, however, they can console themselves with the reflection, never likely to be denied them, that if Mr. BALFOUR is fêted by some hundreds or thousands more persons than Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, may always be trusted to address some thousands of words more to them than Mr. BALFOUR. The CHIEF SECRETARY's speech last Wednesday cannot bear comparison in point of length with even a Gladstonian oration of the second magnitude; but, on the other hand, we may say of it, what cannot be said with strict accuracy of the famous discourses just referred to, that it did not contain a superfluous word. The case for Home Rule after the type of Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill of 1886—that is to say, after the type of the Home Rule which was tried and found wanting by the Irish themselves before the demand for the Parliament abolished by the Union arose at all—has never perhaps been more tersely exposed and so effectively disposed of. Home Rule, in fact, defined as Mr. BALFOUR defines it—namely, as a system under which a legislative assembly manages the affairs of a country without being, like our own Parliament, supreme—is not, as Mr. GLADSTONE led the more ignorant of his followers to suppose, and perhaps, till he took up Irish history, himself believed, the name of a new and hopeful experiment in Irish politics, or even of the renewal of an experiment which, though tried once before, was tried for too short a time and under too unfavourable conditions to justify us in drawing any desponding inferences from its failure. No; it is the name of neither of these things. It describes a system which endured for generations; which was overthrown, as Mr. BALFOUR says, by one of the few "unanimous movements "in which the Irish nation ever indulged"; and which was replaced, in the name of those very principles which Mr. PARNELL pretends (when he is not speaking at Cincinnati) to repudiate, by the Parliament abolished in 1800. The Legislature which Mr. GLADSTONE sought to establish in Ireland three years ago was, in substance and in essentials, the same Legislature which the country possessed before 1782, and which Irish patriotism of that day declared to be absolutely unworthy the toleration of a free people. What GRATTAN and his colleagues of that day maintained, as Mr. BALFOUR reminds us, was that the exclusive and absolute power to make laws to bind Ireland should reside in the Irish Parliament, and he rejected the "Home Rule "Parliament then in existence as savouring of slavery." When, therefore, Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers talk of contenting Ireland with a Parliament which is to be strictly controlled by that of England, and when they insist that there is no danger of Ireland seeking to raise her Legislature to a dangerous independence, the short answer to them in both these points is, that the concession which they say will content Irish nationality has once already in their history been denounced by them as insultingly inadequate, and that the attempt at its illicit extension, which they declare unlikely to be made by Irish Nationalists, is exactly what historical experience bids us expect from them. It is owing, we suppose, to Mr. BALFOUR's having put this destructive argument in so telling a form, that the *Freeman's Journal* has been driven to such a delirium of fury as to mistake itself for *United Ireland*.

English Parnellite organs have with more judgment and self-command confined themselves to the discovery that Mr. BALFOUR's first Edinburgh speech was "dull." It could hardly have surprised us if the second speech, which closely followed the lines of Mr. GLADSTONE's amazingly dreary discourse at Manchester last Tuesday night, had been really obnoxious to this unfavourable

criticism. But, as a matter of fact, it was as full of spirit and vivacity as one of the best of Mr. BALFOUR'S Parliamentary "replies"; and, though it seems much to say of a performance which Mr. BALFOUR has now been compelled to repeat for about the twentieth time, we are inclined to think that he has never before put the *démenti* of Gladstonian mendacities on the subject of the Crimes Act, and its employment solely against "combinations "which would be lawful in England," in so final a form. The answer to Mr. GLADSTONE is certainly most compactly given in the following three propositions:—

(1) The Crimes Act of 1887 is not directed specially against "combinations" at all, whereas Mr. GLADSTONE'S Crimes Act of 1882 (as witness the recitals of its preamble) *was*;

(2) The Crimes Act of 1887 has not been mainly, but on the contrary, relatively speaking, rarely employed against criminal "combinations," four-sixths of the cases which have come under it being cases altogether outside this class of offence; and

(3) The Crimes Act of 1887, which Mr. GLADSTONE declares to be directed against combinations lawful in England, actually contains a clause providing that anything legal under the English Trades-Union Acts shall remain legal, in spite of anything in its provisions contained; while his alternative charge that, whether so directed or not, it has been so employed, is answered by the fact that in no single instance, before resident magistrate, County Court judge, or Division of High Court, has counsel for an accused ever attempted to set up this protective clause of the Act, and to contend that the defendant was only doing that which may be lawfully done in England.

If these three plain answers to three deliberate falsehoods cannot be got into the heads of the electors of Great Britain between now and the next election, there will indeed be reason to despair of the future of the country. If they can be got into these heads, and it is the duty of Unionists to spare no pains to ensure success to the trepanning operation, then there will indeed be some hope of bringing home, even to the slowest-minded among them, the perception that the political party which works by such means as these cannot for a moment be trusted to give a true and honest account of its political ends.

THE EGYPTIAN COLLECTION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

AS an example of the influence of arrangement on the usefulness of a museum some changes should be noted which are being carried out in one department at Bloomsbury. It is the more desirable that these changes should be described here because on previous occasions we have ventured to call attention to the heterogeneous character of the Egyptian collections in the British Museum. There were, no doubt, great difficulties to contend with. The space at command was much too limited, for one thing; and another drawback existed in the fact that a large part of the objects exhibited were brought home before Egyptian chronology was understood, and before antiquaries at all recognized the necessity of noting what the French call the *provenance* of each thing. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson and his contemporaries had no conception of the immense space of time which divided certain Egyptian dynasties. They were unaware that the manners and customs, the religion, the language, and the manufactures of the Pyramid-builders were wholly different from those of the Ptolemies. To their minds, as we have more than once had occasion to observe, the term "Ancient Egyptian" referred equally to every people, nation, and language that had inhabited the Nile Valley between the reign of Menes and that of Cleopatra. They could not, or did not, recognize the fact that thirty dynasties imply a considerable number of centuries; and that, although there are strong points of resemblance between the first Egyptians and the last, it is not in the nature of things that any country can stand absolutely still for three thousand years or more. In short, they did not recognize the existence of those three thousand years. Some of the most expert of the Egyptologists of forty or fifty years ago, some who could read hieroglyphics very fairly, stumbled at this point, and wrote great books like those of Sharpe and of Osburn to show that the three rows of kings in such a list as that of Abydus were contemporaries, not even perceiving that the latest of them must have reigned before the time of Moses. Collections made by this school form, nevertheless, the bulk of what the British Museum contains, and naturally, up to about twenty years ago no attempt was made to discriminate. Fortunately for us of the present day a variety of circumstances have co-operated to make a classification, in many instances, possible. First of all, the removal of the beasts and creeping things to South Kensington gave the Egyptian department all the outer rooms but one in the north wing, and that one has since been ceded by the removal of some Etruscan terra cottas to a more appropriate situation. Another change is implied in the great improvement in scholarship which has lately taken place. A smattering of hieroglyphics is by no means the rarity it used to be, and, whereas it used to be said at the death of Deveria that no one survived who could read hieratic, there are now several fluent readers in the Museum alone. A third circumstance is the better knowledge of the arts of different periods. Although the older collectors so often forgot to mark whence they obtained a vase, or a bead, or a Ushabti figure, the modern arranger can tell by the glaze and the colour to what epoch each belongs, and in many cases where it was found.

The first necessity at Bloomsbury was a careful revision of the labels, and a reduction of the number of unlabelled objects, which at one time was very large. Although the general public knew nothing about it, a very important and difficult piece of work was being silently carried on. The collection of writings on papyrus was specially mounted in glass frames, appropriately labelled and placed in a series of cases where they are readily accessible, the result, which includes even the latest "Budge Papyrus," acquired last year, showing that in this one department our National Museum, in hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic documents, is second to no other in the world. Since this great task was accomplished, the officers of the Department of Oriental Antiquities—for it is almost incredible, yet strictly true, that England cannot afford a separate Egyptian Department—have been hard at work to take advantage of the extension of space to which we have referred.

Recognizing that, apart from the great Temple relics in the large galleries below stairs, all the smaller objects are of a funereal character, and that almost all we know of the successive periods of ancient Egyptian history is gathered from the tombs rather than from the temples, the authorities set about the rearrangement of the mummies first, placing them, where they should be, in the first room, and, in what had never been attempted before, chronological order. The result is really startling. No one knew what treasures we possessed. Here, at the head of the row, is that venerable fragment the wooden coffin of Mycerinus, inscribed with the touching prayer to earth and sky which gives us our earliest information as to the religious tenets of the Pyramid-builders. Close by is the skeleton of the same king—for he lived before the embalming of bodies was understood. How long ago that was we may ask in vain. Mariette would have had us believe that the Fourth Dynasty, of which Men-ka-u-Ra was the third king, ruled the land of Kemi between 4200 B.C. and 3900. Between this and the next great historical relic there is a long interval, though Antef, of the Eleventh Dynasty, also lived before any certain chronology can be established, and was placed by the same authority about 3000 B.C. Here we have a gorgeous mummy, rich in ornament and gilding, and bearing a fragment of what is known as the Pyramid text. Adjoining the remains of these two kings are the coffins of two priests of their respective periods—that of Amamu, showing us a fine example of the oldest hieroglyphics; and the later one of Mentuhetep, exhibiting the change that in even so short a time as nine centuries had come over Egyptian art. Next in order we have the handsome mummy-cases of the Eighteenth Dynasty and later, until we have exhausted the whole of the first room, ending with the curious coffin-lid of one Cornelius, who died about A.D. 110. The second room contains a few more mummy-cases, being chiefly those found by Mr. Petrie in the Fayoum, of a date as late as the end of the fourth century. Among these we observe with pleasure the remarkable scarlet and gold coffin of Artemidorus, with its life-like portrait, which excited so much interest when it was exhibited last year at the Egyptian Hall. There are other examples of Mr. Petrie's discoveries here, as well as the granite column below stairs with the names of Rameses II. and Osorkon.

The rest of the second room, all that so far has been rearranged, contains examples of deposits in tombs, such as Ushabti figures, canopic jars, and a small collection of typical skulls. From these last and other collections, such as that at Cambridge, the place among the nations of the ancient Egyptian has at length been settled. The conquering race which colonized the Nile valley so many thousands of years ago, perhaps under Osiris and Horus, came from the great central highlands of Asia, and may have brought with them much of that marvellous civilization which, the further back our researches extend, appears more and more perfect, and shows no signs of growth from any primitive era of barbarism. The Ushabti figures are very numerous, some being in stone, some in wood, some in beautifully glazed pottery. These last seem almost to arrange themselves; the best blue glaze being older than the tenth century B.C.; the brown coming next, and some pale green specimens dating from about 800 B.C. down. These figures are many hundreds in number, and the labour of merely labelling them must have been immense. In themselves they form a dictionary of names like that of Lieblein. Near them are the canopic jars which were placed with every coffin in the middle and late periods, and bear the heads of the hawk, the jackal, the ape, and the human genius. Some of these are of wood, and among them some, evidently made for a cheap funeral, are solid, and have no interior cavity. These are among the curiosities of the collection, but the taste of the public in this respect has been amply respected. Here is the hand of the thin-fingered lady still wearing its handsome gold ring set with a scarab. Here, too, may be seen the coffin of the

priestess who had a wooden arm. There are toys and toilet ornaments and many other objects, but they will all hereafter have their set place in the rooms still under arrangement. The pottery, of which there is an immense quantity, is being set out in the third room, the chronological system being as far as possible adhered to in this department also. The fourth room will contain objects of art, such as jewels, beads, necklaces, and scarabs, of which a long historical series will be exhibited. One case will contain examples of the best kind of the blue glaze, for which the Egyptian potters were so remarkable at different periods; and the visitor will see another proof of what has often been remarked already, that the potter's blue varied according to the prosperity of the period at which he lived. The work is progressing so rapidly, that in a very few months we may hope to see our entire Egyptian collection rearranged on a system intelligible and instructive; contrived, no longer to puzzle, but to guide the visitor, and to make the study of the oldest art in the world comparatively simple and easy.

THE HUMOURS OF FEDERATION MEETINGS.

"MR. PICTON'S resolution," we read in the *Daily News* of Tuesday, "in favour of removing the duties on tea, coffee, and cocoa was passed unanimously. Mr. Picton may be heartily congratulated on the rapidity with which he has brought this important subject within the range of practical politics. His success is so great that a Liberal Government will be bound to provide for a free breakfast-table without delay. Indeed, the only doubt is [*lege* it was well known before that the thing was on the cards] whether the present Ministry may not forestall Mr. Gladstone, and devote part or the whole of Mr. Goschen's surplus to this purpose. *But in any case the credit will belong to Mr. Picton and the Liberal party.*" When we meet a brave man with a sense of humour we take our hats off to him; and we have seldom been more in this attitude of *chapeau bas* than towards the writer of these lines. Of course he may be only a stupid man who believes what he says; but to hold this would be to take too gloomy a view of human nature. We prefer to think him one who knows that a devotee of Mr. Gladstone will stand anything; and though we could not, or because we could not, equal his exploit, we admire him sincerely. Of such is—not exactly the Kingdom of Heaven, but—the Republic of another place. You get together a perfectly irresponsible caucus, and you propose motions to it—motions which, it may be, are in effect a score years old or thereabouts, and are acquiesced in by every party, with the proviso "when it can be done with safety to the public." You pass them; and if the whole or part of your motion takes effect at any time afterwards, "the whole credit is due" to you. So did George Borrow's bagman "demolish the Corn-laws" somewhere about 1840, and when the Corn-laws were, in fact, abolished, "the whole credit was due," *teste* the *Daily News*, to the bagman. This little matter is really interesting, because it is so excellent an example of what the value of these meetings (transported from America into surroundings quite other than American) is. Their strength lies in what we have already called their irresponsibility. If, to continue, with apologies, to quote our admirable *D.N.*, the duty or any part of the duty is taken off tea, coffee, and cocoa, at any future time, "the whole credit will be due" to Mr. Picton and the tailors of Tooley Street. If none is taken off, it will not be Mr. Picton's or the tailors of Tooley Street's fault. *Securi judicant*; a new but strictly classical sense of *securus*. When Conservative caucuses do things of this kind, the leaders rap them on the knuckles, a tribute to political honesty which Gladstonian leaders naturally have no intention of following. If Mr. Goschen has a surplus, and does not so use it, a stick to beat Mr. Goschen is ready; if at some future time Mr. Gladstone, or that almost inconceivable Government which is to succeed Mr. Gladstone, has a surplus, and does not so use it, there will be, of course, plenty of excuses to make. In short, "I'll have the turkey, and you shall have the buzzard; or you shall have the buzzard, and I'll have the turkey; I can't say fairer nor that."

But these were by no means the only japes which refreshed the souls of a thirsty federation, very moderately slaked by Mr. Gladstone's eloquence, and not by any means quenched by the sudden "turning on" of Sir William Harcourt. As far as it is possible for outsiders to understand the feelings of Gladstonians, we should judge that they were profoundly dissatisfied with the first, and not excessively stimulated by the second. But when these oppressive high persons had gone away, and Mr. Picton and Professor Stuart and Sir Wilfrid Lawson and that Apostle of Veracity, the Rev. W. Tuckwell, were left to their own devices, things improved. Mr. Gladstone had said very little about the "social question"; nothing at all about Heptarchical Home Rule. If that curious "Radical"—too genuine-voiced to be a hoax—who wrote to the *Times* the other day, and said that Mr. Gladstone would never get rid of the evil influence of Eton and Oxford, had actually gone to Manchester, we fear that his anticipated disgust would have been real. But with Mr. Picton and Professor Stuart, with Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the Reverend Mr. Tuckwell, there was balm. We have even forgotten that "noble lady," Mr Stansfeld, who decided that long Parliaments must be shortened. In his experience of long Parliaments Mr. Stansfeld, we may admit, has not been happy; the longer the Parliaments the greater the opportunity for Mr. Stansfeld to show what he is made of, and the unfortunate result is that a politician who some twenty years ago was still thought of as a politician who might "come," is now thought of only as a politician who may go—to Ireland and other places, where the old political moons go. And then there came Mr. F. A. Channing, who, in the perhaps unavoidable absence of Mr. Conybeare, loyally does duty as witness that Oxford can write herself down as well as Cambridge i' faith, even though Professor Stuart be there. Mr. F. A. Channing quoted Sydney Smith on the subject of "unalterable fools." Was not this a little, just a very little, rash? Him followed that consistent and important politician, Mr. Winterbotham, who "thought they should demand the reacquisition of the land by the State." But what the State after reacquiring was to do with it, Mr. Winterbotham said not. Nevertheless, he was sure that something must "raise the wages of the agricultural labourer, and improve his position all round." It is so easy to improve a thing all round, so facile to let the one bucket go up without the other bucket going down. And still in a crescendo came the Reverend W. Tuckwell, whom we are always glad to see on any platform. The Rev. W. Tuckwell talked (according to the *Daily News*, on which we throw the whole responsibility of the quotation) about the "brutal farmer." A strong effort, not for the first time, is being made to induce the farmer to believe that Gladstonians are his friends. Let him, only let him, listen to the Reverend W. Tuckwell and his adjective. Farmer is good; "brutal farmer" is good; and by their adjectives shall the farmer know his friends. It is true, of course, that the antecedents of this clerical person render his words somewhat difficult of interpretation. From a famous passage in his history it would appear that the Reverend W. Tuckwell may only have called the farmer brutal under stress of caucus, that his tongue may have said "brutal" while his mind meant "angelic." But this distinction may not commend itself to the downright agriculturist. "Brutal farmer" is worth keeping; we thank the Reverend W. Tuckwell for the word.

Unkind reporters have assigned so small a place to Professor Stuart and others that we have no opportunity of criticizing their doubtless interesting utterances. Captain Verney suggested to the agricultural labourers that there were pumps to put people under, or, in his own words, that "a catastrophe" might come if the agricultural labourer was not properly bribed. And then the caucus listened to the Marquess of Ripon. We have often wondered what are the real feelings of meetings composed in part of tolerably intelligent men when they listen to this unfortunate person. Except Sir Robert Peel, there is probably no man living who has had such opportunities as the Marquess of Ripon, and has thrown them away so utterly. Driven through absolute incompetence in each from place to place, kicked upstairs to perhaps the highest position, short of the Prime Ministership, open to an Englishman, and found through mere incapacity mischievously hopeless in that—he has come back to England to have insults to his order thrown in his face at public meetings, and to express his satisfaction with them and his readiness to bear anything in the service of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Compton, who followed him later, scarcely deserves such hard words. A well-intentioned and weak-minded heir to a peerage often plays Radical for a time, and no great harm is done; for a *fruit sec* like Lord Ripon there is no hope. But between those two came that other "unfortunate nobleman," Sir Wilfrid Lawson, to provide "cheers and laughter." "Oh, the dreary, dreary laughter; oh, the barren, barren cheer!" Yet Sir Wilfrid, for the first time, to our knowledge, for many years, made a really good point, and they did *not* laugh. "To argue seriously against a hereditary legislature would be an insult to their understanding," he said. Alas! it would. To argue seriously before an audience of persons not sensible, is the most hopeless and unforgivable insult to the foolish understanding that can be conceived.

To pass in review such speakers as these may be agreeable enough for the political partisan. We could not, for our own parts, wish any party to which we were opposed other leaders than Messrs. Picton and Stuart, Channing and Winterbotham, than the Apostle of Political Veracity, than Lord Ripon and (though we own we have some compunction in this case) Lord Compton—than, above all, Sir Wilfrid Lawson. To expect political leaders of this class to have brains might be excessive. Not many men have these at any time; and, when you have provided for the chief actors in each party, you cannot expect the *comparses* to have much left for their share. But such *comparses* as these are rare. And yet it may be admitted that there is a certain propriety about them after all. The Gladstonian party does not like the clergy; and it may be admitted that, if all the clergy were like the Reverend W. Tuckwell, the sooner the Church of England is disestablished, disendowed, merged in any sect or schism that has ever existed, the better. The Gladstonian party does not like titles, and it may be admitted that three such examples of the failure of titles to secure brains for their holders as Sir Wilfrid Lawson, as Lord Ripon, and, in another way, as Lord Compton, would be hard to find. It does not like Universities, and if the products—distinguished in a way, endowed, experienced—of University life were, even in a majority, such as Mr. Channing and Mr. Stuart, then the prayer of every rational son of Oxford and of Cambridge would be "Down with them! down with them! even to

the ground." And so this curious party combines its leaders and its awful examples in one—a proceeding startling at first sight, but economical, ingenious, and no doubt effective. No man can scruple much to pray for the ending of the House of Lords when he thinks merely of Lord Ripon, of the Universities when he thinks merely of Professor Stuart, of the Church when he thinks merely of Mr. Tuckwell. Gladstonians wish to concentrate their thought on such examples, and they keep the examples in evidence accordingly. For the children of this world are in their generation—but the text is something musty.

SIDE LIGHTS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

I.

The Prisons of Paris under the Revolution.

IT has been observed since the production of *The Dead Heart*, at the Lyceum Theatre, that the scene in the third act, the only comic one in the piece, in which the condemned, peeping through the bars of their prison doors, jest with one another, and at the expense of their gaoler, could never have happened. Strange, however, as it may appear, similar scenes were of frequent occurrence in almost every one of the prisons of Paris from 1792 to 1794. If we wish to form an idea of what a political prison in Paris was during that awful period, the Reign of Terror, we must get rid of all preconceived notions of prison life. For in this, as almost everything else, the first Republic was conspicuously original. It should be remembered that by far the greater number of the prisons had only a few years previously been monasteries—therefore, in no way fitted for their terrible transformation. Again, the number of prisoners was so great, and the changes among them so constant, that very little or no order could be observed, and the unlucky wretches once inside the grim and well guarded portals were allowed to do pretty well as they liked. Fortunately, among the thousands of victims of revolutionary tyranny, many survived, and have left us interesting memoirs and details of how they spent their time in confinement. These documents, which have been carefully preserved in the national archives of France, can be verified on reference to the drier official records still extant of the different prisons. The principal prisons were Plessis, Louis-le-Grand, both of which had only recently been famous public colleges, the Hôtel de la Force, a part of the Palace of Luxembourg, the ex-convents of the Carmelites, the Abbaye, and St. Lazare, the Châtelet, Conciergerie, the Madelonnettes, and Port Libre. Of these the most horrible was the Châtelet, situated where now stands the theatre of the same name. It had been a prison for centuries, was filthily dirty, and only a few years ago, when improvements were being made in the neighbourhood where it once stood, horrible dungeons and oubliettes were discovered. The Conciergerie, for ever famous as the prison of Marie Antoinette, was originally part of the Palace of St. Louis, King of France. With the exception of the cell in which the unfortunate Queen was confined, it was spacious and, comparatively speaking, cheerful. There were, however, some ugly dungeons under a vast Gothic hall, which was used as a revolutionary tribunal, and which in the last century was popularly known as the Hall of Héloïse and Abélard. It has unfortunately long since disappeared, and, indeed, of the old Conciergerie nothing now remains but a few walls and the two little rooms which are consecrated to the memory of Marie Antoinette. A vast courtyard divided by an iron grating served as a promenade for the prisoners, the women being on the one side, the men on the other, and in another huge Gothic hall, likewise cut in two by an iron railing, the men and women were permitted to pass the evening, and to spend the day when wet. They could thus easily communicate with each other. In order to give as concise an account as possible of prison life in 1793, we will confine ourselves almost exclusively to Port Libre—of which an interesting description is given in the Diary of Coittan, which appeared in 1815 in *Le Tableau des Prisons de Paris*. At Port Libre, an immense building, once a religious institution, the men and women assembled together at dinner, and spent the evening in each other's company. If a prisoner had money, especially at the Conciergerie, he was able, at least when the infamous Brassier was gaoler, to secure a private bedroom and a good many comforts and luxuries, otherwise his food was of the commonest, and very scant. Some idea may be formed of the mixed state of society in these prisons by referring to the register of Port Libre, commonly known as La Bourbe, and to Coittan. On September 17, 1793, we find among the prisoners the Baron de Witterbach, one of the greatest violinists of the eighteenth century (who, by the way, was permitted to bring his instrument with him, and frequently delighted the company by performing upon it); the Duchess d'Ayen, aged 84, and afterwards decapitated with her daughter the Vicomtesse de Noailles, the Princess de Mouchy, La Bord, a well-known member of the Montagne; Cuny, a valet of the late Marquis de Coigny (he attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a sharp stone a few hours before he was taken to be guillotined), the whole of the family of the Marquis de Villiers de Montien, father, mother, a son, and two daughters; the Marquise de Bussy and her charming daughter, aged 18, who had insisted upon accompanying her mother to prison; the Marquis de Sombreuil and his son and daughter, the latter one of the great heroines of the Revolution, who, it will be remembered, threw herself before her father to save him from the assassins at the Force during the horrible massacres of September. Another prisoner, who arrived a few days later, was Laride, the well-known actor from the Théâtre Français. He came in company with a charming little boy of the name of Croisne, fifteen years of age, who had a turn for improvising poetry, but whom neither talent nor grace saved from the guillotine, and, finally, Malesherbes and his family, which included the Rosembeaus, and several ladies and gentlemen of rank. These unfortunate people fraternized with each other, and here is a description of how they passed the evening:—"We usually spent the earlier part of the evening after supper, which was very bad, in what had been the dining-room of this prison when it had been a religious institution. The ladies, elegantly but simply dressed, brought their knitting and sat at the round table, whilst the men played cards and dominoes. A little later we joined in conversation; our friend the violinist Witterbach performed some of his divine melodies, and occasionally some one recited verses usually the reverse of favourable to the Republic. We sang, we laughed, we even made love. Trifling incidents became of deep interest to us. Thus, on one occasion, a handsome young man stole a diamond-mounted watch belonging to one of the prisoners. He was caught red-handed and transferred to another prison. Three or four days afterwards we heard that he had been guillotined. Again, one night Vigée, who had written a really fine poem in honour of Mademoiselle Sombreuil, in which he described the horrors of the 2nd September and the heroic manner in which that young lady had saved her father's life, recited it for our benefit amidst thunders of applause." Politics naturally absorbed the greater part of the conversation, and, as a rule, although there were valiant Republicans among the prisoners, and equally staunch Royalists, great politeness reigned, and there was considerable wit and refinement. The dread roll-call, however, frequently interrupted these harmonious parties, and then agonizing scenes took place. The departure of the virtuous Malesherbes, for instance, and his family, for the guillotine, produced a vivid impression upon all the prisoners, who accompanied them, as far as they were permitted, to the door. Here is an entry of the 2nd January, 1794:—"A piteous incident occurred to-day. The mother of Rosembeau, who had quite lost her head with grief, was summoned to her terrible end. Lividly pale, she rose from her chair where she had been sobbing violently, and approaching Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, said to her: 'Good-bye, my child, you had the courage to defend your father's life, I shall have the courage to see my husband and children die,' and with these words she left the prison for ever." Horrible mistakes occasionally occurred. The gaoler one morning cried out that he wanted the Citizen Vigne. There happened to be two prisoners of the same name, one a lad of 15, who was playing at bowls on the green in the centre of the cloister, another an old man of 70. The boy answered innocently, on hearing his family name cried out; he was evidently not wanted, but the gaoler took him off all the same, observing as he did so "that one prisoner was as good as another." The rapid changes of administration, the rise and fall of the demagogues, sometimes in a few hours, occasioned the utmost confusion, so that there is nothing surprising to anybody who has studied attentively the Reign of Terror in the incident of Citoyen Landry, the hero of *The Dead Heart*, passing in a few hours from the awful position of Chief of a Section to the guillotine. On the night of March 25, 1794, Lacroix gave a remarkable dinner party at which about a dozen persons were present, including Sebastian Lacroix, Dufourny, Ricord, Barras, Varlet, General Lapoype, and Momoro. On April 15 every one of them, with the exception of three, perished on the scaffold. It is not surprising, either, that a gaoler should be confused as to the identity of his prisoners, for in less than six months the gaolers at the Madelonnettes were changed five times—that is to say, four of them were sent under one pretext or another to the scaffold. At Plessis, for some reason which has not been known, all the employés of the prison were arrested in March 1794, and only four out of fourteen escaped death. In short, a man who was at the acme of power one day could not be certain if he would be alive in a week. The fall from power of Hébert, one of the most terrible personages of the time, took less than thirty hours—that is to say, he was arrested by a sudden shift of the political kaleidoscope when he held Paris as it were in the palm of his hand, dragged before the revolutionary tribunal, condemned one day and executed the next. Then, considering the *laisser-aller* of the innumerable prisoners, the frequent changes made amongst them, the terrible confusion that existed in every department of administration, and all over the city, it is not very remarkable that the most extraordinary blunders should occur. Many of the prisoners, too, changed their names, and as the whole administration of the city was in the hands of people the majority of whom could not read or write, such trifles as executing one man or woman for another were scarcely worth troubling about, for during the worst period of 1794, when the famine was raging, it really appeared a matter of supreme indifference who was guillotined, providing that the fell instrument was kept well supplied with victims. In a necessarily brief article it is impossible to give more than a vague idea of the condition of the prisons of Paris during the Revolution; but, since the matter has been very much discussed, it may prove of interest to state that even such an apparently improbable legend as that which M. Renan selected for his drama, *L'Abbesse de Jouarre*, is by no means an extravagant story; in point of fact, such instances of singular depravity occurred again and again.

A very striking fact is that scarcely a prisoner complains of having his pockets rifled, and instances of robbery were exceedingly rare. The prisoners, once arrested, do not seem to have been searched. After the Massacre of the Force, a large sum of money was found in the pockets, and recovered by the survivors, of the victims. It is not generally known that the agent of Mme. de Lamballe, the day after her death, had her clothes and money restored to him. In May, 1794, a decree was issued by the Commune demanding that the bodies of the decapitated should be carefully searched before burial. In this month the average number of victims was always over a hundred a day, and it increased until the death of Robespierre, when this appalling period of history came to an abrupt end.

THE PERILS OF THEATRICAL TOURING.

ILLNESS and, in some cases we regret to say, death have been so busy this autumn in the ranks of the touring theatrical companies that public attention is now directed, and that not before it was time, to the sanitary, or rather insanitary, conditions by which these companies are surrounded; and it is to be hoped that the public attention so aroused will not permit itself to be satisfied with anything short of a radical change in the existing state of affairs.

The actor's life, even under the most favourable conditions (in a good London theatre, that is to say, where he holds, perhaps, a position comparatively permanent), is necessarily attended by certain risks to health. His hours are late; but on that point we consider undue stress is sometimes laid, as, though late, they are, or at any rate can be made, regular. Of far greater danger are the sudden changes of temperature and the exposure to draughts to which an actor is liable. It is inseparable from the exercise of his calling that he should expose himself to the night air as soon as he leaves his work; heated in body, and perhaps excited in mind, he quits the close and heated atmosphere of the theatre, to await at some windy street-corner or railway-station his suburban omnibus or train. He must wear as much or as little clothing as his part and the æsthetic dictates of his manager require, and so clothed or the reverse must encounter the draughts which theatrical architects have not yet learned to exclude from the stage and its coulisses. These are the necessary evils of the actor's calling, a part and parcel of his daily business; but there are other dangers which it is very clear he now incurs (in town as well as in the country—though the plight of the country actor is undeniably the worse) from which he may justly claim to be protected, and from which the public, whose servant he is, and for whose benefit he at present incurs these risks, should insist on his protection. These dangers arise from the utterly insanitary state of many theatres both in town and country, aggravated and intensified, in the case of the touring actor, by the perils of journeys and the perils of lodgings. That this last class of risk is more to be dreaded than that arising from changes of temperature is shown by the fact that the recent sad fatalities among actors have been due more often to typhoid than to bronchitis or kindred ailments.

It may be conceded that in a theatre the last place to which architectural reform makes its way is that mysterious region known as "behind the scenes." At last in the very newest of our London houses the actors are being permitted to share in some degree the comforts of their audiences; but there are many houses in which every resource of the modern decorator's art is lavished on the front of the house, while the appliances of the dressing-rooms would be rejected with scorn from the bedrooms of domestic servants. Cracked crockery, a ragged carpet (or in many cases bare boards, none too clean), broken windows mended with brown paper, windows without blinds, or with blinds that will not work, whitewashed walls whose whitewash comes off on the clothes hung against it, and whereon is inscribed in various coloured "grease-paints" the wit of previous occupants—such are the artistic and lively surroundings which the actor encounters in only too many dressing-rooms; it needs not to have travelled much to have met them all and many more of like nature. These, however, are but inconveniences; the charge against our theatres is one far more serious than of mere lack of comfort, and is no less than that many of them, especially in the country, are in a state injurious to health and actually dangerous to life.

It is undoubtedly difficult, with the limited amount of ground-space usually at the command of theatrical architects, to find any place for the dressing-rooms on the level of the stage itself, where what extra accommodation there may be is usually reserved for the storage of scenery and properties, and perhaps for a "green room," though that luxury is now by no means universal. To reach his dressing-room the actor must expect either to mount to the level of the "flies"—the galleries above the height of the loftiest scenery, from which the stage-carpenters do much of their work—or descend to the cellars. Dressing-rooms are accordingly to be found in all sorts of strange holes and corners; they are reached almost invariably by wooden staircases, often of great age; while all staircases in the front of the house are of stone or other incombustible material. Moreover, being so eccentrically placed as to convey the idea that in many cases they are but an afterthought of the contriver of the building, dressing-rooms are, as often as not, entirely without windows or any means of ventilation to the outer air; in fact, they are but cupboards, and sometimes underground cupboards, to which no lover of animals would dream of consigning a valuable horse or dog. If the dressing-room has a window, it is frequently no unmixed advantage to its occupants when the outlook is to some unsavoury court or to a mere well of brickwork in the heart of a closely-massed block of buildings. But the greatest of all dangers to health "behind the scenes" consists undoubtedly in the unsatisfactory state of the drainage and of the water-supply, and in the inefficient manner in which the operation of cleaning—the charwoman's department, in fact—is too often performed.

Let any one with a sensitive nose venture behind the scenes of some of our London and many of our provincial theatres, and to such a one the recent disasters to our travelling companies will cease to be matter for wonder. Sewer-gas asserts itself; the water-supply comes through ill-kept taps from ill-cleaned cisterns; while the walls and floors (especially in the case of underground dressing-rooms) are frequently so damp as to render the actor's clothes an additional source of danger. The sort of "dual control" which the system of touring has established in our country theatres helps to keep alive the present uncomfortable and insanitary state of things. The resident provincial manager has no special interest in the actors who week after week use his dressing-rooms; save when he produces his pantomime at Christmas-time, the performers in his theatre owe allegiance, not to him, but to another impresario, and would resent any interference on his part in their business. He therefore regards them as a means of ensuring his weekly receipts, and would grudge any outlay which would not be repaid to him by the public during their stay. The travelling manager would probably, if he noticed any shortcoming in the sanitary arrangements of the theatre, pass it over, and hope for better luck in the next town of his tour, and would assuredly consider it an act of "cutting off his nose to spite his face" if (as has been suggested) he were to boycott for its insanitary condition a theatre which in all other respects it paid him well to visit; while, as regards the actors themselves, the supply in the histrionic market is so far in excess of the demand, that a protest which might involve the loss of a good engagement is not to be lightly made, while no one with any knowledge of the theatrical calling would expect any combined action on the part of the performers, who have never manifested that knack of "hanging together" for mutual assistance which the managers with their smaller numbers and more ready means of communication possess.

The real remedy seems to lie in the hands of the licensing authorities in town and country. Let those in whose power it is to say whether a theatre shall, or shall not, be allowed to open its doors to the public extend those researches with which they have so freely and justly benefited the audience to the actor, let them be convinced by the same minute personal inspection which assures, as far as possible, the safety of the gallery boy from fire, that an actor on entering his dressing-room is not placing himself in deadly peril from casualty or from disease. We mentioned above that the actor on tour incurs other dangers from which his more stationary fellow in town is free, the dangers of travel and of strange lodgings. As regards the former, his risks exceed those of an ordinary traveller, as regards the amount of his journeys, and the conditions under which they are performed. In all railway travelling there is risk, and, *cæteris paribus*, the man who travels ten miles incurs double the risk of the man who travels five; and, as the average weekly journey of a theatrical company is estimated by competent authorities at ninety miles, or thereabouts, actors so employed are not as safe as they would be in the Strand. But the disadvantage of the provincial performer does not quite end there; for, as his journeys are, as a rule, undertaken on Sundays, and not unfrequently at night, he is deprived of the rest which the Londoner can enjoy on that day, and is subject to all the inconveniences of Sunday travelling, crawling trains, long waits at uncomfortable junctions, and the like.

The dangers of travel, however, are as nothing compared to those encountered in provincial lodgings. There are, of course, experienced actors who have been years "on the road" to whom are known in almost every town in the kingdom what their landladies love to see described in their visitors' book of reference as "homes from home"; but hundreds of provincial actors go week after week into towns of which they know nothing and chance haphazard, or with some very casual recommendation, on the first rooms that present themselves. Too tired of travel, it may be, to make a lengthy search, too inexperienced to observe for themselves or ask the necessary questions, they fall victims to an untrapped drain or to damp sheets, and swell the melancholy list of those who owe the loss of health, it may be of life itself, to the present system of theatrical touring.

LIFE INSURANCE.

AT the opening meeting of the current session of the Institute of Actuaries last week the President, Mr. Sutton, delivered an address upon the business of life insurance as at present conducted which is well deserving the attention of intending insurers. The first point on which he commented was the necessity for an amendment of the Act of 1870. The Act has undoubtedly proved beneficial; but it was tentative, and very soon experienced persons began to feel that it was in many respects defective. The

feeling has grown stronger as years have passed by; but yet no fresh legislation has taken place. Mr. Sutton especially points out that there is need for fuller information being given by the Companies. In the accounts referred to the Board of Trade annually, for example, no separation is made of business with or without profit; none, again, of commissions and expenses between new and old business; none, either, as to the number of policies issued or becoming claims, or lapsing or surrendered; and none, finally, as to the sums assured and the premium payable. These, as the President of the Institute justly remarks, are all matters as to which particulars could easily be furnished; and we may add that they are matters, also, which ought to be known by intending insurers. How else can they form a correct judgment as to the real position of the different offices? But the defective information does not stop here. The returns under the Act do not at present enable us to ascertain what policies are taken credit for as assets in any particular account, and it is, therefore, impossible to apply this test of solvency. The Act of 1870, it will be borne in mind, gives power to the Board of Trade, upon the application of a Company or with its consent, to alter the forms contained in the schedules to the Act; but no alteration has, in fact, been made. Mr. Sutton urges upon the best-managed offices that they should now move in the matter; that they should, that is to say, give fuller information, such as would carry into effect the intention of the Act of 1870; and, if they do not, he warns them that a cry will arise for more stringent legislation than even the best-managed offices will like. It is to be hoped that the advice of the President of the Institute of Actuaries will be followed. If not, it will become the duty of Parliament to amend the Act, and so obtain the information to which the public has a right.

But the main part of Mr. Sutton's address was devoted to a subject to which we have called attention more than once in these columns—namely, the rapid increase in the expenses as compared with the premium income. Using tables annually published by the *Statist*, we were able to carry back our comparison over ten years. Mr. Sutton goes to a still earlier date—namely, 1872—but while we compared the whole of the Companies making returns to the Board of Trade, and classified them in four orders, he deals only with thirty-three offices, and he treats them altogether. The result, however, goes to confirm what we have observed in this journal—namely, that the expenses are growing at a dangerously rapid rate. In 1872 the thirty-three Companies dealt with by Mr. Sutton had an aggregate premium income of 5,116,109*l.* Last year the aggregate premium income had risen to 7,078,111*l.* The premiums, therefore, had increased a little under two millions, or somewhat over 38 per cent. On the other hand, the total expenses of the thirty-three Companies in 1872 amounted to 579,532*l.* Last year they had risen to 978,944*l.* The expenses, it will be seen, increased nearly 400,000*l.*, or about 63¾ per cent. It will be seen that the growth of expenses has been nearly twice as rapid as the growth of income. Carrying his analysis a little further, Mr. Sutton points out that the commissions paid by the offices to agents of all kinds for bringing fresh business amounted in 1872 to 3·88 per cent. of the whole premium income, and last year they were 4·35 per cent. of the premium income. On the other hand, the expenses of management rose from 7·89 to 9·48 per cent. The expenses of management, then, or what may be called the office expenses, have grown more rapidly than the commissions, and the President of the Institute of Actuaries attributes this to the fact that the Companies have been opening branch offices instead of, as formerly, conducting their business from the head offices, the branch offices being necessarily managed almost as expensively as the head office. Evidently he would advise the suppression of the branch offices and reversion to the old practice. It is urged by the Companies that the public do not recognize the value of life insurance, that they will not themselves insure unless solicited, and that if the business were to be, as of old, conducted from the head offices, the Companies would die out. There is undoubted force in this objection. We all know what little progress has been made in Government insurance. No doubt the Government insures only for a small amount, and the classes it proposes to do business with are the poor. But still there can be no question, we think, that the main cause of the little progress made by Government insurances is, that canvassers are not employed. The fact that all offices, or nearly all, now employ agents and canvassers, is strong presumptive proof that the business was not increasing very largely, and that the management, therefore, felt the need of adopting a more energetic policy. But it may reasonably be asked, if this is so, would it not be better for a Company to allow its business to gradually decrease rather than to extend it at a ruinous cost? A really well-managed small Company may be quite as safe as a very large Company—nay, it may be far safer. It would be easy to point to some old offices whose business has been declining, and yet which are as solvent as any existing, and it is clearly better for the policy-holders in those offices that the business should decrease, and their own policies should remain perfectly safe, rather than that new business should be sought out at a cost that would risk the safety of existing policies. It will be difficult to induce directors and managers to recognize this fact. Unfortunately the public inclines to the belief that an office which does a very large business, and has immense funds, is more solvent than a stationary or declining office; failing to recognize that an immense business may be built up at too great a cost. The fact being so, it is natural that directors and managers should feel it incumbent on them to exert themselves for the purpose of attracting new business. But, while we are inclined to agree with Mr. Sutton that the new practice of extending branch offices is dangerous, and ought to be checked, we think that he makes too little of another cause of the increase of expenses—namely, the growth of commissions. True, the commissions do not appear to have grown as rapidly since 1872 as the office expenses; but the commissions for all that are very large, and are growing. An agent, pushing, energetic, and insinuating, in a position which brings him into communication with large numbers of the insuring class, may very powerfully influence these, and thus bring a great amount of business to an office. Such an agent is highly valued, and is able to insist upon large commissions being paid to him. It will be said, of course, that this is necessary, or the business would not be obtained. To which we reply with the question, Whom is it necessary to—the existing policy-holders, or the mere management?

One other important point is raised by Mr. Sutton—whether, that is to say, the medical examination to which all applicants are now subjected is not made to look more formidable than it need do. The value of medical examination is much controverted. Apparently the President of the Institute of Actuaries does not rate it very high. He seems to think that doctors do not confine themselves strictly to their proper functions, that they often speak with a dogmatism not warranted by the present state of medical knowledge, and that they consequently discourage insurance. "The fact of medical examination alone," he says, "probably deters thousands upon thousands of persons, of quite as good health really as those who propose, from proposing at all." And, further, insurance is made more expensive to the policy-holders and to the Companies by making reports which lead either to rejection of the proposal or to a great addition to the premium charged. He suggests, therefore, a trial of the "experiment in ordinary life insurance business of constituting a without-profit branch at such higher premiums as may be considered necessary where the sum assured per individual should be limited to a moderate amount, the insurance to be a deferred insurance instead of immediate, and the medical examination taking a much less important and formidable shape than it does on paper, at all events at the present time, in consideration of the insurance not taking effect immediately." It has been objected that a deferred insurance is practically no assurance at all, and that there are instances in which it is not worth while to insure at all unless it can be done at once. But Mr. Sutton very carefully guards himself in the passage we have quoted above from being supposed to recommend the total abolition of medical examination. What he does suggest is an experiment added on to the present modes of doing business. No sensible body of directors would at once do away with the protection which medical examination affords; but in life assurance, as in everything else, progress can be safely effected only by cautious experiment. If it be true that thousands upon thousands are deterred from proposing by the fact that they will have to submit to a medical examination, surely it is worth while finding out whether those thousands upon thousands would be willing to accept a deferred policy and to pay a higher premium than ordinary, on condition that the medical examination should be either dispensed with altogether or made less stringent than it is now. If the experiment did not attract business, no harm would be done; if it did, and proved to be safe, it might be extended; and, if it could be extended, it would help, as Mr. Sutton points out, to bring intending assurers into immediate communication with the head office. He very justly remarks that many improvements have of late been introduced to make insurance more popular than it used to be; but he feels, all the same, that enough has not yet been done. Obstacles are interposed which he regards as unnecessary, and one of these, in his opinion, is the present character of the medical examination.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE only unusual feature in the large collection of nearly seven hundred paintings on view this winter at the Gallery in Suffolk Street is the presence of a few miniatures, none of them very good, and of some pastel drawings, among which two, at least—those by Mr. Shäfer and Miss Dora Noyes—are strong enough to hold their own amongst their painted neighbours. It is needless to say that scenery predominates at Suffolk Street; the impression likely to be made on a foreigner by such a display of landscapes as this—after, of course, his never-failing remark upon the hopelessly gay colouring of the British school generally—would surely be one of admiration at the great variety of English scenery, with its extensive range of shades of tone, colour, and atmospheric effect that this island of ours presents. Our British river-scenery, in particular, must seem many-sided, with its shades of green running the gamut from pale lemon and keen citron down to olive and bay; although here at Suffolk Street these varieties of hue may in many cases be felt to be a little too strongly insisted upon. Among the landscapes, perhaps the most striking one is that of Mr. Frank Brangwyn (550), "Spinning Yarn," which has considerable harmony. It represents, as its name presupposes, a rope-walk, an outdoors one, con-

sisting of a long sandy path, with wooden posts running all along one side and part of the other, with cross-beams here and there, over which the yarn extends. Two men step slowly and softly forwards, twisting the yarn between their fingers as they advance. It is all so quiet, with the unobtrusively blue sky, the calm pale foliage and herbage, and the cool transparent shadows, that it is a really reposeful canvas to rest the eye upon, especially after gazing at the numerous paintings around it, of hot brick reds and glaucous greens. The question of shade and obscuration is still one, apparently, but little understood by our English painters, who seem often to be frightened at their own shadows. Two paintings at Suffolk Street exemplify this—"The King and his Master" (339), by Mr. Laslett Pott, where the brightly coloured and lighted figures are shadowless; and a canvas of Mr. W. H. Pike's, where confusion reigns more than is usual amongst crowds, and where, despite the amount of detail and character-drawing that he has given to each member of the group, for want of an atmospheric quantity the figures cling together like the spawn of a frog. There are many pretty "bits" of landscape here. In "The Pond on the Common" (414), by Mr. J. H. Snell, the branch network of the trees is softly rendered, and the feeling of chilliness in the late afternoon air is well suggested. No. 426, "Meadow Sweet," by Mr. F. W. Jackson, is pretty; but why should it not have a fairer sky, instead of this heavy grey one, so surcharged with the hard East wind? A river-scene (471), by Mr. Horace H. Canty, is very correct and complete. Mr. Anderson Hague's pasty green trees in 347 are not so pleasant to contemplate; while the pretty country homestead (356), by Mr. Follen Bishop, is spoilt by the two frivolous town girls lounging on the garden wall. In 395, "Cowslip Gatherers," by Mr. W. B. Fortescue, if the bodices of the young women appear so gleamingly white, should not the cowslips be less dim in colour? "Amongst the Ling" (55), by Miss Ida R. Taylor, is disfigured by a crudely red and blue Japanese sunshade, which totally ruins the colour of the heather. In "A Sunny Morning" (591), by M. N. Van der Waay, an interesting experiment has been made; a cornfield of pure yellow, unvaried by any accidental touch of other colour, stretches from right to left, and in front of it is a figure in a poppy-red jacket; but we admit a preference for having our poppies mingled more diffusely amongst our corn. There is another point we cannot commend in our latest landscape-painters, their passion for so often disfiguring their landscapes by introducing into them unnecessary figures. If they suppose that it gives more importance to them they are mistaken, for it only tends to distract the attention. For instance, in 336, "A Mare Grazing," by Mr. H. M. Livens, we have a burnt grass-covered hillside, a tawny field, vanishing into a dreamy distance. Surely the beauty of this scene requires no figure. Another and more striking instance is in "A Flower Garden, Little Shelford, Cambs" (464), by Mr. V. P. Yglesias. The foreground is rendered important by large flowers, all in a row as in the classical Mary's garden, but between their stalks are seen some tiresome and quite superfluous figures in mid-distance, which detract from the effect of the flowers.

There are many excellent and charming sea-scapes here, among which "The Home of the Sea Fowl" (335), by Mr. Horace Canty, is one of the best. It shows the gem-like Devonshire coast, with its cliffs clad with golden lichens, and fringed with the pink thrift, the amethyst blue of the sea gleaming beyond; truly a most refreshing outlook to dwellers in London. Compared with this, "Sunny Cornwall" (490), by Mr. W. H. Y. Titcombe, looks rough, which it literally is, as if it needed some scraping down. "Grandfather" (619), a strip of sea-beach, by Miss Flora M. Reid, is charming; it looks so delightfully wet! But in "Trawlers at Anchor" (215), by Mr. W. Ayerst Ingram, a pleasant enough plain little picture, the front sea gives the impression of standing upright, on edge as it were—these flat surfaces being difficult to render without the aid of a little parallel drawing. We must mention but one more picture of the sea, and that shall be "Homewards" (429), by Mr. F. Cayley Robinson; this is a most original and fascinating painting. It represents, on a large canvas, a stretch of queer tan-coloured wet sands, with the meandering tidal rivulets coursing their way back to the distant sea, which is seen as a smack-besailed line on the horizon. Strange Druid-like erections, of black and white piles, stand up high against the sky. Two fisher-girls cross the sands, returning with their baskets; but the blue clothes of the one and the copper-red hair of the other seem a little too bright for the general low tone of this otherwise satisfactory composition.

Of figure-pieces, No. 588, by Mr. W. H. Pike, is certainly a very clever piece of characterization; it suggests well one of Dickens's seedy, smart, and needy personages. "Cupid and Psyche" (605), by Mr. F. H. A. Parker, is, with its dim light and its dreamy figures, rather charming. Mr. Van der Waay's "Meditation" (617) is large and ugly; but the white-aproned knees of the figure are well painted. "Going to Mass" (88), by Mr. F. Colman, is an excellent study of a boy in a religious procession; it is good in colour and solidly handled. Mr. Walter Langley has a most completely attuned study here—"Interesting News" (210)—of an old man reading a paper. This is solid good work; the several tones of white are well rendered; but might not the white of the newspaper itself have been more boldly given?

We are unable to decide which pictures seem to us to be the worst. No. 80 is carefully bad; 400 is theatrically worse; but we think, on the whole, perhaps 601, with its lay-figure lady sprawling on the ground, is the worst of all. Nor should the painting of Mr. Wyke Bayliss, the President, be overlooked by the curious observer, particularly the most strange elation of the saints (542). We should like to understand better the anatomy of the two young ladies in "Dolce far Niente" and in "An Old World Melody." In the one a young lady, clad in bright blue, with sample-bright shades of yellow, carmine, pink, and green around her, is nursing her knee, which has apparently no downward continuation to it at all. And, in the other painting, a little note to explain whether the reclining figure on the couch has its front or its back to the spectator would prevent unnecessary distraction; we ourselves incline to think that at first it was intended for back, but that the picture seemed to compose better by turning it round. We have often heard it said that many of the Great Masters have been unable to "find their subject" until they have turned it entirely round. Perhaps this may throw some light on that obscure practice of theirs.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer paid this week to the County Councils nearly two millions as a contribution in aid of local taxation. The money has been lent out, and has so depressed the rate of interest in the short loan market, that in many cases bankers have been unable to lend at all. The rate of discount also fell so much that it has become profitable to export gold to many countries which hitherto could not take it without a loss. During the week ended Wednesday night there was withdrawn from the Bank of England about 370,000*l.* It is expected that about 400,000*l.* will be taken for Spain, Germany also wants the metal, and now preparations are being made to send it to New York. The probability, therefore, is that the excessive ease this week will be followed by a scare next week, and that rates will rise as unduly as they have fallen. The Bank of Spain is permitted by law to issue notes to the extent of four times its metallic reserve. As it has been lending lavishly to the Government, it practically reached the limit some time ago. Therefore it became necessary to obtain gold, and it is understood that arrangements have been made for a million sterling. That, however, exhausts the credit of the Government, but it enables the Bank of Spain to increase very considerably its advances.

The Report of the Secretary of the United States Treasury has caused a fall in silver and in rupee paper, for his plan of issuing notes secured by the deposit of silver is regarded as utterly impracticable. Shortly stated, the plan is this—to issue Treasury Notes against the deposit of silver bullion at the market price of the silver when deposited, and payable on demand in such quantities of silver bullion as will equal in value at the date of presentation the number of dollars expressed on the face of the notes at the market price of silver, or in gold, at the option of the Government, or in silver dollars, at the option of the holder; at the same time, to repeal the Act making the coinage of silver compulsory. It is objected that, as nobody under the plan could foresee what amount of silver bullion he would get on presenting his notes for redemption, nobody would deposit the metal; and, further, it is objected that, if the plan were accepted and could be made to work, it would make the Secretary of the Treasury master of the silver industry. He could raise or lower prices as he liked, and stop or increase the issue of notes at his pleasure. The first objection does not appear a very strong one; but the second is exceedingly serious. It is hardly credible that the American people will entrust a Minister with such power. The failure of the plan ought not, however, so much to discourage the silver market; for it is certain that the silver party in the United States will introduce a Bill to increase the coinage, and there is every reason to believe that they will be able to carry it through both Houses of Congress. Of course the President has the right to veto the Bill when passed; and nobody can say now whether he will exercise that right or not. It does not seem likely that he will if the Secretary's plan is rejected; for the Secretary himself admits that some measure must be carried for keeping silver as well as gold as money.

Apart from Mr. Windom's plan, the causes affecting the silver market are in favour of better prices. The refusal of the India Council to sell on Wednesday at the prices tendered seems to indicate that the Council expects an improvement in silver, and, in fact, the Council has sold so many bills and telegraphic transfers already that it can maintain an independent attitude. Besides, the exports from India are very large, and consequently the Indian demand for silver is likely to be on a considerable scale for some months to come. The Mint, too, continues buying, and there are other demands to satisfy.

The stock markets have been weak and dull all through the week. The monthly *Liquidation* has been going on on the Paris Bourse, and the Berlin Bourse has not recovered from the difficulties of the *Liquidation* completed last week. Besides the prospect of renewed strikes in the coal trade has sent down the prices of mining shares, and threatens to increase the apprehended difficulties at the *Liquidation* at the close of this month. Then, again, the New York Stock Exchange has suffered from the fall in Trust shares which followed the decision of the Chicago Court referred to last week. Further, the effects of the Brazilian Revolution continue to make themselves felt; while the crisis in the Argentine Republic is likely to become more acute every day.

Over and above all this, the approach of the Christmas holidays and the end of the year, with the prospect of a dearer money market next week, discourage fresh business. And, lastly, there is danger of a serious strike in the South Wales coal trade, and the labour disputes all over the country are not encouraging to business.

Ever since the outbreak of the Brazilian revolution there have been rumours of an impending revolution in Spain. Possibly these rumours have been circulated by speculators, for no doubt there is a large speculative account open for the fall upon the Continental Bourses. But, on the other hand, the condition of Spain is very unsatisfactory, with financial difficulties affecting the Government, with the Cortes given over to party spirit, and with widespread discontent in the country. Spanish bonds have fallen during the week, and are expected to fall still further. As they are held very largely by Paris banks, the fall has given rise to various rumours respecting those banks, which are probably greatly exaggerated.

The nitrate Companies have agreed to stop working for a month, not to sell under 9*l.* a ton, and to take measures for pushing sales at home upon the Continent and in America. There has, therefore, been some renewal of interest in nitrate securities. For the time being they have rather gone out of fashion, other and newer securities having caught the public fancy. But the parties interested are powerful, and their exertions may not improbably revive general interest in them once more.

Since the breakdown of the copper speculation in Paris the consumption of the metal has so increased that the deliveries during the seven months from the 1st of May to the end of November exceeded by fully one-third those for the whole year 1888, and were rather larger than those for the whole year 1886, when the price of copper was exceedingly low, only about 40*l.* a ton, additional evidence of the extraordinary activity of trade all over the world. To some extent, no doubt, the military preparations of all the great Governments of the world increased the consumption; but the increase in this way cannot have been very material. It is chiefly the demand for shipbuilding, telegraph, and telephone construction, and other trade purposes, which has produced so unexpected a result. The price of copper has been this week over 50*l.* a ton. At the time of the crisis in Paris it fell to about 35*l.* a ton, and if the consumption continues, there may be even a further advance, though doubtless production will now be stimulated by the recovery in the market. Copper-mining shares have all advanced along with the price of copper. All this unquestionably has relieved the Paris Bourse and the Paris bankers very greatly. The bankers who came to the assistance of the Comptoir d'Escompte have been able, it is said, already to get rid of a part of the copper which they took over, and no doubt will now be able to sell the rest on even better terms.

We are threatened with a serious strike in the South Wales coal trade. For some time there have been negotiations between the workmen and their employers. The workmen proposed that wages should be regulated by a sliding scale based upon the average selling price of coal. But the employers rejected the proposal. The men also proposed a maximum and minimum in the scale, which was likewise rejected. A further proposal was that all questions relating to the sliding scale should be referred to a joint committee for settlement, and this also was rejected; as was likewise another proposal that the hours of labour in future should be—for surface men nine hours a day, and for underground men eight hours. It is to be hoped that matters will not be allowed to go to extremes, as a strike of the kind would disorganize every industry in the country.

LA TOSCA.

IF *La Tosca* does not show M. Sardou at his best, as we hold to be the case, it contains work that is worthy of his reputation. He has true dramatic instinct and an ingenuity which serves him alike in such a piece of extravagant humour as *Divorçons*, in the genuine comedy of *Les Pattes de Mouche*, and in the tragedy of the play now being represented at the Garrick Theatre. The composition is so well known that we hesitate to dwell on its familiar points. In Messrs. Grove and Hamilton's English version it will be perceived, from the employment of the word husband, that Floria Tosca is the wife of Cavaradossi, and there seems no very particular reason why it should not be represented that their union has the sanction of the Church. If the suggestion of domesticity thus imported into the play to some extent interferes with the flavour of romance, the lovers' interview in the chapel of St. Andrea is thus made less scandalous; though, on the other hand, it does not indeed quite appear why husband and wife should make appointments to meet away from home; but such matters scarcely strike one during the progress of a play, though in the first two acts of *La Tosca* the movement of the story is so slow that there is much time for critical analysis if one be tempted to examine too curiously.

Mrs. Bernard Beere has previously given proof of her ability to follow successfully where Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has led the way, a task the difficulty of which may be easily underrated. The two are in many ways strangely unlike in their methods. There is little in Mrs. Beere's performance of the essentially feminine charm which pervades all that is done by the great French actress. The finesse which is so delightful in Mme. Bernhardt's studies is absent from those of Mrs. Beere, who wins her way by sheer dramatic force wonderfully well sustained. It is, indeed, extraordinary that the very tempest, torrent, and whirlwind of passion should be, as it is here, unflaggingly kept up through more than half the play; for if the English Tosca is not always actually at fever heat, the fire never ceases perceptibly to smoulder just beneath the surface, as in the interview with Scarpia, in the fourth act—a scene which it may be remembered precisely reproduces the incidents of a play which the American actor, Mr. Maurice Barrymore, wrote and produced a few years ago at the Haymarket. Mrs. Beere's success is never in doubt from first to last as soon as the real test begins. When once she has realized the mental agonies of the Tosca, as Scarpia, stern and inflexible, bends over her, and tells her that the horrid work in the next room will continue or be suspended according as she speaks or is silent, the actress reaches a height from which it is felt that there is little likelihood of her falling. M. Berton struck us as unnecessarily violent as Scarpia in this scene. It may have been, as we suggested when writing about the play at the time, a desire to emphasize the fact that hot Southern blood ran in the Roman's veins; but he did not convey the idea of a really powerful man, for control of the outward exhibition of fury—or any prevailing passion, whatever it may be—is surely the truest indication of mental strength. Mr. Forbes-Robertson, the Garrick Scarpia, is judicious without being deficient in force, and Mr. Hare's good taste has induced him to tone down those pronounced signs of the torture, the shriek of agony, the blood-stained forehead, and so forth, which when the French work was played seemed to us beyond the legitimate limits of dramatic art. The episode is in every way more discreetly treated. The subdued and altered tone of Cavaradossi's voice as it issues from the inner chamber is just what it should be. Mr. Waller's utterances here could not be better, for they make perfectly plain what has been done, and yet are not painfully shocking, as the cry of the tortured man was at the Porte-St.-Martin, and when the play was given in London by the French company with Mme. Bernhardt at its head.

In the scene of Scarpia's murder Mrs. Beere was perhaps anxious not to overdo an obvious point, and so made a little less than she might have done of the Tosca's glance at the knife on the supper-table, a glance which becomes a gaze of fixed intent as the thought passes through her mind that the sharp blade may enable her to escape the sacrifice the tyrant Scarpia has demanded as the price of her husband's life. Mrs. Beere's face does not here reveal her thoughts as vividly as they were revealed in the features of Mme. Bernhardt; and in another instance we think that the original Tosca was transcendent—the tone in which she spoke when left alone with her husband's body on the ramparts of St. Angelo after what she supposes to have been a sham execution. We are inclined to hold that nothing finer has been seen on the stage—and we will not put any limit of time to this remark—than Mme. Bernhardt's performance at this point. It is beyond all else clear that no shadow of doubt as to Mario having passed safely through the ordeal rests on her mind. There is supreme joy in her first half-cautious utterance of his name, and we feel distinctly, as she repeats it, how the germ of the doubt arises and grows till the horrible discovery is made that the beloved one, of whose safety she has been convinced, with whom she has anticipated bliss made the greater by remembrance of the terrors through which they have passed, lies dead at her feet. Mrs. Beere is very good, but not superlatively so. She faithfully expresses what she has to convey; but we do not hang breathlessly on her words and watch with the rapt attention which was the tribute paid to the genius of Mme. Bernhardt. We think, too, that in earlier scenes some little repression might well be occasionally introduced by Mrs. Beere. The passion is maintained at too high a pitch. Thus when, pleading to Scarpia, she asks, "Am I not humble enough?" a quieter tone—more of humility, in fact—would be better. There is in Mrs. Beere's Tosca, however, so much which deserves almost the highest praise, and so much more which merits cordial approbation, that it is necessary to judge her by the standard of little short of flawless excellence in order to find very much fault. She powerfully impresses her audience, and—unless the genius of Miss Ellen Terry were brought to bear upon a character of a sort for which she has never shown any preference—it would be difficult to name an English actress other than Mrs. Beere who would be tolerable after Mme. Bernhardt.

We have commended Mr. Forbes-Robertson for his well-considered representation of Scarpia, and Mr. Lewis Waller for his treatment of Cavaradossi; but, in fact, the performance is good in all respects. Mr. Herbert Waring's earnestness as the hunted fugitive Angelotti must by no means be overlooked. His interview with Cavaradossi was so very naturally done that we followed it with particular interest, forgetting for a time the slow development of the story. Mr. Gilbert Farquhar, again, gives character to the sketch of the Marchese Attavanti, a complaisant husband with just a little show of regard for appearances. The Marchesa has a *cavaliere servente*; and the most amusing thing in the play is Attavanti's reproach to him for ignorance of the lady's proceedings. "I am much hurt at your want of influence over my wife," is the complaint. The part of Maria Carolina, the Queen of Naples, is filled with all due dignity by Miss Rose Leclercq. The complete manner in which Mr. Hare has prepared *La Tosca* will be understood when it is remembered for how few minutes an actress of Miss

Leclercq's position appears on the stage. Mr. Sydney Brough, again, only occupies the boards for a very short time as Trevillac. Schiarrone dwells in the memory, though his voice is scarcely heard half a dozen times. He is an agent of police, one of Scarpia's following, and to him it falls to stand at the door of the torture-chamber and convey his master's orders to the executioner. The stern, upright figure, with the cold, hard-set face, is very striking. Mr. Charles Hudson is the representative of the part. Miss Bessie Hatton, who distinguished herself as the Prince in the recent revival of *Richard III.* at the Globe, plays with delightful brightness and ease as Gennarino, Cavaradossi's attendant. If the promise be fulfilled, we have in this very young lady an actress who cannot fail to rise to enviable heights in her profession. For Mr. Hare there is no character, but we feel that he has greatly aided the success by the discrimination with which he has chosen his assistants in various departments, as well as by the smoothness and excellence of the general representation in the arrangement and conduct of the work. Mr. Hare's well-recognized ability as a stage manager has never been better exhibited. The language of the adaptation has a literary distinction exceptional in English versions of French plays, but the name of Mr. F. C. Grove as the first writer might well have been accepted as a guarantee that this would be so. The scenery is notable even in these days of picturesque and artistic stage-setting. Mr. E. Salomons' design for the Church of St. Andrea is wholly admirable in proportion, detail, and colour, and, besides the solidity of the structure of the Villa Cavaradossi and the ramparts of the castle of St. Angelo, the views of distant Roman landscape are delightful. We remember nothing so good since the paintings which formed backgrounds to the revival of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum in 1881. Sketches of the costumes from the graceful pencil of Mr. E. A. Abbey have also been obtained, and these of course form a special attraction. The entire representation may be pointed to with pride and gratification as a worthy example of contemporary dramatic art.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE unaccountable apathy with which the musical public just at present regards orchestral performances caused St. James's Hall to be very poorly attended on the 22nd ult., when Sir Charles Hallé gave the first of the four orchestral concerts which he has announced for the present season. It is some years since the Manchester orchestra has been heard in London; but it may be safely said that for a long time no finer performances have taken place than those which rewarded the too scanty audience which assembled on the 22nd. The programme was arranged so as to display the quality of the band to the utmost advantage. Accustomed to play continually together under so sympathetic a conductor as Sir Charles Hallé, the individual members of the orchestra seem to have caught no small measure of his enthusiasm, and the result is that their playing is characterized by an extraordinary amount of spirit and vigour. The wonderful brilliancy and precision of the strings was particularly remarkable in Cherubini's Overture to *Anacreon*, in which the difficult passages assigned to the first violins were rendered with an accuracy and finish which it would be difficult to surpass. Though the whole orchestra is entitled to the greatest praise, a large share of the credit for such admirable performances is due to the leader, Mr. Willy Hess, who has more than once been heard in London as a soloist. The first part of the programme comprised, in addition to the Cherubini Overture, two of Dvořák's *Légendes*, which were played with great delicacy, the minutest gradations of tone being fully, but not unduly, emphasized. The first part concluded with Beethoven's Violin Concerto, the solo part in which was performed in her best style by Mme. Neruda. The second part of the concert consisted of Berlioz's extraordinary Symphonie Fantastique, *Episode de la vie d'un Artiste*, a work which has been very seldom heard in London. Here, again, the orchestra did the fullest justice to the dramatic character of the composition, the occasional extravagances of the music being admirably toned down by the faultless interpretation it received.

The last two Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, though principally devoted to the repetition of familiar works, have been by no means devoid of interest. The most noticeable feature of the programme on the 23rd was the playing of the orchestra in Wagner's Overture to *Der fliegende Holländer* and in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, both of which were singularly fine performances. Mr. Manns's ability is never so conspicuous as when he is conducting a work of Beethoven's; with Wagner's later style he has less sympathy; but on this occasion the Overture was played admirably. At the same concert Miss Nettie Carpenter gave an extremely clever performance of Saint-Saëns's Violin Concerto, Op. 20, and Fräulein Fillunger sang Mendelssohn's Scena "Infelice" and songs by Brahms and Schubert. The Concert concluded with a quasi-novelty in the shape of Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Festklänge," a work which will in no way alter the opinion musicians hold as to the very small value of the great pianist's orchestral compositions. It has been heard several times in London, under the conductorship of the late Mr. Walter Bache, and though the performance at Sydenham was very good, the audience was not inclined to receive it with favour, especially as it was placed at the very end of a long programme. It is difficult to understand why upwards of seven pages of the Programme-Book at the concert were devoted to the analysis of Liszt's bombastic music, while Saint-Saëns's scholarly Concerto was not analysed at all. The Symphony at the concert last Saturday was Brahms's beautiful work in D, Op. 73, which Mr. Manns was the first to introduce into England some ten years ago. The performance was not altogether up to the mark, and would have been the better for more rehearsal; the first violins, in particular, were unusually unsteady. Far more satisfactory was the orchestral playing in Weber's Overture to *Euryanthe*, in Sir Arthur Sullivan's Incidental Music to *Macbeth*, and in Mr. MacCunn's Orchestral Ballad, "The Ship o' the Fiend." Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, which in its present form had not previously been heard in London, gains by being dissociated from Shakspeare's play, for the situations in which it is hardly strong enough in style to be musically appropriate. Last Saturday the weakest portions—namely, the Preludes to Acts II. and IV., and the two choruses—were omitted. The Overture is much the best number of the work, and created a very favourable impression. The vocalists at this concert were Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, the former of whom sang with much dramatic feeling Lysiart's Scena, "Wo berg ich mich?" from Weber's *Euryanthe*, besides taking part with Mrs. Henschel in his own charming "Gondoliera," which was enthusiastically encored. Mrs. Henschel also sang "Glöcklein im Thale," from *Euryanthe*, with all her usual grace and finish.

The Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts which take place before Christmas are never very interesting, and this season they have been no exception to the rule; but at the concert on Monday week Signor Piatti introduced a quaint piece of Old English instrumental music, which was welcome both for its own sake and as affording some relief to the familiar classical repertory. Christopher Simpson, whose Thirteen Divisions on a Ground Signor Piatti has arranged for pianoforte and violoncello, was one of the greatest English theorists of his day; his principal work, *A Compendium of Practical Music*, passed through no less than nine editions in the century which succeeded its first publication in 1665. His *Division-Violist; or, an Introduction to the Playing upon a Ground*, from which the Divisions played by Signor Piatti are taken, appeared in 1659; so that Simpson stands as a sort of link between the earlier instrumental writers, such as Gibbons and Coperario, and the later, who, like Locke and Purcell, were more under French and Italian influence. The work played on the 25th ult. is not only very interesting historically, but also possesses considerable character and beauty. It has been admirably arranged by Signor Piatti, and was received with much favour. The successful rescue of this piece from the gulf of oblivion should encourage the distinguished violoncellist to further efforts in the same direction. It would be very interesting to hear occasionally the Fantasies of Gibbons or of John Jenkins, the latter of whom in particular is an interesting musician who is now utterly forgotten. The programme of the same concert included Cherubini's Fifth Posthumous Quartet, which was heard last summer at Sir Charles Hallé's Chamber Concerts. The performance on the earlier occasion was better than that at the Monday Popular Concert. Cherubini's chamber music requires the greatest accuracy and refinement, and in several passages the want of this was apparent, especially in the first-violin part. Miss Fanny Davies was the pianist, and gave a performance of Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, Op. 29, which left much to be desired. Incorrect phrasing and wrong notes were only too conspicuous. Miss Davies has made such progress lately that it seems strange she should fail to play Beethoven's music well. Possibly the habit which Mr. Chappell's audience has of applauding a good, bad, or indifferent performance with an equal amount of enthusiasm may have the effect of making artists careless; but, whatever may be the cause, Miss Davies will do well to study such works as Beethoven's Sonatas more thoroughly before playing them in public before even an uncritical audience. The vocalist was Mme. Belle Cole, who sang Handel's "Lascia ch' io pianga," and a little song, "Le Violette," ascribed in the programme to a Scarlatti, the dates of whose birth and death were stated to be 1650 and 1752 respectively. The mistake is inconceivable; for the song in question is generally assigned to Alessandro Scarlatti, who was born in 1659 and died in 1725. The accompanist on this occasion was new to Popular Concert audiences; but her playing was even more unsatisfactory than usual.

There is no occasion to notice in any detail the performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which took place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday week. The work was performed for the benefit of that deserving charity the Royal Society of Musicians, and the artists who took part in it gave their services gratuitously. The solos were sung by Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Alice Suter, Messrs. Watkin Mills, Iver M'Kay, A. Thompson, and J. Gibson; the orchestra was led by Mr. Carrodus; the organist was Mr. Fountain Meen; and the performance was excellently conducted by Mr. W. H. Cummings.

The programme of Mr. Henschel's second Symphony Concert was as admirably selected as that of the first, and attracted a larger audience, though the hall was by no means so full as could have been wished and as the general merit of the performances deserved. At the first Symphony Concert the programme was selected so as to afford a survey of instrumental music from Bach to Beethoven; at the second concert the series was continued from

Weber down to Herr Richard Strauss, the very latest musician who has made a name in Germany. Weber was represented by the Overture to *Oberon*, Schumann by his Fourth Symphony, Wagner by his "Huldigungs-Marsch," and Brahms by the Variations on Haydn's *Chorale St. Antonii*. The two movements from Herr Strauss's Symphonic Fantasia, "Aus Italien," which were chosen to represent the latest development of orchestral music, were complete novelties to an English audience. Mr. Henschel doubtless was well advised in bringing them forward, for it is only right that English amateurs should be kept acquainted with the newest productions of foreign musicians. It cannot be said that Herr Strauss's music produced a favourable impression. The two movements were (according to the programme) intended to represent respectively scenes on the Campagna and on the shore at Sorrento. The first, an Andante, has some merit, though it is extended to too great a length, and is too diffuse in character. In the second movement, an Andantino, according to the author of the Analytical Programme, "Sunny waters, free, gay, and abounding life, with all the charm of southern shores, are the composer's inspiration, and he abandons himself completely to its influences." If the audience had not been informed of this, very few would have discovered it, for anything duller, more ponderous, and long-winded than this Sorrento movement it would be hard to imagine. The whole work is obviously the production of a young man of talent who, if he has any sterling ability in him, will probably live to be ashamed of it. It is not likely to be heard again in London. The orchestral playing throughout the concert was very good, the performance of the *Oberon* Overture in particular being noticeable for its vigour and brilliancy. The "Huldigungs-Marsch" was the least satisfactory number; but the composition, striking as it is, always bears signs of having been originally scored for a military band, and in its present form it wants very perfect playing to preserve the necessary balance between the stringed and the brass instruments.

On Wednesday afternoon the first of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's charming vocal recitals attracted a crowded audience to Prince's Hall. The performance, as is always the case at these concerts, was admirably selected. Beginning with an interesting Duet of Stradella's, the concert-givers sang, in their usual admirable style, songs and duets by Handel, Beethoven, Berlioz, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Götz, Liszt, Massenet, and Brahms; while English music was represented by Bishop's "Tell me, my Heart," Mr. Goring Thomas's "A Lake and a Fairy Boat," and Mr. Corder's "O Sun, that wakenest all." It is impossible to signal any one number as better than another; but Mrs. Henschel won most applause by her singing of Massenet's setting of the Serenade from Coppée's *Le Passant*, to which she responded by singing her husband's beautiful "Spinning Song"; and Mr. Henschel deserves special thanks for introducing so fine and little known a song as Schubert's "Memnon." The second of these interesting performances is announced for next Wednesday.

REVIEWS.

BRITISH REASON IN ENGLISH RHYME.*

THIS book consists of Welsh proverbs and Bardic and legal aphorisms, with translations in English rhyme by the late Henry Halford Vaughan. It is edited by one of his children, and the Welsh has been revised by Professor Rhŷs. It is difficult to believe that the author of this work can have intended it to appear exactly in its present form. Two thousand five hundred and fifty-nine Welsh sayings, accompanied by decidedly smart translations, are excellent things; but to publish them without a break, and in no sort of order, appears to us a mistake. As they stand one might suppose that they had been written on separate pieces of paper, put into a hat, well shaken, and then drawn out one by one at hazard, and printed as they came. To turn the leaves hurriedly over and find three hundred and seventy-eight pages covered with an unbroken string of short rhymes, mostly couplets, unconnected in any way with each other, is enough to frighten away four readers out of five. Be its matter ever so good, a volume thus made up is wearisome reading. Unfortunately, again, in this form the work is unmanageable as a book of reference. If one wants to find a special passage, there is nothing for it but to look through the pages from cover to cover, as the object of one's search is just as likely to be in one place as in another. At least it might be expected that the work would be divided under the three headings almost suggested in the introductory note—namely, Proverbs, Laws, and Bardic aphorisms. Even this would have been a relief and a convenience; but it is impossible to read the book without noticing that numbers of other headings might have suggested themselves. For instance, there are many little rhymes which might be classed under each of the following:—Admonitions, Allegories, Beggars, Birds, Cattle, Cats, Children, Cowards, Deer, Dogs, Enemies, Failings, Farming, Fire, Fishes, Food, Foxes, Goats, Home, Horses, and so on. We think that it would be very much easier to read the book if the matter had been arranged on some such principle as this; but even as it stands it would be greatly improved by the addition of an index, which would render it serviceable for future reference. The editor says in a brief prefatory note:—"My father had intended to write an introductory essay dealing with the subject as a whole, but at the time of his death this was only just commenced." The absence of this intended introduction is much to be regretted, and it seems a pity that Professor Rhŷs, who gave his assistance in the revision of the proofs, was not persuaded to write one as a substitute. Nobody could have been more fitted for the task.

It is said, with much truth, that the Welsh hate the English; but it is at least as true that the English do not love the Welsh. We much doubt if nine out of ten English people living in Wales either know or care whether the Welsh have many proverbs or few. As to the majority of Englishmen and English women, all they can tell one about Welsh is that it is a hideous language. They would rather study any other, either living or dead. Of Welsh, Welsh literature, and Welsh customs they know nothing, and do not want to know anything; nor have we much hope that they ever will, unless a Welsh Walter Scott should arise to make Wales, and things appertaining to it, the fashion. If the book which we are reviewing should have the effect of causing them to take the slightest interest in Cymraeg, its author would have laboured to some purpose. Nevertheless, we will say frankly that our fear is not so much lest it should be little read as that readers of a certain class should avail themselves of it too eagerly. We tremble at the thought that there are enterprising people who are likely to learn by heart a number of its proverbs with the view of displaying them in their own honour, as occasion may serve. "Where is that from?" they will be asked. "Oh! it is an old Welsh proverb," will be the reply. "Confound these slippery floors," some one will say; and then the student of *British Reason* will come out with, "Better rough stones, whose hindrance oft offends me, than even slabs, whose smoothness headlong sends me." Those who want to do this sort of thing, however, had better be quick about it, or, as the book becomes better known, they will run terrible risks of being found out; and we advise people who may hear any apt quotations of Welsh proverbs within the next few months to ask the speakers what they think of Vaughan's *British Reason in English Rhyme*; when, if it is possible to raise a blush to the cheek of a hardened cribber and quoter, a blush will be seen.

Women do not appear to have been at all overestimated by the ancient Welsh. The pleasure of looking at a pretty wife would be qualified if the husband ever kept in mind the saying that "Though long the chance may lag," she "weekly alters to a hag." As to confiding in her, "Often you may trust your life, your secret never, to your wife." The happiest state would seem to be not to have one at all; for "take no wife, have no strife," say the ungallant Welsh. A Welshman who had once owned one, remarked bitterly, "Never yet by any cur, was I barked at as by her." But no heed should be given to the barkings of wives; for "Off like the wind flies woman's word, as like the wind let it be heard." Nor should more attention be given to their promises; "Default will the performance be of what a woman promised thee," and "Nothing earthly hath a way, like a woman to betray." When our wives say, "For goodness' sake don't bother me. Let me do what I like; I know what is best for me," we—that is to say, those of us who have the pluck—are to reply, "My dear, remember that the old Celtic bard says, 'A woman mostly will prefer the thing that is the worst for her.'" It is not, however, the word of a woman only that is to be distrusted in Wales, as it is the boast of Welshmen that "It never will do to say all that is true." In one sense this proverb cannot be gainsaid; but it is given a very wide signification in the Principality. And, after all, men as well as women can be disagreeable in Welsh families; for they admit that "To be vexed by his love makes a kite of a dove," especially, we may add, when the kite has had what the Welsh themselves call "a trop off peer." Nor are all the uncomplimentary Welsh saws addressed to females. "If an angel when you roam, be no devil in your home," is probably aimed at the sterner sex. Even children appear to have been regarded from a pessimist point of view by the Welsh bards. "The kid, on which at birth you dote, daily coarsens to a goat."

We have only detected one case in the whole volume of flagrant repetition, although we will not guarantee that there are no others. The proverb *Blaengar ymadrawdd ffol* is given twice, as No. 1,560 and as No. 2,099. In the first instance it is translated "Unchecked by doubt, a fool speaks out," and in the second by "Fools speak without reserve or doubt." The author thought well to render one translation in Latin; but he would have done better to remember that the knowledge of that language is not exclusively confined to males. Welsh bards are celebrated for their triads, and any quantity of them are to be found in this volume. Most of them begin after some such fashion as the following:—"Bards are we for purposes three"; "Three things to do words should not fail"; "Within three spheres our life is ranging"; "Of men there are three kinds," and so on. This reminds us of a celebrated Welsh scholar who wrote a poem on the Triad of Ugly Women in his country—for private circulation! As a specimen of the author's method of translating a Welsh proverb into English rhyme, and the manner in which the English and Welsh are set on the pages, we will quote

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If we're to go,
Then be it so.
O down ni
Ni a ddown.

* *British Reason in English Rhyme.* By Henry Halford Vaughan, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

Some of the advice in these old proverbs is excellent, such as "Be happy and gay thy natural way"; "Set not thine own price so high that men shall doubt if they need buy"; and, at any rate the first part of, "Preach not sermons over meat; when you worship, do not eat." In respect to meat, again, there is a proverb which we could have aptly quoted on many occasions, had we known it. It runs—"Revile not the meat which you heartily eat." Modern farmers have learnt to qualify the saying "The shelter which a hedge supplies outworths the ground it occupies"; nor would men of science any longer allow that "The skin in which he first drew breath, a wolf will carry to his death"; it does not always follow, again, that "A hog that's squealing the knife is feeling," and the theory that "After drink, the spirits sink," is quite new to us. But most of the proverbs are beyond dispute. True enough are the following—"Fool more ridiculous was never than the fool who thinks he's clever"; "Words noisy and grand, and a mouse is at hand"; "The way that is the best to go, is the way that best you know"; and "He who a horse has of his own, is welcome to a horse on loan." With regard to a hired horse, we find the following cruel couplet—"On, on, thou tired brute we've hired."

As might be expected, very many of the proverbs here given are familiar in English also, and in many cases in other languages as well. For instance, nobody will have much difficulty in supplying the English prototypes of the following. "Every dunghill dog is bold when on his own dunghill roll'd"; "The moment when the cat departs, gives back to mice their merry hearts"; "Let dogs that sleep their slumbers keep"; "No risk has he run: no prize has he won"; "Brothers in trade, or good, or ill, are seldom brothers in good will"; "Out of sight, forgotten quite"; "Examine not the horse's eye, which with your thanks alone you buy"; "Three things do no good 'till they're knocked on the crown, a wedge, tether stake, and a lubberly clown"; "Who makes most haste, time most doth waste"; "A rolling stone no moss can own"; "The hap which I rue, is good fortune to you"; "He who to church the nearest lies, will furthest be from Paradise"; "One bird in hand is twice as good as the two plumpest in the wood"; "Who loveth me, my dog love he"; "If on two stools a man will sit, ere long his limbs the floor will hit"; or, "Rome's building was a work not done between sunrise and set of sun." It would be easy to go on multiplying examples.

Biblical cribbings may be recognized among some of the rhymes, such as "When blind to blind his guidance lends, in some deep pool their journey ends," and "By his fruit the man soon showeth the kind of root from which he groweth"; on the other hand, "Be your pity but small for the fool, who gave all" rather contravenes the Christian counsel of perfection. Ideas expressed by poets other than Welsh may be traced in "Better of roebucks to be first than amongst antler'd stags the worst"; "Half the room in hell's allow'd to good actions vainly vow'd"; "He on the fight has most to say, who in the fight will run away"; "The house, that has no child within it, is a house with nothing in it," and in many other passages. Lastly, we will refrain from passing an adverse criticism on the Cambrian proverb—"As into years a Welshman goes, more foolish year by year he grows."

NOVELS.*

MR. PERCY HULBURD, if we may judge by the novel *In Black and White*, which bears his name on the title-page, has selected for his models in composition some recent American writers of fiction who look upon themselves, we believe, as a "school," and consider that they have taken a new departure. It is a departure that the world can willingly part withal; and it is a road which will lead to no goal. Worse guides for a young and clever writer, as Mr. Hulburd apparently is, could not be. Cleverness, unsupported by common sense, is apt to waste itself in erratic spasm, and common sense would never choose to follow the footsteps of these foolish and pretentious posers, who, looking in the glass of their own conceit, see themselves as philosophic students of humanity. In the novel now in question we are invited to attend to what is meant to be a profound psychological analysis conveyed in the history of one of the feeblest, meanest, shabbiest creatures ever presented in fiction. Mr. Robert Dillon is a clerk in a bank. He has a remarkable facility for copying drawings, and imitating other people's signatures. He is by way of being honest, so far as so feeble a being can be honest, until a fellow-clerk, a German, one day delivers to him a farrago of bombastic nonsense, "a programme to solve the difficulties of existence by freeing every man from the trammels of conflicting influences, thus restoring equilibrium in the balance of life." The details of this simple little scheme are vague, except that they include forgery and fraud on the part of Dillon, instigated by his fellow-clerk. Dillon is converted to these ideas with a readiness only equalled by the famous effect on my Lord of Natal of the words of the Zulu, his pal. He forges names all round, and gains wealth and position; forges letters by which he cheats his friend out of his promised wife, and marries her himself—commits, in fine, every sort of baseness and cowardly crime. This story, which is simply that of *Jim the Penman*, is wrapped in a cloud of fine phrases, mystical maunderings, and philosophic speculations, in which the reader is as much lost as the writer. At the back of it all there is no real knowledge of the world, no broad survey of the field of human nature, no penetrating sense of human motive or of the immutable limits of human faculty. To compare such stuff with real analytic power would be to compare oakum-picking in a cell to the work of Pasteur in his laboratory. Mr. Hulburd is fluent, and believes himself to be eloquent. Were we to take him at his own estimate, we should be frequently pulled up short by singular lapses:—"Leaving it undecided whether hereditary traits are really lineal transmissions, or only the fruit of childhood's intuitive assimilation of surrounding influences" is a specimen of phrases in which words have tempted to the betrayal of meaning. "Drawing on post-mortal experience" and "invites to repiction" are others. Over and over again the blunder between "to lie" and "to lay" is repeated, the literary blunder the most suggestive and indicative of ignorance or vulgarity. Many other traces of carelessness are to be seen in the book which it is useless here to indicate, and traces of something worse than carelessness, which we do not care further to refer to. It is a bad specimen of a bad school, and it matters little, for school and specimens are equally self-doomed to oblivion.

Whether or not enjoyment is to be got from the perusal of *Alderdene* depends entirely on the reader's docility in giving his mind over for the time being to the keeping of Major Norris Paul. If he will allow himself to be whirled along the stream of that lively writer's narrative without question or doubting, he may have a pleasant two hours over the volume. In the first twelve hours we have a terrific storm, a shipwreck, and a salvage of two out of the whole crew of the *Spanking Susan*, a scramble into a smuggler's Black Hole, a fratricide, the birth of a heroine, the death of the heroine's mother, and the mysterious interment of the mangled body of a baronet. How it is that baronets are so invariably mixed up in shady transactions in fiction, either as principals or victims, it is difficult to explain. It must have something to do with their bloody hands. As Major Paul's story has to go on for eighteen years before the baby born on that remarkable night can be married to the hero, we tremble for the author's powers of staying. But there is no need. By the help of scheming stewards, smart young soldiers, conscience-stricken murderers, a ghost or two, subterranean knockings, and faces in the fire, we do very well indeed, especially as now and then the strain of attention is relieved by the introduction of long yarns which have no bearing on the plot of *Alderdene* whatever. Major Paul's style in his graver passages recalls the memory of the venerable G. P. R. James, but he has also his funny interludes, in which he is genuinely amusing.

Novels so amusing, so brightly written, so full of simple sense and witty observation as *Sir Charles Danvers* are not found every day. It is a novel of society, written by one who knows English society well, and judges men and women with sagacity and the tolerance born of comprehension. The story is one of love, quite properly so, even passionate love, and the emotions of the three people (there must be three, or, at any rate, an uneven number, or where are your complications?) are touched with the reticence and restrained strength, to borrow a phrase from the language of theatrical criticism, which have so much stronger an effect than exuberance. Ruth Deyncourt is a delightful girl, and her passages of flirtation with Sir Charles, he gradually growing in earnestness, she fencing with an adversary whom she believes to be merely amusing himself, are excellent. Just the right touches from outsiders are put in to alarm Ruth's pride, and urge her, along with other natural and praiseworthy motives, to accept the offer of the fantastic Dare, and then, too late, Charles throws off the mask of levity and shows her his heart. Out of this situation, of course, they do not come without grievous woes; but they do come, and then, when they are at the very summit of accomplished joy, they resume, in the most amusing way, the tone of persiflage under which it suits both natures best to half conceal emotion. It is a charming love-story, lightened up on all sides by the humorous, genial, character-sketches of less important personages. There is a bewitching child who worships Sir Charles. "You are, as a rule, so surrounded and encompassed on every side by Molly," complains Ruth; but the reader never has too much of Molly. There is not enough of any of them, in fact; and, for a wonder, we want the third volume the author has denied us.

A short note to the "revised edition" of *With the Harrises* states that the novel was originally published anonymously under the slightly different title of *The Harrises*. There is no name attached to the present volume, but it is attributed on the front page to the author of *The Subaltern*, so that we presume there is no secresy about its being the work of the Rev. Mr. Gleig. It is a little late in the day to begin to criticize the writings of Mr. Gleig, which may not be much read by the rising generation, but are perfectly well known to most of that one which has crossed the brow of the hill and has the setting sun before it. That the book should have been published anonymously while any immediate connexions of the Holland family survive is easy to understand, much easier, in fact, than to explain why it should have been written. The cir-

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* *In Black and White.* By Percy Hulburd. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1889.

Alderdene. By Major Norris Paul. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

Sir Charles Danvers. By the Author of "The Danvers Jewels." 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1889.

With the Harrises. By the Author of "The Subaltern." London: Allen & Co. 1889.

circumstances connected with the third Lord Holland's marriage are, it is true, now so familiar that the details have ceased to be regarded as scandalous matter. Still, the taste of raking them up to make a novel out of them is, to say the least, questionable; and the author of *The Subaltern* has further woven an invented or recorded imbroglio of a sinister kind about them. According to his version, the marriage of Lord and Lady Holland—which some strait-laced people never regarded as a marriage at all, though a legal ceremony had been gone through—had in reality no legal existence whatever. If the part of the novel relating to the foreign young lady, her early marriage to Lord Beltone, and her child, be a romance, it is an impertinence to introduce it into the lives of people perfectly well known, and who make part of English social history. If it be not a romance, it is a grave offence against decency to blazon it forth in the pages of a novel. It affects to attach a stigma to the birth of the man whose widow has just sunk into her grave. Names and a few insignificant details have been changed, but that Lord and Lady Holland, their children, and the famous circle at Holland House, are minutely described is plain. If the author, whose bright, graphic, animated writing fitted him admirably for the task, had confined himself to reproducing that brilliant society as it was known to exist, no one could have objected. Memoirs and autobiographies of London life seventy years ago have, it is true, given us about as much as we want of the men and women who figured in it; and we could dispense with any more stories about "Lady Selina Kidd"—a specimen of the deep disguises of names affected by the writer of *With the Harrises*. But such a work would have been inoffensive, which this one certainly is not.

SHIPBUILDING.*

THIS stately volume is, in all respects, a worthy successor to the many which have preceded it. It would be, perhaps, too much to say that it excels them all, but it certainly seems to equal the best of them, both in the variety of subjects treated and in the manner of dealing with them. As our readers are probably aware, the papers read at the annual meeting of the Institution are followed by discussions, in which strangers are occasionally allowed to take part, and these debates are very often models which other Societies and bodies would do well to follow. In spite of the complex nature of the subjects treated, prolixity and diffuseness are obviously unpopular and discouraged. Clearness of statement is aimed at and usually attained, except by a few puzzle-headed mathematical theorists, who, much exercised by the desire to be profound, only succeed in being obscure. Personality and acrimony are extremely rare, although there is no want of candour. That there should be candour, however, is only natural, and to be expected. Many of those who examine and criticize the papers are men who have devoted their lives to the study of shipbuilding, theoretical and practical, and are largely interested in it; and it is tolerably certain then that they will say what they think; and what they think is sure to be worth attention. Few, indeed, of those who read papers in public have to address an audience so competent to pronounce judgment as that over which Lord Ravensworth presides.

As has just been indicated, an unusually large variety of subjects are treated in the present volume; but valuable as it is, it must be said that a portion of the matter it contains is somewhat out of date. The first part of the well edited and elaborately illustrated book is occupied with an account of the proceedings at a meeting held at Glasgow in July 1888. Making every possible allowance for the extreme care which is necessary in preparing the work for publication, this does seem somewhat tardy production, and to notice these papers now would be to imitate one of the very few faults which mark the *Transactions*; and it may be added that, with the exception of a description of the Clyde and a brief history of the marine steam-engine, the contributions to this first part are not of any special weight. The second and larger part contains an account of the proceedings of the Society at the meeting in London in April last, and, considering that they only met on three days, a wonderful amount of work the Naval Architects certainly managed to do. On the afternoons and evenings of the 10th, 11th, and 12th they heard and discussed papers, some of which might well be called short treatises, on fifteen different subjects. To notice all these, however briefly, within the limits of space at our command would obviously be impossible. Little more than a catalogue could be given; three are therefore selected as being, for the general reader at all events, more interesting than the others, valuable as some of these are.

The paper most worthy of note in the *Transactions*, insomuch as it deals with a matter vitally affecting our existence as a nation, is undoubtedly that of Mr. W. H. White, the head of the constructive department of the Admiralty, on "The Designs of the New Battle-Ships." Here again, however, the difficulty just noted arises. The matter in one sense seems a little obsolete. The paper itself and the criticisms it evoked were commented on immediately; and, moreover, the ever-shifting art of designing war-ships, once the most stationary, now the most changeful of all the mechanical arts, has had a new complication added to it since the naval architects met in the Adelphi. Notwithstanding these facts, however, Mr. White's paper is so admirable, and the discussion which followed it was so weighty, that it is imperative to speak of them, although the notice of a subject which has been so fully treated must necessarily be brief.

There is one very simple fact with regard to naval architecture which might be thought as obvious as the product of two and two, but which is nevertheless frequently ignored not only by those critics who have no knowledge of the subject, but also, strange to say, by some experts. A designer when planning a vessel of any given size has only a limited amount of weight at his disposal, which, as we need hardly say, is equal to the tons of salt-water the vessel displaces. On this weight, which he has to apportion, there are, so to speak, many demands. The constructor of a war-ship must allot so much to the hull, so much to the engines, so much to the coal, so much to the armament and ammunition and stores, and so much to the armour, if the vessel is an ironclad, or, to be quite accurate, a steel-and-iron-clad. If with regard to any one of these requisites he allows too much, the ship will have to suffer in some other respect. In the *Blake* just launched, for instance, enormous speed and great coal endurance have, it is hoped, been attained; but, then, side-armour has been sacrificed altogether. Now, extraordinary as it may seem, this fact, which we have almost insulted our readers by stating, is constantly overlooked, more or less, in discussions respecting warships, and specially in discussions respecting armour-protection. Sir E. Reed does not, of course, overlook it. So skilled a naval architect would be as likely to overlook the force of gravitation; but he does not give it anything like the prominence he ought to, and sometimes it seems to be altogether ignored by the advocates of great defensive power. To read some of the disquisitions which appear, it might be thought that compound plates were imponderable, or that a ship was like a fort on which practically as much iron and steel as may be desired can be bolted. The protection of ships must be limited; and, if it is carried too far, the offensive power will have to be lessened, probably with the most lamentable results. Can anything be imagined more pitiable than the position of a helpless warship unable to do harm to the antagonists who are striving to batter her to death? Of what avail would the hide of the rhinoceros be to the lion if his teeth were drawn and his claws cut.

Now, with regard to armour, the problem set before the Admiralty constructors has long been difficult, and is at present difficult in the extreme. The constantly increasing power of guns has made it more and more necessary to thicken the armour, and in consequence more and more to limit it, and now the portion of the ship which can be protected is but small, and even that is not protected against the heaviest guns. The Admiralty have had to balance offensive against defensive power, and, from the debate that followed the reading of Mr. White's paper, in which experts of the highest rank addressed an audience of experts, it seems clear that, with regard to the vessels last designed, they have done so well. Sir E. Reed, in his attack on the officials, was telling, as he always is, and he certainly made a point when he showed the danger which an ironclad might incur if, in rolling, the thin skin below the armour-plates were exposed to an enemy's shot; but, on the whole, his one-sided arguments did not succeed, and the Admiralty distinctly had the best of it, the opinion of those who spoke with the greatest weight clearly being that Mr. White and his subordinates had, so far as was possible, reconciled contradictory conditions with very exceptional skill.

Next in importance to Mr. White's paper is perhaps that of Professor V. B. Lewes on "The Corrosion and Fouling of Iron and Steel Ships," of which it may be said with truth that it is at once very excellent and very disappointing; excellent, because the subject is dealt with in so lucid and masterly a manner; disappointing, because it is most discouraging to find that, in a matter of such vital importance to the Royal Navy and to the mercantile marine, there has only been such very moderate progress; but unfortunately it seems clear that far less has been done than is generally supposed, and with regard to the navy the case appears to be deplorable, though not, as will be seen, from any fault of the Admiralty. In order to make the subject intelligible to those who have not given it any attention, it should be explained that two kinds of composition are applied to the bottoms of iron and steel ships. One is called the anti-corrosive, and, as its name denotes, is meant to prevent rusting. The other is called anti-fouling, and its object is to prevent marine growths, animal and vegetable, on the ship's skin under water. With regard to the first of these two, which, as need hardly be said, is put on before the other, it would appear that a very fair measure of success has been obtained. Mr. Lewes enumerates five different classes of them. The first consists of "boiled linseed oil mixed with red or white lead"; the second, of "tar and tar products" and "asphalts and mineral waxes"; the third, of varnishes formed by dissolving gums or resins in volatile solvents; and the fourth, of varnishes of this kind to which body has been given by the addition of foreign constituents, generally mineral oxides. The fifth class consists of cement coatings; but these have apparently been abandoned; and, according to the writer, there can be little doubt that the second and fourth classes are the best. If care is taken to make sure of the purity of the materials used in these compositions, and if they are applied to perfectly dry plates which have previously been scraped

* *Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects.* Vol. XXX. London: George Sotheran & Co.

free from rust, or, if they are new, been "pickled with dilute acid" "and then washed down with some slightly alkaline liquid," "little apprehension need be felt as to the effect of corrosion on a ship's bottom," to use Professor Lewes's words. The problem, then, of finding a satisfactory anti-corrosive coating for the outsides of the bottoms of iron and steel ships has been practically solved. Unfortunately, the facts are very different with regard to anti-fouling compositions.

Efforts infinite have been made to protect iron ships from marine growths. Laudably simple were the first attempts. Copper was applied to vessels of this kind in much the same way that it was to wooden ones, it not being apparently understood that copper was electro-negative to iron. The result was as simple as the charming process itself. Galvanic action was set up; the water was decomposed and the oxygen was thrown on to the iron, which rotted away like a jerry-builder's timber. It was much the same thing as if a man had covered a house with stucco which contained some material that destroyed the bricks. At a far later date an attempt was made to get over the difficulty by the use of zinc, to which iron is electro-negative, and a sheeting of this metal was placed sometimes on uncaulked wooden sheathing; sometimes, we believe, on the iron skin itself. The idea was an ingenious one, but Professor Lewes shows clearly that zinc has been a failure. When in no long time it had been ascertained that copper could not be used, it was necessary to devise some means of preventing the rapid fouling of iron bottoms, and in 1840 the first anti-fouling paint was patented. Since then there have been patents innumerable, and there are now thirty-two compositions in the market; but from that day to this the problem has never been satisfactorily solved. Modern chemistry does not often fail, if time enough is allowed, but here certainly it cannot be said to have succeeded.

The reasons for this want of success Mr. Lewes explains very thoroughly. The "anti-foulers" have been supposed to "owe a considerable portion of their value to their" poisonous action "on marine animal and vegetable growths." This action, however, is much less potent than is generally supposed. It is only in the early stages of the growth that the poison destroys it. Once developed, it is proof, for the very simple reason that the portion of it which adheres to the ship is used to cling on with only, the constituents necessary for development being derived from the sea-water. Owing to this fact, the paint in which poisons are relied upon is apt to fail. It has to be made by mixing them with varnish, and for a time the varnish keeps them from the sea-water, or the sea-water from them, whichever phrase may be preferred. During this period deposits are formed, and, when the poison is liberated by the disintegration of the vehicle, the growth can no longer be affected. There are, therefore, very grave objections to anti-foulers of this class; but with others of a different kind more success has been achieved It has been thought that the immunity given by copper was due to its exfoliation, and attempts have been made to imitate this, and to provide a coating which "shall slowly work off," and "so expose a continually renewed surface"; and these seem to be more effective than the others, but there are grave drawbacks to them also. The coating which will keep the vessel clean for months in harbour will waste away very rapidly at sea, and leave her bare; and if, to avoid this, the manufacturer makes the composition harder, the vessel fouls while she is stationary, as, in the absence of friction, the coating does not wash away with sufficient rapidity. Hence these compositions are much better suited to merchant ships always steaming at fixed rates, and staying the shortest possible time in harbour, than to warships, which go at varying speeds, and often remain at rest for long intervals; and this is a fact which is well worthy of attention. The management of our navy is much criticized, sometimes justly, but sometimes unjustly; and it should certainly be borne in mind that, with the hulls as with the boilers and engines, there are grave difficulties which are not anything like so serious in the mercantile marine.

It is pleasant to turn from Professor Lewes's well-written but not very comforting paper to Mr. Thornicroft's account of his water-tube boiler, which seems to give the promise of a great advance, although his arguments were severely handled by his candid and competent critics. The idea, as need hardly be said, is by no means a new one. As long ago as 1860 it occurred to engineers that great advantages might be gained by, so to speak, reversing the principle of the marine boiler, and, instead of passing the flame through tubes surrounded by water, to put the water in tubes and let the flame heat these, and at a later time boilers constructed according to this idea were fitted to various merchant vessels. With some they were failures, a very lamentable result being produced in one case; with others they seem to have succeeded fairly well; but marine engineers, not without good cause, distrusted them, and after a comparatively short time they were all but abandoned. Now Mr. Thornicroft thinks that he has overcome the difficulties that stood in the way, and contrived a water-tube boiler that can be trusted; and with regard to small vessels making short runs, after which everything can be examined, he certainly seems to have succeeded fairly well. Whether, however, his steam-generator is suited for large sea-going ships is a very different question. If it can be rendered suitable for such vessels the water-tube boiler will assuredly be largely used, as it has great advantages over the tank boiler. Steam can be got up much more quickly, it will work with somewhat less fuel, and, most important of all, it is very much lighter than the other, thus giving a large increase to the carrying power. At present, however, its defects appear to be very serious. Soot and dirt accumulate round the tubes, causing external corrosion, and constant watching and cleaning, more careful than can be expected from ordinary stokers, are necessary. Worse than this, the tubes, from some cause not apparently very clearly understood, are liable to "pitting," resulting in small holes, which, as need hardly be said, are dangerous in the extreme. These grave evils Mr. Thornicroft believes that he has been able, to a certain extent, to overcome, and though, as has been indicated, his invention was mercilessly handled by his brother naval architects, he spoke with modest confidence at the end of the debate, and, it should be observed, without any of the pique which inventors too often show when their pet ideas have been roughly treated. He clearly is not discouraged, and has continued to labour at the subject, as on the 21st of last month, half a year after the meeting of the Naval Architects, he read a paper on it at the Institution of Civil Engineers. It is much to be hoped that he will succeed. The introduction of a water-tube boiler suited for sea-going ships will be the greatest step made for many years in marine engineering, and will specially aid those who are charged with the onerous task of constructing our war-ships.

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.

SOME very interesting additions to the Arundel Society's fine reproductions after frescoes and paintings of the old Italian masters have lately been distributed to subscribers and are now offered to the public. In the first place we must note four new "occasional publications." These comprise two chromolithographs after the Convent frescoes by Fra Angelico at Florence—"The Presentation in the Temple" and "The Entombment"—executed, from drawings by Signor Costantini, by Herr Wilhelm Greve, of Berlin; and two heliographs in monochrome by MM. Lemercier, of Paris, after Andrea del Sarto's frescoes in the court of the Compagnia dello Scalzo at Florence—"St. John the Baptist Preaching" and "Charity"—from drawings by Signor Mariannecci and Herr Kaiser. The Angelico prints are beautiful examples of reproduction in colour, equal in all respects to the six plates previously published by the Society, and forming with them a most attractive selection from the charming designs of Angelico in the old Dominican convent. The frescoes by Andrea del Sarto, two noble examples of the master, are successfully rendered by the process known as heliogravure, the smaller one, the lovely group symbolizing "Charity," being especially notable as a specimen of felicitous translation. With the admirable result before us we are inclined to doubt whether, in some instances, and with a good water-colour drawing to work upon, the process is not better suited than chromolithography to the reproduction of old and partially damaged frescoes. Much depends upon the condition of the work, still more upon the artist's claim to rank among the colourists. Defrauded of colour, an Angelico could not but be a distasteful reproduction. A far more complex scheme of colour is presented by Botticelli's charming "Primavera," the allegorical picture of Spring, "delighting and delighted," in the Fine Arts Academy at Florence, a chromolithograph of which, executed by Herr Greve, from a drawing by Signor Costantini, forms the "first annual publication" of the Society for last year. An ample field for reproductive skill is supplied by the landscape and figures—the rich yet sombre grove of orange-trees, with their fruit, "golden lamps in a green night," the fresh sward brilliant with jewel-like flowers, the radiant Venus, the quaint, flower-decked Flora, the beautiful and melancholy Graces dancing to a stately measure. The result is not, indeed, impeccable tone and harmony, yet a print of remarkable decorative quality, and as sympathetic as it is conceivable the reproductive process can yield. For the present year the "first annual publication" consists of Carpaccio's "Calling of St. Matthew," in the chapel of San Giorgio dei Schiavoni, and Bazzi's "Christ bound," from the mutilated fresco of the "Flagellation" at Siena. Neither of these chromolithographs can be numbered among Herr Greve's successful prints. The former, which we cannot regard as a masterpiece, is somewhat hot in colour. Bazzi's fresco, as here reproduced, is yet more unpleasant in colour, and we cannot but think that the admirable modelling, the dignity and pathos of this impressive figure, could be more happily reproduced in monochrome.

TWO GREAT WRITERS.*

DR. GARNETT'S contribution on Milton to the "Great Writers" series is one of the best of that series and of the author's works in writing and arrangement; but we can hardly call it one of the most critical. Indeed, though we are unfortunately, or fortunately (for it may be looked on either way), condemned to take a more grudging and ephectic attitude, we cannot help feeling a certain delight at the thoroughgoing enthusiasm with which Dr. Garnett, a mature man of much and good letters, has thrown himself into the task of defending and exalting Milton through

* *Great Writers—Milton.* By R. Garnett, LL.D. *Lessing.* By T. W. Rolleston. London: Walter Scott.

thick and thin. Were he not both too good-natured and too little given to braggadocio, we could imagine him adopting Ali's famous threat, and menacing any one who denies Milton's perfections either as man or bard with cleaving of the skull and dashing out of the teeth, and all the rest of it. But, being what he is, Dr. Garnett has behaved otherwise, and greatly as we are constrained to differ with him on Milton's personal merits, and even on part of his literary character, there are but one or two points on which we are not quite content to differ. One of these is his adoption of the absolutely imaginary depreciation of Mary Powell—the hardest case of the kind, except Harriet Shelley's, in literary history. There is not one single piece of positive evidence against her, and the one piece of positive evidence, Phillips's testimony, makes decidedly in her favour. So do all the probabilities and inferences from the Divorce tracts downwards. That she made a great mistake in marrying Milton is evident; but if that is to be damning proof against a girl of seventeen, God help us all! For the "dulness and commonness," as Mr. Pattison has it (and we may note with justifiable amusement that Pattison's biography, a piece of hero-worship if ever there was one, does not go far nearly enough for Dr. Garnett), we have nothing but a gratuitous construction placed on what may be merely general words, and what are in any case the words of a person far too closely concerned to be impartial. For her having poisoned her daughters' minds against their father we have sheer conjecture, as unsubstantial as any vision. That girls who were subjected to the hideous dull drudgery which we know was their lot, and who could estimate their father's gratitude and affection by his thinking "instruction in embroidery" a sufficient portion for them after years of such drudgery, should be inspired with much affection for him would be the wonderful thing.

The fact is, however, that Dr. Garnett can see no faults in Milton as a man, and few as a writer. He does not agree with Milton's religious views, but he is quite angry with Mr. Pattison for wishing that Milton had not held them, or spent so much time in writing about them. He admits (as, indeed, he could not but admit) the scurrility of the dispute with Salmasius and Morus, but he takes little or no notice of the relatively greater and infinitely more unprovoked scurrility of the earlier attacks on Bishop Hall and others. The defence that this is mere "common form" of the time is, of course, obvious, but it is by no means valid. We may, indeed, give Milton the benefit of the indulgence accorded to Naamans generally who bow in the temple of any Rimmon, but this indulgence at once destroys his claim to exceptional beauty and nobility of character. And that any one should make such a claim for him is a curious instance of the *Fallacia Admirationis*—not the most discreditable of fallacies certainly, but certainly also one of the most fallacious.

We have said that Dr. Garnett seems to us on much surer ground as to the literary aspect of the question. As to that, indeed, though there may be differences of detail and relative valuation, there cannot be much general disagreement nowadays between any two persons who have, as Dr. Garnett has, the root of the matter in them. One man's "liking" for Milton, even as a poet, may lag behind his admiration; with another admiration and liking may keep exact step. But in the admiration due to the "master of harmonies" in verse and prose there can be no measure but the measure of critical comparison. We do not think Dr. Garnett admires Milton in the least too much; though perhaps he may admire some others to whom he refers a little too little. He acknowledges frankly the terrible lack of humour in his idol—acknowledges it more frankly than Mr. Pattison, who, master as he was himself of a certain dry irony and sarcasm, lacked most of the sap, if little of the salt, of the humourist. Dr. Garnett's remarks on that very thorny question, the authorship of *Eikon Basilike*, are excellently shrewd and fair; and this we say with something of an inclination to the view which is not his. But, indeed, agreement or disagreement with the views of a person who expresses those views with Dr. Garnett's fairness, shrewdness, and scholarship cannot much affect the estimate of a sound critic. Only we should like to ask Dr. Garnett this question. If he happened to know what we know of Milton personally, knowing at the same time nothing of *Paradise Lost*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, and so forth, would he think his Milton an agreeable man? Verily, we trow not.

Mr. Rolleston duly acknowledges his indebtedness to those English predecessors—Mr. James Sime and Miss Helen Zimmern—whose work on Lessing preceded his some ten years ago. A ten years' interval would justify a fresh handling, even if Mr. Rolleston's book were not, as it is, conceived on a different scale and with a different aim. Few people will dispute the claim of the author of the *Laocoon* to a place among great writers, though perhaps Mr. Rolleston's zeal has a very little outrun his discretion. He deserves, however, the credit of generally letting Discretion—a steady-going beast with plenty of bottom—catch up the spurts of that "hot jade, but soon tired" Zeal. As we began each of his descriptions and laudations of the three plays, *Minna von Barnhelm*, *Emilia Galotti*, and *Nathan der Weise*, we shook our head over Mr. Rolleston. For the fact is that these famous works cannot endure for a moment any kind of criticism which does not make an immense and illegitimate historical allowance. We do not ourselves like the application of harsh words to the work of great men such as Lessing undoubtedly was. But if any rudesby declares that *Minna von Barnhelm* is artificial and trivial; that the catastrophe of *Emilia Galotti* is partly preposterous and partly unsavoury in its picture of a young lady who asks her father to murder her, not because she fears violence, but because she feels too liquorish to withstand temptation, and a father who complies; and that *Nathan der Weise* is a dull and dreary sermon, we shall feel very hard bested to put that rudesby down. But Mr. Rolleston, it would appear, is a kind of inverted Balaam; he comes to bless and remains to curse. After praising *Minna* heartily, he admits that "it is no profound study of human nature," and that "the characters are manufactures rather than creations." He deplores "the want of any adequate or natural motive" for the *dénouement* of *Emilia Galotti*, and is disturbed by the change in the character of the heroine. He says that "Lessing himself should have taught us better than to call *Nathan* a good drama." *A la bonne heure*; the court is with him. We can hardly say quite so much of his treatment of his hero's theological exercitations. Lessing's behaviour as to the Reimarus fragments appears to us rather questionable, whether we take him to have been an enemy or a friend of Christianity. And instead of his having, as Mr. Rolleston thinks, ushered in and shown the example of a new and exalted conception of religion, we should say that no man did more to bring about (what Mr. Rolleston tells us he himself detested as "an outrage at once on veracity and logic") the attempt to "rationalize doctrines which, whether revealed by God or invented by man, had never appealed to common sense." But Mr. Rolleston, though he may use exaggerated expressions about single critical works of Lessing, does not, and indeed cannot, exaggerate Lessing's general position as a critic. With Diderot, he was simply the founder of modern criticism; and the obligations which each had to any predecessor of any kind were exceedingly small. He had however, unlike Diderot, who was the most good-natured and placable of men, a double and treble portion of the acrimony which is supposed to be, if not essential to the critical temperament, a rarely separable accident of it. Where Mr. Rolleston applies to his controversial censorship terms which would be strong for a Swift doubled with a Voltaire, and both of them trimmed with a Bentley, we should rather say that Lessing did the more polemical part of his business with a great deal of scholarship, with some French wit, and with more German *Derbheit*. But it was not in any of these things that his real greatness lay. It was in the high criticism of *Laocoon*, of the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*, and of other work, with parts of which we may disagree, in a good deal of which we must wish to "add and eke," but which, as a whole, stands almost alone for originality and power combined.

Mr. Rolleston, however much we may differ with him in detail, gives an excellent account of Lessing's work, and he gives a still better account of the man and his life. Here also he may be a little too fond. Except in the brief space of his happy marriage with Eva König, Lessing had little of the comforts of life. He was never well off, and he was never a good manager even of what he had, being on a smaller scale and with much more excuse as inveterately merged *ære alieno* as Steele himself. In some respects, too, he seems to have been quite as much of a wasp as of a bee, and his expectation that he should be allowed, as Librarian of the Duke of Brunswick, to issue unchecked, uncensured, through the ducal press, not merely the Reimarus fragments, not merely his comments on them, but his private polemics with his adversaries, was simply preposterous. But he was a man who was always best in prosperity, and (contrary to some theories) we hold that that is not the worst sort of man. He seems, indeed, to have been rather deficient in variety of tastes; his fierce book-hunger being only tempered by a fancy for gambling (which did him neither harm nor good) and by the late, and as it would seem almost solitary, attachment—it was hardly a passion—for Eva. He did not care for politics, he ostentatiously disclaimed patriotism, he did not care for nature; he seems, save as regards the theatre, not to have cared much, except theoretically, for art. But he was a stout fighter, an original and fertile thinker, a great writer, and a manly man. Happy he of whom as much can be said.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.*

IN bringing out cheaper editions of Mr. Andrew Lang's *Oxford* and Mr. J. W. Clark's *Cambridge*, the publishers have made the companion volumes in every respect externally pleasing. They should not, however, have put 1890 on the title-pages without some intimation that the volumes are re-issues. Moreover, in the absence of any notice to the contrary, we imagine that they have not given the authors the opportunity of revising their work, and, if so, they are certainly to blame. As it happens, this is no great matter so far as the public is concerned, for any flaws—if any such exist—are of a microscopic character. Although their subjects have so much in common, there is little likeness between the two books. Mr. Lang gives us the spirit of Oxford life at different periods; Mr. Clark dwells chiefly on the stones of Cambridge. As far as the space at their disposal allowed, both have written excellently, each on his own lines. No Oxford man will read Mr. Lang's "Notes" without wishing that there were

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* *Oxford: brief Historical and Descriptive Notes.* By Andrew Lang, M.A., late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. With Illustrations. London: Seeley & Co., Limited. 1890.

Cambridge: brief Historical and Descriptive Notes. By J. W. Clark, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. With Illustrations. London: Seeley & Co., Limited. 1890.

more of them, and no visitor to Cambridge can do better, unless he carries Mr. Clark's larger work with him, than trust to his handy volume for all matters bearing on the architectural history of the University and its colleges. To say that Mr. Lang shows that he has a firm grasp of the history of Oxford is, perhaps, to speak rather pedantically of a singularly graceful book, yet the very charm of his writing renders it especially incumbent on us to point out that he never allows his fancy to stray beyond a solid foundation of fact. How well he makes his facts serve him may be illustrated by so many passages that it is merely a matter of private taste which best deserves to be mentioned. Speaking for ourselves, we take special joy in his pictures of the town as it was eight hundred years and more ago, of Walter Stoke, an undergraduate of Catte Hall, mumming in the "High" some four centuries later, of the life of Oxford in Hearne's days, and of the typical college poet. Where so much is given it would be churlish to grumble at any omission, yet we were disappointed at not finding a description of how Giraldus read his *Topographia Hibernica* publicly at Oxford during three successive days, and on each day gave a great feast —"Sumptuosa quidem res et nobilis," as the Archdeacon modestly remarks—and at the inadequate notice accorded to the Lollard movement in the University. In "Notes" such as these, however, the author has a right to choose the subject which he thinks will best suit his purpose, and, as a whole, the series of pictures of the life of Oxford is wonderfully complete and instinct with life. Mr. Lang's affection for his University is exhibited not less in his criticisms on its present condition than in his handling of past events, and his papers contain some noteworthy remarks on tutorial drudgery and "dawdling erudition," on the outcry for the endowment of research, on the discontented and restless spirit of the place, its religious tendency, and the unhappy mania for running up new buildings which has done so much mischief during the last twenty years. Although Mr. Clark devotes the larger part of his space to the material growth and aspect of Cambridge—matters on which no one is better qualified to speak—he also tells us much that is interesting about the history of the University, its ancient customs, and its most famous members. Both volumes contain a large number of extremely delicate and beautiful illustrations by M. Brunet-Debaines and M. H. Toussaint, which alone would be sufficient to make them desirable possessions.

A WHITECHAPEL POET.*

E. J. COOPER, who is also called on his title-page by the cumbrous and surprising name of "Ægzaycæ," frankly and boldly avows himself to be "sensational." The word is used more often than not as a reproach; it is "Ægzaycæ's" boast. He warns off persons who "prefer their mental pabulum vapid, mawkish, insipid, tasteless, and invariably 'ending happily.'" He truly observes, or insinuates, that the adventures of real life sometimes end otherwise than happily, and while he "places the canons of Art above the follies of Fashion," his manly muse prefers to deal "not with the sunshine and zephyrs of life, but mainly with its lightnings and thunders; with some of the realities and profundities, not with the artificialities and superficialities, of human existence." The student of his works must also bear in mind that they are designed, among other things, for recitation, wherefore "all far-fetched phraseology has been carefully eschewed, its place [what is the place proper to far-fetched phraseology?] being occupied by unambiguous and unambagious narrative." Cultivated persons have often wondered whether there really exist pieces designed or used for recitation of such a nature as to have prompted the ingenious author of *The Young Reciter's Manual* to the composition of that delightful volume. A perusal of "Ægzaycæ's" work suggests that such pieces must have existed. It is impossible that if they had not, any one could have thought of offering reciters *The Embalmed Heart*. "Ægzaycæ" admits that there is a good deal of death in his poems, and justifies the circumstance by an elaborate argument to the effect that "a recountal of woe, rather than a description of happiness, possesses most interest for mankind."

As to the style of Mr. Cooper's poems, it is extremely like that of Mr. G. R. Sims, only more so. This will appear plainly enough from the few quotations which it will be desirable to give here in order to illustrate the general character of Mr. Cooper's more sensational recountals of woe, and more realistic representations of the lightnings and thunders of life. The first and principal poem is called, not only *The Embalmed Heart*, but also *Endalee*, because that is the name of the heroine. The reciter is supposed to be recounting a woe of his own. He was only a medical student, but he loved. "The world," he begins by saying, "one woman held for me, Of all its countless host—and she I worshipped as my queen." The grammar is probably an incident of unambagious narrative. The one woman was Endalee, and "Too soon the stalking fate aneared That killed my every hope." The student had just been hugging her—

> One last long kiss, one fond good-bye,
> Ha! who are these approaching nigh?
> Her parents 'tis I see.

And they kicked him out. They then proceeded to "prepare another marriage" with a promptitude worthy of Lord Bateman—

> A penniless and aged earl
> It was who'd wed my darling girl.

But Endalee sickened, and died on the day before that appointed for the marriage. The student had not been allowed to see her since his dismissal, and he was much disgusted:—

> Delirium reigned where sense should be,
> And my one shriek was "Endalee."
> And "Endalee" again.

When she was dead, however, he was permitted to see the remains. What he saw and what he did the student describes with a realism which need not be followed here. It occurred to him that he had nothing of hers to keep. "Her heart," he remarked, "was mine in life." Taking advantage of his anatomical knowledge, he justifies the title of the poem (and of the volume) in a manner unparalleled except by "Jack the Ripper," and described in the baldest possible verse, and with literary graces like those which adorn the passages already extracted.

Another poem relates how a workman in a mill had a daughter called Laureen (which rhymes, by a happy chance, with been, green, and seen). She was taken ill when her father was at work. He wanted to go and nurse her:—

> But ah! I dared not leave till I
> Had got permission first.
>
> Back then I dashed inside the mill;
> The thing abroad had newsed;
> As soon as I my plea put forth
> The Owner it refused!

She died, and her father observed, "Oh! why, Laureen—Laureen, oh! why Didst thou Death's potion quaff?" But the Owner refused him leave to attend the funeral on Monday, and said he could wait till Saturday. So he exhumed the unfortunate Laureen on Monday night, and kept the body till Saturday—with details—when he went to the Owner's house "To in his cellar wine to lay Of every clime and brand." Then he put the defunct in a wine-case and opened it before the Owner, who died of disgust on the following morning. The story of *Irrosa* ("Ægzaycæ's" taste in ladies' names is curious) is told by her husband, a reformed drunkard. He tried to murder her, but their dog flew at him and pinned him, so that "the blood that spurted from my throat commingled with her hair." The father of *Aurrea* was also intemperate. Through his vice his daughter was starved, and instead of burying her with what money he had, he spent it in drink. But he had to eat something—and he did. *Elona* is a comparatively clean and wholesome poem. "Her tears and her blood stained my coat." "I plunged in the knife yet again, With stabs that were savage and fierce; Her heart I endeavoured to pierce." However, "At last did her spirit take flight," and after that, so far as appears, he let her alone, so that this ballad may be thought trite by the sternest sect of "Ægzaycæ's" admirers.

* *The Embalmed Heart; and other Sensational Poems.* Suitable for Reading and Recitation. By E. J. Cooper (Ægzaycæ). London: Dean & Son.

THREE MEDICAL BOOKS.*

THE training of our girls has certainly improved since the day when it was considered unladylike for them to learn anything but the so-called accomplishments, and perhaps a slight smattering of housewifery. But if, as we think, the main object of true education should be to prepare the child mentally and physically to perform efficiently the work of her future life, then it must be admitted our present system is still very incomplete. We are not of opinion that woman's mission in life is "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer"; nevertheless, she ought to understand and be fitted to conscientiously perform the duties of wife and mother, which she is not unlikely to undertake. The importance to our race of the manner in which these duties are carried out can hardly be overrated. Yet the majority of girls are married without the vaguest notion of how to take care of the little ones who may probably be born. It has only recently been recognized that women are not by nature skilled sick nurses, but need to learn the art; and we are not without hope that in due time it may dawn upon the intelligence of the public that women are not intuitively acquainted with the conduct towards husband and children which will best promote the welfare of all. It may be objected to this that many women are never married; but even of these a large number are engaged in the management of children, and, if not, surely some slight knowledge of their own bodies would be no disadvantage to them. This book, by a mother, appears to us well calculated to supply this want as far as the management of children is concerned, until the time when a course of instruction in hygiene and elementary physiology shall form a part of the regular curriculum for boys and girls. When this desirable state of things shall have come about, this work will still form a useful textbook. A chapter on feeding the young at various ages and under different circumstances occupies more than one-third of the book,

* *Suggestions to Mothers on the Management of their Children.* By a Mother. London: J. & A. Churchill.

The Story of the Bacteria. By T. Mitchell Prudden, M.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Leprosy: a Communicable Disease. By C. N. Macnamara. London: J. & A. Churchill.

and we do not think that such an important matter can well receive too much attention. Those on repose, fresh air and exercise, sea-air, and water are excellent. Whilst fully appreciating the advantages of fresh air, the author is happily quite cognisant of the extreme danger of exposing children to draughts and sudden changes of temperature. The chapter on croup would have been better omitted. A note might have been inserted in that on home remedies to the effect that *the* domestic remedy for *simple* laryngeal spasm is a teaspoonful of ipecacuanha wine, followed by warm water; vomiting is thereby induced, and the spasm almost always relieved. Acute laryngitis and diphtheria (membranous croup) have always premonitory symptoms which ought to lead the parent to seek medical aid. Judicious advice is given as to the home treatment of some of the minor ailments of children. The unsparing condemnation of that dangerous class of secret nostrums, known as patent medicines, and encouraged by the stamp of a paternal Government, is a very beneficent feature in the chapter on home remedies. Much knowledge and good feeling are displayed in the final chapter on education.

The Story of the Bacteria is a charming little book, in which the structure, life, and habits of these microscopic vegetables are graphically depicted. Without any breach of scientific accuracy, Dr. Prudden has cleverly managed to make a somewhat gruesome subject not only unrepulsive, but positively attractive. In his capacity for casting a poetic halo around some of the sternest and hardest of nature's facts he is worthy to be classed with that master in this branch of literature—the late Charles Kingsley—and with his own countryman Oliver Wendell Holmes. He first lightly but intelligibly sketches the cellular constitution of the human body, and then tells us what bacteria are, what they do, and how they are studied. He goes on to show us how some of them are terrible, though invisible, foes to the life of man. In discussing this part of bacteriology we are disposed to think that he goes a little beyond what has been at present demonstrated in speaking of bacteria as the sole efficient cause of such diseases as tuberculosis, typhoid, cholera, &c.; but even if this be so, the precautions which he suggests for the prevention of these scourges of humanity are indisputably good. We are glad to see that he lays great stress on a too little recognized source of danger—namely, impure ice. The last paragraph of the book is so full of sound common sense that we may be excused for quoting it in its entirety:—"There are many of the uncanny and disagreeable things of life from which it were better that most of us turned away our eyes. But the avoidance of some of those forms of illness whose causes have been considered in this little book, is so closely dependent upon a general knowledge of their nature, that the offence of unpleasant revelations may, it is hoped, be forgiven by the reader in view of the ultimate and universal good which these lines have been penned to foster."

The pamphlet on Leprosy is, with slight additions, a reprint of one written by Mr. Macnamara, and published in Calcutta in 1866. It contains also a letter of great interest from Dr. Hillebrand, dated February 1866, describing the introduction of leprosy into the Sandwich Islands and its rapid spread among a population to whom it was previously unknown. Mr. Macnamara treats of this disease by answering elaborately half a dozen questions, which we will repeat, giving in each the gist of his answers in a few brief words.

I. What are the distinguishing characters of leprosy? Is it a specific disease?

The two forms of the disease are well described, and the opinions are expressed that there can be no doubt about its specific character, and that it may probably be dependent upon a bacillus.

II. Is leprosy common among the natives of the East Indies? Is it on the increase or not?

The former of these queries is answered unhesitatingly in the affirmative. In the case of the latter, it is said that the absence of statistical data renders it impossible to reply with certainty, but that it probably is so.

III. Is leprosy confined to any particular class of natives? Are any exempt from its influences?

The author has found it more common in certain classes of natives than others, but that none are *exempt* from it—indeed, that there is *no* race of which the members are so.

IV. What circumstances appear to induce leprosy? Is it hereditary, is it communicable?

Defective hygienic conditions favour the spread of this as of other diseases. The author believes it to be communicable, though probably only in the ulcerative stage, and feels no doubt of its being frequently hereditary.

V. Has any provision been made for the cure or treatment of leprous patients in India?

None! We fear this answer would be almost as applicable now as twenty years ago.

VI. Is the disease curable? or are there any methods for curtailing the spread of leprosy?

In its developed stage it is quite incurable. Segregation is the only effective measure for checking the spread of the disease.

The republication of this pamphlet at the present time, when the subject of leprosy is exciting so much interest, is opportune, and the opinions expressed in it, although formed twenty years ago, closely correspond with those held by "those who know" in 1889.

M. FEBVRE'S REMINISCENCES.*

IN publishing his *Au bord de la Scène* M. Febvre complies with the unwritten law which provides that every sociétaire of the Comédie-Française in the present day shall have some claim, literary or artistic, to consideration apart from his membership of that august body. His elastic title allows him to include in this his latest contribution to literature sketches and anecdotes but slightly connected with histrionic experience, and to lug in the records of gratifying acts of recognition or homage on the part of dignitaries, with which the budget of a successful artist is ordinarily well stocked. It is thus, while he has the honour to "cheminer en compagnie du comte de N——, alors ambassadeur en France, bien connu par la finesse de son esprit et la correction de ses manières," that the opportunity presents itself for recalling in "La carte à payer" the period of trial and privation which the career of most actors supplies. When, also, a "histoire vraie," and, we may add, *navrante*—"Les sabots de la vieille," the scene of which is laid in a "coin très pittoresque entre Perros-Guirec et Trégastel," "en Bretagne"—has to be told, it is sufficiently linked to M. Febvre's stage career by the fact that it is there he has come to pass "son congé." Not without interest or value are these portions of the volume, though French literature and journalism overflow with similar studies and revelations. Now and then, indeed, we get a thought or an epigram worthy of preservation. It is pleasant to find a piece of just criticism assigned to an English nobleman, Lord Granville, with whom during the Commune M. Febvre was asked to dine. In some preliminary lines M. Febvre has been bewailing the manner in which modern costume abolishes class distinctions, with the result that "la suprême élégance se résumant dans un même et fraternel habit noir, les grandes manières n'étant plus les mêmes sous ce vêtement étriqué, l'aisance française a cédé la place à la raideur britannique; et la preuve est que l'on ne dit plus d'un monsieur qui a de bonnes manières: 'Il est distingué,' mais bien, 'Il est *correct*.'" *A propos* to these reflections M. Febvre tells how, vaunting to Lord Granville, whom he calls "le gentilhomme le plus parisien du Royaume-Uni," the distinction of manners of Bressant, the following dialogue took place:—"Oh! Bressant n'est pas distingué, me dit-il.—Vous trouvez, milord?—Oh! non. Lafont est distingué, Bressant est comme il faut." On which he observes, "Ceux qui se souviennent de Lafont et de sa haute allure dans le prince de *Rabagas* apprécieront la finesse de cette nuance."

It is, however, in his artistic recollections and experiences that M. Febvre is most amusing. Possessor of a vein of quiet humour, he leaves the reader occasionally in doubt as to whether he is serious or ironical. In the case of the actors with whom he deals, it is safer to assume that all is meant. In "Le costume au théâtre," which is dedicated to M. Francisque Sarcey, and from which the previous dialogue is taken, M. Febvre is at his best. Little information upon the history of costume is attempted. A light, however, is cast upon the influence of costume upon the artist, a subject at once fresher and more interesting. Talma thus, after donning in his dressing-room the costume of Manilius, and scrutinizing carefully the folds of his toga, said to one of his sons, from whom M. Febvre obtained the anecdote, "Là! Voici la moitié de mon rôle jouée." This story is in keeping with the credit attached by Talma, in his *Souvenirs*, to the part taken by David in the reformation established in the adjustment of theatrical costumes—a part, however, in which, it is but just to say, he had been to some extent anticipated by his master Vien, and also by Gabriel-François Doyen. A marvellous but easily credible piece of artistic conscientiousness is narrated on equally good authority of Brunet, an admirable comedian who was at school with Talma, and is said to have created six hundred comic parts. In *La Maison en Loterie* Brunet enacted a proprietor who had only to speak from the other side of a wall, and consequently was unseen by the public. Nightly, in order to play this *rôle*, he got himself up conscientiously, with wig, spectacles, and all similar accessories. Potier, from whose son M. Febvre obtains the anecdote, pointed out that this costume, the accuracy of which the public were in no position to test, was superfluous and useless. "'Mais si! mais si! c'est utile,' lui répondit Brunet; 'avec le costume de ce propriétaire, avec sa perruque, ses lunettes, je prends son allure . . . et avec son allure, sa voix! . . . *Et puis, si le mur tombait!*'" The first part of the defence is entitled to respect as well as credit; the concluding supposition seems to link the story with folklore. Even more remarkable is an anecdote which M. Febvre narrates as a personal experience of Mélingue, with whom, under the direction of Marc Fournier, he was playing at the Porte-Saint-Martin in the *Schamyl* of Paul Meurice. Mélingue, though the performance did not begin until half-past seven, had the habit of arriving at the theatre at four. Passing before the dressing-room M. Febvre saw Mélingue busy. He entered, and stood stupified. What he saw M. Febvre must relate:—"Il se rasait les jambes comme on se rase la barbe, sous le prétexte que les Orientaux ont l'habitude de s'épiler. Après avoir peint ses jambes, comme on se peint le visage, il chaussait ses babouches, et, comme on le peut penser, jamais un maillot n'eût donné un résultat semblable à celui qu'il obtenait grâce à ce sacrifice capillaire." This anecdote may rank with one current in England; but, unfortunately for the

* *Frédéric Febvre de la Comédie-Française. Au bord de la Scène.* Avec une préface de M. Jules Claretie, administrateur général de la Comédie-Française. Paris: Ollendorff.

credit of English art, told concerning an amateur and not a "professional," that when he played Othello he always blackened himself all over.

For this thoroughness on matters of costume M. Febvre has an unconcealed admiration; and he mentions how on a revival of *Lucrèce Borgia* at the Porte-Saint-Martin Mélingue, as Alphonse d'Este, before he had spoken a word, was, for his costume only, applauded "à trois reprises successives." A somewhat dangerous experiment was tried by Mathis in Dennery's *Bohémiens de Paris*; when playing a man who sought in the madness produced by brandy oblivion of his misfortunes, he fixed on his face tears composed of gum. Of Mme. Marie Laurent in *La Voleuse d'Enfants*, of Lesueur of the Gymnase, and of other artists, he speaks as masters of "la loque pittoresque." In the *rôle* of Saltabadil, in *Le Roi s'amuse*, he claims himself to have succeeded, eliciting from M. Perrin, director of the Comédie-Française, the compliment, "Plus je vous regarde, et plus il me semble que j'ai des envies folles de me gratter—ce n'est pas un costume, c'est une *démangeaison*!" Not always was he so successful. Having to play the rôle of Le Duc de Némours in *Louis XI et les grands vassaux* of Victor Séjour, he hunted out an old plate on which the Duc was shown with an immense two-handed sword without a sheath, attached on the back of the wearer by a double chain which was crossed over the breast. Proud of his discovery, he entered thus equipped, to be greeted by M. Sarcey with a laughing and deadly "Tiens! un rognon brochette!" An even worse adventure befel Adolphe Berton, who, playing Charles VII., borrowed from the Musée d'Artillerie a veritable casque of the period. Whether through rust or the existence of some unknown spring, the visor fell at a critical moment, and could not be lifted, and the remainder of the play had to be presented with the actor still imprisoned.

It is somewhat surprising to hear M. Febvre speak of having played at half-past five o'clock and finished while it was still daylight a spectacle composed of *Le Chien de Montargis* and *Le Sonneur de Saint-Paul*. He laments the publicity which "le reportage" has given to the life of the comedian, and the consequent loss by the public of the sentiment of curiosity as to his personality outside the theatre, but consoles himself with the aphorism or the paradox, "Nous avons gagné en considération ce que nous avons perdu en originalité." A sign of the change that has come over the conditions of the stage is the disappearance of *camaraderie* among actors who no longer "se sentent les coudes." He regrets the suppers which used to follow a first representation, either "chez Truchot, au coin de la rue de Lancry," or "chez Bertrand, un petit marchand de vins restaurateur," whose modest shop has disappeared, and the joyous anecdotes and the gay projects there formed. "Tout était modeste à cette époque. La mise en scène, cette *pourvoyeuse de la faillite*, n'avait pas encore fait ses ravages." In the revival of *Henri III et sa Cour* at the Gaîté, Hostein, the director, declared he was about to ruin himself. For the decorations and dresses, including the costumes of Frédérick Lemaître in the Duc de Guise, Laferrière in Saint-Mégrin, and Mme. Naptal-Arnaut in the Duchess, he should spend five to six thousand francs. With some self-humiliation M. Febvre confesses that, at the subsequent revival of the piece during the present year at the Théâtre Français, his own costume and arms as the Duc de Guise cost about the same as the entire previous performance. *A propos* to the Gaîté revival, the difficulty is mentioned of the manager with three actors, each having the right to be "en vedette"—that is, to have his name preceding that of his fellows. In his embarrassment he appealed to Frédérick, who said "Mettez-les tous en vedette . . . et moi, mettez-moi dans le tas, avec les autres. . . . On me trouvera le soir." All too few are the souvenirs of Frédérick. In the afore-mentioned *rôle* of Guise, however, M. Febvre has seen him, when suffering from his feet, come on the stage in the fourth act, wearing "chaussons de Strasbourg," and gives the assurance that, on seeing and hearing him, little attention was paid to the anachronism.

M. Febvre's recollections generally are few and appetizing. They are ushered into the world, after a custom much in vogue of late, and not widely dissimilar from the practice of prefixing to a work commendatory verses in the days of Shakspeare, by a preface from the pen of M. Jules Claretie. The point in this is the prediction addressed to the author, "Votre livre réussira comme un de vos rôles," which is imitated from a madrigal of Villemain, celebrated in the Institut. In receiving M. Scribe, Villemain began:—"Monsieur, votre discours a réussi comme une de vos pièces."

ENGLAND AND SOUTH AFRICA.*

MR. GIBBS has attempted a difficult task. In a volume of a hundred and thirty-two pages he has dealt more or less with all the questions that have arisen in the past, or now confront us in Africa from Zanzibar to the Cape. Not content with this, he has thrown in the unconsidered trifle of a chapter on Madagascar. It is obvious that there are two ways of dealing with so vast a subject, or rather group of subjects; either it should be treated exhaustively, in which case the results would be imposing—indeed, so imposing, that few would study them—or the really vital questions should be brilliantly and tersely summed up, all that is material should be thrown prominently forward, and repetition sternly avoided. Mr. Gibbs seems to have desired to combine both methods, and we cannot say that he has succeeded. Nor does he appear to have the first requisite for such a task, personal knowledge of the country of which he treats, for in his dedication he expressly states that he does not pretend to have written from materials collected by his own travel and observation, and, indeed, we should have gathered as much from his book. To take a single instance of his method, the twenty pages devoted to the history of the Transvaal are a model of confusion, for he ends the consideration of his subject where he ought to begin it, by discussing the Sand River Convention of 1852. They are also not void of inaccuracies. Thus on p. 26 we read that the forces of President Burgess (*qy.* Burgers) were defeated, "that under these circumstances Great Britain interfered, and Sir Garnet Wolseley subdued Secocoeni. Peace was concluded on February 5, 1877." Now, as a matter of fact, Sir Garnet Wolseley did not subdue Secocoeni till after the Zulu War, or some three years later. Again, on p. 27, we read:—"It is sufficient to say that towards the end of October, 1878, the Zulus attacked Colonel Griffiths, the Resident in the Transvaal, with overwhelming forces, and compelled him to retire; that in January, 1879, we were defeated with heavy loss at Rorke's Drift," &c. Of the first of these incidents, the attack on Colonel Griffiths, we confess we have no recollection, but perhaps our memory is at fault here. What, however, is meant by "the Resident in the Transvaal"? A Resident was, indeed, appointed after the retrocession of the country to the Boers in August 1881; but at the date of which Mr. Gibbs writes the Government was administered by Sir Theophilus Shepstone. Also, we always thought that it was not at Rorke's Drift that we met with defeat, but at Isandhlwana. Hitherto we had associated Rorke's Drift with a certain gallant defence, in which biscuit-boxes and bayonets played a conspicuous part. Before a writer ventures on the historical treatment of a most intricate subject, it is surely desirable that he should make himself a thorough master of his facts. This precaution Mr. Gibbs appears to have neglected, and by so doing he has thrown away a considerable opportunity, for a clear, accurate, and forcible book on South African matters would have been welcome at this time. We regret the obligation that is on us to speak thus of Mr. Gibbs's work, for his aim is a good one, and his heart in the right place. He clearly sees the evils that have been brought upon South Africa by the folly of successive Governments, and he does not overstate the case when he writes that the past history of South Africa is a "melancholy record of imbecility, vacillation, cowardice, and parsimony."

Mr. Gibbs, in his chapter headed "The Latest News," deals at some length with the Swaziland question. He points out the great danger in which England stands of losing that country, and further that all the efforts made by persons interested in preventing this catastrophe have not succeeded in wringing from Her Majesty's Government any downright expression of their intentions on the subject. All that Lord Knutsford will commit himself to is an assertion "that Sir Francis de Winton's mission to Swaziland is one of inquiry, with a view to enabling Her Majesty's Government to decide what course it is most desirable to take in regard to that country, in the interest of both natives and white settlers, and of South Africa generally." This is all very well; but it may have been noticed by students of South African history, that when the Colonial Office despatches a representative on a mission of "inquiry," it has very generally given that representative a strong hint as to what kind of report will be most acceptable to it. There is little doubt that the Colonial Office recently entertained, and in all probability still entertains, a project of surrendering Swaziland to the Boers, in the hope of reducing its correspondence and ridding itself of responsibility, and that nothing short of strong pressure from outside opinion will prevent it from following its traditional policy of shame and disaster in this instance also. But will that pressure be forthcoming? Mr. Gibbs also prints in his "Conclusion" certain extracts from the farewell speech of Sir Hercules Robinson to the people of the Cape Colony, of which the telegraphic summary created some excitement in this country. He points out, with force, that a school of public servants has grown up who seem to find their duty in working injury to the country which they serve, instancing as examples Mr. Gladstone in the Ionian Isles, Sir John Pope Hennessy in Mauritius, the Marquess of Ripon in India, and Earl Spencer in Ireland. "But perhaps," he adds, "Sir Hercules Robinson is the most conspicuous, as he is the latest, specimen of the faithless servant. Sent out eight years ago, not only as Governor of the Cape, but as High Commissioner of Her Majesty's possessions in South Africa, he makes a farewell speech to the Cape colonists, in which he practically advises them to aim at becoming a republic, and assuming the control of South and Central Africa. Sir Hercules does not, in so many words, advocate slavery; but, if we read between the lines, we may see that he has become a convert to the Boer doctrine of enforced labour." Then follow extracts from the famous "speech." We confess, if they are faithfully reported, that they strike us as odd utterances to have come from the lips of a servant of Her Majesty. But then we live in a remarkable age, in which servants of Her Majesty often take strange views of their duty to their Queen and country.

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* *England and South Africa.* By Edward J. Gibbs, M.A. London: Longmans & Co.

WATSON'S GUSTAVUS VASA.*

SWEDISH history seems to be attracting a good deal of interest in England at present. We have but just welcomed Mr. Bain's remarkable volume when a new writer, Mr. Watson, comes forward with a careful and original study of the great Revolution under Gustavus Vasa. From a variety of small indications we gather the impression that Mr. Watson is an American; but his book is no warming up of cold meats. He has mastered one of the most crabbed and thankless of dialects, the Swedish vernacular of the early part of the sixteenth century, and at Stockholm and at Upsala he has personally examined and deciphered the masses of MSS., particularly those in the Palmskiöld collection, which bear most directly upon the time of Gustavus. The authorities of the Royal Archives are gradually printing these uncouth heaps of documentary evidence; but the bulk still remains inedited, and Mr. Watson quotes on almost every page from papers which it must have cost him a great deal of labour to read. We are bound to suppose, of course, that he has read correctly; and he is careful to collate his own view of the text with those of the first Swedish authorities, such as Fryxell, Svedelius, and Bishop Anjou. In England the romantic story of Gustavus has been a familiar commonplace of history; but very little or nothing of an exact nature has been published on this subject. In 1761 Henry Augustus Raymond, writing under the pseudonym of Sarah Scott, printed a Life of Gustavas Vasa, which had some pretensions. An anonymous biography, of no authority, appeared in 1852. With these exceptions, we know of no English work which has attempted to cover the ground so minutely surveyed by Mr. Watson.

The period of Swedish history which immediately preceded the Revolution of 1521 is exceedingly obscure, chaotic, and unattractive. The record of anarchy is never inspiriting reading, and the tyranny of Denmark produced, in its early phases, but one man, Sten Sture, on whose memory the mind rests with sympathy and respect. Mr. Watson, in face of the hopeless confusion of the early authorities, decides that Gustavus Vasa must have been born neither in 1487, nor in 1495. nor in 1490, but on the 12th of May, 1496. At that time the Swedish nation, gradually gathering force and patriotism, had been for forty years engaged in persistently rebelling with modified success against the hateful Danish yoke, and for the last thirteen years, since the miserable diet of Kalmar, the struggle had ceased and the King of Denmark seemed firmly seated again in Sweden. Sture, as Regent, alone held out, and, in the autumn of the very year that saw the birth of Gustavus, that noble-minded patriot, rather than bend to the King of Denmark, retired to the recesses of the Dales. Nothing could be more thorny than the maze of intrigues and guerilla warfare which occupied the next twenty years, a maze through which the reader must permit Mr. Watson to be his careful and intelligent guide. At this point, as an example of Mr. Watson's style, we may give a portion of the passage in which he has reconstructed, mainly from the *Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus* of Olaus Magni, published at Rome in 1555, a picture of Stockholm at the beginning of the sixteenth century:—

> The main isle, on which "the city," so called, was built, stretched scarce a quarter of a mile from east to west, and but little more from north to south. . . . Through the centre of the main isle ran a huge backbone of rock. . . . The summit of this ridge was crowned by the royal citadel, a massive edifice of stone, the northern wall of which ran close along the shore, so that the soldier on patrol could hear the ripple of the water on the rocks below. From either side of the citadel the town walls ran south at a distance of perhaps a hundred feet from the shore, meeting at a point about the same distance from the southern channel. Within the triangle thus formed, not over twenty-five acres all told, lived and moved five thousand human beings. The streets, it need scarcely be said, were narrow, dark, and damp. The houses were lofty, generally with high pitch-roofs, to prevent the snow from gathering on them. The doors and windows were high, but narrow, to keep out the cold, and were built in the sides of the house, not in front owing to the darkness and narrowness of the streets. To economize space, most of the houses were built in blocks of five or six, wholly separated from their neighbours, and forming a sort of castle by themselves. The only church inside the walls was the so-called Great Church on the summit of the hill. . . . Two squares, the largest not more than eighty yards in length, served at once as the market, the promenade, and the place of execution for the town. . . . All around the main island, some fifty feet from the shore, ran a long bridge on piles, built as a safeguard against hostile ships.

Such was the Stockholm, with its curious guilds, into whose life Gustavus passed in the year 1514. He arrived in it during a brief lull in the distressing storm in that century almost incessantly blowing upon the unhappy coast of Sweden. It was in the course of the same year that to the feeble Hans succeeded Christiern II. of Denmark, a figure base enough and sanguinary enough to adorn the fabulous annals of some African dynasty. The reign of this monster marked the lowest point in the miserable history of Swedish oppression, and it was his incredible treachery and cruelty which forced the timid peasantry to respond to the final appeal of Gustavus.

The contest between Sture, as Regent, and the truculent young Archbishop of Upsala, Gustaf Trolle, occupies a large portion of Mr. Watson's earlier chapters, and appeals rather to the curious than to the general reader. It is necessary to the thread of his discourse, since the fact that the cause of Trolle was taken up by Christiern II. prepared the way for the final catastrophe. When, in September 1518, the King of Denmark, driven from the walls of Stockholm, formed the devilish project of demanding six noble Swedes as hostages, and then of bolting with them, Gustavus Vasa was one of those who were thus captured and carried off by the Danish fleet in defiance of the elements of international law. He was taken to Kalö Castle, a fortress on a promontory of Jutland, where he had to listen, as Svart tells us in his naïve old chronicle, to nothing but tales of the greatness of King Christiern, and of the armaments he was fitting out to punish the patriots of Sweden. He was imprisoned in this melancholy castle for a year; and there occurred that romantic escape, in the garb of a drover, and that no less romantic flight to Lübeck, and, on the 31st of May, 1520, to Kalmar, which have inspired so many poets and painters. He had arrived in Sweden at a critical moment. The heroic Sture had just fallen, fighting for the liberty of his country in the forests of Vestergötland, and Sweden was without a leader. The patriot army was on the very verge of ruin, and the siege of the Regent's widow, the noble Christina, in her little city of Stockholm, had begun four days before her nephew, Gustavus Vasa, landed. Through that summer of 1520, the latter was hiding as near Stockholm as the presence of the Danish cavalry would let him come, until in November news reached him of that blood-bath in the Citadel of Stockholm, in which four-fifths of the nobility of Sweden fell at one stroke to satisfy the malignity of Christiern II. It was flying from one covert to another through Dalarne, and stung by the knowledge that his own father had fallen among the rest, that Gustavus Vasa began to address the villagers, and stir them against the Danish monster. According to contemporary tradition, it was at the hamlet of Mora, on Lake Siljan, a spot now sacred to the Swedish pilgrim, and upon Christmas morning, that Gustavus uttered the first of his patriotic appeals to his downtrodden countrymen. Early in 1521 he had roused the province of Dalarne; doubting the power of his own words, he was making his way to the frontier of Norway, when a deputation of the villagers of Mora pursued, and brought him back. He found himself at the head of a little army of highlanders, and the Swedish Revolution had begun. Our chief authority for these picturesque incidents is *Gustaf I.'s Krönika*, written by Peder Svart, who pronounced the funeral oration over the body of Gustavus on the 21st of December, 1560, and who had been one of his most intimate counsellors.

It is a point of considerable merit in Mr. Watson's work that, without any straining of facts, he makes us feel that the Swedish Revolution was the work of his hero, and of his personal character alone. His chronicle of the movement melts into a history of the man, and if ever it was true that a nation owed its independence, its national life, to a single person, that was true in the case of Sweden and her Vasa king. If Gustavus had died in one of the uncertain skirmishes of his first campaign, it is hardly possible to see who, after the massacre of the nobles had lopped off all the heads of the leading families, could have taken the position of a commander. Sweden must have sunk into such a mere province and dependency of Denmark as Norway became. When, on the 6th of June, 1523, Gustavus was made king by acclamation at the Diet of Strengnäs, he was not merely the best, but he was the only practicable, candidate for the crown; and whatever the faults of Gustavus may have been, it remains a fact that when, thirty-seven years later, he laid down his laurels in the grave, he left what he had found a tormented appanage of the Danish throne, a power among the monarchies of Europe. As Mr. Watson says, with complete truth, "In all history there is no more striking example of the far-reaching influence which individual characters sometimes exert upon a nation's growth."

The great War of Independence was no sooner brought to a close by the coronation of Gustavus than the transformation of religious belief which culminated in the Reformation began to make itself felt. The Popes had, with the possible exception of Adrian VI., no sympathy with the North and no knowledge of its requirements. In their struggle for independence, the Swedes had found Rome the supporter of their tyrants, and their own Archbishop of Upsala the most insidious of their enemies. The wealth and luxury of the clergy, particularly within the six cathedral chapters, contrasted with the misery of the common people, and the most superstitious could not but begin to observe it. The piracies of the Danes might reduce the inhabitants of Östergötland to gnaw the bark off the trees and grind nuts and acorns for bread, but it did not lessen the splendour of the services in the cathedral of Linköping. It was impossible but that wealth so pompously displayed and so selfishly hoarded should excite the cupidity alike of people and of sovereign. Accordingly we find Gustavus gaining popularity while he fills his exhausted treasury by forcing the indignant bishops to disgorge their marks and guilders. Yet, curiously enough, the actual blow was dealt from within the Swedish Church itself. The Luther of Swedish reformation was Olaus Petri, a blacksmith's son, who, from his post as head of the chapter school in Strengnäs, obtained a great ascendency over the bishop of that diocese, Laurentius Andreæ, and persuaded him to wink at the preaching of heresy under the very towers of his cathedral. Urged by Petri, Andreæ proposed to the Vadstena Chapter, as early as February 1524, that the writings of Luther should no longer be excluded, but subjected to fair critical examination in comparison with the Scriptures. Four months later Petri and Andreæ had been advanced to higher ecclesiastical posts in Stockholm and Upsala, and the King had openly espoused the cause of the Reformation. In February, 1525, Olaus Petri

* *The Swedish Revolution under Gustavus Vasa.* By Paul Barron Watson. London: Sampson Low & Co.

was publicly married in Stockholm, and it was too late for any step backward to be taken.

We must not continue our survey of Mr. Watson's volume any further. The period with which it deals is not one of great interest to the average English reader, and may be said to appeal to comparatively few. But those who are attracted to it will be pleased by the modesty and thoroughness of the author, by his simple enthusiasm, and by the care he has taken to sacrifice nothing to a clear and honest presentment of the facts.

LIFE AND SPORT IN SOUTHERN INDIA.*

COLONEL DRURY, in his short preface, says that he may be thought presumptuous for writing about "India" when he is familiar only with a limited area, and that in the South. It is for this very reason that his production possesses a certain value. He does not write about the India of hot winds, celebrated battle-fields, and Imperial ruins. He describes a tract of country comparatively little known, and certainly not tempting to the cold-weather tourist and sportsman. He has something to say about the bison and the elephant, hot rides in the day across dusty plains, and cold bivouacs in tents in the Nelliampati Hills, where the sleepless coolies shivered and half the goats and all the kids died in one night. He writes in a straightforward and simple style; and though he is rather given to display familiar Latin quotations, the habit may be pardoned in one who bears a name associated with the classics. We hear very little about long lines of trained elephants, and the results of some of his expeditions were certainly not large bags. The scene of his adventures was not favourable to slaughter. When he came up with a herd of bison, after crawling on his hands and knees through wild cane and thick jungle, he lodged a bullet in an animal, which stunned and did not kill. He wounded an elephant of such portentous size that the beast had been taken by him for a rock: *dura silex, aut stet Marpesia cautes*, Colonel Drury might have added. The animal was found dead by the natives ten weeks afterwards, and we are not surprised to learn that they had appropriated the tusks. Game of various kinds, if ever plentiful, was not easy to find in the jungle; and the author expressly says that in a land where game laws are unknown and certificates have not been invented, in a ride of eight and a walk of three miles, occupying an hour and a half, he only met with four elk, eight or nine snipe, two hares, and five jungle fowl. We apprehend that by elk the author means the Sambur deer. Captain Baldwin in his accurate work on the *Large and Small Game of Bengal* especially tells us that sportsmen in Ceylon give the name of elk to the Sambur, and assures us that the real elk is only to be met with in Sweden, Siberia, and North America. It is known to naturalists as the *cervus alces*. Colonel Drury greatly objects to the system by which the natives entrap wild elephants in Southern India. They are driven by an army of beaters into a stockade, which a certain amount of skill and labour, aided by the nature of the ground, has converted into a prison, out of which the enraged animals cannot break. Pits are dug and are covered with layers of light bamboos and leaves, and the unfortunate elephant that falls into one of them, twenty feet deep, is either maimed or rendered useless, or is only got out when within a few inches of death by starvation. There is naturally great difficulty in freeing the captive if he survives his first tumble Branches and leaves and rubbish are shot into the pit, so as to lift the elephant to a point where his legs and neck can be secured. He is then harnessed to two or three tame elephants, usually females, and hauled up by main force. This cruel and characteristic practice used to be followed in the jungles of Assam, but, if we recollect right, it was most properly prohibited by an unsympathizing and despotic Government. Colonel Drury, we may say, was no fair-weather sportsman who would not move without an army of coolies, a double set of tents with loads of upholstery, and an ample supply of provisions cased in tin. He had rather a contempt for the bullock-cart, which is the habitual mode of conveyance in many parts of Bombay and Madras; when arched over with matting and drawn by fine bullocks it is not so uncomfortable a vehicle, and is often used by English ladies and their children in preference to a palanquin. He rode boldly in the heat and glare of the day, and could be content at the dreariest of Dawk Bungalows with the simplest and hardest fare. On one occasion a native proprietor allowed him to take up his quarters in a granary with a verandah; and, though there was just room enough for the Colonel to stow away his cot and arrange his table, he thought this life perfectly charming, and could have stayed there many days had it not been for the illness and death of a friend.

But the author's experiences were not confined to the jungle. He held the office of Assistant to the Resident in Travancore and Cochin; and in this capacity he visited places and was admitted to exhibitions marked by something beyond the invariable *attar* and *pawn*. He sailed for a day and a night along that extraordinary backwater which is protected from the violence of the Indian Ocean, and yet in some places is so wide as to get up a mimic sea of its own. With a few artificial cuttings, this natural waterway now extends one hundred and seventy-five miles from Trevandrum, the capital of the native State of Travancore, to British territory. On one tour with the Resident—who, it may be conceived, marched with a guard of Sepoys and an enormous retinue of servants, and not with the modest equipment of a sportsman—Colonel Drury was enabled to make an excursion to Cape Comorin. His description of this spot, seldom visited by Englishmen, is a good specimen of the author's powers of observation and style:—

> From the hot, scorching plains, to come in a morning's ride before breakfast, to a fine, large house on the sea-coast was inexpressibly delightful. We are surrounded on three sides by the ocean, and can see the sun rise and set beyond the waves. . . . A more retired spot in India could scarcely be selected than this for those who are fond of a quiet life; I will not say a solitary one, for the sea, the restless, ever-changing sea, is a companion one never tires of.

He goes on to describe the beach, covered with fossil limestone; some pieces of broken quartz, with the size and appearance of grains of rice, concerning which there is, of course, a legend about a maiden and a faithless lover, and a curse pronounced by the lady; the scanty vegetation, as if nature at this point had exhausted her productive powers; the dreary landscape and the background of mountains, 5,000 feet in height, ending in a black, precipitous rock about fifteen miles from the sea.

About Cochin and the white Jews the author has something to say. These curious people, remarkably fair, whose women display considerable beauty with light ringlets and blue eyes, are fast diminishing by emigration and death. If not prevented by want of means, they all wish to get back to Jerusalem. The Black Jews are much more numerous. The term Topass caused the author considerable perplexity. It is hinted that the word may be another form of Dubash, an interpreter, or one who knows *dui* (two) *Bhasha* (languages). But Colonel Yule is much more likely to have hit on the correct derivation. It is a corruption of the Turkish *topchi*, a gunner or artilleryman, or it comes from *topiwala*, one who wears a hat. Now, seeing that any European wearing a hat is often designated by the natives as *topiwala*, it seems more probable that the dark-skinned, half-caste claimants of Portuguese descent were called *Topasses* because they were formerly employed as gunners. In Fryer's Index Topasses are specially said to be musketeers or firemen.

Of the Raja of Travancore and his enlightened Minister, Sir Madhava Rao, Colonel Drury speaks in terms of well-deserved praise. The last Raja of Tanjore, who died in 1855, was more like the typical Raja. He possessed, it is true, a large and valuable library, with some curious manuscripts, which have been catalogued by the late Dr. Burnell, of the Madras Civil Service. But he was fond of exhibitions and combats, which are poor indications of civilization and progress. There were combats of buffaloes kept in a half wild state, as well as of rams and antelopes. It is noteworthy to be told on the author's authority, which we do not doubt, that in a fight between a wild boar and a goat the latter was the conqueror nine times out of ten. It is right to state that the forehead of the goat was armed with a long and sharp knife to put it on an equality with the boar's tusks. Yet if the boar could once have got within the knife's point, like a swordsman within the lance, and have delivered his well-known cut between the fore and the hind legs of his antagonist, there can be little doubt that the goat would have been disembowelled. The combat of animals was, in the author's view, less barbarous than a boxing-match between two pugilists. They are called "Jetties," and the naked fist is armed with a small strip of hide or bamboo, furnished with four sharp edges. The fight, which is graphically described in terms which we do not care to reproduce, often ends in the death of one or other of the combatants. A gladiatorial exhibition could scarcely have been more disgraceful and repulsive, and it is small consolation to learn that the family of a deceased pugilist is usually pensioned by the Raja. Many feats of dexterity on the part of Indian jugglers have often been witnessed and well described, but we do not recollect to have heard before of the feat related in the following description. "A man came on the stage armed from head to foot with keen-edged knives of various shapes and sizes." There were half a dozen on his arms, calves, and feet. Yet he managed for nearly one hour to dance, skip, and twist his arms and legs right, left, forwards, and backwards, without showing the least graze or abrasure on his skin. Colonel Drury must have been glad when the juggler was allowed to salaam to the Raja and withdraw. This feat was almost surpassed by that of a boy who, after performing divers evolutions and contortions, actually sat on his own head.

Among other curious physical objects in Southern India is a sort of natural breakwater formed opposite one of the towns in the Travancore State, known as Allepey or Alleppi. The town is situated on land between the open sea and the backwater already alluded to. But the open roadstead is protected from the south-west monsoon by a bank of mud of about three miles in length. It is not always stationary, as it has shifted its position in the last fifty years. There is no river in the neighbourhood, to create the bar so familiar to navigators of other streams discharging themselves into the Bay of Bengal or the Indian Ocean. In explanation it is suggested that the material of the mud-bank comes from the backwater through some mysterious and subterranean channel. It requires no engineering knowledge to

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* *Reminiscences of Life and Sport in Southern India.* By Colonel Heber Drury, late Madras Staff Corps and Assistant Resident in Travancore and Cochin, Author of "The Useful Plants of India," "Handbook of the Indian Flora," &c. &c. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

see that such a mudbank could not have been thrown up by the mere action of the waves on the ocean-bed or shore; for in that case, it must have taken the shape of an accretion to the land, and not of a breakwater at a distance sufficient to form a harbour. But India has always been a land in which nature's operations—landslips, accretions and diluvions, storms and hurricanes—are effected on a gigantic and bewildering scale. Probably in no part of India are the barriers of caste more rigid than in the South. Some low caste Caanikars, whom we cannot find distinctly mentioned in the *Imperial Gazetteer*, are not allowed to come within twenty paces, not to say of a Brahman or Kshatriya, but of an ordinary shopkeeper. If one of these miserable outcasts wants to buy a little rice, he puts his small coin in front of the shop, and retires. The shopkeeper takes his money and leaves an equivalent in rice. Ollares and Naiaddys are even lower in the scale. They wear little or no clothing, and live on roots, herbs, and the flesh of wild beasts. They are obviously aborigines who have adopted some of the forms of Hindu society. Brahmans in Southern India exact or are accustomed to a show of respect which certainly would not be conceded to them in Upper or Central India. In Colonel Drury's time ordinary Hindus of the lower castes, and not mere jungly people, scattered right and left along the road when they saw a Brahman approaching. This entirely bears out the accounts of missionaries to those parts as to the unapproachable sanctity of the highest caste. The ceremony of weighing a Raja or other important personage against so many gold *mohurs* is not peculiar, as imagined by Colonel Drury, to Travancore. It is not unusual in Upper India and Lower Bengal, and great is the rejoicing of the attendants and retainers if the great man takes an extra bag or two to make the scales equal. Altogether there is more to be gleaned from this modest volume than from more imposing and bulky works. The resources of India, like those of civilization, are by no means exhausted for the resident, official and unofficial, who can use his wits and write with discretion about what he really knows.

MISS DUNLOP'S ANENT OLD EDINBURGH.*

THOUGH the late Miss Alison Hay Dunlop's little book, *Anent Old Edinburgh*, is very interesting in itself, it is less interesting than the brief sketch of her life. Hers was an admirable example of Scotch character at its best, with its probity, vigour, industry, love of the traditional past, and unfaltering courage in the trials of life. She was born in Stockbridge, a suburb of Edinburgh, and a place which can only seem agreeable to people who have known it intimately and long. The foul Water of Leith, which was once so beautiful and full of trout, flows through it with a current like the bottle-ends of stale beer. The bridge itself is no marvel of architecture, and the best thing to be said for the suburb is that you can get out of it easily, in the course of a five minutes' walk, into the country beyond the Grange cricket-ground, and the fields which were so pretty before the Fettes College people destroyed the leafy lanes and laid down their preposterously pretentious roads. Though born in Stockbridge, a Sparta which she endeavoured to adorn, Miss Dunlop came of a family in the hill country of Selkirkshire, and her mother's house, of Huguenot extraction, had long been yeomen, near Melrose. Her holidays were passed at Kaeside, on the Abbotsford property; Scott used to sign himself "Abbotsford and Kaeside." During a long illness here as a child she read Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*, and was led to infer that she was "a haill infirmary" of maladies. To divert her mind she turned to Border antiquities, and is said to have known several ballads which never appeared in print. She did not write them out, and it is rather difficult to believe that any real unpublished ballads—not mere variants—came to her after escaping Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Maidment, Scott, and so many other famous collectors. At school she was so clever and ambitious that she got a double remove and kept at the head of her new class among her seniors. Many years of her life were now devoted to historical and literary study, and she also did some work as a visiting governess by way of learning to teach, in case a profession of some sort should become needful. She attended Professor Masson's lectures to women on English literature and won the first prize among the learned ladies. "She ever afterwards entertained the deepest admiration and regard for the Professor." She had been engaged for some years to a man whose character possessed a singular charm, a man of humour, and with a real, if rather scanty, vein of poetry—Mr. Thomas Davidson. His memoirs—*The Life of a Scottish Probationer*—were published by the Rev. James Brown (Maclehose. 1877), and ought to be read by any one who is interested in two touching and edifying lives. When Mr. Thackeray edited the *Cornhill* he published Mr. Davidson's youthful piece, *Ariadne in Naxos*, and we may believe that he remembered Pen's famous epic on that theme. But Mr. Davidson's *Ariadne* was much less representative of his talent than his charming song, "The Auld Ash Tree," and his many delightful and humorous letters. It was in 1863 that he became acquainted with Miss Dunlop, to whom, during a long and unfulfilled engagement closed by his death, he wrote much, both in prose and verse.

* *Anent Old Edinburgh.* By Alison Hay Dunlop. Edinburgh: Menzies & Co. 1889.

Yestreen I roamed by Jedwater,
When the sun was set and the dew was doun.
An' there was a song in Jedwater,
An' my Ailie's name was its tune.

He never obtained a living, and, when plucked by the Presbytery on one occasion, produced a ditty—

Woe's me that I rejected am—

"which he used to sing to the tune *Coleshill*." "You see I can enjoy almost anything," he said; and he had the gift of making almost anything enjoyable. Indeed, literature was quite evidently his true business. But his health declined; he died in 1870, and was buried within sound of Jedwater. Among his latest verses was "To Amanda, who has achieved her first white hair":—

"Out, pale traitor," didst thou say?
Prithee, have good counsel, Lady,
Let it grow till all be grey;
All the world is old already;
The world is old, the times wax late,
And youth, my dear, is out of date.

A few months before Mr. Davidson's death Miss Dunlop lost her father, and her own health began to give way. She wisely sought a cure in hard work, and entered her elder brother's business, that of a dealer in old furniture, china, prints, and *bibelots* in general. Her knowledge was rather puzzling to one of her customers, a lady who thought it judicious to talk French before her, as an unknown tongue, and then to venture on German; in both languages she was proficient. Her place of business, "The Glue Pot," seems to have become a kind of literary centre in Edinburgh, and also a place whence the poor were not sent empty away.

Children also made the discovery that she was a friend worth knowing. Upon condi ion that they did not come oftener than once a week, and that they left pleasantly when she told them, she was prepared to tell or to weave for them fairy and giant stories without end. One day a little fellow broke the law of not coming oftener than once a week. It was evidently, however, an exceptional case, for, before he was fairly in at the door, he cried out, "Please tell me how the prince got down from *that* tree." "Th t tree," she repeated, manifestly trying to hark back upon the invention of yesterday. "Yes, Miss Dunlop," said her little friend; "don't you remember how the giant tore all the branches off the *very* high tree, except the one that hung over the valley filled with snakes?" "Oh yes," she said, picking up the thread of the story; "I mind now. The giant put the prince upon the branch, and there was a 'ramping' lion that never slept, watching at the foot of the tree. We had just got that length when somebody came in and you had to go away. Well, it would be a shame to keep the poor prince for a whole week 'stride-legs' on such a tree."

How that prince got off the tree we never learned.

It is a very great pity that Miss Dunlop did not commit to writing any traditional *märchen* she may have known. She had one concluding formula which the Reformation might have been expected to obliterate.

And when it pleasit God of his micht,
They all departed to Heaven's licht;
To which bring us the Trinity.
Amen, amen, so let it be;

the narrator and the audience being expected to cross themselves at the end. Miss Dunlop was a great wanderer in the Old Town among the condemned houses, where she and her elder brother occasionally found carved oak and marble under coats of paint and whitewash. She kept a commonplace-book of Edinburgh notes and traditions; but it is undecipherable. Part of her knowledge she published in *The Book of Old Edinburgh*, and in *Anent Old Edinburgh* certain articles of hers are reprinted from the *Scotsman*. The most interesting of them deal with Stockbridge, the ancient village of Dean, and the Baxter's or Bak r's and other corporations. They are full of the quaintness, kindness, and leisure of a more quiet age, when everything was not machine-made; when Talus, the Iron Man of fable, was not doing all the work cheaply, quickly, and abominably badly; when there was room for most of the population, and the patriotic ardour of the False Alarm had not yet died away. The essays are, as a rule, excellently written, pious in a good sense of the word, noble, and melancholy. Perhaps they are somewhat influenced, but not obtrusively nor unpleasantly, by the style of Miss Dunlop's great friend, Dr. John Brown. The pieces in verse are of little merit, in spite of Dr. Brown's praises; he never could be critical about the work of a friend. But it seems that Miss Dunlop was aware of and not deceived by this virtuous failing in the author of *Rab and his Friends*. Here is a characteristic anecdote of an old preacher who prayed for George III. when our rightful King and his Highlanders were in Edinburgh:—

Neil M'Vicar invariably wore a "black semmet cowl cap" while preaching, always doffing it reverently during prayer. This fashion of cowl or skull cap was not uncommon amongst ecclesiastics and scholarly men from the time of George Buchanan, and even earlier, down to the eighteenth century, but latterly it must have become somewhat of a necessity in the West Kirk pulpit, for long before the sermon was finished, so insufficient were the walls and roof that the minister's head-gear was covered with a "*thin glaister o' sifted snaw!*" This story was told to throw into contrast the luxurious comfort and warmth of the present church, then in its comparative youth, and doubtless at the same time to expose that ever-increasing and contemptible effeminacy which, in the eyes of all Spartan seniors, is the undying attribute of every younger generation, albeit that any means of heating churches, except by that of a crowded congregation, were still unknown.

Miss Dunlop's book is a perfect "Glue Pot" of historical *bric-à-brac*, only less rich and precious than Mr. Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*. But the most original and charming thing in the

volume is found in the concluding papers on Yarrow and the college life of Edinburgh, as they were in Mungo Park's time, while Dunbar was Professor of Greek, and the Town Guard, hated by Fergusson, still used their Lochaber axes over-freely in town and gown rows. It is not easy to quote from this excellent study, where all is harmonious, and the Lowland Scotch is so pure. Miss Dunlop's book should be read by every one who has seen, or intends to see, Old Edinburgh; and all who read it will regret that it is so brief. The close of her own life may be briefly told. She and her brother retired from business and planned a tour, or rather a travel—not in Europe only, but in Africa and the East. She had also proposed to edit her mother's reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott; and we regret to say that she conceived it to be her duty to utter a counterblast against "what she esteemed the modern idolatry of John Graham of Claverhouse." But who has been making an idol of Bonny Dundee? None of these designs were to be accomplished. A terrible disease declared itself; and, after a heroic endurance, she died on the 3rd December, 1888. Readers who find that they have made a new friend in Miss Dunlop will trust that her reminiscences of Scott, at least, will not be left unedited.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

WE have, as usual, received from Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons a beautiful collection of Christmas cards, the designs of which are, if possible, even happier than those of last year. The butterfly with eight wings, instead of two, all prettily illustrated; the strawberry, which discloses a leaf and beetle when opened, are amongst the most original of the folding cards. Then there are pretty landscapes in the now fashionable white frames, cats in hampers, cats at the opera, a cat's wedding, Robin Redbreasts in various forms. Perhaps the quaintest of the animal designs is (5233), representing three puppies. One is, with its hind legs balanced on its two companions' heads, trying to reach a goose on the top shelf of the larder. There are some pretty frosted cards representing country houses, lighted up within; snow and waits without. There is also a very nice owl, which, when opened, is bidding a "Jolly Christmas" to two owlets. The water-lily discloses treasures of words, landscapes, and figures inside it. Then we have six etchings by S. Myers, called "Gems of River Scenery," which are very prettily executed; a booklet illustrating Ingoldsby's legend of "The Jackdaw of Rheims" is also attractive.

Messrs. Bemrose & Sons have contributed some of their usually useful and pretty calendars, amongst which are the "Proverbial Calendar," the "Scripture Calendar," and the "Daily Calendar."

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

V.

EMPHATICALLY a book of marvels and a marvellous book is *The Conquest of the Moon*, by André Laurie (Sampson Low & Co.), a book sufficient in itself to make memorable the season, a "white book" for wonder-loving readers, a story that rivals the most ingenious conceptions of Edgar Poe and M. Jules Verne. Those writers are, indeed, suggested by the central idea of the romance, the exploitation of the moon by a young astronomer and his friends; but the scheme and its execution are entirely novel, the author's audacity and inventive power no whit inferior, and the persuasive realism with which he invests his narrative is decidedly superior. The author reverses the old process. He brings the moon to earth, while in Poe's humorous tale and M. Jules Verne's exciting story, the adventurer voyages to the moon. The delightful notion of drawing the moon to earth by magnetic attraction is worked out with exceeding cleverness. The climax, descriptive of the actual impact of the satellite on the peak of Tehbali, is a masterpiece of grandiose phantasy. The transformation of the Soudanese mountain into a vast natural magnet, insulated by a mass of glass manufactured by solar heat condensers and furnaces, is most ingeniously conceived. Indeed, nothing could be better imagined than the entire scheme by which the magnetized mountain is torn away from the earth with the astronomer and his party and annexed to the moon. This tremendous cataclysm occurs while the mountain and observatory are besieged by the Mahdi's forces, and the earth is full of portents like the air. But the admirable quality of the story is its speciousness. Amazing things are done in the moon, and the effect is always to persuade, to fascinate, and to delight, never for a moment to arouse incredulity or that fatal spirit of too-curious inquiry which romancers do most fear. *Jack Trevor, R.N.*, by Arthur Lee Knight (Warne & Co.), is a rousing story of life afloat; the hero a runaway schoolboy, who falls into the hands of smugglers, who carry him to sea, are chased by a revenue cutter, and turn pirates. A capital incident in the long succession of adventures is the escape of Jack, and his rescue by a man-of-war, which overhauls the smugglers' craft, and finds it in sole charge of a bogus skipper. Mr. Knight's story is brightly written, and full of the entertainment schoolboys never tire of. Planned somewhat on the lines of *Masterman Ready* is *The Wreck of the "Argo,"* by F. G. Fowell (Ward & Downey). The wreck, the island, the home that was defended by a stockade, the attack by savages from a neighbouring island, and the timely delivery of the family—Seymour the name, not Seagrave—by an English vessel, are incidents common to many stories for boys. But the book is a good one in its class, and the interpolated yarns are excellent. The four boys and the parents manage, however, to get through an impossible amount of work in a few months. Mr. Silas Hocking's *Tregeagle's Head* (Warne & Co.) is a Cornish story of an intensely romantic cast. It deals with the strange disappearance of a young man, and the trial of his friend, who is charged with having murdered him. What is known as "piling up the agony" is a device very effectively employed by Mr. Hocking. The interest of a thrilling narrative is cleverly sustained at fever-heat to the end. Mr. G. T. Bettany's *Conquerors of the World* (Warne) and *The Teeming Millions of the East* (Warne) are popular accounts of the various peoples of Europe and Asia, illustrated by numerous woodcuts of a rude or graphic kind. The story of the life of the heroic Bishop Hannington is admirably re-told for young people by his biographer, the Rev. E. C. Dawson, under the title *Lion-Hearted* (Seeley & Co.) With the text are given reproductions of the Bishop's pen-and-ink sketches and samples of his "nonsense" verses, which are alike full of pleasantry.

Life in the Cheddar district a century ago is vividly depicted by Miss Charlotte Yonge in *The Cunning Woman's Grandson* (National Society), a story that sets forth the ignorance and savagery of the agricultural population in the good old times when Sedgmoor was yet a vivid memory, and faith in "King Monmouth's" return not quite extinct. Miss Yonge's story is skilfully told, with excellent application of local colour, and an interesting development of plot. We have glimpses of William Wilberforce and Cowslip Green and Miss Patty More; but of the redoubtable Miss Hannah report only speaks. The account of their philanthropic work in Somerset is dexterously interwoven in the story of the wise woman, Granny Lake, and her grandson. Miss Doudney's "Story of a Sanctuary," *Where the Dew Falls in London* (Nisbet & Co.), is a charming story, originally published last year, and, now appearing in book-form, will doubtless gain many more readers. For small boys and girls we have a collection of excellent short tales, entitled rather superfluously *Stories Jolly, Stories New; Stories Strange, and Stories True* (Skeffington & Son). When such practised hands combine as Mr. Ballantyne, Miss Corkran, Miss Yonge, Mrs. Molesworth, Mr. Baring-Gould, Mr. H. C. Adams—to name a few of the contributors—there is no occasion to sample or compare samples. Mr. James E. Arnold attempts to mingle amusement and instruction in a story of fairyland—*The Seven Golden Keys* (Blackie & Sons)—and succeeds by dint of not forcing an excellent didactic purpose. The adventures of Hilda in the country of magic are prettily described. Wisdom and goodness must have smiled benignantly on the birth of the child-heroine of Miss Everett-Green's story, *Miriam's Ambition* (Blackie & Sons). She is a prodigy among "old-fashioned" children, and her conversation is at times wonderful, if not soothing. Little "Babs," her sister, is more to our liking. She utters her good things unconsciously, as a child invariably does, and is altogether a diverting chit. *The House of Surprises* (Hatchards) is one of Mrs. Meade's charming stories of children and their ways, so true to nature in the minutest particular as to deserve to be called studies, yet delightfully free from any trace of labour. Mr. Jackson Wray's *Geoffrey Hallam* (Nisbet & Co.) is a brief but forcibly written sketch of a Yorkshire parish clerk who became "converted," and was near losing his post through his Methodism, but was found too useful a man by his Vicar.

Of the rich assortment of picture-books for the young, made up of stories, nursery rhymes, fairy tales, and so forth, the prettiest of all is *Kate Greenaway's Book of Games* (Routledge & Sons). Miss Greenaway never hit on a happier subject for her graceful and exquisite art than this, nor has the artist illustrated one with greater sympathy or charm. These quaint and beautiful designs are admirably reproduced in colour by Mr. Edmund Evans. The games they illustrate are the good old sports not yet altogether forgotten. Here are the daintiest little figures, frocked and capped and sashed, as we all love to see them, playing at "Queen Anne and her Maids" in an old walled garden, or at "Mary's gone a-Milking," or "Blind Man's Buff," "Mulberry Bush," "Frog in the Middle," and other pleasant pastimes. Altogether, the most pleasurable book of diversions that children could possess. From Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh we have a welcome set of old fairy stories, &c., "the Old Corner series," with pretty pictures, *Cinderella, Puss in Boots, The Fairy Alphabet, Peter Piper, A, Apple Pie, Little Red Ridinghood*; also the *Newbery Toybooks, The Book of Playmates*, and the *Book of Bow-Wows*; *Sing Me a Song*, verses by E. Oxenford, music by H. Scott Gatty, pictures by E. Welby, Linnie Watt, and others, a fascinating conjunction of attractions; *The Baby's Museum*, a treasury of nursery rhymes and coloured pictures that recall the best period of children's books; and *A Ring of Rhymes*, by E. L. Shute, a similar collection of rhymes with charming illustrations in colour. From the same publishers we have *Granny's Story Book*, with delightful drawings in colour of children, animals, and flowers by Mrs. Seymour Lucas, and others in black and white, not less marked

by grace and fancy. The stories, too, are of the right kind, easy, colloquial, and simple in style. Among annual volumes we have *The Quiver* (Cassell & Co.), full of excellent and varied reading, well illustrated; *Harper's Young People* (Sampson Low & Co.), with attractions that defy enumeration; *Our Darlings*, edited by Dr. Barnardo (Shaw & Co.), and *The Day of Days Annual* ("Home Words" Office). We have also to acknowledge a new edition of *The Caged Linnet*, by Mrs. Stanley Leathes (Shaw & Co.); *Our Sunday Book of Reading and Pictures* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Somebody's Darling*, a pretty story, with pretty illustrations, by Mrs. Shaw (Shaw & Co.); and *Japanese Jingles*, written and illustrated by Kathleen Lucas (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.), the designs of which are much superior to the verses.

Holly Leaves, the Christmas number of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, deals as usual with the things of the season in letterpress and in illustrations. "Ducklings," after Sir J. E. Millais's picture, is a good example of the prints in colour that accompany most Christmas numbers. In black and white Mr. S. T. Dadd, with an effective duelling scene; Miss Kate Greenaway, Mr. Davidson Knowles, Mr. F. Barnard—whose yokel puzzling over a sundial by the light of a lanthorn is excellent—and Mr. John Sturgess, with a spirited scene on the road by night in the coaching days, all contribute to the pictorial section of an attractive number. "Our Captious Critic" puts forth a plaint concerning pantomimes, with sketches by Mr. Bryan, with which we sincerely sympathize; and there are short stories and sketches, suited to all tastes, by Mr. W. W. Fenn, Edith Cuthell, Finch Mason, the Hon. Mrs. Walter Forbes, John Hollingshead, W. H. Pollock, Alfred Watson, F. W. Robinson, and others. The stories are of ghosts, the drama, sport, and other cheerful themes. Mr. Finch Mason's "Got At," a wonderful "trainer's story," tells of an adventurous actress who made a very good thing out of a certain "trial" she witnessed, under the guise of a harmless old lady, which enabled her to spot the Derby winner in a certain dark horse. Mr. Alfred Watson illustrates afresh "the biter bit" in "Making the Running," and shows how the "running" may be made with unexpected energy. Circus life as it is, not as it is supposed to be by certain philanthropists, is the theme of Mr. Walter Pollock's "King Zub," the hero of which is a very gifted dog, who takes to bad courses out of sheer sympathy with his master. The ghost stories by Colonel Garland Matthews and Mrs. Cuthell are decidedly novel. The latter writer "explains" the mystery; but the explanation is so ingenious we are appeased, and do not resent what is becoming a worse than superfluous proceeding.

Messrs. Sockl & Nathan forward samples of their Christmas booklets and cards. Of the former we note as particularly pleasing Longfellow's *Flowers*, illustrated floral designs and vignettes, by Ada Hanbury and Cloëte Brown; Fairy Fine-Ear's Fancies, by Helen Burnside, with pretty drawings in colour by Jessie Watkins, and *The Star Shower*, &c., by the late Miss F. R. Havergal, with pictures in monochrome. The novelties in the Christmas cards ought to be first favourites this season. They comprise "Society Portraits" and "autograph cards" of "Our Popular Actors and Actresses," both sets after water-colour drawings by Mr. F. Sargent. The portraits, for the most part, are excellent, both as to colour and likeness; the autographs of Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Miss Ellen Terry, and others, are facsimiles, accompanied by capital drawings in character, and include dramatic quotations and signatures.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE delightful lady who has been sent by a kindly Providence to leaven a literature pervaded by the doubtless eminent, but not refreshing, talent of M. Edouard Rod and M. Paul Bourget, has a habit of reprinting her productions in rather puzzling form (1). No one of that fair herd, her admirers, can have forgotten the immortal scene in which Xaintrailles—a very nice person, but not so moral as he should be, and not quite so courageous as his ancestor—makes that astonishing appearance in the virgin chamber of Mademoiselle Eve—Chevalier Eve—is romantically protected by her at the imminent peril of her own reputation, and even happiness, and shows a shockingly white feather in the matter of dropping from windows. But, unless we mistake, the scene was not originally presented or represented in the same concatenation. And, whether it was or no, "Gyp" has now added the *revue* for marionnettes, entitled *Tout à l'égout*, "which so did please all Paris and its Jules" last January. The juxtaposition is agreeable, for the noble figure of Eve (by the way, was Moray quite the man for her? We prefer the Duke in the old version), even when relieved by Xaintrailles & Co., including the little wretch Loulou, is almost painful in this time of ours—there is an unpleasant suggestion of *intabescantque relicta* about it. These fine feelings need not occur to the reader of *Tout à l'égout*, which is delightful, but by no means heroic. Moïse, the incarnation of the *Ewigjüdische*, "étutiant l'art te gouferner les beubles bar leurs bassions," and Stendhal, and "Claude Larcher," and M. Rochefort, and M. Drumont, and M. Floquet, and the General (alas! poor ghost!), and "le jeune décadent," who suffers, but as to the reason of his suffering, "Je n'en sais rien, ni lui non plus," and all the rest, never cease to be amusing, as they are reviewed by no less a person than Venus herself—a Venus Boulangiste (*c'est là son seul défaut*), a Venus just a little wanting in sentiment ("*c'est là son seul autre défaut*," as somebody might say), but *bonne fille* all through.

Count d'Hérisson's peculiar style of writing Reminiscences is now so well known, and so not undeservedly popular, that little direct notice of any new book of his is required. The process (and it is a "process" almost as definite as a process in the arts and crafts) consists in taking a modicum of personal experience, whereof for more than thirty years past the Count has had much; throwing in a good deal of *publica materies*, tossed up again cunningly enough; and seasoning the whole with not too much pretty shrewd discussion and a strong pinch of somewhat ill-natured personal remark. It makes a very readable dish, a very eatable piece of bookmaking. In the present volume (2) the personal reminiscence, by the aid of diaries, seems to be rather fuller than usual.

In *Certains* (3) the author of the *locus classicus* as to the way in which calves make their first appearance on any stage appears as a critic of art dealing with MM. Degas, Rops, "Wisthler," G. Moreau, Chéret, &c. One at least of the names we have mentioned (and that of not the least gifted artist) will suggest that the book is not a Christmas present for young ladies. M. Huysmans begins by laying it down that eclecticism and catholicity are anathema. "L'on ne peut pas sincèrement s'extasier devant Delacroix si l'on admire Bastien Lepage." Well, it depends very much on who "l'on" is; and upon the powers of appreciation with which he has been gifted. And it so happens that we who talk (so gently) to M. Huysmans can do these very two things most sincerely. But what we admit that we cannot sincerely extasiate ourselves before or admire is M. Huysmans's idea of style:—"Encenser en de sportulaires phrases les vaches-à-lait académiques des vieux prix." "On ne peut se figurer que ce grillage infundibuliforme soit achevé." And across the waves of Styx we hear another "certain," a Limousin scholar, after waiting for his mate through the ages, cry to H. Huysmans, "Come with fratern morigeration! come, that round thy incurvicervic form I may contort my salutationiferous braches, and with Mimallonian bombs sound the taratantara of triumph to thy majesty of style!"

M. Charvériat (4) was a young professor who died last year, aged thirty-four, in Algeria. His posthumous remarks on the Kabyle districts are worth reading, and contain a good deal of careful information.

M. Jules Simon's academic discourses (5) have a certain merit of style which is not possessed in the same degree by more than three or four other living Frenchmen, and they are always welcome when collected—especially as there is usually (and in this case) added a new and interesting preface. The three men who are here discussed are curiously different. Michelet was one of the greatest writers of France; Mignet an excellent scholar, a judicious historian, and a writer, if not of great attraction or vigour, yet admirable in his kind. As for the third person, we are unable to rank him higher than as a mere book-maker, tolerably consistent, and not wholly unconscientious in presenting history according to the views of his political party.

A new edition of the late M. Guadet's *Girondins* (6) deserves mention. The author, a nephew of Guadet the Girondin, who died at a considerable age some years ago, after passing the latter part of his life in charge of an institution for educating the blind, was earlier an historical scholar and *littérateur* of some distinction. He wrote the present book, which is good, partly to correct and supplement Lamartine's vaguenesses and errors.

M. Boris de Tannenberg's *Poésie castillane* (7) can only be chronicled here; it may, perhaps, be made the subject of special mention later. And such, for a different reason, must also be the intermediate fate of a new instalment of M. Vitu's always interesting *Mille et une nuits* (8). They have already reached the seven hundred and thirty-fourth night.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BEFORE Socialism was, there was the individual; and what Socialists term "individualism" was ever a tyranny, whether feudalism, or a strong centralized government, or rank slavery, characterized the age. Such are the articles of faith—a few of them, at least—of a vast number of persons who call themselves Socialists, or sympathize with modern Socialism. Precisely contrary is the view maintained by Mr. T. Mackay in his able and very timely social and economic sketch, *The English Poor* (John Murray). Mr. Mackay argues that Socialism is nothing new, and that the record of history reveals "the gradual and painful emancipation of the individual" from Socialistic tyranny. And the emancipation, so far from being complete at the present day, is, as Mr. Mackay completely demonstrates, threatened by

(1) *Mademoiselle Eve.* Par Gyp. Neuvième édition. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Journal de la campagne d'Italie.* Par le Comte d'Hérisson. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *Certains.* Par J. K. Huysmans. Paris: Tresse et Stock.

(4) *A travers la Kabylie.* Par F. Charvériat. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Mignet, Michelet, Henri Martin.* Par Jules Simon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Les Girondins.* Par J. Guadet. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Perrin.

(7) *La poésie castillane contemporaine.* Par Boris de Tannenberg. Paris: Perrin.

(8) *Les mille et une nuits de théâtre.* Par A. Vitu. Paris: Ollendorff.

fresh retrogression to the bondage of barbarous ages by the plausible panaceas of those who advocate State Socialism, by "Government interference with the mobility of property," and by much recent meddling and peddling legislation of the merely sentimental kind. Apart from Mr. Mackay's main thesis, the most valuable portion of his book is its defence of property, both as the product of individual thrift and as a social institution. Property and civilization, as Mr. Mackay shows, have progressed hand in hand, property being "a main condition of survival in civilized society." In a civilized state, with feudalism abolished, and freedom of the individual established, the "necessity of property," to use Mr. Mackay's phrase, and its unequal distribution, are facts that would need no enforcement if it were not for the active propaganda among the people of the sick fancies of Socialistic reformers. If there be a law of survival in these as in other matters, it is as idle to vapour concerning it as to use naughty words about the law of gravitation. But even more important to society than property itself are the "instincts which property engenders," and the true social problem of the day, Mr. Mackay insists, lies in the development of these instincts in the masses of the people. By "instincts of property" is meant, not the craving for confiscation, but habits of thrift, independence, and self-help which the sense of responsibility evolves. But while these may be developed in various ways—and there are "many roads by which the labouring classes may, to use the expressive phrase of Hallam, creep into freedom and property" (p. 173)—Mr. Mackay proceeds to show, nevertheless (p. 240, *et seq.*), that there are serious obstacles on these roads. On the other hand, the more complicated subject of insurance, being free from Government competition, as Mr. Mackay points out, has been dealt with by the working classes themselves to their own satisfaction and to their varying requirements. And here, again, as repeatedly throughout the book, the author emphasizes the lesson of State interference with individual action.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert's volume of stories and sketches, *Foggerty's Fairy; and other Tales* (Routledge & Sons), possesses for playgoers a rather uncommon kind of interest, as it contains the original forms of some of the author's most popular dramatic writings, *The Sorcerer*, *The Wicked World*, and so forth. With the exception of the sketch entitled "Comedy and Tragedy," these stories were all written without any view to dramatization. That they are characterized by drollery and wayward invention is sufficiently obvious; yet no one, we think, will find they are as effective in the reading as on the stage. "Foggerty's Fairy" is an exception to this conclusion, and "Johnny Pounce" is a capital example of the short story, and full of dramatic suggestiveness. Perhaps the most disappointing of the set is the allegorical sketch, "The Wicked World," which appears thin and crude compared with the play developed from it.

The theatrical novel ought, in these days, to circulate in a wide circle of readers, granted that brightness of style and variety and vitality in its pictures of stage life distinguish it. These elements of popularity certainly exist in plenteous measure in Mr. John Coleman's "story of the modern stage," *The White Ladye of Rosemount* (Hutchinson & Co.) Of incident there is good store, of sensation enough, and of movement and diversity of scene and action more than enough to make the story "go" briskly.

Somewhat akin to an artist's note-book, in which fleeting impressions are recorded, often with the warmth of inspiration that will not brook delay, is the volume of reflections, character sketches, musings and meditations, entitled *In Thoughtland and in Dreamland*, by Elsa D'Esterre Keeling (Fisher Unwin). These brief jottings, the briefer the more individual they are, are marked by a genuine flow of fancy, vivified by pathos and humour that are charming and at times decidedly refreshing. The sketches of servant-girls, of German life and character, of "Five Old Ladies," are delightfully crisp, bright, and neat in delineation. Now and again the book verges into what is known as table-talk, and herein the author is less felicitous. There is sound criticism as well as humour in the following illustration of the author's view of the unfitness for children of Mr. Browning's poetry:—"The Ride from Ghent to Aix" should not be found in books called "Poetry for the Young," and for why? "'I cannot say it' the little girl said. 'Say what? Bring your book to me.' She brought it; and—her eyes filled with tears—pointed out this line,

Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit.

I took her on my lap. 'Come, that isn't so hard; say it.'

Rebuckled the cheap strap——.

Two sweet solemn eyes were fixed on mine. 'No, dear; that isn't quite right. Once more.'

Rebuckled the sleek chap——.

And so it goes on to 'rebuckled the sleep trap'—and the child is bidden to take it slowly, and, with a great effort and 'a comma between every word,' it came—

Rebuckled, the, cheek, strap—

'That's my dear child! Now go on'—

Chained strapper the bit."

"This was too much for me"; and the unfortunate child gave up Mr. Browning.

To "Bohn's Standard Library" a new translation is added of the *Pensées—The Thoughts of Blaise Pascal* (G. Bell & Sons)—from the edition of M. Auguste Molinier, by Mr. C. Kegan Paul.

Priest and Puritan (New York, &c.: Brentano's) is a readable little story with a good sketch of Methodist revivalism in New England. The healthy mind of the hero withstands the prolonged assaults of the sensational movement, the progress of which is forcibly presented. The result is satisfactory in the end, for the minister himself saw the error of his views, and gave up special revivals, because a happy time arrived when, as one of the body declared, "Every buddy's revived every time they go ter meeting."

Hard Hit! by Morrice Gray (Hatchards), is a short and slight story of the fortunes of two young men, twin brothers, in the Crimean War, one of whom is shot through misadventure by a Zouave officer, who endeavours to force him to a duel, under the impression he is the object of the Zouave's jealousy. The incident is striking, yet the story is curiously unimpressive.

Some admirable examples of portraiture are to be noted in the November issue of *Dignitaries of the Church* (Hatchards), which comprises photographs of the Bishop of Worcester, the Bishop of Limerick, and Canon Body, by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, with accompanying biographical sketches. No finer gallery of contemporary portraits is now publishing than Mr. Walker's.

We have received new editions of *The Faith and the Gospel*, by Arthur James Mason, B.D. (Rivingtons); Kingsley's *Hypatia*, the sixpenny reissue (Macmillan & Co.); *A Lonely Life*, by the Author of *Wise as a Serpent*, illustrated (Houlston & Co.); and Colonel Colomb's poem, *The Cardinal Archbishop* (Allen & Co.)

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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26 for Foreign Office.	9 for Home Office.
8 for War Office.	2 for Colonial Office.
4 for the Admiralty.	6 House of Lords' Office.
18 House of Commons' Office.	3 Board of Trade.
2 British Museum.	4 Duchy of Lancaster.
10 Secretary's Department of Post Office.	2 Record Office.
2 Local Government Board.	6 Probate Office.
	12 other Departments.

In addition to the above, 95 have passed into the DIPLOMATIC SERVICE, CONSULAR SERVICE, &c.

Between July, 1887, and September, 1889, 53 Pupils (out of a complement of 75) have been declared successful in the various sections. Only Pupils who have passed DIRECT from Garrick Chambers are included in these lists, which may be had, together with all particulars in regard to periods of work, Staff of Lecturers, &c., on application to Mr. SCOONES, Garrick Chambers, Garrick Street, London.

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The GOVERNORS of the FETTES TRUST wish to receive immediate Applications for the HEADMASTERSHIP, which has become vacant by the death of Dr. Potts.
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Edinburgh, December 3, 1889.

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The Bonuses to Policies participating which became claims last year averaged 49½ per cent.

SEPTENNIAL PROGRESS OF THE INSTITUTION.

In Periods ending 31st Dec.	Assurances effected	Funds at the end of Period	Increase of Funds	SURPLUS: No. of Participants	SURPLUS: Amount (two-thirds divided)
1845 (8 years)	£942,899	£69,009	£69,009	..	..
1852	2,571,328	254,675	185,666	167	£26,159
1859	4,590,300	633,514	378,839	851	79,644
1866	7,525,373	1,245,372	611,858	2492	181,544
1873	12,297,445	2,253,175	1,007,803	4599	376,577
1880	19,695,470	3,913,252	1,660,077	6662	624,473
1887	**26,837,043**	**6,179,746**	**2,266,494**	**9384**	**1,051,035**

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THE

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OF

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THE career of the author of *Sordello* was so almost entirely literary that less even than is usual need be said about any other side of it. His marriage with a great, though unequal, poetess, and the sort of sentimental interest which, in common with, or in obedience to, her, he took in the cause of Italian independence, form almost the only two points of a non-literary kind which deserve even passing reference. For posterity—at least the wiser part of it—he will be entirely in his poetry, and for the wisest part of that wiser part he will be not universally even there. It is unnecessary at the present moment to dwell on the unintelligent recalcitrance which the public showed for so many years to Mr. BROWNING's genius; it is still more unnecessary to dwell on the equally unintelligent BROWNING-worship—worship, of course, of the idol's feet of clay, and not of its head of gold—which followed. The obscurity of *Paracelsus* and *Sordello* was vastly exaggerated, but it existed to some extent; and with the poet's still stranger fancy for grotesque twists of language, for crambo rhymes, and occasionally for verses which creaked like horse-fiddles, it must be allowed to have been a flaw in his poetic gift. Such things necessarily imply either deficiency of power to restrain them, or a fondness for flinging defiance in the public face—two different forms of poetic "impotence." When the whirligig of time gave Mr. BROWNING his revenges for slighted merit, it took its own at the same time for indulged defect. The fanatics of the Browning Society admired the defects most of all (which was one punishment), and Mr. BROWNING himself took to imitating and caricaturing them (which was another). But, from the very first to the very last, from *Pauline* to *Asolando*, it was impossible that any competent judge, unless temporarily blinded and exasperated by prejudice and the poet's provocations, could fail to see how great a poet was here. Posterity may neglect, and probably will neglect, except in rare dippings and excursions, the whole series of narratives—or whatever they are to be called—from *The Ring and the Book* to *Parleyings with Certain People of Importance*. It will, perhaps, not be enthusiastic even about most of the dramas, and it may choose to hear but a small part of SORDELLO's story told. But that part of it which knows poetry when it sees poetry will place *Dramatic Lyrics*, and *Dramatic Romances*, and *Men and Women*, and *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, and *Pippa Passes*, and *Dramatis Personæ*, and many of the shorter things from the later books, apart and on high among the noblest work of English verse.

Among Mr. BROWNING's poetical virtues, numerous as they are, may be placed his singular sympathy with the most various forms and experiences of life, his dramatic-pictorial faculty (the strong pictorial element in this is probably the reason why he never wrote a good play), his excellent touch of description (a touch peculiar to himself, and consistent sometimes with the minutest detail, sometimes with a broad effect of few lines), and the wonderful rush and sweep of his best verse. Almost all rushing rivers are more or less turbid, and it may be that this very fluency and torrent of ideas never, as in some other cases, venting themselves in merely disproportionate fluxes of words, accounts for some of the roughness and "jawbreaking" with which he was charged. It is certain that he could on occasion be exquisitely smooth, and that with no loss of power. But his immense variety of subject, his volume of production, and, it may be, a certain deficiency of that self-critical power which is so remarkable in his greatest contemporary, disposed him irresistibly to faults, which certainly are faults, though they were outweighed a hundred times by his innumerable beauties. It will always be a puzzle—a puzzle easily enough perhaps to be understood, but not so easy to be explained in words—how the author who could, apparently with no great additional effort, turn out hundreds of such admirable things as meet us at every turn in the *Lyrics*, should have, apparently with complacency, resigned himself to pouring forth, with trouble nearly as great, the thousands of lines of blank or rhymed verse which, except to devotees seeking *midi à quatorze heures*, and hopefully but doubtfully convinced that they have found it, are very little better than the parodies which have been often made on them.

To pass from merely formal characteristics, we have ourselves no doubt that Mr. BROWNING'S immortality as a poet will rest upon two things, the one being his indomitable—not exactly optimism, but determination to find and make life worth living; and, secondly, or, indeed, as a kind of division of this, his extraordinary merit as a poet of love. All good poets, with rare and abnormal exceptions, like MILTON and WORDSWORTH, are best when they sing of this subject; but few are Mr. BROWNING'S superiors in that branch of the art, and few have ever equalled him in a certain combination of vigour, variety, and volume. He has the quality of enthusiasm and rapture which is wanting, save in the great *tour de force* of "Fatima," to the exquisite work of the LAUREATE in this kind; he is more practical than Mr. SWINBURNE. There is hardly any mood of the passion which cannot find its expression in the best of Mr. BROWNING'S verse, and he has the singular faculty of being able to make even the wearing of the willow dignified and interesting without sentimentality. "The Last Ride Together"—his masterpiece, perhaps (we once read a long book of liturgical meditations on Mr. BROWNING, in which this poem was not even mentioned)—would be, but for one or two tiny blemishes—minute blemishes due to the poet's too careless *facture*—one of the few perfect poems ever written. "In a Gondola" runs it hard; in fact, it is very much more a question of mood in the reader than of merit in the writer. And who can forget "Love among the Ruins," with the restrained quiver of its apparently sober metre; and the magnificent "Love's "Immortalities" ("So the year's done with. *Love me for* "*ever!*"), and that "Toccata of Galuppi's;" and, to stop a catalogue which would be out of place here, a hundred other things, down to lines published even after the announcement of the author's illness?

It is, however, not improbable that the peculiar charm of Mr. BROWNING'S verses consists, partly at least, in the great variety of quite different matter with which these love verses are intermixed. Of such variety certainly no poet ever provided his readers with larger measure. Here catalogue is impossible; but one may recall such specimens as the almost hackneyed "Ride to Aix" and "Pied Piper," as the admirable "Cavalier Songs" and "Through the Metidja," as "The Flight of the Duchess," as "Childe Roland," as "The Grammarian's Funeral," and as almost every piece in *Dramatis Personæ* (*the* book of the poet, the most varied, the most uniformly good, the most representative, the happiest middle between immaturity and self-caricature, and possessing in "Prospice" perhaps the grandest of contemporary poems). Although no English poet is less like SHAKSPEARE than Mr. BROWNING in most respects, there is something of Shakspearian universality in him, something of that inexhaustible novelty which would seem at first sight the last merit likely to be perceived in a poet so steeped in mannerisms. But the truth is that Mr. BROWNING, though unfortunate enough to have a mannerism, was fortunate enough to have a manner, and a grand manner, too, and this never deserted him, even when he went a-wandering after the other. He had *souffle*, he had distinction, he had even (reckless as he too often was of it) style. So strong was his attraction, that we have known a rational admirer solemnly swear that he would not be prevented from reading "The Last Ride Together" and "In a Gondola" as often as he pleased, though a dictator should force him to read *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country* and *Balaustion's Adventure* on each occasion. And yet not twenty years ago a really intelligent and fairly cultivated person, beholding on a friend's shelves a row of books with ROBERT BROWNING on the back, exclaimed, "Why, I thought she was a woman!" That, however, is long over, and though Browning Societies and the seeking of new points in Prince HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU'S soul will go the way of all follies, Mr. BROWNING'S reputation will never fade. For he loved this life, and he could sing of it like few; and he did not love it the less or sing of it the worse because he believed in another. He, too, might say, in those great verses of his great contemporary which appeared almost at the moment of his death:—

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark.
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

REVOLUTION *A LA* ROSEBERY.

IT is interesting to watch the friendly rivalry with which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. JOHN MORLEY pursue their candidature for the paulo-post-future leadership of the Liberal party. Among Dissenters, we believe, there is a practice which is known as preaching trial sermons. When a pulpit, offering what, in the decorous euphemism of the profession is called a large sphere of usefulness, becomes vacant, zealous divines exhibit their respective qualifications for the cure of souls in competitive prayers and sermons. As the feathered youth—to use a phrase which the poet GRAY might have employed—in the season in which young birds', as well as young men's, fancies lightly turn to things of love, and the dove is adorned with a brighter iris, show off their plumes and notes before the hesitating fair, so Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. MORLEY are emulously endeavouring to win the heart of the Gladstonian party. It is CLEON and the Sausage-seller over again, with the important difference that CLEON and the Sausage-seller have been reconciled, and have discarded sincere vituperations for politic flatteries. So far as we can gather, the judgment passed closely resembles that arrived at by MAGOG WRATH or BULLY BLUCK, or some equally high authority, on the two candidates for Dartford. Mr. MORLEY'S language, it is admitted, is not so spicy as his rival's; "but then he speaks from his 'art; and give "me the man who speaks from his 'art." In other words, Mr. MORLEY is believed to be, comparatively speaking, honest. We are speaking now only in terms of comparison, without denying that quality, in its positive sense, to either politician. But Mr. MORLEY does not seem to us to be quite as wise as he is honest. The SPEAKER told the Fellows of the Royal Society the other day that there were only five men of science in the House of Commons. Whether he wanted more, or wished they were still fewer, he did not say. We do not know how many men of letters there are in the House of Commons, nor do we know with any precision who is a man of letters and who is not. If some of Mr. MORLEY'S later speeches are samples of the wisdom which literature contributes to the deliberations of Parliament, we should be tempted to Lord MELBOURNE'S disparaging estimate of the class. If Mr. MORLEY is, as we admit, both honest and wise, he seems to act in the spirit of HAMLET'S advice to OPHELIA, and not to admit his honesty to any commerce with his wisdom. The two qualities are apparently not on speaking terms in his mind. They run on parallel lines, and, apparently, have little chance of meeting.

Mr. MORLEY seldom condescends to detail. He is almost always declamatory and sentimental. But in his recent speeches he has made one practical suggestion, and, so far as we can recollect, only one; that is to say, he has proposed that something should be done which it is not in the nature of things impossible to do. Whether it would be useful to do it is a different matter. Some time ago Mr. MORLEY contributed to the reform of the House of Lords the phrase that it must either be ended or mended. The suggestion which he now makes is neither for ending nor for mending it, but for going on with it in an impaired condition. Mr. MORLEY, before proceeding to his solitary contribution to practical politics, enunciated, as the way of philosophers is, one or two political axioms. "A peer," he said, and Dundee applauded loudly, "ought to be in no better posi-"tion than any other man." The conclusion from this proposition is that either everybody ought to be a peer, or that nobody ought to be a peer. This axiom is balanced by the counter-proposition that a peer ought to be in no worse position than any other man. From these principles Mr. MORLEY draws the conclusion that a peer ought to have the advantage, for some purposes, of being both a peer and a commoner at the same time, and of being, for other purposes, either a peer or a commoner, as may suit his taste or his ambition. Mr. MORLEY'S statement had better be made in his own language. He is his own interpreter, though whether he will make it plain or not is doubtful:—"The "suggestion," says that great constructive statesman, "which seems to me most worthy of your favourable con-"sideration is this—that any individual peer who chooses "formally to declare his option to give up for his lifetime a "seat in the House of Lords attaching to his peerage, "should be allowed to do so; and on so declaring himself "should become eligible for a seat in the House of Com-"mons." We sometimes hear, by a violent metaphor, of statesmen going on the war-path. Mr. MORLEY has be-

taken himself to the Primrose-path. A greater master of phrases, a not less distinguished man of letters, and a fiercer Jacobin than Mr. MORLEY, ridiculed the idea of a rosewater revolution. What would he have thought, if the thing could have been made intelligible to him, of a revolution *à la* ROSEBERY? Mr. MORLEY is thinking neither of strengthening the House of Commons nor even, it may be, of perpetuating, while weakening, the House of Lords, but of obliging his friend. If the thing which he has in view is to be done at all, let it be done openly. Let Mr. MORLEY proceed by way of private and personal legislation, by *privilegium*. Let him introduce next Session an Earl of ROSEBERY'S Disabilities Relief Bill, enabling that discontented peer to purge himself during his lifetime of his nobility, and to sit, if he can get elected, as of course he would do, in the House of Commons. If there is to be perfect equality, and a peer is to be neither better nor worse off than anybody else, this privilege must be reciprocal. If Mr. MORLEY himself, or Mr. BRADLAUGH, or Dr. TANNER should prefer a safe seat for life in the House of Lords to eligibility to the House of Commons, why, on Mr. MORLEY'S principles, are they to be debarred from making the exchange which is to be allowed to Lord ROSEBERY? To say that this reciprocity is impossible, considering the number of peers which it might involve, is only to say that Mr. MORLEY'S proposal, instead of being based on the principle of equality, is of the narrowest oligarchical kind. This is the point which, by way of *reductio ad absurdum*, we desire to bring home to Mr. MORLEY. The fact is that Lord ROSEBERY, as whose representative Mr. MORLEY is obviously speaking, desires to be two things at once. He wishes to be, at the same time, a great nobleman and a great commoner—PITT as he was before he became the Earl of Chatham, and PITT as Earl of Chatham. Lord ROSEBERY is the creation of our aristocratic system. A considerable series of Lord ROSEBERYS, reaching how far back we do not care to inquire, accumulating estates by the matrimonial and other expedients open to peers, and transmitting them by primogeniture and rule of birth, with an hereditary peerage, have issued in him. Does Lord ROSEBERY think that, if he were simply Mr. PRIMROSE, the son of a long series of simple Mr. PRIMROSES, he would have been a Cabinet Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs? He might have been, but the chances would have been very much against him. More probably he would have held a permanent appointment in the Civil Service, been Secretary to the Board of Works, or the Board of Trade. Lord ROSEBERY desires to add to the advantages which he derives from the peerage the opportunities of personal display and of political ambition which a seat in the House of Commons would give him. His demands are extravagant. The Church Catechism was made for him as well as for humbler people, and he ought to learn to be content with that station in life to which Providence has been pleased to call him. To be able to take part in politics without being dragged into the factious struggles of the House of Commons, to have time for thought, to be exempt from the necessity of base electioneering compliances, are advantages which may well be set off against the comparative dulness of the House of Lords. Perhaps it is Mr. MORLEY'S design to bleed the House of Lords to death by withdrawing from it its more active and able members. If this is really his aim, it would be more candid in him to state it.

Mr. MORLEY'S assertion that the regeneration of Ireland would be accomplished by transferring authority to a Home Rule Parliament—which will consist of boycotters, breakers of contracts, repudiators of debts, and inciters to violent crime—deserves record, but it does not deserve comment. He censures Lord SALISBURY for insisting on the doctrine of supply and demand in regard to labour, and for urging emigration as a means for relieving the labour-market. He says with some truth that our colonies will not take our failures. His own remedy is organization of labour; but he must know that such organization will either exclude those failures, or if it includes them will drag down the whole body to their level. He exults in the probable expulsion of the landlord garrison from Ireland, and invites its expulsion from Great Britain—a proposal which will, we hope, receive due attention at Althorp, Studley Royal, and Dalmeny. Without expressing any opinion upon the merits of Mr. KEAY'S plan of land naturalization—which Mr. GLADSTONE declares to be that either of a fool or a robber, using the abstract terms rather than the concrete ones which we have employed—Mr. MORLEY rejoiced in its advocate's return for Elgin and Nairn. All this may be merely the phrase-mongering of a young Parliamentary hand, but what is mere claptrap with Mr. MORLEY is taken very seriously by large numbers of those who listen to or read his speeches. To have meant no harm is a poor excuse for having done a great deal.

THE AFRICAN PROBLEM.

GREAT as have, beyond all doubt, been Mr. STANLEY'S performances in Africa; ingeniously or fortunately as the reception of intelligence from him since his return has been timed to stimulate, without satisfying, the public appetite for news; and strenuous as is the puffery which certain journalists in London bestow on this, their ideal of a successful journalist, there are not wanting signs that some, at least, of the English public would prefer, if not a little less confidence, considerably more quietness about Mr. STANLEY'S demeanour. The singular expressions reported last week, as of one who thought that the mystical attitude of GORDON might be assumed with advantage (but *n'est pas Gordon qui veut*), probably gave pause to some admirers. And, illogical as it may be, there can be little doubt that EMIN Pasha's sad accident helped others to realize the fact that the rescuer's expressions about the rescued have been, to say nothing more, considerably wanting in delicacy. Telegrams to "Imperator Rex," and the rest of it, with "Imperator Rex," who is good at telegrams, promptly replying in the same style, form a more purely comic element in the business, though even these help to deepen the impression. And Mr. WALTER BARTTELOT should have deepened it very much by his letter to the *Times* on Mr. STANLEY'S almost incredibly bad taste in referring to the unfortunate commanders of the rearguard. These remarks would have been disagreeable in any case; but Mr. BARTTELOT has shown (as, indeed, those who remembered the facts knew well) that Mr. STANLEY is not only ungenerous, but inaccurate. His order to Major BARTTELOT to march was conditional on the supply of carriers by his own precious friend, TIPPOO TIB, and there was no point on which he laid so much stress as on the maintenance intact of the store of goods, which could only be secured either by staying with them or marching with the full number of carriers. That Mr. STANLEY himself, had he been in Major BARTTELOT'S place, would have taken the responsibility of disobeying orders when he found that TIPPOO was not to be trusted, is very likely. But it is more than very likely, it is absolutely certain, that if the Major had done this, and disaster had followed, all the resources of special correspondent eloquence would have been tasked to supply Mr. STANLEY with sufficient denunciations of such disobedience. To put men in the most difficult, the most thankless, the most anxious, and—except for its anxiety—the most uninteresting place of an expedition, and then upbraid them for doing what you have told them to do, is not pretty behaviour.

The truth, however, is that Mr. STANLEY appears to be in that condition in which men who have not only deserved success by their conduct, but have obtained it by their conduct, plus that luck of which only fools deny the existence, are not unfrequently found. He appears to have reached the stage of regarding want of success as a crime in itself. Nothing is more unfortunate in EMIN Pasha's unfortunate accident than the inevitable delay which, even if it turn out not to be fatal, it must interpose in the way of our hearing the Pasha's own version of the story of his disasters at Wadelai. At present Mr. STANLEY'S story is hearsay, chiefly from Mr. JEPHSON, and Mr. JEPHSON'S own story is chiefly hearsay from other people. It is, indeed, not difficult to reconstruct the probable course of events, both from these stories and from general likelihood; but this does not dispense with the necessity of hearing the other side. For the accident itself, it is sincerely to be hoped that it was accidental; but there is nothing so absurd as has been pretended in other theories. All we know of the Pasha leads us to suppose that he must have suffered the keenest pangs in yielding to Mr. STANLEY'S persuasion, or compulsion (for it may be said to have been almost that), to accompany him to the coast. Mr. STANLEY thinks that Mr. JAMESON died, partly at least, of grief—a hypothesis convenient for his own theory of the mistakes committed by the leaders of the rearguard, but not confirmed by anything else we know, and totally at variance with impartial testimony to the effect that, a very short time before his death,

Mr. JAMESON showed as cheery and indomitable a spirit as could have possessed any man. But it is not at all impossible (though we do not for a moment assert our belief in it) that EMIN's sense of a *rifiuto*, of a withdrawal from duty, of there being nothing more to live for, may have been quickened by the healths and the huzzas which greeted Mr. STANLEY at Bagamoyo.

Some day, however, when sufficient ground-bait is thought by the wise ones to have been scattered in the newspapers. when the healths and the huzzas have been repeated in London, in Brussels (hardly, we fear, in Paris, "Imperator "Rex" having made this impossible), and perhaps in Berlin, Mr. STANLEY's own account will be given to the world—given, let us hope, with as good an array of solid fact and justification, especially in that matter of the rearguard, as possible. Meanwhile it is curious and characteristic that we know little or nothing of what is actually going on in the Equatorial Province. We do not know whether the Mahdists have absorbed it, whether EMIN's rebels or any other set of persons have set up a government of their own there, or what has happened. There are rumours that order may shortly be restored in Uganda; and, if so, intelligence from the Lake districts will, of course, become more plentiful, more trustworthy, more rapid.

But it would be hardly safe to wait for that. Some German newspapers have, with unnecessary jealousy and ill nature of form, but to some extent with accuracy, asserted that Mr. STANLEY's expedition has in fact failed, because EMIN's province has not been brought under the domination of the British East African Company. We do not know that it was intended to be so brought. The course of the Nile should belong, and sooner or later must belong, to whosoever rules in Egypt, not to whosoever occupies the shores of the Indian Ocean. But various other events show that it will be by no means safe to leave to time and chance the re-establishment of connexion between these two points, by way of the Equatorial districts. The experience of Portugal, so pathetically bewailed by Senhor BARROS GOMES, our own so idiotically incurred on the West Coast of South Africa, in Upper Guinea, in Zanzibar itself, shows that in these days it is not safe to leave anything unclaimed and unmarked in the regular way. More than this, it seems in the highest degree probable that we shall very quickly have to rcpeat the thankless and endless performance which we have apparently undertaken to give whenever the KHALIFA asks us, on the Nile, somewhere about Wady Halfa. More than once, indeed, threatened invasions of the Dervishes have fallen through; but much more often they have not. Such a government (if government it is to be called) as was established by the MAHDI can exist only by being militant, and it has the peculiar advantage over all other militant organizations that defeat and death hardly discourage it at all. The interesting letter of the KHALIFA'S General to EMIN, which was published the other day, might almost have been written by KHALED, if KHALED had been a little more of a literary man, and it will not do to trust too implicitly to the optimism of a respected historian of Islamism, who thinks that a Gatling at the battle of Yermouk might have changed the history of the world. Suppose, for instance, the Gatling had jammed? We are not, of course, anticipating the probability of any such catastrophe as is here hinted at. Even putting superiority of material aside, that is for the present out of the question. But we have more than once "run it rather fine" in those conflicts with the fanatics, and even if the fight at Toski can be repeated with ease and certainty until the Dervishes have had enough of it, the repetition is a singularly unworkmanlike and extravagant way of defending the Egyptian frontier, after fixing it at a place where no natural frontier ever can be fixed. Especially now that Egyptian finance has revived so far, and that so much progress has been made with internal reform, it is time to consider, at first of course cautiously, and without making rash schemes, how to recover that command of the Nile which can never be abandoned without loss and danger. In doing this there are four routes possible. One of them—that by the Congo—may, we hope, now be considered as closed to all but mere adventure for many a long day. The other three—up the river, from Souakim and from Mombassa—will be tried, and tried successfully, sooner or later by somebody, and it will be to our loss and disgrace if they are tried by any but Englishmen.

WHO FEARS TO SPEAK OF NINETY-EIGHT?

WE have not observed any violent hurry on the part of the English Parnellite press to reply to the very interesting letter addressed a few days ago by Colonel SAUNDERSON to the *Times*. The member for North Armagh has, it appears, been taken to task by several Radical papers, both in England and Scotland, for certain remarks made by him at Belfast the other day, on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of WILLIAM III., and the letter in question was designed to show that the attitude which he and other Ulster Liberals have taken, and intend to take in certain eventualities—to wit, their surrender by the Imperial Parliament to the domination of the Nationalists—is amply justified not only by the lessons of Irish history, ancient and modern, but by the authoritative statements of our opponents. Colonel SAUNDERSON'S appeal to history would not of itself go for much—for no more, perhaps it may be admitted, than Mr. GLADSTONE'S reminders of his countrymen, more in sorrow than in anger, that it was their ancestors and not the rebels of '98 who added the "pitch cap" to the previously existing array of political arguments. The Colonel concisely but effectively rehearses the history of the doings of the famous Father MURPHY in the course of the insurrection which exerted so strong an influence on the "blackguard" policy of PITT. He relates how that "excellent parish priest" established his headquarters at Vinegar Hill, sent out gangs of patriots to scour the country and bring in every Protestant that could be found, and how the captives thus brought in were daily taken out and butchered in cold blood, to the number of five hundred. We quite admit, however, that the brisk doings of this patriotic clergyman between the outbreak of the rebellion and his infamous execution by a coercionist Government of worse than Balfourian severity would not, in themselves, avail to prove much against the spirit and aims of the Irish Nationalists of to-day. They are undoubtedly in the nature of "ancient history" nowadays, and, as such, our English Parnellites would have some excuse, perhaps, for declining to notice the recapitulation of them. Articles in *United Ireland*, however, are not ancient history, but modern journalism; and when we find this delightful print extolling the acts of Father JOHN MURPHY, declaring that his name is "ever memorable and ever dear to the adherents "of the grand old cause that was physically fought out at "Vinegar Hill, and perpetuated in various ways to the pre-"sent hour"; when we are told that "he is living still in "the spirit," and that "there are priests in our country to-"day who are no unworthy representatives of the glorious "leaders of Vinegar Hill"—why, it might be thought perhaps that here at least is matter demanding the attention of the eminently respectable humanitarians who form the main strength of Mr. GLADSTONE'S party in this country, and that they would naturally desire to dissociate themselves in the most pointed manner possible from such infamous extravagances of journalistic truculence. But no. They cannot answer Colonel SAUNDERSON, and they remain silent, though their silence when such outrages as these are printed by the most popular organ of their Irish allies renders them every whit as fully and as disgracefully responsible for them as though they had been displayed in the eminently decorous columns of the *Daily News*. The answer for the present, therefore, to the question Who fears to speak of '98? seems to be that it is neither the Irish Loyalists on their side nor the Irish Nationalists on theirs; but that the English Gladstonians somehow do not care to join in the conversation.

Neither do they care to say much about several other recent incidents in Ireland—the death of Captain PLUNKETT for one. They were but little behind the gutter journalists of Irish Nationalism were our respectable Gladstonian friends in abuse of that zealous and fearless officer in his lifetime; and they are apparently divided now between the shame of keeping silent about a man whom they know, in that small corner of their minds into which the spite of partisanship has not penetrated, to be eminently worthy of the respect and honour of his countrymen, and the shame of doing tardy justice to a man whom they joined his foul-mouthed slanderers in pursuing with vituperations. They have had to say something, and they have said as little as they could, about Captain PLUNKETT'S career of faithful and strenuous services; and they have said nothing at all about, what was very probably the cause of his death, the ferocious assault made upon him a year ago by a ruffian at a Youghal riot. No one can, of course, affirm with positive certainty that a savage blow struck on the head of a middle-aged man, leading a life of anxious work,

and involving considerable exposure, has accelerated his death; but there is, at any rate, no little likelihood of this having been the case, and there is a peculiar indecency in the scepticism expressed on the point by the loud-mouthed exploiters of the MANDEVILLE imposture. Another matter, to which only the most shameless of the Parnellite organs in London has ventured upon any reference, is that of the attempted "dynamite" outrage at Woodford. We have not quite got to the point of justifying these methods of carrying on the war (though we don't know what may happen; and Mr. GLADSTONE, perhaps, had better be polishing up his casuistry for application to the Sixth as well as to the Eighth Commandment), and the only course open to Parnellism, therefore, is to discredit the whole story. Whether their theory is that some wicked person placed a keg of blasting powder, with an elaborate arrangement of chemicals attached for igniting it, in an empty house, with the view of compromising a virtuous Nationalist party; or whether they deny that there was any keg of powder, or any chemicals, or any empty house, we do not precisely know. But, inasmuch as the story is a very circumstantial one, inasmuch as it is given on excellent authority, and only conjecturally contradicted by journalistic "witnesses" of about the same sort of weight and respectability as the gentlemen who used to promenade Westminster Hall with straw in their shoes—we are of opinion that the English public are amply justified in attaching at least provisional credit to it. And our advice to the Gladstonians is that, instead of casting about to prove that the "infernal machine" has not been introduced as a new weapon in the holy war against landlordism, they should assume that it was, and devote their time and energies to devising excuses for its introduction. Perhaps they will hardly contend that an attempt to blow up a sheriff and a large party of the Constabulary is other than illegal; but perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE may be able to make out that it is not im- but only extra-moral.

In the meantime they may find excellent practice for their casuistic powers in dealing with the following little incident—an incident so illustrative of the monstrosity of the Ministerial assumption that justice is difficult to obtain in Ireland by "ordinary" processes of law. At the Munster Winter Assizes the other day, at the trial of four men on a charge of moonlighting, MARGARET TWOMY, the prosecutrix, who, in her depositions before the magistrates, had sworn that she was attacked by three men, who bound her hands with cords and ransacked her house, now stated that the prisoners were not the men who attacked her. On being asked by Mr. Justice MURPHY whether she had not previously sworn that they were, she replied that she had, but that "she was out of her senses then." As she adhered to her second story, there was, of course, nothing for it but to discharge the prisoners, who would go forth, as his lordship observed, "men of tried innocence," and as the counsel for the Crown ironically added, "without a stain on their "characters." Mr. Justice MURPHY suggested a prosecution for perjury; but it would be hardly possible, even if a conviction were to be obtained against her, to punish this unfortunate woman very severely for the crime of yielding to intimidation. Perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE will turn his attention to the case and consider whether something cannot be said for those who intimidated her. Even we ourselves, unequal though we are as a rule to the handling of the Gladstonian *distinguo*, can see our way, we think, to the right hon. gentleman's probable line of apology. Intimidation of anybody, for any purpose, is of course a deplorable and reprehensible thing; but whether in this case it admits, we will not say of defence, but of extenuation, will depend upon the object with which the intimidation was practised. Now, it was practised to prevent the Irish Executive from punishing three men for moonlighting, and it is clear that, if the English Government (whose servant the Irish Executive is) be itself morally responsible for the existence of moonlighting, the prosecution of these moonlighters becomes indefensible, and the irregular means taken to defeat this prosecution are excusable. Now, that the English Government *is* morally responsible for moonlighting, Mr. GLADSTONE is no doubt prepared to prove by a process identical with that by which he so triumphantly demonstrated the moral responsibility of Ministers for the Plan of Campaign. Hence the final judgment of the moralist on this incident is that, though the men who terrorized MARGARET TWOMY into perjuring herself cannot perhaps be held wholly blameless, the main burden of the guilt of that proceeding rests upon the shoulders of HENRY II.

THE *TIMES* ON M. COQUELIN.

IT is neither kind nor true to say that if the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* knew a little about politics he would know a little about everything. He would not know a little about M. DE BANVILLE's comedy of *Gringoire*. The piece is more than twenty years old, it is as familiar as any modern drama to French playgoers, and it has been acted frequently in an English adaptation, the *Ballad-Monger*. M. COQUELIN, on bringing his sheaves with him as a new kind of thrifty prodigal son, chose to reappear at the Comédie Française in GRINGOIRE. It is a favourite part of his, though perhaps his rendering of the starving poet has more humour and less romance than M. DE BANVILLE intended. The *Times* Correspondent, *solus contra mundum*, describes it as "an absurd piece," which is about as good criticism as Mr. SAMUEL PEPYS's remarks on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. "It ex- "hibits a gingerbread LOUIS XI., very inconsistent with "the great historic figure of the King," but not so inconsistent, we think, with PHILIPPE DE COMINES, and the other contemporary account which, as the Correspondent ought to know, is derived from QUINTUS SCOTUS, called D'URUARD, a version preserved in the *Chronicon Trotcosiense*. The Correspondent, indeed, spares us this erudition. He does inform us that *Gringoire* was written for M. COQUELIN, in which case M. DE BANVILLE must have been very complacent to M. COQUELIN when a lad of twenty-two, for *Gringoire* is of 1865. A great deal of water, and not a little blood, has gone under the bridges since then. The Correspondent ungallantly adds that Mlle. REICHEMBERG "has been a long time playing "the artless girl." As M. LEMAÎTRE says, this lady cannot help it. At the age of fifty she will still believe that little boys are found under cabbages, and little girls under rose-trees. Nobody is so young, and nobody else is so innocent, as Mlle. REICHEMBERG looks. The second piece was the *Dépit Amoureux*, written by POQUELIN for M. COQUELIN, with a severe part, that of a Duenna, for Mme. SAMARY, *née* BÉJARD.

PORTUGAL AND ENGLAND IN AFRICA.

NO Englishman, we trust, will be silly enough or discourteous enough to treat with any want of respect in form the reply of Senhor BARROS GOMES to Lord SALISBURY'S protest against the decree creating the new province of Zumbo. A man, even if he is not a Minister, is bound to back his own side. But, giving Senhor GOMES every credit for doing his duty as a patriot and an official, we are bound to say that a weaker set of pleas to establish possession we never read. Throughout Mashonaland "these well-pre- "served ruins raise their heads," says the Senhor, in reference to one of his witnesses, the existence of ruined fortalices. Throughout Senhor BARROS GOMES's argument certain claims raise their heads likewise. They are certainly ruins; but are they well preserved? We confess that, after making every allowance for possible prejudice on our own side, we cannot think so. The Portuguese Minister's arguments reduce themselves to about four of any importance, which are—(1) LOBENGULA's authority is not, or was not, universally recognized throughout the district which he is supposed to have conceded. (2) Portugal has recently made considerable exploring and other expeditions about this district. (3) She has always resisted the claims of other nations. (4) Her own date back to a cession of the Empire of Monomotapa in 1630, itself the outcome and formalizing of a series of conquests extending into the sixteenth century. To the first of these, it can only be replied that no native chief we ever heard of probably had what an English, or even a Portuguese, lawyer would recognize as plenary authority to transfer the allegiance of his so-called subjects, and that this disqualification is quite certain to have weighed as heavily on the Emperor of Monomotapa in the seventeenth century as on LOBENGULA in the nineteenth; to the second, that it is *nihil ad rem*, Africa having been traversed of late by exploring parties of all kinds and nations; to the third, that even proof that you have always said a thing is yours is not proof that it is yours. As for the Empire of Monomotapa, even if we admit the validity of the cession, and forbear to lay too unkindly stress on the almost confessed absence of any attempt on the Portuguese part to administer the country or build up the well-preserved ruins since, we still have the almost insuperable difficulty of determining what the Empire of Monomotapa was. Senhor BARROS GOMES has not produced the very

slightest evidence of its extending either from sea to sea or over the district recently covered by the rival schemes. On the contrary, the best historical atlases, not constructed or published by Englishmen, limit the ancient possessions and conquests of the Portuguese to pretty much the same coast strips as are still recognized, and recognized with considerable generosity, as theirs. That travellers, hunters, ivory-dealers, slave-dealers, of their nation frequently, in the seventeenth and early eighteenth century, if not later, made their way from the Guinea coast to that of Mozambique, or *vice versâ*, is exceedingly probable, or rather quite certain; but this could in no sense give possession.

The simple fact is, of course, that, but for the extension of English enterprise from the Cape northwards, for the lodgments effected by the Germans, and for the formation of the Congo State (against which, by the way, she brought out precisely the same antiquated and invalid claims), Portugal would never have dreamt of making any solid or serious demand to be served heir to the Emperor of Monomotapa, with leave to locate Monomotapa (which unluckily, as every man of letters knows, had become early in the eighteenth century itself a cant word in one European nation, at least, for the land of Nowhere) in any part of Africa which might come handy. As to the well-preserved ruins, HER MAJESTY might just as well—indeed, considerably better—lay claim to Syria and Arabia because she is the representative of Duke ROBERT and King RICHARD, and there are a great many ruined crusading castles from Edessa to Jôf. What the result of this wrangle will be nobody knows. But the best result for the Portuguese would be that they should receive from England an acknowledgment of their title to as deep a strip of the coast land as they can fairly claim, and should in return finally renounce pretensions which, even if Great Britain acknowledged them, they have neither capital, nor energy, nor colonizing and commercial instinct enough to enforce profitably for themselves. As for English statesmen, their duty is simple and clear; it is to keep at all costs a fair-way in the centre of the continent for English expansion northward.

TITHES.

WHATEVER else the Government may attempt next year in the way of legislation, a well-considered and resolute effort must be made to pass a Tithes Bill. It is an extremely troublesome subject to deal with, no doubt. Hitherto every endeavour to dispose of it has ended in failure; and there is no possibility of settling it to the contentment of everybody, or even without additional irritation to some. In that respect, however, it is no more of a nuisance than other lively questions; and as the tithe dispute now stands, it is the disguise of so much political rancour, the instrument of so general a spirit of lawlessness, the occasion of so much suffering, that it must not be allowed to drag on any longer without a determined effort to settle it, regardless of votes. It is now ascertained (and a meeting held this week has shown it more clearly than ever) that no scheme of settlement that can be invented will exclude offence to some considerable body of persons or other; and therefore the right thing to do is to frame and force a plan which, in the first place, shall be most accordant with the principles of common justice, and, in the next, shall content the greater number of those to whom justice is not a matter of indifference.

This, no doubt, is the Government view of the matter. No exhortation need be addressed to that quarter; and it is a pleasure to observe that even since we last wrote on the subject—which is no longer than seven days ago—the prospect of success for a reasonable Tithes Bill has brightened considerably. It is not only in Wales that the trouble works, and not only in Wales that the poorer clergy have suffered extreme privations through the difficulty of collecting tithe. In England they have suffered too, and that in a measure which the general public has little notion of, though much of their well-concealed misery has been dragged to light in the clerical journals. But the difficulty of collecting tithe has not been the same in both countries. For by far the most part at any rate, the English clergy have simply fallen under the common misfortune that has impoverished landowners and ruined farmers—the misfortune of a long period of "low prices." If many an English parson has been brought to the deepest distress through the non-payment of tithe, it is not so much because of unwillingness to pay, but sheer inability. In Wales the whole condition of things has been entirely different. Though the farmers of that country have had some bad years too, "agricultural depression" has weighed upon them far less than on the English farmers—who, it must be confessed, are neither so managing nor so thrifty. It may be much to the credit of the Welshmen, therefore, that they have been better off; but it is not to their credit that, being better off, they have distinguished themselves by withholding tithe in a violent, lawless, and signally cruel way. At this moment the excuse of inability has quite disappeared with a general revival of prosperity; but the Welsh farmers still refuse to pay their debts, still keep that part of their rent called tithe in their pockets, and so bring out into clearer light the more effective motives of refusal. Things must go by their right names; and therefore these motives must be described as excess of thrift (otherwise greed), and Nonconformist hostility passing into rancour under the ferments of political hate. The first of the two motives works out in practice as robbery: robbery with violence when legal process of remedy is resisted. This, when organized, and when inflamed by the second motive, becomes a common danger. It becomes yet more of a danger when leaders of Opposition and other authoritative political persons lend it their favour; and so it is that the tithe conspiracy in Wales is so eminently conspicuous, imperatively calling for treatment not less courageous than discreet.

We may hope with considerable confidence that this it is to have. Yet only a few days ago the difficulties of dealing with it seemed to have increased very sensibly. The conclusion of nearly all impartial persons who have studied the matter is, that nothing can be done without taking the collection of tithe out of the hands of the clergy and ordering its direct payment by the landlord instead of by the tenant-farmer. Lord SELBORNE's volunteer committee—as competent a body of men as could well be brought together—takes that view. The temporary and incomplete measure which was laid before the House of Commons last year was opposed from the Government benches, by and on behalf of tenant-farmers, because this solution was not embodied in it. Now it is understood to have been adopted by the Government for its proposed new measure. Upon all this a conference of landowners was held at Rhyl to consider the question; and immediately afterwards it was reported in the newspapers, and more particularly in the *Times*, that the meeting had revealed a lamentably obstructive spirit. The landlords, it was said, had shown a violent indisposition to accept the business of collecting the tithe. When a resolution was proposed to the effect that "the passing of an Act dealing with the tithe question in a "comprehensive spirit is most urgent," it came out that "only on one point was there complete unanimity of opinion "—namely, that a Tithe Bill which laid the burden of collec- "tion on the Welsh landowners was an impossibility." The chairman, Sir RICHARD BULKELEY, was reported to have made a vigorous attack on the clergy "which was continued for "the remainder of the proceedings"; and in the end the landlords carried a resolution declaring that the particular requirement of Wales was not a Tithe Bill but a Church Discipline Act! When this account of the meeting appeared in the Welsh newspapers it excited a furious commotion amongst the clergy; when it was reproduced in the *Times* by one who was present at the Conference, and therefore not likely to be mistaken, the commotion was increased; nobody doubting that in Wales at any rate Conservative landlords were in full revolt against what is universally taken to be the fundamental principle of the Government Bill. Little by little, however, we have since learnt that these reports of the Conference proceedings were singularly erroneous. The Correspondent's statements have been contradicted all round. He referred to Mr. P. PENNANT as amongst the selfish and obstructive. This gentleman declares his astonishment at the *Times* romance; averring more particularly that, "with two exceptions, "I believe the whole Conference was unanimous in "the opinion that the tithe rent-charge should be paid "directly by the owner." Sir RICHARD BULKELEY, the chairman of the Conference, expresses an equal amazement. To the best of his recollection, "only one speaker said he "thought that transferring the onus from tenant to landlord "might cause friction between them." Sir RICHARD has not set his face against the transference, and, indeed, has himself offered to relet farms to present tenants on the understanding that he paid the tithe. Neither did he make

an onslaught against the Church, or the clergy generally; though it seems that he did point to cases in which the Church has been disgraced by particular irregularity and neglect, and he wishes there were speedier and simpler means of purging out the offenders. To this all good Churchmen, and all good men of every denomination, will say Amen; and there is an end of the matter. The fact appears to be that two or three mischievous persons—if indeed there was more than one—chose, for purposes best known to themselves (and not likely to go further) to put about a scandalously incorrect account of what passed at the Rhyl Conference. It was unfortunately accepted as accurate; and for a while it really seemed as if the Welsh landlords deserved the reproach that was levelled at them from every parsonage in the Principality. Evidently it was all a mistake, to put the mildest explanation on the reports of "Our Welsh Correspondent"; and the mistake being cleared up, it is in the nature of things that squire and parson should proceed in this and other matters upon a more friendly footing even than before. What may have been intended by those who raised the storm, or whether they meant anything more than to be busy, we are still left to guess. But the storm will clear the air—has cleared the air; and, whereas it did seem likely enough while it was raging that the Welsh landowners had gone astray, misled by extremely false notions of self-interest, now we have a pretty full assurance that the only safe means of relieving Wales from a great torment and a gross scandal will not be opposed by them.

PROCESSES IN BOOK ILLUSTRATION.

THERE is no doubt that artists, or at least many artists, prefer "processes" to engravings of all kinds, in the illustration of books. Their motive is obvious. A wood-engraver necessarily fails to reach absolute exactness; he "cuts away" something delicate, and the artist is annoyed. His work is no longer his own. For this the remedy exists. Draw for the wood as the wood should be drawn for, in a strong and simple style. This was the manner of Dürer, and we are daring enough to prefer Dürer's manner to that of the modern book-illustrators. If it is desired to draw in a different way, though we still prefer the best woodcutting to process work, wood becomes no longer the proper material. It can produce work as delicate as Mr. Whymper's copy of Robert Wilson's contemporary drawing of John Bunyan (in Dr. Brown's Biography); but wood-engraving is not encouraged to reach these heights. It is being killed by processes. The artist rejoices; for here, by dint of photography, he has what he thinks an exact reproduction of his design. We are not so unkind as to agree with him. He ought to know; it seems absurd for the amateur to offer a contrary opinion, yet we are surprised to find artists so easily contented. If they draw in pen and ink, they have less reason to grumble than if they use washes. Thus, in Mr. Abbey's designs for *She Stoops to Conquer*, the drawings are, undeniably, reproduced with great accuracy and effect. We may think that the copies have a scratchiness absent in the originals—that is matter of opinion. But a book like that is extremely expensive. The very best paper, the most careful printing, are needed. It is when processing of pen and ink is "democratic," is executed on cheap paper, that the results are less enjoyable. But it may be argued that on cheap paper woodcuts would print no better; and this may be true. The real difficulty arises when washes are used. The artist makes his drawing on a much larger scale than the processed reproduction. Consequently "passages," which may be all very well in the original drawing, come out in the printed book as distressing amorphous blotches of black. Open any book illustrated in this wise, and the odds are that you are confronted with the crude and shapeless "blotesque." For example, on the first page of a new story we find a small boy gazing through a gate, on which a beast of stone—probably a lion—is frowning. Behind this animal the shade is indicated by lumps of ragged black, with about as much gradation as that which is commonly applied to boots. On the frontispiece an elderly man in shirtsleeves is kissing a girl under a tree. Behind her is a shell full of ink exploding. Or, perhaps, it is a black cuttle-fish, which, unlike the mailed turtle, "claps her broad wings "and claims the equal skies." There is no form, nothing but splashes of black, in this shade. We are not blaming the artist whose drawing, for all we know, may have been very effective; but these are the results which the process gives. Again, there is a most distressing plaid-like texture in this kind of work, a texture uniform in the spacing of its chequers, and only gradated in depth of darkness. We find in books masses of what, we presume, is foliage, tinted exactly as black as a well-polished boot. Defects like this occur even in such French work as the illustrations to M. Pierre Loti's *Madame Chrysanthème*, though not to such a distressing extent. And the problem arises How is it possible for the artists to regard such ill-distributed masses of blotch and such dismal plaid textures as representative of their own drawings? They seem to be well pleased; and, if the public is also pleased, while nobody but the disconsolate amateur is vexed beyond his patience, there is plainly not much use in protesting. A child with hair left in white, with a dark shepherd tartan face, and two black currants for eyes, may be an agreeable object in the opinion of the majority. There is no help for it, unless publishers will take pity on the remnant who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of Processes, and will publish a small edition of any readable book without any illustrations at all. When the outline of a woman's arm is presented as a black, thick, woolly, smudged, irregular line on one side, dwindling into unoutlined plaid pattern on the other, the interest in the heroine who owns the arm evaporates. It is not fair on the heroine! Possibly the "process" may be improved; perhaps it is only in its infancy; at present it often reduces designs, whatever their actual merit, to the very decrepitude of art. Possibly methods which are legitimate enough in brushwork must necessarily become hideous deformities when reduced and photographed through some kind of fine network. But, whatever guesses we may make, and however processes may be improved, nothing will explain how artists come to be satisfied at present with such deplorable caricatures of their own performances. Art and machinery, we think, are necessarily antagonistic—at least, as a rule—and when processes have killed engraving, perhaps the world will awake to lament a lost art, and to censure fallacious mechanical reproductions. Meanwhile, we presume, engravers are starving—a pleasant, economical makeweight to the delights of shapeless blots of black and specimens of plaid pattern. Compare any processed book with Walker's initial letters to *Philip*, with Lawless's, or Mr. Sandys's, or Mr. Tenniel's drawings, in the old *Once a Week*, and the decline will seem, not fall, but catastrophe. Meanwhile we are not criticizing the merits of the artists' original designs, but merely the way in which "processes" libel and caricature them.

THE FIGHT WITH THE TRADES-UNIONS.

THE prospect of the threatened strike among the gas-workers has materially improved during the week. It appears much more likely than it did that this most deliberate and unjustifiable strike will be beaten, and well beaten, and quickly beaten—which will be an excellent thing for the community at large, in the first place, and ultimately for the whole body of workmen themselves. Nothing in the considerable mass of talk and writing on this subject which has appeared since we gave our opinion on the tyranny of the Trades-Union Committees last week has been of a nature to modify the view we then expressed; but it does look as if the reaction we foresaw to be inevitable is coming rather sooner than had appeared likely. It is at least very probable that certain elementary facts are making their way steadily into general comprehension. One of them is that the Trades-Union Committees are fighting for their own hand exclusively, and that by means of misrepresentation, personalities, vulgar swagger, and intimidation. The decidedly riotous proceedings at Peckham Rye last Sunday have done something to spread that truth. Friends of the people who knock down and brutally kick "respectable-looking "elderly workmen" for saying that a certain sum is not bad pay have put their blackguardism beyond dispute. When further it appears that $2\frac{3}{4}d.$ a ton amounts to three or four pounds a week, it becomes equally clear that there is no shadow of right to public sympathy on the part of the coal-workers. They, at least, are not in the position of the dockers. The discovery that the Gas-Workers Union was saying the thing that is not when it said that the thousand workmen who accepted the South Metropolitan Company's terms afterwards repented of the acceptance, and that the Coal-

Porters were also inaccurate when they asserted that all the employers in their trade had accepted the terms demanded in the meeting of last August, has done something to "enlighten "the public conscience." Another fact has involuntarily been demonstrated by Mr. STOPFORD BROOKE in the course of his exercitations on behalf of the strikers at Silvertown. It is this—that highly-strung emotional persons of loquacious piety hold that their services in the cause of the poor (considered at a comfortable distance, as an excuse for raising subscriptions and as raw material for rhetoric) entitle them to dispense with all regard for accuracy, charity, and fairness in dealing with individual employers. A third fact, of even more importance than these two, has been demonstrated at Silvertown and at Manchester. It is that the brag countenance of Trades-Union Committees is apt to grow very long when they are faced with a little courage. They soon begin to whine, as the Manchester Committee are doing, over the hardness of heart of ratepayers who will not help them to bully the Town Council. Finally, the most important fact of all has been well rubbed into the public by the insolent bullying of Messrs. MARK HUTCHINS and his brother "executives." It is that the safety and comfort of Londoners will be at the mercy of a handful of fussy wirepullers, if the Gas-Workers and the Coal-Porters Union have their way. Therefore, being enlightened in its conscience, shocked in its morality, spirited up in its courage, and scared for its comfort, the public may possibly stiffen its backbone, and give the "executives" a lesson.

The first results of this improvement in general tone in London are the revival of common sense in Scotland Yard and the revival of courage among the workmen. The authorities at the head of the police do really seem since Monday to have gone back to the old theory that the duty of the force is to protect all men and not only those whose votes may turn out to be useful to the Home Secretary, and to prevent riot, not to wait for it. Somebody, or something, has made them understand that the Committee, which has got some thousands of men under its control so completely that it can make them, though working at widely separate places, "down tools" at the word of command, when the downing of tools is illegal, requires watching when it is engaged in forcing on a strike and is using threatening language. The measures which ought to have been taken to protect the Dock Companies, and the men they did contrive to secure, have been taken to protect the South Metropolitan Gas Company. Police have been sent to protect their works inside and out. It may be that the force will not be needed, for the strike leaders have arranged with the managers that the outgoing men shall evacuate the works in such a way as to avoid any contact with those who are coming to take their places. In this the Union Committee has shown a commendable spirit—the only pity is that the display should have been delayed till after the arrival of the police. More hopeful even than the rather tardy awakening of Scotland Yard is the manifest revolt of a large portion of the workmen against the dictation of the Committees. The thousand who had agreed to the Company's favourable terms have stood by their contract, and it is now known that there will be no difficulty in replacing those who have been called out by the Union. The Company has easily secured as many men as it wants. At Woolwich, too, the gas-workers who had gone out on strike have found their places filled up with ease. It is obvious that, as long as men willing to work are protected, no difficulty will be found in securing gas-workers, even without having recourse to the extreme measure of lending soldiers to the Companies, which is not a thing to be lightly done, for many reasons. There is, in fact, no strike at all, in the proper sense of the word. A certain number of gas-workers have left their employment, and have been replaced by others; but that is not a strike. What there might have been, what there may be yet if the police or the Company lose their nerve, is an attempt on the part of certain wirepullers, supported by a misled mob, to interfere with the freedom of employers and workmen alike. That is quite another thing. It is simply an abuse of power which it is the duty of the State to suppress. It is not the less its duty because the attack is directed against a private Company, and not against the Corporation, as is the case at Manchester. The firmness of the employers, the men who support them, and the police has its natural counterpart in the obvious confusion among the leaders of the Union. The refusal of Mr. HUTCHINS and his fellow-committeemen to allow their particular fight to be managed by outsiders, for their own honour and glory, is something more than an example of the unwillingness of British working-men to follow leaders of their own class. It is a proof of the desire of working-men leaders to keep whatever honour and glory may be obtainable to themselves. Also it is a sign of the little belief they have in the honesty one of another. Messrs. BURNS, MANN, and TILLETT must find a disagreeable difference between the rather fulsome adulation of the LORD MAYOR and the conciliatory gentlemen at the Mansion House and the rude language of their brother sons of toil. Nor will the gas-workers in all probability benefit much by the help of the coal-porters. This body of workmen has just made a good arrangement for itself, and, though it may brag about what it will do to the South Metropolitan Gas Company, we shall wait to see what comes of the bragging before deciding that it is to be anything serious. The leaders of the coal-porters and their allies are not wholly ignorant of facts. They know that the burden of a strike would fall first and heaviest on their own class, which is far more dependent on gas and the power of obtaining coal in small quantities than any other. For that reason alone they would find it difficult to secure general obedience. The lightermen, too, are clearly of opinion that they have struck often enough, and would risk too much by striking again.

It is thought right, we see, to talk of this dispute as a disaster, and to lament that extreme measures were not avoided. This language is more creditable to the heart than the head of the persons who use it. No doubt it would be better if all mankind were wise and temperate; but they are not. Too often, as every copybook knows, they do not do the right thing till they are driven to it by disagreeable experience. The trades-unions are distinctly in want of a lesson as to the road they should take, and this is as good a time to give them one as another. Therefore, we think that the challenge they have issued should be accepted, and the fight fought out. It is, no doubt, true, as Lord MONKSWELL (who seems candidly surprised that a trades-union can be unreasonable) has pointed out, that these bodies have helped by their interference to convince employers that it will be for their own interest to treat their workmen handsomely. If the unions had not threatened to become tyrannical, the employers might not have come to see that they would gain by standing to their workmen on more humane relations than the mere exchange of wages for work. This may be counted to them for righteousness; but now that the lesson has been taught and learnt, now that employers are beginning to offer fixed engagements, and a share of profits for prolonged service and good work, the unions are not to be excused if they attempt to prevent men from obtaining the boon simply because it may diminish, or even remove, the need for their own organization. That would be a piece of noxious tyranny, and should be fought with every legitimate weapon.

PROVINCIAL MUSEUMS.

IN connexion with the chance which has thrown into the hands of the WHITWORTH Trustees something like 150,000*l.* to expend on the foundation and arrangement of an Art Gallery for Manchester, a pamphlet has been issued by "A Manchester Man" (CORNISH: Manchester), which is very well worth the attention of those whom it may concern, both in that city and elsewhere. The dangers of such a sudden influx of wealth may be said in the particular circumstances to be almost equal to the difficulties of no wealth at all. And as the fashion of such benefactions (call them ransom or what you will) appears to have set in, it is particularly desirable that some general idea of what is best to be done with them should set in likewise. "A Man-"chester Man" by surveying what has been done, and giving some hints as to what should be done, has done good service to a cause which almost all men of brains and cultivation, whatever may be their opinions on politics, religion, education, social progress, and all the rest of it, must have at heart. Whatever is disputably good, it is indisputably good that there should be within immediate reach of every dweller in an almost necessarily unlovely manufacturing town, and within not very distant reach of every dweller in its neighbourhood, a collection of beautiful things. In such a collection it may be said that there is hardly any possible evil. You may look too much on the wine when it is red, no doubt, and you may "turn," as Mr. BROWNING says, "to yonder girl that fords the "burn," with results distressing to the moralist. It is

said that you may read too much, which, though we should be slow to believe it, we are prepared to admit as possible. But we do not believe that there is a proved case of any one going to the dogs from too much frequenting of galleries. The "Manchester Man" sketches pleasantly enough the various stages of museums—the odds-and-ends stage, the stage of an imposing building, Gothic, Palladian, or what not, as the case may be, constructed with a view to anything but the contemplation of its contents—and the more ambitious stage of recent times, when a generous emulation has tempted some local persons to buy at fancy prices examples of contemporary or other art which happened to be fashionable or to appeal to their own tastes. It is no wonder that he decides that all ought to depend, and that all does depend, on the director, or that (with some well-deserved praise to Cambridge) he selects Dublin as the type of the happy museum which has got the right director. That Mr. Henry Doyle should be taken and cut up into little stars for the benefit of all places requiring such persons is a truth now perfectly well known among all persons who possess *connaissance de cause*. But it has, perhaps, not been so generally realized that the essence of Mr. Doyle's success lies in the fact that, small as his resources are, he has been allowed his own way, and has been permitted to buy when he likes and to save when he likes. A large sum of money at command, with generous local patrons of art anxious to fill the gallery and earn themselves a name, does not, we fear, suggest a similar success as immediately probable. But the "Manchester Man" (whose only fault is that he quotes Sir J. C. Robinson too much) points out ways in which a good deal may be done while waiting for good hap at auctions. And we should add ourselves to what he says that still more may be done by cultivating the unfashionable. The great difference between a committee of amateurs and a director who knows what he is about (unless he is also a man with a mania) is that the first are almost certain to go in for fashion and the second is not. And, immense as has been the dead-lift in prices of works of art during the last generation, every student of picture sales knows that fashion has still very much to do with it. To every buyer for a museum of limited, or even of large, resources which comes late into the field the two golden words are "Bide your time" and "Buy what other people are not buying." That is what a local committee can, in most cases, be very hardly induced to do. Meanwhile galleries of really intelligent structure and arrangement can be got ready, series of casts and photographs and photogravures can be arranged, all manner of infinitely useful but exceedingly inexpensive work can be done. The process may nct be exciting, like the giving of big commissions and the drawing of big cheques. The selection of the director (though there are now far more competent men at disposal than there were not long ago) may not be easy. But by taking this course many provincial towns besides Manchester may hope, though perhaps not on so great a scale, soon to have a chance of laying something like a solid foundation on which a more and more useful superstructure can be gradually built. By taking the other plan an excellent way of achieving "follies" is afforded. The gallery "folly" may be briefly described. At the beginning it costs some thousands, and is admiringly described in all sorts of paragraphs and articles; but the latter end thereof sometimes ought to be a curtain tightly drawn, and is too often astonishment, if not hissing.

THE FRENCH DEPUTIES.

THE Chamber of Deputies has been clearing the way for whatever work it may do after the Christmas holidays by preliminary labours of a kind fortunately unknown to the English Parliaments of this generation. It has been deciding on contesting elections, and has been discharging this duty much as the House of Commons did in the times of Sir Robert Walpole. This our readers know to be another way of saying that it has been giving its decisions with a strict regard to politics and no regard whatever to evidence. The rule it follows is quite intelligible, and was, in fact, our own in days before the House of Commons wisely handed a kind of work it habitually did with gross partiality over to the judges. The majority of the Chamber is Republican (for which, merely for purposes of comparison, read Whig), and the rule of its conduct imposes itself at once. When the member whose election is disputed is a Republican (Whig), he is uniformly declared duly returned, even if his majority is only of ten votes. When he is reactionary (read Tory), his election is found to have been vitiated in some way or another, even though he had a majority of a thousand. A pretext, of course, must be found, and accordingly one is forthcoming. It is the intervention of the clergy. Whenever a curé can be shown to have even hinted that he would be glad to hear of the return of the Conservative it is enough. The election is at once declared void, and it is seldom difficult to find that the curés were in favour of the Conservatives. The Chamber has no objection to the intervention of the clergy in elections, provided it is made on the right side. It loudly applauded the Republican clergy in Corsica, who exerted themselves to promote the return of M. Arène. It then proceeded to unseat a Corsican reactionary returned by a neighbouring constituency because some of the clergy of his district, who were not Republicans, did for him what had just been declared to be admirable when done for M. Arène. There is certainly one respect in which the French Chamber of Deputies of to-day copies the English Parliaments of the eighteenth century with striking fidelity, and even betters their instruction.

The decision the Chamber would give on the return of General Boulanger could not be doubtful. It was undeniable that the votes given for him were thrown away. He was at the time of the election, and is now, under sentence by a Court which may have been formed for political purposes, but was unquestionably duly constituted. He had been condemned to imprisonment for life and deprivation of civil rights. Therefore he could not be a candidate, and was thus, in theory, if not in fact, in much the same position as Mr. Jeremiah Donovan, who calls himself O'Donovan Rossa, when he too was elected to the House of Commons. Whether, if he was not elected, his opponent, M. Joffrin, was, seemed not equally clear. But, as M. Joffrin received the necessary proportion of votes, the Chamber took a strictly legal course in declaring him duly returned. The debate to which the vote gave rise did not even profess to deal with it as a legal question. On both sides what was argued was, not the technical legality or illegality of the voting, but the virtues of Boulangism and the sins of the Parliamentary Republic. If it appears excessive to say that there was argument in the case, then let it be put that there was a great deal of assertion and counter-assertion. The scene in the Chamber, which for the rest fell below expectation, could not alter the General's position, or leave him less free to deliver his promised course of lectures on Boulangism in the United States. M. Clémenceau's opposition to the return of M. Joffrin is only one more proof of how little the Radical leaders can sometimes love one another. The spirit which the Chamber has displayed throughout its examination of the returns promises well for Boulangism. It has been made very clear that the Radicals, though diminished in numbers, are still as much as ever masters of the Opportunists. All the promised moderation and fairness towards the Conservatives disappeared as the majority warmed to its work. Every pretence of conciliation was given up, and those Conservatives who had shown themselves willing to co-operate with a Moderate Republican Ministry have been rudely assured that no compromise is possible. The old rabid hatred of the clergy has broken out as strongly as ever. It has been shown that the new Chamber is much what the old was, and may be expected to behave as it did. The discovery causes us no surprise. When the Chambers meet we expect to see the old dreary round of unstable Ministries, angry wrangling, and financial mismanagement begin again, and we shall be greatly surprised if our expectation is not fulfilled.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S SPEECH.

THE students of the Royal Academy are to be complimented on the opportunity offered them of benefiting by the encyclopædic knowledge of their President. It has been made a reproach to such as draw and paint, that though they do not always know how to do these things, they never know anything else. Sir Frederick Leighton is a standing answer to this unmannerly jape; for not only does he know how to paint and draw, but he knows nearly everything else. Spanish history is not a subject frequently studied in this country, and the President of the Royal Academy is not officially bound to know

anything about it at all. Yet Sir Frederick Leighton before coming to Spanish art, which may be said to be his own field, exhausted the philosophy of Spanish history. He sent his students away with clear ideas as to the exact share Celtiberians, Iberians, Carthaginians, Romans, Visigoths, Franks, Arabs, Moors, and several other peoples had in forming the Spaniard. Only want of space can have prevented him from discussing the curious questions connected with the Alan settlement in Galicia, the influence of the Jew, or the precise share of the gipsy in the formation of the Spanish people. He was so accurate that he carefully called Zurbaran an Estremeño. We hope he did not puzzle his attentive hearers, and we admire the accuracy of the reporters, who were not a bit bothered by the President's tildes, or by the "*cs*," "*js*," and "*zs*," which he, no doubt, pronounced with unsparing precision. The President has even read Quevedo, and quotes him as if it was nothing.

On the whole, it is a pity that Sir Frederick Leighton spent so much time over the formation of the Spanish race before he came to Spanish art, and the very sound criticism he had to give his hearers about it. We could have spared much of his—to be frank—rather superficial, and necessarily second-hand, remarks on history, for the sake of a little more about the Gothic cathedrals, Zurbaran and Velazquez. A little more about the influence of Moorish art (with a word or two about the Arab—a very different person) might have been exchanged for his egregious statement touching the Carthaginian strain in the Catalans. We are furiously afraid that this piece of information indicates the existence of very vague notions in the President's mind as to the exact nature of the Carthaginian power in Spain or elsewhere. If he is looking about for the ancient ancestors of the Catalans, we commend the Greek colony of Ampurias to his attention. Where does the Greek come out in the Catalan? When the President gets to art on his way down from the creation of the world, there is no more of this sloppy, though harmonious, talk. We could wish that he had not dismissed Stirling Maxwell quite so airily, nor accused Ford of overrating the Spaniards; but the President's own judgments were right enough. It is very true, as he says in his own eloquent way, that the Spanish genius in art and in literature is strong, and individual, and subtle, but terribly narrow. No critic can overlook the mark it made by mere dint of being so intensely national; but it had small power to originate and little power to teach. What it took from the foreigner it made its own, and it gave very little back. The mould of one kind of prose story, a handful of plots for comedies, some stage effects, make up its contribution to the literature of its neighbours. The two first-rate men Spain produced were Spanish enough no doubt, but they had no predecessors and they left no school. Cervantes and Velazquez have had an immense influence, out of their own country, but it must be attributed to them, and not to their race, which never produced a second to either of them, and has not continued their work. That part of the President's speech which was devoted to Velazquez was all too short. In these days when his name is taken so frequently, if not in vain, at least very much at random, we should like to hear what a painter who has thought about his art has got to say when he is speaking all his mind on the subject of that famous piece of advice to the student to paint like Velazquez. Nobody seems to advise the young man to *see* like Velazquez; but, if he cannot do that, of what avail will it be to him to imitate brushwork? As yet the advice seems to have borne fruit in the shape of acres of canvas covered with nothing most dexterously painted. They paint the air, those students, and fill one's belly with the east wind. We grieve to have to add that the President wandered away from art at the end and turned aside to platitude. He found fault with Velazquez as a man, because he thought too much of royal favour and allowed his duties as Aposentador Mayor to get in the way of his painting. Saving the reverence of the President, this is no better than nonsense. Velazquez, as a man, was a Spaniard and courtier of the seventeenth century, and lived as others did. What he took from his art for society and his Court duties was only his time after all. At the worst it was better than taking his heart out of it by painting waggon-loads of hasty portraits and ship-loads of potboilers, which is the equivalent error of the modern painter. Of the two, we prefer the mistake of Velazquez.

HEARINGS *IN CAMERÂ*.

THE joint opinion of the Attorney-General, Mr. Digby, and Mr. Dodd on the case submitted to them by Mr. Gould, with reference to the judicial right of holding—or claim to hold—legal proceedings *in camerâ* is directly opposed to the recent ruling of Mr. Justice Denman in the case of Malan *v.* Young. Sir Richard Webster and his two colleagues state that they know of no precedent for the exclusion of the members of the Bar or the general public from the hearing in court of such an action as the one in question, and that they are of opinion that, as the law now stands, the learned judge was not legally justified in excluding the general public or Mr. Gould. At the same time they draw a distinction, as they might be expected to do, between an arbitrary or quasi-arbitrary clearance of the court at the discretion of the presiding judge, and "the exclusion of a particular portion of the "public, such as women and children, from trials in which "evidence of an indecent character is to be given." This practice rests, they observe, upon "long usage and upon "principle" which in no way affects, in their opinion, the present case, and they entertain, therefore, no doubt of its legality or of the power of a judge to decide for himself as to its application.

This, however, is an incidental point. No one has questioned, or is likely to question, the judicial authority to clear a court in the circumstances last mentioned. It is the judge's general and arbitrary authority to do so—an authority claimed in such startling breadth of language by Mr. Justice Denman—that the authors of this opinion deny; and we must confess that, on the reason of the thing alone, their view commends itself much more strongly to the lay intelligence than does the dictum of the judge. But the argument from legislation is surely as much against Mr. Justice Denman's ruling as the argument from general principles. It is strange that, if such a power as the learned judge has claimed were supposed to be inherent in the judicial office, the Legislature—a Legislature containing quite the customary contingent of experienced lawyers—should have gone out of its way at the time of the passing of the Divorce Act to discuss the very question whether an absolute discretion to hear cases *in camerâ* should be conferred on the judge to be appointed under the statute. Parliament declined to grant the power, much, if we recollect rightly, to the dissatisfaction of the first Judge-Ordinary, Mr. Justice Cresswell, who, by way of protest, was said to have been chary of employing even the qualified power of exclusion, "resting upon long usage and upon principle," to which the signatories of this opinion refer.

For the present, however, there seems no possibility of obtaining an authoritative declaration of the law on this subject. The Attorney-General and his two learned brethren hold that the order of Mr. Justice Denman under which Mr. Gould was excluded from the court cannot be questioned by action in the courts or any similar legal proceeding. A judge of the High Court cannot, in their judgment, be sued for words spoken or acts done by him in the discharge of his judicial functions, and the officials who carry out his orders, given in the apparent exercise of these functions, have, in the opinion of counsel, a similar indemnity. No force was imposed upon Mr. Gould, and he is consequently unable by legal proceedings questioning the punishment inflicted to question indirectly the order of which he complains. On the other hand, we hardly like to suggest that he or some other person holding his views, should, by resistance to a judge's order, compel him to inflict the penalty of a fine, though this, no doubt, would be the most convenient, if also the least decorous, mode of raising the question. There is perhaps, however, some reason to hope that, after what has happened in this case, the course taken by Mr. Justice Denman will not be followed by other judges in a similar state of the circumstances. Sufficient doubt will, perhaps, be considered to attach to the power claimed by the Bench, on the hearing of "Malan *v.* Young," to disincline a judge in future to assert it; and, in any case, we may expect that a fuller consideration of the question will convince the judicial mind of the inexpediency on public grounds of ordering cases to be heard *in camerâ*, for no better reason than that the parties are interested in withholding certain facts from the cognizance of the public. In the case of "Malan *v.* Young" the motive was no doubt a respectable one; but we have no security that it will be equally so in other cases. It is surely clear that, if it became habitual with judges to

authorize hearings *in camerâ* on private grounds, the practice would open the door to the worst abuses. There are, indeed, an indefinite number of cases for which at least one of the litigants would be glad to obtain a private hearing; and if, whenever he finds the other suitor accommodating or indifferent, a judge is to be at liberty to indulge his preference, there would be an end of all the safeguards which the present state of publicity is supposed to, and in a considerable proportion of instances undoubtedly does, provide.

LEAP BEFORE YOU LOOK.

THE consequences of jumping before you come to the stile have seldom been more neatly illustrated than by the case of BURNAND *v.* The National Press Agency (Limited) and the *Society Herald* (Limited). Whether the plaintiff's thought of bringing the action was altogether a happy one is a question which he can answer for himself when he has got his damages, or failed to get them. But Mr. BURNAND may conceivably have thought it worth while to stand a moderate shot for the sake of displaying to the world the pleasing vision of *Criticism as She is Wrote* in some quarters no longer nameless. One short week ago the world was in blissful ignorance of the *Society Herald*, its tricks and its manners. Even now there is some mystery about its origin and character. Why, for instance, is it "limited"? And what is limited? The circulation? The intelligence of the contributors? The expectations of the readers? Not, apparently, the courage to grapple with the unknown, or even the unknowable. It is whispered that, in the theatrical as in the political world, there are such feelings as hatred and jealousy. No doubt they are very rare. To read a book, or to see a play without any prejudice for or against the author or his work is scarcely human. But a wise man will allow his preconceived opinion to be modified, or even reversed, by experience, and a prudent man will not publish what he thinks until he has something to go upon. You may be perfectly certain, as the Virginian was in *Democracy*, that "that ass "from Missouri" will make a bad speech. But you had better let him make it before you tell the world what you think of it, and of him, in the columns of a public journal. Sometimes prophecy may seem safe. It is, in reality, always dangerous. A critic may feel as certain that his pet aversion among the Royal Academicians will have eight bad pictures on the line as that he himself will be dunned for his bills at Christmas. But such sentiments come from below, and should be counteracted by that most difficult kind of scepticism, a refusal to believe the worst. It may be as much a matter of calculation that Mr. A. B. or Mrs. C. D. will write and publish a bad novel in the course of the next twelve months, if they live so long, as that Mr. GOSCHEN'S minions will want to collect the Income-tax too soon. But we have heard of the patience of JOB. That long-suffering man said, somewhat viciously, "Oh that mine "adversary had written a book!" or at least the translators of the Authorized Version make him say so. JOB did not say, "Mine enemy has not yet written a book; but I will "take my pen, and sit down quickly, and write a slashing "review of the book which he may be expected to write." If he had, he would probably have rendered himself liable to the Courts of Uz; and, as he had no stock left to be seized, he might have gone to gaol.

The conductors of the *Society Herald* had no excuse for supposing that Mr. BURNAND would write a bad play, but they would not give Mr. BURNAND a chance. They rushed into print with a scathing article which appeared on the 5th of February last. "Mr. BURNAND," they said, or their theatrical young man said for them, "Mr. BURNAND has written the libretto; but I cannot "say that it is very much more cheerful than his dismal "attempts at wit to be seen weekly in *Punch*." Most people have a parrot at home who could do it better than that. "In fact," this conscientious writer continued, "to read the libretto by itself is a thankless and most un-"pleasant task." It was so thankless, and so unpleasant, that the critic dispensed himself from the burden of achieving it, and only imagined how unpleasant it would be. For, while the notice of Mr. BURNAND'S cantata came out, as we have said, on the 5th of February, the cantata itself only came out on the 7th. This awkward jumble of dates requires to be explained, though the explanation is simplicity itself. The piece was announced for the fourth, but had to be postponed at the last moment for three days. Those three sweet days confused the fatherhood of the critical essay, and proved that it could not have been begotten by an earnest desire to speak the truth according to knowledge. Before you can conscientiously say that "ARTHUR CECIL tried very hard "to be amusing as PICKWICK, but he did not "by any means look the part," you must have at least witnessed the attempt. But at the time when these words were penned, Mr. ARTHUR CECIL had not tried to be amusing as PICKWICK, "very hard" or otherwise. Nor was Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON "the best in the cast," or, at least, nobody had the right to say so. "It was possible," in the opinion of the *Society Herald*, "to laugh at some of "his antics as well as at some of the dialogue which was put "into his mouth; but this latter [? Mr. BARRINGTON'S "mouth] was such a contrast to the rest of the book that "I doubt very much whether Mr. BURNAND wrote it at all." As there had been no performance, there could have been no gag, for gag without a performance would be like the grin without the cat. It was suggested, on behalf of the *Society Herald*, that this information might have been picked up at rehearsals. But it was not suggested that the critic was present at a rehearsal, or that he had any means of finding out what went on there, and he was not called. Moreover, Mr. BARRINGTON swore that there was no dialogue in his part, and that he did not make up any gag before the third performance. Thus the *Society Herald* first invented an imaginary state of things and then proceeded to comment upon its own creation in disparagement of Mr. BURNAND.

A clearer case of libel, as against the *Society Herald*, was never proved. There could be no question of fair comment, for there was nothing to comment on. But perhaps the most scientifically perfect part of the proceedings was the evidence of malice. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to prove that an ordinary criticism is malicious. However spiteful, however perverse, however unfair it may seem, it may nevertheless represent the actual views of the critic. But if a writer spins his reflections out of his own head, if he professes to be dealing with what is not before him and what he has not seen, then a personal attack must be malicious. The only legitimate source of an unfavourable judgment is wanting, and therefore the source must be illegitimate. It is true, and it ought to be mentioned, that the defendants subsequently apologized for having been "caught tripping." They were good enough to add that that was "no uncommon failing among journals." Now, when people admit themselves to have been wrong, the admission is a valuable one. But when they go on to assert that other people are no better than themselves, the assertion is of less interest and importance. In fact, such remarks are apt to be treated as surplusage, as common form, as the kind of thing which must be said for the sake of decency. We should be sorry to think that the *Society Herald* had many competitors in the business of criticizing plays before they are acted. It is not possible, in this hasty and feverish age, for the dramatic critic of a morning paper to go quietly home and sleep over his impressions, and rise betimes, refreshed by slumber, to put his carefully matured thoughts on paper. He must dash off what he has to say at once, lest the other instructors of mankind should be beforehand with him. Such are the baneful effects of intellectual, or quasi-intellectual, competition. Sound criticism can only be infallibly supplied at intervals of one week. But "the little more, and how much it is, and the little "less, and what worlds away." Between before and after the difference is one, as the logicians say, not of degree, but of kind. It is an interesting question what would have happened if the incriminated article, having been duly composed and set up, had been kept back till after the cantata was sung. In reality, the judgment on Mr. BURNAND'S work would have been no fairer, and the animus would have been just as strong. But the difficulty of proof would have been immeasurably enhanced, especially as Mr. BURNAND, to quote from the apology, "was and is a com-"plete and entire stranger to the conductors of" the *Society Herald*. It is quite possible, however, to dislike a stranger, especially a successful stranger.

If Mr. BURNAND, or "the gentleman," as the *Society Herald* quaintly calls him, had accepted the apology offered him, he might have encouraged the idea that such practices as that he complained of involved no pecuniary risk. In the haze which seems to hide the law of libel from the eyes of many journalists there is faintly discernible a lurk-

ing suspicion that an apology will always hold a man harmless. The error cannot be too soon or too forcibly corrected. It is for the party aggrieved to say whether he accepts an apology, and for the jury to say what effect should be given to it in estimating damages. An apology is sometimes a necessary part of a defence. It is even a defence in itself. The National Press Agency which has been mulcted in the sum of fifty pounds, has more to say for itself than the *Society Herald*. The *Society Herald* admitted having libelled the plaintiff, and paid ten pounds into Court. The amount was very properly held to be ludicrously inadequate; and the *Society Herald* may well be thankful that the jury did not give Mr. Burnand swingeing damages. The National Press Agency did nothing except print the article, and fifty pounds is a heavy fine for that offence. There can be no doubt that, having undertaken to print the *Society Herald*, the Agency is legally responsible for any libels that may appear there. Its responsibility may be less technically justified on the ground that payment is received, and that therefore the Agency profited to some extent by the defamatory attack upon Mr. Burnand. At the same time, there is a very broad and a very obvious distinction between this case and others which will readily occur. Where, for instance, an article is blasphemous, or improper, or plainly libellous on the face of it, the Agency should decline to have anything to do with it. But here the whole sting of the libel lay in the fact that the cantata had not been produced, and it is rather hard to expect that mere printers would make an inquiry into such a point. Baron Huddleston examined one of the Press Agency's servants rather sharply on the abstract question what a libel is, and this somewhat barren inquiry has been extra-judicially pursued. The stale old maxim, "the greater the "truth the greater the libel," has been trotted out once more. No doubt, a libel, if we are to speak by the card, need not necessarily be false. It is equally true that, etymologically, libel means "a little book." One piece of information is about as useful as the other. "Qui hæret "in litera, hæret in cortice." In a civil action such as Baron Huddleston was trying the usual and sufficient question, in the absence of privilege, is whether the alleged libel be true or false. It could not be pretended that an account of what had not happened was a true account.

HOLY TAFFY'S PRAYER.

NEVER in the world's history have so many and such awakening sermons been delivered in so short a time on the dangers of bad company as the Gladstonian party have been mutely preaching ever since the summer of 1886. The day when Mr. Gladstone first led them into evil courses was, for them, the beginning of a period of steadily progressive humiliation and demoralization, such as is hardly to be matched in any of the records of real life, and must be sought in the imaginative pages of the religious tract. The spectacle of these unfortunate persons dragged at their leader's tail from level to level on the downward path, the sight of the successive severance of link after link of their connexion with political respectability, has been quite painful—so painful, indeed, that we are tempted to wish that, if the sufferings of the victims cannot be shortened, their moral sensibilities might at least be extinguished. Why should Fate thus play, as it were, with their mangled characters as a cat plays with a mouse? Why, if the process of humiliation and demoralization must go on, should not the latter of the two be accelerated? Instead of being continually put to fresh shame by their new allies, and having to pass through a stage of acute discomfort until they become hardened, why not annihilate the pangs of humiliation for ever by demoralizing the patients absolutely at once? It is impossible to help wishing that some overdose of their leader's rhetorical anæsthetics—the Gladstone Pain-Killer, Warranted to give Instant Relief to the most Agonized Conscience—might be accidentally administered to his followers, so that, if they must go on disgracing themselves, they may spare the spectators the uneasiness of observing that it gives them pain.

These, however, are vain aspirations; and, though they happen to have been revived in our minds by a paragraph in a Welsh Gladstonian newspaper, we do not at all mean to say that they are so strongly suggested by many other earlier incidents. We would not for a moment suggest that Mr. Gee, of the *Baner*, is as disreputable a political friend as Mr. O'Brien, of *United Ireland*, or for a moment deny that the agitation for Disestablishment in Wales is respectability itself, even in spite of its association with the anti-tithe war, as compared with the movement which is supported by the Plan of Campaign. Still, we know that when the nerves are in a high state of tension, a comparatively minute irritant may produce a disproportionately potent effect upon them, and the English Liberals who have been so long on the "operating table" of Parnellism may be in the condition of that hospital patient who bore in silence the amputation of his leg, but shrieked when one of the dressers accidentally pricked him with a pin in adjusting the bandages. Mr. Gee's paragraph in the *Baner* may be the bandage-pin of the Gladstonians, and though they have submitted stoically to the disgrace of association with fraud, violence, and anarchy in Ireland, it may be that there are some among them who still retain enough of the feeling of reverence and the sense of the ridiculous to suffer acutely from the shame of an alliance with an eminent local leader, Mr. Gladstone's right-hand man of the Disestablishment campaign in Wales, who suggests in his newspaper the "desirability of praying "the Lord for the immediate disestablishment and disen-"dowment of the Established Church." One does not really know whether the comical element in this announcement prevails or not over the repulsive—so intimately united, so exquisitely blended are the two. If the smug Pharisaic self-assertion of the appeal disgusts for a moment, the ridiculous vanity of provincialism which inspires it promptly gains the upper hand. If it at first recalls the unlovely images of Stiggins and Chadband, they are almost immediately afterwards displaced by the more sympathetically humorous figures of The Three Tailors of Tooley Street. But, though *we* can laugh at Mr. Gee and Mr. Gee's readers adding a special petition for Disestablishment to the supplication of the "universal week of "prayer," we find it difficult to understand how any member of the Gladstonian party who would still like to think of himself as a man of education, of self-respect, of culture, and of that sort of feeling about sacred things which is revolted by the vulgar irreverences of the tub-thumper —whether in the tub or the newspaper—we cannot, we say, understand how any Gladstonian who would like to think thus of himself can contemplate his permanent association (and it is permanent association that he is in for) with Mr. Gee and the *Baner* without undergoing an agony of shame and self-contempt.

PRECIOUS STONES.

JONATHAN SWIFT was one of the greatest, and (despite what some rather weak-minded people have said of his misanthropy and the like) one of the wisest of men. But he did not specially show either his greatness or his wisdom in making obvious fun of the Yahoos for their delight in coloured stones. If beauty (and on no theory of beauty is this lacking in your gem), rarity (which is always presumed, if not certain), and withal a curious adaptableness to the display both of the ingenuity of the artist in arrangement and the decoration of the owner in wearing, be not *veræ causæ* of preciousness, there is no possibility of a theory of æsthetics. But, though all sensible people love precious stones well, and a few sensible people love them wisely, fewer even than this last number know much about them, or are even acquainted with their vast number and variety. This is partly due, in England at least, first, to the singular ignorance and want of enterprise until very recent years of the average jeweller; and, secondly, to the want of good books on the subject. These latter have been usually either strictly mineralogical treatises, hardly occupied with anything but the scientific aspect of the subject; or else "book-made" collections of anecdote, mostly stale; or, lastly, collections, equally book-made, by jewellers and other non-literary persons, concerned chiefly with the trade side of the matter, and frequently cumbrous in form. On the other hand, until quite recently likewise, the ordinary goldsmith-jeweller of English commerce was, even more than most English tradesmen, a mere seller of things over the counter, with hardly any scientific or artistic knowledge of them. He knew the more ordinary stones by name, and perhaps sufficiently by sight or some rough tests, not to be grossly taken in himself or to take in his customers unwarily. He could give you diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, garnets, pearls, opals, turquoises, amethysts, topazes, the ordinary stones used for seals, and perhaps an aquamarine and a cat's-eye now and then. But he would have stared if asked for a tourmaline, gasped at the name of zircon, been hard put to it to tell the difference between a spinel and a ruby, and said "Pish!" and "No," and "Not to be expected," if called upon for a chrysoberyl or a peridot. Even moonstones, common enough, and certainly lovely enough, as

they are, are quite newcomers in the windows of English shops; and the almondine, the handsomest of all garnets, and classical in the Laureate's verse, actually did not appear—we do not know whether it does now—in the first edition of the great English Dictionary of Dr. Murray and the Clarendon Press.

Now that there is more intelligent interest in the subject, that shops where either specimens or jewellers' examples of rare stones can be bought are not uncommon, and that even the ordinary jewellers have so greatly enlarged their repertories, it has doubtless dawned on a good number of persons that every green stone that is genuine is not necessarily an emerald, and that a smoky-yellow one may be something more precious than a cairngorm. Not only such persons, however, but better informed ones, will find an exceedingly useful, unpretentious, and concise guide to the subject in a little book just issued by an American expert (*Precious Stones.* By M. D. Rothschild. London and New York: Putnam's Sons). There are a few misspellings and minor errors about it, and there may be some omissions—for instance, we find no mention of the pretty, if not very valuable, moroxite (illiterate jewellers sometimes spell it morosite), the peculiar green of which—the tint of winter spinach, the outer leaves of savoy cabbage, or some kinds of sea-weed—fills a gap in the chromatic scale of precious-stone colour. It is possible that it may be found by another name here; but such omissions are of no great importance, and it is fair to say that we have also missed moroxite in more pretentious works than Mr. Rothschild's. He begins with some general remarks on the qualities of precious stones, on the fashions of cutting them, on the ways of testing and distinguishing them, and so forth; but soon goes off into a brief catalogue, with notice of the appearance, capabilities, and *provenance* of most of the stones mentioned from diamonds to quartz. It may be most amusing, and not least profitable, to make a few desultory remarks which suggest themselves on this list.

It is probable that, though the phrase "spinel-ruby" is of old date, fewer ordinary buyers of jewels are aware of the difference between the corundum and spinel classes, not only of ruby, but of other gems, than in the case of any other differences of the kind. The actual difference is very considerable; for, while true corundum, of whatever colour, is almost pure alumina, spinel contains magnesia to the extent of nearly a quarter of its substance, and is much less hard than corundum. Yet it is probable that by far the larger number of stones sold as rubies are red spinels, and that not a few so-called sapphires are sapphirines or blue spinels. As for the emerald, it would be decidedly amusing to submit a scratch lot of jewellers' emeralds to mineralogical tests. Scarcely one would probably be found to be a green corundum, and not many, we suspect, to be the "true" emerald (which, differing therein both from spinel and corundum, is chiefly silica), and the rest green spinels, green tourmalines, green zircons, and Heaven knows what else. But when one passes from actual chemical composition and mineralogical quality to the question of beauty, it must always be very much a matter of individual taste what to prefer. Generally, no doubt, beauty does follow rarity, hardness (though not in the case of true emeralds), and purity of composition; but this is not always so. We have, for instance, known persons not generally considered ill-tasted who held the "balas ruby," or rose-coloured spinel, to be a much more beautiful gem than what is known as the true or pigeon's-blood ruby, and who certainly prefer the blaze of the green sapphire to the softer grass-green of the true emerald. Perhaps there is no greater unanimity than in respect to the ordinary or blue sapphire itself; nor, comparatively abundant as sapphires are, is there any stone in which the true colour is more clearly marked off from the watery shades of the lighter and the inky ones of the darker kind. The context of Dante's immortal line—

Dolce color d' oriental zaffiro—

gives one of the only two things which are like it—the hue of the sky at very early dawn; the other is to be found in certain human eyes. No flower has any such tint.

Two classes of very beautiful stones which have recently much increased in public favour are the cat's-eyes and asterias or star corundums. It is a great pity that the popularity of the former, which justly attaches only to the Ceylon cat's-eyes, or chrysoberyls, and to the much rarer corundum cat's-eyes ("sapphire cat's-eyes," &c.), should have flooded the market with cat's-eye quartz, or Hungarian cat's-eye, which is pretty enough at its best, but far inferior to the harder true kinds. Of the "star" stones, the star topaz is, we think, the rarest, and the star ruby, when it is good, the most beautiful; though few things can be much prettier than a star sapphire. The "star" is, of course, due to impurity or foreign bodies; but the substance of the stone is true corundum of the same composition and hardness as the transparent sapphires of different colours. In all stones which possess this quality of floating light there is a singular charm, whether they be the "star" stones, or cat's-eyes, or the lovely cymophanea "spot-chrysoberyl." Of alexandrite, the green chrysoberyl, which changes to red with artificial light, Mr. Rothschild seems to have a very high opinion; but we do not know that we have ourselves seen any very attractive examples of it. While we are dwelling on this division of stones, it may be worth remarking that the cabochon, or round-headed form of cutting, if it gives less artificial fire, seems to produce better colours than facet-cutting. Everybody, for instance, knows, or ought to know, that carbuncle is merely a garnet cut *en cabochon*, and a garnet merely a carbuncle cut in facets; yet how much does the carbuncle excel the garnet in beauty?

Very beautiful, again, are the zircons or jacinths:—the latter name having long been familiar to literature, though the former is almost or wholly unknown to it, while "jargon" or "jargoon" (another synonym applied to the white zircons, which not unfrequently do duty for diamonds) is no doubt well known to letters in no very different sense, but hardly as a stone. The green zircon is particularly beautiful. Some people may be ignorant of the ingenious process which Mr. Rothschild describes of manufacturing odontolites, or sham turquoises, out of fossil teeth, and others may disagree with him when he laments that the opal was for many years "under the ban of superstition." As to its beauty (though no gems vary more) there can be no question at all; nothing looks so well in artificial light, and nothing accommodates itself so well to combination with other stones and to fantastic setting; but it is a superstition to talk of superstition. There are some pretty strong-minded people who are suspicious of opals, though they may not extend their suspicions to another object of the "ban," black pearls. To pass on, Mr. Rothschild is doubtless right (unless, as is sometimes done, all the corundums are called by the general name of sapphires) in saying that "no mineral has such a suite of colours as" tourmaline. We have seen extremely interesting sets of rings, with tourmalines of different colours arranged in a similar setting, and some of the shades—especially the smoky browns and brownish reds—are extremely curious and beautiful. Tourmaline trenches on that species—one very popular with the poets, but one to which it may be shrewdly suspected most of those who have used the word have attached no very definite meaning—the "entire and perfect chrysolite." For your chrysolite may be either a yellow tourmaline, or a chrysoberyl, or a true chrysolite—which is much softer than either, and which, as Mr. Rothschild, whom we are here unable to "control," mysteriously remarks, "are brought from Constantinople, but the precise locality where they are found is unknown." Probably it is Sinbad's Valley.

Mr. Rothschild does not often insert things of this kind, but his survey of precious stones is full of legitimate interest.

INFLUENZA.

THE mind of the public is at present somewhat exercised by the fear that ere long we may have this disease in our midst. This apprehension is not altogether without justification. The disease is now widely prevalent in Russia, Germany, and even France, and on many previous occasions when this has been the case our shores have been reached. The time of year would be unfortunate for its advent, especially in view of the weather we have lately experienced. The poison (of whatever nature it may be) which causes the disease selects principally the respiratory tract of mucous membrane for the expenditure of its virulence, and adverse climatic conditions would tend to increase its baleful effect in this direction. The word influenza is simply the Italian for our English substantive influence, a sufficiently vague title for a morbid condition. From the rapidity of its onset, and the large number of individuals almost simultaneously attacked, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it results from a poison floating in the air; and, when we add that its infectious nature is fairly well established, we have *primâ facie* evidence of the presence of our microscopic enemy the bacterium. Until, however, our biological friends can give us more certain information on this point, the exact nature of the *materies morbi* must be looked upon as doubtful. There is probably no disease to which so few persons are insusceptible; indeed, one half, or even two-thirds, of a community are not unlikely to be affected during the course of a severe visitation of this kind. Hence, although it is far from being a fatal disease—we believe that not more than two per cent. of the cases terminate in death—yet the actual number of those succumbing to it is apt to be very large. Unlike other severe diseases of the zymotic type, it may be said, with an approximation to truth, to kill *only* the very young and those enfeebled by age or previous disease, particularly if this latter be one affecting the lungs.

Influenza is popularly supposed to be in some way connected with cholera, and to be frequently a forerunner of it, and this opinion was said, though it seems with incomplete correctness, to have the support of Professor Zchekaner, who has had much experience of both diseases in Russia. It is difficult to understand how any such connexion can exist, unless it be assumed that there are certain atmospheric conditions which are favourable to the development of both. Even this is quite hypothetical, as influenza may appear at any period of the year or in any weather. Whatever may be the truth in this matter as regards Russia, we see no reason to fear that, should the epidemic reach England, it would be followed here by one of cholera. The symptoms of influenza are clearly defined, and have been recognized for some hundreds of years. Two marked characteristics of it may here be noted: 1, that the amount of prostration in those suffering from it is much greater than the local troubles seem to warrant; 2, the suddenness with which those who become the subjects of it are struck down—this is so notable a feature of the disease that in France it is

called "la grippe," and in Germany "blitz-catarrh." The last serious epidemic occurred in this country in 1847. The period over which it is prevalent is happily pretty sharply limited to about six weeks. Animals as well as human beings are liable to suffer from it, and hence, perhaps, the popular saying has arisen that, "if the cat has a cold, it will go through the house." Should influenza make its appearance among us, the best advice we can give those of our readers who may be attacked by it is to go to bed and send for the doctor.

THE GONDOLIERS.

RUDDIGORE certainly suggested that Mr. Gilbert had exhausted the resources of what it has become the fashion to call topsyturveydom so far as his powers of invention were concerned. *The Yeomen of the Guard* was a new departure, and it was supposed that it had been made for the reason that Mr. Gilbert had come to the end of his tether in the other direction; but either the supposition did injustice to his faculties of imagination, or else rest has restored him, for in *The Gondoliers* he is almost, if not quite, at his best, and the realm again is that of topsyturvey. The idea—an excellent one for the purpose—would have made a capital Bab Ballad. We do not know whether any one will have *Pinafore* recalled to his mind, for in that legend two children were changed at nurse, and here are two children whose nurse's ambition causes a mystery; but there is practically no real resemblance between the two stories, for neither Marco nor Giuseppe Palmieri is, in truth, the missing King of Barataria, though for a time it is believed that one of them is the rightful heir. Plots are often good in proportion to their simplicity, a circumstance on which we have previously dilated. If a story cannot be described in some half a dozen lines, it has intricacies which are likely to perplex on the stage in representation as they perplex in narrative. The story of *The Gondoliers* may be very briefly summarized. One of the two, Marco or Giuseppe Palmieri, is believed to be heir to Barataria; they have both married; but if either is king, he was married in infancy to some one else; so that there are two husbands and three wives, and mystery attaches to the problem who is at once king and bigamist. A very neat end is however provided, for it appears that the King of Barataria is quite another person, and that he has long been devotedly attached to the girl to whom he was wedded at the age of six months. This is the main story, the clever satire of a Monarchy tempered with Republican Equality being incidental. The verse which describes this form of government would be well worth quoting, but that Mr. Gilbert, who is so rarely slipshod, does not seem able to find a rhyme for "equality," and repeats the word. The fault of the dialogue, regarded from the popular point of view, is its supersubtlety: what seems simplicity to the keen, logical brain of the humorist, is over the heads of the average listener, or at least is not to be grasped without thought. This fault is not common in the new book, but it occurs. Thus, for example, Casilda, daughter of the Duke of Plaza-Toro, an impecunious hidalgo who is being made into a limited company, loves her father's "suite," his drummer Luiz, the sole attendant on the impoverished Duke. Casilda learns that she was married in infancy to the Prince of Barataria, and, as he lives, Luiz and she must part. "Henceforth," she says, "my life is another's." The dialogue continues:—

LUIZ. But stay—the present and the future—*they* are another's; but the past—that at least is ours, and none can take it from us. As we may revel in naught else, let us revel in that!

CAS. I don't think I grasp your meaning.

LUIZ. Yet it is logical enough. You say you cease to love me?

CAS. (*demurely*) I say I *may* not love you.

LUIZ. But you do not say you *did* not love me?

CAS. I loved you with a frenzy that words are powerless to express—and that but ten brief minutes since.

LUIZ. Exactly. My own—that is, until ten minutes since, my own—my lately loved, my recently adored—tell me that until, say a quarter of an hour ago, I was all in all to thee! (*Embracing her.*)

CAS. I see your idea. It's ingenious, but don't do that. (*Releasing herself.*)

LUIZ. There can be no harm in revelling in the past.

CAS. None whatever, but an embrace cannot be taken to act retrospectively.

LUIZ. Perhaps not!

CAS. We may recollect an embrace—I recollect many—but we must not repeat them.

LUIZ. Then let us recollect a few! (*A moment's pause, as they recollect, then both heave a deep sigh.*)

LUIZ. Ah, Casilda, you were to me as the sun is to the earth!

CAS. A quarter of an hour ago?

LUIZ. About that.

CAS. And to think that, but for this miserable discovery, you would have been my own for life!

LUIZ. Through life to death—a quarter of an hour ago!

CAS. How greedily my thirsty ears would have drunk the golden melody of those sweet words a quarter—well it's now about twenty minutes since. (*Looking at her watch.*)

LUIZ. About that. In such a matter one cannot be too precise.

It is very funny, and, when read, is simple enough; but a considerable proportion of a general audience does not at once comprehend such dialogue, and so a whimsicality characteristic of Mr. Gilbert's peculiar humour does not receive its deserts. He is not incapable of falling into the other extreme; for the Duke's confessions of cowardice are too plain and simple-minded; but there is much real humour in the writing, and, as a rule, a very careful avoidance of what is trivial and unworthy—we do not remember that a pun vulgarizes any part of the book. The verse, too, is frequently poetical, and it is charming to note the manner in which Sir Arthur Sullivan enters into the spirit of the lines. The Gondoliers' duet, "We're called Gondolieri," is light and gay, until a reference is made in the course of it to vespers and vigils and serenades, and then a shade of sentiment is cunningly suggested in the score by other means than a simple *piano*. The book is worth reading; though, with one or two exceptions, such as that quoted, the dialogue must be heard in the manner intended by the author—spoken on the stage—in order to be fully appreciated. Mr. Gilbert, as a rule, possesses the gift which is so valuable to a dramatist, of perceiving the effect that his words will make—it is only when the supersubtlety of which we have spoken in some of his other books comes to the surface that he loses for a moment his grip of the audience. The good ideas are discreetly handled and not overdone. The fantastic notion of turning the Duke of Plaza-Toro into a limited company is a case in point. A few sentences spring from the announcement. The daughter trusts that she may never be called upon at any time to witness her honoured sire in process of liquidation; and her mother admits that, "if your father stops, it will of course be necessary to wind him up." Otherwise little is heard of the Duke in his novel capacity until the excellent satire of the song in which Duke and Duchess describe the nature of the functions they fulfil, the Duke explaining how he secures honours to satisfy cheap ambition, advertises "ready made" tailors at whose manufacture she admits that Robinson Crusoe would jib; while part of the Duchess's confession runs:

I write letters blatant
On medicines patent
  And use any other you mustn't.
And vow my complexion
Derives its perfection
  From somebody's soap—which it doesn't.

"It certainly doesn't!" the Duke quaintly echoes. The ladies who at once advertise themselves and soap are so familiar, and the business is so obvious and absurd, that it is a wonder satirists have had nothing effective to say hitherto.

Sir Arthur's music is unfailingly melodious, and the freshness of it, considering that this is his tenth opera, is quite extraordinary. Only very rarely indeed do we catch a faint echo of his own work in previous scores (at times we do so, it is true, but we will not quote and perhaps strain examples); still more rarely is there a suggestion of the work of any other musician, except when he purposely imitates—always with taste and gracefulness—the manner of a school. One of the most remarkable and delightful features in the score is its variety. Sir Arthur has a marvellous aptitude for fitting his music to the occasion, and can be gay or tender with equal ease and appropriateness, while he has always struck us as the one composer of the day, at any rate the one English composer, who can extract genuine humour from an orchestra. The long opening number is full of melody, and the Duke's entry with drum *obbligato* is not to be heard with a grave face. The song of the Duke, *allegro marziale*, is without special value; but the ballad for Luiz is a little gem. In several respects the Savoy operas are far superior to any contemporary work of the sort, and this ballad furnishes an example. Mr. Gilbert has adopted the style of the seventeenth-century poet—though for some reason he has chosen to date the opera at a later period, 1750—and Sir Arthur has entered into the spirit of the words with wonderful feeling and refinement. Such work is, it may be feared, wasted on many hearers, but it will be cordially appreciated by those who have perception. Tessa's song, "When a merry maiden marries," is again an instance of sympathetic expression. It is bright, with just a touch of sentiment; while Gianetta's air, "Kind sir, you cannot have the heart our lives to part," is equally charming, though in some respects the reverse of Tessa's song in treatment—sentiment slightly predominates, but there is a light undercurrent of humour. So we come to the quartet, "Then one of us will be a Queen," a burst of unmitigated joyousness and fun, and surely the fortunate circumstance that Miss Jessie Bond was to be the representative of Tessa must have been in the writers' heads when the number was set down. Once more we find the happy blending of sentiment and the gentlest humour in the verses, with the beautiful refrain of "O my darling, O my pet," which the brides sing to their departing lords. And we have spoken of the melody and significance of the music without mentioning one of its chief sources of fascination—the instrumental scoring, full of grace, fancy, and suggestiveness. The horns have a deal to do that is always curiously effective; the other brass instruments are very seldom employed; but the wood wind is constantly called into requisition; and the writing for flute, clarinet, oboe, and bassoon will remain a model of what can be accomplished when perfect taste is united to a thorough mastery of orchestral resource. Passing on to the second act, we would direct the special attention of the hearer, if he be a musician, to the accompaniment of the tenor song, "Take a pair of sparkling eyes," a captivating melody in G flat major, six-eight time, the rhythm recalling the circumstance that Marco has been a gondolier, and so acquainted with barcarolles. The chords are exceptionally rich, and at the same time singularly delicate, wood wind being joined with *pizzicato* violins. As for the cachuca, the writing of it must have been an easy task for Sir Arthur; but it makes a great hit, as, happily, does the quartet, "In a contemplative fashion," which doubtless cost the composer a good deal of thought and

ingenuity. A suave melody, which suggests the quiet calm deliberation of which the two young couples speak, is the foundation of the number, and this is repeated *piano* as a trio, while each in turn comes forward and argues out, *forte*, the position of matters as affecting him or her. This leads to an outburst of temper on the part of the girls and remonstrances on that of the men, which suddenly dies away, giving place to a quiet repetition of the original theme. The quartet is in common time, the effect being gained by placing rapid passages of semiquavers above the continuous subject, the dotted crotchets and quavers of which, somehow or other, seem to give an idea of the deliberative frame of mind in which the public is approached. An obvious point is strangely missed in the accompaniment of a very funny song that falls to the Grand Inquisitor, Don Alhambra del Bolero. He quite incidentally mentions toddy, and there is an irresistibly comic burst, as of bagpipes; a hornpipe sounds when the name of Admiral occurs, and there is a third verse, at the end of which we look for a third joke, but none is forthcoming. This is a palpable omission that should surely be supplied. The martial rattle with which Giuseppe's reference to a review is hailed is in the same vein. Perhaps the quintet "I am a courtier grave and serious" is a trifle reminiscent of the gavotte in *The Sorcerer*; but it is a most taking melody.

Mr. Gilbert's book is invested with peculiar point by the "business" which he has so ingeniously devised; for his adroit hand may be continually traced. He and Sir Arthur are fortunate in their exponents. Miss Ulmer has become a capital operatic actress since she has been at the Savoy, and she remains an accomplished vocalist. She is the Gianetta, and a most agreeable young Venetian she makes, while Miss Jessie Bond is the Tessa—that is to say, Tessa is the most vivacious of contadine, full of fun, overflowing with high spirits, a smile on her lips, a sparkle of humour in her eyes. One is forced to follow her movements, for she is always *en scène*, and there is a peculiar spontaneity in all she does. She sings admirably, moreover, as does Mr. Pounds, the Marco, and he, too, has learned to act. Having Mr. Rutland Barrington for a companion is a very great help to him, no doubt, but he does his own share of the work, and does it very successfully. If Mr. Denny did not greatly strike us, we must admit that his natural quaintness is well displayed as the Inquisitor. Mr. Frank Wyatt, the Duke, acts with sprightliness and gravity, as the occasion demands; still Mr. Brownlow does better as vocalist than actor. To a great extent he seems to meet the author's idea of the Duke's "suite," Luiz. Miss Decima Moore made a very promising *début* as Casilda, and Miss Rosina Brandram does useful service as the Duchess. The scenes are notably picturesque and artistic. In every respect, indeed, *The Gondoliers* sustains the reputation of all concerned.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

ALTHOUGH the number of sheep exhibited at the Smithfield Club's Show this week is exceptionally large, there is a falling off in the entries, both of cattle and of pigs, compared with last year and the year before. In cattle more particularly the decrease is large, being compared with last year as much as fifty-three. At first sight this is not a little remarkable, as undoubtedly there is a lightening of the agricultural depression. Farming is, unfortunately, far from prosperous, yet there is improvement, and with improvement one might have expected an increase in the Show. The first reason, no doubt, is that the foreign demand for the best breeds of British cattle has considerably lessened the number of animals fit for exhibition. Another reason generally assigned is that those who send beasts to the Agricultural Hall, not with the hope of getting prizes, but in the expectation that they will sell for better prices than animals not exhibited, were disappointed last year, and therefore did not enter into the competition this year. For the objects to attain which the Show was established this is unfortunate. It tends to confine exhibiting more and more to those rich landowners and farmers who can disregard the state of agriculture at the moment; but, undoubtedly, so far as the present Show is concerned, it is an advantage, as it lessens the number of inferior animals. Taken altogether, the classes of cows and oxen are exceedingly good. There is an evenness of quality not often seen, and in consequence the competition was very keen. The Club has introduced two changes this year, both of which, we venture to think, are to be commended. In the first place, it has given prizes for Kerry cattle and the sub-varieties of the breed. These little animals are very valuable for their milk-giving qualities; and though, owing to their size, they do not carry very much meat, yet what they do carry is excellent. Besides, the breed is specially fitted for mountainous districts, and it is desirable that everything possible should be done to prevent it from dying out. The pretty little animals undoubtedly add to the attractions of this year's Show. The second change introduced by the Club is intended to ensure that the ages entered shall be the true ages. The policy of the Club for a long time past has been to encourage early maturity, and, aided by many other circumstances, it has succeeded. But there have been for years past complaints that the dentition did not accord with the returned ages. Accordingly, this year a rule has been adopted "that all cattle and sheep exhibited at the Smithfield Club's Show shall have the state of their dentition examined by the veterinary inspectors previous to the judges making their awards. If the dentition is inconsistent with the age as given in the form of entry, the stewards shall disqualify such animals, and report to the Council." The operation of this rule has been to disqualify fourteen animals, and naturally to excite much dissatisfaction. Nobody charges bad faith; but it is clear that some means ought to be adopted to ensure that the stated ages shall be correct. At the annual meeting of the Club on Tuesday afternoon Mr. Bruce, of Inverquhomery, and others brought the matter before the members. Mr. Bruce, in particular, complained that an animal which he believed to be the second best in the Show, which was within the proper age, and had been brought all the way from Inverness, could not be exhibited. The Chairman replied that the matter had been referred to a special committee, and should be most carefully considered, with a view to amend the rule in a way satisfactory to the members. This is, of course, right. Nobody pretends that dentition is an infallible test. Indeed, it is not improbable that the influences which force early maturity may force dentition also. But, at the same time, it is clearly expedient that precautions should be taken to ensure that the return of ages shall be correct.

The awards agree more nearly with those of Birmingham than they often do. Particularly, the champion beast and its competitor were precisely the same. As at Birmingham, the Queen has carried off an unusually large number of honours. She sent to the Show altogether thirteen animals in the cattle classes, and all but one of these carry off a prize. She takes the championship of the Show, the Breed Cup for shorthorns, six first prizes, two second prizes, and four thirds. At Birmingham the Queen exhibited eight animals, and with these she won the championship of the Show, the Two Breed Championships for shorthorns and Herefords, four first prizes, three second prizes, two high commendations, and a reserve. This is an extraordinary achievement in a single year, and says much for the management of the Royal farms. As already stated, the champion beast at the Agricultural Hall and the reserve for championship are the same as at Birmingham. And a Devon Breed Cup is likewise awarded to the same animal as at Birmingham, but for cross breeds and for Herefords the Birmingham awards are not endorsed. As our readers are aware, the judging proceeds from the classes and breeds to the determining of the best ox or steer and the best heifer or cow respectively in the Show, and then to the selection of the best animal. Both at Bingley Hall and at Islington the same animals were selected as best ox or steer and as best heifer or cow, and between the two animals selected as such was in both cases the final competition for the championship. The former is a red and white-breasted shorthorn, bred by Mr. Bruce, of Inverquhomery, and exhibited by the Queen. It is a handsome beast, very broad over the back, and evenly fleshed; its age is between three and four years—exactly, 1,311 days—and its weight is 2,402 lbs., showing a daily gain of weight since birth of 1 lb. 13½ ozs. Its competitor was bred and exhibited by Mr. Clement Stephenson, of Sandyford Villa, Northumberland. She is a pure-bred Polled Angus heifer, an extremely beautiful animal, aged two years, eleven months, three weeks, and six days The length of time taken by the judges in giving their award, and the difference of opinion amongst the public, prove how nearly equal in merit those two animals were; and yet they differ greatly in appearance. The ox is a massive beast, weighing over 21 cwts., while the heifer is diminutive, weighing less than 14 cwts. But both are fine and beautiful specimens of their breed. All breeds were well represented, so far as quality goes; but, with the exception of Sussex and Highland cattle, all were much fewer than during the past two years. Shorthorns were not much more than half as numerous as they were twelve months ago; and crossbreeds fell off nearly one-third. The Devons did not show as much decrease as most of the others, and they were fine taken altogether. The Herefords were also very excellent, almost without an exception; and, indeed, the same may be said of all the other breeds, without running in detail through them.

The show of sheep, whether as regards numbers or quality, was one of the best that has ever been held. The South Downs were excellent almost without exception. There were no fewer than forty-seven pens of them, and all of great merit. The pen exhibited by Mr. Edwin Ellis, which carried off the championship prize, it would be difficult indeed to equal. The Hampshire Downs and the Shropshires were also of a high excellence, and, speaking generally, the long-wool sheep likewise were above the average of recent years. Amongst the pigs the Berkshires formed a fine show, the classes being large and even. But we are inclined to think that over-fatness is too much favoured. The breeders of pigs that put up lean meat complain that there is no use in sending animals to the Agricultural Hall, since judges nearly always award the prizes to the over-fed. Consequently, there is year after year a display of excessive fat, and too great an absence of kinds which are commercially most successful. We venture to think that the Club ought rather to discourage than encourage over-feeding, for the public taste at present is certainly not for excessive fat. We would add that, in our opinion, hardly enough attention is given to sheep and pigs by the Club. The sum offered in prizes at the present year's Show amounts to 3,240*l.*, of which 1,850*l.* was given to cattle, 95*l.* to sheep, and 90*l.* to pigs. Granting all that may be urged to prove the commercial superiority of cattle over both sheep and pigs, we submit that the prizes might be somewhat

more equally awarded. After all, the foreign competition with British pig-feeders is much more keen than with the flock-master or the owner of cattle. It is chiefly, indeed, in hog products, to use their own phrase, that Americans compete with us. Yet it is obvious that pig-feeding may be made an exceedingly profitable branch of farming. There is much food which would be utterly wasted on the farm unless it is given to pigs. The pig may, therefore, be fed at little or no cost for a considerable time, and if it were only for that reason it would surely be not impolitic to give all the encouragement which the Smithfield Club can give to breeders and feeders of pigs at home. But of course encouragement will be thrown away except it is guided by an enlightened judgment. What ought to be aimed at is the breeding and feeding of those kinds of animals which are commercially the most profitable. That is to say, those which do not quickly put up excessive fat, but rather those which put up lean flesh, and which arrive at maturity early. Sheep, again, are exposed to keen foreign competition. The wool-grower, indeed, has to meet the competition of the colonial flock-master, wherever he turns, and though the competition in mutton is not so great, it still is considerable, and is likely to increase. If, then, the giving of prizes by such Societies as the Smithfield Club has any effect upon the methods of breeders and farmers, it is surely desirable that the breeders and feeders of both sheep and pigs should receive somewhat more encouragement than they do at present.

RECENT CONCERTS.

M. BENOÎT'S *Lucifer*, which was performed at the Albert Hall last Wednesday week, was thoroughly discussed in these columns last April, on the occasion of its first production in England. Mr. Barnby was well advised in repeating the work so soon, for it is difficult to judge definitively from a single performance of the merits of a composition by an artist of so much ambition and claim to originality as the Flemish master. That the favourable impression created by the first performance was wholly confirmed cannot be asserted. *Lucifer* contains much that is charming, and occasionally even impressive; but the defects of the work, on the whole, are more than its merits, and it can only be regarded as showing a promise of better things. Whether this promise has been fulfilled there is no means at present of judging. The best parts of the work are undoubtedly the opening chorus—which is full of fine and dignified writing—and the solos and concerted music descriptive of the four elements. In his more elaborate numbers the composer's inability to develop his themes is continually apparent. His subjects are in nearly every instance melodious and appropriate; but the construction is so faulty and the development so poor that the general effect becomes, by constant thematic repetition, weak and wearisome. *Lucifer* was originally produced more than twenty years ago. It would be interesting to have the opportunity of hearing some of its composer's later music; for it is upon this that M. Benoît's ultimate reputation must rest. The performance last week, though not so good as on the former occasion, was, on the whole, satisfactory. Unfortunately M. Blauwaert, the Belgian baritone who created such a sensation by his singing of the title-part last April, was prevented by illness from appearing. His place was taken, at a very short notice, by Mr. Watkin Mills, who also sang the solos allotted to the Earth. It is no discredit to this conscientious artist to say that he was hardly equal to the double burden which he had to sustain. Mr. Ivor McKay sang the tenor music with taste; but the effect of the pretty solo of the Water Spirit was spoilt by its being taken too slowly. Miss MacIntyre and Mme. Belle Cole were the soprano and contralto; their singing of the Fire Duet was the most enjoyable number of the whole performance. The choral singing was, with but few exceptions, of great excellence; the precision of intonation and delicacy of tone being especially remarkable. The mocking laughter of Death might with advantage have been a little more fiendish; but the passages in which this occurs are among the least successful parts of the work, and what effect they make is lost by too frequent repetition. On the whole, the performance was one to increase Mr. Barnby's reputation; the work is hardly likely to become widely popular, but it is worth occasionally hearing, at all events until its composer produces something better to replace it.

Among the minor concerts of the last few weeks, the first place is due to the very interesting Recitals given at Steinway Hall by Messrs. Max Heinrich and Schönberger. The first of these, which took place on the 28th ult., was devoted to the works of Schubert, the pianist playing one of the Sonatas (Op. 42), and four of the Impromptus, and Herr Heinrich singing no less than eight of the composer's songs. At the second concert, on December 5th, the programme was made up entirely of the works of Schumann, while at the last, which is announced for next Tuesday, it is to consist of compositions by Brahms. Both artists are so well known as refined and cultivated musicians that their performances do not demand detailed notice, but a word of special praise is due to Herr Schönberger for not only appearing as a solo pianist, but also for accompanying all the vocal numbers. Accompaniments are unfortunately too often so atrociously played that it is altogether an event of exceptional interest when they are performed in such an admirable manner.

Sir Charles Hallé's second orchestral concert, which took place on Friday week, was better attended than the first of the series, though even on this occasion St. James's Hall was not as crowded as the excellence of the concert deserved. A further hearing of Sir Charles Hallé's Manchester band confirms the impression that its playing as nearly approaches perfection as anything of the kind which has been heard in London for a long time. Performances more excellent in every respect than those of the Entr'acte in B flat, and Ballet Air in G from Schubert's "Rosamunde," or than the Larghetto, Largo, and Allegro from Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, it would be difficult to imagine, and even a work of second-rate merit, such as Gade's *Hamlet* Overture, was rendered interesting by the manner in which it was performed. In addition to the works mentioned, Sir Charles Hallé played Beethoven's Fourth Pianoforte Concerto in his very best manner, the orchestra being conducted by Herr Willy Hess. The second part of the programme was entirely devoted to Dvořák's Third Symphony, a fine but uneven work, which was probably unfamiliar to most of the audience, though it deserves to be heard more frequently. All the performances at this concert were so good that it would be almost impossible to point out any defects; certainly no amateur should miss the opportunity of hearing such admirable orchestral playing.

The chief place in the programme of last Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert was devoted to Mr. Frederick Cliffe's Symphony in C minor, the extraordinary success of which on its production at these concerts last Easter, and subsequently at a performance by the Philharmonic Society, was once more ratified on this occasion. The work is certainly a very remarkable one to proceed from the pen of a young musician who had hitherto made no especial mark, and it raises high expectations as to what he will produce in the future. If Mr. Cliffe only maintains the position this Symphony has won for him, his name will occupy a foremost rank among native composers. The only novelty in the programme was Goldmark's Overture to *Sakuntala*, an early and not over-interesting work by a composer whose music has never met with acceptance in this country, though it is highly esteemed in Vienna. The most remarkable feature of the work is the number of changes of *tempo* which it contains. Though by no means long, a list of twelve different *tempi* was given at the beginning of the analytical programme of the Overture. The pianist at this concert was Miss Marian Osborne, one of the most promising young artists produced by the Royal College of Music. She played in a thoroughly conscientious and scholarly manner Beethoven's Fourth Concerto and Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor. M. Blauwaert, the Belgian baritone, had been announced to sing, but his place was taken by Mme. Louise Pyk.

The chief interest at the last Monday Popular Concert lay in the appearance of Mr. Plunket Greene, the young bass singer who last month created so great a sensation in Berlin by his singing of German *Lieder* and selections from Wagner's Music-Dramas. Mr. Greene has made great progress since he first sang in public. His voice, which combines the rare qualities of great strength with beauty of tone, has become more even and more under control, and his vocalization and enunciation are singularly finished and refined. At Monday's concert he sang Brahms's "Feldeinsamkeit" and "Todessehnen," and Dr. Hubert Parry's "Fill me, boy, as deep a draught," three songs which were admirably adapted to show the versatility of his talent and his success in very different styles. His singing created a real sensation, and the audience would gladly have heard him again, but he wisely declined encores. Mr. Greene was fortunate in having so good an accompanist as Mr. Battison Haynes. The rest of the programme consisted of Beethoven's Quartet in F major, Op. 59, No. 1; Mendelssohn's Andante and Scherzo from an unfinished string Quartet; Boccherini's Sonata in A major, for Violoncello and Pianoforte, and Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, Op. 110, for Pianoforte Solo. The best performance was that by Signor Piatti of Boccherini's graceful and melodious work, which was greeted with loud applause. Mme. Haas gave a careful rendering of Beethoven's Sonata, but her style is not broad enough to do justice to so great a work.

The second of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's delightful Vocal Recitals took place last Wednesday afternoon, when the programme contained the usual admirable selection of old and modern music, all of which was performed in the admirable manner which makes these concerts so thoroughly enjoyable. Where everything was so good it is difficult to single out any one performance for special praise; perhaps Mr. Henschel's singing of Löwe's setting of "Der Erlenkönig" was the most remarkable feat, for the singer infuses an extraordinary amount of dramatic character into the composition, without ever sacrificing the purely lyrical element. The programme included four compositions by Mr. Henschel—namely, a very beautiful setting as a duet, in canon form, of Kingsley's "Oh! that we two were maying"; a setting of Goethe's "Schweizer Lied," "Uf'm Bergli"; a charming song, from an unpublished opera, *A Sea Change*; and a dramatic ballad, "Jung Dieterich"—all of which show the composer's talent to much advantage.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE well-known epigram in which Talleyrand stated the exact character of the news of Napoleon's death might with absolute fairness be applied to the news of the death of Mr. Jefferson Davis. At any time before 1869 it would have been an event. Last week it was only a piece of news—more interesting, indeed, for the memories it revived than what usually comes from the dull struggle of place-hunters in the United States, but still certain not to have any practical consequences. The drama in which Mr. Davis played his part was as completely ended long before his death as the game of the Emperor was years before he died at St. Helena. Whether Mr. Davis's cause may not revive, as the Emperor's did, in some more or less modified form is a question not without interest. For the present, however, the fight may be said to have been fought out. If any man chooses to prophesy that it can never be begun again, it is impossible to prove that he is wrong. There is even a good deal of evidence, which cannot be shown to be merely superficial, that he is right. In any case, Mr. Davis's share in the struggle had been over twenty years before his death. He recognized the fact with the natural good taste of a brave man, who, having done his best, accepts defeat without whining. The Federal Government, under the influence, no doubt, of mixed motives, made it, after treating him with petty brutality, comparatively easy for its enemy to live in peace, and Mr. Davis availed himself of the opportunity with dignity. Without unbecoming recantations; without, indeed, by word or act, deserting his principles, he made no futile attempt to resist or escape the inevitable. He remained with his country in its day of defeat and suffering, as Lee did. He defended himself against his critics (not the least bitter of them were Southerners) in his history of the war. Three years ago he delivered a series of speeches, which were not, and can hardly have been meant to be, a bid for political office. With these two exceptions, however, he led a retired life, during the earlier years in business, and then on a plantation which was left him by will.

The leading facts of Mr. Davis's life have been so recently repeated in obituaries that it is not necessary to detail them again. He was in every way a typical Southerner. His father was a Kentuckian, who emigrated to Mississippi, and there acquired a cotton plantation. The son went through the usual training of a Southern gentleman. At the West Point Military Academy he received by far the best scholastic training which is to be obtained in the United States. He gave, in return for his education, several years' service against the Indians, in the Black Hawk war, and in the ordinary military police work of the frontier. When his debt was paid he left the service, and established himself on the plantation he had inherited from his father in Mississippi. In the natural course of things, he took to politics, which was once thought as much the regular career of a Southern planter of ambition and ability as of an English country gentleman whose energies were not satisfied with the management of his estate and routine country work. As a matter of course, too, Mr. Davis took the Southern side. He was a Democrat—that is to say, he believed that the Constitution of the United States was a bond between sovereign States, that the individual members of the League had not deprived themselves, indeed could not deprive themselves, of their sovereign rights, and that the Union could only be preserved as long as a careful balance of political power was maintained between the two great groups of States which were divided in interest by the nature of their social and industrial organization. Until the crisis came, with the election of Mr. Lincoln, the political history of the United States was contained in the struggle to maintain this balance. One of its phases was the Mexican War, undertaken, if not with the avowed intention that it should, yet most certainly with the hope that it would, lead to the extension of the area of the Southern slave-holding group of States. Mr. Davis, who had helped to promote the war, took a native share in it. He commanded a regiment of Mississippian volunteers, and at Buenavista showed some skill and eminent personal courage. After the war he resumed his work as a politician. For a time he was Minister of War, and showed undoubted administrative ability in office. But whether as Minister or as member of Congress, his great object was always to defend what he believed to be the rights and interests of the Southern States. When the election of Mr. Lincoln by a minority of the voters of the Union, and a minority of an exclusively Northern origin, showed that the South could in future be completely outvoted by its rival, Mr. Davis was one of the heartiest of those who held that the time had come for the exercise of the reserved rights of the States, and that the sovereign powers which had freely entered the League for certain purposes might now retire from it when it seemed certain that those purposes would no longer be served by its continued existence. The Secession followed, and then the war. While it lasted Mr. Davis's history was the history of the Confederate States of America. When it was over he ceased to have any public history at all. His personal influence was proved by the fact that he kept the lead to the last, and his administrative abilities by the fact that he presided over the creation of an army out of chaos, and kept that army efficient in spite of the utmost penury in money and stores; but the evidence for these truths makes a long narrative.

It is not, however, by his administrative ability or personal courage that Mr. Davis must be judged. He stands or falls by the judgment which is to be passed on the Secession. It was largely his work, and if it was evil, then he must be condemned as a statesman. Any fair criticism of this, the most remarkable passage of American history, must distinguish between the wisdom of Mr. Davis's action and its technical justification. It is quite possible to believe that he and the school of Southern politicians to which he belonged had interpreted the Constitution of the United States correctly, and yet to doubt whether the election of Mr. Lincoln, by the help of the Abolitionists, was a danger which justified the extreme course taken. Virginia and other border States did doubt it, for they took no part in the Secession till they were called upon to assist in coercing the Gulf States. It is, indeed, hard to believe that fear of attacks by the Abolitionists was the chief motive which influenced the Southern leaders. Mr. Lincoln's party could only abolish slavery by an amendment to the Constitution, which would have required the votes of three-fourths of the States. Such attacks as John Brown's could do no real harm, and would as a matter of fact have been made easier and more numerous by a recognition of Southern independence. The whole frontier line would have swarmed with John Browns, and the hold of the slaveowner on the slave would have become as difficult as the incessant intrigues of the Abolitionists, no longer held in even a semblance of check by the Federal Government, could have made it. The possession of power at Washington would not have given the Abolitionists the control of an army, and it is in the last degree doubtful whether they would have secured any general support in the North, which showed no desire to free the slaves till it was thoroughly angered by the disasters of the war. It is impossible to believe that fear of what might be done to the South had nearly so much influence on the Southern leaders as the desire to carry out a policy of their own free from all control by the North. What that policy would have been is clearly indicated by Mr. Davis's own very candid declaration, when in prison at Fort Monroe, that, if the Secession had succeeded, it was his intention to have taken Mexico in hand. In short, he would have played, on a larger scale and in a more statesmanlike manner, the game played in Central America by the filibuster Walker. We do not know that, in a world which has been mainly brought to its present condition by fighting, there would have been anything particularly wicked in such a course. As a practical policy, however, it must be judged by the result. Mr. Davis, who never believed that the North would allow the South to go in peace, must bear the blame, whatever it is, of having deliberately provoked a struggle. We now see that he judged the forces he would have to contend against very ill; and there can be no doubt about the blame which attaches to that sort of mistake. The man who makes it may be daring, able, and honest; but he can hardly be called a great statesman. The first duty of one who is to be held to deserve that title is to see things as they are, and to calculate accurately. On purely technical grounds a better case can be made out for the Southern leaders. It has never been disputed that the American Constitution was the work of independent communities, which banded themselves together for definite purposes. What powers they did not confer on the Federal Government they reserved to themselves. They did not expressly resign their sovereign rights; and, even if they had done so, the resignation would only have affected the generation which made it. That at the time of the formation of the Union none of the States thought they had committed themselves to an indissoluble union is clear from the language of their delegates, and from the fact that Massachusetts threatened to secede during the war of 1812 with England, which it had exerted itself to provoke. Whether the doctrine of State rights, as it was defined by Mr. Calhoun, would have been as popular as it was in the South if that section of the Union had possessed the preponderance of power; whether the Southern leaders were justified by the circumstances in insisting on their legal rights; and whether they did not commit an act of signal folly when they chose to ignore the fact that the North and West, influenced like themselves by their manifest interests, had adopted a wholly different view of the meaning of the Constitution, are questions of conduct, and do not touch the question of principle. It is the common belief that the war has decided the dispute for ever. Perhaps it has, but perhaps, also, it has not. He would be a bold man, or one who had little cause to boast of his knowledge of human nature, who should decide that, if ever two sections of the Union of approximated equal power were again to find themselves strongly divided on a question which touched their interests closely, one of them would not soon be persuaded that J. C. Calhoun had read the Constitution aright after all. Not one war, nor many wars, can settle such a question. For the present, however, we hear nothing of the cause for which the Confederates fought. Between North and South it has been settled for the time being by the old-fashioned method of hard fighting. If it is revived, it will be on other pretexts and between other sections. It will be conducted, too, by leaders of a different stamp from Mr. Davis, who represented a social order and a class of politician which have disappeared for ever from the United States—whether for their good or not remains to be seen.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE Fine Art Society is lavish in its frequent offerings to the public of small exhibitions of selected subjects. While the fine collection of pencil and crayon drawings, which we lately criticized, is still on its walls, the Society offers fresh attractions. The latest collection is of water-colour drawings from the brush of Mr. A. W. Weedon, explained in a chatty preface by Mr. Wedmore. The series is rather too uniform in treatment, the skies of cold greys and blues, the hillsides rather heavily treated, the tone in most cases kept in a low key; but the general public, as apart from the artistic public, will be likely to find considerable pleasure in viewing this exhibition. Mr. Weedon has selected his subjects from Scotland and from Sussex, two parts of Britain as different as possible, yet the general impression made by the exhibition is rather one of uniformity than of contrast. Mr. Weedon keeps persistently before him his fixed ideas of the rules of composition and harmony, without giving sufficient play to the charm of the accidental in Nature. But when he turns his attention heavenwards, he is quite carried off the feet of his theories, and is completely fascinated by his subject. He has treated in a simple and impressive manner some fine skies, with great banks of cumuli clouds rolling to landward, in "A Breezy Day, South Coast" (19); and in "Craig Tollie" (9), the smoke-like cloud settling down on a rocky hill-top is very impressively and skilfully handled; while "On the West Coast, Aultbea," (48), is a striking study, of a great stormy sky rolling over a peaky, dark blue, rocky range of hills. It is interesting, too, to see the several sides of a town, as shown here in the views of Rye, first taken from the marshes, and next in sunshine, and yet again with a storm clearing off. Arundel appears here as a fair and bland city, seen through a green mist. "Kilchurn Castle," looking forlorn and haunted, with its wide waste of water in 43, seems scarcely the same building when regarded from its other (57), its landward side, with the rough, rocky background. The "Waves on the South Coast" (56) come tumbling in in a good noisy fashion. The landscapes, with much detail, do not strike us as being so good, and the feeble trees in the wet "November Evening" (40) are not exhilarating to behold.

At Mr. Stephen Gooden's Gallery, 57 Pall Mall, may now be seen Constable's "A Lock on the Stour." This famous example, which is in remarkably fine condition, shows no sign of turning black with age, but is as luminous and lustrous as ever. Mr. Gooden proposes to publish a mezzotint engraving of this exquisite little masterpiece, which he has entrusted to Mr. Frank Short.

At Messrs. Shepherd's Galleries in King Street are still to be seen some interesting specimens of the English school of landscape, despite the fact of several pictures having taken their departure and gone into private keeping. A river piece by Constable, a wooded landscape by Crome, and a quaint view—said to be painted by Gainsborough, and to have been once in the possession of Horace Walpole—of the corner of a common, with a windmill perched on the top of an abrupt hill—these are all luminous and charming. A frame containing eight small paintings by D. G. Rossetti, illustrating scenes in the history of Tobias, are gem-like in colour. A small full-length portrait, said to be of Her Majesty at the age of three, by Stephen Poyntz Denning, presents a demure little maiden in the large bonnet and the spencer of the period. A large river piece by E. J. Niemann has recently been added to this collection.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Stock Exchange Settlement, and the near approach of the end of the year, have not prevented a further fall this week in the rates of interest and discount. At the Stock Exchange Settlement, which began on Tuesday, the demand was so small that bankers had to lend all that was required at about 4¼ per cent. While the settlement was going on, loans were made till the middle of January at 4 per cent., and even less, and money was lent from day to day at 1½ per cent., and sometimes even as low as 1 per cent. At the same time the discount rate kept falling day after day, until it is now little more than 3⅜ per cent. It is remarkable that, nevertheless, much gold has not been withdrawn from the Bank of England. The rate of discount in Germany is from 1¼ to 1½ per cent. higher than in London; and in New York as much as 10, 12, and 15 per cent. is being charged for loans on the Stock Exchange; yet during the week ended Wednesday night only a quarter of a million in gold was withdrawn from the Bank of England. It is true that more would have been taken for Berlin, were it not that the Bank Directors raised the price at which they sell bar gold; but, as they cannot raise the price for sovereigns, it is remarkable that it has not been found worth while to withdraw sovereigns either for Berlin or for New York. Apparently the great financial houses all over the world are so desirous not to disturb the London money market that they will not take advantage of the better rates offering abroad to withdraw much gold from the Bank of England. How long this will continue nobody can say. It is believed now that gold will not be sent to New York, at least until next month; but there is an active demand for Germany and India, while it is reported that some of the metal will very shortly be sent to Buenos Ayres. The influences which have been able to prevent gold withdrawals in inconveniently large amounts up to the present may prove strong enough to hinder them until the year has ended. If not, a considerable withdrawal may all at once put an end to the artificial ease, and may cause rates to bound up considerably. But, unless there is a gold scare, rates will probably remain low throughout the month; for the supply of money in the outside market is exceptionally large for this time of the year.

As we anticipated, there has been a recovery in the price of silver. The improvement in trade which is raising prices all round is necessarily acting upon silver like other commodities. And this influence is heightened by the buying of our own Mint, as well as by that of the French, Japanese, Spanish, and other Governments. Over and above all this, the silver party in the United States is intent upon compelling a larger coinage of the metal. Mr. Windom's plan disappointed the market last week, but the disappointment was partly based upon a misconception. We do not yet know what the action of Congress will be; but whether it adopts the Secretary's plan in some modified form, or simply increases the coinage of silver, a larger comsumption of the metal in the United States must tell upon the market.

The extraordinary cheapness of money has led to a considerable investment in Consols by capitalists unable for the moment to employ their surplus funds more profitably. And as there are few sellers, and not much stock carried over in the market by speculators, the price advanced sharply. Speculative business, however, has been dull all through the week. Operators distrust the abnormal ease of the money market. No one, indeed, would be surprised if it were suddenly to give place to temporary stringency. Therefore, they are not willing just now to engage in new risks. And their unwillingness is heightened by several other circumstances. In the first place, the news from Rio is not encouraging. It seems clear now that the revolution was the work of military adventurers, and the beginning of *pronunciamientos* in a South American State is not a pleasant prospect for investors. Therefore, there was a sharp fall in Brazilian securities of all kinds early in the week, and that fall influenced more or less every department of the Stock Exchange. Then, again, the crisis in the Argentine Republic grows acuter every day, and disquiets all holders of Argentine securities. Further, there are persistent rumours of impending revolutionary movements in Spain. And, lastly, the speculation on the Berlin Bourse inspires apprehension. The speculators, with the aid of the banks, have very skilfully tided over their difficulties month after month. But the difficulties have all the time been accumulating. And people are not sure that the operators will be equally successful at the end of this month. It is certain that money will be very dear, and it is possible that the banks may not be able to lend all that is required. It is probable, too, that the labour disputes in the coal trade may cause a further fall in mining shares, and may thus increase the difficulties. For all these reasons, speculators of late have been lessening their engagements. At the settlement this week it was found that the accounts to be carried over were decidedly smaller and decidedly fewer than they have been for some time past. Indeed, in some departments there was a scarcity of stock—that is to say, whereas lately speculative buyers have settlement after settlement being carrying over their accounts, this week there was scarcely any such carrying over in certain departments, and in many of the stocks. Therefore, it is clear that the stocks must have been bought by purchasers able to pay for them, and take them out of the market either with their own money or with money borrowed from bankers.

The decrease in speculative stocks carried over at the settlement was most marked in American railroad securities. For many months past American buying of these securities has been on a very large scale, and the securities have been, not merely paid for, but actually shipped to New York. It would seem, therefore, that at last this purchasing has nearly cleared off the securities held by speculators in this country. It is possible, of course, that English capitalists may have been buying quite lately. In any case, the speculators have got rid of their stock, and capitalists hold it, which is a source of strength to the market. And, accordingly, in spite of the dearness of money in New York, and the distrust here of our own money market, the American department is very steady. The market for British railway stocks is also strong, for the earnings of the Companies show week after week large increases. From the 1st of July to Saturday night last, to take the four greatest Companies, the Great Western and the North-Eastern had each earned 255,000*l.* more than in the corresponding period of last year, the North-Western had earned 247,000*l.* more, and the Midland 217,000*l.* more. The four Companies together show for the period mentioned an increase of 974,000*l.* over the corresponding period of last year. As it is not probable that the rise in wages, materials, and fuel will tell very materially upon the working expenses this half-year, it is natural to expect, therefore, handsome increases in the coming dividends; but next year it is safe to conclude that the higher wages and greater cost of fuel and materials will largely augment the working expenses. The great prosperity of the railway Companies in this country and in America make operators in the stock markets expect very active speculation as soon as the new year has fairly opened. And in foreign stocks and miscellaneous securities equal activity is looked for.

After the recent sharp fluctuations, the iron market has been quiet this week. The price is very little under sixty shillings a ton.

The consumption continues very large, and a period of great prosperity appears to be opening, if speculators do not again run up prices too quickly, and thereby prevent the American demand, which is otherwise sure to come next year. The copper market likewise remains quiet and steady, copper being about 50*l.* a ton. There are rumours that we are about to witness the formation of another syndicate, though recent experience, one would think, ought to have warned even the boldest against attempts to corner a great trade. The consumption of coal likewise is unusually large, and wages both in coal and iron are steadily rising. The silk market, in which there has been so great a rise, is very firm. So is the wool market. And, in fact, there is scarcely a commodity to be named which, under the influence of the improvement in trade, does not show a marked recovery from the depression of a few years ago, and a greatly increased consumption, with a rising tendency in price.

SHADOWED AT LAST!

[Mr. Shaw Lefevre is being shadowed by the Irish police.—*Daily Paper.*]

HE has gone, he has left me, I'm back at my inn,
And sit down to my snug little meal,
With the comforting thought that I *now* may begin
Like a "rale" agitator to feel.
With O'Brien and Dillon my lot I have cast;
For I'm "shadowed," thank goodness! I'm shadowed at last!

How vainly to draw the Executive out
Hitherto 'twas my fortune to try!
Peter Schlemihl himself wasn't more put about
By the want of a shadow than I.
But I've got it at last, and I glory to know
That my shadow will follow wherever I go.

Shall I own that at first it *did* give me a qualm
That policeman behind me to see,
Though my voice—or I hoped so—was passably calm,
As I asked what he wanted with me.
For 'twas just on the cards, it need hardly be said,
That the "shadow" had come with a summons instead.

And for just that one moment of awful suspense
I reproached myself much, I confess,
For renouncing those tactics of wise self-defence
That I practised last year with success.
When, before my bold challenge to tyranny thrown,
I arranged with the tyrant to let me alone.

Yes, for just that one critical moment I felt
What a delicate task he has got
Who would fain with his missiles a Government pelt,
Yet provoke no return of his shot;
Who oppressors with adequate fire would attack,
And yet never make those oppressors hit back.

For you want to be fearless, you want to be firm,
You want to use words like a flail;
But you *don't* want—at any rate *I* don't—a term
In a stupid ridiculous gaol.
You don't want a diet that luxury loathes,
And you don't—no, you *don't* want a change of your clothes.

But the constable, grinning, walked off, and, relieved
Of my cruel anxiety's strain,
I can feel that the object at last I've achieved
That so long I have striven to gain;
I shall simply be "watched" as a friend of the "Plan"—
Aha! they've found out I'm a dangerous man!

Yes, yes! I'm a desperate turbulent dog
As has ever a prison defied,
And I fearlessly laugh, o'er my tumbler of grog,
At its menacing walls—from outside.
I'm a firebrand—in word, if not wholly in act;
I'm a devil-may-care agitator in fact.

Poor H-rc-rt and M-rl-y! that timorous lot!
How immensely my fame will increase!
I'm the only ex-Minister—hanged if I'm not!—
Who's been watched by the Irish police.
Ay, unless I'm mistaken, my rise will be fast;
For I'm shadowed—thank goodness! I'm shadowed at last!

REVIEWS.

AN EGYPTIAN READING-BOOK.*

NOTHING can better illustrate and signalize the progress of Egyptology in our day than the issue of the unpretending volume before us. Hieroglyphics were, till very lately, absolutely unknown except to a very select few, and the worst of it was that no student desiring to learn could find any one to teach him. Taking our three great Universities—Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin—for instance, ten years ago, it was understood that one professor at the last-named "dungeon of learning" had a moderate acquaintance with what must, after all, be acknowledged as the parent of classical lore. When we remember that the alphabets of Phœnicia, of the Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Greek, and Latin languages, all took their rise in modifications of Egyptian hieroglyphics, this backwardness of the centres of education was the more remarkable. A great advance has been made of late, and he would be not only a bold, but an exceedingly ignorant and foolish, man who could deny at the present day, like Sir George Cornewall Lewis forty years ago, that the clue to the Egyptian language had been found. Not only has it been found, but it shows itself to have two qualities hitherto but little suspected to fit it for a place in ordinary education. In the first, it is absurdly easy to acquire some knowledge of hieroglyphics; and, in the second, even a smattering helps a student most materially in obtaining additional knowledge in any of the extensive fields above indicated. Most beginners, to take an elementary example, complain that in Hebrew it is difficult to distinguish at first between such letters as ט, Teth, and מ, Mem; but the difficulty is greatly lessened if they know that ט represents the of the hieroglyphics, while מ is the owl, . It is the same with other letters, and still more so in Arabic, where ا, alif, is the hieroglyphic , palm leaf, and و, waw, a modification of the same little , bird, which also appears in the Greek *υ* and the Latin v. Of course analogies like these may be carried too far; but it is a curious fact that our Roman letters are more like hieroglyphics than those alphabets which, though born much nearer the source of alphabets in Egypt, were filtered through the Semitic mind, and came into conflict with that dislike of pictorial representation which was so strongly manifested both among the Jews and the Arabs. By hieroglyphics it is that we account for the great difference in shape between A and a, or between S and the old-fashioned ſ, which last is simply the common hieroglyphic, neither more nor less. Two forms of serpents, one crowned, the other with a long tail, give us our f and our z. Our B, with "its two bow windows," is a hieroglyph, and our little b is another; but it would be only too easy to go through the whole alphabet in this way.

To come to Mr. Budge's book; we note with pleasure that, for some years past, it has been the custom for a few students to assemble during winter evenings for the study of Egyptology, and that Mr. Budge has been their guide. Four years ago he commenced operations by transcribing for their benefit the famous *Tale of Two Brothers*, a curious romance, which seems to embody some foreshadowing or reminiscence of the relations between Joseph and the wife of Potiphar, whom the Arabs name Zuleykha. Mr. Budge found that at that time no hieroglyphic text of the story was extant, the version in *Records of the Past* (ii. 137) having been made by Mr. Renouf direct from the hieratic text in the Orbiney papyrus in the British Museum; although in 1863, Mr. Renouf, as a contribution to the forward movement, now showing such signs of vitality, published the first six pages in the *Atlantis*, in ordinary English letters, "as a proof of the scientific accuracy of the method of Egyptian decipherment then current among the best Egyptologists." Next Mr. Budge tackled the *Possessed Princess*, and we regret to observe that in his opinion the story has no historical foundation, but is "a legend written for the purpose of glorifying the God Chensu, long after the period to which it purports to belong." The innocence of Anne Boleyn, the impartiality of Gascoigne, the archbishopric of Cornhill, the patriotism of Whittington—these and many other things in which we believed have been torn from us, and now Mr. Budge ruthlessly snatches away Rameses XIII. and his queen, Raneferu, and her demented sister; and the worst of it is he must be right. Next we come to the *Festival Songs of Isis and Nephthys*, also transcribed from hieratic into hieroglyphics, and some other religious texts follow. After these we have some specimens of authentic history, such as the *Inscription of Una*. In his notes Mr. Budge assumes that everybody is acquainted with the fact that Una's account of his travellers is the only historical text of any length which has come down to us from the remote age of the Pyramid-builders, and that it is, or was lately, at Boulak. Another, but much later, document of this kind is on the base of the obelisk at Karnak, which Queen Hatshepsu devoted to the memory of her father, Thothmes I., of the eighteenth dynasty. We observe that Mr. Budge, in defiance of the pronounced opinion of Mr. Renouf in *Records of the Past* (xii. 127), gives the Queen's name as above, and not as Hatasu. We may assume that Mr. Renouf has modified his views. Several other historical texts follow, and then we reach philosophy, in the shape of the precepts of Kakemna and of Ptah-Hetep. Perhaps these passages are too difficult except for a very advanced class; and Mr. Budge prudently refrains from telling us which of his pupils, if any, succeeded in mastering them. It is a melancholy fact that, though these maxims are among the most interesting examples of ancient literature now extant, no English translation has ever been printed. In all Mr. Budge comprises nineteen very typical

* *Egyptian Reading-Book.* By E. A. Wallis-Budge. London: Nutt.

texts in this volume, and we may presume he has more in store for us, as it concludes without notes, index, or glossary. With the same learned scholar's edition of the writing on the coffin of Queen Anchnes-Raneferab, and its admirable vocabulary, these texts need present no very insuperable difficulty to a student of ordinary assiduity.

NOVELS.*

THE experienced reader of Mr. W. D. Howells's novels is not likely to derive much satisfaction from the title *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. At first sight, it is, of course, hopeful; but no one who knows the greatest of American novelists is likely to feel any confidence that he can really have tried a new experiment and abandoned the method of reflecting human character by recording trivialities for that of arousing human interest by chronicling deeds of blood. And throughout a long volume and a half the meek person who had expected little would be justified of his scepticism. The particular hazard of new fortunes which seems to give its name to Mr. Howells's new novel is not the abandonment of those precious ways and principles of fiction of which Mr. Howells is at once the prophet and the chief practitioner, but the starting of a magazine at New York by two entirely modern American citizens called Fulkerson and March, round which fictitious enterprise Mr. Howells solemnly develops his types of humanity, quite in the old slow way. Fulkerson, the manager, is the person who exhibits the American language in the latest American style, and March, the editor, is the person who keeps thinking high-toned American thoughts and taking the reader into his confidence. In order to set the magazine going and edit it, March had to come and live at New York, with his wife and his two children. For this purpose it was necessary to find a suitable "flat," and it took them about a hundred dreary pages not to do so, most of their failures, including the final one, being described with a plodding, melancholy persistence, like a bad dream. Then the journal got afloat, and proprietors and contributors visited each other's drawing-rooms, and put their hands on tables, and talked about influences and tendencies in short and intense sentences, and so it went on, and on, till all of a sudden *one of the characters was shot in a street row*, and the title of the story is vindicated after all. After the shooting, Mr. Howells instantly relapses into his proper style, and does not again abandon it. Presently the story concludes, because it has got two-thirds of the way down the 332nd page of the second volume, and for no other reason in the world. Still, Mr. Howells has hazarded a new fortune. He has shot a man. Who can say what will not follow? The hazard does not go further at present. Therefore it may be as well to set forth some of the new gems wherewith Mr. Howells has adorned his native language in his old style. "Fulkerson, still smoking, tore off a piece of the half-yard of French loaf which had been supplied them, with two pale, thin dishes of butter, and fed it into himself." Happy Fulkerson! "Mrs. Leighton laughed too. Like every one else, she was not merely a prevailing mood, as people are apt to be in books, but was an irregularly spheroidal character, with surfaces that caught the different lights of circumtance and reflected them." "'Most of the ladies were low neck——' March interposed, 'Well, I shouldn't go low *neck*.' The girl broke into a fondly approving laugh at his drolling. 'Oh, I guess you love to train! Us girls wanted to go low neck, too; but father said we shouldn't, and mother said, if we did, she wouldn't come to the front of the box once. Well, she didn't, anyway. We might just as well 'a' gone low neck.'" The volume also contains two persons who talked in lingo. One was a German Socialist, who always substituted *b* for *p*, *g* for *c*, and so on. The other was a Virginian girl, who equally always said *ah* for *i*, and omitted all her *r*s, whether they ought to have been sounded or not. The man who was shot richly deserved it, because he was engaged in advising some rioters on strike to go home, in order that the strike might have a better chance of succeeding. March's hat was knocked off by a cab-horse, because he had been walking along without looking where he was going, and "he heard the horse's driver address him some sarcasms." A sort of self-made æsthete couldn't quite bring himself to offer his hand to the handsome, but stupid and uncivilized, sister of the man who had been shot, and she tried to scratch his face. March and his wife, in the course of wandering aimlessly about New York, "got a distinct pleasure out of the gnarled elbows that a pollarded wistaria leaned upon the top of a garden-wall." Also March made jokes and uttered epigrams; but whoever wants to know what they were must look for them in the book. It takes a long time to read, but—a man was shot.

A littery gent in one of Mr. Brander Matthews's short stories says, "A good idea for a short story is a shy bird, and doesn't come for the calling." Alas! alas! it is true. The French can call a great deal better than we can, but the Americans, it would seem, cannot. The best of Mr. Matthews's stories is the first, about a tree which grew out of the bosom of a buried suicide, and behaved accordingly to his descendants; but, so far from being a short story, it is a long one, extending over some hundreds of years, and it suffers from the compression which Mr. Matthews puts upon it. It deserves to have a volume to itself.

All Dutch stories are dull, and they all have the sort of childishness from which no tale translated from Russian—not even Tolstoï's Russian—is ever entirely free. *The Sin of Joost Avelingh* is not free from this reproach. It is rather absurd, and makes one feel a little childish to be told on the first page of the story, in a footnote, that one must "pronounce" Joost "'Yoost,' with a 'y' as in yoke, not joke." This Joost was a melancholy man. He was brought up by his uncle, a Dutch baron, who bullied him, from mixed motives. The baron died, in Joost's company, and greatly to Joost's advantage, and Joost, who was troubled with a conscience, reproached himself for his behaviour, and the world subsequently reproached him, and therein are the makings of a story. It is all rather depressing, but also rather vivid. Whether the work is a translation, and if so by whom, does not appear. Whether it is or not, it goes to show that the Dutch are not the equals of the English or the French in the composition of contemporary fiction. As to the Americans—well, there are Americans and Americans.

Eleanor Lewknor is an English story, and a testimony to English progress. Years ago (probably Mrs. or Miss) B. Pullen-Burry would never have dreamed of writing a novel. Now, we have Board schools, and a press, both cheap and free, and she goes and does it. The story is long, laborious, and absurd, but, in short, it is interesting to the student of the effects of education in the scullery. From beginning to end the style and language are perfectly hopeless. B. Pullen-Burry's notion of entertaining *persiflage* is to substitute for "the devil" the paraphrase "a certain nameless gentleman of old standing, whom well-bred people avoid mentioning in society, however much they may invoke him, or worship at his shrine in the privacy of their homes." There are two young ladies in the book, Amy and Eleanor. B. Pullen-Burry is never tired of telling us how witty, brilliant, and entertaining Amy was; but she commits the fatal error of continually specifying the sallies relied upon to justify these laudatory epithets. Here is one:—"'Aunt Julia gave me such an oration about the wickedness of adorning my frivolous pate with little dickybird's feathers, that this child has taken to toadstools instead' was the vivacious rejoinder." This kind of thing goes on all through the story. The other girl, Eleanor, was cursed with a gigantic intellect—B. Pullen-Burry says so—and indomitable pride, whereby her relations with her grandfather, who kicked her parents out of doors before she was born, were much complicated. She was well off, and rode a great deal, but always at full speed. "Eleanor never seemed to let her horse walk." When she went into genteel society, and found a new man to flirt with, things fell out in this wise:—"'You are a good whip, I know,' Mr. Drummond went on, his eyes fixed upon Eleanor. Miss Coalstone, not caring to be ignored by the pair, retired with blazing eyes and curling lips. 'Several persons present have mentioned the fact of your being a perfect horsewoman.' 'I am fond of riding, and Black Prince—the name of my horse,' she added explainingly, 'seems to understand me so thoroughly. Then the country, too, is beautiful.'" B. Pullen-Burry speaks of "anecdotes which had occurred to himself," and continually makes her characters use such phrases as "She is a very bright nature." Moreover, she once makes the very critic blush by her description of a scene where the heroic Eleanor pulverizes a vile seducer (of another young woman). "Rising to her full height, she looked the incarnation of womanly dignity, her loosely hanging white dress falling about her feet in artistic folds." In short, B. Pullen-Burry is as uneducated and as far from being an original genius as it is possible to be. Yet her novel has a purpose, and that is the promulgation of an enlightened scepticism, tending to Ritualism, Spiritualism, Esoteric Buddhism, and Psychical Research. And it happens to be possible to display in two sentences the way in which the "million or two, more or less," of B. Pullen-Burrys—resident, let us say, in Middlesex—form their opinions on matters of fact. "'You mean,' said Miss Lewknor, 'the modern craze for psychical research. A friend of mine, a barrister, has completely changed his belief from a study of the literature of psychology.'" "One cannot pooh-pooh Spiritualism altogether when such men as Crookes and Wallace, who are capable of scientifically testing phenomena, credit their alleged miracles as the work of departed spirits." The almost sacred simplicity with which the noble sceptic, after urging his erudite and fearless objections to the theory of the verbal inspiration of the Bible, bows down before "Crookes and Wallace" because he has read their names in newspapers, is truly characteristic of the philosophy imbibed in the British Board school.

* *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. A Novel. By William D. Howells, Author of "Annie Kilburn" &c. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1889.

A Family Tree; and other Stories. By Brander Matthews. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

The Sin of Joost Avelingh. A Dutch Story. By Maarten Maartens. London. Remington & Co. 1889.

Eleanor Lewknor. By B. Pullen-Burry, Author of "Nobly Won." London: Remington & Co. 1889.

T. W. ROBERTSON.*

THE time has come when Robertson, if he is to occupy a niche in the Temple of Fame, should take his position. No attempt is made, however, in the present selection from his plays

* *The Principal Dramatic Works of Thomas William Robertson*. With Memoir by his Son. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.; Samuel French.

to claim for him a place among the immortals. By the exercise of what is perhaps sound judgment, those of his works which are given are treated exclusively from the standpoint of the stage, the literary character being ignored. With the exception of a brief and fairly judicious memoir by the dramatist's son, nothing is apparently added to the knowledge of Robertson and his works previously existent. The two volumes now published consist simply of a collection of plays the rights in which were held by Mr. Samuel French, a well-known theatrical publisher, whose name appears alone on the pages of the separate pieces. Errors are uncorrected, stage directions are left as they appear in acting editions, and nothing is practically new except two general title-pages, whereof one, since the numeration is continuous, is superfluous. For the mistakes that appear, for such French phrases as "pat si bête," or "esprit moquer" for *moqueur*, and for a phrase twice used, "biscuit and china" for biscuit china, Robertson is, of course, not responsible.

It is for later days to decide whether an edition such as now appears is adequate. In his time Robertson was a power. His success, though long deferred, was distinct when it came; and the school of imitators included in Albery a man of abilities equal, and in some respects superior, to his own. In his life and in his work Robertson is interesting rather than distinguished. His struggles in his early life are those with which most men who, without private means, adopt journalism as a profession are familiar. Strong and resolute as he was, and the manner in which he educated himself while earning his living proclaims him a man of uncommon energy, he was all but beaten in the struggle for existence. After some years of labour, during which, besides acting in various country theatres and contributing to London weekly papers, he wrote more than one play, original or adapted, he gave up the struggle in despair, and sought to enlist, but was fortunately rejected by the Horse Guards. For this anecdote his son is responsible. Instances of similar efforts to escape from an unremunerative career might, we fancy, be advanced. Success came at last, and the man who one year had looked with anxiety to the support of his family found himself the following year in receipt of an income such as few men have earned by their pen. Even then the irony of Fate pursued him. The wife who had shared his adversity did not live to share his triumph, and he, though he contracted new and happy ties, found himself the victim of incurable disease. His first wife died on the 14th of August, 1865. On the 11th of November of the same year *Society*, produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, lifted Robertson into reputation and fortune. On the 16th of January, 1871, *War* failed at the St. James's Theatre. Addressing his son the following day, Robertson said of the audience, "They wouldn't have been so hard if they could see me now. I shan't trouble them again." By the 3rd of the following February he was dead. A little more than five years included the whole of his career with which the world is concerned. Within that period he gave to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, *Society*, *Ours*, *Caste*, *Play*, *School*, *and M.P.*; to the Princess's, *Shadow Tree Shaft*; to the St. James's, *A Rapid Thaw* (*Le Dégel*) and *War*; to the Holborn, *For Love*; to the Haymarket, *Home* (*L'Aventurière*); to the Gaiety, *Dreams*; to the Globe, *A Breach of Promise* and *Progress* (*Les Ganaches*); to the Adelphi, *The Nightingale*; to the Theatre Royal, Hull, *Passion Flowers*; to the Theatre Royal, Bristol, *Birth*; and to the Theatre Royal, Manchester, *Dublin Bay*. Besides these he had conceived or made more or less progress with plays to be called *Faith*, *Passions*, and *Political Comedy*; had written for Sothern *Post Haste* and *Which is It?*—pieces never produced—and had given John Parry and the German Reeds *A Dream of Venice*.

In this fever of production Robertson did himself less than justice. He may not perhaps be said to have written himself out, but his work grew attenuated. Not a few of the pieces named were failures, and more than one of them is not included in the present edition. Against the notion, long prevalent, that he could only write for the Prince of Wales's company his son protests, advancing a letter from Mr. John Hollingshead to the effect that *Dreams* was given at the Gaiety for ninety-six nights, and was consequently a success. None the less *Dreams* is now not undeservedly forgotten, and some of the other pieces named are wholly unworthy of Robertson. For melodrama or for serious drama of any description Robertson had little aptitude, and his method and his means in art were suited only to what has unfairly, if with a certain truth of suggestion, been called the "Teacup and saucer drama."

In this class of work *Caste* is his masterpiece. It was run close in the race for popularity by *Ours*, the chief merit of which, however, consists in the pleasant aspects of patriotism it manifests. In America, as in England, *Ours* was a fortunate and a popular play, and Mr. Bancroft speaks of it as "a best friend." In *Caste*, however, Robertson attained his high-water mark. How far he subsequently declined may be seen by those who care to compare with the last act of this play that of *War*, produced in 1871. The motive in the two acts is identical. A young wife, fancying herself a widow, has to be told by those around her that her husband, supposed to be dead, is alive, and has returned. In each case the health of the heroine is precarious, and in each case also the shock of good news is dreaded. The means adopted are practically the same, though in *War* something is borrowed from *La Joie fait Peur* of Mme. de Girardin. It is difficult, however, to believe the two the work of the same hand. In a sense, indeed, they were scarcely such. Robertson's favoured method, as defined by himself in conversation, was as follows. He took a flower of juvenile sentiment and placed it in a world of cynicism. In so doing he was influenced, more or less consciously, by his admiration for Thackeray, traces of whose influence are evident in his best work. As a result of this treatment, youth and age are in constant antagonism. It is difficult, in his plays, to find a character of ripe years, male or female, whose motives are not chiefly cynical. Dr. Sutcliffe, in *School*, is perhaps an exception. Sometimes, indeed, as in the Hon. Bruce Fanquehere, in *Play*, a character for whom a certain amount of sympathy is demanded is little short of a blackleg. Common enough in literature, this contrast between youth and crabbed age in Robertson can scarcely be regarded as individual. In the case of another form of contrast, that between the gentleman and the artisan, Robertson shows both tact and right feeling. A scene in *Dreams* between the Duke of Loamshire and Old Gray, one of his tenants, is exquisite. For the pothouse loafer, the Radical with an itching palm, Robertson displays contempt and loathing. Mr. Bran and Mr. Bray, in *M.P.*, are almost as clever pictures in their way as Mr. Eccles, in some aspects a masterly study. Against Eccles, however, Robertson pits Sam Gerridge, the effect of whose "Well, I am a working-man, but I don't 'owl about it" upon the first night's audience will not soon be forgotten by those who were present. It is characteristic of the times as well as of the dramatist that poetic justice in Robertson's plays is uniformly administered. Wrong is always redressed, and fortune as well as love never fails to wait on the meritorious. A relative dies at the critical moment, and leaves the impecunious hero title and fortune; the rich man of the play falls in love with the penniless heroine, whilst the heiress is unable to resist the stalwart proportions of the young scapegrace of more birth than fortune. Pleasant and healthy are these things, and it speaks well for a society that will find them, with whatever sauce they are served, stimulating fare. How pleasant they were in exposition needs no telling to those who, under the Bancroft management, looked upon a first night at the Prince of Wales's as a treat. Nothing, however, is there belonging to the big drama. They stir pleasantly the emotions, and obtain at times a warm tribute of tears. A small theatre, however, and a subdued style of acting, are indispensable to their enjoyment. With a company such as that at the Prince of Wales's—small, highly trained, and subservient to the control of a dramatist who knew his business thoroughly from experience, and was an almost unequalled stage-manager—they were seen at the best. When a larger theatre was taken, and, after the death of Robertson, a more pronounced style of acting was adopted, much of their magic was lost. More than one device adopted by Robertson failed completely in other hands. That species of antiphonal utterance of two couples of lovers upon the stage at the same time produced in Robertson's hands some very effective scenes. It has now entirely disappeared.

Robertson had a good knowledge of French and a fair familiarity with its literature. His adaptations from that language are generally good, and are not mere translations. Among French poets his favourite was Alfred de Musset, whose *Chanson de Fortunio* forms a sort of background to *Ours* as poems of the Laureate form to *Dreams*, *War*, and other pieces. He had, however, the tact not to translate any work of Musset, though traces of Musset's influence and that of George Sand are constantly apparent.

Robertson left the reputation of a boon companion and a brilliant talker, but scarcely of a wit. Both wit and humour are found in his plays. Especially noteworthy is the right feeling which he always displays. This was characteristic of the man as of his work. During a career longer than is generally supposed, he made many friends and few enemies. Faults of tact and taste were apparent in his best work, but from the possibility of arrogance in his relations with his friends Robertson was saved by a pleasant and childlike simplicity and sincerity of nature. An amusing and a characteristic trait was his delight in horse exercise when his means permitted of his indulging in it. To his previous associates he spoke of it as though it were a newly-discovered pleasure with which he had enriched mankind. Under different conditions Robertson might have been an English Sedaine. The extreme simplicity and domesticity of the devices to which he owed a measure of his success will probably militate against his fame. No one who saw Mrs. Bancroft, with sleeves turned up to the elbow, with the head of a cask for a board and the leg of a stool for a roller, making a roley-poley pudding in a hut in the Crimea, with the snow driving through the crevices of the door, and the big guns booming in the distance, will forget a picture so pretty that reflections not quite comfortable on the contrast suggested with the slaughter going on without were put aside. Will the Muse of Comedy, however, shelter these things under her wing, or will they be forgotten? Here is a point on which some day it will be safer than at present to hazard an opinion.

ÆSCHYLUS.*

THE two books here noticed together have little in common, except that both of them are written by Cambridge scholars, both of them deal with Æschylus, and both of them are important, though in different ways and in different degrees. It is the distinguishing mark of Dr. Verrall's scholarship to disregard every tradition which he cannot verify and to defy every opinion which he does not think reasonable. Never has he more clearly or (we think) more successfully displayed his audacity of innovation than in this edition of the *Agamemnon*. Of the traditional text he is conservative enough—perhaps too conservative. But in the interpretation he proposes to make a complete revolution. Space will not permit us to discuss the changes which he advocates in his fascinating Introduction. It must suffice to describe them; and the description will go a long way to establish them in a mind open to conviction, although it can hardly be expected that they will be adopted without controversy. Giving every credit to the Byzantine scholars for their study of "old words and old forms, and the like," Dr. Verrall remarks in his uncompromising way that a modern editor, if he adopted the *dramatis personæ* of the Medicean manuscript, would justly be thought a fool. Nevertheless, the story of the play as conceived by the Byzantine students of the eleventh century has hitherto been accepted, with an occasional almost inarticulate protest, by their successors in Æschylean scholarship. There has been an uneasy feeling that something was wrong, but no definite exposure of the incoherencies in the supposed plot. "Even the fifteenth century murmured"—*e.g.* in the Schol. in *Cod. Flor.* to v. 509, we find the following naïve remark:—*τινὲς μέμφονται τῷ ποιήτῃ ὅτι αὐθημερὸν ἐκ Τροίας ποιεῖ τοὺς Ἕλληνας ἥκοντας*. Let us briefly analyse the beginning of the play, following Dr. Verrall. Agamemnon had departed on his ten-years' war against Troy, and is supposed to have arranged with Clytemnestra that the news of his success should be telegraphed to her by a series of beacons on Mount Ida, on Lemnos, on Mount Athos, and on the highest point of Eubœa, from which last post the signal was to be passed by shorter stages to Mount Arachneus, within a few miles of Argos. According to the traditional theory, the system was worked on the night of the fall of Troy, and next morning the beacon was signalled at Argos from Mount Arachneus. Here the play begins. Clytemnestra orders a general rejoicing (without explaining the beacon-message or stating its purport), and convokes the elders, who ask for information. She then tells them that Troy has fallen the night before, and describes her means of information. She then retires, "leaving the elders to their thoughts." They do not quite accept her story; it may be a mistake; it will be best to wait. *Enter a Herald, who announces that Agamemnon has returned.* This—although the fleet had encountered a heavy storm, and although the size and geography of the Archipelago were as familiar to an Athenian as those of the Atlantic or the Channel to a modern Englishman. That is to say that between the fall of Troy and the arrival of the Herald (a period of a few hours) the poet is supposed to have asked his audience to believe that events had taken place which would occupy almost as many weeks. Why should he have put so severe a strain upon their imagination? The story of the beacons is a fine story finely told; but it has no necessary connexion with the rest of the plot as it is generally understood. Was Æschylus so clumsy a playwright that he violated the possibilities of the stage only for the sake of introducing a pretty passage? Incredible. But so is the story of the beacons incredible, and it is intended to be incredible. There was no pre-arranged signal between the husband and his wife, and the audience, who knew all about her guilty intercourse with Ægisthus, were to understand at once that she was deceiving the elders. No, the signal was started by the adulterer to his paramour, by the one conspirator to the other, to warn her that Agamemnon was coming, and that their plottings must now be put into action. Nor is it only at the beginning of the play that the traditional reading presents irreconcilable contradictions. They recur at the entrance of Ægisthus. What brought Ægisthus to the palace at that particular moment? His folly would be greater than his crime. Yet he does come and takes credit to himself for "combining and contriving all this difficult plot." But what plot? All the plotting has been Clytemnestra's. Yet the elders at once agree that the plot is the plot of Ægisthus. Again, we are told that the outlook for the beacon-signal had been maintained for a year. Why for a year? Are we to suppose that after eight or nine years of absence Agamemnon had suddenly hit upon this new method of communication? There is nothing to suggest such a notion. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that in Homer the watchman of Ægisthus had been looking out for Agamemnon for a year. Such are some of the ingenious and apparently solid arguments which Dr. Verrall has put forward and which call for acceptance or refutation. It is certain that his view of the play not only divests it of its improbabilities, but indues it with that ironical interest which was so welcome to an Athenian audience, because it introduced an element of novelty into the time-worn tales on which the tragedies were founded. Here we must leave Dr. Verrall's Introduction and say a few words about his Translation and Commentary. In the former we shall find many smaller indications of his independence of tradition, many unfamiliar renderings of well-known passages, and many happy turns of English. Now and again the language is unduly artificial. Now and again a word or phrase is used in an unnatural or even an awkward sense. But it may be understood and enjoyed without the Greek, and that is a rare quality in translations. But its primary object has been to relieve the Commentary, and the young scholar must be on his guard about adopting versions, always happy and always plausible, but frequently in conflict with received interpretations. Let it not be supposed, however, that Dr. Verrall tries to steal an assent which would not be granted after deliberate examination of the evidence. His notes are models of what notes ought to be. He not only knows his own mind, but he understands and fairly states the views which he rejects, especially in the Appendices where he discusses those questions which are too elaborate for a footnote. As a specimen of his argumentation, we may summarize his views upon the much-vexed passage 498 foll.:—

κήρυκ' ἀπ' ἀκτῆς τόνδ' ὁρῶ κατάσκιον
κλάδοις ἐλαίας· μαρτυρεῖ δέ μοι κάσις
πηλοῦ ξύνουρος διψία κόνις τάδε,
ὡς οὔτ' ἄναυδος οὔτε σοι δαίων φλόγα
ὕλης ὀρείας σημανεῖ καπνῷ πυρός,
ἀλλ' ἢ τὸ χαίρειν μᾶλλον ἐκβάξει λέγων.

Adopting Mr. Housman's suggestion (first put forward in the *Journal of Philology*, xvi. 264) that the cloud of dust testified to the approach of a returning army (the connexion of ideas was familiar to an Athenian audience), Dr. Verrall remarks, first, that there is no indication that the dust is actually seen in the distant landscape, and, secondly, that *πηλοῦ ξύνουρος* remains unexplained, or can only be explained as mere ornament. The second is perhaps the more formidable objection, and Dr. Verrall insists upon treating the words, not merely as not ornamental, but as possessing their exact and original force, *dust conterminous with mud.* Now the plain of Argos on the eastern side suffers from deficiency of water, on the western side from superabundance. The brother and sister, whose lands lie side by side, are the Dust and the Mire. "The speakers are looking from Argos eastwards towards the sea, and it is therefore the Sister, the Dust, which tells them a large body of men is approaching from the port." This theory is made the more credible when we remember how freely the meaning of words was assisted on the Athenian stage by the use of explanatory gesture. It is impossible here to give any more specimens of Dr. Verrall's work in Æschylus. With much that will provoke dissent and much that calls for careful consideration, this edition of the *Agamemnon* is distinguished on every page by the patient thought and the robust originality which are only found in the highest scholarship.

In making an edition of the *Supplices* ("dulcissimæ illæ Ἱκετίδες," as Keble called it) Professor Tucker, of Melbourne University (late of Cambridge), has attempted a bold and somewhat thankless task. But it may be granted at once that he has achieved a considerable success where complete success was impossible, and that he has done much to make possible the study of a play which has fallen into neglect "for no fault but its misfortune." We are glad to see that Professor Tucker, like Dr. Verrall, expresses a high opinion of the late Mr. Paley's work in Æschylus. It may be remembered that one of the later works of Mr. Paley was a critical edition of this very corrupt but very beautiful play. Before speaking of Professor Tucker's work in the text, it is pleasant to congratulate him upon his translation—exact, fluent, and frequently happy. But why did he mar its practical value by forgetting to number the lines? The overwhelming majority of the notes in his Commentary are, as they were obliged to be, devoted to textual criticism. To discuss these, even in sample, is beyond the scope of this article. It is disappointing to find that so careful and patient an editor declares that the result of his study is to deepen rather than diminish his distrust of the MSS. This is partly due, perhaps, to a proper but overstrained desire to make the text of Æschylus agree with, "if not a formal, at least a natural, grammar." Indeed, he expresses disagreement with Badham's well-known saying, "Scio tragicis fere omnia licere"; and this tendency has perhaps led him to suggest innovations in the text which are not absolutely necessary—*e.g.* at 585, *ὥστ' ἀνηβῆσαί με γηραιὰν φρένα*, where MSS. and previous editors had *γηραιᾷ φρενί*. That is impossible, says Professor Tucker, although *γηθούσῃ φρενί* could stand, but if we are to express "the "part or respect in which the rejuvenation takes place" we must have the accusative case. Surely that is a little too absolute. So again, a few lines later, *διπλοῦν μίασμα πρὸς πόλεως φανέν*, where he takes away the *πρός* (*id nihili est*, he says, retorting Hermann's words), and writes *πρό*. But it would be unfair to convey the idea that Professor Tucker is a capricious emendator who loves innovation for its own sake. He always has good reasons for his protest against the (more or less) received text, and he explains them tacitly, tersely, and drily. His notes of interpretation are less frequent and more easily digested. At 595 foll. he rejects Paley's view, and adopts one that seems much preferable:—

ἱκεσίου Ζηνὸς κότον
μέγαν προφωνῶν μήποτ' εἰσόπιν χρόνοι
πόλιν παχῦναι.

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* *The Agamemnon of Æschylus.* With an Introduction, Commentary, and Translation. By A. W. Verrall, Litt.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

The Supplices of Æschylus. A Revised Text, with Introduction, Critical Notes, Commentary, and Translation. By T. G. Tucker, M.A., Professor of Classical Philology in the University of Melbourne, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Here Paley made *κότον* the subject and *πόλιν* the object of the verb *παχῦναι*, which he translated "allow to thrive." But Professor Tucker reverses the relation of the two nouns, and translates the verb "to feed fat," regarding *προφωνῶν* as a *verbum vetandi*, which certainly explains the *μήποτε* better than under Paley's view of the passage. Again, at 1037, *τὸ βέλτερον κακοῦ καὶ τὸ δίμοιρον αἰνῶ*, Professor Tucker seems right in throwing over the common view that *τὸ δίμοιρον* should be explained as "half," or (with Stanley) as *quasi temperatam ex ambobus Jovis doliis*. He prefers to take the word in its more natural sense of "having a double share" (or a share of two to one as compared with the other shares). For solid work by patient students Professor Tucker's edition of the *Supplices* may be confidently recommended. He has certainly made a substantial contribution to the scholarship of Æschylus. It is curious to notice, by the way, that the phrase *ἀγώνιοι θεοι* (*Supplices*, 163) is cited in Dr. Verrall's note on *Agamemnon* 518 in order to show that, in Dr. Verrall's opinion, it bears a meaning which Professor Tucker declares to be impossible, citing the same passage in the *Agamemnon* to prove his contradictory view. Even the newest lights do not always agree one with another.

WHIST.*

THIS is an admirable little book, and it is hardly too much to say that, if studied as it ought to be, it will do more to improve Englishmen's whist than all the volumes on further developments which have been published of late. Its scope and aims are concisely set forth in the short preface, which we cannot do better than quote:—

> Most writers on Whist tell at some length how to open the game; what suit to lead originally, and which card of that suit to play; when to lead or ask for trumps originally, and when not; which card to play second and third hand; which card to return when leading a suit already led; when to trump a card originally led, and when to pass; and so on. They escort the young player in comparative safety through the dangers that beset him till about the middle of the hand; then, when perplexities arise and he most needs their help, they leave him with a large stock of maxims, but without any practical aid as to how to carry them out. . . . These, and similar considerations, led me to believe that a number of examples of Whist play, late in a hand, might be of use to book players; and that, if carefully pondered on, they might improve the style of those who have travelled as far as systematic books carry them.

Cavendish has also said that "the ingenuity manifested by players at Whist in losing tricks they ought to win," late in a hand, "is at times almost superhuman." The ordinary player knows only too well the cold feeling that comes over him when he is left with four or five cards in his hand and does not know which to play; but, if he will only study this little book, he will find that his perception will increase in proportion to his pains, and he will play with confidence and certainty. Numerous examples of end-hands are given to exemplify different points of the game—such as "Remembering the turn-up card," "Winning partner's trick," "When not to finesse," "Getting rid of the lead," "Trying to give partner the lead," "Refusing to trump and playing to the score," "Discarding," &c. In all these cases the reader is furnished with essential information as to the previous play; then follows the actual play, with comments; then the conversation that ensues between the partners, generally of an amusing and recriminatory character, and, finally, the author's remarks as to the proper method. Six examples are given of the end-hand management of trumps, a common pitfall to the unwary player. To the younger student the chapters on "Sources of doubt and error," "Clay on inferences," and "Perception and no perception," are invaluable. He is there taught, in a plain and logical way, how to place or mark cards in his partner's and adversaries' hands, and to base his play upon such knowledge. Oral advice, so freely tendered him after the hand is played out, is too often untrustworthy. It frequently assumes that he ought to have known the position of cards which he could not; while the real source of his error in judgment, as is shown in the conversations in these pages, passes unobserved. He is also liable to be called to task for not adhering to book-play at an epoch of the game when the time for book-play is over, and playing by inference should begin. The dictum of "Cavendish" should never be forgotten:—"The fall of the cards may, one time or another, modify nearly every rule of play. A player who simply follows rule, and fails to grasp the situations in which rule should be departed from, is a mere machine without intelligence." The authors have done a signal service to whist in publishing this little work; and, as we have said, we anticipate that its results will be far-reaching. There are some obvious misprints at p. 63, which, no doubt, will be corrected in a later edition.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHTING ACTS.†

ANY one who can succeed in overstepping the wearisome title-page of this volume will find plenty to interest him in some of the subsequent chapters, especially if he is capable of receiving an unhallowed joy from the contemplation of the blunders of Parliament, when Parliament has specially made up its mind that for once, at least, it will not blunder. The Electric Lighting Act of 1882 is an old story now, but its memory was revived when the Act of 1888 to amend it was introduced. It remains as a monument to the folly of those who expect aught but disaster from too much legislative interference with the employment of capital. They recollected that water Companies and gas Companies had monopolies, and they knew that both the charges and the dividends of these Companies were large. They realized also that more or less modified concessions or monopolies must be granted to electric-lighting Companies. Mr. Chamberlain was at the Board of Trade, and Mr. Chamberlain at that time hated monopolies. The result was that "numerous Companies were formed, to which no less than 13,000,000*l.* of capital was subscribed—numerous orders and licences were subsequently applied for. And the result? A lamentable fiasco. Few of such licences and orders were proceeded with [*sic*]; still fewer, after having been granted, were worked."

This result was due to a section in the Act which was insisted upon by Mr. Chamberlain. The section in question gave the local authority power to purchase the whole undertaking at the end of twenty-one years. But, in estimating the amount of the purchase-money, the goodwill of the concern was ignored altogether. In other words, the local authorities were to be allowed to purchase at the end of twenty-one years a business which might be bringing in a good return to its shareholders, after years without dividends, for the value of the plant and buildings. It is strange that a man of business like Mr. Chamberlain should ever have proposed, or a business assembly like the House of Lords should ever have passed, a regulation so obviously against the interests of the whole community. Of the House of Commons anything unbusinesslike might, at that time, have been expected. A man would not be wise who would invest his money under such conditions. For, in the first place, it is extremely unlikely that the amount of the valuation of plant, &c., would reach more than half what had been paid for its construction and maintenance, considering how experimental an industry electric lighting at that time was. The interest on the capital, therefore, would be such that, in addition to the high rate that would be naturally demanded by a shareholder in such a case, there would have to be a sinking fund large enough to reach half of the invested capital in about seventeen or eighteen years. That electric light could not compete with gas light under these conditions ought to have been manifest. That no heed was paid at the time to the many protests which were uttered argues an obtuse obstinacy on the part of the President of the Board of Trade, of which the cause is extremely difficult to fathom.

The chief difference between the Act of 1888 and that of 1882 is in the lengthening of this period of twenty-one years to forty-two years. The result of this tardy change is the springing up of Companies for the lighting of London, with an aggregate capital of about three millions sterling. In some districts the change is visible to the eye in the increased brilliancy of shop-windows, in others the effect has at present only been the pulling about of the roadways and "sidewalks." But before six months are past many houses and most clubs will be electrically illumined. A book like that before us, although necessarily technically dry in parts, will be found useful, not only to the directors and managers of the Companies themselves, but also to any householder who may wish to understand the duties and liabilities of the Companies, as well as the justice of their demands. It will probably interest him to know that, as a rule, every district will be assigned to two Companies, so that a limited competition will be introduced; and, where possible, these Companies will be selected on the principle that one is to work on the low and the other on the high tension system. It is not quite so certain, however, that those of the public, to whom easy locomotion is more important than brilliant illumination, will enjoy the consequent pulling up of all the main thoroughfares twice over. They are, on the other hand, to be saved from the unsightliness and danger of overhead cables.

The consumers are further protected by the fixing of a maximum charge. This charge will probably amount to about five-thirds of the cost of gas for the same amount of illumination. When once the Companies get to work fully, however, the price will be probably reduced, owing to the existence of competition. And it must be further recollected that great saving will be effected in the cost of annual papering, painting, gilding, and whitewashing. Electric light, nevertheless, will remain, no doubt, for some years a luxury. The charges will be usually made by meter, an instrument for this purpose being placed at the entry to each separate building supplied. These meters must be approved by the Board of Trade. Customers may, however, prefer to pay an annual price per lamp, in which case they may burn it for as long a period per day as they wish without any increased charge. This method will probably be adopted in cases where the whole consumption of a house is small.

The work before us is, on the whole, clearly written and generally accurate. One or two mistakes we have noticed, as, for instance, in the table on p. 12, which gives a list of the various London Companies, the St. James's and Pall Mall Electric Lighting Company has been omitted. The authors also seem to think that the "direct" system is synonymous with the "storage" system, for on p. 33 it is described as "the direct or storage" system. Direct currents can with great advantage be used with

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* *Whist with and without Perception.* By "B. W. D." and "Cavendish." London: De la Rue & Co. 1889.

† *The Law relating to Electric Lighting.* Second edition. Being the Electric Lighting Acts, 1882 and 1888, with a General Introduction, a Continuous Commentary, and Appendices; consisting of the Rules, Regulations, and Model Form of Provisional Order issued by the Board of Trade. By G. Spencer Bower, B.A. (Oxon.), of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; and Walter Webb, Solicitor, of the Supreme Court. London: Sampson Low & Co.

storage batteries for certain purposes. But it is not contemplated to use them generally in this way. There are also one or two points in which the purely legal information is not quite up to date. We can, however, recommend the book to all those who are interested in the subject, either as producers or consumers, as the best, if not the only exhaustive, treatise on the subject at present produced.

THE ROOTS OF THE MOUNTAINS.*

MUCH dust has been raised, and it was practically impossible that some should not be raised, about the "Wardour Street" style of *The Roots of the Mountains. Distinguons.* It has been frequently pointed out, and nowhere oftener and more clearly than here, that bad Wardour Street is a very bad thing. Speaking confidentially, we are not acquainted with anything which, when it is bad of its kind, is not bad. But, speaking confidentially also, we are acquainted with very few things which, when they are good of their kind, are not good. Now, Mr. William Morris's Wardour Street is on the whole a very superior specimen of the article. It is easy to caricature—we have done it ourselves, *tant bien que mal*, before now; and a great many other people have done it, perhaps before, certainly since. We shall not do it again. Let us only congratulate Mr. Morris on being less uncompromisingly Wardour Street (*si* Wardour Street *y a*) in his typography than he was in *The House of the Wolfings.* It is possible to read *The Roots of the Mountains*, which is a much bigger book than its forerunner, through without anything of that lancinating pain which causeth the eyes of him who readeth that forerunner to ake (it is not only Wardour Street which prefers that spelling) and to water and to burn. There is less narrative verse (though there are songs, &c., and good ones), and since, good as Mr. Morris's prose always is, it is less good than his verse, we lose something. Every now and then even the hardy reader, who is as little afraid of being bitten by archaisms as by allegories, may justly quarrel with a phrase which is out of keeping, as here:—

> From the height in the pass those grey slopes seemed easy to traverse; but the warriors of the Wolf knew that it was far otherwise, for they were but the molten rock-sea that in time long past has flowed forth from Shield-broad, and filled up the whole valley endlong and overthwart, cooling as it flowed.

This geological mastery on the part of the warriors of the Wolf we own surprises us a little. And here, again, is a false note:—

> These souls longed for the sheepcotes in the winding valleys under the long grey downs; and the garths where the last year's ricks shouldered up against the old stone gables, and where the daws were busy in the tall unfrequent ash trees.

That is a pretty piece enough, but it is purely modern "word-painting." And so are "the kine moving like odorous shadows" and other things. But no doubt it is hard to keep up a falsetto through 400 pages. Wherefore say some that falsetti are abominations; yet is this hardly critical.

Further comparing the book with *The House of the Wolfings*, the reader has the advantage of a much more interesting and more connected story (though something parallel to the former) and of a greater bulk of work. We own that, for our own part, we like our romances long. Your novel of manners and character, your story of situation, your essay, your poem, may be as short as they like, and so much the better. But, as of fighting in this way or that, and love-making in that way or this, there is no end in any life while that life is worth living, so the extensive faculties of the romance which is, or ought to be, nearly all fighting and love-making are almost infinite. Are there not eleven tightly-packed volumes from the moment when D'Artagnan appears on the butter-coloured pony to that when his dying hand grasps the bâton? Are there not x thousand verses in the *Faerie Queene*? And cursed be he who wishes a page or a verse short in either. As in *The House of the Wolfings*, Mr. Morris's main theme consists in the repulse by his favourite "kindreds" of Teutonic or Scandinavian descent of misbegotten invaders from a distance. This time, however, the invaders are not Romans, or civilized people of any kind, but "Dusky Men," apparently Huns or Mongols of some sort; and the menaced stronghold is not a "mark" in a wood, but Burgdale, a strath at the "roots of the mountains" inhabited by "kindreds," who are each named from some distinguishing cognizance, animal (*sed procul, o procul este totemi!*) or fantastic—the "Face," the "Bull," the "Bridge," and so forth. These Burgdalers proper, who dwell in the lower and fatter part of the valley, are farmers, and also craftsmen of considerable advancement in the arts of life; and rich, though not in the least corrupted or effeminate, but tall men of their hands all. To them belong in a sort of relationship the "Shepherds" of the upper valley; and, still more vaguely and distantly, the "Woodlanders" of the district stretching up and over the mountains themselves. Of other dales beyond these they know little—nor much of any other world at all than their own valley, except in so far as merchants come to them with wares from the distant Cities. Their chief, or Alderman, is a certain Iron-face, head of the kindred of the Face (so called from a device in their hall), a rich man, and a cunning smith in iron and other metals. His eldest son is named Face-of-God, or Gold-Mane, the tallest and handsomest of the tribe, and, though not much practised in war, a promising warrior. With him, partly as a sister, but, as she is of another kindred, more as a future wife, there has been brought up the most beautiful girl of the tribe, known as "the Bride." But one day, after there have been some unusual acts of violence committed by strangers in the outskirts of the dale, Face-of-God goes a-hunting or a-wandering in the Woodland district over the hills. And, after a time, he meets there, at first in a kind of hostile encounter, but afterwards in friendship, a brother and sister, the latter of whom seems to him more beautiful than the Bride, or any one that he has ever seen. He is entertained not inhospitably by her people, and makes a later tryst, in a mystic place called Shadowy Vale, alone with her, whom he calls at first the Friend, but afterwards the Sunbeam. Then he learns, not only her kindred and history, but also matters of great importance to the Burgdalers. The outlaws (for they are almost that) whom he has met are certain Children of the Wolf, remotely akin to the Woodlanders, but in reality the remnant of a once powerful tribe who once possessed Silverdale, a valley over the mountains, but have been driven out of it by the Dusky Men, who also hold another valley, Rosedale, and, unknown to the Burgdalers, are thinking of invading Burgdale itself. They are mere savages in all but the art of war, cruel and lustful, given to human sacrifices, and generally bestial in their habits. After skirmishes with exploring parties of them, and on learning that fresh swarms are expected, the Burgdalers and their allies resolve to anticipate the attack, and strike at the enemy in his own place, which they reach by mountain-paths known only to the Children of the Wolf. That this bold stroke ends in victory and in the re-establishment of the right owners in the conquered dales nobody needs to be told. The war part of the Saga is tempered by the history of the way in which Face-of-God is off with his old love and on with his new. The nicest girl in the book, however, is neither "the Sunbeam" nor "the Bride," both of whom are rather serious young ladies; while the Bride takes her jilting with an absence of proper spirit, and the Sunbeam does her cutting-out in a pontifical and "it-is-my-mission-to-marry-you" manner which, putting ourselves in Face-of-God's place, we should not, we think, have found enticing. Our favourite is a young person named Bow-may, of the kindred of the Wolf herself; and, as her name intimates, a very Artemis of the North. She is no prude either, has a generous but honourable liking for the irresistible Face-of-God (for whom it must be said that, if rather inconstant, he is no coxcomb), kisses him, or rather asks him to kiss her, in a very agreeable manner, in the hottest and midmost of the fight, and bestows herself on a good warrior of the Burgdalers "sith 'twill no better be." She does not make long speeches; but she is always delightful, whether she is saving Face-of-God's life by her archery in the mountain passes, or combining delight of battle with tender sentiments as above related, or sitting down wounded after her exploits to banquet "unhelmed, with a wreath of wind flowers round her head," or in the fight itself as she rains her shafts on the enemy "battle-angry," with glittering eyes, and the pommels of her cheeks burning red, and her lips dry and grey; or when, as we take leave of her performing, at the close of the story, an odd Scriptural kind of errand and convoying the second baby of Face-of-God and the Sunbeam to be fostered by the Bride and her husband, Folk-might, the new chief of Silverdale and the Sunbeam's brother, she "fell a-musing, and made as though she were listening to the voice of the Bride, but in sooth neither heard nor saw what was going on about her, for her thoughts were in bygone days."

From another point of view the chief charm of the book may seem to lie in the fighting, which is abundant and of the very best. It must be very much a matter of individual taste whether the great fight in Silverdale is found too long or not. There are about sixty pages of it; but it is excellent reading, especially the episode of Face-of-God and Bow-may embracing under the arrow-canopy, and that of Face-of-God and Folk-might meeting face to face at the top of the *perron* of the mote-house of Silverstead, after each has hewn his way, the one singlehanded, the other with but one companion, up a stair crowded with foes. Excellent, too, are many of the earlier passages of the fighting kind—the first hostile meeting of Face-of-God with his future love and wife in the wood (it is not wholly unlike the great scene of Lavengro with Isopel and the Flaming Tinman), his subsequent foregathering with Bow-may, where that lively damsel introduces herself in a friendly way by sending three arrows six inches each from his right ear, his left ear, and the top of his head, and the skirmish in the pass, where she saves his life. The old merit of Mr. Morris's work, both in prose and verse, its adjustment of literary and pictorial merit, appears throughout the book, and for our parts, if the painful critic had his due, and men of letters, instead of nitrate kings, became millionaires we would have a long gallery frescoed with scenes from *The Roots of the Mountains* and walk therein, not unaccompanied by that other herb Pantagruelion (the beneficent one, as hemp is the avenging), which the kindreds knew not, that we might behold with our eyes, as now with our minds, all these gracious things, not the least charm of which is that there be many excellent folk who cannot taste their graciousness at all.

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* *The Roots of the Mountains.* By William Morris. London: Reeves & Turner.

THE BLUE FRIARS.*

OLD Plymouth in days long ago rejoiced in societies of White Friars, Grey Friars, and Black Friars, with a nunnery to boot. They have left their footprints behind them, with a page or so of by no means uninteresting history. Among other things spiritual and temporal, they seem to have left behind them some ideas which manifested themselves in the minds of a few Plymouth wits in this nineteenth century. In the year 1829 four gentlemen of Plymouth founded what they were pleased to call the Order of Blue Friars, to promote mutual enjoyment of the pleasures of this world, by meeting in conclave at each other's houses alternately once a quarter, and making merry after the manner of those times. A good plain dinner, wine, and talk, with a written paper to be read by each in his turn, was the entertainment provided by the rules of the fraternity. Some of them expended their wit in devising canons, costumes, and formalities, by way of affecting the manners and customs of the friars of old. The four brethren who originated this ingenious plan for their amusement consisted of—the Prior, Friar Tuck, William Jacobson, a lawyer of much wit and other accomplishments; the Sub-Prior, Friar Locke, George Wightwick, an architect, a really good talker, a wit, a great admirer of Shakspeare and the drama in general, a friend of Macready's, and a man much sought after for his entertaining qualities—these two were probably the ringleaders of the set; Friar Bacon, William Snow Harris, afterwards Sir William Harris, F.R.S., of lightning-conductor fame; and Friar Roger, T. Duncan Newton, who undertook the duties of sacristan. Afterwards the elder Charles Mathews, when on a visit to Plymouth, was elected one of the brethren under the name of Friar Prism; and one or two others became brethren, with the addition also of some lay brethren and even lay sisters.

Mr. Wright, who is the very efficient Librarian of the Plymouth Public Library, has done his best to dig up the remains of the Blue Friars buried in oblivion, and to describe this phase of wit prevalent in Plymouth half a century ago. But he found the Blue Friars were well nigh forgotten; only one or two persons had any remembrance of them whatever, and their records, kept, of course, in a blue book in a blue box, had disappeared. He has, however, searched them out, and has found some of the remains, which, with his description of the Order of Blue Friars and the brethren individually, make up the book before us. Brother Locke's (Wightwick's) written contributions appeared from time to time in *Fraser*, and some of these are reprinted here. There is also to be found some fair versification of the Friars, amongst, as might be supposed, a good share of doggerel. It is hardly necessary to say that Mathews was the shining light when he attended the conclaves, which could not be often; but, considering his powers, and those also of Jacobson and Wightwick, the fun must have been fast and furious, and of a very high order at times. No doubt the talk at the conclaves, as they chose to call them, was the best part of the festivity. No servants were allowed to be present when the conclave was sitting, and it is easy to imagine the boisterous uncontrolled wit, language being set free, which would flourish, when four or five intimate friends met together for the express purpose of abandoning themselves to unlicensed merriment. Talk is, after all, the bloom and sweetness of life, and it perisheth like a flower. It never can be reduced to writing by the aid even of the best of memories.

One of the most amusing of the papers published in this book is a description by Brother Roger—T. Duncan Newton—of a "Mathews at Home," at which he was present, given at the English Opera House, Strand, on the 6th June, 1822. The original bill of "Mr. Mathews at Home" is printed in full at p. 135, and the broad humour of the entertainment is well put before us. A paper by the same brother (p. 141) also gives some very amusing "Reminiscences of Lister." Sub-Prior Locke (Wightwick), a friend of Mathews, as he was of all players who visited Plymouth, contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* "My Acquaintance with Charles Mathews," reprinted here at p. 112, in which he describes the last illness and death of Mathews at Plymouth in the year 1835. At p. 123 Wightwick says:—

> He was prohibited from much talking; but when his spirits were up it was as difficult for him to maintain silence as for us to wish him to do so. When suddenly checked by exhaustion or a paroxysm, he would say:—"There now; you leave *me* to do all the talking, while you all know that I ought not to speak. It's quite enough for me to get a word in edgeways. Now *do* talk to one another, there's good boys, and never mind me. Here H—— [Harris], are not you and W—— [Wightwick] opposed in politics? Say something to hurt his feelings, there's a good fellow; get up a political quarrel. It'll amuse me." "Bravo!" said Mathews, as he lay his length upon a sofa. "Go on, Harris; it's all right. He's getting savage. Hear! hear! à la lanterne! Rascals! Radicals! Robespierre! Keep it up! He's coming to the climax of personal violence."

Mathews lies buried in St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, where there is a monument and an epitaph written by Wightwick to his memory.

The talk of the Blue Friars at their table, inspired by their repast before teetotallers were heard of, must have been far more sparkling than their writings, written in their studies (every house had its study in those days) before the hour of inspiration was upon them, and carried to the conclave in their pockets.

It is of the nature of such things that the Blue Friars did not enjoy a very prolonged existence as friars. They founded their Order in 1829, they met for the last time in 1846, and during those seventeen years forty-two conclaves were held. The canon to meet once a quarter was soon violated; wit and humour under such conditions is not long lived, its freshness wears off, it begins to lag, and it fades away into dull chatter. All the Blue Friars have gone the way of other friars, and Mr. Wright has undertaken the task of embalming their memory.

* *The Blue Friars.* By W. H. K. Wright, F.R.Hist.Soc. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Plymouth: W. Frank Westcott.

BATTLES AND ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

"MAY they [the critics] have partaken of a comforting tiffin when they take in hand the mighty pen is the prayer" of Mr. Moodie, expressed in the preface to his second volume. As it happens, we are writing before the hour of that meal—few, we imagine, would care to court Mr. Moodie and indigestion immediately after it. In any case, we can assure him that no amount of tiffin, however comforting, would induce our "mighty "pen" to praise this book. Mr. Moodie belongs to the class of writers—a growing terror—who send unsolicited copies of their works to members of the Royal Family and other distinguished people, and then print as an advertisement the replies wrung from the perplexity of these anguished celebrities. We learn from the extracts set out at the beginning of these volumes that the late Sir Bartle Frere held the ignorance of the public upon South African matters to be deplorable; also that Sir Theophilus Shepstone is of opinion that Mr. Moodie's work "will be most useful as a reference." With Sir Bartle Frere's statement we cordially agree; but we wonder if Sir Theophilus Shepstone has ever tried to hunt up a reference to any South African matter of history befalling between the reign of the late Pharaoh Necho and the year 1880 of our era in the unindexed sea of print and confusion which Mr. Moodie calls a book? Mr. Moodie is a poet as well as a historian, and we cannot refrain from passing on a little of the pleasure we have received from the verses prefixed to his first volume, entitled, "Adamastor, or The Titan Shape of the Mighty Cape." They begin:—

> Of old the Titans, is (*sic*) unholy rage,
> Waged impious war against the thunderer Jove;
> And oft we've seen along the classic page
> How—lightning armed—the "Cloud Compeller" hove
> The rebels headlong down to earth, where still they strove

And so on; there is plenty more of it, but we will forbear to heave it headlong at a suffering public.

To come down to prose, that of Mr. Moodie is best illustrated by a sample; words fail us in which to describe it. Here is one, taken pretty well at hazard from the second page of his first volume:—

> The dawn of the existence of this land of "Good Hope" among the shores within the scope of European genius and enterprise has been obscured by the darkness of its subsequent annals. The gloom and aspirations of the 15th century scarcely afford, in our minds, a subject of contemplation for the 19th, enveloped in its own busy schemes of to-day. There is in all our education, says the late Judge Watermeyer, an amazing negligence of the enquiry into our share of the philosophy of history. And yet what more glorious, what more worthy to be held forth to the admiration of men, than the spirit of that age, the interpretation of one whose thoughts was the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope?

Is such a style as this to be matched anywhere, even in America? Surely there is in all Mr. Moodie's education, says the present critic, an amazing negligence of the inquiry into his share of the philosophy of grammar! For the rest, we can only say this for the book; it is very long, and, to a great extent, composed of extracts from many works, documents, journals, &c., written by other people. In this collection sundry interesting facts are to be found; but, personally speaking, we should prefer to consult the various originals before Mr. Moodie had pounded them in his literary mortar. The only original matter of any real value in these pages is the general Chronology of African events appended to the second volume, which appears to have been compiled with some care.

* *The History of the Battles and Adventures of the British, the Boers, and the Zulus, &c., in Southern Africa, from the time of Pharaoh Necho to* 1880. By Duncan Campbell Francis Moodie. Cape Town: Murray & St. Leger.

THE BOOKWORM.†

THE second volume of *The Bookworm*—for such, from the pair of stars on the back, we presume it to be—is better than its title. It is a vagrant collection of gossip relating to books and bookmen; and such a collection, however unscientific in its execution, could scarcely fail to be readable. Now and then, indeed, the "personal equation" jars upon the reader, as when one of the writers gratuitously goes out of his way to brand Prior, Gay, and Butler as "miserable poetasters," which is neither relevant nor true. But the offences of this kind are few; and, making due allowance for certain limitations in the field explored, which seem to indicate that the writers are strongest in eighteenth-century literature, the volume is full of fine confused feeding. There is something of that famous newspaper, the *Craftsman* of Nicholas Amhurst, and of its printer, Richard

† *The Bookworm.* An Illustrated Treasury of Old-Time Literature. London: Elliot Stock. 1889.

Francklin, who, having helped to abuse Sir Robert Walpole, ended his days as the tenant at Twickenham of Sir Robert's youngest son; there are some interesting *Swiftiana* from the stores of Sylvanus Urban; there is a reprint from the *Westminster Magazine* of the communication of a correspondent who had visited Goldsmith at "the smoky, miserable, one-pair-of-stairs room" where he lived in Green Arbour Court; there is a curious contribution (from Brisbane) about that curious book, Barlow's *Complete English Peerage*; there is a chat about John Newbery, based upon Mr. Welsh, and a chat about Rowlandson, based upon Mr. Grego. Other noticeable articles are on the library at Wimborne Minster, with its memories of Prior; on Rymer and Dennis, by Mr. William Roberts; on Grangerism and Grangerites, by Mr. Laurence Hutton, and on the *Trivial Poems and Triolets* of Patrick Carey, by Mr. Gleeson White. A series of articles on "Bookworms of Yesterday and To-day" gives accounts of Mr. Bernard Quaritch, Richard of Bury, Mr. Chancellor Christie, Mr. R. S. Turner, Mr. H. S. Ashbee, and others. Many versicles on books, original and collected, are scattered through the pages of *The Bookworm*, some of which show that a genuine book-lover may make but an indifferent bard. Upon the whole, however, the volume has fewer *longueurs et langueurs* than most of its class, while many of its papers preserve items of out-of-the-way information which should be serviceable to that "great community of bibliocists, bibliophilists, bibliographers, bibliopolists, bibliologists, bibliopegists," *et hoc genus omne*, to which one of its contributors refers.

THE POOR SISTERS OF NAZARETH.*

THE Sisters of Nazareth House could not possibly have had a more graceful or sympathetic advocate of their cause than Mrs. Alice Meynell, who pleads it with much earnest pathos. Nazareth House, Hammersmith, is one of the most interesting charitable institutions in the metropolis. It was founded, if we mistake not, by the late Cardinal Wiseman, and is intended as a home for the aged as well as for abandoned children. In short, the extremes of life are taken into this institution and cared for with a tender charity beyond praise. Nazareth House is distinctly not a workhouse. It is, to use Mrs. Meynell's charming phrase, "God's home for His poor." Aged people of both sexes are tended with a gentle thoughtfulness that can only spring from a sincere sentiment of true religion and appreciation of the duties of Christian charity. The forlorn old women who are admitted are called "the old ladies."

> If there is one among them [says Mrs. Meynell] who has a beautiful face, in form or expression, the nuns do not fail to draw their visitors' attention to it; and some of these faces are most beautiful and spiritual. Even those who are suffering are peaceful; those who are passing into eternity without pain look like saints, pale, not with the difficulty of common life and poverty, but with seventy years of prayers.

All London contributes to the support of the Sisters, who are well-known at every great restaurant, club, and hotel, and there is not one of these immense caravanseries where they are not cordially welcomed, and from which they do not return with their carts well filled with scraps, which they convert into succulent and wholesome food for their "guests." We must not call the poor people at Nazareth House "paupers." "They are our guests and our friends," the good Sisters retort; and, whilst the old men and women, many of them verging on a hundred, are as clean and neat as it is possible for them to be made, and really seem to be enjoying the last few hours of their lives, the little children in the other wing of the house are being tended with motherly care. Each child is carefully dressed, not only in clean garments, but in pretty ones. There is no frock that is not gracefully made and gaily trimmed. The infinite variety of the odds and ends has a charming effect as regards the children, whose colouring has been studiously suited, and who have that look of having been separately and individually cared for which takes something from the melancholy of the sight of an orphan crowd. The White Lady who rose nightly from her grave, in the German legend, to wash and comb the little children ill tended need not walk the wards of Nazareth House. The dead and gone mothers whose little ones are there can rest in peace.

In addition to their internal work of the House, the Sisters have undertaken during the last few winters a soup-kitchen, which has brought several hundred starving people from all parts of London daily to their gates. The nuns rise to set on their caldrons at half-past four on the winter mornings. As it has often been hard to find the wherewithal, sometimes the inmates have voluntarily given up their share of the food to the outsiders—men cowering in the hard frost, and in some cases literally fainting from famine. Nineteen hundred persons, all told, have partaken of the hospitality of Nazareth House in a single day. The soup-kitchen is absolutely free. The Sisters found that, in the condition of the unemployed, it was best to put no obstacle, not even that of a ticket, in the way of approach to his daily food. No questions are asked of man, woman, or child. Only it was thought necessary to keep the charity for the unemployed by giving the soup a little before noon. Men at work were tempted to take advantage of a twelve-o'clock dole. As it is, the great number of men and the comparative fewness of the women and children are noticeable. On the intensely frosty mornings of midwinter ragged men are to be seen tramping westwards from distances whither it might have been thought the fame of Nazareth had never penetrated. They straggle out by twos and threes, starting early, and waiting before the door with its cross until the time arrives for them to be admitted. There is an exquisite etching in the book by Mr. Lambert representing a group of these outcasts taking their soup—an excellent *olla podrida*—at the foot of a life-sized crucifix. The nuns are seen doling out the broth in basins in a pleasant, good-natured manner. This is an impressive sight, which those who have witnessed it are never likely to forget. Indeed, a visit to Nazareth House is one which everybody should make at least once in a while. Strangers are heartily welcomed, and, home-returning, they will feel the wiser and the better for having witnessed so much goodness and so much distress.

* *The Poor Sisters of Nazareth: an Illustrated Record of Life at Nazareth House, Hammersmith.* By Alice Meynell. With Illustrations by George Lambert. London: Burns & Oates. 1889.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

VI.

"ALL in the Downs" may be said to be the lyrical inspiration of Mr. W. Clark Russell's *Betwixt the Forelands* (Sampson Low & Co.), a delightful "'longshore chat," rising at times to something like a chant of exultation, concerning the gallant deeds done in the past by the merchant service and Royal Navy in the wars with Holland, Spain, and France. From many sources, including the *Naval Histories* of Campbell and of James, Mr. Russell has collected his yarns of sea-fights, shipwrecks, smugglers, slavers, Deal boatmen, and so forth; and, however distant may be the scene of his story, he connects one and all in the most ingenious way with the Deal beach, the Downs, or the Goodwins. When he intervenes in his narration, it is as a chorus, accompanying the dramatic action, and his enthusiasm is irresistible. When he himself spins the yarn he holds us spell-bound, and we close his fascinating book with regret that there is not more of it, overrunning with good things though it be. Reading these stirring deeds of valour and seamanship, many of which are absolutely unknown to British boys and their fathers, it is impossible not to echo Mr. Russell's regret that naval histories are closed books to most schoolboys. "A pity it is, I think," says Mr. Russell, "that we, the inheritors of the greatness and glory for which such sailors as this" (Sir John Lockhart Ross) "fought, suffered, and bled, should know so little about them that the names of but a handful, so to speak, are familiar to us." And the pity is, it is too true. The ordinary histories tell of Howe and Jervis, of Blake and mighty Nelson, of decisive battles, and entirely neglect the long roll-record of individual gallantry in which our seamen and fisher-folk shine with the best. The story of the Topsham mate and boy who overpowered the French privateersman who had captured them, and that of the master of a fishing-smack who, with his crew of one man and a boy, engaged a French sloop well armed, and took her with her crew of fourteen in triumph into Poole Harbour, are the finest of all possible tonics in these days, and ought to be familiar to every boy in the land. Mr. Russell's book is, indeed, a book that was badly wanted. But, apart from this, it is admirable from all points of view. It embraces the wide field suggested to the writer at the outset, not neglecting the historic associations of the Kentish shore, and it is written in the most rousing and vivid style conceivable. Mr. Ballantyne is scarcely at his best in *The Crew of the "Water Wagtail"* (Nisbet), a story of Newfoundland in the opening of the sixteenth century. It is written in Mr. Ballantyne's later manner, which is a manner quite opposed to the spirit that lightens the pages of the *Coral Island* and its companions. The story is not lacking in incident. There are mariners, with little "salt" about them, a shipwreck, adventures with Indians, and so forth; but the attempt to recreate the colour and atmosphere of a rather remote period of history is anything but successful, and we are a good deal bored by a certain seaman who seems to have enjoyed an acquaintance with William Tyndale in his youth, and carries with him a MS. copy of St. John's Gospel, which he is never averse from producing for the instruction of his comrades. The comic man who serves as a foil for young heroes, has become a "property" common to most sea stories for boys. In Mr. Arthur Lee Knight's *The Mids of the "Rattlesnake"* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) he is a Dutchman, shipped on board a corvette at Cape Town, as the Captain's servant. His English is extraordinary, and he becomes the butt of the crew, one of whom provokes him to a combat at length. The two men had gone through the form of reconciliation at the Captain's request, when the Dutchman appeared one day with a black eye, which is accounted for by his antagonist declaring it was done in self-defence—"without so much as 'by your leave' he runs his starboard dead-light right agin my port fist!" Mr. Knight's book is full of rattling encounters with pirates in Malay waters and other pleasant adventures. Mr. John Hutcheson's comic man in *The Black Man's Ghost* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) is a negro cook, who is shot at by a Yankee skipper, falls overboard, is believed to be dead, but by a lucky chance gets aboard again and plays ghost and his pet banjo to the horror of captain and crew. Mr. Hutcheson's story is ingeniously planned and told with excellent spirit. It comprises a most exciting voyage from Liverpool round Cape Horn, a wreck on one of the Galapagos group, an earthquake, a buccaneer's treasure, and a very impressive *finale*.

There seems to be a general revival of the late Mr. F. R. Goulding's books for boys this season. To those already noticed we must add *Nucoochee* (Routledge) and *Sal-o-Quah* (Routledge), the latter a story of a boy's life among the Cherokees. Both books we strongly recommend as wholesome and entertaining reading for the younger boys, and both are illustrated by W. J. Jackson in a style of uncommon vigour. Mr. Manville Fenn, whose stories we always hail with confident expectation of pleasure, has written nothing more exhilarating and interesting than his story of the Western Highlands, *Three Boys* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) These three boys, who enjoy a glorious time on loch and moor, fishing, shooting, swimming, and so forth, are excellent fellows, though they offer the most whimsical contrasts. They are the young heir of the chief of the clan Mackhai, his youthful gillie, and a London boy visiting their Highland home, whose father is a solicitor and mortgagee of the Mackhai estates. The young Mackhai has no idea of his father's liability; yet at first he makes cruel sport in a good-humoured spirit of the sensitive, ignorant young Cockney, who ultimately becomes his fast friend and restores his home and lands to him in the end. The story is full of movement from first to last, and the descriptions of sport and scenery are excellent. In Esmé Stuart's *Cast Ashore* (National Society) the sea is scarcely an elemental circumstance, and the story, which is of a romantic cast, is better suited to children than active boys. It is skilfully built up, however, and told with the author's accustomed charm. The boy who will go to sea, and can learn nothing save aboard ship, is the hero whose brief yet exciting experience of sea life is well told by the author of *Starwood Hall* in *Chris Derrick* (National Society). Chris is a restless youth, dissatisfied with his peaceful home-life at a farm on the heights overlooking the Teign; but his ambition is soon quelled by a cruise in his father's schooner and the terrors of a mutiny. Perhaps he is too easily cured of his yearning for a merry life on the main.

Nothing so racy has been written of the plantation negro and his ways since Mr. Nelson Page's old Virginian stories appeared as the vivid and entertaining sketches of the negroes of Georgia and Florida in *Two Runaways: and other Stories*, by Harry Stillwell Edwards, illustrated by E. W. Kemble (New York: Century Company). "De Valley and De Shadder," "Two Runaways," and "'Mina'—a Plot," are all capital character-sketches, and the Voodooism in the last is not the least singular illustration of an ineradicable superstition. But "Two Runaways" is the gem of the collection. The boyish delight of the old negro when he succeeds in luring his master into the swamps and backwoods to share his wild holiday is exquisitely painted. The remaining stories, in which the man of colour does not figure, are all good, and somewhat after the early manner of Mr. Bret Harte, though the pathos of Mr. Edwards is of a thinner quality than his humour and his descriptive power. *Trying to find Europe*, by Jimmy Brown, edited by W. L. Alden (Sampson Low & Co.), we find to be amusing only fitfully. The worst of it is, the humour is scarcely the humour of a boy, though it is a boy who tries to find, and succeeds in getting into, Europe. Here is a specimen:—"Paris is very crowded, and there are hundreds of people who can't get into the houses to eat their supper, and have to sit at little tables on the side-walks." Books for girls of all ages, save those not ascertainable, present no great variety, to judge from those before us. The most ambitious in aim is *Dorothy Arden*, by J. M. Callwell (Nelson & Sons), a story of the last Huguenot persecution; the scene partly in the South of France, and partly in England during the rebellion of Monmouth and the landing of William of Orange. At the opening the story moves rather slowly, tediously almost; but it becomes brisk indeed when the heroine and her small brother escape to England, meet their English kin, and share in exciting events. The characters in Mr. Callwell's book are well drawn, and a noble example is provided in the self-sacrifice and heroism of Humphry Gillott on the field of Sedgemoor. A useful moral is illustrated in *Yours and Mine* (Nisbet), a readable story for children by Anne B. Warner. Another story of the days of Sedgemoor and Judge Jeffreys is *Fairmeadows Farm*, by Mary H. Debenham (National Society); it is told in a pleasant style, is thoroughly interesting, and considerable care is shown in the historical treatment. *The Three Geoffrys*, by M. M. (Allen & Co.), is a dull example of the "family" story. It runs to much conversation, which is of the kind that very good people are delivered of, but not the less tedious for being in print. "A tale for boys" we should not recommend to our boys is *Holding On*, by J. T. Hopkins (Nelson). It is a moral tale and dull. *When Mother was Little*, by S. P. Yorke (Fisher Unwin), is a pretty story, told to children of the present day, of other days and another training than theirs, whether better or not being a question properly left undecided. *Dora's Doll's House*, by the Hon. Mrs. Greene (Nelson), is all about a disobedient little girl and her doll's house—a story that might have been told to better effect in one-fourth the space. *Winter's Folly* (Religious Tract Society) is one of Mrs. Walton's prettiest stories, unaffected in sentiment and simple in style. Mrs. Marshall, a practised hand at narrative, offers a good example of the story with a moral in *Golden Silence* (Nisbet), though less to our liking than the author's favourite style of romance with an historical flavouring.

Among magazine volumes and annuals we have to note *Amateur Work* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), with hundreds of illustrative diagrams, and practical articles on the production of useful or ornamental objects by artistic and mechanical processes; *The Girl's Own Annual*, the year's issue of that excellent journal *The Girl's Own Paper*; *St. Nicholas*, edited by Mary Mapes Dodge (New York: Century Company), the best of magazines for all sorts of children and charmingly illustrated; *Little Folks* (Cassell), deservedly a favourite with small children; *The Child's Pictorial* (S.P.C.K.), curiously styled "a monthly coloured magazine," full of pretty pictures in colour and capital stories by Mrs. Molesworth, and others; and *The Children's Illustrated Annual* (Seeley & Co.), a book to rejoice children who love animals, for it abounds in pictures of beasts wild and tame, pictures after Reynolds and Gainsborough, stories about dogs, birds, and so forth. *The Child of the Caravan*, by E. M. Green, with illustrations by Edith Scannell (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a painfully sad story of a gifted little boy who becomes separated from his parents and is trained as a violinist and ill treated in the training. From a large number of picture-books for the young we select *The Lost Ticket* (Routledge), a collection of stories in verse and prose, with pictures by A. W. Cooper, Hal Ludlow, and others; *Where Lilies live and Waters wind away* (Marcus Ward & Co.), verses by F. W. Bourdillon, illustrated by charming pictures in colour and vignettes in black and white by Edith S. Berkeley; *The Kelpie's Fiddle-bow* (Marcus Ward & Co.), a pretty story of the fantastic kind, from the German, with clever drawings by E. L. Shute; and *Drifting Leaves*, by Sarah Doudney (Marcus Ward & Co.), a volume of poems, with tasteful decorative designs in colour and gold, studies of autumn foliage for the most part, admirably reproduced. We have also to acknowledge *Little Footsteps* (Shaw & Co.), a collection of pleasing short stories, with good woodcuts, by Mrs. Shaw; *Handsome is that Handsome does*, readings for working-men's homes, written by various writers and well illustrated (Religious Tract Society); *Chatterbox Christmas Box* (Wells Gardner & Co.), with five chromos, and a variety of excellent short stories, illustrated by Mr. Stanley Berkeley; and the "Christmas Number" of *The Monthly Packet*, edited by Charlotte M. Yonge (Smith & Innes), with contributions by the editor and others. Something new in book "notions" is *The Palette Painting Book* (Warne & Co.), printed in Holland, as so many English books with coloured plates are. Cut to resemble a palette, the interior reveals an attractive series of pictures which are reversed in outline for children to colour. For young actors we have *Fairy Rosebud*, and *Little Dewdrop and Jack Frost*, by Amy Whinyates (Dean & Son), each with a charming design by Richard Doyle. They are perfectly suited to the means and capacity of young children.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

PRINCE LUBOMIRSKI is an amusing writer (1), and, in a way, a clever one; but it is very difficult to take him seriously, either when he is arguing that the Christian religion is done for, or explaining the unfortunate reasons which prevent him from having any country in particular, though he is more of a Frenchman than anything else. Hence, he is not quite the person from whom one would expect a grave history of the "political and social transformation of Europe" in the last half-century. However, he seems to have set to work on it with the greatest gravity, and has really done it (he begins in 1850) with considerable ability. The worst of it is that, even if the man were there, the hour has not come. It is a far cry from Prince Lubomirski to Thucydides; but it is even a farther from the clear and circumscribed events of the Peloponnesian war to the still unfinished welter of world history in the middle of which we are. Still fortune favours the brave, and Prince Lubomirski, in trying his actual adventure, shows himself a very brave man.

At the end of his discussion of literary artists (2)—to wit, Gautier, Baudelaire, "les deux Goncourt," M. Leconte de Lisle, Flaubert, M. de Banville, and a few younger contemporaries—M. Maurice Spronck admits calmly that he does not know whether there will be any letters or any arts in a short time, or whether "the old world will disappear" altogether. Meanwhile, he has some things worth saying on his special subject. We wish, indeed, that he had had the courage to leave out the everlasting and ever-boring MM. de Goncourt, the greatest literary impostors (we use the word, of course, in its sporting, not its moral, connotation) of the day. He has taken Gautier a little too seriously; by which we do not mean that he ranks him too high—that is not easy—but that he attaches too much importance to the Theophilite "indifference," on the one hand, and to Gautier's disgust at life and horror of death, on the other. Both existed and could not but exist in a man of temperament extraordinarily poetic, in the widest sense, who was all his life chained to the oar. But Théo had too much sense, too much humour, too much cheery gallantry, to be the less fainéant René, the Amiel with more literary faculty, that M. Spronck sometimes seems to think him. On the other hand, the essay on Baudelaire comes perhaps nearer to the mark than that of any French critic, and the Flaubert is also good. There is specially to be commended in the volume what is most rare in French critics—the attempt not to connect

(1) *Histoire contemporaine.* Tome I. Par le Prince Lubomirski. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Les artistes littéraires.* Par Maurice Spronck. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

the subject with a theory, not to hop and skip about it saying clever things, but to grapple with it as it is, and take the measure of it, and make a literary preparation of it, showing its real nature. And this attempt may atone for some defects of style, and for occasional *charge* in certain directions.

We took up M. Sécrétan's book (3) with certain sinkings of heart, and we cannot say that we laid it down in much of a mood to say "Sursum corda." It is written in a good enough spirit; but appears to us almost, if not quite, as unpractical as most writing on the subject—which is saying a great deal. That social states can be destroyed, but cannot be made; can be hampered, but not set going, is the beginning and end of the whole matter; and you cannot make a big book out of that.

It is really a pity that Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, who has a pretty talent, should, by choice or by accident, be found so much surrounded by the ignoble army of puffers. Here are some very fair stories of hers (4), which are pretty in French, and perhaps were prettier in German. And they must needs be ushered by a prefatory blast of flattery from the pen of the eminent brother-in-arms of My Brother Yves—a blast which might have stunned Gloriana herself. "Parfaite harmonie," "éternelle jeunesse," "charme unique de son regard," "suprême intelligence," "dessins archaïques qui semblent sortir tout naturellement de ses doigts." Thus writes M. Pierre Loti. "Des phrases entières de la reine [lui] reviennent en mémoire avec leurs inflexions doucement musicales." When she read his books "je ne reconnaissais plus mon œuvre, tant elle me paraissait embellie, transfigurée." "Carmen Sylva lisant elle-même ses propres œuvres est la seule personne qui avec une fiction m'ait jamais ému jusqu'à me faire pleurer." Thus, and much else, does the author of *Madame Chrysanthème* write concerning his heroine, though "il s'est borné à tourner autour de son sujet trop profond." Dear! dear!

We have before us two of the numerous books on military life which have been begotten by the turning of the French nation into an army. One—M. Descaves' *Sous-Offs* (5)—is a novel of the grimy type of which we have noticed not a few of late years—a type certainly not testifying to any great enjoyment of or respect for the soldier's life among the Frenchmen who now know so much more of it than they did. The other (6) is a very different book, containing, apparently, genuine military reminiscences. These are not rose-coloured by any means—indeed they are quite the contrary—but the author was born long before the days of naturalism and in those of romance. Saumur, the ranks of cavalry regiments, Martinique—M. Mismer sketches them all with little pretension, but with a just hand.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE new annual volume of the *Art Journal* (Virtue & Co.), a handsome gift-book, as usual, shows a good record of the year's art, including a comprehensive review, with illustrations, of artistic work at the Paris Exhibition, a contribution which is the only feature of the present volume that recalls the original form of the *Art Journal*. The enlarged scope of the "New Series," commenced ten years since, is especially noteworthy this year, both in the letterpress and in illustrations. The former possesses the brightness and diversity necessary to a popular undertaking, and decidedly not characteristic of the periodical's youth; while, in the place of the line-engravings of old, we have etchings, wood-engravings, chromos, photo-engravings, and other examples of reproductive processes. The prints in colour, after water-colours by Ludwig Passini and Miss Maude Goodman, though fair specimens of chromolithography, must be classed with "Christmas-number" art, and may be said to carry the changed order of the *Art Journal* quite as far as it is desirable. Pictorial art may be popularized in other directions, and with more gratifying results. The etchings and photogravures, for instance, in the new volume comprise some excellent examples—Mr. F. Morgan's "School Belles," by Mr. Muller; Mr. Waterhouse's "Lady of Shallott," by Mr. Macbeth Raeburn; Mr. Percy Robertson's "Harrow"; "The Knight's Dream," after Raphael, by Mr. J. Groh; and, among photogravures, a Highland landscape by Mr. H. W. R. Davis, and Mr. Solomon's "Niobe." The text illustrations to Mrs. Meynell's capital paper on the Newlyn fraternity, to Professor Stevenson's sound critical article on Corot, to Lady Colin Campbell's "Frank Holl and his Works," and Mrs. Sitwell's interesting series of papers on "Types of Beauty," exemplify the general excellence of the pictorial section. The wide field embraced by the literary contributions is revealed by citing a few of the illustrated articles—such as Mr. Henry Wallis on antique glass at the Naples Museum, Mr. W. J. Loftie's historical papers on the Royal Palaces, Mr. Claude Phillips on the work of Jean-Paul Laurens and Fritz von Uhde, and Mr. J. E. Hodgson's interesting retrospective account of the Royal Academy in its earlier years.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, in *A New Pilgrimage; and other Poems* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), puts forth his views of the sonnet, as a poem and a metrical form, both by precept and example, and we find not a little that may well engage the student of poetry in his theory and practice of the sonnet. With Mr. Blunt's plea for perfect freedom in rhyme-arrangement, the octave of the sonnet being assumed to be inflexible, we are in complete agreement. Nor are we disposed to urge aught against his partiality for a concluding couplet. The order of rhyming the sextett of the sonnet is one of those wholly trivial matters that may well be left to distressed pedants. The example of all the masters of the English sonnet is against any fixed rule. The two greatest sonnet-writers of the century, Wordsworth and Keats, showed a delightful contempt for Italian form. Wordsworth, for example, composed a sonnet of three rhymes only, and it is one of his finest. But when Mr. Blunt interferes with the structure of the sonnet, as he does in his series, "The Idler's Calendar," we protest he is nothing but rash. His sonnet of sixteen verses, or "lines," as he prefers it, is not a sonnet at all, and does not accord with his own "metrical description of a perfect English sonnet," which runs thus:—

> Oh, for a perfect sonnet of all time!
> Wild music, heralding immortal hopes,
> Strikes the bold prelude. To it from each clime,
> Like tropic birds on some green island slopes,
> Thoughts answering come, high metaphors, brave tropes,
> In ordered measure and majestic rhyme.
> And, presently, all hearts, of kings and popes,
> And peoples, throb to this new theme sublime.
>
> Anon, 'tis reason speaks. A note of death
> Strengthens the symphony yet fraught with pain,
> And men seek meanings with abated breath,
> Vexing their souls—till lo! once more the strain
> Breaks through triumphant, and Love's master voice
> Thrills the last phrase, and bids all joys rejoice.

The model, perhaps, is as curious as the examples that follow it. Mr. Blunt's sixteen-line sonnet is really only the first step towards that once-popular poetic exercise the "storied sonnet" of the author of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. There is no reason why you should not arrive at eighteen, or twenty-four, lines, or stay at that. Frankly, Mr. Blunt does much better in his experiments in assonance "From the Arabic," in his lay of the dying bullfighter "Sancho Sanchez," and in the musical stanzas "Across the Pampas."

Metrical form again appeals to the reader of the Rev. Richard Wilton's *Benedicite; and other Poems* (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.), a volume of sonnets, rondeaux, ballades, and translations from the Latin poems of Crashaw, Herbert, and others, prefaced by a pleasant exculpatory rondeau by Mr. Austin Dobson. Mr. Wilton's fluent and sympathetic setting of the "Song of the Three Children" is in a metrical form which Mr. Blunt may regard as a sonnet in octosyllabics, though the author does not so regard them. His true sonnets follow Petrarch's form, show Wordsworthian influence at times, and are for the most part singularly free from the artifice begotten of the mere effort to rhyme which imperils the spontaneity of most English sonnets of orthodox form. The rondeaux charm even more by their unpremeditated air; song that is truly lyrical and of genuine inspiration. Such an example as "The Sylvan Shrine" (p. 80) might have evoked Mr. Dobson's address to the author on the rondeau, as employed in a previous volume:—

> Let none its dainty charm abuse
> From this time forth, and none accuse,
> As once, its bird-like blithe refrain
> Of naught but idle themes again,
> Since for a graver song you use
> This Gallic form!

Edward Thring, Teacher and Poet (Fisher Unwin), is a little volume of addresses, sonnets, and recollections, by Mr. H. D. Rawnsley, commemorative of the late Head-Master of Uppingham, and reprinted in part from the *Spectator*. An *éloge* of the kind here set forth is scarcely matter for criticism. The work of the late Mr. Thring as an educational trainer may be more effectually discussed when the forthcoming biography appears: but Mr. Rawnsley's rather gushing estimate of his poetry, of which ample specimens are given, must have been entirely prompted by the writer's admiration of the schoolmaster, since Mr. Thring's muse shows nothing but an ordinary quality of versifying and some acquaintance with the poetry of Wordsworth.

An entertaining little book, not more egotistic than the occasion warrants, is Mr. Richard Tangye's autobiography, "*One and All*" (Partridge & Co.), originally contributed in part to the *British Workman*. One needs not to be engaged in hydraulic engineering to read this story of a remarkable career with considerable interest. The story is simply yet forcibly told, and its dramatic incidents are decidedly striking.

Compiled by the Bishop of St. Andrews is *The Waverley Proverbial Birthday Book* (Remington & Co.), a collection of brief extracts from Sir Walter, well chosen, though by no means exhaustive of the subject, as the Bishop's appendix of shorter proverbial sayings from the novels proves. It is a little odd that the compiler of these sententious extracts should begin his preface with this tautology, "Among the many other and more striking merits by which the Waverley Novels are distinguished," &c.

A second instalment—"Chapter II.," it is entitled—of the Hon. Mrs. Burrell's *Thoughts for Enthusiasts at Bayreuth* (Pickering & Chatto) comprises an essay on the *Memoirs* of the Princess Wilhelmina of Prussia, Margravine of Bayreuth, with a bibliography, facsimiles of handwriting, portraits, and an excellent biographical sketch. The book is handsomely got up.

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(3) *Études sociales* Par Camille Sécrétan. Paris: Alcan.
(4) *Qui frappe?* Par Carmen Sylva. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(5) *Sous-Offs.* Par Lucien Descaves. Paris: Tresse et Stock.
(6) *Dix ans soldat.* Par Ch. Mismer. Paris: Hachette.

From the Subodha-Praka's'a Press of Bombay we have received Mr. Manilal Nabhubhai Dvivedi's *Monism or Advaitism?* an introduction to the Advaita philosophy "read by the light of modern science." The same writer's *Siddhânta-Sâra* (Nirnaya-Sagara Press), "a History of Thought in India, with an attempt to point out the basis of a universal religion," with a synopsis in English, from which it appears that the author discovers the Advaita philosophy underlying all religions, and itself a reconciling medium between religion and modern science.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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GLOBE THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. R. BENSON. Mr. F. R. BENSON'S SHAKESPERIAN COMPANY will REOPEN the GLOBE THEATRE, Thursday, December 19th, with a Production of Shakespeare's Fairy Comedy, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
Box-office open Daily from 10.0 to 5.0. Admission—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. (numbered and reserved); Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Acting Manager, Mr. H. JALLAND. Theatre lighted by Electricity. No fees. GLOBE THEATRE.

CRYSTAL PALACE,—Miss MACINTYRE, Miss HILDA WILSON, Mr. EDWARD LLOYD, Mr. PLUNKET GREENE, and the CRYSTAL PALACE CHOIR will sing at the first performance of Mr. F. H. COWEN'S OLD ENGLISH IDYLL, "St. John's Eve," for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra, this Saturday, December 14, at 3.0. Conductor, Mr. F. H. COWEN. Numbered seats, 2s. 6d. may now be booked at Crystal Palace and at usual Agents.

ROYAL STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—The SECOND ORDINARY MEETING of the present Session will be held on Tuesday, December 17, 1889, at the Royal School of Mines, 28 Jermyn Street, S.W., at 7.45 P.M., when the following paper will be read:—"ACCUMULATIONS OF CAPITAL IN THE UNITED KINGDOM IN 1875-85," by ROBERT GIFFEN, Esq., LL.D.

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PORTUGUESE FILIBUSTERING.

FILIBUSTER rhymes to bluster, and there may have been a certain tendency in a small part of the English press to magnify the importance of Major SERPA PINTO'S recent raid on the Makololo. We certainly shall neither set nor follow the example of any such magnifying here. In itself the incident did not, apparently, differ from many incidents in the travels, say, of Mr. STANLEY. You go about in a kind of No-man's-land with, according to some Portuguese testimony, two thousand negroes; you meet with persons who do not manifest an eager welcome to two thousand negroes, even when headed, as the song says, by "one Portugee"; you endeavour to teach them better tastes and manners with Gatlings and Winchesters; several of them die, and the rest run away. It is a "scientific "expedition," of course. (Everything of the kind is a scientific expedition nowadays, from the Mountains of the Moon to the Roof of the World.) Its object is to establish a railway, or survey for one. It had been thought that Portugal's method of constructing railways in territory which is, or which she holds to be, hers was to get somebody else to spend the money, and then to confiscate the line; but, apparently, there is more variety in Portuguese ideas than this. There is no need to grudge this variety; there is only need to take care that Portugal benefits not one jot by it. Until fuller intelligence of a certain kind has been received, it must remain uncertain what satisfaction ought to be demanded for the acts of the Major with the famous travelling name, if they have really been committed. But, whatever this may turn out to be, nothing that has happened can possibly affect, except by further enforcing it, the necessity of standing by Lord SALISBURY'S clear declaration that England has not admitted, does not admit, and will not admit, Portuguese claims to the Nyassa and Shiré districts and to the banks of the Upper Zambesi.

Even in the need of consolation accompanying that fit of uneasiness which frequently succeeds the commission of a deed of derring-do which the doer is by no means certain of being able to make good, the encomiums of a certain portion of the French press will hardly be very grateful to Portuguese hearts. In the first place, unless the two chief European nations which have hitherto abetted the slave trade should haply make common cause to maintain it in the Mozambique Channel, it is clear that French sympathy with Portugal must be of the most unpractical description. France has no possessions on the mainland of Africa to the south of the Congo State, and if the worst comes to the worst, there is hardly any conceivable manner in which she is likely to help Portugal. The most purblind Portuguese patriot must perceive that these good friends, to borrow MACAULAY'S jest, do not sympathize with the bear, but object to the pleasure of those who bait him; or, in other words, could be quite content to see Portugal lose, if only England did not gain. Nor is it likely that any Portuguese who considers the matter coolly will find much further comfort in the alleged wickedness of Mr. JOHNSTON in distributing British flags after obtaining Portuguese safe-conducts, or in the terrible acts which "the British "subject JOHN PETIT" and others, especially missionaries, have done at Blantyre and elsewhere. Mr. JOHNSTON is a servant of the English Crown, and the English Crown, by its responsible Ministers, has repeatedly declared that it recognizes no Portuguese sovereignty in the districts where Mr. JOHNSTON effected his distribution. And as for the crimes of British subjects and missionaries, probably no European Power, if it is to be made responsible for the acts of its subjects in this way, is worthy to hold or to protect a foot of African territory. Moreover, if it were not that we do not care for the use of harsh language, we should have to remark a little effrontery in the use of such an argument just after Major SERPA PINTO'S Gatlings have done such wonders with the Makololo. The African Lakes Company, and the Blantyre missionaries, and the naughty "British subject JOHN PETIT," and all the rest of them, would have taken a very long time to make up, even if they were all as murderous as Portuguese imagination paints them, a butcher's bill equal to the Major's expenditure of Makololo as an incident of railway surveying.

Public opinion in Portugal is said to be calm, but determined; there is no reason whatever why public opinion in England should not be equally determined the other way, and still calmer. On last Monday night it so happened that the two Law Officers of the Government both addressed public meetings, and, while Sir EDWARD CLARKE deprecated excessive denunciation of Portugal, Sir RICHARD WEBSTER took credit to the Government for having "no Majuba "Hill" to their names. They have not, and we all hope that the word Swaziland, which occurs to the mind with an unpleasant persistence, will never spell anything similar. But, if they are not to have it, or something of the kind, there must be absolutely no attempt to transact in any way on this subject of Portuguese claims in the interior. It is important to notice that, with all the calmness and deliberation attributed to Portugal, there is also attributed to her by those Englishmen who, after the eccentric fashion of our nation, take the side of the enemy, and who affect to be acquainted with Portuguese intentions, a desire to compromise. The sea-to-sea pretension is, it is said, to be abandoned; Matabele—if not Mashona—land to be kindly recognized as a British sphere; and a certain gap northwards left between the Portuguese provinces. It is almost a sufficient answer to say that, if the Portuguese really take this position, "the bonny Empire of Monomo-"tapa, which has been in the family these three hun-"dred years, is," to use the words of the elder Mr. MORTON of Milnwood, "barking and fleeing" already. The main Portuguese pretension is gone, and the Portuguese are simply reduced to exactly the same ground or claim as that put forward by England, the claim of occupation and the like. In this respect, as regards the Nyassa and Shiré districts, it is well known that they have absolutely nothing to set against the claims of the British merchants and missionaries who have (or had till the other day, when the attacks of the Arabs on the north and the Portuguese on the south endangered it) an undisputed and undisturbed record of years. And it is not pretended, but the contrary, that the Portuguese have in their projected compromise abandoned the intention of disestablishing these British subjects whom they have for some time past done their best to annoy. Fortunately, moreover, the declarations of the FOREIGN SECRETARY already referred to contained the most explicit reference to these districts, while the charter of the British South African Company is a document in reference to the other regions concerned which cannot be neglected or dropped without loss and disgrace. Until we have proper official intelligence, it is of course impossible to pronounce in confidence on the details of the matter. Mr. JOHNSTON'S whereabouts are not exactly known, it seems, but it is pretty certain that, unless some untoward accident happens, he will be able to put the whole matter in a clear light. Mr. JOHNSTON is not only a practised African traveller, but he has had experience of diplomatic transactions of various delicate kinds, and he has no prejudice against the Portuguese—indeed they have themselves cited his testimony in their favour. But, if the facts are anything at all resembling the report of them, it is particularly desirable that public opinion should be fortified beforehand against the "anti-

"Jingo" nonsense which is already being uttered, and against the silly taunts of French and Irish newspapers about hitting a man your own size. Weakness should be an additional protection against unjust aggression by the stronger; but it is no sort of warrant for presumptuous insolence and outrage on the weakling's part; and those who attempt to plead it, either for themselves or others, in effect admit that the accused has nothing else to plead. Certain detailed threats which have been made in England are unwise, because the offence is not as yet clearly detailed or proved. It is sufficient to say that Portugal is conspicuously destitute of that shield of inaccessibility which has emboldened some other nations to take liberties with England, and that an equivalent, and something more than an equivalent, for any wrongdoing of hers in the interior would be particularly easy to exact on the coast. Above all and before all, no arbitration should be thought of. Unpleasant experience has shown that where England is concerned arbitration is impossible.

MR. BOUVERIE.

THE death of Mr. Bouverie would not, in any circumstances, have counted as an event. It is now little more than a piece of news. Nevertheless, though not much more, it is yet something more. It is a reminder that a class of men once existed in the House of Commons who now, very much to its disadvantage and that of the country, have disappeared from it, and do not seem likely to find their way into it again. The constituencies are as careless as Lord Tennyson long ago discovered Nature to be of the individual life, and they are not more careful than he on reflection found that Nature was of the type. Mr. Bouverie was almost the last of the members of Parliament who, in the special sense which the phrase has now lost, were Parliament-men, who represented the House of Commons in the House of Commons itself, who were the guardians and interpreters of its rules, the spokesmen of it in its collective capacity, the vigilant watchmen of its corporate self-respect and of its traditions. He was more than the member for a particular constituency or the adherent of a party. He sustained on the Liberal side of the House the position which Colonel Wilson Patten had among the Conservatives, and which Mr. Whitbread gave some promise of filling among Liberals until unhappily he Gladstonized and demagoguized.

It is a mistake to speak of Mr. Bouverie as if he were merely an old Whig survival, a sort of fossilized remnant of the aristocratic party of Grey and Grenville. His father, the Earl of Radnor, had been the friend and patron of Cobbett; as Lord Folkestone he had been in the House of Commons a Radical before the days of Radicalism, and in the Lords he had rivalled the reforming zeal of Lord Durham. He was one of the four or five peers—Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Ducie, and Lord Kinnaird were the others, and almost the only others—who were Free-Traders before Mr. Cobden and the League. When Mr. Bouverie first stood for Kilmarnock in 1844, a young man of five or six and twenty, the Repeal of the Corn Laws, though actually near at hand, did not seem to be near at hand. Famine, which, as Mr. Bright once said in a public speech, and, as often as he could find opportunity for dropping in the phrase, in conversation, had not yet come to the aid of its foes. The Edinburgh letter of Lord John Russell had not been written. Mr. Bouverie stood for Kilmarnock as an economical Radical of the school of Mr. Villiers and Mr. Cobden, reciprocating civilities with his Chartist opponent, Mr. Henry Vincent, and minimizing his differences with him. He had a subordinate office in Lord John Russell's first Government, as did Mr. Villiers and, for a time, Mr. Milner Gibson, and was held at that time to be rather more of a Radical than a Whig. He had no place in Lord Aberdeen's Administration, receiving instead that post of consolation, the Chairmanship of Committees. Under Lord Palmerston's first Government he was in succession Vice-President of the Board of Trade and President of the Poor-Law Board. His official career came to an end in 1858, for in subsequent Liberal Ministries he had no place. He declined, in Lord Palmerston's second Administration, a post which he believed to be below his political standing, and insensibly assumed the position of candid friend on the fourth bench, behind and above the successive Ministries of Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, and Mr. Gladstone. Though a man of considerable business capacity, as he showed in the unpaid offices of Church Estate Commissioner and Ecclesiastical Commissioner, and, after his retirement from Parliament, in connexion with various City Companies, his habit of mind was essentially critical. He discharged, with a certain liking for it, the valuable but unpopular function of canvassing the conduct of the leaders of his party, when in office, not from the point of view of an antagonist, but of a friendly and dispassionate observer accidentally left out of their arrangements. The work is a very useful one, but it is attended with a certain degree of friction. When it became necessary to inform Lord John Russell, after his unfortunate Vienna mission, that a large section of the Liberal party could not oppose the vote of censure on him, of which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton had given notice, Mr. Bouverie was chosen, by a certain instinct of natural selection, as the person who would probably be best pleased to perform this disagreeable office. Mr. Bouverie was the reverse of an ill-natured man, but there are certain people to whom the discharge of a painful duty gives a real satisfaction.

Mr. Bouverie's relations with his party, uneasy in the later days of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell, were strained to the verge of rupture under Mr. Gladstone. This is not the place in which to revive the record of battles not more worthy of memory than those of cawing rooks about the nests which they guard or pilfer. The conflicts had their source in the antipathetic characters of the two men. Since he had held the office of Chairman of Committees, Mr. Bouverie had given a large part of his attention to the inner business of the House, and to those arrangements which are essential to its satisfactory management. The first condition of the smooth working of the Parliamentary machine is a readiness to come to a definite understanding, and fidelity in adhering to it. To a man of Mr. Bouverie's habit of mind, the over-subtlety of interpretation which Mr. Gladstone showed in the Ewelme Rectory business and in the Collier appointment suggested a duplicity of intelligence which did not revolt him the less for being unconscious. He would probably have held with that "most generous of Ultramontanes, Ward"—surely the most prosaic line ever "hitched into rhyme," to use a phrase of Mr. Browning's, more frequently applicable to his own performances than to Lord Tennyson's—that when you have once made up your mind that deception is justifiable, you had better then lie like a trooper. The tactics which combine the moral credit of speaking the truth with the advantage of leaving a false impression, and the self-applause at having done a clever thing, revolted him. Mr. Bouverie, indeed, with his sense that the first duty of man is to the House of Commons, would probably not have admitted that it can ever be justifiable to deceive it. Still, if he had had to make his choice, he would most likely have preferred Mr. Ward's casuistry, which seems also to be that of Mr. Parnell, to Mr. Gladstone's.

Mr. Bouverie was, in a legitimate way, somewhat of a formalist. To cut the knot of a controversy between the Houses by the invocation of an obsolete prerogative, as when purchase in the army was abolished by Royal Warrant, seemed to him a questionable proceeding. One of the precepts of the Rabbinical teachers insists on the necessity of what they call "fencing the law"—that is to say, of laying down subsidiary regulations which should prevent its unheeding or impulsive infringement. The Jewish ritual not only fenced the law, but fenced the fences of the law, and again the fences of the fences of the fences. Mr. Bouverie had a similar regard for the Parliamentary forms which guarded the substance of law and freedom, and if he occasionally pushed his reverence for them into pedantry, it was a pedantry wiser than contemptuous disregard of them. But for his collisions with his party, Mr. Bouverie would probably have been nominated Speaker of the House of Commons on the retirement of Mr. Denison. Lord Holland used to say that, among all the Speakers he had known, only one was a really able man—William Grenville—and he was the only bad Speaker of the lot. Mr. Bouverie was an able man, and he might have turned out a bad Speaker. Instead of succeeding to the Chair, he lost and did not regain his place in the House of Commons. Lord Melbourne predicted that the decline of personal independence would be one of the ultimate consequences of Parliamentary Reform. The rejection of Mr. Bouverie by the electors of the group of Scotch boroughs which he had served for thirty years, because he declined to bow down to the political idol of the day, was an early symptom of what is now an epidemic malady.

TRADES-UNIONS.

IN so far as it is a reason for satisfaction that the Gas-Workers' Union should have been beaten at the expense of great labour, considerable cost, and some risk, the result of the so-called strike in South London has been all that could be wished. Thanks, we take it, very largely to the good generalship of Mr. LIVESEY, the South Metropolitan Gas Company has, up to the present, won all along the line. It has obtained all the men needed to replace those who were docile enough to quarrel with a good employment at the dictation of the Union Committee. As might have been expected, no great difficulty has been found in training the new hands to do the necessary work. The Company retained the services of its officers and of a body of experienced men. It is as true of industrial as it is of military organization that, with good officers and a percentage of trained men, it is no very difficult task to lick recruits into shape. This is particularly the case when the recruits are as willing to learn as the new servants of the South Metropolitan Company obviously are. The disappointment which the discovery that their business is no impossible one to acquire quickly has caused the Gas-Workers' Committee is only one more proof of the utter want of foresight and common-sense and the abounding conceit it has displayed throughout the whole struggle. Up to now, also, the Company has been able to obtain the coal, which is as necessary to it as men, and there is a good prospect that it will be able to defy the Coal-Porters' and the Seamen and Firemen's Union as effectually as it has the Gas-Workers'. All this as far as it goes is well. It is not, however, so well that the victory should have been won by measures which may be called military, without any violent straining of metaphor. To read of the care which has been taken to victual the South Metropolitan Gas Works, of the display of force which has been required to protect the newcomers on their way through the streets, of the strategical movements and surprise tactics which have been required to bring the recruits in without a riot, is to read of something not very remotely resembling the preliminaries of street-fighting. We know that only gross misconduct in high places could cause things to come to so serious a pass; but it is undeniable that there is fear of violence on one side, only too well justified by recent experience, and on the other a predisposition to use violence, which has been only too disgracefully encouraged. The measures for their own protection which have been forced on some of the Company's old hands are in themselves a condemnation of this so-called fight for the liberty of British workmen. When the gas-workers were called out, several of them repented at the last moment, but did not dare to say so. They made up their bundles, took their money, and then ran to cover within the works, where they lay in hiding till the "strikers" were gone. Then they came out and took the Company's terms. The facts of the case are clear enough, in all conscience, in all this dispute, but none of them are clearer than that these men were under the influence of fear, inspired by their own professed friends, and that it was fear of violence. A more disagreeable proof of the spirit which prevails among many of the working class, of the disposition to bully on one side and the want of courage on the other; a more scandalous piece of evidence of the little confidence felt in the capacity of the official protectors of the public to do their duty, has seldom been given in this or any other country.

It is no longer necessary to insist that all this dispute, and the still enduring kindred dispute at Erith in the Maxim-Nordenfeldt works, are, in fact, fights for power. On one side are the employers and those workmen who choose to remain free, in fact, and not in the Trade-Union sense; on the other are the committees of the Unions. These bodies have manifestly been encouraged by the submissiveness of the men, which has now become a habit, and by the "sympathy" of a portion of the public, to attempt to dictate, not only to the employers, but to the whole community. It was hardly necessary that Mr. CHAMPION should come forward to tell us what is to be the nature of labour politics. His letter has a value which we do not deny, as showing that a portion of the masses has thoroughly grasped the Gladstonism of Mr. GLADSTONE. Neither can it be denied that he shows a shrewd appreciation of the moral courage and intellectual honesty of the common or Caucus candidate. No doubt the labour party will imitate the tactics of kindred spirits in the teetotal and promotion-of-syphilis parties, and, like them, they will secure the services of candidates. But we knew that already, and, knowing it, have quite understood the nature of the labour party, so called. The one way to counteract its manœuvres is to make their real character plain, and form an opposition which will be strong enough to prop the candidate up on the other side. As things are going we see no reason why that opposition should not be formed if there is found among those whose interest it is to form it only half the sense, the foresight, and the spirit which has been shown by Mr. LIVESEY. It is now becoming so plain as to be obvious to many workmen themselves that the Unions are ceasing to exist for the sake of the workers, and are beginning to exist for the sake of the committees. Habit, tradition, distrust of the employer, and an ingrained belief that only the exercise of their own power in combinations will secure for them consideration or fair treatment (which distrust and belief are, we frankly allow, largely justified by experience), still unite to make the men stand by their Union committees. The influence of these bodies is great, and even deservedly great. Therefore they can still rely on prompt and implicit obedience from a very large part of the working class. But it is a power which is necessarily based, in the last resort, on moral influence and on interest, and is very capable of being lost by abuse. It is being abused and the natural consequence should follow. Men may for a time allow themselves to be misled or overawed, but after a while loss and discomfort will bring them to their senses. As soon as the malcontents are sufficiently numerous to encourage one another, as soon as they find a leader, there will be a revolt. It is the manifest interest of the employer to supply the encouragement and the leader, as Mr. LIVESEY has done. The Gas-Workers' Union has played his game. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, the Dock-Strikers' Committee, the Coal-Porters', and the Seamen and Firemen's Union, are indirectly doing nearly as much for him. Their mere management, to begin with, is ruinously bad. Nothing could possibly be more ill advised than the piteous appeal which the Gas-Workers' Union and the Coal-Porters' have been already compelled to make to the charity of the public, which they are doing their best to deprive of one of the most necessary of necessaries. It is a confession to the men who have followed or may follow them that there is no help in them at need. Then the ridiculous attempt to create sympathy by mere mechanical imitation of the dockers' processions is too transparent. The efforts of one Union to tyrannize over another, as in the case of the effort of the London Seamen's Union to dictate to the Sunderland men, are excellently well adapted to set workmen against workmen. The prompt failure of the last effort to make trouble in the docks, following on the defeat of the Silvertown strike, has shaken the influence of Messrs. MANN and TILLETT. The threat of the Shields men to disturb the trade of London, and the manifest risk that the coal-porters' attack on Lord DURHAM'S ships may injure the business of the port—all these and some similar lessons are producing a cumulative effect. The men who might be induced to strike are losing heart, the community which is threatened is losing sympathy. Between the two it seems daily more likely that the Unions will fail to secure any further support.

But little permanent good will be done unless these errors in tactics on the part of the Unions serve to make the workmen realize the selfishness of their policy as a whole. It would be unfair to say that the Unions have no case at all. We do not think that they have a good one; but they certainly have a case which is capable of defence. It is at least an arguable proposition that the workingmen, as a class, will be better off if they keep to a system of short engagements, which leaves them free to act at any moment as they think best for their interests. Long engagements, even though accompanied by such a recognized right to share in profits as is granted by Mr. LIVESEY, do to some extent limit the liberty of the workman. The loss would, indeed, be well compensated by the gain; nor is it at all apparent that workmen would be the worse off for putting themselves, as regards the length of their engagements, on the same footing as many classes of educated clerks and public servants. Still it is open to the workmen to think otherwise; and if the Union committees had argued their side of the question with some regard for truth and courtesy, if they had even persuaded the Unions to forbid their members to accept such terms as Mr. LIVESEY'S, they might have been ill advised, but they would have been within their

rights. There has, however, been no attempt at fairness, persuasion, or courtesy on the part of the Union committees. They have simply acted with the selfish impatience of very small-minded people who think their own importance in danger. They have dragged the men who trusted them to defeat and loss for no adequate motive. If their folly does not appear in its proper light to the workmen, it will be at least largely because those whose interest it is to make them see the truth do not do so, and because the lesson taught by the South Metropolitan Gas Company has been wasted on those who ought to profit by it. As for the conduct of the Unions to the community, it needs no qualification. No monopolist has ever threatened with such violence or displayed such insolent selfishness as they have.

THE ROBBERY IN HATTON GARDEN.

CONSIDERING how very easy it is to dislocate the common machinery of civilization, we may well be surprised that on the whole it should run so smoothly. The robbery in Hatton Garden was nothing more wonderful or more difficult than an attack upon one postman by several thieves, who took from him his letter-bag, and departed leaving him more frightened than hurt. Rogues are quite as careless as honest men, and these enterprising gentry had omitted to inform themselves when the Cape Mail would be delivered. Hatton Garden is of course the centre of the diamond trade, and if the robbers had secured the packages from South Africa, they would have come in for a good haul. As it was, they have not done altogether badly, a necklace priced at five thousand pounds being among their supposed pickings. The confusion into which the business of Hatton Garden has been thrown by this untoward event may be imagined if one reflects that none of the wholesale jewellers and silversmiths there residing know what are the particular orders and remittances which have thus miscarried. Tuesday morning's delivery failed. But of what did Tuesday morning's delivery consist? Frequenters of criminal courts have often been struck by the apparent stupidity of prisoners, and some may have been inclined to suspect that the stupidity was more apparent than real. But crime is really so simple a thing that the obtuseness may be genuine after all. Success in making an honest livelihood requires some good quality of mind or body, be it only a verbal memory or a muscular arm. To embark upon a career of crime a man need only be devoid of scruple. Exceptional ability or acuteness would be wasted. Take, for instance, this latest raid upon the post. To begin with, it was, as we have already said, made at the wrong time. Then, if it was not exactly advertised beforehand, there was no attempt to conceal the contemplated method of procedure. About five weeks ago a man named CROSBY, calling himself, and possibly being, a jeweller, rented a front office on the second floor of No. 10 Hatton Garden. The windows of this office were made of frosted glass, so that what was inside could not be seen. Mr. CROSBY came there when the mails were delivered in the morning, but was not often seen during the remainder of the day. Needless to add that since the robbery he has not been seen at all. It was at the door of this man's so-called office, which turns out to have contained nothing except a table and chairs, that SMALLEY, the postman, was assaulted, and into the office he was thrust without his mail-bag. It never occurred to the detective genius of the metropolis that there was anything at all suspicious in a jeweller without a business establishing himself behind glazed windows at a spot where parcels worth thousands of pounds were constantly brought by a single postman. It is superfluous for criminals to show caution when the police display such a childlike innocence.

We shall have for the next few weeks plenty of suggestions for avoiding similar occurrences in the future, and then the public will forget all about it till next time. Inspector LEACH, whose chief duty is to catch the thieves, volunteers the brilliant suggestion that postmen should go about in couples. This would be very expensive to the Post Office, and might entail upon the enemy the necessity of slightly increasing his resources. Its other advantages are not obvious to the naked eye. Mr. HENRY EDMUNDS, however, who writes to the *Times* from the scene of the robbery, contributes a useful and practical hint, which deserves the attention of Mr. RAIKES. "I would suggest," says Mr. EDMUNDS, "that instead of the package being "carried through the streets, and taken to the addressee, "the postmen should merely deliver a sealed notice to him, "and then he could proceed to the nearest post-office, and "receive his property after producing satisfactory proofs "of identity." The first objection to this scheme is that it would, as the lawyers say, "open a wide door to fraud." But then it may be answered that entrusting a postman with property worth thousands of pounds opens a window to robbery, even assuming that postmen are never dishonest themselves. In this case there is no reason whatever for suspecting the postman, but every reason to the contrary. Yet at most Assizes, and at almost every Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, postmen are convicted of larceny; nor has the almost uniform sentence of five years' penal servitude imposed by the judges availed to stop the offence. Mr. ANTHONY HACKBUT, whom every reader of *Rhoda Fleming* will remember, had withstood temptation for very many years before he finally yielded to the impulse of astonishing the world by robbing the bank. "The addressee "of valuable property," continues Mr. EDMUNDS, "would, "of course, take proper precautions to insure the safety of "it when in his own hands." That is perhaps a sanguine view. But the difference between diamonds in the pocket of a private individual and diamonds in a postman's bag is broad and plain. One man is known, the other is not known, to have valuables about him. It pays to watch a postman, and catch him as he is delivering his letters or packages. It would not pay to watch every one who came out of a post-office, on the chance that something more substantial than a clandestine love-letter would reward the quest. Certain post-offices might, however, require a special guard of police. It is not very long since the post-office at Hatton Garden itself was robbed, and a number of precious stones seized. Post-offices are now, if we may be pardoned the expression, so frequently manned by women, that they cannot be considered perfectly safe receptacles for jewelry to any amount. Nevertheless the proposal of Mr. EDMUNDS is not to be lightly dismissed.

THE ST. PAUL'S REREDOS CASE.

THE judgment of the Court of Appeal in the St. Paul's Reredos case, though not necessarily final, is extremely satisfactory, both in the particular effect, as far as it goes, and in the general principle which it confirms, taking the Courts of Appeal and Queen's Bench together, by a majority of four strong judges to two, who, with no disrespect to them, can hardly be called so strong. It is almost needless to say that the merits of the original application to the Bishop are no more in direct question than the merits of the reredos, though both seem to have been by some persons in judicial as well as many in extra-judicial positions imported rather far within it. A few people may think the original proceedings a respectable protest against superstition; to others they may seem one of the worst examples of the worst nuisance and scandal which has for some years weighed upon English law—the nuisance and scandal of persons who openly advocate and practise disobedience to the law by defect, endeavouring to persecute and punish what they choose to consider disobedience by excess. So, also, the reredos may seem to some as ugly as it seemed to Lord COLERIDGE (who devoted an episode of his judgment in the Court below to pointing out how much better the thing could have been done by persons who should be nameless), and others may think that nothing has ever so much improved the grandiose, but once terribly bare and unfurnished, cathedral of London. But all this was quite foreign to the matter actually at issue. The law says that the bishop shall exercise his discretion as to permitting such suits to go on, that they shall go on "unless, after a consideration of the whole circum-"stances of the case," he thinks it better that they should not. The application for a mandamus was based on the contention that he had not complied with the statute. Mr. Baron POLLOCK held that he had; the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Mr. Justice MANISTY that he had not. But these two learned judges in giving their reasons betrayed, in a way not common on the English Bench, the effect of *ignoratio elenchi*. Mr. Justice MANISTY thought that the Bishop had misinterpreted the Exeter reredos case. But, as the MASTER of the ROLLS pointed out, the statute says nothing—without stultifying itself it could say nothing—about the Bishop's consideration commending itself to other people. If he is only to consider subject to such approval, he has no

discretion at all, as Mr. Baron POLLOCK had already contended. Lord COLERIDGE'S judgment was still more remarkable; for it amounted practically to a confession that he did not like the law, that he thought a Bishop ought not to have discretion. That Lord COLERIDGE, as Lord COLERIDGE, is entitled to his opinions no one will question; but as Lord Chief Justice he has to administer the law, and not to make or unmake it.

It must surely be clear that any other decision of the Court of Appeal would have introduced—that any future decision of a superior Court still would introduce—a most dangerous latitude of interpretation. There can be no question whatever that the intention of the proviso in the Act was precisely this—to enable the Bishop, if he thought proper after due consideration, to stop litigation. If it is open to anybody to say that the consideration was not due because the result arrived at does not coincide with his own opinions, the proviso becomes a mere bad joke. And, further, if it is open to a judge to say in effect, "The law "has given this person discretion; I do not think it proper "for such persons to have discretion," what is the use of having laws at all? Let us go back to justice *à la* Caliph-and-Cadi. It is evident that the affirmation of Lord COLERIDGE'S, if not of Mr. Justice MANISTY'S, opinion would have a far wider reach than to reredoses. And this consideration should, as we have said, cause the judgment to be received with particular satisfaction, independently of any which may be entertained outside the merits of the particular question by those who admire the reredos as a work of art, or those who would in any circumstances welcome the defeat of a gang of intolerant and Philistine sectaries.

THE ADVENTURES OF EIGHT HOURS.

THE truth was never told more inappropriately by one man of another than when Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL described Mr. GLADSTONE as an "old man in a hurry." It was not a reverent account of the Sage of Hawarden, but it fitted him with complete exactitude. Only, that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL should launch such a saying!—he who at that very hour was conspicuous for all the follies of a young man in a hurry! There had been a time when it seemed that he knew how to wait, but it presently appeared that he had genius enough to put off the restraints of patience at a time of life when ordinary young men begin to put them on. After his first success—success well gained but very ill employed—he gave way to a fury of acquisition. Rush he must to seize at once upon everything within the sweep of a telescopic ambition, swivel-mounted. Confident in the strength of a swayer of the masses, he would be nothing less than Dictator from the first official perch he had lighted on. Cabinets were to be ordered, Ministers to be made and unmade by his voice. From one department of State he hastened to control every other, and would have all at command or dash the whole machine to fragments with a view to constructing a new one from patterns of his own.

Who is to say how much he might have changed, to his own glory, if he had really been a prudent man! But though prudence and patience are indispensable to the service of political ambition, they do not always follow it; and they have never yet been seen in company with Lord RANDOLPH'S aspirations. We know what happened when he rushed to make his grand *coup*. It was but the dashing of a hasty head against a wall; and ever since Lord RANDOLPH recovered from the staggering effect of that wanton failure he has been plunging here and there—now in one direction, now in another—in search of some avenue of return to his lost distinction. Of course he should have waited. He should have gone, not to the ant, with whose lessons he had been previously acquainted, but to another exemplar of more particular value under the circumstances: we allude to Brer Rabbit, who always knew when to "lay low." In all likelihood, the patient pursuit of a steady invariable line of conduct would have brought Lord RANDOLPH to place again before very long, and meanwhile he might have absorbed from exterior habits of principle some inward convictions that would have been of the utmost service to him. It did seem, indeed, for a time that he had been sobered into a perception that this was his right course of action. After his resignation escapade he did not rush off to form a new party or to join any of the older factions, but appeared at the right time in the Conservative ranks with a sober, dignified, and penitential air, which it would have been most wise to keep up. But though his attitude was marked with pleasure, and even with hope, it did not lead to his immediate restoration to office. Therefore he broke out again. And then he went back. And then he made another rush in an exactly opposite direction; and this has been done over and over again with startling suddenness, till almost every rag of his old reputation has fallen from him in the haste and velocity of the traffic.

It is not very long since Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL took a turn for the better. Only a few months ago he was praised in all the Conservative churches for a speech or two (he had been in retirement abroad just before, and retirement implies meditation) which were not only sound and good in themselves, but bore evidence that sobriety had come to stay in that strangely erratic and impatient mind at last. But now it appears that our hopes are again overthrown. Something has disturbed Lord RANDOLPH to his foundations once more. What it is is not exactly known. This time it can hardly be disappointment at not receiving an immediate public embrace from the PRIME MINISTER—that could not have been expected; and it really seems that, if the disturbing something has nought to do with recent occurrences at Birmingham, we must put it down to "ungovernable "impulse," as before. A few days ago Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL wrote a letter which was to have made a tremendous sensation. The shock anticipated was so great that his friends were carefully prepared for it, it seems; and in due course the letter was published. "Appeared" is the customary word for publication nowadays; but, strange to say, it is hardly applicable on this occasion. The newspapers printed the letter in an obscure place, where it hardly appeared at all; and from that day (which was Monday) to this, little reference to it has been made in any quarter. What significance there may be in that fact we are in no haste to determine; but, making all allowance for attention jaded by repeated extravagances, it is remarkable that an out-and-out Socialist manifesto from the hands of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL should flutter to the ground unregarded and almost unperceived. For that is what this letter amounts to. Its author has been meditating again. Musing over an essay by the scientific Socialist Mr. SIDNEY WEBB, but not over that alone, Lord RANDOLPH has come to the conclusion that the Legislature properly can and probably should appoint the number of hours that every man shall work. Bringing refinement to bear on a coarse familiar saw, and prudently excising one of its clauses, Lord RANDOLPH says:—"Eight hours' labour, eight hours' "sleep, and eight hours for mental and bodily recrea-"tion seems to me an ideal which a democratic Legisla-"ture, in its care for the welfare of the whole people, "may wisely and profitably endeavour to aim at." Endeavour means passing an Act of Parliament, of course; and this Lord RANDOLPH is now prepared to take part in. He has thought the matter out, and does not hesitate to say that an Act limiting the hours of labour to eight would be beneficial. It would diminish the number of unemployed men; and if it also resulted in "some, though not neces-"sarily a large, diminution of the capitalist's profits," that consequence is not to be hastily regarded as a disadvantage. It might be, or it might not; while as for the dangers of foreign competition, they are "illusory," Lord RANDOLPH thinks. Why? Because of "the certainty that labour "movements in this country will be closely followed and "imitated both in Europe and America." The certainty! How easy are the problems of industrial economy to the cocksure! Well, then, that is settled. Lord RANDOLPH has plunged again, and this time as we see. He roundly declares for the Eight Hours demand, the one point which many New Radicals shun; which Mr. MORLEY will have none of, though all the wild horses at Mr. LABOUCHERE'S disposal advance to dismember him; which even "the old man in a hurry"—hurried more than ever though he be—declines to catch on to as yet; which thousands and thousands of workmen themselves turn their backs upon with a knowledgable contempt. And if Lord RANDOLPH can advocate this part of the Socialist-Radical programme, what is there in it that he cannot warm to?—a question which he obviously must have meant to raise. It is very strange—as a matter of calculation and tactics. Is there any explanation of it? There is deliberation about this move, but the springs of it are most obscure. Can the decision of the Birmingham dispute have anything to do with it? Lord HARTINGTON and Lord SALISBURY are

to settle whether a third seat for Birmingham is to go to the Liberal-Unionists or the Conservatives. With this seat Lord Randolph Churchill has been much and even passionately concerned. The decision of the arbitrators is soon to be announced, we are told. Possibly the Eight Hours manifesto may have been issued with a view to that matter; but to what intent is not clear. It will be sad indeed if we have to fall back once more upon "ungovernable impulse"; and, in any case, there can be no doubt that there was much more of "impulse" than judgment or principle at work when Lord Randolph wrote that unfortunate neglected letter.

ARMENIA.

ALTHOUGH it is probable that we are as yet very imperfectly informed of what has been actually happening in Armenia, it would seem also probable that the persistent efforts of the agitators and the unwise conduct of the Porte have worked together to produce actual disturbances which will become serious or not accordingly as it suits the interests, or the supposed interests, of Russia. The earlier story of a determination to help themselves against the Kurds, conceived by some Armenians and suppressed, or attempted to be suppressed, by the Turks, is too much what a newspaper correspondent, who knew what was wanted of him, would be likely to send, to be trustworthy without confirmation, and the other reports are vague in the extreme. On the other hand, the (also not too clearly or certainly reported) result of the trial of Moussa Bey is almost a little too probable. It is too exactly what the blundering and tormented wits of the Turk would be likely to hit upon. A desire to do substantial justice if it is not very troublesome and does not interfere with his prejudices on the one hand, and a desire not to discourage friends or comply too much with the meddlesome desires of the infidel on the other, are sure to have been present in the mind of the Sultan; but whether they took the exact form which they were reported to have taken is uncertain. What is certain, however, is that no efforts have been left unused by those who wish to stir up a revolt, however slight, in some of the Armenian districts, and to keep it smouldering. The advantages of this proceeding are, indeed, too obvious to escape far less astute and experienced machinators. As an excuse for interference, as a provocation to some real "atrocity" on the part of the much-tried Turk, as a reason for asking the cession of more territory, or as a handle to squeeze concessions elsewhere, such disturbances are equally useful.

Some well-intentioned persons of, for the moment, tolerably correct views in the more pressing questions of home politics have deprecated the exposure of the sufficiently obvious intrigue which has availed itself of the unquestioned unwisdom and want of vigour in the Turkish government of Armenia. The deprecation would be of more force if it did not come from those who were gulled by Mr. Gladstone thirteen years ago, though they were wiser three years ago, and who apparently still believe in the "atrocities" (sham as regards the purpose for which they were used, if not invariably sham as to their actual occurrence) which led to the further aggrandizement of Russia, the further dislocation of the political situation in Eastern Europe, the Afghan and Central Asian calamities, and a whole peck of troubles other than these which we have not done with yet. It seems impossible to get into the head of amiable people of this kind the very simple proposition that questions of foreign policy cannot be decided on something like the principle of a benevolent instructor of children who allows gardens to Tommy and Harry, and, if Tommy does not cultivate his well, takes it away and gives it to Harry. It is a very undesirable thing that anybody's garden should be ill cultivated, that anybody's subjects should be misgoverned. Such misgovernment may sometimes be properly and profitably made the subject of remonstrance, or even in extreme cases of active interference. But before such interference is resorted to it must be clear that the whole body politic, the political world generally, will be distinctly benefited by the expulsion of Tommy from his holding, and the installation of Harry in it. Now, there are some people who, though they are very sorry that the Armenians or any one else should be governed as they do not like, are, in the first place, not convinced that the misgovernment is so bad as is made out, and, in the second place, are quite convinced that any further advance of Russia in Asia Minor would be an evil as compared with which the misgovernment of an indefinite number of Armenians would have to be regretted but endured. Which thing is, indeed, but a fresh exemplification of an old difference—the difference between those who muddle and those who keep apart the sciences of ethics and politics.

COIN AND STATISTICS.

MR. GIFFEN'S demonstration that we are richer than we were is one of those things which, partly because it is agreeable to hear, and partly for other reasons which need not be specified, most men are prepared to take on trust. It is true that there are persons who, like the authorities of the market to whom Dr. Primrose appealed, think there is not enough gold in the country, and others who are of opinion there is not enough silver. This generation has added the complaint that there is too much of one metal. To these grumblers, whose accuracy and intelligence may be measured by their belief that the coinage of silver is made excessive in the interest of bimetallism, Mr. Goschen has made answer by the mouth of Mr. Clinton E. Dawkins, to the effect that there is at least more gold than there ever was before, and if more silver is being coined, it is because it is wanted. The complaint that too much silver is being coined has much the appearance of the result of a desire to complain of something. A little reflection should have shown any one, without the need of explanations from Mr. Goschen, that at a time when wages are rising on all sides, more of the coin in which wages are almost universally paid was likely to be required. But the wise man will never get impatient with any folly which may be talked about coin or substitutes for coin, or means of distributing coin, because it has been proved this many hundred years that upon this subject illimitable nonsense is talked and believed in every successive generation.

Mr. Giffen's calculation may be the more readily taken on trust because he frankly acknowledges that it is necessarily largely based on guesswork, and that an estimate of the national capital from the national income is, from the nature of things, as good as impossible. A guess at the money value of a thing which cannot be sold is the nearest approach to poetry of which statistics are capable. That the nation is growing richer is easy to believe. All nations not periodically ravaged by Tartars, drought, or the plague, always do get richer. They do not all or always become richer at the same rate, nor does their wealth bear the same relative proportions from century to century. The rule is that a nation at the end of every generation is better off by accumulation and production than it was at the end of the previous one. How much richer it is the statistician finds great difficulty in telling, and for a very simple reason. He is necessarily compelled to express wealth in terms of money. He can find no other means of doing so. But money is not wealth. It is only an instrument of exchange, which varies incessantly in its relations to those things which are wealth. When these relations have varied sharply in a single generation, as they have in that which Mr. Giffen has just been surveying, it becomes as good as impossible to establish a precise comparison between one set of years and another. The calculation breaks its shins against the fall of prices or the rise of them, as the case may be. To the orthodox economist a rise in prices is no proof of great prosperity. The vulgar, including a great many persons who write on political economy, are of another opinion, but that does not matter. Neither is a fall in prices any proof that wealth is not steadily increasing. But there has been a great fall in prices since the end of the leaps and bounds time in 1875. Low prices, becoming ever lower, have ruled. When a comparison is made between the ten years ending in '75 and the ten years ending in '85, how much is to be allowed for the fall in prices? Many men give many answers. Mr. Giffen, who is one of the most competent, gives his with diffidence. He thinks, on the whole, that the national wealth increased 17·4 per cent. in the second decade, as against 40 per cent. in the former. This seems to be a falling off in the rate of progression. A falling off was to be expected, since 1875–85 were lean years, and yet the result is not a bad one. The increase in wealth did more than keep pace with the increase in population, which was enough. The question what calculations of this sort lead too, outside of the Inland Revenue Department, is one which it would be useless to ask

the statistician. He loves piling up figures, and it is a harmless mania. He will not alter his ways—indeed, why should he?—because of the indifference of persons who cannot be got to see much good in estimates which are forcibly expressed in terms of uncertain value. Mr. GIFFEN is for the rest very free from the common mania of statisticians. He does not think that columns of figures afford a sufficient support for political theories. On the contrary, he protested against the unintelligent use made of some of his previous calculations. To be sure, protests are of little use. Not all that Mr. GIFFEN can say will prevent a certain stamp of speculators from making a jingle with figures and calling it an argument. We do not know that this makes us love statistics any the better; but it is perhaps no reason why they should be loved the less. After all, it is in any man's power to use them properly; and the proper use of them is to supply illustration and a little sharpness of outline to the solid knowledge which is obtained by deduction from and reasoning upon facts.

AN ABUSE OF LEGAL PROCESS.

WE have all heard the celebrated retort of the advocate to the judge who accused him of wasting the public time:—"My Lord, I know no one to whom the public "time is of more importance than it is to my clients." It was a fair and spirited rejoinder. The abridgment of a case merely because it is long, or because there are a great many other cases to follow it, amounts to a practical denial of justice. Last Tuesday's *Times* contains three columns of argument and judgment in the case of REICHEL *v.* MACKARNESS and another. The report is readable enough, at least for those eccentric people who like law. Lord ESHER and Mr. Justice MATHEW are keen-witted men. Mr. REICHEL is no fool. The discussion between them has a freshness and crispness which is absent from too many works of contemporary fiction. But there are litigants in the world besides Mr. REICHEL, and Mr. REICHEL had, to put it mildly, been already heard. Mr. REICHEL's legal history, though only four years old, has been so rich and varied in detail, that a slight sketch of it will repay perusal. It is true that, through the turnings and twistings of the devious narrative one "unceasing purpose," or unfailing principle, will be found to run. Mr. REICHEL has never succeeded. No Court and no judge, despite the flattering pronouncements he has quoted in a letter to the *Times*, have ever been induced to give one single ruling in his favour. But Mr. REICHEL is not daunted by that. He is not, like Mr. FRANK HAWLEY in *Middlemarch*, afraid of "breaking his nose against some damned judge's decision." When he is beaten he appeals. When the last appeal has resulted unfavourably to him, he begins a fresh suit, which he conducts in person, and carries it to the bar of the Lords. It is pretty and plucky; but it costs time, which seems no object to Mr. REICHEL, and money, which is not his, because he sues in the form of a pauper. This is only Mr. REICHEL's fun. He has "executed a post-nuptial "settlement," so that he can live in "apparent comfort, "with a house and servants," a bit of a New River share, "votes for Parliament," and everything handsome about him, while making an affidavit that he is not worth twenty-five pounds in the world, besides his clothes and his boots. The Divisional Court, treating Mr. REICHEL with extreme tenderness, refused to set aside the order which sanctioned his plea of pauperism, apparently on the ground that Mrs. REICHEL's interests ought to be protected. As the Court has stayed his suit for other reasons, the point is not a very serious one in the present case. But something ought to be done in restraint of this artificial contrivance for the manufacture of legal paupers. The Married Women's Property Acts were not intended to be used in this way. If such an employment of them were to be allowed, a millionaire who had sufficient confidence in his wife might enter upon a legal campaign with the certainty of never, in any circumstances, having to pay one farthing of costs.

The Reverend OSWALD JOSEPH REICHEL, the subject of these lines, was charged in August 1885 with conduct unbecoming a clergyman. Instead of facing the necessary inquiry, he resigned his living. He now says he was innocent, and, for all we know, he may have been. But the late Bishop of Oxford, having accepted the resignation, refused to sanction its withdrawal, and another incumbent was duly presented. Thereupon Mr. REICHEL took a course which he had a right to take, and for which he cannot be blamed. He applied in the Chancery Division to restrain the Bishop from treating the resignation as valid, and he urged that it was only to take effect in October 1886, whereas he had cancelled it the previous July. This was a fair issue; but the judge decided it against Mr. REICHEL. The decision was afterwards confirmed by the Court of Appeal and by the House of Lords, expressly and solely because Mr. REICHEL had definitely resigned his living without any condition or qualification or postponement whatsoever. Mr. REICHEL had thus done all he could to get his view of the matter accepted, and had failed because, whatever his impressions might have been, the facts were fatal to him. Thereupon it was his duty to submit and to obey the law. But Mr. REICHEL refused to vacate his benefice, and his successor was forced to bring an action to obtain possession of the vicarage. This action Mr. REICHEL persisted in fighting, though he had not a leg to stand upon, and he took it through all the Courts up to the House of Lords. We cannot help regarding it as a public scandal that he should have been able to do so. There could be no answer to the claim put forward by the new vicar of Sparsholt, except that Mr. REICHEL had not resigned. But three Courts, including the House of Lords, had already held that Mr. REICHEL did resign. It is not for laymen to dogmatize, or even to speculate on the mysteries of estoppel. But when complaints are made of heavy costs and long arrears, it would be ridiculous, if it were not shocking, to think of the time and money wasted in trying the same case twice over, with every possible appeal in both instances. Mr. REICHEL, however, was not satisfied even then. He went before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and argued that his resignation had been obtained by fraud. Repulsed there, he still went on with the action which has just been dismissed as frivolous and vexatious. He charged the late Bishop MACKARNESS and a Berkshire rural dean with conspiracy, breach of contract, fraud, undue influence, and oppression. He sought to make the executors of a dead man answerable for a libel published by the deceased, which is a solecism in law. He accused Dr. MACKARNESS, on the strength of hearsay gossip, with paying a woman for making false charges against him; his suit is a monstrosity in fact. Yet he was allowed to occupy the best part of a day, and to put the Bishop's executors to serious expense, because there is no summary method of saying to a man, "Your claims have been decided against you; nothing "more shall be heard of them in the Courts of this coun-"try."

THE CRONIN CASE.

WE cannot, of course, pretend to be satisfied even with the verdict—let alone the sentence—in the CRONIN case. The acquittal of Mr. "Senior Guardian" BEGGS is a particularly regrettable incident, because it was Mr. BEGGS's participation in the transactions that preceded Dr. CRONIN's "taking off" which in reality stamped the crime with its "official" character. BURKE, O'SULLIVAN, and COUGHLIN were, after all, only the human hands who executed the sentence passed in Camp 20 upon the exposer of Mr. ALEXANDER SULLIVAN; the chief of the secret conclave which condemned him must be regarded as the responsible head; and it is only when justice falls upon this portion of the anatomy of an assassination Society that an effective blow can be said to have been struck at it. Still more disappointing is the sentence passed upon the three convicted men—a sentence at which respectable American opinion, we are glad to see, is almost as much scandalized as our own. It is, of course, impossible to guess the explanation of the award of life-imprisonment only for a murder which combines the worst circumstances of cruelty and treachery with the most dangerous menace to the community in whose midst such crimes can be coolly planned and carried out; but it is to be hoped that the hypothesis of the presence on the jury of some objector, or objectors, to capital punishment may be well founded. True, it would be a reflection on the vanity of human effort if the State Attorney should have made 1,100 citizens of Chicago—or, at least, his proportion, whatever it was, of that array of rejected jurors—"stand by," in order to get a humanitarian faddist into the box after all. Still, it would be infinitely better so than that the escape of the three prisoners from the capital sentence should have been due to intimidation. We had much rather it should prove

that a majority of the jury had compromised with the prejudices of the remainder than that their consciences had trafficked with their fears.

It is, however, the uncertainty in most minds whether this last account of matters may not be the true one which has won a qualified approval, in this country, at any rate, for the verdict and sentence. Indeed, it may be said that with us the verdict has carried off the sentence; it has been such a relief to get the one that we have been in no mood to criticize the other. With the public in the United States the case is different, and we cannot be surprised that the partial failure of justice in which the trial has resulted is causing them a good deal of chagrin. They have been so much in the habit of boasting—with good cause, it is fair to admit—of the promptitude and completeness with which the great Republic can stamp out anarchy and lawlessness when she sees fit to do so, that they have been a little humiliated at finding themselves liable to some of the miscarriages in these matters which they had flattered themselves befell only the effete governments of the old world. What must make it the more galling to them is, that it is the popular element in their system of procedure which has in this case failed them. Nothing could have been more admirable than the way in which the case against Dr. CRONIN'S murderers was got up and presented to the jury. It reflects the highest credit on the intelligence department of the police who were entrusted with the work of providing the materials of the State Attorney's brief. But this, after all, is a branch of the administration of justice which despotic governments have shown themselves not altogether unable to manage satisfactorily. The real matter of democratic pride was that the free citizens of the Republic might, no less than judicial servants of absolutist Executives, be trusted not to bear the sword in vain. Well now, it appears that, for some reason or other, they occasionally do bear the sword, if not altogether in vain, yet to less purpose than could be wished—striking with the flat of it, so to say, instead of with the edge—and their countrymen are somewhat disappointed and scandalized accordingly. It has not apparently given them much pain to think that doctors in good practice in American cities engage in conspiracies to blow up public buildings in London with dynamite, and that members of an American detective force assassinate doctors in good practice for exposing the fact that moneys subscribed for the blowing up of public buildings in London with dynamite are diverted to less worthy objects. To us in England all this seems rather a Gilberto-Sullivanian arrangement of things; but the only point in it which appears to strike the American mind as unnatural and objectionable is the fact that the murder of the doctor in good practice by the detective and his accomplices should have been committed on American soil. This act of misconduct they hoped that an American jury would condignly punish. It has punished his act, but not condignly; and now that the sentimental American sympathizers with Parnellism have learnt that even after weeks of careful jury-sifting they cannot get a panel which can be trusted to hang three Irish assassins of the worst class, why, perhaps, the sentimental American sympathizer with Parnellism will in future lend a little less ready ear to Parnellite bunkum about jury-packing and Gladstonian declamation against the enormity of trying certain classes of Irish offenders before magistrates.

HOW TO BE DETHRONED.

THE combined apology and manifesto of the Viscount DE OURO PRETO must, we should think, have reminded not a few readers of the criticism made on the ill-placed confidences of another and more illustrious exile. Nobody who hears it can any longer wonder that the Viscount and his master are at Lisbon, and that Marshal DEODORO DA FONSECA is at Rio de Janeiro. It is a treatise on the art how to be upset, and is entitled to some respect, for it is written by one who is a past master in the theory and the practice. The late Premier of the late Empire of Brazil gives us as pretty a description of an upsettable government as we have ever seen. He tells how the Administration, of which he was the chief, showed its intention to do the most risky things, and yet took no precautions to be able to do them. He records the extreme goodness of the EMPEROR as illustrated by his inability to punish dangerous people. Then he wonders why the risky things turned out ill, and is shocked that the dangerous persons turned the EMPEROR adrift. "If," cries the eloquent Viscount, "if the great principles of morality "and justice are eternal, what are the faults and crimes of "Dom PEDRO II.? who, during a reign of fifty years, never "persecuted anybody, never bore in mind acts of ingrati-"tude, never avenged an injury, who was ever ready to "pardon, to forget, and to do good, who abolished *ipso facto* "the penalty of death, who promoted by all the means in "his power the interests, progress, and greatness of his "fatherland, in whose service he sacrificed rest and "health." It is only too probable that the Viscount is not intimately acquainted with the works of the late THOMAS CARLYLE. He may therefore not at once understand what is meant by a universal scoundrel-and-sluggard Paradise. That, however, is precisely what the Empire of Brazil seems to have aimed at being. It came, therefore, to its natural end. The sluggard did nothing to help it. The scoundrel, quite untouched by drivellings of the milk of human kindness, kicked it over. Having nothing to show for itself but correct sentiments of the most platitudinous order, it tumbled like a house of cards at the first touch. Because it erst was naught, it turned to naught.

There are touches in the Viscount's Manifesto which are worthy of the purest farce. Mr. GILBERT himself, when in the highest spirits, and applying the immortal formula of *Box and Cox* in his most severe manner, never imagined anything better than the Ministry which "had in prepara-"tion measures to maintain order in the army in case of "necessity by the civil forces." We shall live in hope of seeing the hint to the comic playwright contained in this lovely sentence worked out for us on the congenial boards of the Savoy. Here was an Empire supported by an army which could not be trusted out of sight of the police, and there was no police ready to watch it. There was an EMPEROR who never annoyed any man, who, on the contrary, was ready to take all kinds of offenders to his paternal bosom. Full of the noblest sentiments, he damaged a large and important section of his subjects by taking away a valuable part of their property without compensation—the part, in fact, which made the rest worth having. One fine day the Government reflects that five or six thousand half-mutinous soldiers are unpleasant neighbours in a capital, and it decides to send them to distant and disagreeable frontier stations. Then the semi-mutineers become mutineers out-and-out. They begin by pronouncing against a Ministry, and end by pronouncing against the Empire. The Premier in whose days these things happened is greatly surprised, but he ought to have his surprise to himself. The history of the Empire of Brazil illustrates, in fact, the nature of Revolutionary Monarchy very neatly. It began in rebellion headed by a son against his father. It therefore started by breaking with all respect for any right but the right of the strongest. As long as the ruler was an energetic man too dangerous to be attacked, or as long as nobody with a fighting force at his back cared to attack it, it rubbed along. At the first serious strain down it went. A monarchy which is not merely accepted as good enough for the occasion, but as an institution based on a divine right, and part of the national life, which has grown with the nation, gets on very well with a personally feeble sovereign. Such a monarchy as the Brazilian lasts just as long as the man on the throne is capable of beating any assailant in fair fight, or intrigue either, for that matter. Now, Dom PEDRO, although personally amiable, not without a decent sense of the becoming, and adorned by humanitarian sentiments and miscellaneous scientific tastes, was obviously not the man to hold the Devil fast. If it was not that he ruled over a people with as little devil in them as any in the world, he would have gone long ago. As it is, a common barrack-room conspirator has sent him packing. The Viscount DE OURO PRETO has gloomy thoughts of the future of Brazil. This iniquitous revolution, careless of noble sentiments and the Viscount, is not, he feels, and cannot come to, good. We confess we do not expect much from it; but, after all, a population which has no stomach for fighting, which rubbed along with an Empire for which it did not care two straws, which has submitted meekly to be disposed of by six thousand half-drilled half-breeds, commanded by a vapouring nonentity, may possibly continue to rub along in a state of squalid peace and prosperity under some hotch-potch called a Republic.

THE STRANGE FREAK OF A LIVERPOOL JURY.

THE jury before whom LAURENCE BELLEW and THOMAS FITZGERALD were tried the day before yesterday at Liverpool cannot possibly have been aware of what they were doing when they found those two "exclusive dealers" guilty of an offence against the English law of conspiracy. To return such a verdict at all in any part of England would have been bad enough; but at Liverpool, of all places in England—almost within hail, as it were, of the great authority on exclusive dealing, whose dicta they have so audaciously defied—and on Thursday last, of all days in the world, the very day when Mr. PARNELL was about to explain to their fellow-citizens how really innocent and even laudable a practice "exclusive dealing" may be! Surely there could not have been a more unhappy choice of place and time for declaring the monstrously perverse opinion that a combination to indulge in this harmless practice—a combination which Mr. GLADSTONE, out of the plenitude alike of his legal knowledge and his straightforward morality, has again and again declared to be lawful in England—is an offence against 38 & 39 Vict. c. 86, section 9. Yet it is of just this infelicitous selection of opportunity that the Liverpool jury have been guilty. BELLEW and FITZGERALD were simply exercising their right of lawful (Gladstonian) combination for the purpose of preventing intending purchasers of cattle in the Salford Market from purchasing the stock brought over for sale by two men named FRIZZELL, from the Massareene estate. To effect their object, these two vindicators of the right in question haunted the market by day, and attempted to dissuade dealers from having anything to do with the FRIZZELLS and their beasts, while at night they employed themselves in threatening the landlady of the inn, at which the two men and WALSH, the constable protecting them, lodged, with the extension of the boycott to her and her establishment by all the other Irish graziers unless she turned out her unpopular lodgers. It is impossible to conceive a case which comes more completely within Mr. GLADSTONE's definition of the "exclusive "dealing" on which he looks with such sympathetic tenderness. No violence was employed or even threatened by BELLEW and FITZGERALD. They simply applied whatever "moral pressure they could bring to bear upon anybody "who could contribute to their project of inducing the "cattle-dealers of Salford to make their dealings exclusive" of the cattle of the two boycotted farmers. Yet, in spite of Mr. GLADSTONE's assurances that this is all right and proper, and the exercise of a privilege of combination, which "we should not for a moment think of interfering with in "England," we have here a Liverpool jury who, after deliberating for the appallingly brief space of three minutes, find both defendants guilty of conspiracy; and we have here also a judge who described their act as "a barefaced effort to ruin "a man who was endeavouring to carry on his business"; and, after adding that "they must learn that they could "not break the law with impunity" (as if any man could break the law by doing what Mr. GLADSTONE says is legal), proceeded to sentence them to three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

On the evening of the day on which this singular verdict was delivered Mr. PARNELL was the guest of the Reform Club in this same city; and in the course of his after-dinner speech he discoursed impressively upon (among other things) the practice of boycotting in Ireland. With much eloquence and acumen, he pointed out how the only charge which has ever been alleged against the right of combination in Ireland on the part of the tenants is that combination leads to agrarian outrage and crime, how "boycotting had not led to agrarian outrage and crime," and how, nevertheless, Mr. BALFOUR, unlike the good Lord SPENCER, who only attacked boycotting when it led to crime, persisted in the persecution of boycotters who were boycotters only, and therefore (the argument requires) the persons who had committed no legal offence at all. Which interesting passage may or may not show that Mr. PARNELL had been already informed of the vagary of the Liverpool jury. But at any rate he knows it now, and we may suggest that he should go back and spend another night at Hawarden to obtain an opportunity of discussing it with Mr. GLADSTONE.

MR. PARNELL AT NOTTINGHAM.

THERE is something truly ludicrous in the forced ecstasies of the Gladstonians over the "moderate" and "businesslike" tone of Mr. PARNELL's speeches at Nottingham. It may be true, perhaps, that eulogies of this kind are good enough to be tried upon the class of intelligence which is represented by the worthy Mr. Alderman GRIPPER and his friends; but, after all, the entire English Separatist party does not consist of Aldermen GRIPPERS, and cannot be expected universally to share the *naïf* and open-mouthed wonder with which Mr. PARNELL's Nottingham *convives* seem to have been credited with regarding the phenomenon in question. Some, therefore, of these less foolish persons must have been tempted, one would think, to inquire with a little impatience what on earth they were assumed to have expected. Was it generally supposed that the guest of the evening would deliver another "Cincinnati speech," or that, like the dying Mr. DORRIT at Mrs. MERDLE's dinner-party, he would fancy himself back again in prison under Mr. GLADSTONE's custody, and flutter the assembled company by inquiring whether "BOB," or rather BILL, "was on the "lock"? Even the most childlike innocence might have been prepared to find Mr. PARNELL with his "statesman's "stop" on, and to hear him discourse admirably of the blessings which Ireland would enjoy under Home Rule, and the mild wisdom with which she would use her "recovered free-"dom." As a matter of fact, he made precisely the sort of speech which the commonest of commonsense would have expected him to make, and, with the exception of a rather risky excursus into recent history—in the course of which he found himself compelled to omit the little matter of the No Rent Manifesto from his account of the Gladstonian legislation of 1881 and its immediate consequences—he confined himself strictly to the safe ground of platitudinous generalities.

To these generalities we do not propose to devote any considerable proportion of our space to-day. We admit at once that the programme which Mr. PARNELL sketches out for the Irish Parliament of the future is everything which such a programme should be. There was never any doubt of his ability, or, for that matter, of the ability of any of his young men to draw it up. The only doubtful point in this matter is, and always has been, whether there is the slightest probability of its being fulfilled. We entirely agree with Mr. PARNELL that, when the Irish people have been given "power over their own business at home, they "should *not* use it to plot against the integrity of this great "Empire, and to levy war against the QUEEN," and that they should use it to "take advantage of those industrial "and mineral resources which Ireland to some extent "possesses, to look after the internal drainage of the "country, to improve its harbours, to develop its lines of "inland navigation, to promote the prosperity of its "languishing fisheries," and so forth, and so forth. Nor are we acquainted with more than three reasons why an Irish Legislature should not in fact devote itself heart and soul to such useful works. These reasons are—want of will, want of ability, and want of money. The preference or otherwise of the Irish Legislature for schemes of arterial drainage to plots against the integrity of the Empire would depend partly upon the character of the persons of whom that Legislature was composed, and partly upon the popular sentiment acting upon them from without; and, even assuming that the development of Irish prosperity and that alone is the one dream of Dr. TANNER, Mr. O'BRIEN, and their colleagues of the Irish Parliamentary party, we have yet to learn whether it is equally near to the hearts of Mr. PATRICK FORD, Mr. ALEXANDER SULLIVAN, and the other Irish-American gentlemen who would, if Home Rule were granted, immediately make Ireland their happy hunting-ground, *vice* the United States of America superseded. As to money, and the ability to employ it judiciously, the total absence of the former of these requisites, and the extreme doubtfulness of the presence of the latter, are points too plain to be insisted on. The idea, indeed, that Irish Nationalists, after having steadily driven capital away from their country for years past, and now proposing to put the finishing stroke to the process by exporting what is left of the fee-simple value of the land in the pockets of expropriated Irish landlords, should thereupon undertake the enterprise of raising Ireland to a condition of prosperity "with our own money and our own resources" —this is in itself an idea which only a thoroughly "business-"like" assembly of Englishmen, such as that gathered round Alderman GRIPPER at Nottingham, could have received with sympathetic interest. The plain hard truth is, that there is no money to be got in Ireland for these or any national purposes except either from the English Exchequer, which Mr. PARNELL declines to draw upon, or out of the pockets

of the people of Ulster, upon whom he assures us that an Irish Legislature would "shower blessings." As to administrative ability—including therewith the qualities of thrift, integrity, commercial prudence, official purity, and the like—the world's whole experience of the extent to which an Assembly of needy and pushing Irishmen would be likely to show themselves equipped with these qualifications is of the most discouraging nature. Four years ago Mr. Alderman GRIPPER would, we presume, have seen all this quite as plainly as we do, and would have abounded in reasons why the fortunes of Ireland should not be committed to such hands as these. And if we were in the Alderman's confidence, we should ask him to explain how it is that the characteristics of the Irish people have changed with the change in Mr. GLADSTONE'S opinions.

It is not this which forms the really interesting part of Mr. PARNELL'S speech. It is his references to the political rather than to the social, the industrial, the financial future of Ireland which really concern the English reader, and these only as affording indications of Gladstonian purpose, which are never to be had from what might be supposed to be the only authorized source. From these references it is to be gathered that the Bill of 1886—and, indeed, we may say the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill—still constitutes Mr. PARNELL'S ideal settlement of the Home Rule question. The Legislature which that statesmanlike measure would have given to Ireland still strikes him, apparently, as the best of all possible Legislatures. He wouldn't have "GRATTAN'S Parliament" now if it were to be offered him, though it *was* "what we used to ask for, because "we had historical precedent for it." There was "danger "of friction and mischief contained in GRATTAN'S Parliament" which is not involved in the measure of 1886, and not for worlds would Mr. PARNELL expose the relations of the two countries to the danger of friction and mischief. He objects to the system under which "supplies for the army and navy "were voted separately by the Irish Parliament, and there "was an Irish Mutiny Act, which was also passed, distinct "from the English Mutiny Act." He does not think that the Irish Parliament should have the power of refusing a contribution from Ireland "for the purposes either of defence "or of foreign wars"—such a power, we suppose, being obviously unsafe to entrust to an Assembly whose loyalty to the British Crown would be absolutely beyond suspicion, and which would be linked to the British people by a "union of "hearts." All this is, of course, most edifying to those interested in the study of Irish Nationalist aspirations; but to those who wish to understand the English Parliamentary situation it is less satisfactory. No doubt it is very reassuring to hear that Mr. PARNELL does not want GRATTAN'S Parliament, and that he will be quite content with the Bill of 1886. But then, unfortunately, the Bill of 1886 is dead. Its parents and guardians have so assured us a hundred times. It is dead, and has been succeeded by—what, we know not, but had cherished a faint hope that Mr. PARNELL might be able to tell us.

We do not even now say that he cannot; indeed, it is not at all unreasonable to believe that he is a far better authority on what the Home Rule Bill of the future will be—will have to be—than Mr. GLADSTONE himself. But it is quite evident that, if he can tell us, he will not. His assumed indifference to everything that has passed since 1886, to the hecklings of Mr. GLADSTONE by his own followers, to the heartsearchings of Professor FREEMAN on one side and of Mr. ASQUITH on the other, is positively sublime. To listen to him and to his calm discussion of a dead-and-buried project, one might have supposed that the echoes of Gladstonian domestic strife had never reached him, and that he had never so much as heard that Home Rule has begun to present itself to the slowly-awakened English followers of the great Home Ruler under the disagreeable alternatives of "Restoration of the Heptarchy," or practically complete severance of Ireland from the United Kingdom. But, of course, Mr. PARNELL knows all this as well as anybody. He is perfectly well aware that the old Parliamentary hand has been forced, and that Mr. GLADSTONE has been reduced to the same desperate expedient in his Irish policy as in his domestic programme—that, namely, of promising anything to anybody who threatens to give trouble if his demand is refused. And the fact that Mr. PARNELL must be so well aware of all this imparts all the more significance to his contemptuous silence. "After all," it seems to say, "it matters not a jot to me what shifts my "revered friend may resort to for the purpose of keeping his "very 'scratch' team of weak-kneed Liberals and Socialistic "Radicals together. It is with me and my eighty-six 'Stal-"warts' that he will have to reckon at last; and either we "get the kind of Home Rule that *we* want or he shall not get "what *he* wants—his re-establishment in power." That, we have no doubt, is the way in which Mr. PARNELL looks at the situation; and, if that is his view, there is certainly no reason why he should take the slightest notice of the disputes in the Gladstonian party as to what their venerated leader either is or should be driving at. There is not even any reason why Mr. PARNELL should break silence on the subject before the general election. He may allow the Parnellite vote in the constituencies to be given to the Gladstonians without exacting from them any express and formal engagements as to their Irish policy; for that can always be arranged to his liking afterwards by means of the Parnellite vote in the House of Commons.

NOTES FROM THE ZOO.—THE EUROPEAN BISON.

IT is not often that visitors to the Zoo have the chance of seeing examples of so many species of wild and domesticated cattle as are to be found in the Gardens at the present time, and certainly never before have specimens of the two largest and fiercest of the wild cattle been in the collection simultaneously. Such, however, is now the case, as, in addition to the Gaur presented to the Society a short time ago, which we may add appears to be thriving immensely, they have lately been fortunate enough to receive "on deposit" a bull European Bison, or Aurochs (*Bison bonasus*)—an addition to the menagerie of no little interest; for, though this bison is not "new to the collection," it is many years since a specimen has been seen in Regent's Park; in fact, we believe we are correct in saying that the last, a cow, was obtained about twenty years since, and lived but a few weeks.

The bisons, both European and American, are unfortunately fast verging towards extinction, and though but a few years ago such a thing would have appeared impossible, there is now little doubt that the former will survive the longest, as, though its range is confined to the Caucasus and to the forest of Bialowicza, in Lithuania, it is most strictly protected by the Emperor of Russia, while its unfortunate American cousin has been practically exterminated, having fallen a victim to the greed of the pelt-hunters. The Aurochs, now as we have said extremely restricted in its range, was originally an inhabitant of all the large forests of central Europe, and is in all probability, though the fact has been disputed by many, and notably by Cuvier, the Urus mentioned by Cæsar, who described these animals as being little inferior in size to the elephant, but bulls in nature, colour, and figure, and further mentioned their great strength, speed, and fierceness. While in reality not quite so large as an elephant, or indeed as a rhinoceros, to which animal Cuvier compared it, the modern bison may fairly be described as enormous, far exceeding in size the American species, which otherwise it much resembles. Yet it, in turn, is said to be much smaller than its ancestors of quite recent times; indeed, the race is declared to be diminishing in height and weight as it decreases in numbers, though, apparently, it still retains its strength and fierceness, as it is alleged that an old bull is a match for four wolves. At the present time a large bull will stand about six feet to the top of the hump on the shoulders, and is about eleven feet long; whereas a height of seven feet and a length of thirteen feet have been recorded. The two species of bison are wonderfully alike in general appearance; they both have huge, ungainly heads, humps between the shoulders, and long shaggy manes on their heads and necks, with long beards under their chins; the hind parts are smaller than the fore, and have a comparatively weak appearance, though this is more noticeable in the American than in the European form. Again, in both cases the females are smaller and less shaggy than the male. The Aurochs, however, is by far the larger and finer animal, and, as indeed might be expected, has better horns. The two species, again, differ completely in their temperament; for, while the European bison is famous for its ferocity, the American is sluggish and timid—though this description hardly applies to the American bison bull at the Zoo, which is as bad-tempered and fierce a beast as can be found in the collection—and, in addition, has the credit of being one of the most stupid animals on earth. In fact, there is little doubt that this stupidity has been one of the causes of its destruction; for, as Captain Dodge said of it, "if not alarmed at sight or smell of a foe, he will stand stupidly gazing at his companions in their death throes, until the whole herd is shot down," and, "having made up his mind to go a certain way, it is almost impossible to swerve him from his purpose." And—the last difference between the species that we propose to mention—the Aurochs has but fourteen pairs of ribs, while the American bison has fifteen pairs.

The general colour of the European bison is a light brown; but the hair of the mane, beard, and legs, together with a stripe on the middle of the back, is much darker, almost inclining to black, while the long tuft of hair on the end of the tail is black. The hair, especially on the back and hind parts, is soft and woolly. The tongue is very blue in colour. The animal has a strong musky smell, which is very noticeable, but far from

unpleasant; this is said to be strongest in the winter, and to be lost by degrees when the animal is in confinement; and, finally, the hide is said to be double the thickness of that of a domestic bull. The Aurochs at the Zoo is a fine adult bull, and is certainly a magnificent animal, standing, as near as we can judge, about seventeen hands at the shoulder. It is to be seen in the easternmost of the "Cattle sheds," next to the shed in which the American bisons are kept (in which latter, by the way, a bison calf was born a few days since, a beautiful little animal, well worth a visit). As yet it prefers to remain in its shed, not having fully recovered from the fatigues and dangers of its journey; indeed, though it has been in its present quarters since Nov. 25, the poor beast is still most woefully stiff and strained, the result of being sent for a sea voyage of many days' duration in a large case or crate, the bottom of which was perfectly smooth, instead of being furnished with cross-pieces fastened to the floor to give its inmate a foothold. However, though so stiff that it can neither lie down, nor, when down, get up again with any comfort, it seems to be feeding well, and we hope, therefore, that it may live and thrive, and also that it may become the property of the Society.

SOME ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

A VERY pretty book is *The Quiet Life*, with drawings by E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons (London: Sampson Low & Co.), though some there may be who would like less slippery paper, a less close approach to "niggling" in some of the illustrations, and different methods of rendering these, so as to give the clear and vigorous style of the old engraving, rather than the blurred and characterless smoothness of the modern process. Mr. Austin Dobson, who prologues and epilogues the selection with charming verses of his own, is the last man not to have felt the difficulty of his task; for here are Marvell's "Garden," and Cowley's "Wish," and Praed's "Quince," and "The Vicar," and Pope's "Solitude," and Randolph's delightful "To Master Anthony Stafford." A worshipful company to usher, a right difficult one to consort with and not seem misplaced. Yet does Mr. Dobson show nobly even with them, though, as all who know his style will expect, he has not "put himself forward." The illustrations are of course very numerous, and some of them are very pretty, a certain want of directness—as, for instance, in the frontispiece—being their chief fault. The difference between a book illustration and a picture generally—that the latter need not in the least, while the former must, tell a story—is too much forgotten by our illustrators, and the young woman in the frontispiece referred to is nearly as characterless as if she had been drawn by Mr. Small. Indeed, the landscapes and the head and tail-pieces please us in general better than the figures. Some of the latter, however—as, for instance, the village belles listening to Quince—are excellent. "The Vicar" is rather less happily caught. But Mr. Abbey's somewhat rococo antique is most at home with the piece from Randolph, which, indeed, could hardly fail to inspire him. Only the "process-server" here deserves as hearty execration as ever was bestowed by Irishmen with an objection to pay tithes. *Vide* more especially p. 86.

Another beautiful book by the same illustrators, but published by Macmillan & Co., is *Old Songs*, this time unintroduced by any modern writer. Seventeen there are of them, and a sweet seventeen they make. "I loved a lass, a fair one," opens the ball, and is well followed, the best of the following being, in different keys, the "Leather Bottèl," "Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen" (but nowadays the Criminal Law Amendment Act has made this—Heaven save the mark!—"improper"), "Barbara Allen," "Sally in our Alley," "Kitty of Coleraine," and "Phillida [the editors spell it, with strict fidelity to the original we own, "Phillada"] flouts me." What we have said, both as to the design and as to the execution, of the other volume applies also here. The best, to the first piece, is Mr. Abbey's excellent plate of the midnight walk, though we do not like the face of either lover. All those which accompany "With Jockey to the Fair" are good, and "Sweet Nelly" is very sweet, though a little Madge Wildfirish in array. Good, too, are those of the "Leather Bottèl"; but the toasting party who set at all from fifteen to fifty are spoilt by reproduction. "Barbara Allen" herself we like as well as any young woman of Mr. Abbey's we have ever seen. "Sally" is not so nice, and we do not want "Kitty" at all. But "Phillada" makes amends for anything.

That Mr. Joseph Pennell's *Pen-Drawing and Pen-Draughtsmen* (London: Macmillan) is one of the handsomest books of the kind ever produced is a mere statement of fact, though the (let us say, in order not to risk the curse attendant on looking gift-horses in the mouth) disguised blessing of process haunts us even here. In part, however, the execution of those plates which are on unsized paper (for the quality of this medium has much more to do with the matter than seems to be sometimes thought) redeems the processes. And if Mr. Pennell had done nothing else but protest against the extraordinary misuse of the term "etched" for pen-drawn, which occurs in the most unlikely places, he would have won much forgiveness; though we doubt ourselves whether anything but real etching can do justice in reproduction to real pen-drawing. Some American weaknesses (such as the absurd statement that "technique is as great to-day as in any former time." Will Mr. Pennell be so very good as to point our blind eyes to the Rembrandts by dozens, the Lionardos in shoals, who encumber our exhibitions?) have also to be forgiven, and, indeed, the letterpress of the book concerns us little. No doubt when Mr. Pennell pushes bad taste and absurdity so far as to say that "it is affectation for an artist to-day to model his style on Dürer," certain sharp sayings leap to the tongue or pen; but they may be repressed. Let us concern ourselves, not with Mr. Pennell's criticism, which is generally execrable, but with his examples, which are, despite their defects of medium, almost always delightful. The "Comparative Heads," with which he opens, from Dürer, Vandyck, Rossetti, Madrazo, and others, are well worth study. The Fortuny opposite p. 36 is infinitely profitable in the same way, and so in a somewhat different way is the first *hors texte* subject from Daniel Vierge. The full villainy of process could not be better illustrated than in the Montalti on p. 47, though the Fabrès following makes some amends. Far above either of these is the architectural study, softened by the paper it is printed on, from Martin Rico. On another plate close by, the head from A. Casanova y Estorach, one might write a small volume. It is extremely clever, but it is emphatically quack work; the slashes and cross-hatchings giving the impression that the artist thought by these means to produce in black and white something like a portrait of the Brescian school in colour. Very different is the head from Menzel, which occurs a little later. But nothing that we meet after it for some time pleases us half so well as a "Cup and Cover," by A. Stucki, though as a book illustration the girl by Waldemar Frederick, opposite p. 86, is good. M. Lhermitte needs little praise to those who know his work; and M. Detaille is too well known to make either praise or blame necessary. The same may be said of "Mars," of M. L. Leloir, and others; but Mr. Pennell is probably alone in having heard M. A. Lançon, excellent draughtsman of beasts though he be, called the "Cat-Raphael." Of our own countrymen, Mr. Sandys, Mr. Madox Brown, and the President lead off; but the pen-drawing quality of the work of neither is so noteworthy as is that of Mr. T. B. Wirgman. Several of our friend Mr. *Punch's* men follow, and Mr. Walter Crane, and Caldecott, and then a multitude of juniors, after whom we pass to America; and a very large, and naturally large, share of attention America has. Altogether the book is delightful to turn over; less delightful, except to the satirist, to read.

A new edition of Mr. Jessop's very popular *Jackdaw of Rheims* is accompanied by a companion Ingoldsbian volume, *Netley Abbey* (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode), which, no doubt, will be as popular as its forerunner.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. send us a handsome volume, *Twenty-five Drawings of some Places of Note in England*, by Birket Foster, with short descriptions by the artist. "The twenty-five places" include Bamborough (a graceful and effective drawing, but a little delusive as representing the original); Bolton Abbey (very well sketched, but, like Bamborough, somewhat "thrown up"); a view of King's Parade, Cambridge, in which the gingerbread screen obscures the mighty chapel; a much better one of Canterbury from St. Martin's Hill; a very good plate of the Chester "Rows," taken from within; a rather prettified Eton; Hampton Court (brought nearer the river than it actually is—this seems a besetting sin of Mr. Foster's); Knaresborough, Lambeth ("translated" a little); the High at Oxford, conventionally but well grouped at the usual, and almost the only possible, point between Queen's and University; the Tower (again conventionalized a little); Winchester, from a point which does not permit of giving the great characteristic of the cathedral—its enormous length; Windsor (very good of its kind), and a few others. All are interesting locally; all are elegant pictures; and, if art has sometimes done an unnecessary utmost with them, that is not a very bad fault.

Mr. M. B. Huish has edited (London: Virtue & Co.) a new issue of Turner's *Seine and Loire*, about which it is difficult, if not impossible, to say anything new critically, but which the editor has managed to introduce and annotate very successfully. We have only one fault to find with the volume, that by some maladroitness the tissue-paper guards stick to the plates and refuse to come away without tearing. Of the plates themselves, as we have said, there is little new to say. They are not exactly faithful; they set an example of idealizing localities which in hands not of genius has been only too much followed; but the charm of them is quite unique. To see such a plate as the well-known "Amboise" is never to forget it. Perhaps it is not Amboise, but it is something better.

On Active Service, by Mr. W. W. Lloyd, late of the 24th regiment (London: Chapman & Hall), is a rather slight, but thoroughly unpretentious, and not by any means unamusing, record of military scenes in chromolithography. The difficulties of stowing away under regulation weight the furniture of a too luxurious barrack-room; the morning coffee on board ship; signalling interrupted by turbaned black persons with tulwars; the atrocious conduct of certain British gunners who, under a misapprehension, practised (luckily very wide) with seven-pound shells at a harmless group of Kaffir maidens; the painful effect of a night alarm on a perhaps not equally harmless bottle of "square-face"; more than one death in the desert; a heroic cook not merely defending the sacred *marmite*, but resting his rifle on it; the drawbacks of sleeping bags when the enemy comes up suddenly, and the very literal manner in which a camelman may

find himself "up a tree," are only a few of a collection of cheerful and by no means ill-drawn pieces.

Flowers of Paradise (London: Macmillan & Co.) is what, we suppose, most people would call a pretty book, but it is one in which the aim is better than the execution. The "music, verse, design, and illustration" are all by Reginald Hallward. Of the music of Reginald Hallward we say nothing; but in the verse of Reginald Hallward the great genius of Reginald Hallward has, we fear, deserted him. Here is a specimen:—

> Children *ye* have but to take it,
> That fair robe of orient hue;
> Stretch *thy* little hand toward it—
> God has given all things to *you*.

This is a verse which might make Blake depict Mr. Hallward in the grasp of a particularly lurid worm somewhere in the infernal regions, while the milder genius of Watts veiled a but half-protesting brow. This same poem is illustrated with an angel of such surpassing hideousness and vulgarity, that we fear no one of the angelic fraternity will care to fly down and take Mr. Hallward out of the worm's grasp. The design and illustration generally suggest a hopelessly corrupt following of Japanese models, seen through a wavy mist of Mr. Crane, Miss Greenaway, and Miss Greenaway's French imitators. In fact, it is very long indeed since we had the honour of seeing anything, on the whole, worse.

A cheap reproduction of *Randolph Caldecott's Sketches*, edited by Henry Blackburn (London: Sampson Low & Co.), will be welcome, and deservedly welcome, to many. They are of all sorts and kinds, and they come from all sorts of places. "Young Lochinvar," "The Irish Landlord," and "Toy Country" are not more agreeable in one way than the "Morning Walk" (of storks), the Law-Court sketches, and "Somebody's Coming" are in another; or than that inspiration of an elder day, the "Ladies' Battle," with its sequel, in a third; or the "Passing Glimpse of a Gentleman whom I took to be the Chancellor of the Exchequer" in a fourth. In fact, these scrappy things are often much more amusing than the artist's better-known work when he became fashionable.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE present Exhibition of Painters in Water-Colours is an interesting one, although many of its most celebrated members are absentees this winter. But Mr. Burne Jones, who has been lately recalled to the bosom of the Society, bravely supports it with his fourteen lovely drawings and studies; while of Mr. Albert Goodwin's numerous contributions, one at least, the "Eton" (48), will be welcomed by his many admirers. The three water-pieces of Mr. Henry Moore, though there is little to be said about them, are delightful. The ladies are well represented by Mrs. Allingham and Miss Clara Montalba, who between them exhibit no less than twenty drawings; Mrs. Allingham, deserting her usual bowery gardens for strips of English coast, while Miss Montalba remains faithful to her early love, Venice, whose fascinating façades she delights to portray under their ever-changing aspects of sunshine and shower.

By Mr. Burne Jones are two life-size drawings (217, 223) in pencil, of the head of a young girl, of which the one in profile is, perhaps, the more perfect of the two in its firm, graceful outlines and good modelling. Two drawings in long, narrow frames—"Allegorical Statues in the Wall of the Garden of Idleness" (218, 224), the subject taken from Chaucer's *Romance of the Rose*—represent the façade of a building along whose front are ten niches, in each of which stands a greyish bronze statue of an evil quality. Hate, Envy, Jealousy, and the rest of that unpleasant set are there, all huddled up and distorted by their wicked passions. An Early Italian gentleman, enveloped in a long greenish cloak, strolls by, and turns uneasily on his heel as he gazes from one to the other of these strange hosts. Between each niche is inserted a large slab of marble of a ruddy-fawn or green-grey tint, and near these linger several gentle spotted antelopes, from whose refined faces gaze out their innocent eyes; their spotted tan hides form a pleasant scheme of colour with the tones of the marbles. Along the top of the wall are nestled little white marble *amorini*. Of the studies in silver-point of figures and drapery, 216 and 219 are very beautiful. In the one a slim form bends on one knee, and holds one raised arm folded across her head, the drapery clinging closely to the figure in small folds; while in the other the position is a more recumbent one, and the drapery is treated more broadly and simply. In the "Design in Gold and Black" (215) the composition needs concentration; it looks flat; the attendant figures around the main figure appear too monotonously posed. Of "Two Studies of Figures for Picture" in one frame (227), the one of a sleeping girl reclining against a high-backed bench is full of graceful beauty, and is an example of fine draughtsmanship.

In contrast to the refinement of Mr. Burne Jones may be observed Mr. Walter Crane's "Two Sketches for a Picture—The Roll of Fate" (256), where the figures look somewhat heavy and voluptuous, while his "Beauty sat Bathing" (259) is neither striking nor interesting in any way. But of Mr. Crane's several effective drawings in white line upon a brown surface the best is "Sketch for a figure of Diana" (255), the goddess holding a couple of slim hounds in leash, forming a very pretty group, but one which is too obviously copied from Mr. Thornycroft's famous statue. Several spirited studies of animals by the late Mr. Frederick Tayler, of high-mettled horses, of shaggy Highland cattle—in their natural state, not groomed to sleekness, as so much of the modern Scotch scenery is—are excellent; while the drawings of dogs give most happily their various expressions and characters. Of Mr. Marks's several birds, his white "Sulphur-crested Cockatoo" (297) strikes us as being the best; he looks like a white-whiskered, Roman-nosed old general, of the pleasant garrulous description that we have all known; in fact, he is quite a bird of the old school!

By Mr. Glindoni are three figures drawn neatly and coloured gaily, "The War Chart" (22), a man in a red coat studying a map spread out on the top of a drum; "The Pedlar" (46), with a red nose, bearing before him his diversified wares, displayed on his open pack; and "Say I'm not at Home" (266), a gaily-dressed elderly bachelor, toasting his knees before a fire, with a table drawn up close to it, on which is spread an elegant repast; these are, all of them, cleverly handled. Mr. J. D. Watson's pretty "Robinson Crusoe" (196), clad in a sky-blue shirt, holding a red pipe, and chatting intimately—almost jocosely—to a green parrot, is a typical boyhood's hero. "The Poisoned Cup" (189) is more worthy of Mr. Watson's old reputation. The figure of the cup-bearer, clad in green and white—his face as white as his doublet—standing at an open cupboard, while he pours the poison from a phial into the crystal cup of ruby-coloured wine, makes an effective piece of colour, seen as it is against the full-toned gold wall at his back.

In landscapes, Mr. Pilsbury has some charming country scenes, of which "Somersetshire Cottages" (119) is a delightful specimen of an unspoilt English village; it shows a street with houses close against the road, and crowds of hardy flowers, chiefly nasturtiums, bursting through the irregular wooden palings of the tiny gardens. Mr. David Murray has several of his numerous tribe of sketches of hill-sides. In "Over the Moor, amang the Heather" (173), the hill-tops and trees seen against the sky are neatly suggested; but some pleasanter way of obtaining a foreground could surely be secured than by scratches with the eraser, which has been here very freely and heavily applied.

Mr. North's "Cherry Trees in Autumn" (182) shows a clearing in an undulating wooded country, grey hills lying low beyond, with a straggling group of crimson-leaved wild cherry-trees in front, of that wonderful red that these trees assume after a sharp frost; a tiny kingfisher sits pensively on a twig near the ground in front, regarding with sidelong glance a small pool of water. Mr. North has been very successful in this drawing. Of Miss Clara Montalba's many drawings, "The Façade of San Giorgio" (197) does not seem to agree well with its inky-skied background; but her group of "Fishing Boats" (290)—some golden-sailed, and others with cream-white sails, yellow-tipped—resting almost motionless in mid-water, forms a charming patch of colour. Mr. Herbert M. Marshall also has a good study of beached boats, with their sails drying, in his "St. Ives" (167).

MR. WINDOM'S SILVER PLAN.

THE chief interest felt in the meeting of the United States Congress centred in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, and particularly in that part of it which was expected to deal with the Silver question. The Bland Act was passed for the express purpose of keeping up the price of silver, but it has utterly failed, and the price of the metal has gone on falling year after year. In the present Congress the Silver party is strong, and it has been known for some time that the leaders intended to introduce a measure for the amendment of the Bland Act. The more extreme are in favour of free coinage—that is, opening the Mints for the coinage of any quantity of the metal sent in by any person whatsoever. The more moderate would be satisfied to leave the coinage in the hands of the Government, provided the amount minted was increased. Knowing the intention of the Silver party, it was understood that Mr. Windom intended to recommend a measure of his own. Various reports as to the nature of this measure were afloat, but it turns out that the Secretary of the Treasury had kept his secret well, for his proposals differ from everything that had been foreshadowed. He explicitly condemns the several plans of the Silver party, and very clearly points out the mischief that would follow if any of them were adopted. In their place he propounds a scheme of his own. Briefly stated, it amounts to this—to repeal the Bland Act altogether, and stop once for all the coinage of silver; but, on the other hand, to open the Mints of the United States for the free deposit of silver bullion in unlimited quantity, and to foreigners and natives alike. He recommends that notes be issued on the security of these deposits equal in amount to the actual market value of the silver at the date of deposit, the notes to be redeemable in silver bullion at the market value of the day on which redemption takes place. But if the Government so chooses it is to have the option to redeem the notes in gold, or if the note-holder wishes he is to have the option to be repaid in silver dollars. Further, the notes are to be receivable for all taxes, and to count as part of the reserves of the National Banks. In other words, they are to be legal tender. The effect of the scheme, if it be approved, may be thus stated. Suppose an owner of silver were to deposit in the Mint 100 ozs.

of the metal, and at the time of deposit the market price were to be a dollar per oz., he would receive 100 dollars as payment for the deposit. If the price were to rise, so that 100 dollars would purchase in the market only 90 ozs. of silver, then, if the holder of the notes wished to withdraw the bullion, he would receive only 90 ozs. instead of the 100 which he had deposited; but the 90 ozs. would still be worth the 100 dollars. On the other hand, if the price of silver were to fall, so that 100 dollars would purchase 110 ozs. of bullion, the note-holder on presenting his notes for redemption would receive 110 ozs. It will be seen that under the scheme the United States Government would take the risk of loss or gain; in other words, it would become a great speculator in silver. Mr. Windom sees very clearly that the mine-owners of the world would have a strong temptation to combine for the purpose of raising the price, and to guard against this he asks for a discretion temporarily to suspend deposits when he has reason to believe that a combination is formed against him. It is always rash to predict what a legislative assembly will do, especially when it sits 3,000 miles away, and is elected by constituencies scattered over an area as large as all Europe. Still it is difficult to believe that power such as this will be given to the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Windom is a man of character, who has done nothing to warrant us in supposing that he would abuse the power if it were vested in him; but who can say as much respecting his successors? A corrupt man might, by suddenly suspending deposits, not merely alarm all silver holders and cause a fall in the metal, but might throw the money market of the United States into confusion, for the issue of silver notes would be suspended whenever deposits were stopped; thus he would cause a fall in all prices. And by as suddenly resuming deposits he might cause a rise. Even if the Secretary were himself uncorrupt, he might be deceived by less scrupulous persons, or he might be wanting in judgment and might do as much mischief as if he were personally dishonest. Still it is possible that the Silver party may accept the proposals, and may attempt to hedge round the discretion to be given to the Secretary by precautions that in their opinion would prevent it from being abused.

If they do, and if the measure is worked as they would wish, it clearly must raise the price of silver very considerably. It will be seen that the United States Treasury will issue notes on the deposits of silver according to the market price of the day. What the Treasury will give, therefore, will really be determined by the price in London. Assuming, therefore, that the Act is passed, it will be to the interest of the mine-owners to restrict the supplies of the metal in London, in the hope thereby of forcing up the price, and to deposit in the American mints the greater part of the world's output. Mr. Windom argues that the mine-owners of the United States and Mexico may do this, but that it is unlikely other producers will, because they would get no more in Washington than they would get in London, and they would be at the extra expense of sending the bullion across the Atlantic. But the Secretary of the Treasury fails to see that this small extra expense would be more than recouped if the price were raised in London, for then all fresh deposits would be paid for at an enhanced rate. As, however, there is a proviso in the scheme that, however speculation may drive up the price, the Mints are never to pay for the deposits more than one dollar for 412½ grains of standard silver, which is the amount now contained in the legal tender silver dollar, the price could never rise above the equivalent of one ounce of gold for sixteen ounces of silver. But assuming that other nations did not take advantage of the opportunity to sell their silver, and that the production was not greatly increased, the price might reach that height. The Secretary of the Treasury thinks that other nations would not sell their silver, since the only countries which hold very large amounts of it are those which form the Latin Union, and they require the silver as a guarantee for their notes. He holds, on the contrary, that the proposal if adopted would be likely to induce European nations to co-operate with the American Government in rehabilitating silver. Even if this be so, it seems evident that a considerable rise in the price of silver must very greatly stimulate production. We all know that the operations of the Copper Syndicate in Paris did last year very greatly increase the output of copper, and it is reasonable to expect that the same result would follow from action on the part of the United States Government, which is very like that of the Paris Copper Syndicate. The low price of silver has compelled the closing of many mines. A much higher price would enable these to be reopened, and would afford an inducement to the owners of the richer mines to increase their output. The probability, therefore, is that the first result of the measure, supposing it to be adopted, would be a sharp rise in silver; the second, a great increase in the production; and the third, unless a general international agreement was made, a fall in the price. It is obvious also that the measure would lead to very wild speculation. Mr. Windom endeavours to prevent this by reserving power to the American Government to redeem the silver notes in gold. When silver had temporarily fallen but was likely to advance speculators would have a motive for withdrawing the bullion from the Treasury in order to wait for the rise. In the same way, when a fall seemed probable they would have an inducement to deposit largely in order to wait for the fall, and then present their notes for redemption and receive an increased quantity of bullion. These manœuvres, he contends, could be prevented if the Secretary were judiciously to exercise his discretion to redeem the notes in gold. We have, however, little confidence in the efficacy of precautions such as these. When all the speculators of the world are banded together against a single department of a single Government, the chances are great that they will succeed. Even without going outside the United States, we shrewdly suspect that Mr. Jay Gould alone would prove too much for Mr. Windom and his subordinates. So clearly are all these objections recognized in this country, that the opinion of the City is that Congress will never accept the recommendations. And in consequence there has been a fall in the price of silver. We do not see the reasons for the fall, for the Secretary of the Treasury's scheme proves that he believes the Silver party to be strong enough to carry some measure for increasing the purchases of the metal by the American Government. But the market here is impressed by Mr. Windom's condemnation of the various plans put forward by the Silver party, and fears, therefore, that any Bill forced through Congress by that party, if different from Mr. Windom's recommendations, may be vetoed by the President.

There are other objections to the scheme which more immediately affect the United States. We have pointed out above that, if it were to be adopted, mine-owners would have a strong inducement to withhold supplies from the London market, and to deposit in the Mints of the United States by far the greater part of the annual output. Must not a time come, therefore, in which there will be a physical difficulty to provide storage for the immense accumulation of bullion? Mr. Windom frankly states that he and his predecessors have done their utmost to get silver dollars into circulation, that they have failed, and that, therefore, he is driven to the conclusion that it is mischievous to coin any more. The accumulation, therefore, cannot be materially lessened, and every year that passes it will become more and more troublesome to deal with. That is a small matter compared with another difficulty. However rapidly the United States may grow in wealth and population, a time must come when it will be impossible to increase the issue of silver notes. No doubt the redemption of debt will decrease the banknote circulation, and for a while, therefore, will make room for silver notes. When the banknotes are all withdrawn, the Government may, if it pleases, redeem the greenbacks, and thus make room for further issues of silver notes to the amount of 70 millions sterling. But when the greenbacks as well as the banknotes are all withdrawn, how is provision to be made for an indefinite increase of the note circulation? It seems clear, at some time or other, gold must be driven altogether out of the country. If the American people were deliberately to make up their minds that a silver standard is as good as gold, and were, therefore, to adopt the former, they might suffer no great harm; but they have not so made up their minds. On the contrary, they desire to hold a considerable quantity of gold as well as of silver; yet this scheme, if adopted, would lead necessarily to such an issue of silver notes as in the long run must drive gold out of the country. When that comes to be recognized, it is highly probable that the money market will be thrown into alarm, that people will begin to hoard gold, and that then it will rise to a premium. Nor is it to be forgotten that the United States Government has contracted with its creditors to pay the interest and the principal of its debt in gold. If the holders of United States bonds begin to fear that gold may be driven out of the country, and that consequently the Government may not be able to fulfil its contracts, the credit of the United States will seriously suffer. It may be replied that the debt will be all redeemed before the danger becomes serious. Even if that be the case, there remains the vast mass of industrial securities of all kinds which are payable in currency. While specie payments were suspended in the United States it will be recollected that railway and other industrial Companies issued bonds of very large amounts, payable in currency—that is to say, in paper. Since the resumption of specie payments the interest and principal have both been paid in gold, and consequently there is now in public opinion no difference between the gold bonds and the currency bonds. But, if Mr. Windom's scheme were to be adopted, it is clear that the currency bonds might be paid, principal and interest, in silver; and what would be the effect of that upon the market for American railroad securities? Ingenious, then, as the scheme undoubtedly is, and carefully as it evidently has been studied by the Secretary of the Treasury, it has not been thoroughly thought out. It is nearly, if not quite, as vicious as the plans of the Silver party, and it is difficult to believe, therefore, that it can ever pass through Congress.

THE LONDON IMPRESSIONISTS.

THE time is past for stigmatizing what calls itself the Impressionist School as one founded wholly on principles of the negation of art. The French group which formed itself around Manet, and which taught so much to Bastien-Lepage, Duez, Dagnan-Bouveret, and others who never belonged to it, has now enlarged and become a power in art-life. We may deplore the extent to which it has been welcomed, but the degree of its success cannot be doubted; and, now that the thing has crossed the Channel, and that we have a Society of London Impressionists of our own, it is our duty not to puff them away, but seriously to consider their claims. The first exhibition of the

London Impressionists, who are ten in number, is now open in the Goupil Gallery, New Bond Street, and fills the same room which was so lately adorned by the works of their Parisian colleague, M. Monet.

Of these ten gentlemen, two are not, in the accepted sense, Impressionists at all. Mr. Francis E. Jones contributes twelve examples which are simply water-colour sketches of scenery, washed in very rapidly and, we are bound to add, often very skilfully. His sunny simple drawing called "Uddimore" (11), and his "Westfield" (14), bathed in the pensive air of summer evening, would take their place in any collection of landscape sketches; but why they should be called Impressionist we cannot conjecture. Mr. Frederick Brown's pictures come under the same category. They are vigorous sketches, and one of them, "Walberswick Church" (46), seen looming across the moor on a hazy afternoon, is a very fine piece of work, admirable in tone and well drawn. But it has absolutely nothing in common with the Manet or the Monet trick.

The rest certainly unite in trying to render out-of-door effects in the manner first introduced by the former of the French painters just mentioned. Manet was a painter wholly devoid of the colour-sense, possessing an eye singularly little tamed by accepted convention, and lacking perseverance in execution. He succeeded in painting a scene with striking effect up to a certain still elementary point, and could carry it no further. He determined at last to found a school whose principle should be to stop at that elementary point, and he found plenty of imitators. That Manet was superior to his school, and that he was progressing in knowledge and skill at the time of his lamented death, no one who saw his "Bar des Folies-Bergères" at the Salon of 1882 could doubt. The influence of this work is strong still; it is particularly strong on Mr. Walter Sickert, who makes music-halls his speciality. His "P.S. Wings in an O.P. Mirror" (69) is, no doubt, a clever transcript of something Mr. Sickert has seen; but it is blurred, incoherent, unintelligible. "Little Dot Hetherington at the Bedford" (65) is still more ambitious, with its blaze of light concentrated on the youthful performer. But it is the inherent fault of all these compositions that they are dull and abstruse versions of what is nothing if not perfectly clear and brilliant. Mr. Bernhard Sickert's six sticky oil-paintings are in the same manner, but much more amateurish.

A real gift has not been denied to Mr. Sidney Starr, though he has trained it strangely. "The City Atlas" (6), which shows the back of a large girl in a purple dress, with the sunset down Oxford Street beyond her, is clever, and would be positively pleasing if the colour were not so distressing. There is skill and a smart effect in "The Shop Girl" (4), and in "The Marble Arch" (1), in spite of the crude greens of the foliage in the latter. Mr. Starr's most pleasing work here is "Still Life" (9), a silver tea-service set out under trees. Mr. George Thomson paints in oils with a very clumsy touch, but he has evidently studied Monet to some purpose, and where no delicacy is required he sometimes produces a cumulative effect which is rather fine. No one who admits the possibility of such art as this being accepted at all should deny power and a certain gorgeousness, too, "In Kew Gardens" (22), where the contrast between the massed beds of scarlet geraniums and the pale paths and deep background of foliage is extremely bold and rather happy.

Mr. P. Wilson Steer is the most extravagant of all. His landscapes, especially 38 and 40, are simply and crudely horrid. But he has a certain happy knack of rendering the effect of an open sea-beach, and his radiantly amethystine "Tidal Pool" (39), if you stand far enough back from it, is almost beautiful. Mr. Paul F. Maitland deserves our thanks for, at least, eschewing the hideous lilacs and purples that most of his colleagues are enamoured of. He leans rather to Mr. Whistler's method than to that of Manet and Monet. His studies of London streets are pale and delicate, in tones of buff and pearl-grey; the best examples are "The Gardens, Chelsea Embankment" (47), and "Milman's Row, Chelsea" (51). Mr. Theodore Roussel also affects the Chelsea neighbourhood. He is more ambitious than Mr. Maitland and has less taste. His "Opalescent Evening, Chelsea" (55), is a huge expanse of unpleasant violet-blue, which has nothing "opalescent" about it, and suggests neither "evening" nor "Chelsea." It is curious that some of these grotesque painters have more skill in the figure than they are willing to show, as a beautiful silver point by Mr. Thomson, the "Pretty Rose Pettigrew" (35) by Mr. Steer, and the portrait (58) by Mr. Roussel accidentally prove. Mr. Francis Bate, finally, paints very rough landscapes in ugly colour; "Christchurch, Hants" (60), is the least offensive of them.

RECENT CONCERTS.

IN "St. John's Eve," a short Cantata produced at the last Crystal Palace Concert, Mr. Cowen has advisedly returned to the style of music for which he is best fitted. With the single exception of the Scandinavian Symphony, none of his more ambitious works have given any signs that his talent can produce music of lasting value in the highest realms of his art, whereas his smaller compositions show that as a writer of graceful trifles he has few equals. It is with these latter, rather than with his "Ruth" and "St. Ursula," that "St. John's Eve" must be classified; and if the work is not altogether a success, the reason is that its composer is not always satisfied with confining himself to the style in which he excels, but too often courts failure by attempting to do what is, with the means at his command, an impossibility. The libretto of "St. John's Eve" is from the prolific pen of Mr. Joseph Bennett, but it will not rank with his happiest efforts. The story it unfolds is of the simplest. Nancy, a "Village Maiden," is beloved by Robert, a "Young Villager," whose attentions she repulses on the advice of Margaret, an "Ancient Dame"; she gathers a rose on Midsummer Eve, in order to keep it until Christmas Day, when, according to tradition, it will remain fresh, and her future husband will come and claim it. After the rose is gathered a serenade is sung by an anonymous "Young Squire." Nothing further happens for six months, but on Christmas Day Nancy appears at the young Squire's house wearing the unfaded rose, which is snatched from her by Robert. She, however, refuses to marry him, and all ends happily by the young Squire informing the assembled villagers that the rose Nancy wears was substituted by him for the flower gathered on St. John's Eve. Why he should have waited so long before acknowledging his passion to Nancy, and why eventually he should have adopted so needlessly troublesome a stratagem, does not appear; these questions seem, indeed, to occur to the simple villagers, for with a sudden burst of candour they exclaim, "What all this means is hard to tell"; but it is scarcely fair to criticize seriously a plot of so very unpretentious a character, which, after all, answers its purpose sufficiently well in affording the composer a peg upon which to hang his pretty tunes. It is in the lighter portions of the work that Mr. Cowen is most successful. The best number is an orchestral interlude representing a dance round the bonfire on Midsummer's Eve. In this ingenious use has been made of two old English melodies; the delicate scoring and grace of the music make the hearer wish that the composer would confine himself to writing ballet music, for in this style of composition it would be hard to find his equal. Another good number is Margaret's scena, "You, Susan, when the midnight bell," in the first part; the concluding love duet is also in the composer's best manner, and, delivered as it was on Saturday by Miss MacIntyre and Mr. Edward Lloyd, produced considerable effect. The music for Robert, on the other hand, is some of the weakest in the work; for Mr. Cowen has not the necessary power of dramatic characterization which the part requires. Mr. Plunket Greene, who sang Robert's music, was obviously suffering from the effects of a severe cold, which rendered his ungrateful task still more difficult. The choral singing throughout showed distinct signs of improvement; the Crystal Palace Choir has not been heard to such advantage for a long time. "St. John's Eve," though it may not add to the composer's reputation, will probably prove an acceptable work among country choral societies, where light and pleasing melodies are more in request than works of depth and imagination. The remainder of Saturday's concert consisted of an excellent performance of Beethoven's Overture to *Fidelio*, and of a Ballad for Baritone Solo, Male Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ by Grieg, which was announced as a first performance in England, though the work was produced by Miss Holland's Choir some few years ago. Grieg has hitherto produced so few choral works that his setting of Björnstjerne Björnson's *Land-Kænning* would awaken interest quite apart from its merits as a composition. Fortunately these are considerable, and the whole work ranks well among the best which the Norwegian master has given to the world. The subject of the Ballad is one of the semi-mythical adventures which have gathered round the name of Olaf Trygvason, the greatest of the early kings of Norway. The musical setting is constructed upon very simple lines, but it is admirably adapted to the solemn dignity of the subject, and the national colouring of the themes is never obtrusively prominent, as is too often the case with Grieg's music. *Land-Kænning* deserves to be often heard; within its limited extent it is an admirable work.

The programme of the last of Mr. Henschel's Symphony Concerts contained a novelty in the shape of a "Notturno" by Mozart, which had not previously been heard in London. The work presents some interesting peculiarities owing to its being written for four small orchestras, each one consisting of two violins, viola, violoncello, and two horns. Three of these orchestras are used only for elaborate echo effects, in the following manner:—When the first orchestra comes to the end of a passage, at the last bar the second orchestra takes up either the whole passage, or the last four bars of it; at the end of which the third orchestra takes up the last three bars, and is succeeded by the fourth, which repeats the last two bars. This intricate construction is maintained throughout the Andante, Allegretto, and Menuetto, of which the work consists; in the trio of the last movement alone the echoes are silent. Although the "Notturno" partakes somewhat of the nature of a puzzle, the music is singularly fresh and bright. Mozart's genius was so spontaneous that it could not be fettered by any trammels, however cunningly devised, and this work, the construction of which would have hampered most composers, is no exception to the rule; for the music can be listened to with pleasure, and without feeling that it is merely the result of a carefully considered scheme, as is so often the case with such compositions. The performance, unfortunately, might have been better, the horns in the fourth orchestra being weak and poor in tone and execution. The programme of the same concert included Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, the love scene from Berlioz's *Romeo and*

Juliet, the Funeral March from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, and the *Walkürenritt* from the same master's *Walküre*. The last two selections were received with much enthusiasm by the largest audience which has yet attended these concerts this season. It would perhaps be well if Mr. Henschel were to reconsider the advisableness of beginning the performances at eight, instead of at half-past; under the present plan most of the audience in the stalls are kept waiting outside until the end of the first piece, and the increased attendance in the cheaper seats does not seem so large as to compensate for the inconvenience the early hour of beginning gives to the patrons of the dearer places.

At last Monday's Popular Concert the chief feature was a very fine performance of Brahms's Sextet in G major, Op. 36, by Mme. Neruda, Messrs. Ries, Straus, Gibson, Howell, and Piatti. The work, though not taking as the earlier Sextet in B flat (Op. 18, No. 1), is a very fine example of the composer's chamber music, and, like almost everything that proceeds from his pen, gains upon every successive hearing. At the same concert Miss Fanny Davies played in her best style five of Schumann's *Kreisleriana*, which were received with such applause that she was obliged to play another number of the same series. Miss Davies was also associated with Signor Piatti in Veracini's Allemande, Largo, and Allegro, for pianoforte and violoncello; and with Mme. Neruda in Beethoven's Sonata in G major, Op. 30, No. 3, for violin and pianoforte. Miss Liza Lehmann was the vocalist, and revived a charmingly quaint song of Dr. Arne's, "Polly Willis," written in his later and more florid manner; besides singing M. Francis Thomé's graceful "Perles d'Or." Miss Lehmann's performances are always so enjoyable that it seems unnecessary to praise them, but upon this occasion she seemed to excel herself. Her singing of Arne's song, especially, was a model of admirable vocalization and charm of manner. The programme-book of this concert seemed to want a little revision. In the analysis of Schumann's *Kreisleriana*, Sir George Grove figured as "Mr." Grove, E. T. A. Hoffmann as Hoffman, and the article on Schumann in the Dictionary was attributed to the editor, instead of its author, Professor Spitta. Perhaps it would have been too much to expect that the author of the analysis would have pointed out the fact that the name "Kreisleriana" is that given by Hoffmann to part of the *Fantasiestücke*, and does not (as Professor Spitta states) originate in a "fantastic poem" by that strange genius.

Messrs. Heinrich and Schönberger's last Evening Concert, which took place on Tuesday, was devoted entirely to the works of Brahms. The pianist played the Sonata in C, Op. 1, two Capriccios from Op. 76—the second of which was encored—and the *Ungarische Tänze*; while Herr Heinrich sang one of the composer's latest published works, the five songs numbered Op. 105, and seven Romances from Tieck's *Magelone*. None of the performances call for detailed notice. Herr Schönberger's playing was throughout the concert, both in his solos and the accompaniments to the songs, altogether excellent. Herr Heinrich's style was displayed to most advantage in "Verrath," the last song of Op. 105; in the quieter and more purely lyrical numbers he was less satisfactory.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

FREQUENTERS of the Westminster Play must needs rejoice when once in four years the *Andria* comes round. For the play is not merely—with all respect to those who prefer the *Adelphi*—the best acting play in the cycle, but it follows the *Trinummus*, which is beyond all question the dullest of the four. The plot is of the slightest. Simo wishes his son Pamphilus to marry the daughter of his prosperous friend Chremes. Pamphilus wishes to escape the marriage, for the good old reason that he loves another, and the five acts of the play are occupied in the efforts of the young man, or rather of the slave—who has all the trouble and the odd hits—to break off the match without hurting Simo's parental feelings. That is really all; for the secondary plot dealing with the love of Charinus for Philumena, the girl whom Simo wishes Pamphilus to marry, is roughly sketched in, and apparently is only introduced for the purpose of making things more unpleasant for Pamphilus when Davus's first ingenious scheme breaks down. In fact, the play is a pure comedy of intrigue, with no serious interest whatever, unless the love of the hero for the heroine, whom the spectators never see, and only hear at one interesting moment, is to be called serious. But for a modern audience, most of whom follow the dialogue "wi' deeficulty," if at all, that Latin play is best which contains the greatest number of amusing scenes and the smallest number of dull ones, and from this point of view the *Andria* is certainly the best of the Westminster cycle. After the first act, which is excellent reading, but rather weary watching, the action goes merrily along to the end. The last act has often been adversely criticized, but it is really necessary; for, although the diverting scene with the baby in the fourth act has informed Chremes of the existence of that inconvenient young person, and so made it certain that he will not give his daughter to Pamphilus, we are still in doubt how Simo is to be reconciled to his son's union with Glycerium. If the objector goes on to say that the identification of Glycerium with the long-lost daughter of Chremes is a stale and unworthy device, it need only be replied that those who cannot breathe the atmosphere of Latin comedy as if it were familiar air had better let it alone, and delight their souls with the more artful stratagems of the modern farce-writer.

Of course all Latin comedies, and the *Andria* even more than most, depend for their success mainly upon the performance of the leading slave. At Westminster the traditions of acting are so good and so carefully preserved that the part is never ill played; and whenever an actor is found of real dramatic ability, which cannot, in the nature of things, happen every year, the force of natural aptitude and sound tradition combined produces an admirable piece of acting. We can recall to mind two Westminster players, in the course of the last ten years, who have possessed real capacity for acting—Mr. Bain, who played Davus and Geta in '80 and '81, and whom we have much pleasure in congratulating on his recent academical success, and Mr. Buchanan, whose admirable performance as Mysis made the *Andria* of four years ago memorable, though unluckily he was never seen in such a part as Davus. To these names we may fairly add that of Mr. J. S. Phillimore, who plays Davus this year. He is undoubtedly the best slave who has appeared since Mr. Bain, and though he is not so good an actor all round, there are moments when in voice, look, and gesture he is the crafty, impudent rascal to the life. He was very good in the scene with Mysis, where the baby is put on Simo's doorstep, and perhaps still better in his scenes with Simo. His exclamation, "Vah, consilium callidum!" when Simo explains his device of the pretended marriage, was a triumph of mock-earnestness, with just the right touch of ironical exaggeration. He was rather less good in the last act, when Davus is released from punishment to hear from Pamphilus that all is happily arranged. Davus here should not be occupied solely with his aches and pains. He should start forward to congratulate his master, and be reminded of his strained muscles by that sudden movement, then forget them again, to be brought up short by another twinge. Mr. Phillimore was too consistently doleful; but this was the only flaw in an excellent performance. Mr. C. A. Phillimore, too, was good as Simo, a part which does not offer very many chances to the actor. He was best in the scene where Crito, the Stranger from Andros, comes in to prove that Glycerium is the daughter of Chremes. His indignation at the supposed imposture, and his elaborately assumed air of indifference as the strength of the evidence becomes apparent, were very well done. After these two brothers, who bore the chief burden of the play, Mr. Balfour, as Mysis, deserves mention. He supported Davus excellently in the most effective scene, and his shrill utterance—apparently the dying effort of a treble voice—suited the character well. Of the two young men, Charinus was the better played. Mr. Gillett, who took the part, has a really fine voice, and his rather tragic manner was well suited to the doleful character of the love-lorn Charinus. Mr. Henderson, who played Lesbia, the midwife, deserves the highest commendation for his admirable make-up.

The epilogue is above rather than below the average. It is certainly not so well written as last year's, which was nearly, if not quite, the best that we can remember; but it is well constructed, and the ingenious author has contrived to introduce allusions to most of the important and amusing events of the past twelve months. If we might venture a general criticism, we would suggest that the writers of these epilogues might do well to sacrifice a few allusions for the sake of greater unity of purpose. The best-constructed Westminster epilogue that we can remember had for its subject the trial of an election petition. There were plenty of general allusions, but everything was made subordinate to the main plot, and the piece gained greatly by the restraint thus imposed. This year, clever as the epilogue is, it has no semblance of a plot, and suffers a little, in our opinion, from overcrowding. But much of it is very funny, and there is always a delightful sense of incongruity aroused by hearing the players, clad in modern dress, discuss modern topics in the quaint circumlocutions rendered necessary by the use of a dead language. The inscription "Opus volumus. Nobiscum unda fluit. Ad Campum" on the banner of the unemployed at once moves to laughter, and Dromo, as a black pugilist, if we may be permitted the use of the adjective, challenging Chremes in elegiacs, is delightful. The end of the epilogue is very happy. Crito comes on as a member of the licensing committee of the County Council to inspect the Westminster Play, apparently under the impression that he is in the Aquarium and not in Dean's Yard. Finding nothing to object to on moral grounds, he pounces upon the son of Pamphilus, who

> Vix septem annos, ut lex jubet, esse videtur
> Natus.

But his doubts are cleared away by the information that the play is witnessed by

> Princeps et Judex et Episcopus atque Decanus,

and when he has blessed the play altogether, the actors sing to the appropriate tune the following version of a familiar chorus:—

> Nam bonus ille vir est lepidusque; ita dicimus omnes.
> Hoc, nisi mentitur, nemo negare potest.

A merry ending to a very good performance.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE very low rates of interest and discount that have ruled so long have at length led to the result that was to have been expected—namely, a considerable drain of gold, during the week ended Wednesday night, as much as 793,000*l.* having been withdrawn from the Bank of England. The Bank stock in consequence has fallen to less than 19 millions—a very inadequate supply under the circumstances. The reserve fell during the week nearly three-quarters of a million, and is now less than 11¼ millions. There has, nevertheless, been exceedingly little rise in the rates of interest and discount. The danger is therefore great that the drain will continue, and that alarm will be excited after Christmas, if not even before. Ever since September the Berlin money market has been stringent, and the *Liquidation* there at the end of each month has been found more and more difficult. The final *Liquidation* of the year has now begun. The rates charged to Stock Exchange borrowers are exceedingly heavy. Indeed, many speculators have been compelled to close their accounts from the difficulty they have found in obtaining the accommodation they required. Besides all this, the causes which usually make the money market stringent at the end of the year are operating in Berlin as well as elsewhere. There is, therefore, a strong demand for Berlin. The gold offering in the open market is being bought on German account, and bar gold would be taken from the Bank of England were it not that the Directors have put up their selling price. At any moment sovereigns may be taken, and in considerable amounts too. But the German demand is less serious than the Argentine. It is not improbable that Berlin may be provided with all it requires from St. Petersburg and Paris; but the Buenos Ayres demand threatens to become very great. The crisis in Buenos Ayres, which has been growing acuter every day, has now become really serious. Speculators complain that they cannot obtain money on any terms, and the banks evidently are afraid to lend. Failures are reported in large numbers, and the difficulties of Buenos Ayres have extended to Monte Video. Consequently, gold is now being taken in considerable amounts for Buenos Ayres, and there are rumours that the withdrawals will be large for some weeks to come. Unfortunately, the supply of loanable capital in the outside market in London is unusually large for this time of the year, because of the recent payment of nearly two millions by the Exchequer to the County Councils. The Directors of the Bank of England, who ought to have acted more promptly, have at last decided to take the requisite measures to lessen that supply, and obtain for themselves control of the market. By vigorous and sustained effort they may stop the drain; otherwise it is to be feared that a gold scare may arise before long, unless, indeed, the great houses that came to the relief of the market twice already this autumn again take measures to provide the gold needed for Germany and South America elsewhere than in London.

Disappointment with Mr. Windom's silver plan, which is explained pretty fully elsewhere, has caused the price of silver to remain under 44*d.* per oz. this week, holders thinking that the recommendations of the Secretary of the Treasury will not be accepted by Congress, and that the President will veto any Bill that may be carried through Congress by the Silver party. It is, of course, impossible to predict what the President will do, but it is reasonable to assume that, if very large majorities in both Houses support the Silver party's Bill, it will be allowed to pass by the President.

The stock markets have all been dull this week. Many brokers, indeed, have already begun to take their holidays, and jobbers, to relieve the *ennui* of utter idleness, amuse themselves with practical joking. The uncertainty of the money market and the near approach of the Christmas holidays and of the Settlement, which will begin on the day after Boxing-day, account to some extent for the stoppage of speculation, but there are other causes that contribute. First amongst these is the acute crisis in Buenos Ayres, which threatens to become a crash before very long. Then there are the difficulties of the Berlin Bourse *Liquidation*. German speculators have shown extraordinary skill in getting over their embarrassments, *Liquidation* after *Liquidation*, and they can count confidently on help from German bankers and from great financial houses in London and Paris. It is possible, therefore, that the present *Liquidation* will somehow or other be got over without a crisis. But still there is much anxiety on the subject. Then, again, rumours continue that we are on the eve of political disturbances in Spain, while the more that is learned about the Brazilian revolution the less it is liked. Furthermore, the New York money market is also very stringent, and though ease will probably return early in January, there is no inclination on either side of the Atlantic to engage in new risks during the present month. Lastly, the labour disputes all over the country have a disquieting influence. But while there is no inclination to buy, there is equally little to sell; and, consequently, prices remain very steady. Indeed, most people hope that ease will return to the money market in two or three weeks, and as, besides, immense sums will have to be paid in interest and dividends, not only in London, but in all the great capitals of Europe and America, there will be very large amounts for investment. Moreover, they think that the continued improvement in trade must revive active speculation. For this reason speculators for the fall are quietly buying back the stocks which they had sold without possessing. And the statement in several Paris papers that M. Spuller has intimated to our own Government his willingness to assent to the conversion of the Egyptian Preference Debt leads people to expect a general advance in foreign government bonds early in the New Year.

The Buenos Ayres papers state that at the October Bourse *Liquidation* in that city scarcely a member of the Bourse was able to pay his differences. Sixteen were declared defaulters, and the others escaped the penalty only by obtaining assistance from the banks. In Monte Video, to which the Argentine speculation has extended, matters were even worse. The whole Bourse appears there to have been literally bankrupt. The Committee of the Bourse, in consequence, postponed the *Liquidation* for a week twice in succession. And it is asserted by the newspapers of both Buenos Ayres and Monte Video that the Presidents of the Argentine Republic and of Uruguay used their influence with the banks to induce them to furnish the means by which the ruined speculators were enabled to settle their differences. Most of the operators, it will be understood, were Argentine citizens. The *Liquidation* in both cities was not completed till about the middle of November, and then the November *Liquidation* was about to begin. Apparently it has been got over by somewhat similar means, and now the time has arrived for another *Liquidation*. It remains to be seen whether it also will pass over without a crash. Political and financial influence will, no doubt, be used to the utmost to prevent the crisis from growing worse, and it may avail for a time; but it would seem to impartial observers that the longer the agony is prolonged the worse must be the final breakdown. To reassure the public an official document has been published in Buenos Ayres, showing that the assets of the Argentine Government amount to over 700 millions of dollars. A very large part of these assets consist of Government offices, furniture, arsenals, war-ships, and the like, which clearly are not realizable. They are required for purposes of administration, legislation, justice, and defence, and cannot in any sense be looked on as means of maintaining the credit of the Government. The railways, telegraphs, public lands, and the like, no doubt are assets in a truer sense of the word; but then it would take a long time to realize either the railways or the telegraphs, and a very much longer time to sell the lands.

A GLORIOUS PRIVILEGE.

[Fears are entertained lest the verdict of the jury in the Cronin case should expose them to popular violence.—*Daily Paper.*]

WOULD you like to be a juror 'neath the star-y-spangled banner,
And the shadow of the Eagle's wings that stretch from sea to sea,
And to try a case of murder, in a juratorial manner
(When the prisoners are Irish), in the country of the free?

If you would, you'd better advertise, through some convenient channel,
For a steadygoing gentleman inured to business cares,
Who will, while you kick your heels until the Court completes the panel,
Undertake your correspondence and look after your affairs.

Then, impanelled, you'll address yourself the web to disentangle
Of mendacities that multiply as day succeeds to day,
While the alibis accumulate, and eager lawyers wrangle,
And like a dream the golden weeks steal tranquilly away.

You will have to get accustomed to the frequent friendly warning
Of the dangers of perversity, transmitted through the post,
Till the fate that may your throat await, explained on many a morning,
Merely adds a pleasing relish to your cup of tea and toast.

Then, the evidence concluded, when, with conscience all untroubled,
To perform your awful duty you will solemnly begin,
With your faithful guard of constables considerately doubled,
To discuss the case together they will snugly lock you in.

You'll discuss it with the man who thinks "a certain doubt's arisen,"
With the man who holds them innocent, the man who "doesn't know,"
With the man who's all for hanging them, the man who would imprison,
And the man who deems them guilty, but would like to let them go.

You'll be kept from Friday evening in confinement over Sunday,
And will only then convict the men, known guilty all the time,
By agreeing to award them such a punishment—on Monday—
As is quite an insufficient retribution for their crime.

And when then the people's fury, to be checked by no repentance,
Rages round you, you will wonder, as you face its seething flood,
Which inflames—your cruel verdict or your too indulgent sentence—
Any given individual who desires to have your blood.

You will know not whether lynching should be taken as a token
That the prisoners' conviction has displeased the Irish "bhoy,"
Or whether their escape from death has caused your head be broken
By the law-abiding people of the State of Illinois.

So I would not be a juror 'neath the star-y-spangled banner,
And the shadow of the Eagle's wings that stretch from sea to sea,
If I had to try for murder, in a juratorial manner
(When the criminals are Irish), in the country of the free.

REVIEWS.

TWO BOOKS OF POEMS.*

THE adventitious but curious interest attaching to these volumes, first, from their almost simultaneous appearance; secondly, from the resemblance between them as the work of two contemporary poets, the first of their country, and, for some years past, of the world, both of whom had attained quite unusual fulness of years; thirdly, from the melancholy—if, indeed, it is to be called melancholy—coincidence of Mr. Browning's death with the appearance of *Asolando*—this interest is not to be neglected, but cannot be allowed the chief place in a literary estimate. The Muses called Mr. Browning, as they called Philemon, singing, but as he had finished his song; and England, happier than Athens, is in no fear of being deserted by them on the same occasion.

Both the volumes well maintain their authors' reputation, and one—the Laureate's—contains in its final verses what is very rare in a poet of advanced years—a new note. We quoted last week, as applicable to the author of *Asolando*, the two latter of these charming stanzas—the two former, which are almost more beautiful, may complete the citation now:—

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Wide as has been the range of the Laureate's lyre, we think that any good ear which can hear a church bell in stillness must perceive here a string added if he compares the piece with its nearest ancestor, the closing verses of the "Palace of Art." The cadence is not Tennysonian, nor in great part at least the phrase, though both (which some egregious critic has, we observe, called "homely") are in the highest degree worthy of their author. One does not expect in a poet, least of all in a poet of eighty, many surprises of this sort; nor does one find them; yet, short as this volume is, there is another. Lord Tennyson has always been fond of metrical experiments, and has generally been happy in them. But in "Forlorn" he has achieved, as the other Master in the other Isle used to say, a "frisson nouveau." The story—betrayal, contemplated deception, if not child murder, and so on—is no great thing. It begins with this stanza:—

He is fled—I wish him dead—
He that wrought my ruin—
O the flattery and the craft
Which were my undoing . . .
In the night, in the night,
When the storms are blowing.

"Ruin" and "undoing" is not a very good rhyme (and we may observe in passing that there are more loose rhymes in this volume than Lord Tennyson has accustomed us to); but let no one think that "blowing" is intended to chime in. On the contrary, the refrains of the succeeding stanzas are arranged thus:—

In the night, in the night,
While the gloom is growing.
. . . .
In the night, in the night,
When the ghosts are fleeting.
. . . .
In the night, O the night!
O the deathwatch beating!

and so on, making a strangely effective, if barbaric, cymbal-and-triangle clash. Outside of these two, most of the pieces fall within the wide, but well-known, range of the poet's previous work. Some of them are known already—"Vastness," the "Jubilee Ode," the "Throstle," and so forth; but we do not think that these are in any case the best. The dedication to Lord Dufferin contains a pathetic *threnos* on the late Mr. Lionel Tennyson, and opens with a majestic stanza of the poet's best stamp:—

At times our Britain cannot rest,
At times her steps are swift and rash;
She moving, at her girdle clash
The golden keys of East and West.

The title poem, too, *Demeter and Persephone*, spoken by the distressed mother to her temporarily recovered daughter, is also full of such touches as here:—

A sudden nightingale
Saw thee, and flash'd into a frolic of song
And welcome; and a gleam as of the moon,
When first she peers along the tremulous deep,
Fled wavering o'er thy face, and chased away
That shadow of a likeness to the King
Of shadows, thy dark mate.

and here:—

lest the naked glebe
Should yawn once more into the gulf, and thence
The shrilly whinnyings of the team of Hell,
Ascending, pierce the glad and songful air,
And all at once their arch'd necks, midnight-maned,
Jet upward thro' the mid-day blossom.

and here:—

Last as the likeness of a dying man,
Without his knowledge, from him flits to warn
A far-off friendship that he comes no more,
So he, the God of dreams, who heard my cry,
Drew from thyself the likeness of thyself
Without thy knowledge, and thy shadow past
Before me.

"Owd Roä" ("Old Rover"), which follows, is of a kind about which we have never been quite certain. We are not in the least afraid of dialect poems; but we are inclined to think that the very best poets, unless they are so entirely to the manner born as Burns was, should let them alone. Yet "Owd Roä" is good of its kind. The longest poem in the book, "The Ring," needs an argument to make it plain. It contains some splendid Tennysonianisms; but we own to a certain sympathy with the wicked heroine, Muriel, as compared with the good heroine, Miriam. In the first place, Muriel is a much prettier name than Miriam; and, in the second, we always do like the wicked heroines. Three other poems call for notice, however brief—"Happy," the contrast to "Forlorn," which tells how a leper's bride refused to be separated from him; the "Progress of Spring," a series of tableaux; and the touching "Romney's Remorse," apparently suggested by a reference in the late Mr. Edward Fitzgerald's letters.

To those who watch, with a humorous and yet reverent sympathy, the turns of human life, it will be a strangely interesting task to note how Mr. Browning's swan-song of *Asolando* reverts to his better style. There is here so little as to be almost nothing of the small mannerisms which have gained him the plaudits of fools, so much as to be almost everything of the large manner which has gained him the admiration of wise men—and women. No volume of his for a whole quarter of a century has contained so many poems, and hardly any, except *Jocoseria*, has contained even one such poem, of the kind which we indicated here last week as his masterpiece. Here we have at least half a dozen such, any one of which would make the fortune of an ordinary book of verse. Such are "Now," "Humility," "Summum Bonum," "A Pearl, a Girl," "Speculative," part of "Bad Dreams," and not a few more. It is difficult to pick out one, unfair to pick out too many; but let us give "Humility" and the first stanza of "A Pearl, a Girl":—

What girl but, having gathered flowers,
Stript the beds and spoilt the bowers,
From the lapful light she carries
Drops a careless bud?—nor tarries
To regain the waif and stray:
"Store enough for home"—she'll say.

So say I too: give your lover
Heaps of loving—under, over,
Whelm him—make the one the wealthy!
Am I all so poor who—stealthy
Work it was!—picked up what fell:
Not the worst bud—who can tell?
* * * * *
A simple ring with a single stone,
To the vulgar eye no stone of price:
Whisper the right word, that alone—
Forth starts a sprite, like fire from ice,
And lo, you are lord (says an Eastern scroll)
Of heaven and earth, lord whole and sole
Through the power in a pearl.

The "Prologue" is fine, though a little melancholy in admitting the account of years. The "Epilogue" takes up the very spirit of "Prospice":—

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

* *Demeter; and other Poems.* By Alfred Lord Tennyson, P.L., D.C.L. London: Macmillan. 1889.

Asolando. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1889.

The song "Rosny," which comes early, though of the same kidney as Mr. Browning's great early songs, from those in "Paracelsus" onwards, possesses a certain real "obscurity" which is quite different from the false obscurity assigned by the unintelligent to Mr. Browning's work. Its main purport is not sufficiently disengaged. "Which?" is more thoroughly in the old style, with the Duchesse, Marquise, and Comtesse each describing her ideal of a lover, and the Abbé deciding that

> The love which to one, and one only, has reference
> Seems terribly like what perhaps gains God's preference.

And this is succeeded by other pieces showing the same startling combination of freshness and oldness—a combination which certain old fancies may, not foolishly, connect with the "lightning before death." The Pope who, Sixtus-like, answers the question

> Why, Father, is the net removed? Son, it hath caught the fish

is an old friend we are not tired of, and so is Sixtus himself enjoying a "bean-feast." But the number of such poems is too great for individual mention, although the whole volume does not reach the end of its second century of small pages. The best of the poems in the old "Men and Women" style is unquestionably "Beatrice Signorini," though we are inclined to think that Mr. Browning has left the tale half told. The next, "Flute Music, with an Accompaniment," is undeniably pretty, though the misjudgment which has so often waited on Mr. Browning is obvious in the praises which have sometimes been bestowed on it as a proof how smooth and liquid Mr. Browning can be:—

> *He.* Ah, the bird-like fluting
> Through the ash-tops yonder—
> Bullfinch bubblings, soft sounds suiting
> What sweet thoughts I wonder?
> Fine-pearled notes that surely
> Gather, dewdrop-fashion,
> Deep-down in some heart which purely
> Secretes globuled passion—
> Passion insuppressive—
> Such is piped, for certain;
> Love, no doubt, nay, love excessive
> 'Tis your ash-tops curtain.

We must leave to readers "Imperante Augusto natus est," "Development" (an excellent morality), and two singularly beautiful poems—"Rephan" and "Reverie"—in the most "thoughtful" style of the author, but not in that style in which "thoughtfulness" induces verbiage and mannerism. Indeed, the whole volume gives a very curious and delightful example of reversion late in life and work to the best characteristics of each. In hardly any one of his books—certainly in none for nearly a generation—has Mr. Browning put so many of his different qualities at his best as here.

Let us hope, in conclusion, that *Asolando* (*asolare*, to disport oneself in the sun, a neologism attributed to Cardinal Bembo) will soon be united to the rest of the author's works in an edition at once complete and compact. From the lowest point of view, it is certain that such an edition, parallel to that which now for more than ten years has been attainable with successive enlargements of Lord Tennyson's poems, would be successful—from the highest, it is equally certain that it ought to be given.

FICTION.*

CLERGYMEN beware! "Rita" is attacking you. She says that you "eat, drink, and are merry, and" "keep a watchful eye on the loaves and fishes, yet all the while inveigh against the vanity of worldly pleasures and the deceitfulness of riches. For a class of men who invariably marry rich wives"—do not smile, reverend sirs, with large families and small incomes—"or wives with relatives possessed of interest in the matter of advowsons, this is somewhat inconsistent." You "preach humility, yet who bullies and works the poor curate as that same humility-preaching rector?" The squire's wife; but this only in passing. You ask for large offertories towards charities, and yourselves "contribute—prayers alone." This is a foul fib; but never mind. Oh, cries "Rita," "for a fan to purge, and a whirlwind to sweep away the monstrous accumulation of hypocrisy and false teaching that shames the very name of Christianity"—for instance, "such pharisaical forms as family prayers and regular church-going." "Neither church-going, nor district-visiting, nor early celebrations, nor the voice of many preachers; nay, sometimes not even the words of the Great Book itself"—nor eleven lines more suffice to complete an excited sentence, evidently levelled against everything in the shape of what most of our fellow-countrymen are pleased to consider orthodoxy. We waited, with the patience of a German, for the verb; but none came to the long string of nominative cases that composed the diatribe in question. With genuine religious difficulties and honest doubts wise men will always deal tenderly and charitably; on the other hand, all denominations of Christians, Agnostics, Deists, Atheists, and Pantheists might well agree in admiring a book that exposed cant and humbug in any or all religions; but when an author produces a novel apparently with the sole object of undermining the religious faiths of the greater proportion of the people speaking the language in which she writes, and offers nothing better in return than a sort of Esoteric Buddhism, and even that not good of its kind, she is likely to offend more readers than she pleases. "Rita" declaims against preaching. Few clergymen that we ever came across were fonder of preaching, or preached more drearily, than "Rita." To show that the Devil is not always quite so black as he is painted, she introduces a parson with some common sense among her characters; but he is evidently intended to serve as an exception, to prove the rule. *Sheba* is called "a study of girlhood." The girl, at thirteen, found no comfort to her "thinking, searching, thirsting soul" "in adoring incomprehensibility"—by which she meant what her father and mother called God, of whom she said that "the vast misery of earth did not seem to trouble Him," and wondered how He could "bear to gaze on so much woe, the results of a creation that ought to have been perfect, the outcome of what was planned and formed in His own image." Although she was what a certain divine once described as "weak on the Devil," she talked of his entering her soul, and having "a good time of it there." These are mere specimens of the sayings of this charming child. That some people may admire them, and think them clever, is likely enough; but it is well that those who may not should know what to expect if they send for this "study of girlhood." Unfortunately, this work has a moral, as well as a theological, aspect. We find the hero assuring the heroine that the antiquated prejudice against bigamy "is the cant of a hypocritical virtue that should have no place in" "her pure and candid soul." Indeed, Sheba's soul, "thinking, searching," and "thirsting" in the first volume, becomes flagrantly immoral in the third. "The full force and strength of a mighty passion" "swooped with giant force upon her soul, and wrapped her round with arms of fire." It is common enough to find serious sins against feminine virtue threatened in English novels; but the threat is seldom carried out. In *Sheba* the atrocities are actually committed, and are even dwelt upon with some gusto. To go through the list of them here would be as unnecessary as it would be unpleasant. We may, however, observe that the long description of the method employed by one of the principal characters to obtain a husband savours more of the pages of M. Zola than of a novel by an English writer. From a purely literary point of view there is some little to praise in *Sheba*. It is thoughtfully written; occasionally it is bright and crisp; a few bits, here and there, are amusing; yet the work in it is of very unequal merit, and worst of all, it has no ending—except that it stops. The author promises to finish it another time—that is to say, she threatens a sequel. All we can say is, that if there should be one, we hope it may be of a different flavour. Let it not be supposed that we are unappreciative of the charms of some of "Rita's" former novels; quite the contrary; but we judge each book entirely upon its own merits.

By way of violent contrast, we turn from *Sheba* to three Prize and Reward Books, published by the National Society, for good children. They are beautifully printed on excellent paper, and they are strongly bound, with bevelled edges, in bright, showy covers. The worst part of them is, perhaps, the pictures, which ought to be about the best in books for the young. The children of these days are lucky in having stories written for them by so able an author as Miss Frances M. Peard. Perhaps older people who have enjoyed her novels will not think themselves quite so fortunate when given one of her National Society Prize-Books in exchange for her adult romances—such, for instance, as that pretty book, *Near Neighbours*. To write any historical novel is more or less cramping; to write one for children is exceedingly so, and excuses should be made accordingly. Nevertheless, Miss Peard has produced an interesting story, highly suitable for girls about the middle of their 'teens; and we think it will also be enjoyed by not a few boys, who will probably consider its prodigious wealth in hairbreadth escapes and singular coincidences rather an advantage than otherwise. As to the literary merits of the work, which unquestionably exist, we may observe that it could scarcely have been a superhuman effort to put down a few leading facts about some old town that happened to interest one, such as—Chester. Rows; walls; abbey (therefore formerly monks); celebrated for its miracle plays; once devastated by plague; the racecourse, or Roodee (formerly Rood-eye); town once visited by King Henry VII.; and then to make some such notes as these:—Take date of King Henry's visit for beginning of story for National Society's Prize-Book; observe expulsion of Flemings during his reign; make hero Fleming, and hide him about in curious old alleys and rows; then make him fly country, eventually to return and marry heroine; heroine to act in miracle play before Henry VII., and nurse patients during plague; plague not at proper date, explain in note. In those times belief in witchcraft; introduce witch; make her curse. Curfew bell; ring it often. Always say "an" instead of "if," so as to make the characters appear to use the lingo of the period. With this material fill 296 pages, and then—Finis! Now this sort of thing is all very well, and Miss Peard has done her work satisfactorily; but it must not be mistaken for historical romance, in the higher sense of the word. It would be just as easy to take the next town—Shrewsbury. Wars of the Roses; Owen Glendyr, Shelton's Oak, Harry Hotspur, Battle of Shrewsbury, Haugh-

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* *Sheba.* By "Rita." London: White & Co. 1889.

The Blue Dragon. By Frances M. Peard. London: National Society's Depository.

Maud Florence Nellie. By C. R. Coleridge. London: National Society's Depository.

Banning and Blessing. By the Author of "The Atelier du Lys." London: National Society's Depository.

The Curse of Carne's Hold. By G. A. Henty. London: Blackett & Hallam. 1889.

mond Hill, &c.—and so on with all the historic towns in England, making a child's prize-book out of each. We wish it to be distinctly understood that we make these remarks solely in the interest of Miss Peard. She writes a children's historical story nicely—very nicely indeed; but we are anxious that those who have only read her school prize-books should not fall into the error of supposing that she can do nothing better, or that they are the special work for which Providence has designed her. Far from it!

Maud Florence Nellie; or, Don't Care, is a regular girls' story-book, and no novel and water. The heroine does not marry or even fall in love, nor is there any marrying worth mentioning from cover to cover. It is almost needless to say that it contains the equivalent of marriage invariably to be found in children's books—a death-bed; for, as everybody knows, the heroes in books suited to people under fifteen end by dying, while those in books for people over fifteen end by marrying. Some stolen diamonds and a good deal of Sunday School help to fill up this improving volume. "Don't Care," in this instance, just avoids coming "to a bad end" by a sort of quasi-reformation, which, judging from the evidence adduced, we do not think would be likely to be very lasting. The three conversions, again, seem to us a trifle sudden, but it is to be hoped that the juvenile readers of *Maud Florence Nellie* may find them none the less edifying.

A capital specimen of a book for girls is *Banning and Blessing*, by the author of *The Atelier du Lys*. Here, again, there is no love-making; on the other hand, undue prominence is not given to the inevitable death-bed. Like *The Blue Dragon*, it contains a witch, who curses freely, but takes to blessing on the last page. Here, a stolen entry from a parish-register takes the place of the stolen diamonds in *Maud Florence Nellie*. You must have a stolen something as well as a death-bed if you want to write a loveless story-book of any bulk. The leading incident in *Banning and Blessing* is the discovery of an heir, or rather heiress, to a baronet and all his goods. The plot is well worked out; there is considerable individuality, variety, and contrast in the characters, and the descriptions of scene are pretty in some cases and forcible in others. The events are supposed to have taken place early in the century, apparently in Devonshire, and the author seems to have had Dartmoor and its neighbourhood in her mind. Quaint little bits, redolent of old times, are constantly to be met with throughout the volume, such as Sir Julian's complaint that his Vicar had sold the old parish registers to the grocer for waste paper; Lady Brent's speech, "When I was twelve years old my governess used to make me stand in the stocks for an hour before breakfast, and all the rest of the day I wore a backboard and a collar with iron spikes to make me hold my head up"; and the cool admission of the old clerk to the new Rector:—

> "Many's the time I've heard a stone thrown at my window at night, and I would just reach out the keys and ask no question. [These were the keys of the church, in the charnel-vault of which smugglers used to hide kegs of brandy.] I knew they'd be brought back safe enough, and may be, as yu know, a little keg of spirits would be in Passon Ashe's wood-stack next day, and another in mine."

There are symptoms of smuggling, again, when the two little girls are out alone on the moor at night, in order to warn the witch that an attempt is to be made to burn her alive in her straw-thatched cabin:—

> A distant thunderous sound was heard. Some instinct made Cicely pull Lucy up the precipitous bank; the next instant a troop of horses rushed by, each with a keg slung under it by a single girth, riderless, but led by a dappled mare, flying in front. They flashed past and were out of sight in a moment, and even the sound of their hoofs died away as the girls, unable to keep their footing on the steep and slippery turf, slid down again. "Well!" said Cicely, much excited, "I'm glad to have seen that! I've heard how the smugglers when they're hard run send off their horses alone with that mare to lead them, all shaved and soaped they are so that the revenue men can get no hold of them. There's been a smart brush to-night somewhere, you may depend on it."

We think that some oldish children may find *Banning and Blessing* far from unreadable.

As its name implies, there is banning, again, in *The Curse of Carne's Hold*; but blessing is conspicuous by its absence. Here we have love as well, and it cannot be called a child's book, although boys may enjoy its hairbreadth escapes, which rival in number those of *The Blue Dragon* itself. If we were in a particular hurry we might dispose of this book with the criticism—battle, murder, and sudden death; but, as it happens, we can afford to say a little more about it. First, we should recommend people in whose families there is any taint of lunacy not to read it. If they do it will certainly make them uncomfortable, and possibly make them ill. It begins well, and that is one of the most necessary factors of success in all literary work. Unfortunately it does not go on well. The opening chapters about the curse, the ball, and the murder, are good enough, and there are symptoms of originality which make us expect great things as we proceed. It is a disappointment to be let down into the society of the eternal detective policeman of fiction, and to be made to wade through the mire of a fictitious inquest and a fictitious trial. When two-thirds of the first volume have been finished the story stops with a sudden jolt. We are then carried off to the Kaffir War of 1850, which is only connected with the earlier portion of the novel by the fact that the hero takes part in it. In this part of the novel the skirmishes, battles, raids and adventures, which might be an imitation of the style of Mr. Rider Haggard when at the exact opposite of his best, follow each other in such rapid succession as to become monotonous. In the third part of the novel, when the scene is removed to Carne's Hold and its neighbourhood again, the first and the second parts are welded together, and out of the whole a by no means uninteresting plot is manufactured. There is nothing very new in the trick of pretending to take the reader into confidence at an early stage of the story and then "selling" him; but to play off this trick well is not so easy as might be supposed, and here the author does it very cleverly. We never met with a novelist who was so fond of administering beef-tea as Mr. Henty. He gives it on three different occasions in *The Curse of Carne's Hold* to women who have had "shocks." Well, he could give them nothing better!

LETTERS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO MISS J.*

THIS is a thoroughly delightful book. It ought to be, and no doubt will be, a joy to all who can appreciate the representation of character, or who can taste the peculiar dry and nutty flavour of the Duke of Wellington's epistolary style. We have no doubt whatever that it is all quite genuine, that there was a Miss J., and that the Duke of Wellington wrote to her. If we are being hoaxed, and any man jeers at us for it, we shall reply that the discovery delights us; for in that case the world will be the richer in Mrs., or Miss, Christine Terhume Herrick for a writer with an altogether amazing knowledge of human nature, insight into character, and power of imitating style.

The Miss J. of this book (from some indications given by the editor it would probably not be difficult to discover her real name) was a "fair saint." In a happier time she would certainly have been a nun, and not improbably have become a saint in the regular official way. As it was, she was born in England in the first quarter of this century, and could only be a gushing young lady of a strong pietistic and evangelical turn. Her faculty for the part of Catherine of Siena could find no better employment than incessant attempts to arouse her friends and relations to "a new *birth* unto *righteousness*," efforts to bring hardened criminals to repentance, and seventeen years of strenuous effort to convert the Duke of Wellington. The editor tells the strange history of this last adventure partly from the letters and partly from Miss J.'s own copious diary. It is, indeed, a curious story. The young lady wrote to the Duke in 1834 on the state of his soul, and not only drew "Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington," which it was easy enough to do in a way, but so interested this wary old man of the world that he began a correspondence which lasted till his death. The fact that Miss J. was young and handsome may have had some influence on the Duke, who was, as all men know, very susceptible; but, after all, it was her letters which induced him to call on her, and he continued to take an interest in her, in spite of hysteria, impertinence, and explosions of temper, long after she had ceased to be young and had become a confirmed invalid. They had many quarrels, and made them up. At the end there was a serious breach—caused, alas! by a question of money—in which, however, there does not appear to have been any greed on Miss J.'s part, only hysteria and folly, while on the Duke's there was a generosity which would have been most willing to show itself if only it had been allowed to do so by the amazing wrongheadedness of his correspondent. So much for the skeleton of the story. What is more interesting than these dry bones is the character of Miss J. She was, as we have said, a "fair saint," very anxious to serve the cause of Heaven, but equally anxious that it should be served by Miss J. As there was no opening for the founding of an Order, she fell back on a scheme to become Duchess of Wellington, in order that she might be "a city set on a hill which cannot be hid" for the general good of this nation. She was, as she words it, "permitted to love the Duke." Unfortunately the Duke was not permitted to love her. When she unfolded this notable scheme His Grace replied, "The commands of all others, which we ought to obey, are those dictated by our social relations. What would be said if I, a man of seventy years of age, nearly, were to take in marriage a lady young enough to be my granddaughter?" On this Miss J. has a comment to make. "*Alas! alas!* [the young lady had a young-lady-like love of italics] how deceitful is the human heart! For I am convinced that, although the Duke *wrote* thus, there was not a moment during our acquaintance when, if I had *not* been *by the Grace of God* what I was and am, that he would have thought I was too young to bow down before me with the most sinful adulation." Miss J., who was not without spiritual pride by any means, might have been, as she told the Duke, not only virtuous, but RIGHTEOUS, but her innocence was not that of ignorance. Quite the contrary. She was prompt to conclude that the Duke's intentions were not "strictly honourable" when she reflected on the details of their first conversation. On this occasion, by the way, she prayed "God to be with me every moment of the time, directing even my dress. This He did, letting me be dressed on the occasion as HE pleased, which, as my Diary relates, was in my old *turned* dark-green merino gown, *daily* worn—not permitting me to be decorated in any way likely to attract notice, which, as the employment in view was of so sacred a nature,

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* *The Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J.*, 1834–1851. Edited with Extracts from the Diary of the latter, by C. T. Herrick. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

was neither required nor obtained." The interview, of which we have only the lady's account, was indeed a religious courtship. But on reflection, and when her suspicions had been stimulated by an innocent-looking sentence in one of the Duke's notes, the lady flamed up. The truth flashed on her in the watches of the night, and putting on her dressing-gown, as she carefully records, she wrote him a letter, protesting her virtue and her righteousness, and rebuking the World-victor's victor in no measured terms for his dishonourable intentions. The amazing thing is that the Duke answered meekly that nobody was more impressed than himself with "veneration for your virtues, attainments, and Sentiments." They made it up, and then the lady picked another quarrel; and again the Duke was the soul of reasonableness, and they made it up; and so it went on till the end. When they had been acquainted in this strange way for some years, Miss J. records in her Diary a little passage which is almost delicious. The Duke called, and in the course of conversation she asked him about a recent accident to his knee from which he had suffered:—

> When I did so, he appeared delighted, brushing up his chair nearer to me, which of course met with the withdrawal on my part *due* to Christianity. I bless God for the grace and strength afforded me on that occasion, causing the Duke to sink into the utmost insignificance in comparison with His favor (*sic*) which is better than life.

The quotation ought, we imagine, to sufficiently place the lady.

It may not appear quite in keeping with the hard character of the Duke that he should have allowed himself to be entangled in a correspondence with a person who might have become exceedingly compromising—who, in any case, must have been an insufferable bore after a time, and should have meekly borne being lectured, reproached, and scolded for years. As a matter of fact, however, the improbability is only superficial. The Duke was just the man to feel that, having once begun a correspondence, it was not becoming to break it off merely out of a care for his own comfort. The kindness and piety of a soldierly but genuine kind which lay below his hard surface made him accept Miss J. among the other worries of life. He did rebel at times, when the lady was in a tantrum, and then he would remind her that the best way to avoid the slights she complained of was to drop the correspondence, but he was always worried into beginning again. It is a fact, too, that the Duke liked letter-writing. As he was a man of downright honesty, with small sense of humour in spite of his dry ironical wit, the absurdity of his correspondent probably did not greatly trouble him. But our belief that the letters are genuine is based on internal evidence. They are either Wellington's or the work of somebody with an actual genius for imitation—and such a person would assuredly have done more than is in this book. Here, for instance, is a letter which is either by Wellington or Diabolus:—

> My dear Miss J.—I have received your letter of the 31st, and I am really much concerned to learn that I have created a feeling of displeasure in your Mind by having omitted to notice the Inconvenience which you felt upon your Journey to Harrowgate.
>
> There is always Inconvenience in travelling in a Stage Coach. It cannot be otherwise. Indeed it is wonderful that there should be so little; and I must observe that there is less of a physical and personal Nature in travelling in this Manner in England than elsewhere. The Inconvenience felt in England is of a moral and mental description. It is formed of the trash and nonsense which a traveller is condemned to hear in these vehicles; because everybody talks; and says not what he thinks but what the fancy of the moment suggests. For this which was the particular Inconvenience which you suffered upon this Journey there is no remedy but *Patience*; and I would add *Silence*.
>
> You would practise neither. You would not sit *patiently* and hear the stupid Irreligion of the Talker; you would reply to Him; and this occasioned much of the Annoyance which occurred.

Here is a Wellingtonian gem *à propos* of this same unlucky journey:—"I don't consider with you that it is necessary to enter into a disputation with every wandering Blasphemer—much must depend upon the circumstances." Again, there never was but one person in the world who wrote such a letter as this:—

> The Duke did not say anything upon the letter which Miss J. had written to the Gentleman in question because he was unwilling to obtrude his opinion upon a matter which Miss J. considers one of Duty; in which the Duke is so unfortunate as to differ in opinion with her.
>
> Prudence and Discretion would appear to require that Miss J. should not rebuke a Gentleman for words spoken not to Her; not even in Her Presence; but to Her Landlady, in the relation of a Lodger in the House.
>
> The Duke may be wrong. But he considers the exercise of Prudence and discretion virtues; not unbecoming to any character, however exalted.

An admirable Wellingtonian touch is to be found in a letter in which the Duke declines to forward a long screed by Miss J., expostulating anonymously with the Queen Dowager for declining to pay rates for her jointure house. The Duke explains the position, and adds:—"You will see it is the Parish, and not the Queen which has contravened the Lord." Nobody but Arthur Wellesley ever attained to these comic effects by sheer dint of stating the fact in explicit language. As the book goes on we get less of the Duke and more of Miss J., but it keeps its interest to the end. It is, as far as the Duke is concerned, at least, one more proof that Lord Tennyson was inspired when he prophesied that "whatever records leap to light, He never shall be shamed."

A MANUAL OF FORESTRY.*

THIS book is a great deal more than what is implied by a manual, and the volume under review is the first only of a work on forestry, a much neglected subject, which ought to be of importance and value. It is evident that the original, true, and legal meaning of the word forest must be given up, and the *tree* acceptation of the term must be adopted, in conformity with public opinion. Dr. Schlich begins in his introduction with definitions, and quotes four definitions, only one of which, the third, can be said to be correct:—"Third definition—'a forest is a piece of land which is subject to special forest laws and regulations.'" Not satisfied with these four definitions, he supplies his own, which must be accepted for the purpose of this work:—"The area, which is for the most part set aside for the production of timber and other forest produce, or which is expected to exercise certain climatic effects, or to protect the locality against injurious influences; such areas are frequently subject to special forest laws and regulations." Then, drawing a distinction between forests and woods, he proceeds to define the term *wood*:—"Under a wood or woodland (Plantation) is understood an area of defined dimensions, which is stocked with trees or shrubs, and managed for the production of timber, firewood, and such other produce which ordinarily accompanies the rearing of trees." "Every 'wood' is, therefore, a 'forest,' but not every forest is a wood." Let Dr. Schlich's own definitions stand good, as far as they go, for the purpose of forestry.

This first volume treats of "The Utility of Forests and Fundamental Principles of Sylviculture." Forestry, it is presumed, is the general term, and sylviculture the special term, for the culture of trees. "Although forestry has been practised for centuries in Great Britain and Ireland, this particular branch of industry did not receive much attention in the United Kingdom until questions connected with the administration of the forests in India brought it into more prominent notice" (Preface). That is to say, we planted trees in all directions, but neglected the science and art of forestry, so that when we required men to manage the forests in India we had to send them to France and Germany for instruction in forestry. Dr. Schlich, however, was deputed in 1885 to organize a school of forestry at Cooper's Hill, and was instructed to draw up handbooks. These volumes, which he calls a manual—forgetting that "handbook" and "manual" are the same thing—are the result of his studies in England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Austria, France, and Switzerland.

Dr. Schlich divides his subject into seven parts, Parts I. and II. constituting this first volume. These Parts consist of—I. The Utility of Forests. II. Fundamental Principles of Sylviculture. III. Creation, Regeneration, and Tending of Woods. IV. Forest Protection. V. Forest Utilization. VI. Forest Working Plans. VII. Forest Finance. In forestry, the *stool* of a tree is that part which remains in the ground after a tree has been felled. The *bole* means the stem, or true timber; and the *crown* means the whole system of branches. A "*Pure Wood* (or Forest) means a wood which consists of one species only." A "*Mixed Wood* (or Forest) means a wood which consists of two or more species intermixed." He also divides his trees into two principal classes for sylviculture—the shade-bearing species and the light-demanding species:—

> The following scale is that given by Gayer; it begins with the most light-demanding species and finishes with the most shade-bearing:—
>
> (1) Larch, Birch.
> (2) Scotch Pine, Aspen, Willow.
> (3) Oak, Ash, Sweet Chestnut, Mountain Pine.
> (4) Elm, Common Alder, Lime, Weymouth Pine, Maple.
> (6) Spruce, Hornbeam.
> (7) Beech.
> (8) Silver Fir.
> (9) Yew.—P. 118.

And these are the trees concerning which he chiefly writes as denizens of European forests.

Part I. treats of the utility of forests, direct and indirect. The direct utility is conspicuous enough in the various uses to which wood of all sorts and sizes is put. The indirect utility may be said to have been almost ignored, except in the case of ornamental tree-planting and game coverts. Section 2 of Part I. treats fully of the indirect utility of forests, especially in Great Britain and Ireland and in India; the effects on the air and soil, on the humidity and water-supply, on the hygienic effects, and on the æsthetic effects. This branch of the subject surely demands the most serious consideration; and, although there is a Department of Woods and Forests in the State, it seems to have been the last to attract any attention whatever in this fully-populated country. The common agriculturist is a bitter enemy to trees, and it is high time that the indirect utility of forests should be made manifest. On a former occasion we congratulated the world on the taking up of forestry as a subject for study by the Royal Agricultural Society, and we wish them good speed—not speed the plough exactly—in that direction. A great deal of good work is done in this volume towards elucidating this more or less obscure topic. The results of experiments in Germany have been published by Dr. E. Ebermeyer in his *Die physicalischen Einwirkungen des Waldes auf Luft und Boden*, and Professor Dr. R. Weber in his introduction to the *Handbuch der Forstwissenschaft*, edited by

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* *A Manual of Forestry.* By William Schlich, Ph.D., Principal Professor of Forestry at the Royal Indian Engineering College, Cooper's Hill, late Inspector-General of Forests to the Government of India.

Dr. T. Lorey, 1888. These two works have been specially utilized by Dr. Schlich; and, after a good and full explanation of the state of the case, he gives a summary of conclusions under twelve heads, enumerating the utility, direct and indirect, of forests:—

(1) Forests supply timber, fuel, and other forest produce.
(2) They offer a convenient opportunity for the investment of capital.
(3) They produce a demand for labour in their management and working, as well as in a variety of industries which depend on forests for their raw material.
(4) They reduce the temperature of the air and soil to a moderate extent, and render the climate more equable.
(5) They increase the relative humidity of the air and tend to reduce evaporation.
(6) They tend to increase the rainfall.
(7) They help to regulate the water supply, ensure a more sustained feeding of springs, tend to reduce violent floods, and render the flow of water in rivers more continuous.
(8) They assist in preventing landslips, avalanches, the silting up of rivers and low lands, and arrest moving sands.
(9) They reduce the velocity of air currents, protect adjoining fields against cold or dry winds, and afford shelter to cattle, game, and useful birds.
(10) They assist in the production of oxygen and of ozone.
(11) They may, under certain conditions, improve the healthiness of a country, and under other conditions endanger it.
(12) Finally, they increase the artistic beauty of a country.

It will be seen that the first three give the direct utility, pretty well known to all; and the last nine the indirect utility, by no means well known. The importance of the future supply of valuable timber is recognized in some countries, though not in all. For example, in India as the forests are cleared teak is planted afresh, and in Sweden the fir is planted as the wood is cut, both for the direct and indirect utility of the forests.

Part II. is divided into four chapters, and treats of sylviculture. The scheme of the whole work is very systematic, with its parts, chapters, sections, divisions and subdivisions, and it is well arranged for the student for whom it is intended. In sylviculture there are varieties of forests and woods, as there are varieties of trees, suitable or unsuitable for the purposes for which particular trees are grown, and it is evident that there is much to be said from many points of view. If an ordinary field crop fail for want of good management, a year is the most that is lost, but the failure of a wood plantation may not be discovered for twenty-five years. If height-growth is required, trees must be planted near together; the lateral branches fall off from crowding, and a long clean stem or *bole* is produced. If volume-growth—these are the terms used—is required, the trees should have more room, and be carefully thinned; the branches then spread, and a thick shorter stem or *bole* is the result. The volume-growth (of wood) per acre varies with the different species, and silver fir is stated to afford the greatest volume in an acre in a hundred and twenty years; a length of time which gives a respectable air to forestry, and would make the speculators on the Stock Exchange look aghast. The Scotch pine seems to be a favourite tree in forestry, and it takes a hundred to a hundred and twenty years to become timber, when it should be 100 feet high. The silver fir makes the most wood in volume in that time, the spruce next, and the Scotch pine third. The additions made to the soil by the fall of the leaf, dropped-off branches, and other forest *débris* are called the humus, and this humus greatly improves the soil for sylviculture or any other culture, except culture *par excellence*. The roots of trees do not extend to more than 3 to 4 feet below the surface, and the stability of the tree depends on the sort of holding the roots can get.

We look forward to the future volumes for many particulars of forestry not yet reached in this first volume of the work, and we hope to find the various uses to which the timber, the leaves, the fruit, and the bark of the different trees in different countries are put fully described in the volumes to come. Some botanical details of the flower, male and female, and the seed of trees would be of great interest. It is rather surprising to read (p. 173) that beech *seed-years* are produced only after intervals of six to ten years, and oak, spruce, &c., every three to five years. Is the common beechmast only good for seed in any quantity every six to ten years?

The time required for forestry is so long that in many cases it would appear to be the proper function of Government to perform such a necessary work, especially in regard to the indirect utility of forests. But the management of the Royal forests in this country by the department of Woods and Forests is not encouraging, though in India much good has been done by Government there, and this work itself is evidence of the importance which the officials of India attach to the science and art of forestry.

This volume has not an index, but there is a full table of contents. It is a business-like, readable volume of 232 pages, which we can strongly recommend. And we hope the completion of the work will be attended with the success it deserves.

BARNSTAPLE DURING THE CIVIL WAR.*

WITHOUT the aid of some local narrative it is difficult to gain an adequate idea of the character of the Great Civil War, or of the effect which it had on men's daily lives. It was by no means a war simply of ordered battles, in which the commands were held by leaders of mark, or of sieges of populous and wealthy cities. In most districts, for longer or shorter periods, the quarrel between the King and the Parliament led to petty warfare between villages and near neighbours, to a welter of confusion out of which it is difficult to form any coherent story, to marches, skirmishes, and leaguers which at first sight seem scarcely worth recording. Yet it is, as every reader of the volume before us will, we think, acknowledge, well to have these matters told us by a competent historian. They have a value of their own, for they help to make up a complete picture of the war; and, though some of them were certainly without any important result, others had a direct bearing on greater events. Indeed, the more closely we study the course of the war in some defined area, the clearer the general history becomes to us; necessary links are supplied, and military movements are invested with new meaning. For study of this kind Mr. Cotton's book affords an admirable opportunity. It should, of course, be read side by side with Dr. Gardiner's *History of the Great Civil War*, and it will help the reader to appreciate the excellence of Dr. Gardiner's work; he will see that, while considerations of space and proportion have obliged the historian of the war as a whole to omit or pass lightly over many local details, he has made himself master of them, and has used his knowledge with skill and judgment. Mr. Cotton has chosen a fruitful subject for his investigations; for, though Barnstaple itself was scarcely a place of first-rate importance, its story between 1642 and 1646 almost necessarily includes the events of the war in North Devon, and these are well worth telling, both for their own sake and for the place which they hold in the general history of the period. While treating local matters with a minuteness only possible to the local historian, he has not treated them in a merely local spirit, but has shown the relation in which they stand to affairs of national interest.

In North Devon, as in Somerset, the trading towns took the side of the Parliament, and Barnstaple, though it contained some Royalists, was not an exception to this rule. One of the members of the borough, George Peard, a strong Puritan, and the mover of the resolution for printing the Grand Remonstrance, had great influence with the leading inhabitants, and Barnstaple contributed largely to the expenses of the war. Although at first the Corporation had so little idea of what lay before them that they authorized the Mayor to spend 10*l.* on the fortifications of the town, they soon laid out more than 2,200*l.* on various military works, among which was the repair of the Castle. This castle occupied a mound once probably crowned by some rude fort of early days. To this succeeded a shell-keep built by Judhael of Totnes, who was, as his name shows, a Breton, and not a "powerful Norman," as he is described here. In the Earl of Bath the town had a near neighbour who seemed for a time likely to cause it some trouble; but his attempt to enforce the Commission of Array was defeated by a riot at South Molton, and his estates were soon afterwards sequestered for delinquency. More formidable foes soon appeared, and Barnstaple took a leading part in the struggle between the counties of Devon and Cornwall. In consequence of the movements of the Cornish army under Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir Bevil Grenville, the garrison was reinforced by a number of the county Militia, and troops sent out by the town—"neere 1,000 Horse and Foot"—attacked with doubtful success a detachment of Hopton's army at Torrington. Towards the end of January 1643 a Barnstaple contingent took part in the skirmish at Chagford, where Sidney Godolphin, "that young gentleman of incomparable parts," was shot, and about three weeks later, when the Royalists were threatening Plymouth, a body of Barnstaple and Bideford men led the attack on the two regiments stationed at Modbury under Sir Nicholas Slanning and Colonel Trevanion. In this engagement, which is not mentioned by Clarendon, and has been transferred by the editor of the *Trevelyan Papers* (Camden Society) to Marlborough, the Parliamentarians were completely successful. While it was in progress a vigorous sortie was made from Plymouth on Hopton's works, and "the immediate result of these operations was the raising of the siege." At the conclusion of a short armistice Hopton made a determined effort to lead his army to the help of the King, who had failed to relieve Reading and was in some danger at Oxford. Colonel Chudleigh, who was in command of a local army, defeated him at Sourton Down "by night in a great tempest of wind and rain," and penned his troops in the northern corner of Cornwall about Launceston, where they soon found themselves short of provisions. Hopton extricated himself by his victory at Stratton, where the Devon men behaved badly, and advanced into Somerset without meeting further opposition. In spite of the loss which the Royalists sustained in the death of Sir Bevil Grenville, we can scarcely agree with Mr. Cotton that the Parliamentarians had, on the whole, the advantage at Lansdown; Waller's works were taken and he was forced to retire to Bath. The battle of Roundway Down and the surrender of Bristol gave the King for a time the ascendency in the West, and Colonel Digby was sent with a small body of men to complete the reduction of North Devon. Barnstaple and Bideford joined forces, and their army tried to surprise him at Torrington; but, though their troops greatly outnumbered the enemy, they were routed without having made any stand. The Barnstaple Corporation at once set about strengthening their town. They might, however, have spared themselves the expense; for they had not the heart to make any

* *Barnstaple and the Northern Part of Devonshire during the Great Civil War*, 1642-1646. By Richard W. Cotton. Printed for the Author. 1889.

use of their fine new fortifications, and, on receiving a summons from Prince Maurice, who was then near Exeter, promptly agreed to his terms, carrying their submission so far as to assure him that "our intencons have always beene, are now, and by the grace of God ever shall be reall to Live in all due obedience to his Mat^ie and ye Laws of ye Land, and to submit to ye discipline of the Church of England established by Lawe." The surrender took place on September 2, 1643.

In the following June Maurice incautiously withdrew part of the small garrison stationed at Barnstaple, and the townsmen, knowing that Essex was advancing into the West, revolted to the Parliament. Maurice, who was then engaged in escorting the Queen into Cornwall, threatened to sack and burn the town, and detached Digby to retake it. This time the Barnstaple men behaved with considerable gallantry, and though Digby's troops made their way into the town, fought with them in the streets, and finally drove them out. Some curious contemporary notices are given of this preservation of Barnstaple from the "Irish and French," as Maurice's soldiers are called, his army having been joined, as Mr. Cotton notes, by a large body of Irish under Lord Inchiquin, and being partly made up of the Queen's French regiment. Mr. Cotton proves that the historians of the county have done less than justice to the Barnstaple men by asserting that Digby's attack was repulsed by, or with the help of, a detachment from the army of Essex; the town was defended by its own inhabitants, and no reinforcement was received from Essex until some days later, when Lord Roberts arrived with a garrison. While he was in the town he hanged a prisoner named Howard or Hayward, who had been an officer in the Parliamentary army, and had deserted to the King. Other Devon men had done the same. Colonel Chudleigh, the victor at Sourton Down, and Captain Thomas Drake, and a considerable number of officers and men had gone over to the King's side after the fight at Stratton. Poor Hayward's death made some stir, and in retaliation a sea-captain, named Turpin, was hanged at Exeter by Sir John Berkeley. It is strange that during the time that Barnstaple was held for the Parliament no attempt was made to repair the defences; "more than half the guns remained unmounted, and lying on the quays." Yet danger was not far off, for Sir Francis Dodington, "that bloody wolf," Nehemiah Wallington calls him, attacked Ilfracombe within a dozen miles of Barnstaple, and burnt some part of the town. At the end of about three months Barnstaple again changed hands. After Essex's disaster in Cornwall it was summoned by Goring, and was surrendered without a blow. It was stipulated that the town should not be occupied by a garrison. A condition of this kind was generally only observed so long as it did not interfere with the interests of the party in power; and some disturbances, for which the Mayor and Corporation were called to account by Sir John Berkeley, then "Colonel-General of Devon and Cornwall," gave a fair reason for subjecting Barnstaple to military occupation. Sir Allen Apsley, the Royalist Governor, was a vigorous officer, and bitter, and evidently exaggerated, stories about his tyranny were published in London. He at once set about strengthening the defences of the town, and carried on the work with so much thoroughness and expedition that in two months' time Sir Edward Hyde declared that Barnstaple "was the most miraculously fortified place" that he knew. It was, therefore, determined to send the Prince of Wales thither when he was forced to leave Bristol on account of the plague. A few notices are given of his residence at Barnstaple, where he was entertained by a widow named Grace Beaple, who "dressed all his meat," and lent him money. As far as North Devon is concerned, the remainder of the war was marked by few incidents of any interest. The King's cause in the West suffered from the rascality of Goring and the selfish insubordination of Richard Grenville, and the Devonshire clubmen declared for the Parliament, for they had less to fear from the army of Fairfax than from Goring's undisciplined cavalry. Meanwhile Fairfax, having gained nearly all Somerset, was making sure, if somewhat slow, progress in Devonshire. Soon after Hopton had accepted the command of the Prince's army he marched to Torrington, apparently in order to secure Barnstaple "as a basis of operations for the relief of Exeter." There Fairfax routed his army in a battle of which Mr. Cotton gives a lucid and animated account. Fairfax followed him into Cornwall, where before long he was forced to capitulate. Before leaving Torrington Fairfax detached a force under Colonel Cook "to block up" Barnstaple. This force consisted chiefly of cavalry, for Fairfax intended that it should cut off any of the Royalist Horse which might escape his pursuit. There was no need to press the siege of Barnstaple; its fall was certain, and all that was immediately necessary was to prevent its small garrison from receiving reinforcements from Hopton's routed army. Nevertheless one assault was made upon the town, and Mr. Cotton points out that Blake, who was then engaged in besieging Dunster Castle, brought his regiment to Barnstaple and joined in the attack. It is possible that some point in the external defences was carried, but "no actual lodgment was effected," and the attempt was virtually a failure. This incident, which is recorded in the tract *Sir Thomas Fairfaxes Letter*, &c., seems to have escaped the notice of all Blake's biographers. After a blockade of seven weeks the town was surrendered, and Barnstaple changed hands for the fourth and last time on April 14, 1646. With its surrender the war in the West practically ended.

A MANUAL OF CONJURING.*

MR. HOFFMANN is something more than a brilliant conjurer. He has invented a large number of clever tricks, and has enormously improved many old ones; and he has written two of the most useful and entertaining of the many manuals of conjuring. It is eleven years since he published *Modern Magic*, which is still the indispensable text-book alike of the amateur wizard and of the curious inquirer who takes a scientific interest in the noble art of conjuring. But in these matters eleven years is a generation, and *Modern Magic* has fallen a little behind the time. It is excellent so far as it goes; but it does not go far enough, as this new volume of more than 450 pages demonstrates. During the last eleven years a great deal has happened in the conjuring world. Many of the old performers have dropped out of sight, some of them overwhelmed by the new developments of their art; and at least one man of the first mark has died. The days of ponderous appliances have vanished, and science has taken their place. The new tricks nearly all show the same tendency to simplicity, brilliance, and finish. Even "palming," the most essential, yet the most difficult, art of the conjurer, has improved; and now more than ever the success of a great variety of tricks depends upon the address and dexterity of the performer and upon his accomplishment in sleight of hand. And hereon there is a very curious observation to be made. For long generations it has been the fashion to account for the sudden disappearance of objects handled by the conjurer by the conviction that they had gone "up his sleeve." Now, as a fact, the older conjurers but rarely caused things to vanish in that way. But of late the sleeve has been largely employed as a vanishing point; and thus, after many days, the olden suspicion has found its justification. But we must not divulge the secrets of the prison-house.

Mr. Hoffmann's new book, like the old one, is primarily intended for the guidance of the juvenile conjurer, but a large proportion of the tricks he describes are quite beyond any but the most accomplished of amateurs. For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with his earlier manual he might have insisted rather more upon the importance of palming, both as a means to an end and as an art in itself. For no man who is not a clever palmer will ever make a good conjurer. And it must needs be remarked that the palmer is quite as much born as made. There are types of hand which will not permit of good palming. Of such is the squat, fat, short-fingered hand. A long slender hand, not too plump, with elongated pointed fingers and a capacious palm, is the best type. Some information about the hands of conjurers would be of real utility to students of sleight of hand.

Conjuring feats differ so widely, some are so simple and others so complex, that it is impossible to compare them *inter se*. All we can do is to compare the methods of different professors in performing the same trick. Mr. Hoffmann has, therefore, wisely refrained from laying down the law as to the best and the worst classes of tricks. Every spectator will continue to hug his preferences; the more especially since an apparently simple trick is often very difficult, and only to be presented by the aid of complicated apparatus. But it is clear that an effective trick, performed without accessories, and depending solely upon dexterity and address, belongs to a higher department of conjuring than one which requires a great deal of that baggage without which wizards of the old school were unhappy. Conjurers do not now carry about with them, as Professor Anderson, "the Wizard of the North," was wont to do, seven tons or so of baggage. Yet there never was a time when tricks which are worked as much by the aid of machinery as by manual dexterity were so numerous and so effective. Of late years there has been a constant increase in the number of more or less effective tricks with cards; yet most of those achievements compel the use of mechanical accessories. Of all really elaborate conceptions in conjuring it may be roundly said that they would be impossible without machinery. Of such is M. Buatier de Kolta's "Vanishing Lady," one of the neatest and most finished mystifications that has been produced of late. Mr. Hoffmann tells how that mystification is worked; and the curious student of legerdemain has probably guessed for himself pretty much "how it is done." But we are not going to spoil the pleasure of M. Buatier's audiences and of Mr. Hoffmann's readers by telling tales out of school. What we should have liked Mr. Hoffmann to tell us is the secret of the most surprising of all M. Buatier's conceptions—the Cocoon trick, in which a very charming young person is produced from a sort of chrysalis, apparently far too flat and narrow to conceal even the sylph half of whose form appears from out of it. A less adroit performer would probably have "given away" his secret before now; but M. Buatier's surety of hand and eye is such that it is impossible for all save the most expert to form even a tenable opinion upon the ways and means of that brilliant performance.

There are now so many tricks with cards, and some of them are so brilliant and effective, that Mr. Hoffmann has done well to describe them in some detail. These feats are excellently suited to the amateur burning to distinguish himself in the drawing-room. With a large number of them no apparatus is required, and, once mastered, they are simple and may be performed with a certainty of those little murmurs of astonishment which are so dear to the soul of the conjurer. Yet these seemingly

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* *More Magic*. By Professor Hoffmann. London: Routledge & Sons, Limited.

simple tricks are decidedly difficult. All manner of wickedness and deception has to be learned before one really effective card-trick can be performed. Yet many of them are as amusing to the deceiver as to the deceived. To give your enemy, or, still better, your friend, his free choice of any one card in a pack, with the certainty that he will take the one you intend him to take, leads a man to reflect rosily upon his own exceeding cleverness; and, after all, a man's vanities are the true salt of life and of conjuring. Mr. Hoffmann gives a very lucid description of Robert Houdin's famous trick (too rarely seen now) of making a pack of cards pass up the sleeve. Well done, nothing could be more brilliant; carelessly and timidly performed, nothing can be tamer and more disappointing. Houdin usually followed this trick with an almost equally brilliant, because an exceedingly difficult, trick—enlarging and diminishing the size of a pack of cards at will. In his case sheer manual dexterity did everything; but so few conjurers can equal that wonderful man's clever manipulation that a graduated series of packs—one pack really smaller than the other—is now commonly used. Upon card-tricks which require special apparatus Mr. Hoffmann is especially instructive. In many of these tricks he has himself made ingenious improvements; and, as he knows all about the secrets of other people, including the mysterious Buatier, he has many things under this head to tell that are worth knowing. Most of the tricks which end in the appearance of a chosen card in a *houlette*, upon an easel, or in a crystal frame are worked upon the same system, and many of them require the help of an assistant; and it is one of the superiorities of M. Buatier de Kolta over most other conjurers that he manages illusions of that kind without assistance. There is one little secret which we may, perhaps, be permitted to reveal. Few sleights are more surprising to the uninitiated than those in which a ring, a glove, a card, or even a watch, are supposed to be fired from a pistol at a target. The pistol, of the good old piratical pattern, with which the belts of the Miller and his Men used to be stuffed, is ostentatiously loaded with powder and ball, and is fired off to the delicious terror of the audience. But there is nothing to be afraid of. The bullet does not leave the barrel, since the effective barrel from which the charge (of powder only) is really fired is beneath the dummy barrel, and pretends to be no more than an innocent receptacle for the ramrod.

Next to tricks with cards those with coins are perhaps most useful to the amateur—and it is for the behoof of the amateur that Mr. Hoffmann writes. Many of these sleights are quite easy to learn, and are effective out of all proportion to their simplicity. Very simple, and by no means difficult, is the new and vastly improved "Multiplication of Money" trick, invented by Mr. H. B. Lodge. This consists in manipulating a florin until it produces sixty or eighty more florins. Dexterous palming is all that is needed for this clever achievement, which will create quite as much astonishment as the elaborate and wilful smashing of a gold watch by the aid of complicated appliances. This trick is quite as successful as that most excellent of all common conjuring feats—the production of an orange from the coat-collar, or even the nose, of a spectator. Mr. Hoffmann tells a capital story of the simple wonder of an old pauper woman from whose nose he once gathered an orange. At intervals during the evening she thoughtfully rubbed her nose with her apron, as if tempted to try again on her own account. One of the most famous and most pleasing of conjuring tricks is the smashed watch, which amuses everybody except, perhaps, the owner of the watch, who is apt to look uncomfortable during the operation. But that look of discomfort, as Mr. Hoffmann says, only heightens the delight of the others.

To the amateur, whether literary or practical, Mr. Hoffmann's book would be valuable if for no other reason than that it gives authentic explanations of many well-known and very puzzling achievements of legerdemain—such as the "Vanishing Lady," and the writing on the arm, which caused a good deal of wonderment when it was first introduced some years ago by Dr. Lynn. Of apparently minor but exceedingly ingenious and difficult tricks is the "dissolving handkerchiefs." We do not know if this is the invention of M. Buatier, but if it be not it has been so enormously improved by him that it is practically a new feat. The peculiarity in his performance is, that when he literally "does the trick," he has his coat off and his shirt sleeves rolled up. He is thus able triumphantly to declare that the handkerchiefs cannot possibly disappear "up his sleeve." Nor do they. If anybody wants to know where they do go to, let him consult Mr. Hoffmann's book. It is pleasing to learn that there is one conjuring feat, and, we believe, only one, that has never yet been imitated, and that is Mr. Hartz's Inexhaustible Hat. Mr. Hartz is, of course, a man of astonishing genius in matters of legerdemain—

None but himself can be his parallel.

It would not be difficult to divine every one of Mr. Hartz's secrets, but he has brought sleight of hand to such amazing perfection that whoso should endeavour (and many have endeavoured in private) to imitate it would have but his labour for his pains. As well might a tragedian, even of heroic mould, endeavour to imitate Mr. Irving's reading of *Hamlet*.

It says much for the amiability of conjurers that they should be willing to tell their mysteries, either to Mr. Hoffmann or to the makers of conjuring apparatus. Had they been more secret the world would have lost some exceedingly amusing books, and generations of spectators would have lost a vast amount of enjoyment. For it is a curious fact that the knowledge of "how it's done" heightens the interest with which the learned in legerdemain watch a brilliant performance. If you are a true student, when you know all about it your respect for the performer's dexterity is vastly increased.

ROULETTE.*

THE days are happily gone by when every watering-place on the Continent attracted travellers by the fatal fascination of roulette. The Governments of Western Europe have grown moral, in this respect at all events, and no public gaming-table is within easy reach of tourists, except that at the diminutive Principality of Monaco. Long threatened by public opinion, it yet maintains itself, in spite of the ecclesiastical censures of the Anglican Bishop having jurisdiction over the Mediterranean, who discountenances it to the extent of refusing to appoint a chaplain to the place, holding, apparently, that it is better that ninety-nine sinners should be lost than that one should be saved.

"Professor" J. S. Bond, who, in order to show that he is in close communication with the headquarters of the game, dates from a neighbouring town, has brought out a little manual on the subject of Roulette. He is also very anxious that his address should be known, because he starts by informing his readers that he has given a lifetime's study to the subject, and then volunteers to give advice thereon gratuitously, either by correspondence or personal interview, to any serious players who may wish to consult him. Certainly, if such players wish to extract any information out of the "Professor," in the way of finding a golden road to fortune, they must resort to his kindly offer of personal advice, for they will get little comfort from his book. Perhaps it is intended as a warning, and not as an encouragement to the practice to which he has devoted his own life; if so, all honour to him; but his meaning might have been expressed a little more clearly. Mr. Bond—it is, perhaps, as well to drop the designation of "Professor," in our ignorance of the authority which entitled him to assume it—magniloquently announces his view of modern history. According to him, it is but the history of the gradual encroachment of science on the domain of chance; this granted, it may be conceded to him that it would indeed be a singular thing if so-called games of chance were the only exception to the rule. We are led to infer, therefore, that, in Mr. Bond's opinion, roulette is incorrectly included among games of chance; probably, in fact, his chief intention in coming before the public is to prove as much as this. Perhaps—in view of Mr. Bond's dictum it is safer not to say *perchance*—he proves a little too much. Some people may be disappointed on opening the manual, and seeing the first paragraph headed "Laws of Roulette," to find that no "Laws," in the sense of rules for playing the game, are given. Mr. Bond, no doubt, takes it for granted that every one is familiar with these. The laws which he undertakes to expound are his exposition of the results of his study of the doctrine of chances; on which he, at any rate, does take on himself to lay down the law with an amount of dogmatism calculated to frighten off any one from venturing to question them. We are told that it is useless for a player to argue on the subject at all until he has thoroughly familiarized himself with these laws, and got them as perfectly in his head as a geometrician has the axioms of Euclid; that, in fact, one might as well criticize the Eiffel Tower without knowing the first principles of mechanics. We are warned that this obvious truism is generally neglected, and that the most ignorant tyro will undertake to give his notion of the laws of roulette, or, worse than all, will unhesitatingly pronounce that it has no laws at all. A careful examination of Mr. Bond's treatise leads rather to the conclusion that, on his showing, this latter is not very far from the truth—namely, that there is very little law about it. According to the definition of the best publicists, a law means a rule obliging to a course of conduct. What course of conduct is the outcome of the principles set forth here? Let us examine his propositions somewhat in detail. Mr. Bond enumerates six different laws. The first he calls the Law of Marches, a *marche* being the particular way of choosing at each spin the colour or chance on which the player elects to stake. The law is that every *marche*, in its results—*i.e.* the proportion of gains and losses—equals every other *marche*. This law Mr. Bond demonstrates from the fact that no one has ever succeeded in inventing a bad *marche*, for if any one did discover such a system—*i.e.* one in which he would lose more bets than he would win—any one else could immediately convert it into a good one by the simple process of reversing it. According to this, it would seem that a player who has convinced himself that his system is a bad one—a conviction at which most players arrive pretty soon—has only got to reverse his system in order to ensure success. But it would be doing Mr. Bond an injustice to assume that he means this. All he means is, that in the long run one system is as good or as bad as another, which may be and probably is true, but certainly is not comforting. It is necessary, in fact, to read in the important qualification, *in the long run*, into most of Mr. Bond's statements about the chances at roulette, and the run is generally long enough to break any individual player who plays at intervals not sufficiently long for his luck to come round again, while to the bank, which

* *The Problem of Roulette.* By Professor J. S. Bond. London: Harrison & Sons. 1889.

plays steadily on and on, the luck really does come round again, so that, even if it had no chances in its favour, it would still have the advantage as against casual opponents. According to the well-understood law of averages, it is quite true that a given figure, or series of figures, will recur a certain number of times within a given series; the difficulty that upsets any system of play is that the series is so long that it is utterly impossible for any player to reckon on being able to hit off with certainty the period of recurrence; he is broken long before it arrives, and has only the melancholy satisfaction of being able to prove that it is mathematically certain that he must have won back his losses if only he could have held out long enough. Mr. Bond depicts accurately enough the phases of illusion and disillusion through which an unfortunate novice passes in his wild-goose chase after a good "march," only to reach the conclusion after all that one is as good, or as bad, as another.

The next law which Mr. Bond enunciates is what he calls the Law of Constant Play and its converse fallacy of occasional play. The law is this:—That, at whatever table you play, and for whatever periods, long or short, the *sum* of all of them will amount to exactly the same chances for or against you as if you had played continuously. He points out that you cannot "cheat luck" by going from table to table, or by playing an hour one day and another hour on the next, or at any other intervals. On any one given occasion a player has just the same chance with any conceivable system, or, as we have seen above, with none at all, of having the run for or against him; but a repetition of these occasional attacks brings him into the sphere of continuous play, and renders him subject to its laws. Here, again, the amount of comfort to be extracted from the law is somewhat negative. Mr. Bond next passes on to what he designates the very important Law of Equilibrium—namely, *that in the long run* there will be absolute equilibrium in the various chances, and in the number of wins and losses, exactly in proportion to the amount of chances for or against them. The fallacy connected with this law is that in any *definite* number of turns an equilibrium of chances will take place. Mr. Bond admits that, though the law is absolutely true in itself, it is utterly useless for practical purposes, because, before the condition of equilibrium is reached, a deviation of incalculable extent may take place, and that Rothschild himself might be ruined while waiting for the equilibrium. This deviation Mr. Bond terms the *Ecart*, and he lays down as his fourth law that its extent is always indefinite, that no one can gauge its probable duration. Though, however, the absolute duration of the écart is indefinite, its percentage, according to Mr. Bond, diminishes with the number of balls spun. This statement is apparently in contradiction to the previously established Law of Equilibrium; and, in fact, Mr. Bond, having made it, immediately proceeds to upset it by demonstrating that, in spite thereof, the net result to a player on a sufficiently large average of spins would as nearly as possible be exactly nothing. The fifth law offered for our acceptance, the Law of Series, is in the following terms—that the recurrence of any series, whether of one colour or of any figure or combination of figures, takes place in the inverse ratio of its complication. This is simply another method of stating the obvious truism that, if the chances are two to one against you, they will turn up—in the long run, be it always borne in mind—exactly twice as often as if they were four to one. It was hardly worth while to go into an elaborate series of calculations, illustrated by diagrams and tables, to establish a proposition of so simple a nature as this. The last law which Mr. Bond undertakes to lay down—the Law of Progressions—is somewhat difficult to analyse, because he does not condescend to state it in any definite terms; but it is evident, from his commentary on it, that it amounts to just about as much as several of his other laws—that is, to nothing. To give his own words at the conclusion of an elaborate exposition of play, "The whole amount of what we shall have painfully won by the ballotage will be exactly swallowed up by the écart."

The Law of the Zero scarcely seems worthy, even in Mr. Bond's estimation, of being dignified by such an imposing title; for he does not attempt to formulate it in terms, and yet it is the mainstay of the bank. As played at Monte Carlo, whenever the Zero turns up the bank, apparently, impounds all the money on the table, and plays the next spin simply on the colour, giving back their stakes to those who have spotted it correctly. It does not require much trouble to demonstrate that this is one chance in thirty-seven absolutely against the player; the bank must win from all who have staked on the wrong colour, and loses nothing to those who have staked on the right. This chance is estimated by Mr. Bond at 1·37 per cent. in favour of the bank; well may he say that Zero has built the Casino and is the real Prince of Monaco. In conclusion, Mr. Bond states the problem thus:—No player can hope to win more bets than the bank by any conceivable *marche* or system, yet each will certainly have to pay the tribute to the Zero, while running the chance of the indefinite écart; is it possible to win against these odds? Mr. Bond hints obscurely that, by new methods in strict adherence to the laws which he has enumerated, success is possible, but he gives no sort of intimation of the nature of the method. Taken as a warning against ever playing roulette, his treatise may possibly be useful; taken as a guide towards the attainment of success in playing the game, it only amounts to what he considers as the principal factor therein—Zero.

A NATURALIST IN NORTH CELEBES.*

OF the five huge islands or small continents which stud the Indian seas between Asia and Australia, the least known, except New Guinea, is perhaps Celebes, which, like a gigantic spider, thrusts its four curious peninsulas north and east and south into the ocean. It is larger than England and Wales, longer than Great Britain, and its coast-line is positively not less than two thousand miles. Of this enormous extent of territory, the centre remains absolutely unexplored and unknown; and, indeed, it is the mere finger-nails on the hands of its immense arms which alone have been described with any minuteness by Europeans. The Dutch are nominally the masters of Celebes; but their sovereignty is limited to a few settlements. As early as 1513, we think, the Portuguese had a factory at Makassar; they abandoned it, and were succeeded by the English about a century later, while in 1667 the Dutch succeeded in violently exiling our countrymen under circumstances not dissimilar to those the record of which has survived in literature in the *Amboyna* of Dryden. According to Mr. Hickson, the author of the fascinating volume before us, the Dutch sway appears to have steadily dwindled. In an account of Dutch Celebes which now lies before us, drawn up some sixty years ago, the settlements of Europeans are much more numerous than Mr. Hickson describes, and Fort Rotterdam, which was then the seat of government, is not so much as mentioned by this latest traveller in Celebes. The present capital is Makassar, a fine town built on either side of a magnificent avenue of tamarind trees in the extreme south-west of the island.

Mr. Hickson's zoological labours, however, were mainly conducted at the opposite, or north-easterly, extremity of the country. Taking a steamer from Makassar, he crossed the Equator, and arrived in three days at Manado, the capital of the northern colony, where a visit from an educated Englishman was hailed as an event as welcome as it was extraordinary. It was Mr. Hickson's purpose to make Manado the centre of his operations, but he had scarcely arrived when he discovered that, by a signal piece of good fortune, a British man-of-war had just reached Banka Straits, the northern frontier of Celebes, for surveying purposes, and that he would be cordially welcomed on board of her. "The chances," he says, "that were thus open to me of choosing a suitable locality for my work, and investigating a large extent of coral reef, before I finally settled down, were such as any naturalist in those regions might dream of for years without realizing"; and consequently he took an opportunity which immediately offered of joining the *Flying Fish* at Banka.

He was soon in the ecstasy of bumping, for the first time, on the jewelled coral-reef of a tropical shore. The Banka Straits is a small sea almost entirely enclosed between Celebes on the south and the lesser islands of Talisse and Ganga on the west and Banka on the east. Wholly unknown to English travellers, these islands are under the sway of Holland; and at Koa, in Talisse, there is a tiny Dutch settlement, with a resident overseer. This Banka Sea is particularly favourable for the work of a naturalist, since its waters are commonly of a glassy stillness, and its coasts present every variety of tropical shore—coral reefs, steep rocks, and river sand. As the guest of the officers of the *Flying Fish*, Mr. Hickson visited all parts of this inland sea, and passed outside it round the corner of Celebes, and even to several of the little-known chain of islands stretching northwards to the Philippines. In the course of this voyage he had the unusual good fortune to be able to explore and ascend the curious oceanic volcano of Ruang. The result of all these explorations, however, was to persuade him that for his peculiar purpose as a zoologist no spot offered so many advantages as Talisse. He therefore parted from his hospitable friends, and proceeded to make the village of Koa his headquarters.

His daily life at Talisse is sketched by Mr. Hickson in graphic, and yet modest, language. He made some discoveries which, we fancy, are not generally known to naturalists. For instance, he was at first greatly disappointed to find that in these tropical waters his surface-net at first almost always came up empty. At last it struck him that, perhaps, he did not come out early enough; and so, in fact, it was; for in the early morning hours every sweep of his net brought up countless pelagic forms of all sorts and sizes. This was probably due to the coolness of the surface at that time of day. Of his experiences, however, the most disappointing seems to have been his attempt at orchid-hunting. It appears that to collect orchid-bulbs in the neighbourhood of the swamps is a remarkably trying employment. The moment you try to pull the orchid away from the tree on which it grows, legions of fierce red ants, of alarming size, turn round upon you, and proceed to run up your arms, down your neck, up inside your trousers, and everywhere else where flesh can be found, and nip you to the verge of madness. Mr. Hickson, however, does not seem to be easily daunted; he made a large collection of bulbs, and then, during a serious illness, they all went bad. Such is life!

A subject to which our naturalist gave a good deal of useful observation was the action of direct exposure to the flood-tide from the open ocean upon coral growth. He thinks that it is owing to the scouring action of the tide settling on the eastern shores of Celebes and the neighbouring islets that the coral does not seem to flourish there. The only two conspicuous mammals

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* *A Naturalist in North Celebes.* By Sydney J. Hickson. With Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray.

which Mr. Hickson observed on Talisse were the tailless black baboon (*Cynopithecus nigrescens*) and that odd nocturnal prowler, the *Cuscus celebensis*; the strange fact being that, of these two forms, one is characteristic of the African fauna and the other of the widely distinct region of Australia. The babirusa, the curious pig of Celebes, common on the mainland close by, is not found wild any longer on Talisse itself. The mangrove swamp proved to be a field of striking interest from a biological point of view. There is some reason to believe that corals feed on vegetable substances, and that their subsistence is to some extent supplied by débris from trees in the mangrove swamps. If this is indeed the case, it is easy to see why the coral-banks in the neighbourhood of these latter are commonly so much more healthy than those which line steeper and barer shores. It also seems probable that the water which drains the mangrove swamps carries down with it a great quantity of carbonic acid in solution, and that this directly stimulates the formation of lime, and, therefore, of the skeleton-walls of growing coral.

After some months spent at Talisse, Mr. Hickson seized an opportunity of visiting the curious and little-known archipelago, or series of archipelagos, lying in the Indian Sea, north of Celebes. The Resident of Manado had to make an official tour through such islands as lie under the protectorate of Holland, and Mr. Hickson was invited, with extreme cordiality, to accompany the party. He was accordingly able to visit places which, it is very probable, no educated Englishman, and very few Europeans of any nationality, had previously seen. The most remote point reached by the expedition was the Nanusa group, inhabited by a cowed and phlegmatic race of Malays, in whose principal village Mr. Hickson was fortunate enough to succeed in purchasing "god-cages" and fetish praus of highly primitive workmanship. A more important archipelago, lying isolated in the northern offing of the Straits of Molucca, is the Talaut Islands, the principal village of which is Pulutan, where a boat was sent ashore to fetch the Rajah:—

> The Rajah of Pulutan and his people were miserable-looking, half-starved individuals, and were all bent half double with awe or fright as they approached the Resident. They seemed to be more comfortable when they were squatting in a row on the deck, and supporting one another shoulder to shoulder, like a group of monkeys. The Rajah's hair was long, black, and rather crimped, and his head was covered with a dirty cloth fashioned like a turban, which he removed when he came on board. He was clothed in a loose-hanging garment of native manufacture; and, judging from his appearance, must have had very little contact at any time with Europeans or European manufactures.

In most of these islands the Resident was met by terrible stories of sickness and death from dysentery. The atmosphere was pestilential, and it appeared that the elements of hygienic care had everywhere been neglected. According to Mr. Hickson, the decrease of this harmless population is mainly due to its persistent laziness and dirtiness. At Béo, in Talaut, three thousand people had died, out of a population of nine thousand, yet it seemed less the climate which was at fault than the absence of all sanitary care. From Talaut they steamed westward to Great Sangir, and passed under the crest of the most formidable of all the fire-spouting mountains of the Moluccas, the awful Awu volcano. One of the most valuable of Mr. Hickson's chapters deals with the characteristics of the Sangir Islands.

The naturalist's return to his station on Talisse was, unhappily, soon followed by a tedious illness. He does not say so; but we may conjecture that the germs of this disease were caught in the fever-stricken villages of Talaut. At all events, it proved so severe that he was obliged to give up his work and return to Manado, on the mainland of Celebes, where he resided, in a fine wholesome air, from January until September 1886, when he returned to England. He occupied the greater part of these months in studying the natural history, language, mythology, and folklore of Minahassa, the Dutch colony which occupies the extremity of the northern peninsula of Celebes, and of which the capital is Manado. In April he visited the interior of the province, passing through mountain scenery of great beauty, and reaching, high up in the brilliant air, the ancient city of Tondano, which lies, among its gardens of flowers, on the shores of a large and romantic lake. The remainder of Mr. Hickson's volume is mainly occupied with chapters on the mythology, the customs, and the romances of the Minahassers, and of various miscellaneous points connected with the history of Northern Celebes. The style of the author is simple and unaffected. He is exceedingly modest with regard to his own exploits, and his occasional frank confessions of failure or of imperfect knowledge give the reader great confidence in the truth of his substantial statements. He has considerably increased our acquaintance with a little-visited portion of the globe. His book is adorned by two good maps, several illustrations, and a remarkably full bibliography of works—the great majority of them in the Dutch language—dealing with Celebes and its products.

LORD ROSSLYN'S POEMS.*

THE larger and more interesting portion of Lord Rosslyn's new book of poems is occupied entirely by the sonnet, a metrical form familiar to the author, and one in which he has repeatedly sought and achieved distinction. The present volume, by its wider range and fuller representation of the poet's gifts and craftsmanship, will strengthen the favourable impression created by his earlier and slighter publication. Lord Rosslyn's sonnets comprise many specimens that are certain to please the sensitive ear and the critical faculty of purists. That they do not invariably run with the little theories of pedants, who treat the "scanty plot" like a surveyor with a five-foot rule and decry the sinful luxury of free rhyming, is a matter that leaves us entirely undisturbed. Grace and simplicity, a happy facility of expression, and verse that has a dulcet flow, distinguish the greater number of Lord Rosslyn's sonnets. They are in Italian form and in English; and, whether orthodox or free, they are, with few exceptions, true sonnets and individual poems, never sonnet-stanzas, though a continuity of mood or emotion is naturally and gracefully maintained through a sequence of the poems. So much has been written of late on the structure of the sonnet in the merely sterile way of pedantry that there was, and is still, a real danger that the sonnet would be degraded to a mechanical toy in the hands of formalists. Indeed, it has fared no better in the exercise-books of not a few minor singers. From this or any other species of artifice Lord Rosslyn's poetry is absolutely free. Whether it is the sonnets of personal or social inspiration, or those of meditation, or the memorial sonnets, or the sonnets of places—and in these two latter sections we find the best of the poet's work—the poetic impulse possesses the poetic form as a guiding, controlling, inspiring force. Sweetness and fluency, clearness of vision, a happy simplicity of diction, characterize the sonnets. The poet himself is not more just when he confesses his sympathy with calm, clear utterance of poetic truth and his distrust of "clamorous sublimities" and distempered rhapsody:—

> The Muse I love belongs to every age;
> And, true herself, writes truth, and truth alone;
> Nature and truth live pictured on her page;
> Without the one the others were undone.

The confession of this modest faith is amply sustained by the charming "Tyrolean Sonnets," a melodious series of descriptive and contemplative poems which will afford pleasure to all lovers of the sonnet. A pretty fancy is quaintly treated in the following samples from the "Sonnets of Meditation" on neglected old prints in a portfolio:—

> They lie within this purgatorial book,
> In patient waiting for the Day of Doom,
> As lost, as labours of the Tyrian loom,
> This courtly smile or that imperious look!
> Here simpers Phyllis with a flowery crook,
> And there frowns one who sought the cannon's boom,
> And courted peril, as a mistress whom
> He madly worshipped, and by yonder brook
> A loving pair stand gazing into space—
> They whisper fondly of their future home,
> Though dead a hundred years! A cruel fate
> Is theirs indeed, each packed within this case—
> Unhappy prisoners in a dusty tome
> That closes o'er them like the Inferno's Gate!

Some of Lord Rosslyn's most notable sonnets will be found among those commemorative of distinguished personages; and these, like the various sets of sonnets in the book, are marked by the eloquence of sincerity and simplicity. Lord Rosslyn evidently loves not that windy yet imposing sonority of phrase which is the staple of most post-Rossettian sonnets. He is not afraid of being monosyllabic through a whole verse, nor of plain rhymes in an Italian form; and his sonnets seldom hang at the rhyming, as in the modern manner. To give one more example, here is one of the "Tyrolean Sonnets"; its title "The Priest at Gastein":—

> If pleasure were the aim and end of all,
> And Life, so called, to be the final bound
> Of my existence; then this thrilling sound—
> Tumultuous music of the waterfall
> At play for ever with the rocks—might call
> My days to poesy, and this spangled ground,
> Where nature's fairest offerings abound,
> Might be my couch and they at last my pall.
> But the proud prodigal Earth is not my home,
> Nor the dark forest my abiding place;
> These passing blooms but captivate the eye.
> The closer sanctuary needs me, and I come
> To guide a wayward and rebellious race
> To Him who bore His Cross to Calvary.

The "Translations" and "Stanzas for Music," with which Lord Rosslyn's book concludes, include some admirable renderings from Béranger, Musset, Lamartine, and Murger; while in the lyrical section that follows there are several songs that cannot but appeal to composers of music, and may, we trust, in their hands, find sympathetic setting. It is time that the general dreariness of latter-day "song-words" should be redeemed.

* *Sonnets and Poems.* By the Earl of Rosslyn. Dedicated to the Queen. London: Remington & Co. 1889.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

VII.

WRITERS who follow the method of M. Jules Verne lag far behind that lively and ingenious inventor. Mr. André, indeed, is an exception; but Mr. André is no imitator, and his *Conquest of the Moon* is altogether an exceptional book, whereas we have nothing but a careful imitation of M. Jules Verne in *Babylon Electrified* (Chapman & Hall), a translation from the

French by Frank Linstow White, with illustrations by Montader. The story tells of the exploitation of Mesopotamia by a wealthy Englishman and French and English engineers, whose aim is to restore prosperity to Babylon by electricity. The party comprises Sir John Badger, Baronet, always spoken of as "Lord Badger," his daughter, "Miss Nelly," a good study of the "English Miss," a pressman, a German archæologist picked up *en route* to Babylon, and two engineers, who become enamoured of the lively Miss Nelly and desperate rivals. The French origin and the American printing of the book are tolerably apparent, apart from the title-page. "Traveler," of course, we have, and in one place we read "two liters of hydrogen for one liter of oxygen." The adjective "vulgar," applied to a magpie, instead of the English equivalent "common," is another freak of translation. The story has but a languid movement until the final catastrophe is approached, and is, on the whole, heavy reading for romantic spirits. The scheme of the electricians is, however, cleverly devised. It involves the utilization of solar heat by means of the identical apparatus described and depicted in the *Conquest of the Moon*, and embraces lighting, heating, irrigation, and other means of restoring a ruined kingdom. The drawings by Montader are as good as French book illustration is wont to be. Mr. Kirk Munroe's *Golden Days of* '49 (W. H. Allen & Co.) is a sample from American literature for boys, and may be prescribed as an excellent alterative to sufferers from a surfeit of sea stories. It is a vivacious narrative of the fortunes of two adventurers in the early days of Californian gold-fields. The author shows an intimate knowledge of the country and the desperate society of the diggings. One of his heroes is a diverting character. His whole vocabulary is compacted of the slang of the gaming-saloons and miners' lingo. When his companion rescues him from a dilemma that looks like a *ne plus ultra*, his enthusiasm is striking:—"Pard, you're the bulliest kind of a trump that ever was led for a man to follow! You're a circus with three rings! Do we hold over Bowers? You may bet your sweet life we do! Have we got him where the wool's all wore off the top of his head? Oh, little old Lizy Jane and all the girls! Never mind me, pard. I'm a brass band, and I've got to toot. Hooray for Andy Jackson!" Bowers is a sneaking villain who has possessed himself of a certain map which is the key to a mysterious Val d'Oro they had intended to prospect. Here they find nuggets as plentiful as plums in a Christmas pudding, so plentiful that the Californian is troubled by the abundance, finding it "harder to play a hand that's all face cards and trumps, according to Hoyle, than one that don't show a colour in the pan"—a pretty confusion of metaphors. "Thirsty Thurston," as he is called, is always entertaining, and never at a loss at the pinch of peril. Referring to the scores of abandoned towns and settlements in California, and the common reproach of foreigners that there are no ruins in America, he exclaims:—"Ruins! Well, now, if this here little old State of California can't beat the shell for ruins, same as she does for everything else that can be mentioned, then I'm a galoot! Why, stranger, in the amount and variety and generally ornery aspect of our ruins, we can easy lay over the world, and not half try." But Mr. Munroe's story must be read. It is thoroughly enjoyable from first to last. *The Hermit Hunter of the Wilds* (Blackie & Sons), by Dr. Gordon Stables, is the story of a boy who loved to dream of combining the incompatible pursuits of hunter and anchorite. Growing up, he starts off on a mission to find a lost friend in the wilds of Ecuador, and has the best of luck in adventures and the happy result of his enterprise. As in Mr. Hutcheson's *Black Man's Ghost*, the story introduces us to the Galapagos Islands and a buccaneer's treasure. For sheer fortuitous meetings Dr. Stables's story beats the record. Never did writer so defy the doctrine of cool calculators.

Independence of another kind is shown by Dr. Stables in *Exiles of Fortune*, one of a goodly collection of wholesome and interesting gift-books for the young issued by Messrs. J. F. Shaw & Co. In this story we are interested at the opening in the unhappy severance, through a misunderstanding, of two young men, one of whom flies the country, thinking he has caused the death of his friend. He joins a party voyaging to Alaska and Arctic seas; and of these two youths we hear little or nothing till the very last chapter. The voyage and its incidents are full of interest; yet we resent somewhat plunging into what is virtually a new story. From Messrs. Shaw & Co.'s list we select Mrs. Marshall's admirable, lifelike, and artistic tale, *The End Crowns All*; Miss Emily Holt's historical romances, *Behind the Veil* and *It Might Have Been*, the last an eminently successful example of the writer's careful, yet picturesque, treatment of historical material; and Mrs. Shaw's sound and interesting moral story, *Lilian's Hope*, with its effective illustration of conflicting love and duty. By Jennie Chappell we have a pretty story for children, *Little Radiance*, and *Berne's Bargain*, fully as pleasing, and enforcing lessons for young boys, never wholly needless. The difficulty of blending religious instruction with fiction is attacked with varying success in *Little Ruth's Lady*, by E. Everett-Green; *Miss Mollie and her Boys*, by L. Marston; Mrs. Marshall's *Robert's Race*, and Miss Stebbings's "*Never and For Ever*," and in the last two the didactic purpose is skilfully subordinated to what should be the first aim of the story-teller. In *Shaw's Popular Stories* are contributions by Mrs. Meade, Brenda, Emily S. Holt, and other practised hands, and excellent cheap fiction is supplied by "Shaw's Home Series," in which we note new editions of *Gipsy Rock*, *Joyce Tregarthen*, &c., and by "Shaw's Penny Series," which includes *The Expected Guest*, by S. W. Oswald, a capital little story, and *The Boy Martyr*, a much less edifying tale. Finally, to close our survey of Messrs. Shaw's books with a *bonne bouche*, we have a pleasant story about children in Emily Brodie's *Old Christie's Cabin*.

At the head of Messrs. Nelson & Sons' books must be placed a new illustrated edition of *The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*, with tasteful binding, good woodcuts, red-edged paper, and good type. Altogether a popular book in comely guise. The heroine of the Rev. E. A. Rand's *Margie at the Harbour Light* is the pious daughter of a lighthouse-keeper; she is well charged with religious convictions, and courageously improves every occasion for their strengthening. The experienced lady who writes under the mystical letters A.L.O.E. carries us far afield in *Beyond the Black Waters*, a story of the blameless Karens of Burmah, concerning whom the author offers an interesting account derived from sound sources. The sensational element in the book is a little too obtrusive, and the story is not skilfully told. *Follow the Right*, by G. E. Wyatt, is a story in praise of the inflexible discharge of duty—a good story altogether, with an absurd illustration by way of frontispiece, which is intended to depict a schoolboy pluckily saving a spaniel from an approaching train, but reveals a deliberate boy placing the unfortunate beast in the way of the engine for instant execution. The converse of this graphic art is shown in the delightful picture of a boy riding an ostrich in Eleanor Stredder's bright and brisk story of a boy's life in South Africa, *Jack and his Ostrich*. *The Pilgrim's Progress* is read originally, everybody must admit, for the story's sake, and the allegory is left for mature cogitation. *Going on Pilgrimage*, by Lucy Taylor, appears to be designed to rectify this ancient usage. It supplies a commentary to the book and explains Bunyan's allegory. The thing is done with judgment; but was it worth doing? We protest we cannot think it necessary, though harmless it may well be.

Mrs. Maclehose's treatment of the *Faerie Queene* belongs to another category of work. Her *Tales from Spenser* (Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons) is a delightful book for children. The allegory is properly ignored, comment there is none, and the writer narrates the fascinating legends of Una, Florimel, Pastorella, and so forth, with admirable fidelity and sympathy, in a style that is both simple and elegant. The book could not have been better executed had it been the work of the Lambs. Mrs. Molesworth's stories are deservedly favourites with parents as well as with children. *The Rectory Children*, with drawings by Walter Crane (Macmillan & Co.), is a very interesting example, the heroine of which is an odd, cross, uncomfortable little girl, ever in scrapes and ever engaging for all her wilful ways. Her triumphant evolution upwards in conduct and temper is depicted with admirable art. Mr. Alfred Fryer's *Travels in Dreamland* (Swan Sonnenschein) is a fairy tale endowed with a fair proportion of old-fashioned glamour and fancy. The hero of Mr. John Bickerdyke's pretty fairy-legend, *An Irish Midsummer Night's Dream* (Sampson Low & Co.), is an angler on an Irish lake, depicted with an angler's enthusiasm for the craft. The fairy scenes are delicately presented, and Mr. Morant Cox's graceful illustrations are very sympathetic with the author's charming phantasy. Stories for girls reveal little variety of scope, though some are less like the ordinary girl's book of the season than a full-fledged novel. *For Honour's Sake*, by Jennie Chappell (Partridge), has this larger projection. It is fairly interesting, smoothly written, with some power of character-sketching, and far too prolix in narration. Another story needlessly prolonged is *Mr. Orde's Grandchildren*, by Cecilia S. Lowndes (Nisbet & Co.), a family story, the domestic interest of which is scarcely sufficient to sustain the reader to the end. *One Little Vein of Dross* (Nisbet & Co.)—an odd title, by the way—is a story told by a young lady who married a rich man and discovered one little vein of dross in his character, which proved to be, after all, no very serious matter. It is a wholesome and placid recital. Mrs. W. S. Burton's *Annabel* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), an excellent story for young girls, is healthy in tone and full of stirring sentiment, without a touch of sentimentality.

Among novelties for children we have a "movable toy book," designed by Lothar Meggendorfer, *Curious Creatures* (Grevel & Co.), with ingenious pictures of animals, birds, and insects, which by a simple mechanical contrivance become exceedingly gay and active. Even the snail on a vine-leaf pops out of his shell on pulling a card tab, while the astonishing weasel in the long grass plays at hide-and-seek with three sly rabbits. This is a very diverting book for the nursery. *Laugh and Learn*, by Jennett Humphreys (Blackie & Son), offers the little ones the shortest and pleasantest road to the mastery of home-lessons of every description. If ever learning was reconciled to play, it is in this ingenious and useful volume. *Children's Stories in English Literature*, by Henrietta Christian Wright (Ward & Downey), comprises sketches of historical characters, poets, kings, statesmen, heroes, not in all respects so simple in style as children require. The paraphrases of Spenser and Chaucer are simple even to baldness; but there is not a little in the book that will make young listeners or readers ready inquirers. Perhaps this result is part of the author's intent. Miss Alice Weber's *Some Other People* is a pretty story, with pretty illustrations, of the pleasant means devised by certain kind folk to make the recovery of some sick children pleasant and profitable. Most children will be pleased with the "fragile fancies" that form the staple of *Soap Bubbles* (Smith & Innes),

a collection of dainty stories and sketches of fairies, and the like, with drawings by T. Pym.

Two young people of wonderful gifts, a boy and a girl, figure in Mr. Frank Stockton's *What Might Have Been* (Allen & Co.) They are miracles of self-control, resource, enterprise, and "grit." Among other deeds hitherto appropriated by adults, they float a telegraph company, and appear to carry their project to actual working successfully. We are compelled to speak with bated confidence, because some twenty pages, at the critical point of the story, are missing from our copy of the book. The Christmas Annuals this year make the usual display of chromos and supplementary plates. The *Graphic* offers the bravest pictorial show in colour with Mr. Hugh Thomson's humorous "Two Jolly Postboys"; Mr. Frank Dadd's "Snowed up at Christmas," "Uncle Bill's Pie" by "Mars," and so forth. The "preliminary number" of the *Daily Graphic* issued with the Christmas number will stimulate curiosity with regard to the new venture, which can scarcely contrive to be as retrospective and antiquarian as the specimen before us. The *Illustrated London News* is an attractive number, with capital illustrations by F. Barnard, Caton Woodville, F. Hœcker, G. A. Storey, A.R.A., and others. Messrs. Christie Murray and H. Holman's "Sweetbriar in London" occupies the place of honour in the letterpress. *Yule Tide* (Cassell & Co.) has more variety of entertainment than either of its elder rivals. The chromo, after Mr. G. W. Joy's "Wellington at Angers," is uncommonly good; and the remaining designs, by Mr. Barnard, Miss Alice Havers, Mr. Dadd, and others, are above the average execution of Christmas numbers. *Punch's Christmas Number* is *Punch's Almanack*, it seems, with a new face and the old contributors with pen and pencil. There is a retrospect of the year, with a panorama of wondrous comprehensiveness by Mr. Harry Furniss, a "Carnival of Nations," by Mr. Tenniel, and an entirely delightful "Haggard Annual." We have also received the *World* Christmas number, "Quinnion's Quest," with sketch-pictures of social gatherings by Mr. Bryan; the *Belgravia Annual*, with stories by "John Strange Winter," Curtius Yorke, Florence Marryat, and others; and *Diprose's Annual*, illustrated, with short stories and verse by Mrs. Sale Lloyd, John Latey, jun., Howard Paul, and other writers.

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND DIARIES.

MESSRS. MARCUS WARD & CO. have again sent us many pretty booklets and cards. Amongst the former, one illustrating Mr. Baring-Gould's well-known Evening Hymn for children and the Benedictus and Venite, separately illuminated, are specially to be noticed. "My Lady's Garden," a Calendar for 1890, in form of a small book giving instructions in gardening for every month, is not only useful, but ornamental. C. S. Calverley's "A B C Ball-room Comedy" is very well illustrated by May Oulton. "Showers of Blessings" is a pocket-booklet, but a very pretty one, with a text on one side of each of its pages and a flower on the other. Amongst the Christmas cards, perhaps a series of three cards (257) representing three frogs sleighing is the most original. Then there are "The Kitten and the Toys" (050), three mice and their several adventures (274), four cards depicting severally a butterfly, bee, wasp, and spider (165), that are all delightful. Amongst the landscape cards, Nos. 390 and 991 are, perhaps, the best. The Straw-hats (421), "Toppers" (423*a*), and Walnuts (353) will please many. Amongst the folding cards, one disclosing a landscape with a spray of flowers on each side (1264) is particularly pretty. Besides those we have already mentioned amongst the collection of little books and cards from Messrs. S. Hildesheimer & Co., "Echoes from Song Land," a selection of poems by various authors, very well illustrated by W. B. Marnock; "Melted in Snow," another collection of poems, illustrated; "Christmas Bells," illustrated by A. T. Leydon; "Cathedral Chimes," illustrated by F. P. Barraud, are all worthy of notice; whilst "Here's Fun! Scraps from the Old Screen," by E. F. Manning, is really original. "Silver Pathways" is a set of twelve Scripture texts, which, with their pretty landscapes, would be a delightful addition to any sick-room. The prettiest of the cards are (1019) little children looking out of window, and surrounded by robins; a bell folding card (1018); a group of swallows (1054); and a quantity of cards with different iridescent designs, amongst the best of which are (1069) a white rose-spray and butterfly, beautifully executed; a set of two cards, one with some marguerites, another with forget-me-nots (1064); a butterfly and grass (1071); a spider's web (1048); a small bunch of wild-flowers and grass (1065); a cross decorated with grass (954).

From Messrs. Prang & Co., Boston, we have received *Notes from Mendelssohn*, which contains on each page some bars of Mendelssohn's music, some verses, and an illustration by Louis K. Harlow, and some Christmas cards with good designs, amongst which a little child asleep surrounded with pictures of her dreams. A card with a complete wooden doll on one side, and a broken arm and leg on the other, is very quaint.

Messrs. Thos. De la Rue & Co. have sent us a charming collection of diaries; those enclosed in russia-leather purses are particularly attractive. One in an embossed leather case (2240, size B) is pretty, whilst a very small one in a leather case will be the most useful for carrying about, as it takes up no room. Another useful form of a pocket diary is the condensed one enclosed in a narrow leather case. Then there are calendars in all sizes, which, in their bright leather frames, are always a nice addition to a writing-table. Messrs. John Walker & Co. have sent us very good specimens of their diaries, bound in leather, with pencils at the back; No. 2 is a very good size for the pocket; No. 4 is far larger, but has the merit of having pockets, which make it useful as a letter-case.

From Messrs. W. Collins, Sons, & Co. we have received diaries of different sizes, bound in leather. The Portable Diary, "showing a week at an opening"; the Handy Diary, "showing one page for each day"; the Gentleman's Diary, with the pencil attached, and the Pocket Diary. The Scribbling Diary, interleaved with blotting-paper, is a particularly nice one.

Letts's diaries, published by Cassell & Co., are of all sorts and sizes. Amongst them the Office Diary and Almanac (9) is the most perfect, though naturally the most bulky, containing, as it does, a concise Whitaker. No. 27 will be found a very convenient pocket diary. From Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh we have received some hanging calendars—"A Dial of Daies" and "The Book-post Calendar" being both quaint and original; Blackwood's Scribbling Diary, containing an almanac on the cover, and Pettitt's Octavo Diary, both interleaved with blotting-paper, are to be recommended.

Some more very comely diaries reach us from Messrs. Marcus Ward. The four-part division system of this firm has been well approved by practice, and their outer clothing of the books is highly satisfactory. A crocodile-leather card-case form, a small reporter's note-book shape, and a moderate-sized pocket-book purse, with diary inside, may all be commended in their different ways as specimens of good and elegant work.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH to a good taste few more attractive *étrennes* could present themselves or be presented than M. Jouaust's long-promised re-issue, in the severe elegance of his *Bibliothèque Artistique*, of Musset's Dramatic Works (1), we cannot resist mentioning it under the head of Literature, which it is, first of all, rather than under that of Christmas Books. For the accompaniments M. Jouaust has got M. Jules Lemaître to supply the introduction, M. Delort to design, and M. Boilvin to etch the illustrations. These latter consist of a portrait (very good) and a frontispiece to each drama. The plate allotted to *La nuit vénitienne* seems to us the best, that to *Fantasio* the least good. If the Princess was like that, we do not greatly envy Fantasio, and we do not see how he himself (however he might have obeyed her in trying *contrefaire sa taille*) could have made his head, and especially his face, several sizes too large for his body. The design is gracefully conceived, however; and so are they all. M. Jules Lemaître was not likely to go wrong on such a theme. *C'est quelque chose qui est à part*, says he (as all the good critics have said, while all the bad ones wonder what we mean), and he works this out very well by showing how the most ingenious person who had not read Musset could not deduce him *à priori* from other [French] dramatists. We bracket [French] because M. Lemaître, with his usual ill luck in speaking of Shakspeare—usual, but not extraordinary, seeing that he knows no English—includes Shakspeare in the list. Now, as it happens, Shakspeare is the one and only dramatic author in whom germs of Musset are perceptible. Take *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, the best parts of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and part of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and, given also the characteristics of the nineteenth as distinguished from the seventeenth century, you may dimly evolve the conception of something like *Fantasio* and *Les caprices de Marianne*. Again, says M. Lemaître, "Vous ne trouverez pas l'ombre de romanesque dans *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*." Really? Nothing could show better the difference of the point of view. But we are not now desirous of breaking lances with M. Lemaître. Musset is one of the very rare authors whom, like certain (also very rare) persons of the other sex, lovers may agree to love in different ways, and for different excellences, and almost without mutual jealousy. And the last sentence of the essay (in which M. Lemaître principally applies himself to represent Musset as *poète de l'amour*) is so good that, though it may seem familiar, we must quote an ancient author, and say, "Brayvo, Jools!" "Le poète, nous déroulant le drame de l'amour, nous montre surtout notre grande misère, et il n'y sait point de remède, car il n'y en a pas; mais la façon dont il l'exprime nous donne à un degré rare cette impression de beauté pour la production de laquelle il est possible que le monde ait été uniquement créé." That is not only excellent writing—M. Lemaître's writing always is—it is criticism. The pieces which the volume contains are *La nuit vénitienne*, *André del Sarto*, *Les caprices de Marianne*, and *Fantasio*.

It is good that M. Charpentier should have added Hugo to the authors included in his well-known pocket-editions. Hitherto there has been no pocket-edition of any of the poet's work except

(1) *Théâtre d'Alfred de Musset.* Tome 1. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(2) *Œuvres poétiques de Victor Hugo—Les orientales; Les feuilles d'automne.* Paris: Charpentier.

(the publisher's notice forgets this, but we are not sure that it was not contraband) the little "Genève et New York" edition, 1853, of the *Châtiments*. It is to be hoped that the present issue will be followed up by others.

So much was gossiped in the newspapers about the drama in which M. Daudet followed up *L'immortel* (3) with a sketch of *Strugforlifisme* (we are not sure that this form has actually been reached, but it is a correct deduction from *Strugforlifeur*), that nothing need be said about its subject now. There are strong situations in it, but it is still much more of a novel than of a play; though the conclusion is dramatic, at least melodramatic, enough in all conscience. For the figure of Paul Astier is not simple or universal enough for a dramatic centre; it has exactly the fault of the excellent Dr. Ibsen's heroes and heroines, that it is only a thing of "mode," and mode, though admirable in comedy, is not fit for serious drama. Maria Antonia, on the other hand, is tragic enough, but hers is tragedy which wants alexandrines and the grand manner. The best compliment we can pay M Daudet is to say that we should like to have seen Musset's idea (in verse of course) of the scene where the Duchess discovers, pardons, and separates from her husband and would-be murderer. But M. Daudet's *moyens* are not quite up to this. There is a preface apologetic of *L'immortel*; but M. Daudet mistakes the reason of the disgust which that book excited. It was not the attack on the Academy, but the kind of attack, which sickened readers.

M. Jouaust's *Nouvelle Héloïse* (4) goes on steadily, and has already far distanced any other edition of the book, in grace, portability, and distinction. We have before now said what we have to say of it, and can only repeat it or refer to it. But this third part contains in a note what we have always thought one of the classical places of Jean-Jacques. "Jamais," says he in a note, "son [La Rochefoucauld's] triste livre ne sera goûté des bonnes gens." To which it may be observed that those who cannot "taste" both La Rochefoucauld and Jean-Jacques go but *clopin-clopant* in literature.

M. Bocher (5) is one of those numerous good persons who make one doubt whether to laugh or cry. He thinks that the nineteenth century "aura à enregistrer le développement le plus extraordinaire qui se soit jamais accompli dans l'œuvre naturelle de l'humanité." So have we heard of a youthful weasel, who, he also by himself he, was persuaded that he had hit upon the development the most extraordinary of the natural work of viverrinity. But the thoughts of his grandmother were different.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE *Life of William Ellis*, by Edmund Kell Blyth (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), sets forth the career of an ardent educational reformer, whose labours in the cause of popular education date from the very commencement of the movement, and resulted in the foundation of the first of the Birkbeck schools in 1848, soon after the death of the excellent Dr. Birkbeck, who established the Mechanics' Institutions once so prevalent in London and other towns. Years before this date, however, William Ellis was actively engaged as a writer and a lecturer in advocating the elevation of the masses by education. He was one of the pioneers of popular education, and a relentless worker both as a theorist and a teacher, pushing his views on social economy with extraordinary pertinacity, regardless of all snubs and rebuffs, even in quarters that less sanguine men might have deemed inaccessible. He had early in life framed his system, and upheld it with fervour. It was an age of systems, of lecturing, of schemes for raising the people by the spread of knowledge, and wonderful were many of the means by which it was sought to spread knowledge. Not all the systems possessed the vitality of those of Bell and Lancaster, or Pestalozzi, or Froebel; some enjoyed an extremely little day, and died unlamented. But William Ellis, despite his business as underwriter to a large insurance Company, continued to get through an immense amount of work in carrying out his philanthropic plans. He was associated with the Utilitarian men, his social economy being based to some extent on the writings of Bentham and James Mill; he spread knowledge, in conjunction with Brougham, when the "Useful Knowledge Society" of the "learned friend" was newly instituted; he contributed to the *Westminster Review* from the first, and, subsequent to the establishment of many Birkbeck schools, published a variety of pamphlets and books on education and political economy. Of his writings, the best known, and that which best illustrates his method, is *Philo-Socrates*, which appeared five-and-twenty years since. He wrote much on political, or social, economy, as he preferred it, sometimes in the form of a treatise, and occasionally in the popular illustrative style adopted by Harriet Martineau, of which his *Education as a Means of Preventing Destitution* is a good example. The very title is only too expressive of the sanguine hopes of a past generation of reformers. Almost to the close of his busy life Ellis ceased not to write. With the advent of national education and the Board schools his ready pen found material for letters and pamphlets. There was ever some crisis at hand to be discussed, some *Pressing Want of Our Time* to be urged, as the schoolmaster abroad became more than ever abroad under the new order, and the new cry for the "improved schoolmaster" was heard in the land. That cry is still raised in the wilderness, "educationists" are still among us imagining many vain things if not furiously raging, and Mr. Blyth's book may usefully remind these reformers what a fleeting show is all the literature on the subject, and how little permanent are the best of all possible systems.

The latest addition to the elegant "Knickerbocker Nuggets" Series comprises two volumes of American war songs, edited by Mr. George Cary Eggleston—*American War Ballads and Lyrics* (Putnam's Sons)—a collection that represents the patriotic poetry of the colonial wars, the revolution, the naval actions of 1812, the Mexican war, and the great Civil War. The editor's aim has been to reject no song that was not either popular at one time or that remains popular to this day. No standard of poetry has determined Mr. Eggleston's choice. He finds a place for song that is absolutely commonplace and trivial side by side with lyrics of genuine inspiration, merely on the ground that both alike have been the solace of the soldier in camp or on the march. Then, again, modern ballads of old traditions, such as Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride," and poems written by gentlemen who took their ease at home while North raged against South in the field, are liberally represented with the simple and stirring chants written by and sung by soldiers. The result is an extremely varied and interesting collection, with useful editorial notes, and charming vignette illustrations and tail-pieces. The second volume is entirely composed of lyrics of the Civil War, like the *Bugle Notes* of Mr. F. F. Browne, and similar collections previously published. Not a few of the songs are well known, and not a few deserve to be rescued from the obscurity of newspapers and magazines where they first appeared. Here are Mr. Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie" and Mr. Lowell's "Jonathan to John"; Mr. J. W. Palmer's "Stonewall Jackson's Way" and Mr. Lathrop's rousing song of Chancellorsville, "Keenan's Charge"; "The Bay Fight," "Sherman's March to the Sea," "The Conquered Banner," "Marching through Georgia," and so forth. As poetry, the most popular songs, such as "John Brown" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," do not rise above the level of revival or Salvation Army hymns; but they "stirred the hearts of patriots," as Mr. Eggleston says, and are properly included with better things in a martial anthology.

Self-Discipline, by the Rev. Richard Glover, M.A. (Nisbet & Co.), is a memoir of the author's son, a young man who was gifted, we willingly believe, with all the graces and virtues ascribed to him by the writer. "We may see here," writes Mr. Glover, "what Christianity can do for young men. Amongst the 'evidences' that Christianity is indeed of God, we may confidently appeal to such a character as this. It is the testimony of all who know him intimately, that it was as nearly perfect as could be in this fallen world." From this it is plain that Mr. Glover's views on "evidences" are a little odd, and the reader who survives this introductory statement will find other and still more curious "evidences" before he is half through the record of Percy Clabon Glover's boyhood.

Mrs. Haweis, in her *Art of Housekeeping* (Sampson Low & Co.), has provided young ladies newly wed with an excellent manual of practical advice on the choice and keeping of a house, the engagement and control of servants, dress, food, furniture, and other necessary and troublous matters, together with much sensible "coaching" with respect to "shops and stores, costs and quantities," and other economic mysteries. We have also to note a new edition of *Beautiful Houses*, by the same writer (Sampson Low & Co.), wherein may be found serviceable hints anent the decoration of the house.

Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace's *Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), one of the most delightful and suggestive of modern books of travel, is appropriately added to the "famous books" comprised in the cheap and excellent "Minerva Library," edited by Mr. G. T. Bettany. The new edition is carefully revised by the author, printed in good, clear type, and illustrated by a map and woodcuts.

The miniature "Stott Library," a charming series of bijou reprints, now includes Lamb's *Essays of Elia*, in two volumes (David Stott), with two beautiful etchings of Edmonton Churchyard and Lamb's cottage at Edmonton. This is the prettiest of all pocket-editions of *Elia*.

The "O. U. R. Books," a new venture in shilling sensations, comprises, among other stories, *The Jaws of Death*, by Grant Allen (Simpkin & Co.), and *Nurse Revel's Mistake*, by Florence Warden (Simpkin & Co.) The former is a blood-freezing recital of an adventure in a waxworks exhibition at San Francisco. Miss Warden's story is full of ingenuity, if not altogether plausible. It tells of the trials of a young prince who is "shadowed" by Russian police, and it introduces a novelty in the art of assassinating kings.

One of the handsomest and most convenient editions of the Greek Testament ever issued has just proceeded from the Clarendon Press (Oxford and Amen Corner), printed on India paper, morocco-bound. There are nearly two hundred pages of critical appendix, while the text occupies more than six hundred. With Dr. Sanday setting in order Bishop Lloyd's recension of sixty years

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(3) *La lutte pour la vie.* Par Alphonse Daudet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *La nouvelle Héloïse.* Troisième partie. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(5) *L'Univers, Hier—Aujourd'hui—Demain.* Par A. Bocher. Paris: Ollendorff.

ago and the Westcott-Hort edition collated, not to mention much else, there is little fear of shortcoming in scholarship; while in presentation the book is a model.

In *Master of his Fate*, by J. Maclaren Cobban (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons), we find a little of Zanoni, much more of Louis Grayle, a little of the folly that pseudo-scientists hail, a touch of the Wandering Jew, and of deeds that vampires do, of persons hystero-driven, of Frankenstein and Lord Ruthven. And having composed this stuff, Mr. Cobban says "Hold, enough!"

In the "Statesmen" Series Miss Charlotte M. Yonge has contributed a *Life of H.R.H. the Prince Consort* (Allen & Co.), a skilful example of condensation, and one that utilizes, with excellent results, the abundant material available.

For young people a similar abstract is set forth by Mr. Arthur Montefiore, whose *David Livingstone: his Labours and his Legacy* (Partridge & Co.), is written in a pleasing style, and well illustrated by woodcuts and maps.

A capital selection, edited by Mr. J. E. Cabot, is the *Emerson's Poems* (Routledge), recently added to "Routledge's Pocket Library."

Among new editions we have to acknowledge *A Roman Singer*, by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan); *Beechcroft at Rockstone*, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Macmillan); Mr. George Hooper's *Waterloo*, "Bohn's Standard Library" (Bell & Sons); and Mr. H. D. Traill's *Coleridge*, "English Men of Letters" Series (Macmillan & Co.)

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TRADE-UNION THREATS.

IT may be known by this morning whether the defeat of the attempt of the South Metropolitan Gas-Workers' Union to dictate to the Company is or is not to prove the starting-point of another and a much more serious attempt of the same kind in a much larger district of London. The rumour that the workmen of the Gas Light and Coke Company intend to strike in order to compel Mr. LIVESEY's Board to surrender is indeed a mere rumour. It may be, and even probably is, the offspring of foolish talk on the part of workmen who have no more means of influencing the Gas Light and Coke servants' Union than any other casual portion of the public. We need not believe that the story is the more likely to be true because it has not been contradicted. No doubt the Northern Union has a sympathy with the Southern, and would not be sorry to see Mr. LIVESEY beaten. If it can promote his defeat by allowing stories of its intention to take its own coat off to go about undenied, it may well keep its peace, but is not on that account much the more likely to take the very serious step of calling out its men. But, though rumour is only rumour, and silence does not always mean determination, it will not be matter for much surprise if the Gas Light and Coke Company has been served with notices by its men, or is so served a week hence. The course which the Union is believed to meditate has been adopted by other similar bodies, and is at this moment being followed by the Amalgamated Seamen and Firemen. The history of the last four months shows that a large proportion of the workmen have thoroughly persuaded themselves that they have the right to dictate to the community and the power to enforce their orders. It is an undeniable fact that the success of Mr. LIVESEY would be a blow for the Unions. The South Metropolitan Gas Company denies that it meant to attack the Union, and is entitled to deny it; but it undoubtedly did intend to introduce, and has introduced, a system of working which will diminish the risk of strikes by making unanimous action nearly impossible. The Unions may naturally regard this as an attack, and resent it accordingly. That Unions which have not been thus attacked should feel themselves in danger, and take the offensive, would not be at all surprising after the experience we have had. It would be unwise in them, and selfish too; but then angry men are not commonly judicious, and there would be nothing which should be unexpected in their selfishness.

It is in any case not a waste of time or care to consider the probability of such an event, or to take a little thought as to what should be done in case it did happen. Its occurrence is not shown to be the less likely by the violent language used last Sunday. The threats heard in Hyde Park are at least indications of a disposition on the part of many of the men to violent acts, and it is not uncommonly found to be the case that a violent party can carry with it a majority which has no strong disposition of its own towards disorder. Neither can it be denied—even we should imagine by Mr. MATTHEWS—that there have been, and are, features of the late and present strikes which show that it would be folly, indeed, in view of the police records of the week, if of nothing else, to conclude that violent language will not be interpreted into violent act. The use of force on one side and the manifest fear of force on the other among the workmen themselves afford a sufficient answer to those who attribute little importance to such language as that said to have been used by the stump-orator WEIR. It may be very silly and Irish to bawl out such nonsense as this:—"I say "a man like LIVESEY has no moral right to live in this "country, and the man would be a hero who went to-night "and murdered him." But the fact that such language is Irish is the very reason why it should be considered dangerous. It is this kind of talk which has so commonly been found to go before the heroic determination on the part, not of the speaker, but of some hearer, to go and murder. When Irish style is adopted, so may Irish methods be. It is also surely a question of some pith whether such language is not a criminal offence, however great a fool the speaker may be. We have always been under the impression that to incite to murder was a breach of the law, and we have no doubt that WEIR has incited to murder. Unless we are hopelessly wrong in our law and our facts, the obvious course would seem to be to proceed against WEIR. The authorities have, we hear, been seriously inquiring whether the public interest would be served if this course is taken. This report, which is credible in the highest degree, may be put alongside Mr. MONRO's theory of the proper use of police as examples of the view which "authorities" of all parties now take of the law. We gather from it that, in their opinion, the law is not meant for universal application, imposes no binding obligation, and need not be applied by them as a matter of duty. It is a weapon which is to be used subject to higher considerations of sentiment, political interest, and electoral management. They will, it seems, prosecute WEIR, if at all, not because he has committed an offence, but because they think some interest will be served by his prosecution. So far the report; which is, of course, neither more nor less evidence against the "authorities" or the "proper persons" than it is against the Gas Light and Coke Company's Workers' Union. But in this case also the story has not been denied; nor is it inconsistent with what was known already. Rather the contrary, if the authorities include Mr. MATTHEWS or Mr. MONRO; their hesitation to apply the law which it is their duty to apply is in perfect keeping with the denial that there was organized intimidation, and the refusal to keep order in the docks because they were private property. If these remarkable deliberations have not come to an end, we trust that the following consideration may occur to the official mind and quicken it. There may, we allow, be reasons why it is convenient for a politician to make the law better for the poor than the rich; but it is manifestly injudicious to make it better for the Englishman than the Irishman. Now, if WEIR gets off scatheless it will be applied in this unwisely unequal way. His language is precisely the kind of incitement to outrage for which Mr. O'BRIEN and JOHNDILLON have been subjected to prison and anguish concerning their breeches. It was delivered, too, before audiences of angry men who had already been guilty of outrages. Why, then, since these circumstances are equal, are the consequences not to be equal? We suppose that the answer will be that it is not advisable to make WEIR important by prosecuting him. That is so stale and familiar a piece of cant that its appearance was to be expected on this occasion also. The answer to it has been given a thousand times already, but must be given again. There is no surer way of making an agitator important than by leaving him at liberty to agitate till he produces an effect. Moreover, of the two processes by which he may become important, much the best for the public interest is the endurance of a blood-cooling application of three months' hard labour.

Whether WEIR is made important in this way or not, it behoves London—and the rest of the country too, for that matter—to realize thoroughly what Union rights, as they are understood by the Unions, and apparently by the Home Office, are coming to mean. As now interpreted, they confer the privilege to beset the high road, to stop whomsoever they please, and question him as to his profession, walk, and conversation. In the neighbourhood of the Maxim-Nordenfeldt works at Erith all who

have occasion to be out after dark are molested and interrogated in this fashion by knots of men generally well provided with cudgels. It includes the right to collect mobs in the street, to howl threats and abuse, to compel "black-"legs" to have recourse to the protection of the police. All this, it seems, is "picketing," and only the just right of the honest working-man. If so, picketing must be a legally established tyranny of the most vexatious description. But we doubt whether the word covers so much, or whether, in fact, this is anything more than the interpretation put on it by official cowardice and laziness. Finally, it would appear that the rights of Unions include the right to inflict danger and loss on the whole community in pursuit of their own advantage. This is what the Amalgamated Society of Seamen and Firemen and, if the uncontradicted report is true, the Gas Light and Coke Company's Union claim to be entitled to do. To some extent every strike is a loss to the nation. Gas-workers, firemen, and sailors are not to be prohibited from striking for their own good against their own employers in their own quarrel on that account. But they are now claiming the right to go far beyond this. They are maintaining that they are entitled to deprive any portion of the community they please of light or coal in order to compel the employers of other men to submit to the terms of other Unions. This is a pure and simple outrage on the community, which it has the right to resent, and to which it would be abject cowardice to submit. If the Beckton Gas-Workers' Union does act as it threatens to do, and if it is obeyed by its men, we shall be perfectly entitled to treat their action as a species of civil war, and to defend ourselves against it. Not only ought the Company to receive the most efficient police protection, but it would be entitled to direct help. In the general interest of the community the Government should take upon itself to supply light. The stokers of the Steam Reserve and the Channel Squadron, and as many of the Royal Engineers as it was thought necessary to supply, should be lent to the Company—for a proper consideration, which the men would receive, of course, over and above their pay. It would be an excellent training for the stokers, and would do the Engineers no harm. That would be, not only a good lesson to the Unions, but would encourage the men who are inclined to stand out against their tyranny to remain firm. And, further, if the struggle is forced on us, it will become necessary to provide that in future an industry of such vital importance as the manufacture of gas should not be left any longer at the mercy of the Unions.

THE DIFFICULTY WITH PORTUGAL.

THERE will be little doubt in the minds of any Englishmen—except that curious section whose motto is "Any country, right or wrong, provided it is *not* our own"—as to the course which should be pursued towards Portugal, not merely if the reports of the proceedings of Major Serpa Pinto are confirmed, but if the Portuguese Government maintains its present attitude as to the question of sovereignty in the interior. Assuming the account of Senhor Barros Gomes's conversation with a *Daily News* Correspondent to be accurate, the difficulty will have to be settled sooner or later, and had much better be settled sooner. Some days ago it was reported that Portugal, while determined, or half determined, to claim the Nyassa and Shiré districts, was not disposed to maintain her sea-to-sea pretensions. It will have been observed that this is not at all the language of the Portuguese Minister. He clings to the Empire of Monomotapa like Henri V. to the white flag, and actually parades the assent of Germany and France (countries not now concerned) to that monstrous pretension as a reason for not receding from it. Now, until this doctrine is finally disposed of, no safety can be had for the operations of the British South African Company, for the enjoyment of the advantages which have been attained by many years' hard work on the part of the merchants and missionaries on the shores of Lake Nyassa, or for the access to Bechuana and Matabele Land from the sea. It is the kind of claim which it is nearly as dangerous to allow to lie dormant as it is to wink at its open exercise. It must be repeated that no settlement of this matter can be satisfactory which does not confine Portugal to her coast possessions on each side—those coast possessions being outlined as liberally as may be consistent with the general object by England—leaving the interior free to the expansion of English settlers northwards.

The selection of the particular means by which this desirable end has to be attained must, of course, depend upon many things. Hitherto there is no reason to doubt that Lord Salisbury's language and his proceedings have been quite "correct." To represent the moving of warships to Delagoa Bay as really intended as a provisional retreat for British subjects who are nowhere near Delagoa Bay would be puerile; but the action is a perfectly well understood move in the regular diplomatic game, involving no brag or bluster, but simply giving due notice that one party in a dispute means business and is keeping its powder dry. The position which Lord Salisbury has apparently taken up, that under no circumstances can England allow the English flag once hoisted by a responsible English officer to be lowered by any one else, is unassailable argumentatively, and it is one for which every Englishman worthy the name ought to be willing to fight to the last. And it may be observed that the Portuguese reply, that the Makololo attacked the Major, not the Major the Makololo, is not only feeble and obvious, but really does not affect the question—which is, How came the said Major to be wandering about with military forces in a district which England does not recognize as Portugal's, and acting against tribes whom England does recognize as being, if only after a fashion, under her protection? Looking at it from this point of view, the importance of settling the matter once for all is quite as clear if "the other boy began "it" as if he did not. As a matter of fact, however, nobody, whatever doubts he may retain on details, can doubt which boy did begin it. Major Serpa Pinto's own side have been too imprudent in retailing their hero's plans for there to be any hesitation. And let it be observed that we have nothing to say against the Major. He worked his work like a good Portuguese, and now we have got to work ours like good Englishmen. It must be done in such a way that Portugal may clearly understand that the longer she delays a settlement the more dearly will that settlement cost her; that she may choose between the friendship of England and a safe title to her actual colonial possessions on the one hand, the enmity of England and the probability of loss of more than one of those possessions on the other. And, once more, No arbitration.

AMERICAN WAR SONGS.

WHEN his country's levies went forth to combat the dis-Unionists of that distant day, it will be remembered that Mr. Gifted Hopkins, the poet, stayed at home. Others, he said, would do great deeds, and he would sing them. This was a discreet division of labour. It has but rarely chanced that the same person, like Æschylus, Achilles, and Mr. Jingle, could both fight and sing about fighting. As a rule, whatever the reason may be, the martial poets have much preferred a peaceful literary career. Mr. Eggleston, the Editor of *American War Ballads* (Putnam), admits that this is the case. The poets "are "not the men who do the fighting. . . . It was the gentle "Master of Abbotsford that interpreted the daring deeds "of knightly times in song and story." The instance is not very well chosen. "Abbotsford and Kaeside" was not so gentle as all that. It was his misfortune, not his fault, that he was an advocate, not a hussar, and even in his old age he showed a most bloodthirsty desire to fight a French General. But Mr. Eggleston does not sneer at the division of labour which makes Mr. Boker strike the lyre, for example, and General Sherman bang the field-piece. Some of us are poets; some of us are fighting men; some of us are neither; and it may be admitted that, if most of these Western war-cries were not uttered by soldiers, neither are they exactly the work of poets.

There are very few good fighting songs in the world, if by "good" we mean touched with the qualities of poetry. About Macaulay's *Lays* it is yet a question with some (not with us) whether they are poetry or whether Mr. Arnold was right when he said they were pinchbeck. Aytoun's *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* are of the same sort; perhaps we may say that *The Island of the Scots* and *The Battle of Lake Regillus* have both the quality which Sidney attributed to *Chevy Chace*. But both these pieces are concerned with fights fought long ago, which more naturally lend themselves to poetry than the struggles of the moment. We have but very few good poems on contemporary battles; and perhaps the Americans, if this collection be representative, are still more sadly to seek for a Tyrtæus. We miss

an energetic ballad (included, we think, by Mr. Brander Matthews) showing how "they bloodied up that day." To bloody up, like to liquor up, is a thoroughly native American expression.

After one or two very funny, and not at all American, colonial ballads on the old Indian scuffles, we find, of course, the American eagle shrieking defiance at this old country, which, whether tyrannical or not, was exceedingly inefficient. In 1774, for example, Mr. Warren was writing in this emancipated manner :—

Some future day shall crown us,
The masters of the main,
Our fleets shall speak in thunder
To England, France, and Spain ;
And the nations over the ocean spread
Shall tremble and obey
The sons, the sons, the sons, the sons,
Of brave America.

But why defy France and Spain, or why not throw in Russia and Turkey? It may not be generally known in the States—we have heard that it is not much insisted on in education—but the French were actually the allies of Mr. Warren's victorious countrymen. Mr. Philip Freneau contents himself (1775) with bidding Britain "Go on, to be "damned if she will." Mr. Peter St. John strikes a lowlier note :—

I'll give a true relation,
Attend to what I say
Concerning the taxation
Of North America.

There are few poems here by well-known names; the best known is Mr. Bryant's, of whom Mr. Lowell daringly remarked once that it was indiscreet to call him the American Wordsworth. Mr. Lowell, *audax juventa*, added that Wordsworth was more precious by himself than all the batch of his American contemporaries. That the reader may form an opinion of his own, we present him with a patriotic stave by Mr. Bryant :—

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs ;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

Well, we *were* driven from the shores, not a doubt of it, and perhaps it would be affectation to maintain that we withdrew in alarm at the local poetry. No one could have faced that, and yet it is not very attractive. The ballad of the *Constitution and the Guerrière* is interesting, because it either suggested our ballad of the *Chesapeake and the Shannon* or was suggested by it. Americans prefer the former alternative, and have some evidence on their side. The piece called *Yankee Thunders*, no doubt, if the Americans insist on it, suggested to Campbell *Ye Mariners of England*. But we fancy that even the most patriotic American critic will admit that, as far as poetry goes, Campbell improved on his model. Here is a specimen of *Yankee Thunders* :—

Hence be our floating bulwark
Those oaks our mountains yield ;
'Tis mighty Heaven's plain decree—
Then take the wat'ry field !
To ocean's farthest barrier then
Your whit'ning sail shall pour ;
Safe they'll ride o'er the tide,
While Columbia's thunders roar,
While her cannon's fire is flashing fast,
And her Yankee thunders roar.

The Civil War supplies the great majority of the ballads. Here, again, the well-known American poets are, for some reason, conspicuously absent. Either they did not care to sing of fraternal broils, or they have preferred not to be represented. Dr. Wendell Holmes, on South Carolina, produces a lament, not a battle-piece. Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman struck the very earliest lyre after war broke out, and with Mr. Boker continued to be one of the most military minstrels. Here is a piece of the first Civil War poem :—

Came the morning of that day,
When the God to whom we pray,
Gave the soul of Henry Clay
To the land ;
How we loved him—living, dying !
But his birthday banners flying,
Saw us asking and replying,
Hand to hand.

For we knew that far away,
Round the fort at Charleston bay,
Hung the dark impending fray,
Soon to fall ;
And that Sumter's brave defender
Had the summons to surrender :
Seventy loyal hearts and tender—
That was all.

On the whole, this pæan rather fortifies our opinion that war, like love, regret, and other passions, is better written about after it has been for some time in the past. But it is hardly fair for distant readers, in cold blood, to criticize verses written in strong emotion. The English reader may not know exactly "where Slocum stood "with gallant Sprague," and yet the spot may be as sacred to an American as Flodden or Albuera, Falkirk or the ford of the Douro. Sprague and gallant Slocum, *fortisque Gyas, fortisque Cloanthus*, they also deserve their minstrels, better minstrels than most soldier men generally get. However thin the poetry may be, the patriotism is sound and exemplary on both sides, and both sides showed a lesson to modern Englishmen in being true to their party and themselves. That is the root of the matter, and if we do not think the verse of these military *chansons* very good, the editor, Mr. Eggleston, seems very much of the same modest opinion. It is odd that in all that fire of excitement so very few durable pieces of verse, permanent as bronze, were cast; but so it chanced. Nobody can test beforehand what condition of affairs will produce literature. Americans themselves will admit that their best men, Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Poe, flourished before the War, and, if they lived through it, gained nothing from it, while they who follow, the Epigoni, have no particularly martial merits.

MR. STANLEY'S EXPLANATION.

It was to be expected that Mr. Stanley's song of triumph would be changed a little when he came to learn the opinions of critics on some of his recent performances, and the expectation has been fulfilled. He has not, of course, yet seen any detailed criticism on his latest utterances. But newspaper cuttings seem to have reached him in camp at the south end of the Victoria Nyanza last August, and he sat down to expose, once for all, the "lack "of common sense" and the "utter disregard of accuracy" shown by the writers. It is a very odd thing how frequently lack of common sense and utter disregard of accuracy in the critic do surprise the person criticized, especially if he happens to entertain a very strong, and in the case of Mr. Stanley a very well justified, opinion of his own abilities. But the condition of surprise is not always the most favourable to impartial consideration, especially in matters affecting oneself, and it may be worth while impartially to examine Mr. Stanley's examination.

We are sorry to find in the earlier part of it something more than traces of that irritation with Emin which has already shown itself so unpleasantly. But it is impossible to discuss this matter properly until we have—what at present is entirely wanting—Emin's own account of the matter. We shall merely observe, in passing, that we cannot quite reconcile Mr. Stanley's present account of the Pasha's condition and prospects when he himself reached the Albert Nyanza with the accounts which he has previously given. As regards Major Barttelot and Tippoo Tib, Mr. Stanley has "seen more nonsense on this sub "ject than on any other." These are brave words, and Mr. Stanley follows them up with a column and a half of Special Correspondent thunder. It does not come to much, if we may be pardoned a simpler style than his own. It is, however, interesting to note that now, when he is concerned to justify Major Barttelot in order to justify himself, he takes an entirely different tone from the ungenerous fault-finding with his dead lieutenant which we recently had to deplore. He now admits that the advance of the rearguard was prevented by "tantalizing delays, with "constant fair promises on the part of the Arabs." As for his vindication of Barttelot and Jameson against the preposterous charge of conniving at cannibalism among the Manyuema we are quite at one with Mr. Stanley ; as, also, in regard to the cock-and-bull repetition and transference to Africa of the photograph-and-execution story which made such a noise in Burmah. But all this is agreed matter between reasonable folk. The really interesting point is Mr. Stanley's defence of his bargain with Tippoo

Tib. The very beginning of this shows "the difference of "the point of view." It ought not to be news to Englishmen—we fear it will be to some—that but a few years ago Mr. Deane, a gallant Englishman now dead, held the Congo post of Stanley Falls against the Arabs, in defence of a runaway female slave from certain death by torture; made the best fight of the kind done by an Englishman, except Rorke's Drift, for years; and, when deserted by his men, made good his way through the foe. Mr. Stanley calls this "the error of judgment which induced Captain "Deane to defy the Arabs for the sake of a lying woman "who had fled from her master to avoid punishment." We are not rabid against slavery, but we very seriously trust that no Englishman will ever fail to commit similar "errors "of judgment." Mr. Stanley, however, thinks them errors, and piously summons Scripture to his aid in "re-"joicing" over the "sinner" Tippoo, who has "repented" (under the influence of 30*l.* a month) and thereby "saved "thousands of lives." Does Mr. Stanley include Major Barttelot's in these thousands? We fear he has not sufficiently appreciated the charges and allegations brought against him—indeed, at the distance and in the circumstances he could hardly do so. But his attitude in the Tippoo matter is unfortunately impenitent, and his attitude in the Emin matter unfortunately aggressive. Let us only rejoice that he has, at any rate, disproved his own ungenerous reflections on Major Barttelot.

IRELAND.

We should not like to prophesy that the decision of the Queen's Bench Division on Mr. O'Brien's application for a new trial of his action against Lord Salisbury will not even yet be traced by the Parnellite press to political bias. It is true that neither Mr. Justice Field nor Mr. Justice Manisty has attained to the distinguished place occupied by Sir James Stephen as a mark for Nationalist abuse. For a moment, doubtless, the most ingeniously inventive slanderer in Mr. O'Brien's party, or even on Mr. O'Brien's paper, will be unable to find a ready excuse for charging the two former judges with prejudice against the Irish race and the Irish "cause"; but we repeat we should not like to prophesy, or undertake to put a limit to the foul births of calumny which the future may have in store for us. In the meanwhile, however, it will be a satisfaction to most Englishmen to feel that the only possible exception that can be taken to the judgment of the two judges in question is that it errs, if anywhere, on the side of being over-minute and cautious in its weighing of all the points that could possibly be urged in support of the plaintiff's contention. More than six months ago when the action, since decided in Lord Salisbury's favour, was only threatening, we took occasion to point out how agreeable was the paradox of finding the Editor of *United Ireland* suing the statesman whom the Parnellite press is in the habit of describing as the head of a "Government of "murderers" for having insinuated that his (the Editor's) words appeared calculated to encourage the commission of outrage; and we further indulged in speculating as to what, under less paradoxical relations than those of "injured "agitators" to their English traducers, would have been the reception to be expected for Mr. O'Brien's complaint. We even went, in the audacity of our imagination, so far as to picture Mr. O'Brien pouring his wrongs into the ear of a sympathetic friend—a lamentation in the course of which he would have to admit that while it was matter of common knowledge that landgrabbers and emergency men had for years past been exposed to murder and outrage in Ireland, he went into a particular district of the country and reminded the inhabitants that "the "air of the place was not a wholesome climate for land-"grabbers"; that he was "afraid they were living and "thriving" in his hearers' midst; that he "need not "go into particulars," but that if "all the labours of "himself and friends for the past ten years had not been in "vain," the people he was addressing "ought to know how "to deal with the landgrabber without instructions from the "man who was addressing them." And we further hazarded an opinion that in the days before the present reign of Topsy-turveydom the impartial person who received this account of matters, and who was then told that some malicious person had interpreted this language as an incitement to murder and outrage, would have simply replied, "If you did "not intend such incitement—and I fully accept your "assurance that you did not—why did you use the "language? You have only yourself to thank for the mis-"construction. Do not go to law, for no jury will give you "any damages."

Well, Mr. O'Brien, as everybody knows, did go to law, and the jury before whom his action was tried not only gave him no damages, but did not even give him a verdict. They found for the defendant, after a most careful and impartial summing-up by Mr. Justice Stephen; and, in so doing, we have no hesitation in saying, they expressed the opinion of ninety-nine out of every hundred men—even, we would add, of politicians, if we except those disreputable specimens of the class who are only to be found in its very highest and its very lowest orders. Had the verdict implied, or had it been possible for it to convey in so many words, the intimation that the jury really did not profess to know or care whether Mr. O'Brien intentionally incited to murder and outrage or not, but that they were most decidedly of opinion that a man who deliberately used the shameful language above reported would have no claim to damages if the affirmative one of the two above constructions were placed on it by a commentator—had the verdict in Mr. O'Brien *v.* Lord Salisbury amounted even to this, we do not, for our own part, think, neither do we believe that the great majority of the public will think, that Mr. O'Brien would have had the slightest cause of complaint against any one. He would have only had himself to thank for it if he had left the court without being able to extract from its proceedings any acquittal of the charge of wilfully instigating his hearers to the commission of crime. He has, therefore, all the more reason to congratulate himself on the good fortune and on the scrupulous fairness of English tribunals, that the trial has incidentally been the means of procuring him that species of purgation from the worst of the charges which might have been based on his speech at Ballyneale. For Mr. Justice Stephen left it to the jury to say whether what Lord Salisbury said imputed to Mr. O'Brien that he had intentionally incited people to murder or outrage; that, "if so, it was not justified "and that they must find for the plaintiff"; but that, "if "the fair effect of the words complained of was that the "language used by Mr. O'Brien was calculated to have "that effect, then they should consider, with reference "to the whole circumstances of the case, whether the words "were in the nature of fair comment and fair inference from "the facts, and, if so, find for the defendant." We may remark, in passing, on the singular perversion of meaning which the word "calculated" has in recent years undergone when we thus find it used in actual opposition to "designed"; but in the later and now quite well-established acceptation of the word there could not certainly be the smallest doubt of its applicability in this connexion to Mr. O'Brien's Ballyneale speech. The jury had probably no doubt whatever that to denounce landgrabbers in the language of that speech was an act which was distinctly "calculated" to lead to the commission of crime and outrage; but they were not even required to go as far as this in order to arrive at their verdict. They had simply to say, in effect, whether the conclusion in question was one which a fair commentator on Mr. O'Brien's speech might not unreasonably arrive at. And, now that the charge under which they were guided to their decision has been passed under elaborate review by two other judges, we should imagine that even the plaintiff's advisers themselves would be puzzled to put his case in any new or more favourable light. Of the two grounds of his motion—namely, that of misdirection, and the contention that the verdict was against the evidence—the former, weak as it was, was the less absurd. The contention that the judge ought to have withdrawn the question of construction from the jury altogether, and to have ruled, as a matter of law, that Lord Salisbury's words could only have the meaning put upon them in the plaintiff's innuendo, comes with no very good grace from members and allies of the party which plumes itself on Mr. Fox's Libel Act, and it was no less untenable than unbecoming. As to the contention that the verdict was against the evidence, it virtually amounts to this—that not only is it unjustifiable to say of a man who throws the lighted end of a cigar into a powder magazine that he meant to blow it up, but that an expressed opinion that his act is calculated to produce that result is not merely an erroneous one, but one so patently perverse and malicious that whosoever expresses it ought to be made to answer for it in damages.

Even Mr. O'Brien himself will, perhaps, admit that, if a

jury had declared Lord SALISBURY's criticisms to be actionable, it would for the future have been a task of very serious difficulty to criticize Parnellite movements of any kind in Ireland without exposing oneself to grave pecuniary risk. What, for instance, is Mr. O'BRIEN's own notion of fair comment on the latest example of the "moral suasion" preached by that admirably conceived and composed body, the Tenants' Defence Association? A few Sundays ago notices were found posted at the Lordship Roman Catholic Chapel, near Dundalk, county Louth, to the following effect:—"Beware of traitors! JOHN KENDALL was asked "to subscribe to the Tenants' Defence Association. When "he puts up his land for auction next week, men of Lord-"ship say No. Any person who takes this land will "suffer." JOHN KENDALL is a Protestant tenant-farmer who was called upon by the collector of the Tenants' Defence Fund to pay a subscription. Having no sympathy with the association, he declined to do so, and the result was that he was boycotted. The auction referred to in the above notice was for the purpose of disposing of his land in accordance with the usual custom, for the crop of oats and potatoes. In consequence of the notice the auction was boycotted, and not a single bid was made. Would it be "fair comment," legitimate criticism on this, in Mr. O'BRIEN's opinion, to say that the new Tenants' Defence Association is only the old National League writ large, and that its proceedings bid fair to deserve as much attention from Mr. BALFOUR as those of the League itself? Because this is the comment that many of us would like to make on it, if the susceptibilities of Parnellites—perhaps rendered more acute by the fact that leaders of the Gladstonian party have publicly blessed the new and strictly "legal" movement, and bidden it GOD speed—will permit us to do so.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

EVEN in periods of which sound popular judgment is not the most ordinary characteristic there are usually found one or two righteous men about whom the world, righteous or wicked, makes, for a wonder, no mistake. Of such was the great theologian and excellent Bishop who died last Saturday. The comparison of Dr. LIGHTFOOT to his still greater predecessor, Bishop BUTLER, was inevitable, and can but be repeated; for the combination of theological and controversial eminence with simplicity and sanctity of private character is, unluckily, not so common that its recurrence in holders of the same office should not be noticeable. If Dr. LIGHTFOOT had not BUTLER's far-reaching originality of mind, or those profound thoughts on subjects other than theological which the scanty records of the conversation and personality of the author of the *Analogy* show, he had, on the other hand, much greater learning and pure scholarship, and a far more attractive gift of English style. In purely ecclesiastical, as opposed to theological, views he held a somewhat "lower" standard—in the technical, or rather the cant, sense of "low"—than the earlier JOSEPH of Durham; and it is curious that on these points only was there some exception to his almost invariable and Achillean success in controversy. On the translation of the LORD's Prayer and on the history of the Apostolic succession he took less Conservative views than were usual with him, and enforced them with less vigour.

But, on the whole, Dr. LIGHTFOOT's position was much the same—the circumstances altering and altered with the case—as that of his predecessor and of the other great orthodox champions of the first half of the last century. Once more the least numerous and most isolated branch of the Catholic Church supplied the forces to meet and rout the armies of the aliens. It is unnecessary to discuss here the reasons—they are, indeed, plain enough and numerous enough—which have twice at least brought this peculiar honour to the Church of England. It has only to be hoped that here, as elsewhere, the sons will not be unworthy of the fathers. To any one who knows what controversy really means the reading of such work as Dr. LIGHTFOOT's recently republished criticisms on *Supernatural Religion*, after the much-vaunted work of German theologians, or atheologians of the present day, or of their imitators and admirers in England, is like reading a proposition of *Euclid* after a speech of Mr. GLADSTONE's. This combination of logic with learning has (it is not at first sight apparent why, unless the degradation of logic itself as a study be the cause) become extraordinary of late years, though there was a time when it was almost usual. But there is no doubt that, with what may be in no offensive sense called the vulgar, the reputation of Dr. LIGHTFOOT was enormously increased by the conviction that he possessed a third quality, besides learning and logic, the quality of perfect honesty. It is vain for paradoxers to argue, though the argument may be technically good, that if a man's premisses are known to be firmly based on fact, and his processes are evidently conducted with rigid strictness, his personal belief in his conclusions, as far as they are matter of opinion, does not matter. The mass of men will never agree with this, and perhaps the mass of men are not wrong. That Dr. LIGHTFOOT was as convinced of the truth of his creed as any charcoal-burner or any curate, that had he not been so convinced all the professorships and canonries and bishopries in the world would never have tempted him for one minute to hold a brief for Christianity or for religion:—these were things which those who were in a position to know knew, and which those who were not in a position to know accepted, and rightly accepted, without hesitation. In days when it is often taken as a proof of brains, and a proof of honesty, that a man does not "believe," that he holds everything an open question, it is no small crown of glory for a champion of orthodoxy to have been held in general opinion to have possessed at once one of the hardest and best stored heads and one of the sincerest hearts.

THE LATEST SCANDAL OF THE DIVORCE COURT.

THE verdict of the jury in the FRENCH-BREWSTER case is so absolutely satisfactory that not a word need be said in defence or justification of it. If they had cleared Mr. FRENCH-BREWSTER, or condemned his wife, they would have been responsible for a monstrous iniquity, and the Divisional Court would no doubt on application have ordered a new trial. When a disagreeable case has been rightly decided there is usually small temptation to comment upon it. But there are reasons which take this particular action out of the ordinary rule, and the lessons which the proceedings teach ought to be enforced upon the public mind. A single sentence from the SOLICITOR-GENERAL's reply illustrates very well the gravest aspect of this wretched story. "If," said Sir EDWARD CLARKE, "the evidence of JOHNSON and BERRY is "true, the charge against Mrs. FRENCH-BREWSTER and Captain "ORMSBY-GORE is conclusively proved; if it is not, it is the "result of the most amazing and wicked conspiracy ever "heard of in a court of justice." The jury have found that the evidence of these men was not true, and all the world agrees with the jury. But what is the alternative? If the incredibly disgusting testimony of Mrs. FRENCH-BREWSTER's accusers be false, as it is false, there can be no question of exaggeration or mistake. It is a "wicked conspiracy" to ruin the character of a virtuous woman for money, or spite, or both. It is not the practice of the Divorce Court to order prosecutions for perjury, and Mr. Justice BUTT made no exception in this instance. But the judge is not the sole motive power in such a case. We do not refer to the possibility of a private prosecution. Mrs. FRENCH-BREWSTER cannot be expected voluntarily to mix herself up with anything so foul and loathsome as the instruments employed against her. We are, of course, aware that there is no real Public Prosecutor in this country—the more's the pity. But there is the Treasury, and there is the Treasury Solicitor. Sir AUGUSTUS STEPHENSON, with his three thousand a year, has not been distinguishing himself of late. The extremely frivolous charge of murder against a solicitor at Southampton was directly promoted by the Treasury, and on another occasion, during the recent Assizes, Mr. Justice WILLS protested vigorously against the conduct of the same department in putting a doctor upon his trial for what was at most a professional blunder. If BERRY and JOHNSON were indicted for perjury or conspiracy, the voice of criticism would be silent. If KENDALL, the private detective, were included in the indictment, he would have an opportunity of showing that he was a necessity as well as an evil. As for Mr. FRENCH-BREWSTER, he must, if he have any spark of decency left in him, be eager to prove that he was an innocent dupe and not a guilty accomplice. In all the annals of justice, civil or criminal, there has not been a more bestial fabrication than the produced and prepared handkerchief. We venture to say that there are hundreds of men undergoing imprisonment at this moment in the gaols of this country who

would be ashamed to take part in such an outrage on the instincts of humanity.

There are plenty of plausible arguments against this sort of prosecution. The Divorce Court, whatever else may be said of it, is undoubtedly a school of hard swearing. If criminal proceedings were always instituted when the witnesses on one side or the other must have forsworn themselves, a large percentage of divorce cases would have to be tried over again. By an established practice, which has acquired the force of law, there must be two witnesses to every assignment of perjury. On an indictment for perjury the presumption of innocence would be reversed, and the alleged perjurers, instead of their victim, would be entitled to the benefit of the doubt. The scandal and the injury to public morals would be doubled if cases had in this way to be tried twice over. We should be in danger of approaching the Hindoo solicitor's paradise, where every civil suit may be made to yield, first, an arraignment for perjury, and, secondly, an action for malicious prosecution. With all respect for these considerations and for those who urge them, we cannot help thinking that they have been pushed far enough, if not too far. Examples could easily be cited where conflicting evidence was so doubtful that one jury might find one way and another jury might take the opposite view. Nor would it be difficult to find illustrations of the undoubted fact that evidence good enough to decide a disputed claim may fail in the completeness of demonstration which a verdict of guilty requires. But this classification is not exhaustive. There are trumped-up charges which break down so utterly and so ignominiously that the wickedness of those who concocted them is openly displayed. In most tribunals such an exposure is followed, or is liable to be followed, by punishment. In the Divorce Court it has come to be recognized that any lie, however calumnious, may be told with absolute impunity. Let us suppose that an unscrupulous husband wishes to get rid of his wife, but knows that her behaviour has always been perfectly correct. He ascertains that on a particular afternoon she was alone for an hour with a male friend. He goes to a private detective, as little troubled with moral principles as himself, and offers him a thousand pounds for proof that she committed adultery at the specified time and place. Why should the detective hesitate? Whatever happens, he gets his thousand pounds. If he succeeds, he obtains a good advertisement as well. If he fails, he has nothing to fear, and the creatures whom he employs are equally safe. We are not suggesting that anything of this sort occurred in the present instance. Both KENDALL and Mr. FRENCH-BREWSTER may be capable of having believed BERRY and JOHNSON. But such a plot as we have sketched is perfectly possible, inasmuch as it involves no risk to anybody except the lady to whom it is directed. Private detectives are pests of society. But if society cannot get rid of them altogether, it may at least impress upon their minds that the failure of an attempt to ruin an honest woman will cause every man concerned in it to curse the day he was born. A more awful crime cannot be imagined, and hanging is too good for the miscreants who perpetrate it.

As Mr. FRENCH-BREWSTER would not commit perjury, we are bound to assume that he would not suborn it. But the FRENCH-BREWSTER case, with its curious and suspicious resemblance to certain other cases, shows the peril to which innocent women are exposed, and from which they ought to be protected. It should be remembered that Mrs. FRENCH-BREWSTER was the first to move. She sought a separation from her husband because he had deserted her. He thereupon retaliated by accusing her of adultery, well knowing that he was guilty of it himself. It is not often that a man, however depraved, makes such a simultaneous exhibition of his sense and his manners. His treatment of Mrs. FRENCH-BREWSTER was so mean and despicable as to make her long forbearance as creditable as it is amazing. Seldom, indeed, has such an incident been described in a court of justice as this man's request that his own wife might be turned out of the garden-party given by the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes. His letters to her were as brutal as they were stupid, and that is saying a great deal. His endeavour to evade the consequences of legal desertion was so childish as, coupled with this deliberate stirring of the matrimonial mud, to excite suspicion of an intellect disordered by malice. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL did not go beyond the truth when he said that, "without any "information of misconduct by his wife, this gentle-"man, through his solicitor, gave a roving commission, "with unlimited credit, to two detectives in order that "they might see whether in Dublin, in London, or in "Cairo, they could get some kind of case against her." He failed with the ignominy he deserved. But he might have succeeded. Juries are fallible. Even Sir CHARLES RUSSELL cannot be sure of turning a knave inside out. Mr. Justice BUTT is not a master in his own Court, like Sir JAMES HANNEN. If the charge against Mrs. FRENCH-BREWSTER had been proved, she would have lost her reputation for ever, and been turned unprotected on the world. It has been disproved, partly by its inherent absurdity, partly by the denials of herself and Captain ORMSBY-GORE. Mr. FRENCH-BREWSTER, said to be a very rich man, loses nothing but costs. The discredited witnesses lose nothing at all. Is this fair play? For the infamous lies told of Mrs. FRENCH-BREWSTER there is not, and there never has been, the faintest shadow of excuse. They were, "like the "father that begat them, gross as a mountain, open, "palpable." It is the bounden duty of the Treasury to get at the bottom of this matter, and to see for themselves whether there has not been a deliberate conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice by the basest of all means. There can be no question of "oath against oath." Mrs. FRENCH-BREWSTER and Captain ORMSBY-GORE have both given in the box a categorical and circumstantial denial of the whole tale. If the history of that handkerchief remains uninvestigated, justice in the Divorce Court is too lame to be of much use.

This revolting trial, with its horrible actualities and its still more dreadful possibilities, has naturally turned people's minds to the remarkable essays of Mr GLADSTONE and Mr. PHELPS on the evils of divorce. It is a strange and an instructive fact that both these distinguished essayists should have arrived by very different roads at a conclusion adverse to divorce altogether. Mr. GLADSTONE approaches the question from the religious and ecclesiastical point of view. Mr. PHELPS discusses it as a lawyer and a man of the world. Mr. GLADSTONE'S argument that, if conjugal infidelity itself dissolves marriage, the guilt of both parties can make no difference, is unanswerable, though, of course, opposite inferences may be drawn from the conclusion. The consequences which Mr. PHELPS shows to have arisen from the laxity of the marriage laws in the United States are undeniably most grave, though the diversity of American law is at least as striking as its looseness, and probably quite as mischievous. Perhaps, considering the fundamental differences in this respect between England and Scotland, it is not for us to talk. But, whatever may be thought of divorce from any point of view—moral, social, or religious—there can be no doubt of the scandals to which it gives rise as at present administered here. We have already dwelt upon the immunity afforded to conspiracy and perjury. It is not enough that legal proceedings should be fair and reasonable. They ought also to be decorous. The scenes which Mr. Justice BUTT permits, and sometimes almost appears to encourage, are offensive and unseemly. Sir JAMES HANNEN aims at preserving the gravity and stillness of a church. Mr. Justice BUTT, if he had an ideal, would perhaps look for it rather in a music-hall. We are no advocates for private trials, and we severely criticized the course taken by Mr. Justice DENMAN in MALAN *v.* YOUNG. But a court of justice is not a place of amusement, and one need not be a Pharisee or a Puritan to dislike seeing the dissolution of the marriage tie accompanied by a chorus of laughter. Indecency is neither so rare nor so funny as to make these ebullitions essential to the administration of justice. It is not likely, whether it be desirable or not, that the Divorce Act will be repealed. The abuses of the old law, when divorce was the privilege of wealth, are too recent and too glaring, though it seems to be generally forgotten that they still exist in Ireland. But if divorce be a necessary evil, there is all the more reason for purifying it, as far as possible, from the taint of fraud. To post up over the door of any tribunal "Here perjury may be committed with "impunity" is dangerous in the extreme. If that tribunal happens to be the Divorce Court, this universal lenity may shake the foundations of family life.

BETTERMENTS.

THE London County Council proposes to ask Parliament to sanction "betterment taxation." In a Bill to enable that body "to widen and improve the Strand" at Holywell Street there is a clause to this effect: Since the proposed

improvement will or may add to the value of land and houses round about, any such increase of value "should be "reserved wholly or in part for the ratepayers" at whose expense the works have been carried out. Therefore a special rent-charge should be imposed on all property bettered by the Strand improvements. The total of this rent-charge is not to exceed, when capitalized, one-half of the whole cost of the works, and the assessment is to be determined in each case by a calculation of the amount of benefit conferred. That is the principle of the thing; and the framers of the Bill have been careful to plan certain machinery of assessment, arbitration, &c., which in itself seems tolerable enough. And so, indeed, is the principle. It has happened, many times, that street improvements have been carried out which, while they were of considerable benefit to the community at large, have added a particular value to the property through which they ran. Moreover, it has happened that the owners of this property have been paid to permit the very improvements which enhanced its worth. That is not likely to occur again; and when it is contended that property improved at the expense of the ratepayers should make some contribution to the cost of the improvement, equity must assent. It is too sound a principle to be denied; but whether it is capable of adoption without overbalancing inconveniences and disadvantages is still in doubt.

As for this particular proposal, there is something about it which could not have been intended to allay suspicion—suspicion that the extremely "democratic" authors of the Bill have more in their minds than the immediate purpose of it. What are these Strand improvements? They are comprised within an inconsiderable space by the removal of the block of buildings south of the very short street of Holywell, together with the south side of that street itself, which runs up to the Law Courts on the east. In addition, a range of shops north of St. Mary-le-Strand Church (which lies west of Holywell Street) is to be taken down, so as to make a good thoroughfare. Here we have a slice of improvement on one side of the way, and of no greater length than St. Paul's Churchyard. Now let us look to the area which has been marked off by the Council for taxation. On the north, which is the improvement side, it extends from Wellington Street to Temple Bar, and back almost to Lincoln's Inn, the Law Courts being excluded. On the opposite side of the Strand it stretches to the river's edge for the same distance, and here the Temple property is shut out, for no apparent reason. To any one who knows the district, the inclusion of this great sweep of property in the scheme of "betterments" must be rather astonishing. The line of boundary is more than a mile long. Of course it will be said that, though the scheduled district is a wide one, only such houses, only such bits of land, as really profit by the improvement will be assessed; the rest will remain untaxed. It is a plausible answer, but we may fairly suspect an intention of assuming that the whole of this area must be benefited in some measure. Though a house may not profit to the tune of twenty pounds a year the owner might find it difficult to prove that he has not benefited to the extent of twenty shillings; and it would be safe to calculate that very few men of business—and the whole of this district is peopled by busy men—would incur the annoyance and expense of contesting an assessment so inconsiderable. That may not be the calculation of the framers of the Strand Improvements Bill, but yet it may be; and it has only to be brought into play whenever and wherever similar works are undertaken to render a County Council measure for taxing house and land almost unnecessary. Within certain areas, at any rate, the thing will be done in disguise.

Other questions have arisen in the newspaper correspondence with which this scheme has been pelted. The argument that if the principle of "betterment taxation" is to be adopted, it should be adopted for the whole country by an Act of common application, seems at first sight of small effect; considering that if the betterments clause of the London County Council Bill passes, the principle will be thoroughly established thereby, as Parliament must know. But procedure by a Bill of common application would be preferable for this reason: the debate of such a measure would bring more sharply into view all that the admission of the principle implies or is likely to entail. Now the London scheme is obviously connected with the doctrine of "unearned increment" in all its branches; and to say that is to point our meaning sufficiently for the day. But, fundamentals apart, it seems clear that a proposal sound enough in itself and by itself (in point of principle) would be extremely harassing in execution. We have already pointed out that under such a Bill as this, hundreds of men at first, thousands as betterment taxation extended, might be subjected to fancy imposts too small to justify the risks and worries of resistance, but totally unreasonable and therefore exasperating. Groups of house-owners might combine to resist, no doubt, whereby some inconveniences would be obviated; but when the question is whether the houses in a given neighbourhood have not been bettered to the extent of a pound a year by some improvement two, three, or six hundred yards off, who is to prove that there has been no such benefit if a general rise in rent-value can be shown? For, be it observed, by this Bill the Council has three years from the completion of the works in which to make its claim; and how many London districts fail to show some rise in rent-values in three years, with or without "improvements"? The difficulty of discrimination would be extreme wherever a combination of causes led to a rise of rent value; and, unless the Council made an extravagantly wide sweep, in no such case could a betterment claim of small amount be hopefully resisted. And of course the same difficulty would arise when the question was not whether there had been any betterment at all, but only the amount of it. How is that question to be disentangled? How is the more or less of betterment to be marked off as due to the Council's road-makers—with two sets of experts vowed to opposite opinions, and none of them capable, from the nature of the case, of going beyond a guess? Nor is it to be forgotten that as rents rise the assessment of rates is increased; from which it appears that, when the value of house and land is enhanced by "metropolitan improvement," something is paid back in local as well as imperial taxation. And then what is to be done when a metropolitan improvement puts down the value of neighbouring property? That may happen. It would be easy to adduce such cases. And "if a man have a house in each of two streets affected by "the scheme, one being improved, but the other injured, "by the diversion of traffic, is he to have the gain taken on "the one hand and submit to the loss on the other"? So the question has been put, and there is only one way of answering it if equity is to speak for us all through the business. Yet nothing can be found in the London Council's Bill about compensation where A loses advantages that may be carried to B's door and there assessed for taxation.

A great deal more might be said to show how doubtful and delicate a matter we have to deal with here; and much more will be said if the betterments clause of the Strand Improvements Bill goes before the House of Commons. Of course the theory is good; the principle on which the clause is founded is sound enough. But we may fairly doubt whether, if that principle passes into law, it will not become an avenue for projects of the most objectionable kind *au fond*; while it is already clear that, as embodied in the Strand Improvements Bill, it is likely to work out in a costly and unjust way. It cannot possibly work with anything approaching to precision. "Better-"ments taxation" is taxation that must be arbitrary and uncertain; which is about the worst thing that can be said of any impost.

FRANCE AND EGYPT.

THE *communiqué* to the *Temps* on the subject of the French veto on the conversion of the Egyptian debt will have surprised no well-informed person, at least as a "feeler." The position of the French as dogs in this particular manger has from the first been a scandal; it had for some time become a very uncomfortable scandal to the dogs themselves, and the discomfort naturally grew almost intolerable when Russia (who, having no interest in the matter, had been expected to give, and for some time had given, a kind of cheap and lukewarm support to the conduct of France) was understood to feel her own participation in this new kind of spoiling the Egyptians to be at once too thankless and too discreditable to be persisted in. Moreover, M. Spuller may not improbably have reflected that to pile up surpluses for the hated English to dispose of, and to identify French policy with taxation, was a dubious way of ingratiating France with the Egyptians. There is, perhaps, no way in which the savings which the excellent management of Egyptian interests by England have brought about can be invested more pro-

fitably than in the reduction of the debt. But there are other ways which might be even more immediately popular in Egypt itself. Therefore it is cautiously hinted that France under certain circumstances may perhaps be graciously pleased to allow the Egyptians to use their own money in paying off their own debts.

The certain circumstances require, of course, careful consideration. The original proposal practically, if not *totidem verbis*, made the consent of France dependent on the evacuation of Egypt by the English. This "hault "courage," which was such a halting courage seven years ago, appears now to have again reduced itself. The demand is now that England shall do something to show that she means to go some day; while a further hint is given in roundabout language that the part of pledge in this new variety of confidence trick might be played by a further reduction of the English garrison, their places being supplied by an increase of the Egyptian army, for which increase the sum saved by the conversion of the debt would supply funds. Now it would be quite unworthy of England to allow any kind of self-love or any kind of mischievous pleasure in the somewhat humiliating position wherein France has placed herself to interfere with English acceptance of any sign of French repentance. We, at any rate, put the true interests of the Egyptians before everything else in the matter--a proceeding which luckily does not prevent us from also considering our own—and we are, before all things, anxious to get the millstone of debt (paying an extravagant interest, quite out of all proportion to the credit of the country while that country is under our control) off Egyptian necks. If, moreover, as is rumoured, the demand for a mark of good faith is moderately put, it would be equally unnecessary to resent it as uncivil. Nor has any Englishman the least desire to keep English soldiers in Egypt longer than he can help, while some Englishmen (among whom we rank ourselves) believe that the Egyptian army might be strengthened with great advantage, so as to fit it for the task which must fall upon it sooner or later, the task of recovering the Upper Nile. So a quite delightful harmony may reign to a certain extent between Englishmen and Frenchmen on this subject. At the same time, it is not clear what satisfaction even that wonderful national vanity which rose to sputtering point the other day because the Prince of Wales took part in a Cairo review can receive so long as there are any English soldiers left. It may be that the demand is merely made to "put a face on" the concession, and to enable French Ministers to console this same vanity by pointing out that they have *quid pro quo*. If this be all, let the French demand be granted by all means. But there are, unfortunately, two reasons against granting it in any sense that would expose Egypt to danger. First of all, there is little doubt that new and much more formidable Dervish attacks are threatened; and, though the Egyptians fought very well at Toski with a stiffening of European troops, there are probably few French officers who, in the Palace of Truth, would consent to take command of them without such a stiffening. Secondly, in regard to the actual matter, it is no use taking measures to improve Egyptian credit and at the same time taking measures to impair it. And it is quite certain that, if the English occupation of Egypt were known to be within even measurable distance of its end, the quotations of "Egyptians" on all the Bourses of Europe would fall most grievously, and would not soon recover. As for the question of French good will or ill will to England which has been imported into the matter in some discussions of it, the opinion of men who are well enough informed to know and sufficiently honest to speak their minds is practically unanimous on that head. There have been several times when French dislike of England was more vocal and demonstrative than at present; there have been very few times, indeed, when it was more widespread or more deeply seated.

PRIZE BLACKGUARDISM.

IT is a great pity, for a variety of reasons, that William Hazlitt has not come to life again of late years. At present our reason for thinking what we have often thought at spare moments is that he might possibly be induced to give us an account of the so-called prize-fight near Bruges to stand by the side of the account of the fight which took place "a mile to the left of Hungerford on a gentle emi- "nence." We should then have a description of the fight at its best and at its lowest possible point of degradation. The fight between the gasmen and Bill Neate was not a refined spectacle, but, at least, it was a fair battle. The so-called prize-fight at Bruges was a cowardly, blackguard, vulgar business from first to last. Lord Macaulay has observed with great judgment that the necessity of taking precautions to avoid legal punishment, and of secretly doing even things not necessarily degrading in themselves, has a very bad moral effect on those who do them. Even the admirers of past times (a class of thinkers of whom we desire to speak with all respect) must allow that the truth of this observation is admirably proved by the rascally scramble which took place between Slavin and Smith. The prize-fight may have been a rather admirable thing in the days when it was not interfered with by the law. Even then, to be sure, it began early to become a very rowdy business. Fights were crossed, and roughs broke into the ring, long before the last battle between Sayers and Heenan. Still there was a sort of case for the old P. R. For the present one there is no sort of case at all. Fights have to be arranged in the back rooms of low t.verns, and have to be fought out by stealth in holes and corners. As a matter of course, they fall entirely under the control of such persons as are to be found in low tap-rooms, and who do not shrink from slinking under cover in order to be able to break the law in safety.

That is the precise state of the facts concerning the so-called prize-fight at Bruges. We are aware that among the persons who put up at the Hôtel de l'Univers with Slavin, and at the Hôtel de Londres with Smith, there were noble lords and gentlemen honourable by title or in theory. None the less, as these lords and gentlemen have chosen to associate themselves with roughs of the lowest sort, they must be content to be judged by their associates—for this occasion, at any rate. If Lord Tomnoddy and the Honourable Mr. Verisopht choose to be found in hotels or in the club-train from Dover with unwashed blackguardism which has been engaged in precisely the same way as themselves, they must make their mind up to be defiled with the dirt they are content to live with. It is a fact, too, that the conduct of these patrons of the noble art does remarkably little to justify the contention that a taste for witnessing boxing-matches has a tendency to develop a manly courage. Slavin has recorded, by the help of the friendly reporter, that two noble lords were so disgusted with the conduct of Smith's following of roughs that they took his colours off their noble coats. It does not seem, however, that either these high-minded noblemen or any of the gallant gentlemen present did anything to keep the roughs in order. It was not they who saved Slavin from the ugly rush made at him by the scum who had crossed the fight. It is unnecessary to repeat the incidents of a business which has doubtless been studied by more readers and with more attention than anything else reported in the press this week. Besides, the meaning of the whole thing is too perfectly clear. The roughs who followed Smith, who collected in his corner, and who assaulted Slavin, were intent on making money, or, if they could not do that, on so crossing the fight as to force the referee to declare the fight a draw. The referee, in terror for something or another—he said it was for Slavin—was induced to do what his blackguard fellow-sportsmen wished. That is the whole history of the fight, and that is what the P.R. has come to. It is time that it was brought to an end. We really cannot see how any difficulty should be found in ending it. This bolt abroad is a subterfuge which the law ought to find, and, if properly used, would find, no difficulty whatever in defeating. If it is illegal to hold a prize-fight, it is illegal to make arrangements to hold one. The persons, whoever they are—referee, backers, seconds, noble patrons, and the rest of it—who got up this mean scandal ought to be well hauled over the coals. If that is not done yet, all those who have any opportunity of commenting on the affair should make it perfectly plain to these persons that the real character of what they are doing is not hidden by their cant about sport, and so forth. It is, of course, useless to appeal to the roughs who crowded in Smith's corner. Lord Tomnoddy, however, and the other noble patrons may, perhaps, not be indifferent to the discovery that what they have been doing is not only illegal—for which, possibly, they do not greatly care—but very low, cowardly, and dirty indeed. There is no sport and nothing manly about it. It is all a slinking hole-and-corner money speculation

of fellows who are about the level of the thimblerigger of the racecourse. If this knowledge has no effect upon them, that is only an extra reason why sharper methods should be tried.

PULPIT CHRISTMAS CARDS.

"A NEW Departure by Dr. PARKER" is a pleasant subheading to a newspaper paragraph during the festive season, though there is, of course, a sense in which it contains the germs of disappointment. Following, however, upon the larger-typed legend, "Pulpit Christmas Cards," we see at once the direction in which this eminent man has been "newly departing," and we humbly thank Providence for having reserved to our age a divine who has done so much to bring down religion, as SOCRATES did philosophy, to dwell among men, and especially men that are bill-stickers. The City Temple, we read, was crowded on Christmas morning when Dr. PARKER preached an eloquent sermon from the words "his star" (Matt. ii. 2), and at the close of his discourse sent a series of messages from his pulpit, addressed respectively to the Sovereign, to the Dean of PETERBOROUGH, to Mr. GLADSTONE, to Mr. BALFOUR, to Mr. PARNELL, to "Ecclesiastical Scotland," to "religious editors," and to "his" (Dr. PARKER'S) "brother "ministers." Each of these messages is interesting as containing an indication of Dr. PARKER'S views upon subjects which do not arise directly out of Matt. ii. 2, and on which, therefore, his congregation might otherwise have gone away uninformed. For instance, the preacher, after invoking the Divine blessing on HER MAJESTY, asks, "Why do you not recognize your Nonconformist subjects, "and openly express your opinion that their long-continued "and splendid service entitles them to every recognition "due to sound conviction, heroic fortitude, and patriotism "which has survived the bitterest religious persecution?" Why, in other words, does not your MAJESTY give your faithful Dr. PARKER and his Nonconformist friends an advertisement gratis? We trust that it will occur to nobody to suggest the reply that the long-continued and splendid services of Dr. PARKER and his Nonconformist friends seem at present to be so well assured of having their claims to recognition kept modestly before the world that it hardly seems worth the while of the Sovereign to assist. Even under a Republic we can imagine this work continuing to be punctually performed—at any rate during Dr. PARKER'S lifetime.

It will be gratifying, no doubt, to the Dean of PETERBOROUGH to learn that "his glorious deliverance on the "subject of Church unity" has filled the minister of the City Temple, not only with delight, but with a "holy "delight" (a pleonastic adjective, since the delight of a holy man must always, we presume, be a holy delight); while Mr. GLADSTONE will have abundant food for reflection in the compliment that "his character is greater even than "his genius." But if Dr. PARKER had wanted to send Mr. GLADSTONE a really handsome Christmas card, he should have added that even the statesman's genius does not increase at a greater rate with advancing years than does his character. To Mr. BALFOUR the preacher addressed the pious wish "The good LORD have mercy upon "you!" but added that, "personally and academically, I am "proud of you." We are glad, of course, to hear that, both in his own person and in the character of an academy, Dr. PARKER is proud of the CHIEF SECRETARY, and we can excuse him for "hating Mr. BALFOUR'S Irish policy with his "whole heart," as "resentful, narrow, sceptical, and self-"defeating." Religious editors are thanked for "the most "generous service man ever rendered to man, but are "warned to beware lest in unguarded moments ye bite and "devour one another." We shrink from suggesting the obvious precaution against this strange propensity of the religious editor, and will content ourselves with referring to the Order in Council of last June. The card to "brother ministers" contains, however, the gem of the collection. "How magnificently," says Dr. PARKER, "the "press and the pulpit might co-operate!" He does not say which particular columns of the press he refers to; but as regards one portion of the newspaper sheet the co-operation is magnificent already. But to hear Dr. PARKER suggesting it as a new idea! That beats everything. "Our "tale is done, there is no more to say."

THE BANSTEAD COMMONS CASE.

LAST Saturday the Court of Appeal delivered a judgment which will hold by no means the least important place in the series of modern decisions on rights of common. The Banstead case will not be a landmark of the first magnitude, like the Epping Forest case; there cannot be another such decisive battle again, not even if some day there should be a battle royal between the Duchy of Cornwall and one or more of the great landowners who hold the "Commons of Devon" adjacent to Dartmoor. Great victories of principle are gained once for all. But much may long remain to be done for consolidating and assuring the fruits of victory; and it is on an achievement of this kind that the commoners of Banstead are to be congratulated. Some twenty-five years ago those who cared for the preservation of open spaces in the neighbourhood of London and other great towns began what then seemed an arduous and doubtful fight to reverse the bias impressed on our judiciary law by three centuries of dogmatism, and on our legislation by a century of benevolent (and for a time really beneficent) economics. Rights of common were archaic, scattered, and obscure. They were an abomination to the modern scientific farmer, and foolishness to the modern practical lawyer; they were in the hands of the ignorant and the weak, and in constant danger of being defeated and extinguished in detail. Yet the cause found undaunted champions against all these odds, and when it came to the proof of legal argument and decisions, the commoners prevailed all along the line. Their successes were many and brilliant—in the case of Epping Forest complete and crowning beyond all expectation—and their failures insignificant. From Plumstead to Epping, from Epping to Berkhamstead, from Berkhamstead to Banstead, London is girdled with trophies of the Commons Preservation movement. The Courts have quietly corrected their former bias, and Parliament has openly reversed the policy of the Inclosure Acts. It goes without saying that the main purpose of the movement was and is quite different from any purpose for which rights of common originally existed, or were supposed to exist by any one down to recent times. There is nothing whatever to conceal or extenuate about this. Many, perhaps most, of the things worth preserving in England which we still have with us have been preserved by some such happy accident of old means being available for novel ends.

Nowadays, then, the quest of commoners' rights is a pursuit rather than a battle. In this Banstead case the party of encroachment has made a sort of retreating stand, and has been signally defeated. It has always been allowed that, where and so long as rights of common existed, it was the duty of the lord, even with the right of inclosure or "approvement" conferred by the Statute of Merton, to leave sufficient pasture for the commoners. But it was a moot point how the sufficiency of common should be ascertained. This point has now presented itself for decision, and been taken up to the Court of Appeal. It was contended on the lord's behalf that a commoner is entitled only to so much pasture as is enough for the average number of sheep actually put on the common from his holding in modern times. On the other hand, the owners of tenements entitled to common contended that the question was not how many sheep a given tenement actually maintained in a given year, or an average of years, but how many it was capable of maintaining during the winter and turning out in the summer. Mr. Justice STIRLING and the Court of Appeal have held that the latter view is the right one, and that the test of sufficient common must be the same whether it is applied as between the lord and any individual commoner in respect of his particular holding, or as between the lord and the whole body of commoners in their collective interest. The right of common belongs to the land, not to the variable number of sheep which the tenant happens to keep on the land from time to time. Both on principle and on the weight of authority this is declared to be the law; and whatever is inconsistent with it in one or two modern decisions is overruled.

An especially tempting way of resisting the exercise of ancient rights of common, or concocting evidence against them, is thus removed. It can no longer be objected with any plausibility that the right of an existing owner is cut short because he, or some of his predecessors, did not use it to the full extent. Minor deductions from the principle may yet require to be judicially worked out, but the prin-

ciple is established, unless, indeed, the House of Lords shall be of a different opinion; but this, we conceive, is not likely, for a few years ago the House actually invented, in the case of certain oysters at Saltash, a new method of claiming quasi-public rights. In the present case it was only necessary to reaffirm the oldest and best authorities on the subject. The Court of Appeal has done herein a thoroughly good piece of work.

THE AFFRAY AT YAKOUTSK.

THE fuller details just received of the terrible affray between Russian soldiers and Siberian exiles at Yakoutsk appears to afford substantial confirmation of the almost incredible story first published some weeks ago. Allowance ought, no doubt, still to be made for a certain amount of exaggeration. The suggestion, for instance, that the incident was planned on the part of the authorities is probably unfounded. That the soldiers had their guns already loaded, cartridges having been served out to them the previous evening, in itself proves little or nothing, and the statement that they had been previously informed that "they would have to fire upon the exiles" is possibly only the distorted version of a warning given to them that such an emergency might conceivably arise. The probability is that the attitude of the exiles was regarded with apprehension by the authorities, and that both parties were in that mood in which a sudden access of panic on either side might easily precipitate such a catastrophe as actually occurred. The situation was in itself one of a wholly exceptional kind; for it is only in Siberia that a guard of soldiers and police could be found in charge of a body of some thirty prisoners armed with revolvers. The theory that the affray arose out of a wilful misunderstanding on the part of the former is scarcely tenable. It is at least equally probable that the soldiers interpreted the refusal of the exiles, however innocent it may have been in intent, as an overt act of mutiny; that their acts of violence—the striking of the prisoners with the butts of their rifles, and so forth—were intended to overawe the mutineers; that the shots thereupon fired "again and again"—from which side it is not stated—may have been, some of them at any rate, revolver shots; and that, when matters reached this stage, panic broke out. Even from their own account it is clear that the prisoners did not tamely submit to attack. Some of them, at all events, seem to have used their revolvers freely; and the impression—deplorable enough, if less dreadful than the first account suggested—which we gather from the whole affair is, that both the prisoners and the custodians were possessed with the panic-born idea that each was executing a deliberately concocted plan of attack upon the other.

Far worse, to our thinking, than the affray itself—a misadventure which, however fatal its consequences, might have occurred anywhere—is the cold-blooded official barbarity of its sequel. This is purely Russian in character, and could have happened nowhere save in a country where men are condemned to a punishment almost worse than death by "administrative order," and where judicial investigation is the merest phrase. It is impossible to regard the court-martial held on this case as anything but a purely formal preliminary to the infliction of punishments already determined on. We lay no particular stress on its procedure, which was of a well-known order—the trial being held in private, and the prisoners being neither allowed the benefit of counsel nor permitted to see copies of the indictment against them. All this is in the regular Russian way; but, even with these precautions against enabling the accused to get a fair hearing for their own account of matters, we find it difficult to believe that the authorities could have failed to get at the real truth; and if, therefore, as seems by far the most probable hypothesis, the collision between the exiles and the soldiers was the mere accidental product of panic, we can hardly doubt but that that fact must have come out quite clearly in the course even of a one-sided investigation. The fact that only one policeman was killed (who, moreover, protested before dying his belief that he had been accidentally shot by the soldiers), while six of the prisoners were left dead, and nine others were more or less seriously wounded, is in itself pretty clear evidence that there was at least no premeditated attack on the guards. Thirty men firing revolvers at a preconcerted signal would assuredly give a better account of their adversaries than that. There seems, in short, to be no possibility of escaping the conclusion that the shockingly severe sentences passed on the surviving exiles were simply inflicted in order to put a good face on a police blunder. Authority in Siberia could not afford to admit that a mistake had been made. It might have been more than Governor OSTASHENE's place was worth to have done so. And so three more had to be condemned to death—one of them so badly wounded that his bed had to serve him, so to speak, for a "drop"—and some fifteen others sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, in order to make matters straight.

THE YEAR.

1889 HAS had a history which may either be told at great length or cut very short. It has consisted, for the most part, of small things which may be the beginnings of others of great importance, but were not of very striking interest in themselves. In America one government has disappeared, for a time certainly, and not improbably for ever; but in the rest of the world nations stand much where they did, their relative power unchanged, and their rivalries neither pacified nor advanced towards settlement. For this country the year has been, on the whole, one of prosperity and, in politics, of small useful things. The strikes, which have been numerous in the last six months, may be said to form an exception. They may check the revival of prosperity and turn out to have had important political consequences. As yet, however, they have not visibly delayed the improvement in trade, and their political influence is still problematical. On a survey of the whole year, nothing will be seen to have excited such general or intense interest as a debate which raged during a time in summer on the question whether a lady, who probably administered arsenic to her sickly husband, killed him therewith if she did give it. Next in popular estimation to this was the very theatrical discovery that a person who had long been an active Irish Nationalist and patriot had, in pursuit of a quarrel with other Nationalists and patriots, foisted on the *Times* newspaper forgeries which he meant to have a ruinous effect on his former associates. The Maybrick case and the detection, followed by the suicide, of Mr. Pigott have been certainly the most important, but quite as certainly the most noisy, of the events of the year.

Our domestic political history has consisted mainly of speeches, in which leaders of all parties (we can no longer, as we once could, say both) have recapitulated the arguments for their own sides—or have indicated what they believe will be the course which will lead to victory. The Unionist alliance has remained unbroken, and has borne fruit in useful legislation, and the even more useful steady application of the law in Ireland. On this side the speakers have had a definite policy, an absolutely clear and intelligible position to defend. The Opposition has been less fortunate. It has, by its own confession, no policy—unless it be one to assert that the present Ministry must be upset in order to make room for another of uncertain constitution, which will do something indefinite in Ireland as a preliminary to other things elsewhere. This proposition it has, indeed, reasserted in season and out of season, with what effect on the constituencies it is impossible to say while we stand so far from a general election which may be fought on as yet unforeseen issues. It is impossible to tell the history of such a conflict as this, or do more than roughly estimate its results up to the present. On the whole, it seems most credible that the Unionist alliance remains where it did, and that the Opposition is in a process of ferment. What the things to be done after the settlement of Ireland are, whether some of them ought not to be promoted to a front place, who ought to do them, and what will happen when the Separatists can no longer secure an appearance of coherence by standing with their hopes and rivalries in their pockets behind Mr. Gladstone, these are the real political questions of the day as far as the Opposition is concerned; but they obviously do not depend on matters of fact, which are material for narrative, but on deduction from speeches or personal character which is material for argument and demonstration.

The existence of this ferment in the Opposition side may be confidently deduced from the history of the Session. A few sentences can give the net result of the Ministry's labours between the 21st of February, when Parliament met, and the 31st of August, when it broke up. Lord George Hamilton carried through his Naval Defence Bill in the earlier portion of the Session. The measure was almost ludicrously small, when compared with what naval critics had for months been declaring to be absolutely necessary. And yet it was received by naval authorities as a good and sufficient measure. It was far larger than the dwindling remnant of the Manchester school or the garrulous fanatics of the new Peace party, which caricatures Mr. Cobden's follies, thought tolerable—but from them there was no formidable opposition to be feared. The regular Opposition was in a difficulty. Additions to the navy had always been popular, and in this case there was a practically universal belief that they were exceptionally necessary. The Opposition could not therefore attack the object of the Bill. It was consequently driven to criticize its form. Lord George Hamilton asked Parliament to

vote 21,500,000*l.*, to be spent on building or repairing ships and in providing guns, during a term of seven years. A great effort was made to simulate a belief that a subtle attempt lay concealed in this to limit the power of the House of Commons, and there was a great show of desire to defend our ancient Constitution. But the House was not to be persuaded that it was in danger of chains, and the country displayed the most absolute indifference to the risk that the power of a majority to cut down the defences from popularity-hunting motives should be diminished. There was even a pretty general expression of opinion that any diminution of that power would be an excellent thing. The opposition to the Bill was therefore necessarily hollow, and it passed unaltered. The Scotch Local Government and University Bills passed in the midst of the Session, not quickly, but easily, and almost unperceived. The first gave Scotland the benefit of County Councils adjusted to Scotch conditions, and organized according to Scotch ideas. The second provided a machinery for the government of Scotch Universities, such as Scotchmen have persuaded themselves is necessary. Looked at as part of the general history of the year, the course of these Bills is mainly valuable for the evidence it affords of the entire superfluity of a local Parliament for purposes of business. If the Scotch had discussed them in a legislative assembly of their own, they could not have had the handling of them to themselves more entirely. Nobody supposed that Scotchmen would do other than treat business as business, and do their best for their country's affairs. They were, therefore, left to attend to them themselves; and it cannot be said that the general interest of the nation suffered in any way. The conclusion that when Irishmen will look upon Irish affairs as business, and not as weapons to be used against the Union, they also will be left to deal with them alone is easy to draw.

Naval defence and Scotch business gave the Opposition little chance. Its opportunity, however, came in July, when the Royal Grants Bill was introduced. In July Mr. Smith had to ask the Commons to provide a dowry for the Princess Louise of Wales on her marriage to the Duke of Fife. The Ministry combined with this a request for the means to provide the eldest son of the Prince with an establishment. This motion immediately aroused the Opposition, and gave Mr. Labouchere an opportunity of showing that the Radical party within the Separatist party, which he had organized at the beginning of the Session, was not a mere figure of speech. As the Ministry was anxious that Parliamentary resistance to the grant should be as little discreditable to the House as the Opposition would permit, it made a concession which it might well have refused to make. It appointed a Committee to examine into the whole question of the Royal Grants, and undertook to stand by its finding. If the Ministry had had to deal with Mr. Gladstone only, it is probable that this would have been enough, and that the grant would have met no further opposition, except from the handful of members who think that Liberal principles and rudeness to the Queen are convertible terms. But the result showed that whoever deals with the Separatist party has to deal with much more than Mr. Gladstone now. He, indeed, did not hamper the Ministry, but accepted the Committee and submitted to its decisions. The Radicals, under Mr. Labouchere's guidance, took a very different course. They endeavoured to foist into the reference to the Committee an order to make an inquisitorial examination of the Queen's private affairs; then they made an attack on the composition of the Committee; then they resisted its recommendation, which was that a sum of 34,000*l.*—reduced, for no very obvious reason, from 40,000*l.*—should be made to the Prince of Wales for the establishment of his family. This course was taken independently of, or in opposition to, Mr. Gladstone, who supported the Ministry. It none the less secured the approval of, on various occasions, from 116 to 134 members of the Separatist party, who must be held to have shown a distinct inclination to act independently of their revered leader. During the last stage of the Grants Bill a further division took place in the party. Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Morley both decided to oppose the recognition by the House of Commons of the Queen's right to demand grants for her grandchildren; but they could not decide to do so together. First Mr. Labouchere did it, and Mr. Morley did not vote for him, on the 26th of July. Then Mr. Morley did it, and Mr. Labouchere's party did vote for him, on the 29th of July. The difference in numbers of the minority on these occasions was exactly 17 in favour of Mr. Morley. In all these things the part of Sir W. V. Harcourt was not remarkable. But he also had an opportunity later on. At the very close of the Session the Ministry decided on a step which, if abstract right and legal claims were all that a Ministry were bound to consider, would have been more than justified. It resolved to pass a Bill to enable the clergy of the Established Church in Wales to recover their tithes in the County Courts. But a Ministry has other things to consider, and among them are the determination of Liberals to make the utmost use they can of sectarian hatred of the Church of England, and the belief of some members of the Church that they can in some mysterious way serve its cause by showing an amazingly tender regard for its implacable enemies. Between the two an opposition was organized against the Bill, which first compelled the Ministry to modify it, and then to give it up. In these transactions Sir William Harcourt was very conspicuous. The end of the Session, therefore, if it left the alliance between the Conservatives and the Liberal-Unionists where it found it, most undoubtedly left the power of Mr. Gladstone over his own party shaken, and showed that there were three possible candidates for his succession.

The direct share which Irish affairs had in the business of the Session was not considerable. Compared with what it has had in recent years, that share was insignificant indeed. A few industrial Bills were carried after an opposition which came mainly from a section of the English Radicals. Of what are commonly understood by Irish debates there were very few. As a matter of course, the whole relation of Ireland to the Union was gone over in the course of the debate on the Address. Almost as a matter of course, too, Mr. O'Brien and kindred spirits succeeded in so far persuading the House of Commons that their personal comfort is a matter of importance as to secure a whole debate to themselves on the outrageous conduct of the police which first arrests them and then will not allow them to be rescued. The most Irish demonstration which diversified the Session arose out of proceedings before the Special Commission. It would obviously be impossible to give here an account of the proceedings themselves. In the first place, they are in mere point of length more bulky than the evidence collected about the Irish massacre of 1641. In the second place, they are not yet finished. The Commission have heard the evidence and the advocates. They have yet, however, to give their finding. Still, it would be an affectation to treat the most notorious of the incidents of the inquiry as a matter which lies beyond the reach of their comment. The events of what may be called the Pigott week stand apart from the rest of the history of the Commission. The story which was unfolded before the Commission between the 16th and the 23rd February was indeed a remarkable one, and it led to proceedings only less remarkable than itself. Under the strain of a cross-examination which hardly needed to be skilful in order to be effective, it was discovered that this person had for once in his life told the strict truth when he said that his evidence would damage the side which called him as a witness. He was soon forced to confess, what indeed had long been no secret, that he was one of the most disreputable of mankind; that he had been a dishonest adventurer while he was still a Nationalist editor, and that he had become a forger when he supplied the *Times* with what purported to be damaging letters written by Mr. Parnell and others. The cross-examination of Pigott left no doubt whatever that the actual documents handed to the *Times* were the fruit of Mr. Pigott's imagination, if not his memory, and that the newspaper had no guarantee for them except the forger's word. This discovery had hardly been made before Mr. Pigott, under the influence apparently of the common delusion that there is no extradition treaty with Spain, fled to that country, and on learning that it was a delusion, shot himself in an hotel in Madrid. On the eve of his departure, Mr. Labouchere showed so much confidence in his honesty as to accept a confession from him. It was only natural that the Parnellite party should make the most of the fraud perpetrated on the *Times* by this countryman and ex-ally of their own. They endeavoured, and their English friends endeavoured with them, to represent that the whole reference to the Special Commission had broken down with the *Times*' letters, and an opportunity of stating that theory in the House of Commons was provided in the shape of an attack on Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General, for his professional conduct of the case. Sir Richard Webster vindicated himself in the House of Commons on the 22nd March, and his vindication was subsequently endorsed by the most competent of all judges—both branches of the legal profession. In the country Separatist speakers continued for some time to assert on every available occasion that with the discovery of the Pigott forgeries the whole case against the Nationalist members had broken down. But the inquiry went on, and in the face of what it revealed these assertions gradually died down. Mr. Parnell did at last withdraw from before the Commission with the intention, as he avowed, of showing that he had ceased to be interested in the inquiry. But the withdrawal did not convince the country that this contention was well founded. Others are to judge when the defendant ceases to be interested in legal proceedings, and in this case the competent authority has yet to decide.

Ireland itself has been in the condition it usually is in under an Administration resolved to enforce the law—in a state of quiet, varied by sporadic outbreaks of crime. The murder of Inspector Martin at Gweedore on the 3rd of February, while serving a warrant on Father McFadden, was a characteristic incident of Irish agitation. It was characteristic, too, that it should have been quoted during the debate on the Address in the House of Commons as one of the many offences of a Government which does not save its officers from violence by habitual surrender to opposition. In this case, however, direct responsibility was brought home to the persons who were betrayed by the prospect of immunity into the error of beating a policeman to death. In October the Government added to the offence of not providing an overwhelming force to execute its orders by securing convictions, on confession, for manslaughter against fifteen of the poor men whom it did not overcome soon enough for their good. At the same time, Father McFadden, who had remained indoors while the mob was cudgelling Inspector Martin to death on his doorstep, was sent to prison for resisting arrest. The Gweedore crime and its consequences are the type of what has been happening all through Ireland throughout the year. The Government has not always been able to secure immediate obedience to the law; but it has not allowed resistance to be ultimately successful. In no case has the Plan of Campaign been carried through,

and in some it has distinctly failed. A recognition, if not of the victory of the Government, at least of the inability of the old organizations to defeat it, was given by the formation in July of a new Tenants' League. This body has not as yet done more than impose a tax on the patriot rank and file for the benefit of the patriot staff. How far this source of revenue will make good the painful deficiency of supplies from the United States—which have discovered by the help of Dr. Cronin that Irish methods emigrate with the Irish—remains to be seen. The resolution of the Government has been further recognized by a notable diminution of activity on the part of the English Separatists on Irish soil. None of them have shown the slightest desire to share the imprisonment of Mr. Conybeare, and its disagreeable though exceptional incidents. So low has the level of English Separatist activity on Irish soil sunk that even Mr. Shaw Lefevre has been recognized as a comparatively dangerous man.

Since the middle of August the Irish and other questions have been much obscured in England by the more immediate importance of the strikes, which began in that month, and have gone on, by a process of descent, from one trade to another to the end of the year. It is not as yet possible to estimate the exact nature and the importance of these movements. A strike may obviously be more than a pure trade dispute. It may be an attempt on the part of the workmen to carry out political and social ideas preached to them by some of their leaders. Under which head the strikes of the last five months are to be ranked we cannot as yet say with certainty. An approximately accurate estimate of their character can only be hoped for by careful discrimination between them. The strikes have been numerous—indeed almost universal—and a very large proportion of them have been trade disputes, pure and simple—attempts to secure better pay or shorter hours. These are the natural consequences of the improvement in trade, of the desire of the men to share in that improvement, and the by no means intelligent reluctance of the employers to grant cheerfully and at once what experience should have taught them they must, under prevailing conditions of trade, ultimately concede. The history of such disputes would be a twenty-times-told tale. But one series of the strikes—nearly all confined to London—has had a distinct character of its own. The line began with the Dockers' strike in August, and has gone on to the Gas-workers' strike of December. In these cases there has been either an attempt to extort increase of pay from "Capital," by the combined action of "Labour"—many trades joining to back up one—or an attempt to impose conditions of work on employers where no dispute as to pay or hours of work existed. These movements, too, have met with no small amount of effusive, but not less effectual, sympathy from active knots of whole or half politicians.

The Dockers' strike had the appearance when it started of being a mere trade dispute. Whether it was more than an appearance was very doubtful; for no sooner had the movement begun than an organization was found ready to turn it into something very different, and it may be supposed without rashness that that which profited so promptly by the strike had helped to produce it. If the movement was the beginning of the execution of a settled scheme, it is not to be denied that the choice of a starting-point was made with judgment. The Dockers were notoriously a miserably paid body of casual labourers, inflicted by all the miseries and defects commonly found in men whose work and pay are alike small and irregular. When it was heard that they had struck for a penny more an hour and more fixity of engagements, there was a general feeling that they were making a reasonable demand. The unwillingness of the Dock Directors to make concessions was thought somewhat harsh, and their plea that the capital invested in the Docks did not make a return which justified an increase of expenses was held to be discredited by the fact that much of this capital had been invested in an unbusinesslike manner, and ought properly to be considered lost. The strike, therefore, started in the midst of real, though not at first active, sympathy with the Dockers and a marked absence of sympathy with the Dock Companies. These last naturally, however, sympathized with themselves, and did their best to make a fight. Under ordinary circumstances the struggle would have gone on to the usual end of surrender or compromise. But the circumstances soon became other than ordinary. A strike committee, of which the character could be judged by the presence on it of well-known Socialists, was formed, if it was not anterior to the strike. The men grew angry. Picketing was carried to the length of intimidation. Mr. Matthews declared in the House of Commons that there was no proof of the existence of "organized intimidation." What degree of threatening and violence the Home Secretary considered would amount to this he did not explain, but unofficial people were of opinion that when noisy mobs beset dock gates and railway stations, when workmen who had accepted the Company's terms were attacked and beaten, there was both organization and intimidation. Very soon the strike was complicated by something much newer than this not uncommon feature of such movements. In September, London was introduced for the first time to what was called a strike out of sympathy. Great numbers of other workmen, some engaged on the river, others not, went on strike, not, as they asserted, to gain anything for themselves, but by hampering the industry of London to put pressure on the Dock Directors, and bring public opinion to bear to make them yield. The fact that the weather was fine and work everywhere relaxed by the holiday season, novelty, and the mere influence of fashion had undoubtedly all some share in forwarding this demonstration. But there were other causes of a more serious nature which must be allowed for in estimating its character. The language used and the things done were proofs that what are called Socialistic ideas have spread widely among the working classes. The leaders talked and the men acted under the influence of an obvious belief that "labour" is in a natural state of antagonism to the rest of the community, and can extort whatever terms it pleases, without any fear that the loss it may inflict on others will recoil on itself. The words used were often in excess of the things done. An attempt, for instance, to bring about a "general strike," a complete stoppage of all work in London, met with instant failure. But the spirit which was inspiring many of the workmen was undeniable, and its existence is a fact of gravity. To a large extent the Socialist leaders of the Dock strike were encouraged by the active sympathy of persons not belonging in any way to their own class. The shipowners of London showed a very selfish disposition to make the most they could out of the difficulties of the Dock Companies. Some wharfingers kept them in countenance, and the alliance of Dock Labourers, Lightermen, Stevedores, and Coal-Porters was egged on by men of business who would not look beyond the immediate advantage to be obtained by compelling the Companies to surrender. The purely voluntary help given to the strike was also considerable. Money was freely contributed, principally from the Colonies. In London a so-called Committee of Conciliation, of which Cardinal Manning, the Lord Mayor, and Mr. Sydney Buxton were the best known members, was formed to promote a settlement. The Dock strikers' leaders were very busy with these gentlemen, and a great deal of negotiation, which, in fact, meant threatening direct and indirect, went on with the Directors. After a month of conflict a modified victory was gained by this combination of labour, Socialism, self-seeking, and emotional sympathy. A first compromise by which the Directors agreed to raise the pay of the Dockers and accept their stipulations as to terms of engagement after the 1st of January fell through. But, after another week of conflict, an agreement was come to on the understanding that the date for the rise in wages was to be the 4th of November. With this the Dockers' strike was held to have come to an end.

As might have been expected, the movement did not end here. The possession of funds, of a weapon which seemed irresistible, and the enjoyment of public sympathy, naturally induced the Dock Strike Committee to go on. In the docks themselves there were several weeks of uncertainty. The strikers, who had formed a Union, refused to work with the "blacklegs"—the men taken on during the strike—although they had bound themselves to do so by the terms of their agreement with the Directors. To a large extent they succeeded in either securing their expulsion or forcing them to come into the Union. It seemed repeatedly likely that the conflict would begin again. Although a general cessation of work was avoided, there were several minor quarrels. The lightermen—a privileged body defended by a charter—who had first struck out of sympathy, then struck for themselves. By the help of the same Committee of Conciliation they were able to extort astonishingly good terms. All the strikes were not equally successful. At Silvertown the employers defied coercion, and beat the strike completely, partly by removing a portion of their works to Paris. But the disposition to strike increased, and with its increase came growing activity on the part of those committees and "executives" of Unions which have the direction of these movements. They have been frequently at variance with one another, and have expressed their mutual dislike and distrust, not only by language of great violence, but by actual fisticuffs. Still, they have all been ready to act against the employer. The determination to make the Unions an independent power has at last culminated in a struggle, which is still going on. While the Dock strike was in progress, the South Metropolitan Gas Company introduced a system of agreement with its men by which a bonus or fixed share in the profits was to be given to those of the hands who would sign a contract to work for a year, a period which was afterwards reduced. At the time it was generally thought that this was equally politic for the Company and advantageous for the men. The Gas-Workers' Union saw in it an attack on themselves, and resolved to bring about a strike in order to force the Company, not only to rescind its agreement, but to dismiss the workmen who had signed it. The Company, encouraged by the success of resistance to similar dictation at Manchester and Salford, stood out. As it was, though not till after some appearance of reluctance, properly protected by the police, it was able to contend on equal terms with its assailants. No difficulty was found in securing men to replace the strikers; and the Union has, so far, been completely beaten. But the end has not come yet. In this case, too, we are still threatened with a strike from sympathy. The coal-porters threaten to stop the delivery of coal to the South Metropolitan Gas Company. What is still more serious, the gas-workers on the north side of the Thames have begun to talk of going out unless the South Metropolitan Company surrenders to the Union. Whatever the exact value of these threats may be as indications of what coal-porters and gas-workers can do, there can be no doubt of their importance as indications of the spirit which now largely prevails among the working-men. It is plain that those who talk in this way are prepared to appear absolutely reckless as to what damage they may inflict on the community.

The British colonies have not been wholly free from difficulties. Canada has still to complain that the Fishery Question is unsettled, and that her big neighbour is guilty of high-handed proceedings towards her. During the summer months a United States Revenue boat called the *Rush* made several captures of British Columbian sealing-vessels in Behring Straits. These captures were justified by an exceedingly disputable claim of sovereignty over the seas between Alaska and the eastern end of Siberia. But, though England has protested against what she maintains to be an unfounded pretension, she has not gone beyond protests; and they have, as a matter of course, produced no effect. The vessels taken have in all cases been brought back by the crews to English ports, as the American officer uniformly, and probably deliberately, omitted to put a sufficient force on board to hold them. The validity of the captures has, therefore, never been affirmed by an American Admiralty Court, and it is doubtful whether it would be. In its present state the dispute is a natural cause of irritation to Canada. There is no sign of a desire on the part of the United States Government to come to a settlement. Indeed, the Fishery Question is likely soon to become acute. The Administration of President Harrison has made no step towards a renewal of negotiations for a treaty; and, as the *modus vivendi* arranged by Mr. Chamberlain is running out, the countries will revert to the condition of things established in 1818, which has already repeatedly produced dissensions.

In Australia there has been a revival of the desire to effect a federation. Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier of New South Wales, has this time taken the lead. He declined to join the Premier of Victoria in an attempt to establish a purely military convention to enable the colonies to act together for their own defence, unless a common Administration for all of them was set up at the same time. As Federation is desired by the other colonies, his wish, though it has caused some surprise, is hardly in keeping with his policy of late years. The Australian colonies have, therefore, agreed to begin discussing how they are to turn their present limited Federal Council into something more closely resembling the Administration of the Dominion of Canada.

Our African possessions are those which may be most confidently relied on to compel attention. The power to do so is not weakened by the uncertainty of the border between our colonial and our foreign relations in that continent. With both we have had trouble, beginning with Cape Town in the south, which is undoubtedly a colony, and ending with Egypt in the north, which, though nominally a foreign country in which we have interests of a complicated kind, is fast becoming a possession. In Cape Colony the Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, has found it impossible to continue in office in view of the fact that the Home Government would not agree with him that the natural destiny of every extension of British territory in South Africa is to come under the Cape. These extensions have been considerable. One great district on the mainland opposite Zanzibar, with a coast-line reaching from Vitu to Pemba, and an extension inland up to the Lake district, has been recognized as under British influence, and has been given to a Company organized on the model of the North Borneo Company. To the south the great stretch of country known as Matabele Land, which lies to the north of the Transvaal, has been put under a similar Company. In this region we have approached the renewal of an old conflict, and have come into sharp collision with one European rival who does us the honour to rely on our unwillingness to strike the weak. The English who have been attracted into the Transvaal are beginning to outnumber the Boers, and it seems not unlikely that there will be a conflict of races before long. Portugal in the meantime has openly advanced pretensions to put itself in our way. It has claimed to be sovereign over a belt of country stretching from its western possessions at Benguela to its eastern possessions at Mozambique. In Delagoa Bay—which it holds because England was weak enough to suppose that a foreign Government, called upon to act as arbitrator between it and Portugal, would decide fairly between a great Power, which had shown it would not resent partiality, and a little Power, which might be bribed to be useful—our old ally has confiscated a railway built by English capital. Finally, one of its officers has, unless he is greatly misrepresented, committed what is little short of an act of aggression. The activity of Mr. Consul Johnston has proved that the Shiré, which rises in Lake Nyassa and falls into the Zambesi, is navigable. It runs through a country occupied by English mission stations and opened by English explorers. As we have refused to recognize the right of Portugal to shut the Zambesi, it is obvious that this river opens to us a direct water-way to the Lake country. When this fact had been demonstrated by us its importance became clear to the Portuguese. They began to talk of reasserting vague claims to the Shiré Valley. A "scientific" expedition was at once organized under the well-known Portuguese explorer, Major Serpa Pinto, and that expedition has fired upon natives who had good reason to believe themselves under British protection. Whether that act will lead, as it should lead, to a thoroughgoing settlement of all claims in South-Eastern Africa, will depend on the firmness of Her Majesty's Ministers. As yet it has only led to an exchange of notes and a great deal of that fluent abuse of England which comes so naturally to most Continental journalists, and particularly to our good friends of France and our allies in the Peninsula.

The affairs of Egypt are, in fact, a part of the same question—the question whether England is to allow herself to be evicted from a position of supremacy from north to south in Eastern Africa. In Egypt itself the course of things has been, on the whole, favourable. English administration has been securing a tighter and tighter hold on the country, in spite of the fretful intriguing of France. When the organization of the country had advanced so far as to give some plausibility to the contention that England could now fulfil her conditional promise to retire, the Mahdi was good enough to send an army down the Nile under the well-known and generally successful Wad-el-N'jumi. In September, after not a little manœuvring, the Mahdi's commander was compelled to give battle at Toski. His army was easily routed and he himself killed. The Mahdist attack on Egypt was beaten back; but the fact that there had been an attack was sufficient answer to those who thought that England could leave the country to its own resources.

The fate which has overtaken a part of what was once an Egyptian dominion since it has been left to its own resources is too instructive. After the delays which were naturally caused by his deliberate choice of the longest and most difficult route—delays which, all must acknowledge, have enabled him to display the most creditable courage, tenacity, and managing faculty—Mr. Stanley has at last "relieved" Emin Pasha from his trying position at Wadelai. He has, that is to say, brought him out, not altogether to his liking, as it would seem. Emin Pasha is, therefore, safe, though a fall has laid him prostrate for a time. But the province of Wadelai has gone to the Mahdi, and Mr. Stanley has left the slave-hunter Tippoo Tib behind him in a position of command in the Congo State. The details of the story are hardly yet fully known, the principal authorities for the present being Mr. Stanley's necessarily fragmentary letters; but the result is painfully clear, and is precisely what we have stated—complete victory for the Mahdists in Wadelai and increased power for the slave-hunters in the Congo State. That in the course of last year and this Mr. Stanley struggled from the valley of the Congo by the Aruwhimi to the Albert Nyanza, leaving a camp behind him on the latter river, which came to a disastrous end with the loss of Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson; that he crossed and recrossed forests; that he found Wadelai in a state of rebellion against Emin and the Mahdists advancing; that he persuaded the German and forced some of his followers to come away—these leading facts we know. They prove, as has been already said, that fanaticism and slave-hunting have made themselves masters of the Lake country of Africa, and will advance from thence unless kept back by superior power. The Mahdists have not only expelled the white man, but have defeated the Abyssinians and killed their king.

Abroad there has not been much of novelty or importance to note, except, as usual, in France. The revolution of last month in Brazil was so far of interest that it marked the introduction of the well-known South American anarchy into the one State of the continent which has hitherto been free from it. The garrison of Rio de Janeiro, which was discontented because it was not sufficiently consulted in political affairs, and also because it was threatened by an unwelcome change of quarters, revolted under a certain Marshal da Fonseca, and sent the Emperor Dom Pedro into exile with his family. No blow was struck; the garrison of the capital and the squadron did all the work. A provisional Government has been established, which has hitherto taken care to control the despatch of news to Europe. All we know is that a form of government which must have been singularly decrepid fell before a military revolt of the most commonplace character, and we can only wait to see whether anarchy will follow from events which are calculated to produce little else.

In Europe all the Great Powers, except France, have passed a tranquil year, on the whole. Russia has been perfectly quiet—undisturbed by the Nihilist murders or massacres of Jews, which alone diversify the affairs of a country in which government is in the hands of a very few, who render no public account of their stewardship. In Germany there have been strikes, which, however, led to no disorder. The Emperor has paid, and received, visits; he has at last entertained, among other guests, the Czar, whom he had called on before all his brother sovereigns. He has increased his army, and repeatedly declared his confidence that peace will endure. As much might be said of the sovereigns of Austria and Italy. The first of these rulers has been cruelly stricken by the sudden and violent death of his heir, the Archduke Rudolph, early in the year, and has had to contend both in Hungary and Bohemia with those explosions of local patriotism which rage every now and then, till the Emperor tells them to stop, and is at once obeyed. Questions of some difficulty which might have been started by the death of the King of Holland from the stroke of apoplexy which prostrated him have been postponed by his recovery.

The international relations of Europe have continued to be what they have been for years. There has been everywhere the same continuous assertion of a desire to maintain peace, the same avowed confidence in its continuance, and the same active preparation for the war which ought not to come if one half of this assertion and confidence is genuine. In '89 as in '86 and '87 Central Europe has been banded to resist the possible combination of East and West. Once during May the profound national hatred and distrust which underlies all this diplomatic profession was revealed for a moment. An unfounded report that the German Emperor and his guest, the King of Italy, were about to visit Strasburg together threw the French into a convulsion of rage, which was only appeased when they persuaded themselves that a design, which

was only authenticated by rumour, had been given up. Because of the influence they might have in breaking the uneasy peace of the Continent the obscure troubles of South-Eastern Europe have been anxiously watched. In Servia King Milan, after straining the constitution in order to get rid of his wife, presided at the beginning of the year over the making of a new one. When it appeared that he had brought about a settlement to his liking, he surprised Europe by abdicating, with the proviso that if his wife was allowed to return, he would return too. The Queen has returned, and seated herself at the gates of the Regents appointed by the King, but Milan has not come back. How this ignoble wrangle affects the really serious struggle—the rivalry of Russia and Austria in Servia—is not clear. The Montenegrins, the paid dependents of Russia, are busy pushing into Servia, and will be ready, no doubt, when they are wanted. Bulgaria continues as before to be ruled by the resolute M. Stambouloff under the nominal authority of Prince Ferdinand. While that is the case there will be one Balkan State from which Russia has little to hope. The weakness and the vices of Turkish administration have borne their not uncommon fruits in Armenia and in Crete—the discontent of very badly governed subjects and the intrigues of adventurers. In Armenia the misconduct of the Kurds has, as of old, been great, and it has not been efficiently suppressed. In Crete there has been actual fighting—part of it rebellion, part faction fight. Here, also, the work of suppression has been but ill done by the Turks. Yet in neither case has the trouble led to what is meant to be the end of all troubles in Turkey, another attack on the integrity of the Sultan's dominions, another reopening of the Eastern Question.

A minor international question which made some noise in its day was ended in a fashion unprecedented in diplomatic history. The rivalries of England, Germany, and the United States in Samoa had brought ships of all three nations into the roadstead of Apia. Here they were attacked on the 15th March by a hurricane which utterly wrecked the German and American squadrons, while H.M.S. *Calliope* steamed out to sea in the teeth of the gale. By this wind the Samoan question was blown away and nothing more has been heard of it.

France, as ever, stands apart from neighbouring States in the interest of its internal affairs. This year they have even certain originality as compared with other passages in French politics, for a revolutionary movement has been beaten without actual fighting. In January, General Boulanger was returned for Paris against an advanced Republican by 245,236 votes to 162,875. This event, which took M. Floquet's Ministry entirely by surprise, showed the Parliamentary Republicans that they were in serious danger—and they recognized the fact. It is not to be denied that they acted with sense and vigour. They took France tightly in hand, and France, as usual, obeyed. M. Floquet's Ministry was upset. A new Cabinet was formed under M. Tirard, which possessed in M. Constans a Minister of the Interior who knew how elections should be conducted in France by a government in danger. The electoral law was modified, *Scrutin d'arrondissement* replaced by *Scrutin de liste*. A special Court was set up to try the General and his associates, MM. Rochefort and Dillon. The utmost was made of the fact that this is the centenary of the meeting of the States-General, and that a great exhibition which was relied on to bring money into France was to be opened in Paris. The result proved that the new Ministry had judged correctly what appeals to make, what measures to take. The General fled before his trial came on, first to Brussels, then to London. In his absence he was arraigned and condemned to imprisonment for life on the hardly concealed ground that he had attained to a popularity which made him dangerous. The Exhibition was a success. When in September the elections were held, it was found that good management and good luck had served the Parliamentary Republicans. The Exhibition, the undignified figure cut by the refugee General, and the unsparing rigour with which M. Constans used the whole power of the administration, combined to give them a majority of 151 in the new Chamber. Not much less than half the total votes given were given for the Oppositions of one colour or the other, but as they were distributed the majority of Republican members returned was great. The Boulangists secured little more than forty seats. Such a victory is not certainly very glorious. The Republicans are far less powerful than they were when Marshal McMahon was overthrown, and their enemies are as strong as they were in the last Chamber. Yet they have at least won for the time, and if it has been by the use of methods familiar to the old arbitrary Governments of France, their continued victory is not less probable on that account.

The obituary of the year is long, and contains the names of three Englishmen of the first eminence. No one of his countrymen was ignorant that Mr. John Bright, who died in March, was not only the representative of a once powerful school of politicians, a popular leader who enjoyed and exerted in a thoroughly unselfish way an immense moral influence, but the greatest orator of his time. Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, whose death occurred at the very end of the year, was equally beyond question the first of English theological scholars, and a very formidable defender of his faith. It would not be easy to state with equal precision the position of Mr. Robert Browning, who died at the close of the year a few days before the Bishop; but he certainly left behind him no equal in general intellectual vigour, and not more than one superior—if even one—in the mastery of English verse, when his admirable genius was allowed to act unhampered by his eccentricities. Of less famous men of letters a long list have died within the year. Mr. Albery, the playwright; Mr. Allingham, the poet; Mr. S. C. Hall, a veteran who had outlived three generations; Mr. Halliwell Phillipps, the distinguished Shakspearian scholar, a respectable worker in a field in which pedantry and folly have been found to be exceptionally easy; Dr. Hueffer, a naturalized German, who was the best known of English musical critics; Mr. Ralston, who did more than any Englishman of his time to familiarize his countrymen with Russian literature; the Rev. J. G. Wood, the most widely read of the numerous body of popularizers of science; Dr. C. Mackay, journalist, miscellaneous author, and song-writer; the Rev. Horatius Bonar, the hymn writer—all these were men of very various qualities and merits, but all of mark. Mr. Martin Tupper stands by himself as one who had enjoyed and outlived a most amazing, but not by any means inexplicable, popularity. Art has been more fortunate among English artists of repute. The only two whose deaths are to be noted were Messrs. Beverley and O'Connor, both practitioners of the difficult but ephemeral art of scene-painting. Mr. O'Connor had also earned much distinction of a more durable form. The musical and theatrical world has lost Mme. Carlotta Patti, the less famous of two famous sisters; Mme. Puzzi, a well-known figure in London society, and the best teacher of the true Italian method of singing (a former generation knew her as the Tosi); M. Naudin, the tenor, a veteran who had ranked high in a generation of admirable singers; Mrs. Dallas, better known as Miss Glyn; and Mr. Carl Rosa, who, though a German, struggled manfully to keep life in the tender plant which is called English opera. To these we trust that artistic sense of dignity will permit us to add the name of Hengler, of the circus which has afforded a pleasing spectacle to thousands to whom theatres and opera-houses are inaccessible; and Harry Jupp, the cricketer. Scholarship and science have lost Dr. Kennedy, a great scholar and maker of scholars; Dr. Beal, the Orientalist; Mr. Hennessy, the Celtic scholar; Mr. G. Vigfusson, an Icelander, who spent his life in explaining Scandinavian history and letters to Englishmen; and Professor Maguire. M. Chevreul, the French chemist, was probably best known at the time of his death as the one man who, having lived to see the centenary of the French Revolution, could yet remember the meeting of the States-General in 1789. No very famous name has disappeared from the active list of politicians and soldiers. Mr. Firth and M. Stoyanoff, the Bulgarian, were, indeed, known men, but they could not be included by any laxity of language in the first rank. Lords Eversley and Malmesbury and Sir W. Dunbar in this country; Signors Cairoli and Mancini in Italy; Marshal Quesada in Spain; Count Peter Schuvaloff in Russia; M. Saint-Hilaire, General Faidherbe, and Admiral Jaurès in France; and Mr. Jefferson Davis in the United States were all men who had outlived their period of activity. The deaths of the Archduke Rudolph and of the King of Portugal were political events of various importance, which have been mentioned in their places. French letters have lost MM. Fustel de Coulanges, an historical student of distinct power; Barbey d'Aurevilly, a man of letters of great originality; and Havet, the theological scholar and Pascalist. Among those whom it is hardly possible to class we have to name Father Damien, who devoted his life heroically to the lepers in the island of Molokai, and Laura Bridgman, the deaf mute, whose education to some degree of intelligence was a wonder of skill and patience.

THE DOGS OF WAR.

ANTONY, it seems, was perhaps not speaking metaphorically after all when he prophesied how the spirit of Cæsar would "cry havoc! and let slip the dogs of war." The modern general may in future campaigns literally do the latter, and will have to reckon Spratt's biscuits amongst the necessaries his commissariat will have to provide for. Most Continental armies have already recognized the valuable assistance dogs may render to an army under certain circumstances, and have, at any rate tentatively, made arrangements for utilizing their services. What Germany and Russia think to-day in military matters England, we may safely prophesy, will think to-morrow, and so now that we have actually organized cyclists and mounted infantry, we need feel no surprise if we meet with our faithful "Trays" and "Tobys" duly enrolled amongst the denizens of our camps. And in their case, too, history will but again have repeated itself, and the latest modern innovation once more prove but a revival of an ancient custom. The employment of dogs in war, we have lately been told, was not infrequent from the very earliest times. Corinth is said to have been saved by fifty of these valiant auxiliaries, who, while the rest of the garrison slept, remained on the alert, and performed valuable outpost duty till the drunken revellers were roused. Philip of Macedon utilized their services in pursuing the mountaineers amongst their rocky fastnesses during his campaign against Argile. Attila preferred to trust the safety of his camps to their keen perceptions rather than to the ears and eyes of his Huns. The Romans recognized their value for the same purpose, and the geese of the Capitol came to the rescue not only of men, but of dogs too, who for once were caught napping. The Spanish bloodhounds of the West Indies have been so frequently quoted by excited nationalists, and have supplied so many flowers of rhetoric and invective, that we need not further dwell on this instance. Yet the patriots were either ignorant of, or

conveniently forgot, their own history, when they went to the West Indies to find a parallel to Saxon baseness. They might have found one nearer home, which for their especial benefit we will remind them of. The Earl of Essex, in suppressing the rebellion which has since become a feature of every reign, in the time of Elizabeth, is stated to have organized a force of 800 bloodhounds to accompany the army. The old Irish deerhound, too, was a trusty "follower," and seems to have "shadowed" his master even more efficiently than the modern detective watches over judges and Ministers. In more modern times we find the celebrated "Moustache" amongst the heroes of the French army at the commencement of the century. He was decorated by Marshal Lannes at Austerlitz, and finally met a soldier's death in the Peninsula, where he was shot shortly after the siege of Badajoz. At the present time the Russians train dogs to act as sentinels, having found the necessity of their aid during the expedition under Skobeleff in Asia Minor, where a stealthy and cunning enemy found means to surprise them on more than one occasion. Their German neighbours began to experiment on the value of dogs for outposts as far back as 1885, and are satisfied as to the assistance they would render in the outpost line. There is no doubt that during inclement and foggy weather the keener perceptions of a dog would be far superior to those of a man, and the confidence that the presence of a trustworthy four-footed companion would give to a sentry in an exposed situation would be immense under such circumstances.

It is a difficult matter in times of peace to understand how an army, especially in these days of education and field-glasses, can be surprised. Yet all the records of war teem with instances where such an enterprise has been successful, and doubtless there will be more of them in the future. The French were surprised at Beaumont in the act of leisurely cooking their dinners, and knew nothing of an enemy's approach till the shells from the German artillery came tumbling into their camp. The presence of a few noisy terriers in Arabi's entrenchments might have spoiled Lord Wolseley's calculations, and made us pay with many valuable lives for our venturesome attack; while what was really a disaster at McNeill's Zereba would never have occurred at all had a few "war-dogs" been with the sentries. A man, after a hard day's fighting or a long march, loses much of his sharpness, and often becomes so exhausted as almost to become indifferent to danger. A dog is less affected by hunger or cold, and does not so readily tire. His faculties longer retain their acuteness, and are more keen from the outset. At night especially the mental strain produced by anxious watching is very great, and tries the nerves of the men severely. It is for this reason that sentries are always posted double, and sometimes, especially in the Russian service, in groups. A dog will wind the approach of a stranger on a calm night a quarter of a mile away, and even in bad weather the combination of scent and hearing with which he is endowed would warn him of danger at half that distance. He has a great advantage, too, over his human rival in that he can distinguish between friend and foe even in the dark. If sentry-posts, therefore, were supplied with canine allies, they might be placed further apart, and the army sleep with increased security notwithstanding. The rôle of the dog in war would not, however, be confined to such duties alone. As scouts in front and on each side of the line of march, they are expected to be likewise useful, and are to undertake some duties which now tell severely both on men and horses. Woods, ravines, farm-buildings, or hamlets, lying close to the line of march, have always to be reconnoitred and searched ere troops can pass them, and the labour and delay thus caused are serious. Parties must be detailed, perhaps, for considerable distances, to the right and left, and the column has to halt till their work is done. The constant recurrence of such duties is very fatiguing, and in an enclosed country it is not easy for a horseman to efficiently perform them. It is thought that a few good dogs, ranging widely from the scouts, would save them an immensity of trouble and do the work equally well. They might thus scour small woods and coverts, and indicate the enemy lurking in ambush in time to allow their friends to avoid being taken unawares. We may thus expect in the future to see a dead-set made at the unseen riflemen, and may imagine the thrill of excitement "to ho!" will send along the advancing line. Perhaps a headstrong, impetuous ranger may even run into and flush a whole covey from the neighbouring thicket, and then we hope we may be near to hear the shout that tells that the quarry has broken cover.

But it is to be hoped that the dog will have his use in war after a more sober fashion also. As a despatch-carrier he should be quite unrivalled, and, especially in action, might, if well trained, convey intelligence where it would be nigh hopeless for a man to venture. He could go as fast as a horse and over far rougher ground. He would be far less easily seen, and he would be far more difficult to hit. But it is claimed likewise for him that he would supplement the transport of ammunition in action, and might be trusted to convey packets of cartridges to the front with a greater chance of safely reaching his destination than either a man or a mule. Here, no doubt, he would also make fewer mistakes, and would not fail to identify the men of his own battalion, while he is said to be equal to carrying eighty rounds at a time, and would not be exhausted by repeated journeys. The St. Bernard has ere now given proof how efficient his services would be in searching for the wounded, and he would thus help to obviate much of the suffering incidental to all campaigns. The sheepdog would, however, probably be the most generally useful breed to employ, although bloodhounds, pointers, setters, poodles, and spaniels have all of them qualities which would make them useful for the purpose. Whether the suggestion will take definite shape in this country remains to be seen, but it is by no means the wild or fanciful notion which it may at first sight appear. On the frontier of Belgium and France smugglers habitually employ dogs trained for their purpose; and, on the other hand, the Custom-House have their canine representatives, who pursue and run down those in the contraband trade. Our sporting breeds of dogs have been more carefully preserved and looked after than on the Continent, and we should have abundant raw material to go upon. By degrees a special breed for military purposes would, no doubt, be developed, and, with patience and perseverance, an abnormally high state of education and intelligence would eventually be arrived at. Some enthusiasts have even gone so far as to advocate the employment of fourfooted look-outs on board ship. These veritable "sea dogs" would, they say, give timely warning of the approach of a torpedo-boat, and might even avert collisions during fogs or thick weather. Such anticipations are, we imagine, as yet somewhat premature, and it will be time enough to discuss the merits of dogs on board ship when we see them doing good service on shore.

THE BUSINESS YEAR.

THE year now rapidly drawing to a close has been the most prosperous the country has seen since 1874. There can no longer be a doubt that the trade revival differs essentially from the delusive improvement of 1879-82, and much more closely resembles that of 1871-4. It has not been preceded by a waste of wealth such as that which was caused by the Franco-German War, nor, consequently, by large orders to make up for that waste, and a transfer to this country of foreign capital for safety. But it is almost as general as the improvement of 1871-4, and it is accompanied by a similar, though smaller, expansion in the volume of business, as well as by a marked rise in wages and prices. It is clear that production has now adjusted itself to the new level of prices, and that there is, consequently, a sufficient margin for profits. There is also, as happened in 1871-4, a great development of new countries, resulting in very large demands for British merchandise of all kinds. Even agriculture has felt the revival. Farmers, it is true, are still suffering from the loss of their capital during so many bad years. But rent and wages have adjusted themselves to the new conditions. Farmers, therefore, are able to conduct their business with profit, and there are, as a result, fewer farms unlet. The position of landowners is less satisfactory. To them, indeed, has now been shifted nearly the whole weight of the agricultural depression. But even they may look forward to the future more hopefully, since they do not experience the same difficulty as recently in letting their lands. It is, however, in trade that the improvement is most manifest. With the exception of the cotton industry, which is suffering from a temporary glut of the markets of the Far East, there is hardly a trade in the country which is not better off than it was a year ago and far better off than it was two years ago. At the end of 1888 there was evidence of a very great revival in the over-sea carrying trade, in shipbuilding, in coal, in most of the minerals, and in miscellaneous industries. But the iron trade continued depressed, and for that reason cautious observers doubted whether the recovery was more real and permanent than that which failed to realize the hopes it excited in 1879-82. During the present year, however, the consumption of iron has largely augmented. Stocks in the North of England have consequently rapidly decreased, and even in Scotland they have diminished. This went on for a considerable time without a rise in price; but during the second half of the year there has been a very rapid advance, amounting to about 45 per cent. in the case of Scotch pig iron, and to very nearly 80 per cent. in the cost of Middlesborough pig iron. Manufactured iron has risen from 10 to 20 per cent., wool and silk from 10 to 25 per cent., and there has been a rise also in chemicals. The most satisfactory feature of this great recovery in the iron industry is that it has been mainly occasioned by home demands. Iron and coal are the great instruments of modern production, and a general improvement in trade necessarily, therefore, increases the consumption of both. For every industry, then, there has been an augmented demand; but the chief augmentation is for shipbuilding. The final corrected returns of shipbuilding for the whole year are not yet before us; but already it is certain that the new tonnage constructed will somewhat exceed that of 1883, previously the largest ever recorded. On the Clyde the construction is somewhat less than in 1883; but it is larger in the North of England. Compared with last year, the increase on the Tees is about 71 per cent., on the Wear about 51 per cent., and on the Tyne about 32 per cent. In Belfast the increase, though absolutely smaller than in the three cases named, is proportionately much larger, being, indeed, as much as 135 per cent. The workpeople have been able to secure a very satisfactory share of the general prosperity. A list of the year's strikes would at first sight appear formidable; but, with the exception of the London Dock strike, few of them involved a large number of men or were very protracted. The Dock strike, no doubt, inflicted much injury upon the trade of London, and caused much distress among the strikers. But even it affords evidence of the great prosperity of

the country, since a vast multitude of unorganized men, dependent for support upon outside subscriptions, were in the end successful. In the great industries of the country the demands of the work-people were conceded with little or no opposition. For example, the miners of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the Midland Counties, who obtained an advance of 10 per cent. in October of last year, were amicably given another advance of the same proportion in the summer of this year. Nowhere, perhaps, is the revival so marked as at home, but it is very decided also in Germany, where there has been a great rise both in prices and in wages. There is also unquestionable improvement in France, Belgium, Holland, and Austria-Hungary, while the Governments even of Italy and Spain speak hopefully of trade prospects. In the United States two good harvests in succession have stimulated every industry in the country, with the exception of coal, which still remains depressed. In the Argentine Republic the feverish activity of the past few years has continued, and now threatens to bring on a crisis likely to be followed by a long period of depression. In Brazil the policy of internal development has been checked by the revolution. The other South American States are all prosperous. Even Peru is beginning to wake up from its long lethargy, and Central America likewise is making headway. The home and foreign trade of India are both exceedingly active and profitable. The colonies are, speaking generally, doing well, South Africa, in particular, being eagerly engaged in developing its vast mineral wealth.

The goodness of trade has enabled the world's money markets to bear trials which, under other circumstances, might have proved disastrous. At the very beginning of the year the bankruptcy of the Panama Canal Company, with its sixty millions of capital, inflicted heavy loss upon hundreds of thousands of small investors all over France, and shortly afterwards the breakdown of the Copper Syndicate, and the consequent failure of the Comptoir d'Escompte, one of the very greatest of the French banks, which did a large business in the Far East and in South America as well as at home, threatened to paralyse credit in France; but the Bank of France and the other principal bankers of Paris came to the assistance of the market, confidence was quickly restored, and, to the surprise of all observers, prices actually rose upon the Bourse. It seemed inevitable, however, that the bankers would have to pay dearly for their daring enterprise. But they have been rarely favoured. The improvement in trade has been so great that the price of copper, which fell from about 78*l.* a ton to about 35*l.* in the course of a week or so, has since risen to 50*l.* a ton. The consumption of the metal is going on at such a rate that even a further advance seems not improbable. A large part of the assets of the Comptoir d'Escompte consisted of copper, and already this rise in prices enables the bankers to realize without material loss. The success of the Exhibition has likewise greatly favoured them, and so has a good harvest. Their prospects, then, would be fairly good were it not for the Brazilian revolution, which has discredited Brazilian securities with which certain of those bankers had rashly encumbered themselves just before the revolution occurred. Italy, too, has been severely tried by a banking and building crisis, which, however, seems to be coming to an end. In the United States the difficulties of the railroads in the North-West and the South-West, brought on by over-construction, at one time appeared likely to have a disastrous influence upon the New York money and stock markets. Indeed, powerful syndicates of American and European bankers had to intervene to save some of the Companies from bankruptcy. But the good harvest and the stimulus it has given to general trade have so increased railway traffics that the prospect is now brighter than it has been for several years. At the present time the greatest danger hanging over the money markets of the world arises from inflation in the Argentine Republic, followed, naturally, by reckless speculation and wild engagements in all kinds of rash enterprises. The currency has become so depreciated that 230 paper dollars are worth no more than 100 gold dollars, and an utter collapse of speculation seems to be imminent. The Brazilian revolution, too, is a cause of anxiety to the money and the stock markets. The great improvement in trade has hitherto carried the money market safely through its difficulties; but it is not to be overlooked that that improvement itself tends to make loanable capital scarcer and dearer. There being more goods manufactured, more to convey by land and sea and more to market, and there being also larger numbers of men to pay at higher rates of wages, there is a constant outflow of money from the great banking centres of the world to the provinces. Every reserve bank in the world thus finding its funds drawn upon is trying to increase its stock of gold, and in so doing is raising the rates of interest and discount. Here in this country there is another cause of dearer and scarcer money. For several years past British investors have been lending immense sums to Governments, and at the same time have been supplying industrial Companies with vast amounts of capital. The foreign States and foreign Companies thus accommodated have the power to take the gold from London, and of late they have been exercising this power to an inconvenient degree. The Bank of England, in consequence, has had to raise its rate of discount to 5 per cent., and at one time the rate in the open market rose as high, while borrowers were glad to pay the Bank as much as 6 per cent. A serious stringency that might have disturbed trade was averted only by the action of two of our greatest financial houses, which brought gold from New York, St. Petersburg, and other places. This action restored ease, but the market is for all that in such a state that a large withdrawal of gold might cause rates to advance once more in a way that would alarm the business community. In spite, however, of the uncertainty of the money market, the issues of loans and Companies this year in London have been larger than in any of the preceding ten, amounting in the aggregate to about 180 millions sterling. A large proportion of the loans, however, were conversion loans; and, therefore, did not raise new capital. Several of the new Companies, too, were in reality conversions of private undertakings into joint stock Companies. Still, when all allowances are made, the new issues have been for a very large amount. The Indian and Colonial Governments have raised about 13 millions sterling. Argentine borrowings, in spite of the critical condition of the Republic, amounted to about 10 millions sterling; and for railways of all kinds about 24 millions sterling were asked for. The peculiarity of the year's issues, however, has been the immense number of trust and investment Companies brought out, of breweries and distilleries, and of South African mining, exploration, and land Companies. We may add that the completion of Mr. Goschen's conversion plan was effected this year. Practically it had been already accomplished, little more than 42 millions sterling remaining to be dealt with.

On the Stock Exchange the rise in prices has continued. In spite of the new issues the savings of the world have been so large and the prospects of trade so good that, high as quotations were at the beginning, they are still higher at the end. There is little change, it is true, in Consols; but colonial government, British corporation, home railway debenture and preference stocks, and the ordinary stocks of British railways, show material advances, especially British railway ordinary stocks. Amongst these the greatest rise has been in the Deferred, or "A" stock of the London and Brighton Company. Most foreign government bonds are likewise higher, especially Egyptian Unified; but, with the exception of Egyptian Bonds, there has been exceedingly little business in these securities upon the London Stock Exchange. As a matter of course, in consequence of the revolution in Brazil and of the crisis in Buenos Ayres, Brazilian and Argentine stocks are lower. There is a very considerable rise in American railroad securities, with very few exceptions; but in these likewise there has been very little business on the London Stock Exchange. Throughout the year, indeed, British holders have been selling and American capitalists have been buying. The movement, therefore, is almost entirely due to American operators. There are a few exceptions, such as Louisville and Nashville, in which London capitalists co-operated with those of America. The greatest speculation throughout the year has been in South African gold, diamond, and land shares, in nitrate shares, brewery shares, and in trust Companies. South African shares, however, have fallen very heavily from the prices reached early in the year. In many cases the quotations now are not half what they were then. Nitrate shares, too, after having been run up rapidly, have fallen considerably. In industrial securities there has been a great advance and a considerable decline, but brewery shares for the most part are higher than at the beginning of the year. During the past few months the state of the money market has deterred speculators from engaging in new risks. A fear has been ever present to their minds that if they were to buy very largely they might be unable to obtain the loans which would then become necessary, and that thus they might incur ruinous losses. Gradually, therefore, they have been lessening rather than increasing their accounts. For a little while, indeed, after Messrs. Rothschild and Messrs. Baring Brothers brought gold from New York, St. Petersburg, and other unexpected places, there was an inclination manifested to speculate more freely, it being thought that the danger of serious stringency in the money market was then averted. The Brazilian revolution, however, checked the movement, and since then speculation has come to a standstill. Caution, too, has been imposed by the extreme difficulties encountered in Berlin at *Liquidation* after *Liquidation* ever since September, and still more by the growing severity of the crisis in Buenos Ayres. In spite of all this, however, speculators generally look forward to the new year with great confidence. That they do so is clear from what we have just been showing, that prices generally are so much higher now than they were at the end of last year.

THE THIRD CHRISTMAS DAY UNDER THE COMMONWEALTH.

THE Council of State and the Parliament assembled for their debates on Christmas Day 1651 with a sense of security which had been wanting in 1650. Their "crowning mercy," the battle of Worcester, seemed to have crushed the power of the old English Monarchy beyond all possibility of a restoration. It had no strength left except in the hearts of the English people, and the people were despised as the ungodly rabble by the self-appointed Government of "Saints." The Lord of Hosts, in giving the Commonwealth victory over Charles II., as Dr. John Owen told the Calvinist Rump Parliament in his sermon on their "day of thanksgiving for the destruction of the Scots Army at Worcester," thought not at Worcester of all the nation, He thought only of "the remnant of Jacob, God's secret and holy ones, lying in the bowels of the nation; for they alone enjoy the sweetness of this and every mercy." The word "all" was hate-

ful alike to the political and religious oligarchs; and the fact that Christmas Day was a festival for all men was probably a sufficient condemnation of it in their eyes. Although the ungodly multitude were restrained by law from going to church, they kept the feast as usual in their houses; and the grim politicians were again offended as they went forth on Christmas Day morning to do the work of the State by seeing the quiet contempt of the people for their religious legislation. For in 1651, as in 1650, it was observed that nearly all the shops were shut. Probably many of the Christmas Day idlers were enjoying in their houses the irreverent jests of Sir John Birkenhead against their rulers, which were published anonymously during the Christmastide of 1651. He proposed the writing of a treatise called "*Bellum grammaticale;* or That Parliamentdom, Councildom, Committeedom, or Sworddom are better words than Christendom or Kingdom." He dared to satirize in the same pamphlet two of Dr. Owen's Independent colleagues in the favour and pay of the new Republic—William Strong, who had "gathered a Congregation" of "parliament-men" and rich Independents "of quality" in Westminster Abbey; and Hugh Peters, whom he accused of "preaching against Christmas Day," and yet on "the same day eating two mince-pies for his dinner." Although the heads of the military oligarchy were pleased to call England by fine Liberal titles, such as a "Free State" and a Commonwealth, the Cavalier was the more genuine Democrat, or representative of the whole English people. One of Birkenhead's "Cases for Tender Consciences" was, "Whether Cavaleers may have one Christmas in twelve year, when the States (in Parliament assembled) keepe Christmas all the yeare round?"

Both the Council of State and the Parliament had a busy day. The Council had debated on Christmas Eve about the fit ceremonies to be used at the approaching reception of the Spanish Ambassador. The King of Scots was appealing for help to the other kings of Christendom; the newspapers of the day are full of letters on his appeals to the rulers of France, Denmark, Sweden, and Poland. The elder sister republic of Holland unnaturally sympathized with the King instead of the Republic—a fault due, as one of the official journals said, to the influence exercised upon the Princess of Orange by her "prelatical chaplain." The acknowledgment of the new "Commonwealth of Sectaries" by so great a foreign Power as Spain, although it was unfortunately the most Popish and anti-Christian of all the Powers, was a matter of keen gratification to the masters of England, and of as keen distress to Richard Baxter. "How came it," asked he, "that we were drawn into a war with Scotland and Holland"—those two good old Nonconformist States—"when we could keep peace with Spain"—anti-Christ's own right hand? The puritanical Council of State discovered that it must observe some ritual and ceremonial in its political communion with the Popish idolaters of Spain. Hence, not only on Christmas Eve, but on Christmas Day, and also on the afternoon of Boxing Day, the Council of State was solemnly deliberating upon points of ceremonial. The birthday of the Prince of Peace was further occupied by the Council with debates upon its military concerns in Scotland and Ireland; with the amount of pay—"twelvepence a day"—to be made to the Guards of the Parliament and the Guards of the City; with the repairing of "James's," so that the three regiments of soldiers quartered in Sion College, to the displeasure of the Nonconformist incumbents of the City parishes, might be removed to St. James's Palace; with a grant of 50*l.* to Majors Wigan and Allen "for fire and candles for the guards about Whitehall, James's, and the City." On the Christmas Day of 1651 the Council was much agitated by a sort of apparition of the ghost of Charles I. Though dead, he was speaking, and gave them scarcely less trouble than his exiled son. Letters came from two searchers at Gravesend, saying that they had discovered in a ship a number of printed copies of "the late King's book"—the Εἰκὼν βασιλική, "that phœnix risen out of his majesties ashes," as the terrible Clement Walker called it. The fact that fifty editions of this prohibited book had already been published was a discomfiting evidence of its popularity, and of the secret inclinations of the English folk. The Parliament had ordered John Durie, "the pacificator," to translate Milton's reply to it into the French tongue; and the agents of the Commonwealth were circulating the French edition on the Continent. On Christmas Day the Council ordered a letter of approval to be written to Messrs. Barrow and Pelling, the Gravesend searchers, and instructed them "to stay the ship" in which the bad books were found. The Council resolved that they must be "satisfied by whom the books were put on board, that further proceedings may be taken against them." They had conquered the father and the son; but the father's book confronted them in all corners, with the prophetic motto on its title-page, "More than Conqueror."

The Parliament had an equally busy Christmas. It was a Parliament quite after the latest Radical ideal, so far as it had no House of Lords. Yet it could not be well called a House of Commons, for the "Commons" had no voice in the election of its members, and they spent a great part of the old superstitious festival in looking after one another's private interests. The members debated the charges brought by Mr. Primate, who was supported by their restless foe John Lilburne, against Sir Arthur Hazlerig. This eminent Liberationist was loaded with the plunder of the Church. He held Bishops Auckland and other manors of the See of Durham, of which the Long Parliament had despoiled the pious and aged Bishop Morton, and was building a splendid mansion for himself out of the "nationalization" of Church property. His fellow-members of Parliament at once rewarded his loyalty to the party and rid themselves of the most able and popular of their enemies by ordering Primate and Lilburne to pay enormous damages to Sir Arthur Hazlerig, while they banished Lilburne for ever from England, Scotland, and Ireland, under threat of death if he should return. Sir William Brereton was another of the members whom the Liberationist Parliament recompensed with Church plunder. A part of the old archiepiscopal property at Croydon, which is now being restored to pious and humane uses, fell into his hands; which moved Sir John Birkenhead to ask, in one of his "Cases of Conscience," Christmastide 1651, "Whether Sir William Brereton doth devour Church-lands, since he made the Chappell at Croydon his kitchen?" The most exciting subject of debate in the House on Christmas Day, however, was the contemporary phase of the perennial Irish question, where their Lord Deputy Ireton had lately died, and Ludlow was holding office, from which he was to be displaced by Lambert. Several letters from Ireland were read, most of which contained gratifying news. "Every day," said one letter, "addresses are made by the rebels who desire to submit. The greatest part of one regiment of the Tories have already submitted, and many others are now in treating. The knot beginning to be loose, it will quickly be undone." "Several troops of the Tories," said another letter, "are submitting to the Parliament of England." Scotland was giving them much more trouble; but Thursday, December 25, does not seem to have been a Scotch day in the House. They had crushed all military resistance in Scotland; the last remains of the old Scottish army under Lord Balcarras had just capitulated to Colonel Lilburne; but neither swords nor laws could break the spirit of the Scotch Presbyterian clergy, who knew they had the sympathy of all their Covenanting Nonconformist brethren of England. "They put up a cunning prayer for their King," said a letter from Dundee, "where they think they may do it safely." On Christmas Eve the English deputy-governor proclaimed at Edinburgh, by beat of drum, "that the day called Christmasse Day should not be observed, but that all people should freely follow their respective callings." It was a work of pure supererogation, for the Presbyterian foes of the English Republic were as little likely as its Independent friends to keep Christmas, and the deputy-governor needlessly reported on the next day that the ordinance "had been observed *nemine contradicente.*" The loyalty of the Scottish Nonconformists to their king in exile was sorely tried a few days after Christmas. They received the dreadful news from Paris that the "covenanted King," the sworn champion of Presbyterian Nonconformity, had been seduced into covenant breaking. "He hath resumed his Mass-book of Common Prayer, at which the King-doting Scots are much offended and cry shame upon him." He not only kept Christmas Day, but he received the Holy Communion at the hands of a prelatist and received it "kneeling." Evelyn was present at this Christmas Day celebration in Sir Richard Browne's private chapel in Paris, and noticed that Lord Biron and Wilmot were "holding the long towel all along the altar."

Two new Acts of the Rump Parliament were dated to come in force on Christmas Day 1651. The first was characteristically out of keeping with the old character of the day as the birthday of the Prince of Peace. It was the "Act for raising ninety thousand pounds a month for six months, to begin on the 25th of December 1651, for the maintenance of the forces in England, Ireland, and Scotland, raised by the authority of Parliament for the service of the Commonwealth." The people looked upon it as a grim Christmas present. The other Act was more acceptable, and is said by *A Perfect Diurnall,* January 5, 1652, to have "given great content to private families." On December 12 the Parliament had voted that, "after the 25th of December 1651, no Excise shall be set upon any beer at all, except such as is brewed by common brewers, to be sold by vintners, innkeepers, alehouse-keepers, cooks, chandlers, or such as brew in their own houses to sell again." It was an impolitic blow at a powerful trade, but it is said to have much increased the home-brewing of beer.

There was no repetition in 1651 of the anti-Christmas pamphleteering of former years. The old Nonconformists, from whose camp it had proceeded, had been appalled at the issue of the battle of Worcester, and the Commonwealth kept them in terror by the warnings which it had just given them in the execution of so popular a Presbyterian as Christopher Love, and in the arrest of Jenkin and other foremost Nonconformist incumbents in London. "To be revenged on the Parliament," said John Fry, M.P. for Shaftesbury, "is the thing they aim at." The Independents and the newer sorts of Sectaries evolved out of Independency enjoyed the whole patronage and favour of the State. The Nonconformists had as much as they could do to hold their own against the "Gifted Brethren" who invaded the churches and pulpits. The years 1651 and 1652 were deluged with treatises and pamphlets of the Presbyterian Nonconformists against the Sectaries and of the Sectaries against the Nonconformists. The men who had preached up the Long Parliament, and in whose interest it had expelled the national bishops and priests, were now being beaten with weapons which they had themselves forged. The new Sects were incessantly petitioning the Parliament, the Lord General, and the officers of the army, "to rid ther of the burthen of Tithes," and the intruded Nonconformist incumbents flooded the press with books and sermons asserting the perpetual obligation of tithes. The English people had equal

dislike to Nonconformist and Separatist and Independent. Although there was no demand for books against Christmas, and the supply of such ceased, the popularity of books in defence of it is evident from the frequent republication of Edward Fisher's *Christian Caveat*. At least one new edition appeared every year until 1655, and in some years there seem to have been two editions of the book in which "that worthy, learned, laborious, judicious gentleman, Edward Fisher"—as the anonymous author of *Festorum Metropolis* called him in 1652—"hath lately sufficiently brayed them and their foolish objections in a morter."

A few of the clergy still contrived here and there to minister to the people. W. Hughes, in a dedicatory letter to Cromwell prefixed to "A sermon preached anno 1651 at the assizes at Abingdon," begged the Lord General to use his influence to get these "Dumb Doggs" ejected. He complained to Cromwell that those commissioned for that purpose "were not active and impartial, either to find out or to turn out such." He expected there was "a nest of such about the country. But where the fault is, whether the people will not inform, or those empowered not reform, I cannot say." The member for Shrewsbury, who had been one of the King's judges, threw the blame upon the affection of the parishes for their expelled priests. He said it was useless for the Nonconformist incumbents to go on "casting their pearls before swine, who scorn both them and the [Calvinist] Gospel, and would destroy them, were it not for fear of the laws, that they might be restored to their cavalier and prelatical teachers again."

The Christmas number of the *Severall Proceedings in Parliament* (December 24, 1651, to January 1, 1652) contains an advertisement which throws a new light upon the brutal deformation and plundering of the Liberationist Rump Parliament. "At Litchfield, in Staffordshire, is great store of lead to be sold, by reason of the taking down of the Cathedrall Church or Minster there, and also the Bels of the said Church, all which will be sold worth the money. If any please to repair thither to buy them, they may be wel used in the price." It was in 1651 that George Fox, as yet the only Quaker preacher, stirred at the sight of "the three steeplehouse spires," marched "barefooted up and down the streets, crying in a loud voice, Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!" It was "three days before the time called Christmas" in 1651 that the eager young founder of Quakerism entered York, where, said he, "I was commanded of the Lord to go to the great Minster, and speak to priest Bowles [the Nonconformist, who was ejected at the Restoration] and his people in their great Cathedral." The land so swarmed with wild Ranters, who had all Fox's fanaticism without his meditative depth and solid morality, that there was some justification for Birkenhead's Christmas-tide jest that the keeper of Bedlam informed the Parliament "all his prisoners had broke loose, and were turned preachers."

MONEY MATTERS.

AT the beginning of the week the Bank of England continued borrowing for the purpose of reducing the supply of loanable capital in the outside market. This, with the gold exports, the collection of the revenue, the accumulation of money by bankers and others, with the object of showing handsome balances at the end of the year, and the preparations that are being made for the innumerable payments that fall due on the two or three last days of December and the few first days of January, have caused interest rates to advance. The Bank has been paying about 4 per cent. on loans for the rest of the month. As much as 5 per cent. was charged to other borrowers in the open market. But the Bank of England charged 6 per cent. At the Stock Exchange Settlement, which began yesterday morning, the average rate was from $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The rate of discount has not risen as much as might have been expected. There is a good deal of competition by Continental bankers; and, besides, bill-brokers and discount-houses hope that early next month the money market will become quite easy. That, however, does not seem probable to the most careful observers. It is true that the tendency usually is for the rates of interest and discount to fall rapidly in the first three months of the year, but there are many causes to counteract that tendency at present. The Paris rate of exchange upon London is declining so much that fears have arisen that gold may be taken to Paris. The movement, however, seems to be temporary. The Bank of France holds nearly 51 millions sterling in gold, and there seems no reason why an addition should be made to that vast sum. The state of the Berlin money market gives more cause for disquietude; but it may be expected that early in the New Year coin and notes will return in considerable amount from the provinces to Berlin, and will relieve the pressure there. Besides, it is reasonable to anticipate that any assistance which may be required by Berlin will be afforded by the bankers of Paris and St. Petersburg. There is still stronger ground for looking with apprehension upon the state of affairs in Buenos Ayres. The depreciation of the paper currency continues as great as ever, and is likely to become worse as time goes on. At the same time a collapse of speculation appears to be imminent. There is, therefore, a very strong demand for gold in Buenos Ayres; and, if the shipments to that city continue on the scale of the past few weeks, it is scarcely possible that there can be much reduction in rates in London. The Bank of France, to prevent disturbance of the London money market, may consent to supply the demands of Buenos Ayres. But still as long as the present critical condition of the Buenos Ayres market continues there can be no real confidence here in the future of the money market. It is not reasonable, therefore, to expect very cheap and abundant money in the early future.

The exports of merchandise from India continue exceptionally large, and, as the market for cotton-piece goods is glutted for the moment, the value of the exports largely exceeds that of the imports. In consequence the difference has to be settled by large remittances of silver, and, as the Mint is also buying, there would probably be a further advance in the price of the metal were it not that American speculators, disappointed at Mr. Windom's proposals, have sent unusually large quantities to London during the past few days. It is said, indeed, that a considerable part of the receipts is being held for a rise; but, all the same, the magnitude of the exports from America has rather depressed the market.

Business on the Stock Exchange was practically suspended on Monday and Tuesday. Yesterday, the beginning of the settlement compelled the attendance of members, and there was greater activity. With the exception of Brazilian and Argentine securities, in spite of the small business that has been done for two or three weeks now, prices have remained surprisingly steady. Indeed, a few days before Christmas there was a recovery in South African gold, diamond, and land shares. During this month the crushings of ore by the South African Companies show a considerable increase over those of last month. This encouraged speculation in the hope that public interest will revive in the shares, and it looks as if an attempt were about to be made to get up another boom. British railway stocks, too, are in good demand. For the six months now ending the railway traffic returns show an increase of about $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. compared with little more than 2 per cent. for the corresponding period of last year, and about $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. for the corresponding period of the year before. Nothing, perhaps, proves more clearly the great improvement in trade than that the earnings of the railway Companies have steadily increased for three years in succession, and that the aggregate increase in the six months now terminating is more than twice as great proportionately as that of the corresponding period of last year. There has been a good deal of quiet investment in these stocks for some weeks past. It is not probable that the rise in prices and wages will much affect the dividends to be declared next month and the month after; but it is almost certain that they will tell considerably upon the dividends for next year. The coal contracts now running out have all to be renewed at much higher prices, and so have contracts for material, such as iron; while railway employés have obtained an advance in wages. In American railroad securities there has been next to nothing doing in London; but prices are well maintained, there being an almost universal belief that the opening of the new year will bring ease to the New York money market, and that then there will be a very sharp advance in prices.

The *Liquidation* on the Berlin Bourse appears to be going on smoothly. Borrowers have to pay smartly for the accommodation they require. Even those in good credit and with unexceptionable security are charged 8 and 9 per cent. But the accommodation has been given, and apparently the *Liquidation* will be got over safely. It is hoped now that the threatened strikes in the coal trade are averted, and it is expected that the new year will bring ease to the money market. In Germany, as elsewhere, coin and notes usually return from the general circulation to the great banking centres in the beginning of the year, and the rates of interest and discount, therefore, fall. Apparently, too, the threatened collapse on the Buenos Ayres Bourse is being staved off. The difficulties of the speculators are very great, but somehow or other it would seem that they have been given the assistance they require. According to the latest reports by mail the prospects of the coming harvest were very good. And it is hoped that good crops may enable the country to pass through the crisis without an actual collapse. Much, too, is expected from the negotiations still going on with syndicates of bankers in London and Paris. Meanwhile the crisis continues, and is extremely acute.

GAMBLING.

I.

THE recent raids on the baccarat clubs in London, and the substantial fines inflicted upon their proprietors, have had the effect of stamping out, for a time at any rate, these undesirable institutions. But their history is not uninteresting in its way.

The mode of foundation of the baccarat club in London was simplicity itself. Capitalists of Hebrew extraction, solicitors of doubtful reputation, and two or three ex-military officers used to meet together and constitute themselves into a committee. The next step was to take a house, and the next to elect members. The election to the club in question was apparently *bona fide*. An entrance fee was paid, and a year's subscription was paid—a few pounds are nothing to a professional gambler. But the club was a mere pretence. If you joined it believing it to be a *bona fide* club, and went there

for dinner, you would probably have found that there was no soup, no fish, and no vegetables to speak of. You could have had a mutton chop, or a steak, or a Welsh rabbit; liquor, of course; and that is about all. The people who went to it went to play and for no other purpose. And, whatever particular device may have been adopted, the percentage on the gambling of the evening went steadily into the pockets of the proprietors; and this percentage often used to amount to as much as a hundred pounds a night. There were various ways of extracting this large profit. Sometimes a discount was demanded for changing cheques, and a sufficiently heavy discount, too. Another plan was to charge a fee, collected by the waiter, for each game that was played. The fee was levied on the banker, and each time that the bank changed hands the fee was paid. It was upon these fees that the proprietors of such clubs used to rely, and not upon their mutton-chops and claret. In some cases the proprietors made a point, wherever possible, of keeping the bank themselves, or else they arranged that it should be kept by a friend of theirs. During certain of the recent prosecutions it was clearly proved in evidence that a banker at baccarat has certain distinct advantages, of which he can avail himself if he is so disposed, and can so cover his fee for taking the bank and make a handsome profit into the bargain. The clubs in question were simply a revival of the old gambling hells.

There will always be gamblers, as there will always be drunkards. Both vices are practically ineradicable; and, as far as gambling is concerned, this fact points in favour of Monte Carlo. Of two evils, it is better to choose the lesser. A public place which is only open at stated hours during the day, and where you can only lose the money which you happen to have upon you, is infinitely preferable to private gambling, which leads to playing upon credit, to subsequent quarrels, and to sitting up all night in a vitiated atmosphere of smoke, drink, and excitement. Evidently gamblers have found this out for themselves, or else gambling must be terribly on the increase; for every two or three years the Casino at Monte Carlo has to be enlarged in answer to the demands of the enormous crowds who yearly flock there. At the present time a new wing is in course of construction, and this wing will contain several additional tables (the two *trente-et-quarante* and the six *roulette* tables being found insufficient to accommodate the players). At Monte Carlo, at any rate, you can only abuse the "Administration" if you lose, and you get no abuse in return. The doors are still open to you the next day, the same smiling servants take your hat and coat, and the most urbane of *croupiers* invites you to "play the game." Moreover, there are always wonderful stories of gigantic sums won by people who were at their last gasp, and, indeed, some of them are absolutely true. Last year, it is an authentic fact that an Italian who had just been made bankrupt in his own country, arrived at Monaco with thirty francs (in English money about twenty-four shillings). With this slender capital he managed to win 2,400*l.*, and when his luck turned and 400*l.* of his winnings disappeared, he left off playing and returned to Italy to set up in business again with his capital of 2,000*l.* Of course these cases are very rare, but nevertheless they do occur sometimes, and many people who hear about them are thereby induced to play. The bank has a steady advantage in its favour. The percentage is small, but it is certain, and, of course, the longer you play the more positive is it that you will lose. Still, if people will gamble, and, as the Bishop of Peterborough has pointed out, it is evident that there are those who cannot live without this excitement, then perhaps the best method of indulging in their favourite pastime is to go to Monte Carlo, and at any rate get a fair run for their money. They will probably lose, but anyhow they will not be cheated.

REVIEWS.

JOURNAL OF THE MARINE BIOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.*

THE Marine Biological Association, whose laboratory has now been opened nearly eighteen months, may be warmly congratulated on the portion of the Journal lately published. There are, it is true, some hard things said of *Dinophilus*, which appears to be practically a "trochosphere," and *Palæmon serratus* has had its internal anatomy examined in a way that will make every respectable crustacean blush like a boiled lobster. Saving exceptions of this kind, which are, we believe, a good deal in fashion among biologists, we may say of much of the number that it is most excellent and entertaining reading.

So, indeed, it ought to be, for it is about objects of natural history. Let the reader, unless he be spoiled by the flagstones of Cheapside or Piccadilly, imagine the delight that Adam must have felt when

> the total kind
> Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
> Came summoned over Eden to receive
> Their names.

Let him recall, if he can, the delights of his own youthful days in the country, when, to adapt a passage of Mr. Pattison's, his perceptions of living things were not blunted by long names, phylogenetic problems, or learned Societies' discussions. The truth of the matter is, that science is not only in danger of burying itself under its own discoveries, but of divorcing itself from the general interest of mankind by the very profundity of its acquirements.

In the case of zoology it is easy enough to trace the various stages; the habit of collecting led to the necessity for systematic arrangement, and the method of Linnæus was so ingenious, so discriminating, and so wise, that it became the foundation of the systematic study of natural things. Admirable as it was, it was barren, in the sense that it dealt only with known things, and offered no philosophy of nature; it gathered a great crowd of observers and systematists round its still wonderful nucleus, but it ended here. It was followed by the method of Cuvier, which so far reformed systematic natural history that it insisted on a more complete investigation and comparison of the objects studied; in the hands of its master and of his followers, notable among whom was Richard Owen, it developed that aspect of the science which is called Comparative Anatomy. But the discussion of the homologies of the bones of the skull is certainly a dry, if not a dreary, subject, and more and more the animal morphologist drifted from the naturalist; it was no longer necessary to know anything at all about the beast or its ways; the possession of a complete skeleton or an uninjured liver was all that was wanted. Then there came yet another new light—the wonderful discoveries of Von Baer and the students of development; but this, alas! has met with the fate of its predecessors; all an embryologist need do now is to get a section-cutting machine and a chick, and chop up the latter as fine as he can, and stain it as brightly as he may. And nobody but an embryologist can have a good word for such a Philistine. Yet another light arose, the greatest, purest light of this century; Darwin came, and with him there seemed to come wisdom. But no; the systematic naturalist was at it again! For him the study of nature was not as for Darwin; it was not the patient watching of living things, nor the breathing of life into naturalists' studies. He must commence his weaving of phylogenies, and he has done it till he is tired of it.

These were "forks" enough with which to expel nature, in all conscience; they were more, at any rate, than the poet ever dreamt of. But "Mother Nature," as she is called when the writer is hard up for copy, was still one too many for the obscurantists, and naturalists are becoming Darwinians now that they look on animals and plants as living things, from which the methods of science can extort the secrets of life. As Professor Flower wisely put it in his British Association address, we want "labour not only in museums, laboratories, and dissecting-rooms, but in the homes and haunts of the animals themselves, watching and noting their ways amid their natural surroundings, by which means alone we can endeavour to penetrate the secrets of their life-history." There will be naturalists still who doubt this. Let them take a living animal to one of their learned Societies, and see the excitement it produces; let them compare the number of visitors to the cases of birds in the Natural History Museum with that of those who go the "Osteological Gallery."

So, then, even with men of science, sense comes at last; give them time, there is a hand that guides. The public found out long ago that what they wanted were living things, and they established and supported Zoological Gardens and Aquaria—of a kind, the naturalists reply, in a tone that induces us to compare them to London County Councillors.

As between Zoological Gardens and Marine Aquaria there can, for the naturalist, be no comparison. A lion in a cage is not a lion in a rage, or may not be, and that is about all that can be said; but in a well-arranged and sufficiently spacious aquarium, such as that which the Association has built at Plymouth, there is ample opportunity for the inhabitants to exhibit many, if not all, of the habits which they possess in the sea itself, and they easily lend themselves, as Professor Preyer's most interesting observations on Brittle-stars at Naples show, to ingenious experiments.

The observations which Mr. Bateson has made at Plymouth on the senses and habits of some Crustacea strike us as being particularly interesting. Nearly all were found to take their food by night, and most had each its own place to which it retired when morning came; *à propos* of lions it will be remembered that David, who really had some good opportunities of observing them, long ago made similar observations. The human is not, apparently, the only species which is fond of shrimps; we learn that

> wrasses, which are especially fond of shrimps, can not only catch them as they swim in the water, but pursue them on the bottom. The sight of the wrasse is particularly keen, and I have often seen a large wrasse search the sand for shrimps, turning sideways and looking with either eye independently like a chameleon. Its vision is so good that it can see a shrimp with certainty when the whole body is buried in sand, excepting the antennæ and antenna-plates. It should be borne in mind that, if the sand be fine, a shrimp will bury itself absolutely, digging with its swimmerets, kicking the sand forwards with its chelæ, finally raking the sand over its back and gently levelling it with its antennæ, but if the least bit be exposed, the wrasses will find it, in spite of its protective colouration.

Turning from this interesting aspect of the work which is going on at Plymouth to a consideration of what has been already done in another important branch of the Association's work—the cultivation and study of sea-fish—we note that two things at least are wanting; so far, however, as the Association is concerned we may say one only, and that, we need hardly add, is more money. Great difficulties are found in the way of feeding fish after the

* *Journal of the Marine Biological Association.* I. 2. London: Dulau & Co.

earlier stages are passed through; this could be overcome if the Association had, like Captain Dannevig, of Arendal, in Norway, large basins or tidal tanks, into which the sea is admitted directly by means of sluice-gates. As the Director, Mr. Bourne, very properly remarks, "Success in rearing fish is probably to be obtained only by the use of tidal ponds, into which the newly-hatched fry can be turned loose." Mr. Weldon, who is engaged in a study of the life-history of the lobster, had a most unfortunate experience; having found that he could not rear young lobsters in the tanks of the Aquarium beyond a certain stage, he more nearly mimicked the creature's natural surroundings by the conversion of the hull of a disused trawler into a well-vessel; "for a fortnight everything went well"; but then the vessel sprung a leak, and on the 20th of July several thousands of young lobsters escaped. Misfortunes like this are inevitable when limited means are alone at the naturalist's disposal; had the taxpayer been more generous he would not have had, as he has now, to wait yet another year before seeing some way of getting lobster-indigestion more cheaply than heretofore.

Another inquiry of great practical importance is connected with the migrations of large bodies of fish; this can only be solved by the somewhat obvious method of following them about, but this operation can only be effected when the Association has a large and seaworthy boat. It is greatly to be wished that this want could be supplied, for we are confident that the naturalists who are engaged in the work at Plymouth are perfectly capable of obtaining a large amount of useful information had they but the means. On the other hand, the Association has no right to complain as yet; it has been generously aided by the Government, by the City Companies, by some of the learned Societies, and a few gentlemen of fortune. Now it has justified its existence and the hopes of its best friends, and it may, we believe, with confidence appeal to the State and to the friends of science for further aid in undertakings which, from both the scientific and the practical sides, are full of value and importance.

One critical suggestion only will we make; some of the memoirs in the current number of the Journal might just as well have been presented to some learned Society or well-established morphological periodical. We are sure that the Association will do well if they confine their Journal to a record of that kind of natural history observation which is only possible at a station such as theirs at Plymouth. If it be a matter of concern, we may assure them that we believe they will get more purchasers. Let this new Journal be a "Popular Science," a "Science for All," a "Young Naturalist's Friend" of the healthy and really scientific sort, which excites a love for the study of living things, and leave the systematist, the morphologist, and the embryologist to the tender mercies of those who have already published such a prodigious number of their memoirs for them.

NOVELS AND STORIES.*

DODO and I is not a bad title in itself for a one-volume novel, but it has uncommonly little to do with the story. The supposed narrator is a certain Captain Cunninghame, and Dodo is not a lady baptized Dorothea, but a fellow-officer. A short preface, signed D. C., asserts that Cairo is considerably changed—there is even a new dining-room at Shepheard's—"since it was the happy hunting-ground of the Dodo and I." Captain Haggard's title would have been more accurately descriptive, and not less within the grammatical limits which he assigns to his lively pen, if it had been "Me: and occasionally Dodo." The story, which is rather a good one, turns upon the adventures of Captain Cunninghame (and occasionally Dodo) with a set of people whose manners, morals, and demeanour were perfectly commonplace and prosaic, except that they belonged to a society for promoting physical (not psychical) research, the practical result of which was that they could produce magic-lantern pictures of any place they chose, and see what was happening there, as in a *camera obscura*, and could, by a simple and inexpensive process, resolve themselves (and any clothes they happened to be wearing) into their constituent atoms, and proceed at a rather faster pace than an electric signal to the place they were thinking of when they did so. They reached that place in a material but impalpable form, and when there could come together again in a few seconds. This they called "disintegrating" and "re-integrating," and the only objection was that it was not very difficult for one of them to disintegrate another without that other wishing to be disintegrated. They were called "Gnostics"; and why they did not select a newer and less misleading name it is extremely difficult to surmise. Two of them were very agreeable ladies—one strictly proper, and the other emphatically otherwise—and Captain Cunninghame (who eventually became a "Gnostic" himself) had the singular good fortune to enter into the most agreeable relations with both of them, those relations being as proper in the former case and as improper in the latter as were the ladies respectively. Captain Haggard is much too sensible to trouble himself about the minor probabilities of life. He boldly makes the "disintegration" of one of his heroines, and its consequences, the leading topic of conversation and journalism in London. He brings his whole company into the Divorce Court either as principals or witnesses, and the frantic extravagance of their proceedings there transcends all the other extravagances of the lively story. But in one thing he is to blame. One "Gnostic" murders another with a knife in open court and in the presence of the judge, both having been witnesses in the cause just determined. "Two policemen"—British policemen!—"now came up [Captain Haggard writes as if Probate Court No. 2 were as big as Westminster Hall] and asked the judge, who had been looking on apparently quite unmanned, 'Shall we arrest him, sir?'" They called him—a British judge—"Sir"! And he—a British judge!—said, "Oh, dear me, yes; at least, I suppose so, but I don't quite know the criminal law on these points. . . . Can you tell me the law, Mr. Crusham, in a case like this?" Nor is it only our peerless British judicature at whose expense Captain Haggard thus overleaps all the bounds of lawful satire; it is either Sir James Hannen or Mr. Justice Butt. The dates are conclusive. And to imagine either of these learned persons acting thus requires far more faith than to swallow "disintegration" and all the other marvels of the story. Nevertheless, it is a pleasing tale, calculated to carry the reader, say, a hundred and fifty miles northwards or twenty-five miles southwards from London, in a shorter time than many better books.

When one reads on the first page of a story that a man's residence is "in the Berkshire Hills," one is apt to overlook the capital H, and "travelers" on the fourth page may pass as a printer's error, so that when the eighth page unmasks the full horrors of "every fiber of feminine curiosity," eyes that "traveled," and "standing back of the invalid's chair," one feels indignant at having an American novel—published in London, too—sprung upon one without warning. Such is the first offence of *Roslyn's Trust*. The second is that the heroineship is divided between a suffering nincompoop and an insufferable young person of the class of humanity which aspires to be like Lucy Snowe. The third is in one way meritorious, being the extreme intricacy of the plot, which involves the kidnapping of a lunatic, and even a secret chamber and other venerable devices, laudable, indeed, beyond the Atlantic—back of the Atlantic, as they would say themselves—but heaped together in this instance too cumbrously for the reader's enjoyment. The phrase "back of," by the way, is oddly, and almost unintelligibly, used in one place:—"The tears which had hung heavily back of the girl's dark eyes were falling now." What does Miss Lillie mean? Where on earth did those tears hang before they fell? And who saw them? And how did they get round? And where did they fall to? The governess-girl, whose name was Sylvia, was a nobly intrepid flirt, and made love so brilliantly to a rich lawyer from the first moment of their meeting that she ran him down without a check. The other girl was a Virginian, and the author, in her endeavour to make her both less Amurrican and more of a lady than the orthodox or Northern Amurrican girl, has made her extremely insipid. The villain married her, but left her at the church door, repented—more or less—and was opportunely run over in the street.

It would seem that *Ruby's Choice* is intended for schoolgirls. For such schoolgirls as like that sort of story it is perhaps not a bad story of the sort. Ruby was a high-spirited young female, educated abroad, and beloved by a very young and rustic English gentleman, and a very thinly varnished Italian cad. She chose the latter, and had cause to regret it, and he became a tragedian, and acted Romeo, and the theatre caught fire, and he was burnt, and she married the rustic. The rustic was a barrister, by the way, and did not know that when a man abandons his wife and child, and after some years demands money from his wife with threats, and her child is stolen, and discovered in the keeping of a disreputable person who cannot, or will not, account for her possession of it, there is a not inappropriate thing called habeas corpus to be had for the asking. Miss Gellie should have consulted Dr. Barnardo, and then have reasoned *à fortiori*—very much *fortiori*. At the time when we perused this volume we believed the illustrations to be, upon the whole, the most atrocious that the strange tribe of book illustrators had ever thrust upon an outraged world. We have now abandoned that belief (with regret) for a reason that will presently appear.

Innocencia is a sentimental story, ending sadly, of the loves of two primitive, but passionate, Brazilians. Its interest lies in the circumstance that it is, says Mr. Wells, the "first published English translation of any work of light literature by a Brazilian author." He further asserts that the story in the original Portuguese conveys an extraordinarily vivid and accurate impression of life in the remote and little-frequented backwoods of Brazil. It seems probable that the criticism is accurate, for the translation has enough of these qualities to show that it

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* *Dodo and I.* A Novel. By Captain Andrew Haggard, D.S.O. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1889.

Roslyn's Trust. A Novel. By Lucy C. Lillie, Author of "Prudence" &c. London: Clarke & Co. 1889.

Ruby's Choice; or, the Brackenhurst Girls. By Mary E. Gellie (M. E. B.), Author of "Stephen the Schoolmaster" &c. Illustrated by Caroline Paterson. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

Innocencia: a Story of the Prairie Regions of Brazil. By Sylvio Dinarte (A.D'E.T.) Translated from the Portuguese and Illustrated by James W. Wells, F.R.G.S., Author of "Three Thousand Miles through Brazil" &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1889.

The Star of Gezer — The King's Daughter. By סִבְּל. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1889.

Rose Mervyn: a Tale of the Rebecca Riots. By Anne Beale, Author of "Simplicity and Fascination" &c. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

at least is the work of an able writer. There is hardly any story, and what there is is melancholy. A young Brazilian apothecary and a travelling German entomologist fall in with a prairie farmer, and lodge some time in his house. The apothecary falls vehemently in love with the farmer's beauteous daughter, who warmly reciprocates. The farmer suspects the entomologist of this offence; but the latter does not love, and rides away. There are some comic scenes and some sentimental ones, and then comes the young woman's affianced bridegroom, and the romance ends in general woe.

One seldom meets with an odder or less satisfactory sort of book than *The Star of Gezer, the King's Daughter*. It begins with descriptions of Solomon, his court, and the Temple, in that most hateful of all styles, imitation of the Authorized Version of the Old Testament. By degrees the author tires of this, and falls upon such phrases as "Solomon loved the young, and delighted in giving them pleasant times." Sometimes a recollection of the horrid vagary with which he set out prompts a phrase like this:—"Let me tell the Princess Zibya whom thou art." The story is a mixture of the Books of Kings and Chronicles, the books of Murray and Baedeker, and the books of Mr. Mudie. Solomon is alleged to have had a daughter Zibya, by "the queen" Valpres, and this Zibya to have fallen in love with one Barzillai, and flirted with him in gardens and corridors as if it had been Belgrave Square, and to have been also beloved by Bar-Shimei (his father threw stones at David!), whose jealousy caused trouble, which all came right in the end. The hotch-potch is even more offensive than the story is dull, and we entertain what seems a not unreasonable hope of never meeting its like again.

Rose Mervyn is a long, thick story with gilt-edged leaves. It appears to be intended for girls. It is also not altogether bad. It is about a family of people who lived in Wales and were pestered by Rebecca riots in the 'forties. The girl is not utterly hateful, though she did go out as a governess. The major who married her is too faultless even for a girl's book. The girl's mother had the most absurd family secret. It was that her father was a lord; and why she took so much pains to conceal it is a thing impossible to understand. So far, however, the book is not remarkable. It is remarkable for Mr. A. Hitchcock's illustrations. They are worse than those in *Ruby's Choice*, which is a far more awful condemnation than it sounds. They are, moreover, reproduced by perhaps the most complete and faithful process known to art. Whether the men are more appalling than the women, or the horses more ghastly than either, or the children more infamous than any, is a matter for individual taste to decide. But that so many illustrations of such enormous demerit have never before been gathered together in one volume is, we sincerely trust, a fact—though not a very comforting one.

APPRECIATIONS.*

THE interest of Mr. Pater's new volume of essays is increased by the fact that the compositions which it contains range in point of date over an unusually long period. There is some matter here dating as far back as 1865, and some which is of the present twelvemonth. Although it may be presumed that the fact of republication, especially in the case of a writer so careful as Mr. Pater, necessarily implies the other fact of a certain amount of editing or harmonizing, it is almost impossible that this reunion of work, composed at great intervals, should not show development and evolution—processes nowhere more interesting in literature than in the department of criticism.

The book contains ten essays and a postscript, the latter dealing chiefly with the contrast of "Classical" and "Romantic"—a subject on which there is always something new to be said by a fit mouth. The ten essays deal with "Style," "Wordsworth," "Coleridge," "Lamb," "Browne," "Love's Labour's Lost," "Measure for Measure," "Shakspeare's English Kings," "Æsthetic Poetry," and "Dante Gabriel Rossetti." Of these the last two, which are, as far as their main bulk, among the oldest, are, perhaps, likely to be least well received by those too numerous readers who are not ready to make the "historical allowance." The very name "æsthetic"—surely the most unlucky and irrational, except its parallel "metaphysical," which was ever applied to a school of poetry—is equally odious to those who entertain a merely conventional contempt for a fashion which is out of fashion, and to those who cherish the gold and precious stones, while they are quite content to part with the hay and stubble of the structure so called. The essays, too, though they contain some admirable writing and much good criticism (as, for instance, on Rossetti's abuse of the refrain), do not show Mr. Pater at his very best in either respect. Especially, we think, it might be contended—paradoxical as the observation may seem in the case of a writer who has perhaps obtained more admirers by his eulogy of *Aucassin et Nicolette* than by anything else—that Mr. Pater has never been, and certainly is not now, in full sympathy with mediævalism. He seems to have imbibed—from Michelet, we are inclined to suspect, or it may be from Hugo—the curious notion of gloom, terror, disease, delirium, as being of the essence of Middle-Age life and literature. We have sometimes meditated an historical examination of the origin and growth of this, as we hold, quite unhistorical idea; but there is no room for such an examination here. It is sufficient to say that it seems to us to have taken too strong a hold on Mr. Pater at times, and to have made him forget that the gloomy demon-ridden Middle Ages of *La Sorcière* and *Le Succube* and *Notre-Dame de Paris* are but "dretching of swevens" by students and romancers, while the Middle Ages of the real documents, of the *Roman de la Rose* and the *Great Saint Graal*, of the anonymous Pastourelles and the anonymous Fabliaux, are as merry as they are mystical, as full of bright colours and stories and the joy of living as they are of Faith and Form and Fear.

Still, the title "Appreciations" applies excellently to these papers, and also to the earlier articles or chapters ranging from Wordsworth to "Shakspeare's Kings." It is particularly agreeable to find Mr. Pater so intelligently enthusiastic over *Love's Labour's Lost*. We are not wholly with him in all his Shakspeare criticism; for instance, we cannot commend his commendation of the Germans for discovering in *Romeo and Juliet* a trilogy of "Sonnet-Aubade-Epithalamium." To us, we confess, this kind of analysis appears wedged in too closely between the purely fantastic and the purely unmeaning. But, after all, Mr. Pater is not himself responsible for it, and his approval of it may be bestowed from a point of view which we do not wholly seize. But one who speaks as he does of *Love's Labour's Lost* has proved that he has the root of the matter in him. In that charming play the youth—the first sprightly runnings—of the Shakspearian genius appear as they appear nowhere else. There are touches even of his tragedy and his wisdom there—his comedy and his romance are there in their very springtide. Accordingly, no play is a better touchstone, and, if a man cannot like it, he may be sure that, though he may think he likes the maturer and graver things, he does not like them for what is pure Shakspeare in them. We are not so sure that we quite grasp Mr. Pater's exact drift in the companion piece on *Measure for Measure*. We should have liked to see him justify Isabel (Shakspeare always calls her by the shorter and prettier form when he can) from the quaint perversity which has sometimes found fault with her refusal to save Claudio as sour preciseness. Surely it might have been seen that, on the ethics of Aphrodite as well as on those of Artemis or Pallas, the end could not justify the means. *Quia multum amavit* may so justify, no doubt; but the *don d'amoureux merci* can never be given as a mere work of necessity and mercy in the other sense. This refutation of a perversity by a further perversity would have suited Mr. Pater's subtlety of handling well enough, and we make him a present of the suggestion. His Wordsworth essay is valuable precisely because it endeavours to give, and to a great extent succeeds in giving, a view of the kind of poetic pleasure which Wordsworth is fitted to give—a view to which the regulation Wordsworthian seldom cares to act as cicerone, and which, it may be, he is not often well qualified to appreciate even for himself. In the handling of Coleridge we find even truer notes, combined, it is necessary to say, with some not so true. Of these last, we think, is the description of Coleridge as a "typical *ennuyé*," as of the type of Werther and René and Childe Harold. It is inconsistent, not only with the facts, but with Mr. Pater's own quite true estimate of the facts. Coleridge cried for the absolute; your mere *ennuyé* does not so much cry for as declare his disappointment because he has not got, or has not enjoyed, the extremely relative. But this essay bears two dates as distant as 1865 and 1880, and we are not certain that Mr. Pater has wholly succeeded in getting the two tubes of his glass, constructed at such different times, to bear quite accurately and together on the object. Yet partly for this very reason the essay is one of the most interesting of all, and contains some of the most engaging *aperçus*.

The most ambitious, we should suppose, is the first—that on Style. Some wise one has said that an essay on style is a thing which every writer thinks he can do, and which no writer thinks any one else can do for him. This would be to take too harsh a view of our kind. But there are, in fact, few subjects on which it is more difficult to say what will content craftsfellows. We gather from Mr. Pater's treatment that he has aimed, either chiefly or at least among other things, at three objects—to defend a somewhat more ornate style than some of his predecessors have seemed to approve, to advocate the free reception of new phrases and metaphors from the arts and sciences into literature proper, and to argue against too severe a divorce between "form" and "matter." This last argument is a valuable one, though we still think, as against Mr. Pater, that attention to form, almost independently of matter, is a good thing, and one to be inculcated. You cannot be always inditing of a really good matter—the things that have been absolutely and imperatively worth saying in the world's literature would, if collected together, go into an uncommonly small library. But you can always be careful of your form. On this point, however, Mr. Pater would hardly differ with us, and his precept (which he may fairly claim to example by his practice), no doubt, has the advantage of checking hasty and careless production. Perhaps, however, Mr. Pater and some other writers have, in reality, done little more than look at the subject from different standpoints. You may consider, on the one hand, the relations of style to the writer considered as an autonomous artist working merely to please his taste or obey his genius. And you may consider those relations as they exist in the other conditions of a large miscellaneous production, much of it only partially voluntary and much more of the kind in which the matter

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* *Appreciations; with an Essay on Style.* By Walter Pater. London: Macmillan.

is rather given to than created, or even selected, by the writer. Perhaps this difference will apply also to Mr. Pater's plea for "poetic" prose. He looks at the exquisite and unquestioned excellence of such prose at its best when it is the spontaneous work of the artist; others have looked at its intolerable and disgusting badness when it is at its worst and commonest. To choke off the sickening nuisance of the quotidian *flamboyant* and *flamboyante* it is surely permissible to run the risk of discouraging (there is not much risk, after all; for genius is seldom, if ever, discouraged), at immense intervals and in improbable cases, the possible producer of a new *Urn Burial* or a new *Our Ladies of Sorrow*. And so, once more, with that subject of introducing freely into literary use phrases and images from sciences and arts. It is good as an esoteric counsel; it is very dangerous as an advice to the vulgar. *Abusus non tollit usum*, Mr. Pater may retort, and it does not; but great frequency and extreme badness in the abuse may make the recommendation of the use a perilous one, to be restricted to fit ears.

Mr. Pater, however, himself no doubt aims at no others, and to such his own writing is always agreeable, and always instructive. If he at any time seems to underlie the reproach which he not unjustly addresses to Coleridge, of taking things too seriously, the things are never things unworthy to be so taken. And throughout his work, both in form and matter, there exists the quality of this defect—if defect it be. No man of letters in the present day yields to the besetting sin of the present day in all matters—the sin of haste—so little as Mr. Pater. Nor is it any disparagement of his merit that he exemplifies the Retired Leisure of our older University system. How many persons who might set the same example do those Universities still maintain, and how many do set it? How many are there who in other ways might cultivate the Muses with due ceremony, and, as a matter of fact, huddle out their literary work as unceremoniously as any hack-writer? Now Mr. Pater has never condescended to this rage for book-making, and thanks we must him con therefor. He could hardly, in any case, have written what was not worth reading; but his actual methods have made the worth sure.

EARLY BRITAIN.*

THAT there is room for a short history of this country from the earliest times to the Norman Conquest will, we think, be generally allowed by those who are conversant with such matters. Excellent as it is in many respects, Professor Freeman's *Old English History* does not quite give us what is wanted; for though it certainly contains a brief and not particularly satisfactory summary of the Roman Conquest, it virtually begins with the invasion of the Angles and Saxons, as though the earlier dwellers in our island were nothing to us, while certain peculiarities of style and treatment, on which we need not enter here, may also, perhaps, be held to detract from its merit as a book for general reading; indeed it was, it should be said, originally intended for children. Besides, since its publication a good deal of labour has been carried on in the same field, both by the late J. R. Green and by other students who have more or less built upon the foundation laid in his two latest and best books. A new book, therefore, on the history of Britain and the early history of England of moderate size, and written in a fairly interesting manner, would deserve to be greeted warmly, provided it was either the fruit of independent research, or was at least written by an author of sufficient learning to be able to present in a popular form the present state of knowledge with regard to his subject. In his preface to the book before us the Rev. A. J. Church, while telling us that he has "consulted with great advantage several of the volumes included in the Rolls series," makes no pretence to anything which can be called research; indeed, he owns, truly enough, that he owes far more to the works of Professor Freeman and Mr. Green than his references indicate, and that he is also indebted to other writers, such as Lappenberg, whose name he should have learnt to spell, and certain contributors to the *Dictionary of National Biography*. We therefore opened his volume expecting to find the work of experts used to the best advantage; for he can tell a story well when he has it in him to tell, as may be seen by some of the tales which he has written for young people. For some reason or other, however—possibly because he found his subject somewhat strange to him—this "Story" of his lacks interest. The space allotted to it is so small that it would probably be impossible to make it interesting, except by adopting a broad system of treatment, by skilful arrangement, and by exercising great care as regards proportion. All this, however, needs considerable knowledge of the matter to be dealt with.

With the texts of the Roman and Greek authors who describe the Roman conquest of Britain, Mr. Church is, of course, well acquainted; but he does not seem to have taken much advantage of the light which modern scholars have thrown upon what they say. It is certainly surprising to find him accepting the old-fashioned notion that the Cassiterides signified the Scilly Isles, or, as he vaguely puts it, the "region" of Cornwall. Diodorus is plain as to the distinction between the tin found in the Cassiterides, "off the coast of Iberia," and that produced in Britain; and the error repeated here has been so thoroughly exposed by (among others) Mr. Elton, in his *Origins of English History*—we find nothing which leads us to believe that Mr. Church has consulted this fascinating and scholarly book—that it should have died out by this time. A note throwing doubt on the theory that Cæsar crossed the Thames at Coway Stakes seems to imply that the author is unacquainted with Dr. Guest's interesting paper, first published in the Archæological Institute's *Journal*, vol. xxiii., and the impression is strengthened by his suggestion that the river crossed by Aulus Plautius, after receiving the submission of the "Boduni" (Dobunni), was probably the Medway. If he had studied Professor Rhys's learned little book, *Celtic Britain*, where a certain article by Dr. Hübner is quoted, he would have seen that his difficulty as to the identity of the "Boduni" is capable of a rational solution. His treatment of one or two well-known British names is open to objection. Caractacus, though the middle "c" is certainly superfluous, is a form which must be very near the name borne by the King, and is, besides, consecrated by universal usage, and nothing is gained by translating it into Caradoc. Worse still is his change of Cassivelaunus, a name with an instructive meaning, into the foolish form Caswallon. When he comes to the question, "What did the Romans leave in Britain?" he makes no mention of Christianity, and we are told nothing of the story of St. Alban—perhaps because the name was unfortunately omitted in the *Dictionary of National Biography*—though the martyrdom rests on very fair historical authority, of the Pelagian heresy, or of the visits of St. Germanus. Indeed, until some references to British Christians necessarily occur in the account of the mission of St. Augustine—of whose consecration, by the way, we find no notice—the uninstructed reader might believe that no such persons ever existed. A like neglect meets us with respect to English ecclesiastical history, and we have positively searched in vain for any mention of the Synod of Whitby, or any fact bearing on the triumph of Rome over Iona. Of Wilfrid we are only told that he was a Northern bishop, who converted the South Saxons during his banishment; we are not told why he was banished, or anything about his appeals to Rome. Even the name of Archbishop Theodore is not so much as mentioned. On the other hand, considering the size of the book, too much space is devoted to the reign of Alfred, and far too much to the dreary details of Danish ravages. The leading events of the conquest of Britain and the settlement of the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons are, for the most part, carefully taken, at least so it seems to us, from Green's *Conquest of England*; but the narrow space into which they are crowded renders the narrative somewhat dreary. Mr. Church would have done wisely if he had followed Green in keeping clear of Arthur; we cannot quite make out whether he believes that Arthur fought at Mount Badon, and we are sure that Green did not teach him to place the site of the battle "near Bath." In the chapter headed "The English People" we have an attempt to give an account of the political institutions of the English, and of the ranks and classes into which they were divided, in about five pages. The result can scarcely, even allowing for exigencies of space, be held to be an adequate representation of what is now common knowledge as to these matters. The statement that the "eorl was the chief man of the village," and the weak paragraph which follows it, seems to imply that the title was to some extent official; but both here and elsewhere there is a want of precision which makes it hard to say what the author really means, and, at the same time, betrays a hasty reading up of a new subject. Mr. Church's knowledge of Tacitus should have saved him from the suggestion that the distinction between the eorls and the ceorls may be accounted for by supposing that the eorls came from the earlier and the ceorls from the later settlers. Nothing can well be more certain than that the invaders brought over with them the threefold division of ranks, not reckoning slaves, which existed among them in their old homes. A strange confusion is made between the origin of thegnhood as an institution, and the means by which a thegn attained his rank and the characteristics of his position. We are told that the thegns were the immediate followers of the king, were "raised to the rank they bore" for services to him, and formed a "non-hereditary nobility." The king must have had a long tail if it included, say in the tenth century, all who had attained thegnhood, nor does it appear clear how he could have been served by all men who grew rich enough to have their five hides of land, or to fare thrice over sea at their own charges, and so became of "thegn-right worthy," nor does the non-hereditary principle seem exactly consistent with the fact that the third generation of holders of five hides became "gesithcund" or thegn-born; for the two terms seem to have come to mean much the same thing, if they were not always exactly equivalent. Another remarkable statement in these five pages concerns the witenagemot, which we are told became as time went on "more and more representative." It was never, of course, either more or less representative, being at all times a primary assembly. We imagine, however, that Mr. Church knows this, and really meant that when a body of retainers or other freemen was present at one of the meetings of the witan, they are in some cases at least described in some such phrase as *tota populi generalitas*. But our business here is with what he says, and not with what he may or may not have meant to say.

As far as his narrative is concerned he is generally correct, for

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* *The Story of the Nations—Early Britain.* By Alfred J. Church, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889.

he keeps pretty close to his modern guides, importing now and then scraps from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle or William of Malmesbury. In spite, however, of his guides, whose opinions he is apt to echo, apparently without any independent thought, he has managed to fall into some blunders about matters of fact. For example, he tells us that Archbishop Odo, "after pronouncing the marriage of Edwy and Elgiva to be void, came over to the new King." If he had consulted Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus*, or even the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which he seems to have used for some part of this period, he would have learnt otherwise. The matter is not a mere trifling detail, it has an important bearing on Edwy's position. A more delightful blunder appears in his solemn comment on Tostig's misgovernment of Northumbria. "It was," he says, "a dangerous experiment to put a pure-bred Englishman from the South to administer the affairs of a half-Danish earldom." This is, we are sure, a perfectly original remark, and Heaven forbid that we should deprive Mr. Church of the full glory to be derived from it; indeed, we shall never cease to connect it with his name. At the same time we venture, just as an illustration of the way in which he seems to us to have worked, to put forward our idea of the genesis of this memorable comment. References to the *Norman Conquest* made during the course of putting his compilation together must have supplied him with frequent descriptions of Harold as the "last of our native Kings," and the like, and so it was perfectly natural that he, knowing nothing about the matter, should jump to the conclusion that Harold and his brothers, the sons of a Danish lady, the nephews of a Danish jarl, the grandsons of Thurgils Sprakaleg, were pure-bred Englishmen. Nevertheless this theory of ours, which we protest has not been made in any envious spirit, must not, as we have said, be used to rob Mr. Church of the gratification which he must feel, and the renown which he deserves to attain, as the sole and undoubted discoverer of this new fact relating to the illustrious family of Godwin, and the troubles of 1065. Besides distinct errors, we have found a larger crop of misprints in his book than we ever remember in one of anything like the same size. We noted a dozen and then gave up Most of them are in names, Edwy being printed for Edwin, and so on, and argue some want of familiarity on the author's part with his subject. In giving the verse which Canute is said to have made about the monks of Ely, Mr. Church says that "the letters peculiar to Old English have been changed to their modern equivalents." Five obvious misprints occur in the four lines, and Do can scarcely be allowed to pass as equivalent to Ða. As we always avoid, if possible, saying strong things in dispraise of any one's work, we shall sum up our review of *Early Britain* by simply expressing our conviction that it is not exactly the kind of book which we believe is wanted on its subject.

A LOG-BOOK AND BOOK OF RECOLLECTIONS.*

MR. BOWLES dedicates his Log-book to "Captain Weenie," a little girl of his own, who was no doubt charming, and whose funny sayings and doings on board the yacht must have diverted the crew almost as much as they delighted her father and family. But baby stories, however laughable in themselves, are apt to weary readers who only know the infant phenomenon in print. The public at large will not smile much when Weenie drops her "golly golly into the lawter," or when she punishes her dog for the purely imaginary offence of saying such ugly words as "pig" and "beast." There are certain newspapers and magazines in the United States which purvey a *foison* of stories of this kind. The Americans are a newer people than we are. Perhaps they are less sophisticated, and like that sort of thing.

Mr. Bowles contributed much, if not all, of his log-book to the *Vanity Fair* newspaper. His style is smart and lively, and his observations on the persons he met and the sights he saw are often shrewd and sensible. *Alison on Taste* is perhaps, nowadays, an almost forgotten book. But there is more than one traveller who would do well to study its nearly obsolete pages before he decides what to retain in his published journals, and what to expunge from them. Among other things the observations on poor Smiler's burial in the Holy Land would have been better omitted.

Mr. Bowles inspected many yachts, as, we fear, most seagoing travellers have to do, before he found one suited to his mind. And even then he does not claim for his purchase the absolute perfection which most sailors find in their own particular "hooker." "I could have improved her," he says. "I never saw the man or woman I could not have done that to." And so he and his family went on board, and a right merry party they seem to have been. Cowes was "deserted and melancholy" on the 1st of August, 1888. By-the-bye, Mr. Bowles laughs at the idea of the Royal Yacht Club nowadays calling itself the Royal Yacht Squadron, and he gives good reasons for his mirth. At Dieppe he had occasion to remark that the French pilotage system is as absurd as our own. He could not see the logic of the *règlement* (though we all know the French to be a severely logical people) which requires you to take a pilot on board when you do not require one, and which declines to send you one when you most need his services. By an easy transition his reflections on this subject lead him into a dissertation on toleration. And he hits the blot when he says that the modern indifferentism which shelters itself under the higher sounding name is really "a confession of ignorance or miscreance." He says that the attitude of these so-called tolerationists is this:—"We really none of us know anything, and we none of us really believe anything; hence what you pretend to know and believe is just as good as what we pretend to know and believe. Wherefore, we will tolerate you. Let us all go to the Devil our own way." Off Algiers one day Mr. Bowles asked his cook if they had any preserved fish on board. "Well, sir, there's some tins in the locker marked 'Fins.' I don't know what they are." These turned out to be *haricots verts fins*. Mr. Bowles is an enthusiast for the Turkish bath. And we think that he is right to be so; but when he says that we have two lessons to learn from the East—"dignity and cleanliness"—we recall stories which we used to read of the occupation in which the great Algerian chief Abd-el-Kader (cited by many folks as a model of Mahometan fine gentlehood) was engaged when he sat up, or rather down, in state to receive English visitors.

It is hurtful to our national pride to be told by so competent an authority as Mr. Bowles what we have heard lately from many sources, that most merchant shippers have given up the "turbulent, drunken, untrustworthy English merchant sailor," and man their ships with Maltese, Greeks, Arabs, Italians, or Scandinavians. "The British merchant sailor has rendered it impossible to employ him." On the other hand, there is no kind of man at all who is better or better behaved in these days than the British sailor of the Royal Navy.

There is an amusing story of a high-born Arab gentleman's contempt for the fellaheen of Egypt, to whom he denied the right to call themselves Arabians, and who, he said, were "mere sons of Crusaders."

Mr. Bowles thinks fit to ridicule the pretension of the Jews to consider Jerusalem their own peculiar city. They only possessed it, he says, for five hundred years, just as the English once held possession of France. He maintains that the Jews in Jerusalem and Englishmen in France were only foreign invaders, conquerors, and settlers. Both were after a considerable period expelled, and neither have any claim, legal or moral, to the country they once held, but subsequently failed to keep. This view of the question is at variance with the opinion generally entertained throughout Christendom. The English had no Divine command to occupy Guienne or to inhabit Picardy.

Our yachtsman thinks that, in return for the 400,000*l.* which Protestant missionaries have expended in proselytization among the Jews in the Holy Land, they cannot show five grown up, *bona-fide*, honest converts. Slavery even in Egypt must have some attractions for the people. Mr. Bowles knew of an Egyptian slave who had emancipated himself by taking refuge in a British man-of-war. As Curran says, he might there "have stood free and erect as a man." But he leaped overboard, and swam back to his master. He preferred his serfdom at home to liberty on board an English man-of-war.

The practical lesson to be learned from Mr. Bowles's book is one which we are glad to be taught. It is that yachting is not a pastime reserved for the wealthy. Treat your ship as your home, and your house on shore as a luxury which you may well do without, and you will find that "you can live with every comfort, travel with every luxury attainable out of England," with a family of three adults and four children, for 180*l.* a month. On board a P. and O. steamer it would cost you at least 246*l.* per mensem.

Cicero tells us that "senilis stultitia quæ deliratio appellari solet, senum levium est, non omnium." Certainly it is not an attribute of Mr. Adolphus Trollope. His old age

> Is serene and bright
> And lovely as a Lapland night.

True that he is garrulous. But what is pleasanter than the garrulity of a happy octogenarian who can still see that the earth is green, and that the sky is blue, and who can say of so many a great one who has gone from us, *Vidi tantum?* He has not only lived long, but has seen much of the world, and can tell us from his own knowledge what Emerson was like, Charles Lever and Matthew Arnold, and Jenny Lind and Liszt, and the Princess Alice. When he speaks to us of his own personal doings and feelings, his audience likes to listen because he never listens, as the French say, to himself. He never studies how to shape his sentences. He never poses as a hero. There is a noble simplicity in his mode of telling us of his happiness in his first marriage, of the loneliness which possessed him when he lost his wife, and how happy he became once more when he married his present wife. We like to hear him talk of those two accomplished women. Many of our readers will feel something more than commiseration, a very living sympathy sprung from acquaintance and friendship with the brilliant subject of his sorrow, when he lost his only child who had just become a mother. He bears his sorrows with the cheerfulness which Emerson tells us is one of the chief characteristics of greatness. He feels the blow and bows to it, but it never fells him. He tells us that he has had plenty of troubles. And, no doubt, he has. Few men live to nearly eighty without them. But, like the French philosopher, "il couvre de la main gauche les

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* *The Log of the "Nereid."* By Thomas Gibson Bowles, R.N.R., Author of "Maritime Warfare" &c. Illustrated by Lockhart-Bogle. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

What I Remember. By Thomas Adolphus Trollope. Vol. III. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

plaies de son cœur, et lutte avec la droite contre les difficultés de la vie." Montaigne is hardly less methodical than Mr. Trollope. He begins to talk on one subject, and his full mind breaks off to talk of something else which happened perhaps fifty years before, or a thousand miles distant from the scene of his first anecdote. We must follow suit. It is not for us to arrange the stories according to the unities. We take things as they come. Now we mourn with him over the decay of coffee-making in Paris, where at most cafés and hotels the decoction is as bad as the "disappointed Briton can have left at home." We smile with him, for we are sure that he did not frown, when a French stationmaster assured him that the train was late, "à cause de marche lente." We wince with him when the guide at Waterloo told him that his (Mr. Trollope's) mother, whom he remembered thirty-three years before, was "une femme bien embêtante." We share the disappointment which, as a reader of *Tristram Shandy*, he must have felt at finding the nuns of the Béguinage at Ghent ill-favoured and stupid-looking. We open our eyes in unison with him when the gentleman at Soest showed him the veritable church spire to which Baron Munchausen had fastened his horse's bridle in a snowstorm. We fancy that we are less credulous than he is of the clairvoyance of Mlle. Julie, who knew all about Mrs. Harris's teeth better than the lady herself. N.B. Mrs. Harris is not a myth this time, she is the wife of the late Bishop of Gibraltar. We envy his opportunity of becoming a house and land-owner in Savona in exchange for a pair of old trousers. "Mr. Gladstone has said that Italy has not an enemy in the world." Mr. Trollope knows the Italians, he says, even better than the ex-Premier knows them. He thinks, or, at any rate, they think, that France is very decidedly their enemy. We have not space to quote Mr. Trollope's ghost stories, and we can only allude to one of his anecdotes of dogs. A great friendship existed between two large dogs, one of whom was French and the other English. One day, however, when they were attacked by, and were having a free fight with, a quantity of other dogs, the Frenchman slunk away, leaving the plucky Briton to finish the battle alone. Eric (such was our country dog's name) could never be induced to acknowledge his French friend again. To paraphrase the remark of Sydney Smith, we should like to hear the French dog's version. The story of Mrs. Edwards offending the author in his early youth, by giving him nothing for dinner but a rice-pudding, is most amusingly told, and has an excellent sequel. Mr. Trollope shares the opinion of a gentleman, formerly well known in London society, that cream is the best and only beverage to be drunk as an accompaniment to a cigar. He was struck in the Pays de Vaud by seeing a peasant woman who worked in the field with a dung-cart who entertained professors at her cottage, and subscribed to a circulating library at the nearest town. Has Mr. Trollope never heard of the hedge-scholars in Ireland? Only this summer we saw a clergyman in Kent who told us that one of his hoppers, a most ragged specimen of an Irish peasant, conversed with him in Ciceronian Latin. Of Clarens it may be, as Lord Byron says, "the birthplace of sweet love"; but, according to our remembrancer, it is still more decidedly the birthplace of sour wine. We wish that we had time to tell our readers the true story of "Old Booty" being flung into the burning crater of Mount Vesuvius. It is our author's opinion that mountain-climbing should be limited to the region of wood. "Climb," he says, "as high as the firs climb, and no higher." There are two delightful stories of children which we must also leave our readers to look out for themselves. One of them is about a boy who was radiant with delight because his father could not scold or thrash him any more because he was "railed in." The other is of an urchin of eight years old whose mother found out the secret of his life. What that secret was we shall not reveal. The French version of the English joke that the question whether life is worth living depends on the liver strikes us as being particularly neat. Across the Channel they say that it is all a "*question de foi* (*foie*)." We are given a capital specimen of American cuteness in the anecdote of the journalist who persuaded the Pope to let him wire his allocution to New York before it had been made public in Europe, and to get one of the Cardinals to translate it into English for him. On the question of the Roman malarious fever Mr. Trollope gives some curious information. It was unknown in the Ghetto, which was thickly inhabited by a dirty and very squalid population; while it rages on the Campagna, most parts of which are very dry, and the whole district very sparsely peopled. The Trappists at Tre Fontane largely improved the climatic conditions of the place by thick plantations of eucalyptus. The monks, indeed, made a liqueur from the eucalyptus leaves, which they professed to consider a sovereign remedy against malarious fever. We regret to say that on one occasion Mr. Trollope so far forgot himself as to act the part of a footpad, committing robbery as well as assault; but as he assures us that he has "abstained from highway robbery from that time to this," and as the crime was committed many years ago, we are content to apply to it the statute of limitations, if such a statute exists in reference to such offences. The conversion into marble of the human body by Signor Marini must be a very curious and perhaps interesting process, but we do not think that we should greatly care to see it. At Leukerbad, where the patients are amphibious and spend half of their lives in the water, our author was amused by one of the rules which was added by a wag to the printed regulations. "Il est strictement défendu d'agacer les baigneurs avec des cannes et parapluies et de jeter nourriture dans les bains." In spite of chronological evidence on the other side, we are so utterly convinced of Mr. Trollope's perennial youth, that we confidently expect to greet him once more as a candidate for public favour. We shall do so as heartily as we now (for a time) wish him farewell.

EGYPT AS A WINTER RESORT.*

THERE is every justification for the appearance of this little book, which will supply a distinct need, and should take a high place as a worthy model for makers of handbooks to health and pleasure resorts. For invalids of many types the climate of Egypt has long been recognized as remarkably helpful, and the wealthy have been frequently advised by their doctors to winter in Cairo. But till recent years Egypt has had many drawbacks for invalids, both on account of the expense of living there and of the too foreign surroundings. Since the English immigration thither from 1882 onwards, objections on these scores have had far less weight. It is now possible for people, even of moderate means, to enjoy the light and warmth and dryness of the Egyptian winter in the midst of good society and the comforts of civilization. The avowed object of the book before us is to inform English and American doctors what kind of patients ought and ought not to be sent to Egypt. This object is attained by means of clear statements, without any tendency to that special pleading which usually mars books of this nature by medical authors, and the work contains besides much information which will be useful and interesting to all who may visit Egypt apart from the purpose of health-seeking.

All who know modern Cairo and its surroundings well will recognize the correctness of the claims Mr. Sandwith makes for its climatic and social advantages. It is pre-eminently a place where invalids who can enjoy an English summer, with its pleasures, may find a continuation of such enjoyment during the winter months till summer nearly comes again, and they will gain, in addition, as the author says, "that interest and relaxation of mind inspired in a country where the remains may be studied of the ancient Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, and Turks." It is far too much the custom of physicians to think only of the climatic qualities of the resort they recommend, ignoring entirely the social and intellectual needs of the patients they expatriate for months. The mistake becomes one of great magnitude with the very class of patients who would be most benefited by such a climate as that of Egypt—namely, those who are not the subjects of advanced or disabling disease. Send such people to any of the numerous health resorts where the society is dull and there is nothing to stimulate the intellect or imagination, and the result too often is that the unoccupied mind is driven in upon itself, and the body refuses to react to whatever climatic charm there may be. Cairo, with all its old associations, and its refined English society at the present time, is almost an ideal place for many patients whose physical needs are best served by the influence of plenty of fresh air, light, and warmth without wet. The days can always be spent out of doors, and no night air colder than 55° Fahr. will be breathed, even without any artificial heat, provided the windows be closed at sunset. One other point may be noticed on behalf of Cairo as a health resort, which strikes every visitor, and is of the highest moment—the absence of dying consumptives. These find Egypt too far from home, and in the more enlightened medical practice of the day are now rarely sent so far. In Cairo they are scarcely to be seen.

An interesting feature of this book is a short calendar giving the weather characteristics of the several months in Cairo, with the arrivals of the migratory birds, and the order of appearance of ripe fruits and flowers. Information as to the facilities of travel to the various places of most frequent resort is given in a very readable form. Those who have not been to Egypt in recent years will notice with gratification that there is now a first-class hotel at the foot of the Pyramids, enabling people to enjoy the pure air and quiet of the desert in comfort and good surroundings.

A careful perusal of this book forces us to credit Mr. Sandwith with accuracy as a guide, exceptional modesty as a medical author, and success as a literary workman.

CHINESE LANGUAGE AND PORCELAIN.†

THE study of Chinese is rapidly passing from the unscientific stage when the learner was content to place himself unreservedly in the hands of his native "Sienshêng," to the surer ground of grammatical analysis, by means of which the student is able to make himself master of the intricacies of the language, and to assure himself of the interpretation of texts. In the absence of certain guides to a knowledge of the language, the earlier students were compelled

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* *Egypt as a Winter Resort.* By F. M. Sandwith, F.R.G.S., formerly Vice-Director of the Sanitary Department of Egypt. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

† *Notes on the Chinese Documentary Style.* By F. Hirth, Ph.D. London: Bernard Quaritch.

Ancient Porcelain: a Study in Chinese Mediæval Industry and Trade. By F. Hirth, Ph.D. London: Bernard Quaritch.

to trust to their native teachers both for the explanation of Chinese documents and for the translation of English letters into Chinese. No interpreter at the Consulates even dreamed of translating a Chinese paper without the help of his "Teacher," or of writing a Chinese letter for himself. And the result has been that a race of men has grown up with considerable colloquial knowledge of the language, but with nothing beyond a mere smattering of its literary styles.

Julien was the first who reduced the classical language to an accurate grammatical system, and it was from his work—*La syntaxe nouvelle de la langue chinoise*—that Dr. Hirth got his first insight into the structure of the language.

> It seemed to him at the time that, under the guidance of this ingenious work, he had learned more of the real spirit of the language in a few weeks than had been the case in as many months during which he was left to his own imagination in pursuing his studies by mere practice, and that the benefits thus derived, in respect of the ancient written language, might be brought to bear with greater advantage to the practical student on the modern documentary style.

To the uninitiated it may be necessary to explain that there is as wide a difference between the classical and documentary styles of Chinese as there is between ancient and modern Greek, and that the documentary style is no more like the spoken language than Chaucer's is like the colloquial of the present day. Julien's work, therefore, could hardly be held to apply to the documentary style, and the present work is consequently a new departure.

Chinese being an uninflected language, the grammar consists mainly of syntax, and the construction of a sentence should, therefore, be the principal object of study. This Dr. Hirth points out, and he lays down with admirable plainness the rules which govern the arrangement of words in a sentence. As an illustration of his remarks, he shows that, while in Chinese, as in English, it is necessary to express such a sentence, for example, as "The son beats the father" by words in this order, it may be rendered into Latin by "Filius verberat patrem," "Patrem verberat filius," "Verberat patrem filius," or "Verberat filius patrem," without being misunderstood. But it is obvious that, for the expression of all but the simplest sentences, auxiliary words and particles must be supplied; and in the documentary style of Chinese these are largely used, and must be thoroughly understood before the contents of a despatch or a letter can be made plain. Of these words Dr. Hirth gives a full list, and illustrates their uses by numerous and well-chosen examples.

Fortunately, though a Chinese despatch is full of these and other difficulties, the love of precedent, which is so prominent a characteristic of the people, has induced Chinese scribes to adopt stereotyped forms for every kind of document. Thus every despatch and every letter is drafted on well-recognized models. The same phrases occur over and over again, and the same turns of expression are common to all. Most of these are explained by Dr. Hirth, whose work needs but the full annotated text of a model despatch to make it a very complete guide to documentary Chinese.

In his brochure on ancient porcelain, also, Dr. Hirth follows in the footsteps of Professor Julien, with the contents of whose well-known work on the subject he is in accord, with the exception of the date at which porcelain was first manufactured, and of the colour of *céladons*. Julien supposes that the art was invented between the years 185 B.C. and A.D. 87, on the authority of a passage in an historical work in which mention is made of *yao*, a term which is now commonly applied to the various classes of chinaware. But Chinese literature is full of such pitfalls. The belief that gunpowder was in use in China hundreds of years before it was known in that country was based on the occurrence of a word in the early annals of the Empire, which then meant a catapult, but which is now used to designate a cannon. In the same way, at the time of which Julien speaks, *yao* was applied to pottery of any kind, and not to chinaware, as it is at the present day. This being acknowledged, it is obvious that the date fixed by Dr. Hirth for the invention of the art—namely, the beginning of the seventh century A.D.—is the one which is more surely attested by the evidence of native works of authority.

As to the colour of *céladons*, Dr. Hirth points out that the word *Ts'ing*, which Julien translated "blue," means also "light green," "the green of sprouting plants," &c. The same confusion occurs in connexion with these two colours in most languages of antiquity—*e.g.* in the instance of γλαυκός, which suggests precisely the same uncertainty as the word *Ts'ing*. In this case, however, Julien might have been guided to the right shade intended by the fact that the colour of *céladons* is frequently likened by Chinese authors to that of jade, which is certainly not blue. But Dr. Hirth has much more to say about *céladons* than their colour, and his work throws a most useful and interesting light both on the manufacture of ancient porcelain and on the trade routes by which specimens of the ware were carried into Central and Western Asia.

SIR ALFRED LYALL'S VERSE.*

THESE verses of Sir Alfred Lyall's owe, with few exceptions, a double debt of parentage to the country whose name they bear on their title-page. India is their place of origin in more senses than one; for they have most of them been written, not only in India, but on Indian subjects. Shall we add at once that, what is true of most of them is true of all the best of them, and that Sir Alfred Lyall's Muse is evidently a divinity of Oriental extraction, who declines to inspire him, or at any rate to the full measure of afflatus, unless when sought by him on her native soil? Certainly the author's translations from Horace, his "Land of Regrets," and, in general we may say the lighter exercises of his undoubted talent as a verse-writer, form by far the least striking portion of the contents of this little volume. Sir Alfred Lyall is much more at home among incidents of the Mutiny, or reminiscences of yet earlier events of Anglo-Indian history. He can enter with true imaginative power into the feelings of the wild tribesmen of the North-West Frontier, of the border warriors upon whose frays and feuds the *pax Britannica* has imposed an unwelcome armistice, and the swart moss-troopers who find their occupation gone under our Imperial rule. One of the most stirring of his lays is that of the "Old Pindaree," an aged robber "rider," condemned to wear out the evening of his days in the despised and detested arts of peace, and lamenting the days of his adventurous youth in a strain in which pride, pathos, and a certain grim humour are very artistically and effectively blended. The same note is struck again in "A Rajpoot Chief of the Old School," only that here the pathetic predominates, and the dying warrior accepts the change of times with more dignity and resignation:—

> The English say I govern ill,
> That laws must silence spear and gun,
> So may my peaceful subjects till;
> But peaceful subjects have I none.
> I can but follow my fathers' rule,
> I cannot learn in an English school.
> Yet the hard world softens, and change is best;
> My sons must leave the ancient ways.
> The folk are weary, the land shall rest;
> And the gods are kind, for I end my days.
>
> Then carry me to my castle steep,
> Whose time is ending with its lord's.
> Eight months my grandsire held the keep
> Against the fierce Maratha hordes.
> It would not stand three winter suns
> Against the shattering English guns
> And so these rude old faithful stones.
> My fathers' haven in high war-tide,
> Must rive and moulder—as soon my bones
> Must bleach on the holy river-side.
>
> Years hence, when all the earth is calm
> And forts are level and foes agree,
> Since feuds must end, to trade and farm
> And toil, like oxen, patiently;
> When this my garden palace stands
> A desert ruin, choked with sands,
> A broken well 'mid trees that fade,
> Some traveller still my name may bless,
> The chief long syne that left him shade
> And a water spring in the wilderness.

A "haven" is perhaps a more effective protection against a storm than against a "tide"; but we will not be hypercritical in judging of an excellently well-sustained piece of poetic portraiture.

It is not only with native Indian life in its wilder and more picturesque aspects that Sir Alfred Lyall is in sympathy. The profoundly reflective side of the Oriental mind appeals to him no less forcibly, and his feeling for it finds admirable expression in the "Meditations of a Hindu Prince," and in "The Hindu Ascetic." This, the shorter of the two poems, is perhaps the more striking. The four brief stanzas of which it is composed give us the very spirit of that East which, in Mr. Matthew Arnold's fine quatrain, "bowed low before the blast In patient deep disdain," which "let the legions thunder past, And plunged in thought again." There is, indeed, something more than a reminiscence of Mr. Arnold in the closing stanza, where the musing Indian quietist asks himself when these phantoms of Western rule "shall flicker away Like the smoke of the guns on the wind-swept hill, Like the sounds and colours of yesterday, And the soul have rest, and the air be still." In the companion piece, the picture of the Mussulman, "civil and mild," who stands watching the English at their game of Badminton under the battered wall of Delhi, while the execration of Islam on the infidel rises with Heinesque suddenness to his smiling lips, Sir Alfred Lyall shows that he cherishes no illusions as to the volcanic hatreds which underlie the placid-looking crust of Moslem submission to the rule of the Feringee in India. "Theology in Extremis" is a powerful, but not perhaps an entirely successful, attempt to realize the emotions of a young English Gallio who has been offered his life by the Mussulman sepoys on condition of his repeating the formula of the Mahommedan faith, and who, without any definite belief in his own professed creed, or any expectation of *post-mortem* reward for his constancy, rejects the offer from a sense of patriotic pride, and a sort of half-consciousness that to renounce his national religion to save his life would be closely akin to repudiating his temporal allegiance to his sovereign for the same purpose. The situation of this voluntary martyr, who lacks the superhuman support by which martyrdom is commonly fortified, has undoubtedly high dramatic possibilities and psychological significance, which Sir Alfred Lyall, however, has hardly succeeded in developing. Another poem of a more distinctly European character is that entitled "Retrospection," the narrative of a dramatic incident, the scene of which is also laid in the Mutiny, its characters consisting of a Colonel whose regiment has "risen,"

* *Verses written in India.* By Sir Alfred Lyall. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1889.

the Colonel's wife, and the lady's lover. The lover and the lady wish to fly; the husband insists on remaining to face the mutineers; and contention is rising high between them when an opportune shot lays the Colonel low, and lover and lady gallop somewhat unromantically away. Who fired that shot "the mute trees know," the author tells us. They have the advantage of the reader, who is left to guess—a mistake, we think, in point of art, since we have at least a right to know whether the hero even of the shortest drama is a murderer or not. In pieces of this kind, however, Sir Alfred Lyall is not seen at his best. It is when he speaks through the lips of one of those Orientals whom he knows so well that we read him with the greatest pleasure. Then he is always natural and unforced, and not infrequently powerful and impressive in a high degree.

A DICTIONARY OF MINIATURISTS.*

THE publication of the third volume of Mr. Bradley's *Dictionary of Miniaturists* puts an end, at least for the present, to a work which it will still take a great deal of labour to make anything like complete. The difficulties of making an exhaustive list of miniaturists and scribes has probably deterred many others from undertaking the task; and Mr. Bradley may, at least, be complimented on his courage in grappling with it, and his patience and industry in carrying it so far. Of its incompleteness Mr. Bradley is his own witness. Although he has at length arrived at the letter Z, such an abundance of new material has reached him in the course of his journey, that it takes nearly five closely-printed and double-columned pages to print a list of names not included in the body of the book. To these a very great many more would have to be added before all the existing, and even easily available, material was exhausted; but we may well be content with what we have got, and may give a guarded assent to Mr. Bradley's opinion that it is not likely that very many names of the highest rank are overlooked. At all events, Mr. Bradley had shown that he thoroughly understands what such a book ought to be, and there appear to have been some circumstances, not entirely under his control, which have prevented him from attaining his ideal of perfection. In form and design, for instance, this Dictionary may be taken as a model. The size is handy, the type clear and good, and all authorities quoted are given with "chapter and verse." In scope it is, if anything, too comprehensive. It is, no doubt, difficult to draw the line, as illumination and early miniature-painting grew so directly out of calligraphy, and tended so surely to the miniature portrait-painters of the present century; but yet we are inclined to think it would have been wiser to have stopped at the point when "miniatures" became altogether detached from manuscripts, and to have left calligraphy alone after writing had been completely superseded by printing. The later portrait-painters in little are already included in dictionaries of painters, and it was surely useless to encumber the book with such notices as that of Staffen, a calligrapher who published at Leipzig a book "containing various handwritings" in the year 1749, or that of George Shelley, the Writing Master of Christ's Hospital, in the seventeenth century. On the other hand, the articles on patrons of art and calligraphy, though not coming within the title of the work, are distinctly valuable and appropriate, as it is only through their names that some of the finest specimens of calligraphy and illumination can be indexed in such a dictionary. Some of the most interesting articles in the present volume are of this kind, as those on the Orleans and Sforza families, and we are not sure that in any future work of the kind, or any new edition of this, that it would not be well to insert articles on places where valuable manuscripts are preserved.

But a book must be judged, not only by its design, but its execution; and, whatever classes of artists are introduced, they should be dealt with thoroughly. The plea that not many names of importance have been overlooked is scarcely valid in the case of a work which aims at the reputation of a cyclopædia. Unimportant names may be paradoxically said to be of the first importance in such a case; for there is seldom lack of sources of information about distinguished persons in any walk of life. It may have been a mistake, for instance, to have included the miniature portrait-painters of the last century or so; but, if introduced at all, the roll should have been as complete as possible. Some excuse may be made for the meagreness of his list of these, as till lately the subject had been much neglected; and the fine exhibition of miniatures at the Burlington Fine Arts Club this year probably came too late for the information in the Catalogue to be utilized for Mr. Bradley's Dictionary. It must, however, be remembered that most of the information in this Catalogue was contained in Dr. Propert's large work on the subject, to which Mr. Bradley refers. We are certain that, if the Catalogue had been in Mr. Bradley's hands sooner, he would have seen the necessity of including a large number of names which he has omitted. If we confine ourselves only to the initials of the third volume of this Dictionary—namely, O to Z—we find that Mr. Bradley includes only fifteen out of about one hundred artists named in the Catalogue, and specimens of miniatures by nearly all the latter were exhibited in Savile Row. Out of these names there are not many perhaps of the highest class; but there are several of some importance, and few if any which ought to be omitted in a Dictionary of Miniaturists so wide in scope as that of Mr. Bradley. Jean Tontin, for instance, was not so great an artist as Petitot père, but still he was important as the inventor of the process of enamel painting, which was carried to perfection by Petitot. Zincke is, of course, included by Mr. Bradley, but not André Rouquet, his Swiss follower. Sir Henry Raeburn is certainly a name of importance, and should have been included; for, though he is better known by his larger works, the same might be said of the Van Eycks, Zucchero, and several other artists whom Mr. Bradley inserts. In some cases, as we have suggested, the omissions may be excused for lack of evidence at the time. This plea may perhaps be urged in respect of one of the finest of English miniaturists, Andrew Plimer, who may almost be said to have been discovered by Dr. Propert. But, if this is true of one who is now looked upon as the rival, if not superior, of Cosway, it is not so of Cosway's successor, Andrew Robertson. Nor is there much excuse to be urged for the omission of Jean Sicardi, the painter of Louis XVI., and Sir William Ross, and many other English and foreign miniaturists whose names are by no means unknown, and much more important than the majority of the miniaturists of later days to whom Mr. Bradley has showed more favour.

But it is not only with regard to these later artists that this Dictionary is palpably imperfect. While giving him credit for research in out-of-the-way places, we fear that he has neglected some of the simplest sources of information—such, for instance, as Woltmann and Woermann's *History of Painting*. Here he might have found, amongst other names unnoted by him, those of Otto, a monk who wrote the Gospel-book of Lothair, now at Aachen; Wolfcoz, a scribe of the ninth century; and a list of illuminators of the Menologium, or Sacred Calendar of the Vatican Library, which was written for Basil II. Two of these—Simeon and Pantaleon—should have been included in the third volume of his Dictionary, if it had any claim to exhaust existing material.

But these and other imperfections are not altogether the fault of Mr. Bradley, who seems to have been bound by the wishes of his publisher with regard to the size of the work. He does not appear to have been allowed enough space to have included all known names, nor enough time to have collected them all, and then made a selection from them, in order to fill his three volumes with the most important. The result of his labour can, therefore, be only looked upon as an essay in the direction of a complete dictionary of his subject—a work, learned and industrious, which will be of great use to future students, but one which in its present state should be consulted rather as an aid than an authority.

* *A Dictionary of Miniaturists, Illuminators, Calligraphers, and Copyists.* By John W. Bradley, B.A. Lond. Vol. III. London: Bernard Quaritch. 1889.

NOTES ON SPORT AND ORNITHOLOGY.*

THESE *Notes on Sport and Ornithology* have a double, though a melancholy, interest. They are not only pleasant, but instructive, reading, and they abound, besides, in incidental revelations as to the tastes and character of their author. It is evident that the unfortunate Rudolf was a prince of great promise and very considerable talent. If the book was really written by himself—and we have no reason whatever to doubt it—he had a good and easy literary style, with no little power of picturesque description. He inherited the family love for sport, and was an ardent naturalist, and especially an ornithologist. We can understand his facing exposure, hardships, and even dangers in the pursuit of game, as his father and Victor Emmanuel and many another monarch have done before him. But it is not every prince who, after a long day's shooting and dining generously, would leave the cigar and easy-chair for the pen and the escritoire, and labour over writing up his diaries, instead of tumbling voluptuously into bed. Again, we are agreeably impressed by his extreme and unaffected affability. On his sporting and bird-nesting trip down the Danube three of his chosen companions were men of science of the middle classes, and he placed them on precisely the same footing of easy familiarity as his highborn cousin, Leopold of Bavaria. Indeed, he was content to sit modestly at their feet, as masters in his favourite studies. No doubt the great Hungarian landowners and nobles were only too glad to offer every civility and facility to their future sovereign. But Prince Rudolf always expresses his gratitude as if he really meant it for preserves thrown freely open to his party, and for the carriages, boats, and shooting-lodges which were placed at their disposal. It was only natural that his eagerness as a young sportsman should not unfrequently interfere with the methodical pursuit of scientific investigation. The chance of a tempting shot would lure him away from the spot where he had ambushed himself for special purposes of observation. He would get so excited in critical moments that at the flutter of an eagle's wing in the air or the rustle of some big game in a thicket his fingers would fumble nervously with the gun-locks or the rifle-sight would be dancing before his swimming eyes. But, on the whole, he managed to collect a wonderful deal of practical information on such congenial subjects as the habits and different

* *Notes on Sport and Ornithology.* By His Imperial and Royal Highness the late Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria. Translated by C. J. Danford. London: Gurney & Jackson. 1889.

varieties of the eagles, on the times and seasons of migratory birds. A sportsman the Prince was before all things; but he never stood on the dignity of his game. He would sooner shoot a carrion vulture than a royal eagle, when the one bird was of rarer species than the other; and in the East he was as keen after the jackals and hyænas as if they had been lions, or camelopards, or the rare black water-buck. From sundry passages in his notes on the East we see that the Prince was something of a poet, and had a highly sympathetic appreciation of romantic circumstances and surroundings. He will break out in a burst of rapture over the spectral shadows of columns and friezes falling over the glittering sands of a desert silvered by the moonbeams. But he is always a thoroughly honest traveller, nor does he care to "humbug" his readers by feigning an interest in matters as to which he was really indifferent. He knew little of archæology; and when he was treading the sacred soil of Palestine, his spirit was seldom stirred within him. He watches for wolves in the tombs of the Caliphs, beats up the gloomy corridors of the temples of the Pharaohs for the lurking hyæna, and when he pays a visit to the great pyramid of Cheops, his primary object is to get up a jackal hunt. As for the *Barrage*, he was bored to death with it, being obliged, in princely courtesy, to follow officious guides all over that triumph of French engineering. But he hints incidentally that it is not without its uses, as forming lakes and quiet shelter for the wild fowl.

The narrative of his trip of fifteen days down the Danube necessarily becomes somewhat monotonous, as the events of each day are noted in detail, and they often repeat themselves. Nevertheless, it gives a vivid idea of the characteristics of very peculiar scenery; of the animals that inhabit thinly-peopled districts scarcely accessible except by punting along narrow water-ways through malarious swamp and impracticable thicket; and of what was really an organized bird-nesting expedition, carried out *en grand* and *en luxe*. The Danube, which flows far beyond its ordinary banks in the spring, runs in many places in an infinity of shallow channels, forming archipelagoes of wooded or reedy islands, which fringe the swampy shores. So that Jokai the Hungarian novelist, with perfect propriety, the other day made one of these islands the scene of a dramatic story depending on an absolute solitude for its striking *dénouement*. The first of the most original descriptions by the Prince is that of a descent upon one of these islands with its heronry and its colony of cormorants. He describes the approach through the network of channels, where the navigation was extremely difficult:—"Great quantities of driftwood, driven out of the arms of the river, were floating about the main stream, and the fallen tree-trunks, which at this height of the water only showed their upper surfaces, might easily have been mistaken for crocodiles." Here he was specially impressed by the wild poetry of the scene as they pulled homewards to the steamer in the deepening twilight:—"In the east the leaden darkness was separated from the light of the departing day by a belt of orange, and was broken by a few bright isolated stars, while the low-lying woods and swamps, wrapped in blue vapours and feathery mists, assumed ghastly, indefinite shapes as they gradually melted into each other." And a very pretty and vivid description it seems to us to be. On the fifth day, adopting the American plan of cart-driving, he succeeded in making a close approach to a magnificent herd of red-deer. *A propos* to which, he remarks that the Hungarian red-deer are exceptionally large and fine, which he attributes to the quiet and the excellent feeding, which in course of generations have developed a characteristic and peculiar race. Eagles were perhaps his favourite quarry, and in fact the number he shot from first to last would have seemed inexcusable massacre, were not the noble birds comparatively common in Eastern Europe, and very capable of taking care of themselves. But on the seventh day he was greatly excited when going in pursuit of the great cinereous vulture which nested in the district he was shooting over. After sundry mishaps and disappointments owing to unforeseen accidents and shaken nerves, he succeeded in sending a heavy charge of buckshot into the breast of one of these birds. But rapture was speedily followed by disgust when he hurried up to his prize. The stench from the foul bird of prey was so intolerable that he had to beat a precipitate retreat of several paces; the skinning had, of course, to be done at secondhand; and the peasant told off to carry the creature to camp, though he must have been accustomed to evil smells, suffered sorely under the unsavoury load. But these vultures, which live entirely on carrion, do much useful scavengering work.

At Cairo the Prince was gratified even more by the sight of innumerable birds of prey in the very middle of the populous city than by the melodious cooing of the turtle-doves in the groves and gardens of the suburbs. But other and greater surprises awaited him when the Austrian Consul-General guided him out in search of sport. Beating one of the Khedive's gardens near the Obelisk at Heliopolis, they not only flushed cranes and woodcocks, but actually got glimpses of wolves, though the wolves succeeded in dodging them. They subsequently bagged wolves in the Fayoum, and there the Prince and his uncle, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, had some good sport with the lynxes, which reminds us much of a Highland "fox-hunt." The lynxes retreated to their fastnesses in the great cairns of ruins, from which they were bolted by the lithe and well-bred dachshunds, who seem to have been as "fell chiels" on the vermin as any of Dandy Dinmont's Scotch terriers. Up the Nile there was night-watching for the wolves and hyænas over strong-smelling carcases laid out by way of bait. Once the Prince gave a wolf a right and left, "the tough brute" being knocked over at the second shot. He shouldered it, and was carrying it towards the place where one of his companions was in ambush. Finding it somewhat heavy, he threw it down, whereupon the wolf gathered himself together and scrambled on to his legs. Fortunately the astonished sportsman had reloaded, and had another charge at his disposal.

The tour in Palestine must have been more exciting than agreeable. There was good sport to be had with the wild fowl in the affluents of the Dead Sea, and there were big boar to be found in the thickets that grew luxuriantly in the deep bottoms that were watered in the "swelling of Jordan." But the strength of the sportsmen was sorely tried, and their usually buoyant spirits sank below zero, for the leaden skies were gloomy in the extreme, and the atmosphere was frightfully oppressive and enervating. Putting the probabilities of low fever and dysentery out of the question, the camping out was by no means free from danger. Great scorpions lay thick under the stones; and, though there were preliminary searches each evening, by way of precaution, one of the attendants was severely stung. As they had bolted lynxes with dogs in the Fayoum, so they bolted lizards with fire in the Jordan Valley; and one wonderful and dragon-like specimen was secured measuring more than four feet in length. The Arabs positively refused to touch the repulsive animal, so that a litter had to be constructed for its transport to the encampment. Once they ran a porcupine to earth, but failed to dig him out; for the sun was scorchingly hot, and the Bedouins take more kindly to the spear than to the spade. *En revanche* they extracted a hymn-book from the hole, which the Prince presumes had been carried off by the porcupine, who, though tolerably omnivorous in his tastes, must have found the paper unpalatable. The Prince bore up pluckily against the intense heat and the enervating atmosphere, never sparing himself when sport of any kind was in the wind; but he had nearly paid dearly for what he tried to regard as pleasure. He had a severe attack of fever, which compelled him to put a premature end to the trip, and get on board his yacht as speedily as possible. We shall only add that there is a good chapter on Bear-shooting in Transylvania, with some interesting ornithological notes, by way of appendix.

NEW MUSIC.

FROM Messrs. B. Williams we have a schottische entitled "Winged Hours," by Ezra Read, which is bright and pleasing, although very simple. Mr. Michael Watson has managed to make a spirited march called "The Gladiators" out of a string of hackneyed phrases. "Mignon," by H. M. Millington, is a pretty valse of the usual type. "On the Broad Atlantic" is a song by Kingston Lisle, which has a certain go and a pleasant quaintness. "All the Same," by H. Trotère, is a song written more or less on the ordinary lines. There is the usual refrain in six-eight time at the end of each verse; but we are thankful to say in the verses themselves there is some variety, which makes it a pleasing drawing-room song. We like "Apple Blossoms," by Albert Fox, for it is a charming little song, short, and to the point. His "Morning Song" is very original, but could have been improved, either by being made shorter or by some contrast in one of the three verses; for continual unison between all the parts, vocal and instrumental, although effective in places, becomes monotonous when overdone. We should like to have a dance to Mr. Herbert Mullen's polka, "Hide and Seek," the tune is so merry and the rhythm so well marked. We have a vocal duet and two pianoforte pieces by Seymour Smith. The former is a pretty, humorous song, with a strong reminiscence of some of our piquant old English songs. One of the piano pieces, called "Doris," has the same successful old-fashioned ring; but in the other, called "The Old Gavotte," which is founded on a song by Lindsay Lennox, only the opening justifies the title, the rest being commonplace and of an essentially modern type. We are glad to find the part at which we most cavil, on p. 4 of the adaptation, is not in the original song; and, although there is too much repetition, the insertion by Mr. Seymour Smith makes it a patchwork, though put in, we have no doubt, from the laudable motive of making variety. "How I love thee," by Frederic Mullen, is what might be called a negative song, neither very pretty nor ugly, but rather attractive from its quiet simplicity. One short section of his "Liebestreue"—*i.e.* the latter half of No. 1—is decidedly original for a valse of modern days. We are most grateful for the least deviation from the beaten track. Of the two arrangements of the "Sérénade Orientale," also by Frederic Mullen, we decidedly prefer the duet between violin and pianoforte; there is a certain monotony in the piano arrangement which is avoided by the combination of two instruments. The Caprice which follows is bright and sparkling in both forms.

Dr. Bridge's humorous four-part song, called "Bold Turpin," published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co., is altogether an elaborate joke, even to the dedication to Mr. E. H. Turpin, the honorary secretary of the College of Organists, who has just been made a Mus. Doc. by the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is a bold attempt to suit the well-known ditty of Mr. Samuel Weller with equally comic music, and Dr. Bridge has been very successful in doing so, and yet steering clear of any vulgarity. We need not

say, coming as it does from his pen, that it is thoroughly well written, besides being tuneful. We are specially taken by the contrapuntal scoring of the words "Sure as eggs is eggs, &c.," which we should have thought would have been the last to lend themselves to this treatment. Altogether from beginning to end it is very original, and quaintly picturesque.

LAURENTIUS SAGA.*

THE modesty with which this volume is given to the world should not disguise from us the fact that it is an exceedingly valuable acquisition to the English student of mediæval life. Not wishing, perhaps, to seem to puff his own work, Mr. Elton has laid little emphasis on the position which *Laurentius Saga* (or *Lafranz Sögur*, as it used to be called) takes in the development of Icelandic literature. But in reality its author, who doubtless was Einar Haflidason, the Deacon, was the Shirley of the great school of saga-writers, and it is no small privilege to possess, for the first time in any modern language, what has been described as "the last of the Sagas." The religious and secular biographies, written in Iceland from the end of the twelfth to the end of the fourteenth century, form a connecting link between the old poetical and historical literature and the imaginative work of Continental writers in the middle ages proper. They are as yet hardly known in this country. They offer virgin ground to the translator. With the exception of what Dr. Vigfussen and Mr. York Powell have given in their *Origines Islandicæ*, we know of no fragments of the biographies which exist in English. The Secular Lives mostly take an earlier place than the Religious Lives, and one or two of them touch the classic age itself, and were begun during the lifetime of Sturla. The Religious Biographies are almost exclusively lives of early Icelandic Bishops, and their text is now conveniently collected in the edition of Vigfussen, *Biskupasögur*, published at Copenhagen in 1858, before that illustrious scholar found his way to England.

Among these Lives of the Bishops the earliest is a collection of biographies of the five first bishops of Skalholt, called *Hungrvaka*, or "The Hunger-Waker," because the nameless author hoped that the perusal of his book would make Oliver Twists of his readers, and arouse a hunger for more biography. The same writer is supposed to have composed about 1215 *Páls Saga*, which Vigfussen says is "a model biography, in which the book charms us even more than the subject," and which he compares to Carlyle's *Life of Stirling*. Some unknown cleric, possessing great historical genius, wrote the Life of Bishop Arni, and ended it abruptly in 1291. But the last, and by far the most amusing, of the Bishop-Sagas is that which was written about 1346 by Einar Haflidason; it is this which Mr. Elton has translated. Einar, who was born about 1303 (Mr. Elton says 1307, but this can be proved impossible), was taught by Laurence while the latter was still only schoolmaster in Hólar, and when quite a young boy, in 1316, had attracted notice as the foremost scholar in the diocese. When Laurence came back to Hólar as bishop, Einar Haflidason was one of those who welcomed him most lovingly; and the saga says of Laurence that henceforward "at high mass he always had the same deacon to minister to him; this was Deacon Einar Haflidason, whom he loved beyond all his clergy, and accounted as his true and trusty friend." And it was in presence of the faithful Einar that the Bishop died at Hólar in the eleventh year of his episcopate.

The author of *Laurentius Saga* was, without question, one of the most gifted of his class. No other Bishop-Saga is put together so well as this, is so amusing throughout, or shows so much of the mere talent of the biographer. In the middle of the fourteenth century such skill as Einar Haflidason possesses was rare indeed, and in fact we are not sure that this latest of the saga-men did not display qualities not again to be met with in the same form anywhere in Europe until the eighteenth century. His style, save for his too frequent historical digressions, is concise, rapid, and eminently to the point. He builds up the character of his hero with sobriety, and is apt neither to preach nor to be garrulous. He tells us that Laurence "himself admonished me to keep in mind whatsoever he related about the course of his life before he was bishop at Hólar," and "his life afterwards was," as we have seen, "well known to me, who was night and day in his service and lodging while he was bishop in Iceland until he died." Einar was, therefore, admirably circumstanced to be a Boswell, and his peculiar gifts enabled him to profit by his opportunities.

Laurence Thórarinson was born at a farm called Vellir, on the north coast of Iceland, in 1267. Some mild little miracles accompanied his childhood, and he was so clever that Jörund, then Bishop of the diocese of Hólar, the most northerly in Christendom, became his patron, and had him educated for holy orders. When he was twenty-five the Bishop gave Laurence a remote northern benefice; but in a year's time he came back to Hólar. The Bishop seems to have begun rather early to chafe under the superior scholarship and more perfect legal discipline of his *protégé*, and their friendship became strained. In 1294 Laurence got leave to go to Norway, where, at Bergen, King Eirek Magnusson received him kindly, and so did the Archbishop of Nidarós. But he found it impossible to keep peace with the heady and intriguing Norwegian ecclesiastics, and troubles began which made the life of Laurence a distress to him for many years. In 1304, when he was thirty-seven, Laurence was selected to go back to Iceland on a mission of a highly-painful and embarrassing nature, no less than to examine into the condition of the dioceses, and to report upon it to the Archbishop of Nidarós. Laurence foresaw the extreme unpopularity which this enterprise would bring upon him; but he regarded it as his duty to carry it out. Another man, one Björn, a person of very different calibre, was appointed co-visitor with him, and with equal powers. In the sequel it proved that Björn was ready enough to suggest to the Icelandic clergy that he was their friend; while the odium of reform fell on the upright and single Laurence. The most painful incident, of course, was the visit to Hólar, where his old patron received him with extreme coldness. This did not prevent Laurence from settling in his old home, and from doing his best to set the diocese in order. But, in August 1308, he was rather suddenly driven out of Hólar by the enmity of the Bishop, and set sail for Norway. Now comes a very picturesque passage. On landing at Throndhjem, Laurence was seized by order of the Chapter, and thrown into the repulsive dungeon called Gulskitni. The Canons had by this time practically deposed his old friend the Archbishop, and for six months things went ill with Laurence. His adventures are very graphically described. When he left the dungeon he was still imprisoned by order of the Official, or Archbishop's substitute:—

> The Official proclaimed that the holy church of Nidarós should keep all the baggage that he had come with. A lodging was got for him; it had a window, so that he could read his Hours; and for his victuals there was brought him a little bread and one other dish, and a little small ale to wash it down; by night he had fetters on his feet; his feet swelled up, and the scurvy flew to his body. Icelanders were alw ys coming to the window and talking with him; many men brought him food and drink; so that he had no lack for that. This was told the Canons, and they put iron spikes outside against the window, so that none should be able to talk with him. The woman named Thurid, daughter of 'Arni, by whom he had a boy Arni, often came to the window to him and brought him somewhat, as best she could, for food or comfort to him.

One day he contrived to be taken to the palace of the poor Archbishop, who, but for dignity's sake, was almost as powerless a prisoner as he, and the meeting between them is pathetically described. At last, the Chapter of Nidarós decided to send Laurence back to Iceland. He was put in chains on board a trader, stripped of all his goods, including his library of law books. "The traders, when they got to sea, straightway smote the fetters off Laurence, saying it was not the custom to carry folk in gaol or durance over the high seas." Oddly enough, Laurence's sufferings in Norway had pacified Bishop Jörund, who received him lovingly at first, although they very soon fell out again. In 1313 Jörund died, unreconciled. The next bishop, Audun, ruled in Hólar until he died in 1322.

Laurence was now in his fifty-sixth year, expecting nothing so little as promotion in the Church which had persecuted him. But his patience, his learning, and his piety were to be rewarded at last. The biographer tells how Laurence and another priest were riding through Langdale when they met a man who told them that Bishop Audun was dead, and that some other man, he thought of the name of Laurence, was elected in his stead. As they rode on, the other priest said, "Brother Laurence, art thou not that bishop-elect?" and the other replied, "Flout me not, it is likelier that the Canons have plucked me wholly out of the Church than that they have made me Bishop"; nor in spite of rumour upon rumour would he quit his humble stall in the choir until the Archbishop's letter came and all was certain.

Laurence was Bishop of Hólar for only eleven years. But he lived long enough to be a great and luminous figure in the troubled Church history of Iceland. His sorrows had but mellowed, they had not broken his spirit, and he ruled his diocese with a genial but with a very firm discipline. His own conduct was saintly, and Einar Haflidason, who had the rare gift of describing what he saw, is able to make us realize very clearly the life in that strange arctic outpost of Christianity:—

> The service of mass itself he delivered with heartfelt piety and with tears welling; and such compunction visited the bystanders, that in the low-chant there was more weeping and catching of breath to be heard from them than clear words. All the signs of the cross he made clearly and soberly, so that it could never seem too fast or too slow, but ever in due measure. After mass, when he came into the vestry, he sometimes rebuked the deacons and clergy for aught that seemed to him to have gone carelessly in the reading or chanting or other matters. He could not bear to see a deacon with a baggy blouse under his mass-vestments and dalmatic; that, he said to them, was how the mass-vestments and the stuff got torn. Likewise no priest or deacon durst have a cope beneath his long gown, having a choir-cope outside it; he told them to tear off the gear which was tightened down round them. He would never allow singing in two or three parts, calling it fiddlers' folly; no, they were to chant plain song, just as it was set in the choir-books. In the bell-ringing he chose to have the same rule as in the days of Bishop Jörund—namely, to go out about midnight in winter. He liked those of the clergy who had to go out to have a good nap after vespers.

He was only sixty-four years of age, but doubtless worn out prematurely by the hardships of his life, when, on the 16th of April, 1331, he passed away in his house at Hólar; and those who stood by bore witness that they had "never been by any man who departed so wonderfully from the world as Lord Bishop Laurence."

Mr. Elton has done his work of translation admirably. With-

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* *The Life of Laurence, Bishop of Hólar in Iceland.* By Einar Haflidason. Translated from the Icelandic by Oliver Elton. London: Rivingtons.

out falling into any Wardour Street eccentricities, he has preserved the full flavour of the old-world story. Credit is due also to the publisher for the very pretty form in which the book has been brought out. We have but one criticism to make; the map is an absurdity, made to look like a mediæval chart, with a spouting whale and a ship in full sail. No one should ever play æsthetic tricks with a map, which is either quite clear and plain or a nuisance.

FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

M. JULES LEMAÎTRE'S *Dix contes* (1) are so pleasant that we are chiefly inclined, in reference to them, to indulge the reprobate and ungracious wish that they had come out in a less luxurious form. They are things to read in armchair and with solace of tobacco, not stooping over a reading-desk or laboriously expanding arms to hold them. Nevertheless, the illustrations are very pretty in themselves, and do MM. Merson, Clairin, Lucas, and the other illustrators great credit. The *Contes* themselves are arranged in a sort of *Légende des siècles* fashion, beginning with a Persian tale of any epoch you like, and ending with a very pretty and melancholy legend of how Petit-Pierre heard the midnight Mass—the Mass after which there is no danger of requiring any new absolution—in "La Chapelle Blanche." The first story—how a rich man gives charity, and finds that he has not been charitable after all—is a right agreeable tale, told in the softened Voltairian manner, and with points of romance such as this—"Et Ormuz lui fit la grâce de mourir dans la nuit même, très doucement"—in which M. Jules Lemaître, though nothing could have been further from his thoughts, was but paraphrasing a certain line of Mr. Browning's:—

Who knows but the world may end to-night?

The second, "Helle," tells how a Greek maiden of high-souled thoughts and another maiden—very pleasant; but, alas! of thoughts not so high—were shut up to weave the sacred robe for Athene, and how very differently they took it. There is something a little Renanish (that is to say—but let us not say it) in "Myrrha," which tells how a Christian bishop thrust a girl to the lions lest she should catch, or seeing that she had caught, the eye of Nero. And "Lilith"—who is not Lilith at all, but only a daughter of Herod and Mariamne—is disappointing. But "Les amoureux de la Princesse Mimi" is charming. The lovers were no less a person than Polyphemus (the real monster Polypheme, but humanized considerably and with two eyes), who was ten times the Princess's size, and Prince Thumb, who was one-tenth of it—a bad choice for the poor young lady. At last she chose Poucet, and Polypheme, the monster Polypheme, loyally abode her choice. But lo! when the spousals were just a-making comes me Prince Charming himself, and Mimi is in a terrible quandary. How it is solved the reader may find out; but as for the acts and sayings of the Princes Polyphemus and Poucet, he will say, if he is a right reader, with Aramis, on one of the greatest occasions of history (how sad, by the way, it is to think that M. Lemaître does not relish Dumas!), "Quant à moi, je trouve les choses que ces messieurs se disent fort bien dites et tout-à-fait dignes de deux gentilshommes." And so shall we say of all that is said in this excellent book of tales.

If in this last sixty years wicked persons, neglecting the caution that *ça porte malheur*, have said evil things of Boileau (2), MM. Hachette have undertaken to purge this sin of our century by consecrating to him one of the most "monumental" editions that any poet has recently been honoured with. In a quarto mightier even than those of the "National" edition of his enemy and victor, Victor, with print as big and haply bigger, with huge and carefully executed *planches hors texte*, with elegant head and tail pieces, and, lastly, but by no means last, and, as it happens, first in order, with an introduction by his doughty champion, M. Ferdinand Brunetière, the great Despréaux comes once more before the world. Far be it from us to grudge him his splendour. For he was a very clever person, if a very disagreeable and also a very narrow-minded one, and we ourselves have perhaps said rather hard things of him sometimes. After all, if the legend of the turkey is true, there are great allowances to be made for him. The decoration of the book is perfect—we have seldom seen better executed plates, and the lady in the endangered sedan chair illustrating "Les embarras de Paris" is enchanting, and must cause to spring to any lips of sensibility the cry "Oh! why was I not there to help her out?" This is by M. Delort, who, indeed, seldom goes wrong in such matters. Pretty, too, is M. Hédouin's design for "Les femmes," with the beauty holding out a careless hand to be kissed by one adorer, while others are waiting. M. Bonnat's idea of an idyl will give Mr. Horsley fits. But why is M. Cabanel's "Tragedy" engaged in the operation of biting her nails? M. Merson's abundant cuts for "Le lutrin" are as clever as they can be. Nor has cleverness abandoned M. Brunetière; it very rarely does. He is careful not to pitch the pipe too high in his praise, and adopts the safe line of arguing that, in faults and merits both, Boileau is French of the French. In which judgment, indeed, the best friends of the legislator of Parnassus (Alas! poor hill! with one peak quite gone, and the other trimmed to the size and shape of a sugar-loaf) may agree with his worst enemies.

"Sahib's" very amusing book of *charges*, coloured and plain, on the French navy and others (3) is bound in red, and fully admits that the *Vengeur* struck and asked for help before she sank, with the result that full half her crew were rescued by perfidious Albion. These two compliments to our nation may excuse a doubt on the author's part whether Nelson was a great man, and a passage of *rire jaune* about "Les rois de la mer—Grande Bretagne et co." Certainly, whatever may happen in the future, we can afford this as far as the past goes. All through the book there is much amusing drawing, and, of course, designedly ferocious colouring, from the sketch of the "Éléphant" (landlubber) to that of the Artillerie de marine, respecting which a profane people "prétend qu'elle possède des chevaux, et même que ce sont des mulets, et de plus qu'ils sont en bois," and that the only reason why it does not take the field with these adornments is that French naval operations are, unluckily, on too small a scale. The ancient caricatures are good, and the modern ones better, from the "captain of his own ship," in full uniform and a nargileh, to "le commandant dans son blockhaus"—a respectable officer, in a kind of conning tower, with a whole engineer's shop of instruments round him. The drawings of ships, half faithful, half caricatured, are also excellent; and so is the first employment of shells, with a faultlessly-attired gentleman in feathered hat, trunk hose, and *canons*, or something like them, applying a red-hot poker to an extremely fleurdelized mortar. The *Sanspareil* is a most terrible vessel, and Sainte-Barbe is quite a Bellona.

Those who have seen M. Toudouze's illustrations to Mérimée's *Chronique de Charles IX* will be glad to hear that he has begun a series of illustrations to the Waverley Novels, which no one could be better qualified to execute. The cuts in this edition are somewhat less elaborate than those to the *Chronique*, but still of much merit, especially those full-page plates, in which the artist has had more scope than in his vignettes and head-and-tail pieces. The translation by M. Robert de Cerisy is decidedly good as far as we have tried it.

M. Riffard's *Contes et apologues* (5), or at least this edition of them, would appear to be not exactly of to-day or yesterday, for the title-page bears the date of 1886. But they have not, we think, reached our hands before, and so pretty a book is always welcome whatever its date. The author, who has a very fine mastery of the irregular verse necessary to his subject, has called in M. Frédéric Régamey to pour over his pages, sometimes in colour, sometimes in black and white only, sometimes as separate plates, sometimes as vignettes, sometimes as head-and-tail pieces, sometimes in a kind of flood of design mixed with the typography itself, the most abundant quantum of illustration, we think, that we have ever seen in a book of verse. The designs are, of course, not all of equal value; but few are ugly, and some are very pretty indeed.

We noticed not very long ago the selection from the last ten years of M. Lafenestre's *Livre d'or du salon* (6), which M. Jouaust published as—in part—an Exhibition companion. The eleventh yearly issue now follows it. The place of honour is given to M. Dagnan-Riveret's "Bretonnes au Pardon," and is certainly better deserved than that accorded to M. Friant's "La Toussaint," which, in black and white at least, seems to us to come very near Sir John Millais's celebrated young man with the ulster and hatbox. M. Guay's "Poème des bois" (hide, blushing Horsley, hide once more thy face!) is much better, and "Le général Margueritte au plateau de Floing" is of the Vernet tradition, with which Frenchmen will not easily break. Then there is one of M. Chaplin's inimitable damsels "au nez voluptueusement retroussé," but with rather more drapery on her than M. Chaplin usually leaves. Let us frankly admit that she seems quite ready to let it drop at any moment. An excellent landscape by M. Pelouse is the only other piece that it seems necessary to mention.

French publishers are hardly more renowned for anything than for the stately books of topography which they bring out, and M. Didot's *La sainte Russie* (7), with letterpress by the well-known Comte Vasili, and illustrations (four in chromolithography and hundreds in black and white) by all manner of artists, will not yield to any of them. The text of such a book is always hard to criticize, but we can safely say that all manner of things about Russia will be found here. The coloured plates represent a collection of Russian uniforms, in which the famous muffin-cap is contrasted with many other forms; two very beautiful series of "racial" types and costumes; and a charming plate of old Russian jewelry. As for the uncoloured plates, no man can number or describe them; they are of almost every possible sort and kind, and hours might be, and doubtless will be, spent in turning over and studying them.

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(1) *Dix contes de Jules Lemaître.* Paris: Lecène et Oudin.

(2) *Œuvres poétiques de M. Boileau.* Paris: Hachette.

(3) *La marine.* Par "Sahib." Paris: Jouvet et Cie.

(4) *Walter Scott illustré. Les aventures de Nigel.* Dessins d'Edouard Toudouze. Paris: Firmin-Didot.

(5) *Contes et apologues.* Par L. Riffard. Paris: Hachette.

(6) *Le livre d'or du salon.* Par G. Lafenestre. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(7) *La sainte Russie.* Par le Comte Vasili. Paris: Didot.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

VIII.

THE scarcity this season of fairy-tales is something remarkable. The best that we have are collected reprints, and the little that is new cannot rank among the best. But if fairy-lore does not abound, something quite as delightful is supplied by the folk-lore of "Uncle Remus," a collection of whose "short stories, told after dark," appears with ample margins, handsome type, and Mr. Kemble's clever illustrations, under the title *Daddy Jake the Runaway* (Fisher Unwin). We never tire of hearing of "the Brer Rabbit" and the old times "when the animals used to talk and go on like people," as the little girl says in the charming prelude to these stories of "Uncle Remus." In *Elf-Knights*, by M. A. Curtois (Remington & Co.), the elfin folk are portrayed as a truly chivalrous people. There are gallant knights, beautiful ladies, distressed damsels, champions, tournaments, and all the material show of a twelfth-century romance in France or England. There is nothing especially elfin in the fantastic element of the story, though it is prettily imagined, and the incidents are varied and spirited. *The Princess Inja* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) is a fairy-tale by B. C. B., that owes somewhat to Mr. Lewis Carroll; with some little invention, it has no notable grace or fancy, while its humour may be best described as dull fun. The story is printed on paper of a sickly greenish tint—the pale cast of moonlight, it may be—and Mr. J. W. Cawston's illustrations are very unequal. The figures of mortals are good; but Mr. Cawston's fairies are dreadfully suggestive of rejected ladies of the ballet. *Voices of the Wind*, by Rosa Annesley (Hirschfeld), closes our brief list of fairy phantasies, with a collection of pleasing sketches and stories of an allegorical or meditative kind, in which the human predominates over the ethereal. We have nothing in it, in fact, nearer the realms of the good people than the Banshee and the Spirit of Spring. Mr. Tring Pearce's elegant and truly decorative designs for *The Wreath; and other Pastorals* (Marcus Ward & Co.) show a decided affinity to French art contemporary with Boucher as applied to Sèvres china. His first drawing, "Ye shepherds, tell me, have you seen?" and the vignette frontispiece of Daphne, or Chloë, look like transcripts from some exquisite vase that have lost nothing of finish and quality by the process. Perhaps Damon, in "Hard by a Fountain," is too lackadaisical; but the pastoral sentiment is admirably suggested. Mr. Pearce is fortunate in his printer and publisher. The drawings are charming examples of reproduction in colour. *The Robbers of Squeak* (Marcus Ward), an amusing fable in verse of certain marauding mice who rob a poor widowed cat of her kitten, is illustrated by Miss A. M. Lockyer with admirable drollery. This is a capital book for children. Pretty pictures of birds and babies, dogs and dolls, healthy youngsters and their pets, alternate with bright and simple poems, in Harriett M. Bennett's *Round the Hearth* (Ernest Nister), one of several illustrated books printed by Mr. Nister in Nuremberg. The printing in colour is rich and harmonious. *The John Gilpin Picture Book* (Routledge) is a book for the nursery, without artistic pretensions, and full of the highly-coloured plates that attract the infant eyes. An American view of Father Christmas, *Thomas Nast's Christmas Drawings for the Human Race* (Sampson Low & Co.), is offered to the discerning British public, who are assured in a "Publisher's Note" that "Mr. Nast's hand, when dealing with current topics of the time, tips the flashing shafts of wit with morality." This assurance is only what might be expected from a country where everything must be "high toned" to be recognized at all. Despite this pleasing anticipation, we can find small trace in Mr. Nast's drawings of the flashing shafts or the "relentless humour." The majority of these "Drawings for the Human Race"—how like Mr. Barnum it is!—do not rise above the ordinary level of "Christmas Number" art.

For humour, not "humor," it is refreshing to turn to *The Demon Cat*, "a naval melodrama," by C. W. Cole and W. Ralston (Simpkin & Co.), an amusing story of an atrocious cat that made life unendurable on board one of H.M. ironclads, illustrated in colour by Mr. Ralston, with excellent spirit and vigour. Two capital stories about dogs may be noted in Mr. Frederick Langbridge's *Two Conceited Puppies* ("Home Words" Office), and *The Story of a Poodle*, by Lucy D. Thornton, with charming illustrations (Sampson Low & Co.); the first deals with the thrilling adventures of "Fop" and "Mop," the second is an autobiography, and one of the best of its kind. *The Bairns' Annual*, edited by Alice Corkran (Field & Tuer), continues its revival of old-fashioned woodcuts, with antiquated tales that should never be out of date, such as "Valentine and Orson" and "Fearless John, who could not shudder." Excepting the floral designs, which are fairly good, there is little to praise in *Those were the Days* (Dean & Son), a volume of feeble verses by Mrs. Tom Kelly, with insipid pictures by Tom Kelly, in drab cloth binding beribboned. The new volume of *Scribner's Magazine* (Warne & Co.) is, as usual, one of the most attractive of gift-books. Of the *Leisure Hour* and the *Sunday at Home* annual volumes we have only to note that these old favourite magazines fully sustain their reputation.

Miss S. L. Pumphrey is decidedly successful in the attempt to make a geological lesson interesting to the young. *A Little Brown Pebble* (Allen & Co.) is in fact a story-book, with much of the charm and entertainment that should belong to a fairy-tale, and yet it sets forth the chief geological facts concerning the making of the earth, the record of the rocks, and so forth, in a pleasing, intelligible style. *A Modern Red Riding Hood*, by C. A. Jones (Hatchards), is very distinctly related to its prototype. It is a pretty story, however, with a pretty heroine, whose "altruism" is perhaps a little excessive. *Boycotted*, by M. Morley (Remington & Co.), is not the stirring story the title seems to promise, though well written and interesting. An excellent story for girls, and one that reveals some power in characterization, is *Severn-Side*, by Edith E. Horsman (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo). The most notable feature of *The Wild Ruthvens*, by Curtis Yorke (Jarrold & Sons), is the extremely natural representation of children and their ways, and no sort of fidelity is more commendable and refreshing in what purports to be a "home story." Those fine old devices of the romancer, the buried treasure and the cryptic manuscript which is its key, are employed with so little skill by Mr. R. D. Chetwode in *The Fortunes of the Quttentuns* (Biggs & Debenham) that the story is like nothing so much as a wicked burlesque of Mr. Rider Haggard's *She*. But if the cryptogram is childish in conception, the treasure is proportionately immense and the voyage of discovery almost grandiose in its teeming absurdities. Miss Agnes Giberne's *Number Three Winifred Place* (Nisbet & Co.), a story veiled in melancholy, with the happy ending always welcome, is skilfully constructed, as all the author's stories are, and comprises a very taking picture of an old Colonel who has the charge of a little girl whose unquestioning faith in her protector is delicately suggested. Among books for boys we commend as wholesome and interesting reading *A Warrior King*, by J. Evelyn (Blackie & Son), a story of adventure in Africa; *Sapelo; or, Child Life on the Tide-Water*, by the late Mr. F. R. Goulding (Routledge); and *Sam Silvan's Sacrifice*, by Jesse Colman (Blackie).

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH the death of M. Ernest Havet, at a somewhat advanced age, does not deprive France of a great man of letters, it deprives her of a scholar of considerable powers and of a man who did more than any one else to facilitate the study of one of her very greatest men of letters. M. Havet's theology may not have been satisfactory to those who hold that theology loses all interest, if not all *raison d'être*, when, as it has been said of M. Havet himself, it "accepts Christianity as a product of evolution." But M. Havet's work on the *Pensées* of Pascal ought to preserve his name. No one of the many students and editors of that remarkable book has done so much to substitute for the garbled, adulterated, higgledy-piggledy old version a version not, indeed, absolutely consecutive or luminous—for the circumstances of production made that impossible—but faithful, complete, and set in order as much as possible.

As we did last week so must we this—separating for consideration as "literature" from the mass of gift books three volumes which, indeed, as the excellent collections whereof they form part appear indifferently throughout the year, have only an accidental connexion with the Christmas and New Year issue of handsome volumes. Of former parts of two of them we have spoken often and recently. M. Vitu has naturally nothing but good to say of one of the least contentious in any sense of Molière's plays (1). M. L. Leloir's frontispiece is quite admirably composed, though some details of the execution do not please us so well. In the fourth part of M. Jouaust's *Nouvelle Héloïse* (2) M. Hédouin's plate of "Saint-Preux chez M. de Wolmar" is excellent, and the tail-piece to the volume showing the famous re-discovery of the inscription "Julie" is even better. The translation of the *Oresteia* (3) by M. Pierron is, rather contrary to M. Jouaust's habit, framed in red lines. You cannot translate Æschylus; you can least of all translate him in French; but M. Pierron grapples bravely with the impossible. M. Lemaître's preface, though M. Lemaître is a classical scholar, does not please us so much as some other things of his. M. Rochegrosse's head- and tail-pieces (let us anticipate the jest that it is rather difficult to make head and tail of them) are at least original, and not so sanguinary as remembrances of his famous "Andromaque" might suggest. But it would have been better if in the most effective situation of all—the death scene to the *Agamemnon*—he had not suggested that it was Clytemnestra, not her husband, who was tied up in a bundle.

Those who for some months past have heard much—perhaps too much—of Marie Bashkirtseff (4) should be obliged to M. Charpentier for printing, in two of the well-stored volumes of that admirable collection which contains many of the most precious things old and new in French literature, the young lady's journal from thirteen to four-and-twenty. There is a portrait—an exceedingly characteristic portrait—which, to a person skilled in studying the physiognomy of young ladies (and where, my dear Lady Blarney, shall we find a more delightful subject of study?), may almost dispense him from the necessity of reading a book which, though decidedly interesting, is also decidedly long. Marie Bashkirtseff, says the portrait (and the

(1) *Molière—L'école des maris.* Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(2) *La nouvelle Héloïse.* Quatrième partie. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(3) *L'Orestie d'Eschyle.* Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(4) *Journal de Marie Bashkirtseff.* 2 vols. Paris: Charpentier.

book says ditto), was a Minx. There are worse things than minxes—there are very many worse things than pretty and clever minxes. But she was a minx all through, and, if the "caricaturist Thackeray" (a thousand blessings on Mr. Howells for teaching us that word) had lived to see or hear of her, he would have hailed her as a gracious incarnation by Providence of his own Blanche Amory—Blanche Russified, Parisined, provided with Amielitish inspirations, and going so thoroughly into the spirit of her part as actually *mourir de la poitrine*. Personally we prefer Blanche herself; for Marie occasionally tries the *style ennuyant*, which Blanche never did. But there is little doubt that Marie was an avatar of Blanche. There is the same through and through falsity in both, the adoption of sham ideals out of books and fashions, and the attempt to live up to them, the vanity, the real selfishness and heartlessness, the affected sensibility, the dashes of pietism. Marie began at thirteen by falling frantically in love with a certain "Duc de H—" (very recognizable), whom she never spoke to, and writing down all about it. She went on at sixteen by being fallen in love with by a certain *Cardinalino* "A——" (also very recognizable), and writing down all about it. She ended by Bohemianizing herself among Parisian artists, and, as has been said, dying. The really amusing thing is that the persons who take her diary most seriously are sure to be exactly those who never have written or thought anything of the kind. Those who have, while they will only think with pity and kindness of Mlle. Bashkirtseff, will hardly consider her a *rarissima avis*, though she certainly was a remarkable specimen of a type.

M. Haraucourt (5) is, we doubt not, a clever man. But when you write a play "d'après Shakspeare," the following insertion in the Trial scene gives furiously to think:—

LE VIEIL AVOCAT.
Pardon, quand Secundus me promet un sesterce...

PREMIER AVOCAT.
C'est une vente!

DEUXIÈME AVOCAT.
Non, un prêt.

TROISIÈME AVOCAT.
Vous avez tort,
C'est un legs, car il faut que l'un devienne mort
Afin que l'autre puisse entrer en jouissance.

QUATRIÈME AVOCAT.
Un legs, c'est révocable.

LE VIEIL AVOCAT.
Et s'il offrait l'usance?

DEUXIÈME AVOCAT.
Trop tard! Il ne peut plus.

PREMIER AVOCAT.
Une aliénation...

TROISIÈME AVOCAT.
Mentale! Il était fou...

QUATRIÈME AVOCAT.
Mais permettez! Si on...

TROISIÈME AVOCAT.
Je plaide la folie, et j'annule.

PREMIER AVOCAT.
Toute autre...

LE VIEIL AVOCAT.
Il a vendu sa chair: or, s'il vendait la vôtre...

DEUXIÈME AVOCAT.
Res inter alios!...

LE VIEIL AVOCAT.
Mais ce gage, *pignus*...

TROISIÈME AVOCAT.
Le meurtre ne peut pas s'installer dans nos us!

PORTIA, à part.
Dieu, que c'est bête, un homme!

LE VIEIL AVOCAT, à la Cour.
Et c'est contre nature!

PORTIA, autoritairement, au milieu du silence.
Messieurs...L'humanité répugne à la torture,
Mais l'écrit est en forme et Shylock a bon droit.

PREMIER AVOCAT.
Qu'est celui-ci?

QUATRIÈME AVOCAT.
Quel ton!

LE VIEIL AVOCAT.
La jeunesse s'en croit!

DEUXIÈME AVOCAT.
C'est maître Cupidon!

GRATIANO.
C'est l'avocat des Anges!

SOLANIO.
Le Chérubin a pris ses grades dans ses langes!

GRATIANO.
Et sa nourrice aura vingt ans à la moisson.

Let us say nothing against this in its kind. But, if any composition of any human mind could be not even a thousand miles "après" Shakspeare, this is. We are really obliged to M. Haraucourt. Of late it has seemed as if—in, say, a hundred years, and by special grace—some of his countrymen might come to understand the Old Williams. He has refreshed us as to the impossibility.

We may recommend briefly one of the capital "vulgarization" books of MM. Hachette on the "deserts" of the world (6), in all its parts and under all their aspects. The subject is fascinating and the execution is good.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SINCE the publication of the *Great Lone Land* no such vivid and stirring account of life in the Canadian North-West has appeared as Mr. John Donkin's *Trooper and Redskin* (Sampson Low & Co.) Some four years of active duty, during the lively times of Riel's rising, in camp or on the march, at remote outposts and on almost constant patrol work, naturally convinced Mr. Donkin, late corporal in the North-West Mounted Police, that the policeman's life is not altogether a happy one. The reflection, though it occurred to the writer of these cheerful and amusing recollections, was however but fleeting. It is plain that Mr. Donkin enjoyed a very good time, despite the rigour of the climate, and the harassing and at times monotonous service undergone in the wild territory between the North Saskatchewan and the Canadian Pacific Railroad, or on the Montana and Dakota frontiers, or on the Souris River. To one tolerably accustomed to "roughing it" in various capacities and in many parts of the world, the life must have more than gratified the desire for novelty and excitement. To be under canvas with the temperature at −62° F. is an experience hard to be imagined, and it is but one item of the hardships and perils set forth in Mr. Donkin's entertaining book. Worse than the extreme bitterness of the winter 1884–5, for an Englishman's first winter in Canada, as Mr. Donkin observes, is always the most endurable, were the blizzards and storms on the prairie and the sudden floods in camp. Then, too, the duties of the mounted police were often tedious and exhausting, without any compensating thrill of danger. Guarding prisoners or escorting Indians who had broken from their reserve was anything but pleasant "relief," after exciting brushes with Indians and disaffected half-breeds. Of Louis Riel and his followers Mr. Donkin gives a very interesting account. He shows how completely the "little Napoleon" of the North-West failed to make the most of his opportunity after that little affair of the ambuscade at Duck Lake and the evacuation of Fort Carlton. By the aid of the excellent map provided, the operations of troops and police during this crisis may be easily followed. Every reader, we are confident, will feel grateful for the happy impulse that prompted Mr. Donkin to desist from "breaking" the virgin prairie as an agriculturist, and "take a turn at soldiering again."

Professor Blackie, in *A Song of Heroes* (Blackwood & Sons), treats an inspiring theme with becoming enthusiasm in a grave chant arranged in ballad cantos, with occasional lapses into a familiarity of style, if the colloquial manner of the poet may be so termed, that is not generally associated with epic schemes. The heroes chosen represent, in three cantos, the old world, the middle ages, and the new world. Each hero has his song, and almost all the songs have the opening formula, "I will sing of." Here, for samples, we give "Alexander":—

I will sing of Alexander,
Macedonia's peerless boy,
In whose veins the blood of heroes
Ran like rivers in their joy.

"Luther":—

I will sing of Saxon Luther,
Who from lowly peasant-home,
With brave word of truth forth-thundered,
Shook the throne of mighty Rome.

"Cromwell":—

I will sing of English Oliver,
Who, when kings were led by fools,
Led by fools, and served by brainless
Pedants trained in priestly schools, &c.

There is, we admit, a simple Bardic effect in this, which better suits the subject than the grandiose invocations of ordinary poets. The result, as a whole, is much less inspiring. The attempt to sing of heroes, as Professor Blackie sings them, is, we fear, more heroic than the song.

People interested in provincial dialect "as she is spoke" may be amused and instructed by Mr. S. S. Buckman's *John Darkes' Sojourn in the Cotteswolds* (Chapman & Hall), a series of sketches in Gloucestershire speech illustrating old customs and old speech now rapidly dying. The agricultural pictures suggested in the sketches of "The Ram Fair," "The Harvest Home," "The Old Shepherd," and others, are capital for fidelity and clearness. The author's concluding anecdote reveals the character of the book, and shows the advantage of knowing the vernacular. Passing some quarries with a friend one day, the latter inquired of a boy, "Can you please inform me to whom these quarries belong?" "Dunno," was the answer. Then the author interposed. "I say, nipper, who do the volks teäk thaay quarrs off?" "Oh," replied

(5) *Shylock*. Par E. Haraucourt. Paris: Charpentier.

(6) *Le désert*. Par A. Mellion. Paris: Hachette.

the boy, "Mr. So-and-So, as do live down to thuc big house," and more than the needful information was at once forthcoming.

For the increasing number of tourists and invalids Mr. A. Samler Brown has written a handy guide, *Madeira and the Canary Islands* (Sampson Low & Co.), which is as useful as it is timely. Mr. Brown's excellent little book comprises all the information that travellers need, with a series of legible maps, a useful bibliography, and tables of steamship routes, fares, hotels, and other indispensable matters. The descriptive and historical sections of the book are carefully compiled, and thoroughly readable.

From *Blackwood's Magazine* we have a varied and interesting instalment of reprinted articles of voyagers in the fifth number of *Travel, Adventure, and Sport* (Blackwood & Sons). The anonymous episode of adventure, "A Night's Peril," is worthy of the golden prime of *Maga*.

"The faculty," as the medical profession is humorously called, has inspired much fiction of the sensational kind, and Mr. George Manville Fenn's *Three People's Secret* (Simpkin & Co.) is decidedly among the more notable in the lengthy catalogue. At the present rate the "O. U. R." books, of which this is a fresh example, will prove a formidable gallery of horrors.

Anybody who wants to know all about "thought-reading" and how it is done will find a cheap and easy solution in Mr. Sid Macaire's *Mind Reading or Muscle Reading* (Simpkin & Co.) Reading of another kind, the platform or the "penny," is supplied by *Garry's Elocutionist* (Marcus Ward & Co.), of which we have the fifth edition. Here is rich provision for the reciter, and in Mr. Rupert Garry's *Elocution, Voice and Gesture* (Marcus Ward & Co.), new edition, is the key to success. Mr. Garry's "Annotated Pieces" rival the highest flights of Mr. Anstey in this difficult art. On such questions as the nice conduct of the thumb or an outward palm, the striking of the left side with the right hand, and so forth, when "Hamlet's Soliloquy" is to be delivered, Mr. Garry is an unfailing authority.

Choice Bits from British Wits (Diprose & Bateman), a collection of extracts from Douglas Jerrold, Sydney Smith, Theodore Hook, Barham, and other humorists, comprises of necessity some excellent matter and some neither excellent nor witty.

We have also received that old-established annual *The British Almanack and Companion for* 1890 (Stationers' Company); *The Charities Register and Digest*, third edition, with Introduction, by C. S. Loch (Longmans & Co.), and a new edition of Mrs. Gilchrist's *Mary Lamb*, "Eminent Women" Series (Allen & Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS *intended for the* SATURDAY REVIEW *should be addressed to the* MANAGER *of the* ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT *at the* OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. *A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.*

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART.—Every Evening at Eight o'clock. THE DEAD HEART: Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Righton, Miss Kate Phillips, and Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily 10 to 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram. Carriages at 10.45.—LYCEUM.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. R. BENSON. Mr. F. R. BENSON'S SHAKESPEARIAN COMPANY every Evening at Eight in Shakespeare's Fairy Comedy, with the Mendelssohn Music,
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, "ALADDIN," daily at Three, and Thursday and Saturday Evenings at 7.30. Written by Horace Lennard. Invented and produced by Oscar Barrett.—Numbered Seats, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. may be booked in advance at Crystal Palace and usual London Agents. Unnumbered Seats, 1s. and 1s. 6d.

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